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THE EQUITY,
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—BY—
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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.

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141 SPARKS ST., OTTAWA.
FULL length Cabinet, \$2.00 per dozen. Copying old pictures done in the very best style. Note address carefully.

Read Our Offer.
By referring to our advertising columns it will be noticed that we have made arrangements to club THE EQUITY with the Weekly Empire, a paper excelled by no other publication in the Dominion. What we propose to do is this: Any person who is not already a subscriber to THE EQUITY, by remitting us one dollar and seventy-five cents (\$1.75) will be supplied with a copy of both papers—THE EQUITY and the Weekly Empire—from now until the end of next year—1890. Another offer:—All subscribers who are paid in advance to THE EQUITY, by remitting us the sum of seventy-five cents, will receive a copy of THE Empire from now until the end of 1890. Again: All those in arrears, who will remit us the amount of their indebtedness and one dollar for the current year's subscription to THE EQUITY will also be furnished with THE Empire from now till end of 1890 for the small subscription price above given, namely 75 cents.

LOCAL NEWS.
Cheap Headstones and Monuments at Somerville & Co's, Shawville, Que. Farmer's produce taken in payment.
Messrs. T. & W. Murray, of Pembroke, have sold there copper mine near Sudbury to an English firm for \$25,000.

Considerably over 200 squirrels "bit the dust," last Thursday, as the result of the perambulations of our local marksmen. One party bagged twenty-six!

A lodge of the Society of "Chosen Friends" has been organized at Renfrew. The society is a benevolent institution, its object like the Foresters being cheap life insurance and sick benefits.

An old resident of Huntley township named John Manion died on Friday last from injuries received the previous day by being thrown from a vehicle.

The Ludden, North Dakota Times, puts it in this suggestive way to its agricultural readers: "Have you thrashed? If you have, please call and pay your subscription."

A new Roman Catholic church and college are being commenced in Aylmer, P. Q. They will be built of stone; and will cost \$25,000 for the outside work, and \$15,000 for the interiors.

The Pembroke Observer tells of a wonderful red carrot that grew in the garden of Mr. John Robertson of that town. It weighs four pounds, and is sixteen and a-quarter inches in circumference. It is supreme, unapproached.

Mr. Samuel Hobin, of Clarendon, tells of a sunflower that he measured recently, which we think takes the cake for magnitude this season. The diameter of the flower was 18 inches, circumference 5ft. 6 inches; height of stalk 10 feet.

The ladies of St. Paul's congregation turned out last Friday and Saturday and gave the church a thorough cleansing, sparing neither soap, water, nor muscular energy. The effect taken in conjunction with that produced by the painter, is highly appreciable.

THE EQUITY would like to have a correspondent in every business centre and school section in the county. Those who will undertake to send us a note of what occurs in their neighborhood, will be furnished with stationery for the purpose on application.

A bridge on the road between here and Portage du Fort is reported in a very dangerous condition, the sleepers being broken in the centre. The guardians of the township's interests should see to it at once, and avoid the possible expense of paying for the loss of somebody's team, should the old affair happen to collapse.

Several of our local sports drove out to attend the shooting match at Thorne Centre on Friday. They report that the match was not a success. It is said a merchant of the Centre has cause to remember the visit of our townsfolk, one member of the party having accidentally demolished a large glass light in his establishment.

It is to be hoped a better future is in store for our annual exhibitions, than will call for a description such as an exchange gives of a township fair held somewhere Here it is!—"Apart from the people, the affair consisted mainly of a cow tied to a fence, and a pumpkin and during the day the animal, impelled by hunger, broke from her mooring, ate up the pumpkin, dug for home and the whole Exhibition vanished into thin air."

The hayfork man continues to operate with success in Ontario. At Toronto last week, a farmer named Shufeldt, belonging to Kincardine, was sued on a note for \$200 given to an Ontario hayfork company agent, which, as is usually the case, had passed into the hands of a legally innocent third party. The farmer refused payment, on the ground that the obligation was not given in payment for hay forks, but as security for the performance of his undertaking to act as agent for the concern. He had to pay all the same, however, and thus adds one more to the long list of agricultural gentlemen whose credulity has been proven greater than their business intelligence. It takes a long time to educate a whole people, even to look after its pocket.

A considerable quantity of grain has been brought in by the farmers during the past week.

Father Ferron's new chapel at Mattawa is to cost \$46,000 and is expected to be finished in December.

The new trestle bridge at the Chaudiere is so far advanced in construction as to permit of traffic.

The Directors of No. 1 Agricultural Society met on Monday for the transaction of business.

Wm. McCuaig, son of Mr. N. McCuaig, of Bryson, has entered the Presbyterian college, Montreal, to study for the ministry.

The Rev. Mr. Kelly has removed into the building recently completed by Mr. James Newman, adjoining the exhibition grounds.

Messrs McNally, of Calumet Island and Campbell's Bay, are shipping potatoes of which the farmers in that section say there is a good crop.

Mr. John Telfor, of Clarendon, is credited with having raised a pumpkin that knocks out all competitors. It weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds.

A series of well attended and fruitful evangelistic services came to a close at Ebenezer last week. The services were conducted by Mr. W. Russell of Bristol.

Mr. H. Hobbs, in his capacity of auctioneer, went to Portage du Fort on Saturday at the request of Mr. T. McWilliams to sell off that gentleman's stock of household effects.

Mr. Harry Purvis, of the Portage du Fort flouring mill had his arm broken in two places on Saturday by getting it caught in a belt which runs over a double flanged wheel.

It is stated that Almonte has a wedding mania, but there are several hardened bachelors there yet whose hearts are proof against the shafts of cupid. What's the matter with Shawville?

A season of excellent fall weather has prevailed for the past two weeks. The boys, whose "affairs" associate themselves with a drive in the rural sections betimes, speak of the roads as being almost as dry as in July.

The steamer Janet Craig is pretty busy at present, large quantities of grain, cattle, horses, etc., being shipped from Bristol. Considerable freight consigned to the business men in Portage du Fort is also being carried.

The steam threshers now travelling about the country are blamed for wrecking a good many culverts and frail bridges on the rural highways. Just as well; perhaps it will lead the civic fathers to see the wisdom of constructing something more substantial.

The mills, limits, and property of Messrs. Gilmour & Co., situated on the Gatineau and elsewhere are to be sold by auction at the Russell House, Ottawa, on Wednesday, the 4th of December. The object of the sale is to close a partnership between members of the firm at Ottawa and Trenton.

A correspondent of the Port Hope Guide says: If you place a stick in a water barrel in the winter, which will touch the bottom and reach above the water, the water may freeze solid but the barrel will not be in the least injured. The ice will bulge up all around the stick. He says he has proved it for six, or seven years past.

Mr. F. X. Genest, PL. S., Cadastre Inspector for the Quebec Government, is now in the county for the purpose of rectifying any errors that may exist in the designation of lots in certain of the municipalities. He was engaged at Portage du Fort last week, and this week he is here, holding a meeting of property holders on Wednesday, for the purpose of making corrections if necessary.

Mr. Edward Graham, of Elmside, has just had his residence made very attractive looking by the erection of a handsome verandah, on three sides of the building, which also has been thoroughly repainted and otherwise repaired. The work was executed by the Messrs. Dale for Mr. Robt McCredie. These workmen also renovated Mr. Hiram Richard's house, in the same locality, by the application of the brush. They are now engaged at Mr. A. Kilgour's, in Clarendon, who contemplates materially improving his residence.

Our boys came pretty nearly carrying off all the prizes at the shooting match held at Bristol Corners on Saturday, Mr. C. McGuire having a tight contest with Mr. Goodwin for first, which the latter executed good marksmanship to carry off. The result of the days sport was as follows: Goodwin, 1st; McGuire, 2nd; McLean, 3rd; Young, 4th. The boys complained of the prevalence of an east wind which interfered considerably with their getting in any real fine work. The match was fairly well attended.

The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not for the strain backward of the neck, but because the animal cannot see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.

Personal.
Mr. Andrew Grant, forest ranger was in town Friday last.

Mr. Ira M. Archeson, of Westmeath, was in town on Thursday last.

Mrs. Blythe, of Ottawa, is visiting at her father's, Mr. Wm. Shaw's.

The Canadian Queen.
This new and elegant magazine is sure to please every Canadian woman. It is devoted to Fashion, Art, Fancy Work, Flowers, Toilet, Home Decoration, and Household Matters. It is handsomely illustrated, and is equal to any of the high-priced English and American publications. It should be in every cultivated home. To introduce it the publishers offer to send it three months on trial for only 25c. Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Ont.

Ottawa Produce Quotations.
The following are last Saturday's quotations on the Ottawa markets:—Pork per 100 per \$7 to \$8. Beef \$5 to \$6. Mutton per pound 6 to 7 cents. Turkeys 75 cts. each. Geese 50 cts. each. Fowls 50 cts. per pair. Potatoes 50 cts. per bag. Carrots 45 cts. per bag. Turnips, 30 cts. per bag. Onions 10 cts. per gallon. Butter in prints; 23c; in pails, 18c. Eggs per doz. 18 cts. Cheese 8 to 12 cts. Hay \$13 per ton. Oats 33 cts. Hides \$3 per 100 pounds. Pelts 40 to 80 cts. Wool 18 to 20 cts.

Shooting Match for Turkeys.
The third annual shooting match for turkeys is to take place in Shawville on Saturday, Oct. 26th. Range: for any rifle, open sight, 200 yards, any position, 9-inch ring. 100 yards, off hand, 6-inch ring. Smooth-bore—100 yards any position, 6-in. ring. 75 yards off hand, 6-inch ring. Conditions:—10 cents per shot, to be paid before shooting. Every shot striking the ring entitles the marksman to one turkey. W. C. Young, V. S., Manager.

N.B.—Ammunition can be purchased on the grounds if required.

See that Your Wheat is kept clean.
The advantage to farmers of bringing to market good clean grain will be perhaps fairly discernible by a glance at the following "Wheat Buying Table," which is taken from a card issued by the Eastern Millers' Association for Lennox, Addington, Frontenac, Leeds, Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry, Prescott, Russell, Carleton, Lanark and Renfrew Counties and the adjoining parts of Quebec. Just notice with what jumps the prices go down for wheat that is below the standard weight of 60lbs. to the bushel:—

RED AND WHITE FALL WHEAT.			
For 60lb Test, PAY 4 cents MORE than Standard.			
" 63 "	" 3 "	" "	" "
" 62 "	" 2 "	" "	" "
" 61 "	" 1 "	" "	" "
" 60 "	" "	" "	" "
" 59 "	" 1 cent LESS than Standard	" "	" "
" 58 "	" 2 "	" "	" "
" 57 "	" 5 "	" "	" "
" 56 "	" 8 "	" "	" "
" 55 "	" 12 "	" "	" "
" 54 "	" 16 "	" "	" "
" 53 "	" 20 "	" "	" "

The Standard Price of Red and White Fife, and other Hard Spring Wheats, shall be 2c. per bushel more than Fall Wheat, and the Standard Price of White Russian, Club, China and other soft Spring Wheats, shall be 3c. per bushel Less than Fall Wheat.

A Day of Carnage.

The Shawville hunt club hit upon an excellent day last Thursday, for their annual match, although the wind was adjudged a little too high for good partridge shooting. The teams selected comprised ten on a side with Messrs John Lester and Ralph Hodgins as captains, respectively. The sportsmen nearly all made a very early start, radiating, it might be said, in all directions, for several miles; north, south, east and west trod the relentless "nimrods," dealing death to nearly everything—feathered or furred—that was unfortunate enough to be in their way. The count was made at McGuire's hotel at 6 in the evening with the following result:—

No. Points	No. Points
J. Lester 720	R. Hodgins 240
D. McKillop 520	G. Hodgins 930
C. H. Moore 790	C. McGuire 300
C. R. Morrison 275	T. Wainman 565
E. Hodgins 670	M. Walsh 415
W. Findlay 455	W. McLean 445
J. McGuire 125	A. McCrea 525
S. Hodgins 625	S. Douglas 250
R. Richardson 5-0	J. Spilane 790
	Thos. Boyle 395

F. Hodgins was substituted by S. Hobin but that gentleman not knowing that all counts were to be given in at six o'clock, did not arrive till an hour later on, consequently his score of 240 was not counted in, and the match was accordingly awarded to R. Hodgins' team. Dinner was subsequently partaken of at Mac's, at the expense of the losing side. As was only reasonable to expect under the circumstances, Lester's team were not very well satisfied with the result, and among them now the cry goes every where,—"Fred Hodgins is to blame."

The Reported Strike on the C.V. Road closed.

Ottawa, Oct. 21.—Paymaster Brennan, of the Gatineau Valley railway, is just now making his welcome monthly visit to the construction camps. He states that the stories put into circulation last week respecting an alleged general strike of the laborers because their pay was not forthcoming was a great exaggeration, to put it mildly. It seems that on the 15th of the month some foreigners employed on the road desired to quit work and demanded their pay, that being the date upon which they were paid last month. Their demand was not complied with immediately, as he was elsewhere engaged in his work as paymaster, and had notified the persons in charge that he would not visit the Gatineau Valley road until three or four days after the 15th. This was all explained to the men, but yet the other story was given circulation, greatly to the annoyance of the company. Mr. Brennan said he paid to-day all that was owing to a great number of the men employed and the rest will be paid to-morrow. Good progress is being made with the work of construction, and there is plenty of money forthcoming to pay for it.

The Late Dr. C. M. Church.
ADDRESS OF CONDOLENCE TO THE WIDOW AND FAMILY.

Goodwood Lodge of Masons, Richmond, presented the following address to the widow and family of the late Collar M. Church, M.D., of Aylmer, on Saturday evening the 21st inst. Dr. Church was a charter member of Goodwood Lodge, and was in regular communication until summoned to appear on high. Mrs. Church made a feeling reply to the address:

To the widow and family of the late Collar Munnison Church, M.D., Aylmer, From Quebec.

We are truly sensible of the loss of so loving and dutiful a husband, so indulgent and provident a parent, a brother and well skilled Master Builder of our lodge. We feel that the medical profession has lost one who stood foremost in the ranks as a successful practitioner and whose fame had spread far and near. His patriotism, his philanthropic acts, and the various positions of honor he was called on to fill, show how highly his services were prized by the public generally, more especially by his brethren of the craft.

Called away by the Supreme Grand Master of the universe from his labors we cannot but feel sad at his removal, but we rejoice in the prospect of meeting him again in the Grand Lodge above, that blessed mansion from which all the blessings of this life descend so copiously. Therefore, we his brother Masons of Goodwood Lodge, tender you our heartfelt sympathy in the hour of your sore affliction and bereavement. We implore the Grand Geometrical of the universe to cause the divine rays of His infinite love and mercy to graciously descend on you, and when you have filled the time allotted to all mankind may you be called to that home on high where joy, peace and happiness are to be found. So mote it be!

(Sgd.) W. Bro. Robert Hill, W.M.
Francis McCaffrey, S.W.
J. A. Wilson, M.D., J.W.
John McDonald, Secy.
Jas. McElroy, Asst. Secy.
Goodwood Lodge, No. 159, A. F. & A. M., Richmond West, Co. Carleton, Ontario, Canada, 3rd September, A.D. 1889, A.L. 5889.

Some Boston Second Adventists have now fixed the end of the world for the 25th of this month. There are no indications, however, that Second Adventist real estate is for sale at anything under full market rates for permanent investments.

Belleville, 17th—Miss Evelyn Bowell, youngest daughter of the Hon. M. Bowell, minister of customs, was married yesterday afternoon to Geo. W. McCarthy of Cleveland, Ohio. The ceremony which took place at the residence of J. C. Jamieson, brother-in-law of the bride, was performed by Rev. J. M. Hodson, pastor of the Bridge street Methodist church in the presence of about fifty invited guests.

The editor of the L'Original Advertiser has evidently to shine his own shoes of late and feels the indignity keenly as witness the following:

"Wanted by a person in L'Original, a young lady to assist in amusing the children while the mistress of the house does the chores. She can have her breakfast in bed when necessary; the piano is in good tune, and only half an hour's notice is requested when her young man is coming, so that the family can retire to the privacy of the kitchen. On a few occasions only—on Sunday, never—she will be asked to exchange duties with the mistress of the house. Her boots if left outside her door, will be carefully cleaned by the hired man, or by the proprietor of the establishment, who never interferes or gives himself airs. Remuneration, \$10 a month to commence with. Apply at the Advertiser office. A good general servant, who knows her business, might apply at the same time."

Irish Home Rule.
DECLARATIONS OF POLICY FROM GLADSTONE AND THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

London, October 19.—Mr. Gladstone writes that if the country wishes it, the Irish representation at Westminster should be retained.

London, Oct. 19.—Attorney General Webster addressing a meeting last evening said that if the Irish parliament was intended to give authority over local matters only, the government stood ready not alone to concede it but was prepared to father a measure looking to that end.

CHINA.

Executing Members of Secret Societies.

The Straits Times contains full particulars of the trial of a number of Chinese prisoners accused of being members of an active secret society in Sarawak. The special Court appointed for the purpose consisted of four European, four Malay, and four Chinese members. On the 12th August, the Supreme Court was convened by the Rajah for the purpose of passing sentence on the prisoners. His Highness opened the proceedings by giving a short account of the arrest of the prisoners and the motives which had led to their arrest, the state of the law of the country as regards Chinese secret societies, and the impartial method (mixed Commission) by which these prisoners have been tried. He gave the past history of secret society work in Sarawak, and expressed his intention, for the good of the country and its population, both Malay and Chinese, of stamping out any such illegal combination in his dominions—a combination which, from papers seized, was known to have its end, when strong enough,

THE MURDER OF ALL

who did not wear a "towheang." The prisoners were then called up; the decision of the "Court of Twelve" as regards their guilt were then interpreted to them, and, separately, each was asked if he had anything further to say. The answers were mostly to the effect that they knew nothing of the matter with which they were charged. The Rajah then pronounced the following sentences:—That six of the prisoners, having been found to be leaders of the society, should be shot at eight a. m. on the next day (13th). That 11 being active members and agents, should receive six dozen strokes with a rattan, have their heads shaved, be imprisoned during his Highness's pleasure, and be branded with the letters "S. S." on the hand, and that on release they should be banished for ever from Sarawak. That the remaining seven prisoners being members only, if they would swear in their temples to have no further dealings with the society, and would give up any documents in their possession relating to the society, should be released; if not, all or any one should be dealt with as the foregoing active agents.

THE SENTENCE OF EXECUTION

was carried out on the following day at eight a. m. on the usual execution ground. The firing party consisted of 20 Sarawak Rangers, and death was certified by the principal medical officer. The flogging was carried out partially by giving each man sentenced thereto three dozen within the precinct of the goal on the same day at 11 a. m. The remaining three dozen and the rest of the sentence were to be carried out when the health of the prisoners would allow. Commenting on the swift and sharp punishment meted out to the criminals, the "Straits Times" says:—"The Rajah of Sarawak knows from painful experience what evil Chinese secret societies can work. A generation ago they nearly put an end to the late Sir James Brooke's Government, and were only overcome after great bloodshed; and the law of Sarawak has made effective provision against any recurrence of the event by decreeing death against

ACTIVE AND LEADING MEMBERS

those illegal organizations. When opportunity arose the enactment was enforced with a rigour which soon rendered these oath-bound associations things of the past. A large of years has since worn away the impression made by these early executions that the Ghee Hin Society, so notorious in this colony, took steps to start branches in the Rajah Brooke's dominions. The Rajah, on discovering what was brewing, lost not a moment in frustrating their plans. Secret society men know now what awaits them in Sarawak and if they choose to take the risk they deserve the penalty. Unhindered for agitation against the law which has preserved Sarawak from the evils so rampant here cannot fail to work mischief. In their own country these secret conspirators would have been dealt with in even a worse fashion.

British Capital in the United States.

The suspicions of the American public in connection with such transactions are natural, in these days of trusts; and the outgrowth of that suspicion finds expression in such declarations as this of the Chicago Tribune: "These bargains are pleasant for those who sell out, retire from business, and go to Europe with their families to enjoy themselves and spend the money, but they are not agreeable reading for those who believe that American manufacturers like American lands should be controlled by Americans and not by aliens." Such an objection would have a good deal of foundation of there was any possibility that British capital could control the industries into which it is purchasing, so as to freeze out rival establishments, or exact exorbitant prices from consumers. But a study of the list of purchases reported to have been made will show that everyone of them is in a line of business which by nature is incapable of being monopolized. The people who have sold out cannot go to Europe and spend their money without finding good investments for their capital. If the British management should put up prices no better investment could be found than in putting up new mills, elevators and breweries. The investment of foreign capital in competitive enterprises affords no threat to this country. —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

How Celluloid is Made.

Most celluloid is made in France. A roll of paper is slowly unwound and at the same time is saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric and two parts of nitric acid, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into pyroxyline, or gun cotton. The excess of acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water till all traces of acid have been removed. It is then reduced to pulp and passes on to the bleaching trough. It is this gun cotton which gives its explosive nature. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, it is mixed with from 20 to 40 per cent. of its weight in camphor. A second mixing and grinding follows. The pulp is spread out in thin slabs, which are squeezed in the hydraulic press until they are as dry as chips. Then they are rolled in heated rollers and come out in elastic strips. They are from that point worked up into almost any conceivable form. —[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

Peculiar Superstitions.

The Russians were the last European race to be converted to Christianity. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that singular superstitions should still survive amongst the peasantry. Had newspapers been published in A. D. 1400 in London, they might have frequently chronicled similar events to those in the columns of Russian papers to-day. Not many years ago a Russian nobleman made a balloon ascent, and had the misfortune to come down somewhere in the Baltic provinces, where not even the picture of a balloon had penetrated. A wild panic ensued, in which the unlucky aeronaut was almost torn to pieces. If a similar descent could have been made into Yorkshire 400 years ago, the anachronistic aeronaut would have met with the same fate or have been regarded as a messenger announcing the Divine wrath and the final dissolution of things—a panic to which English people have been peculiarly liable. This superstition

TERROR ABOUT BALLOONS.

however, is an amiable weakness when compared with others. Belief in witchcraft is still general in some districts. It was only a short time ago that the Russian newspapers related how a peasant had, with the approval of his acquaintances, murdered his aged aunt because he believed her to be a witch who had made him the victim of her evil spells. A still more horrible case of superstition was recently reported in a leading Russian journal. An old peasant woman, living near Sookoom, in Caucasus, was suspected of witchcraft. Beyond the infirmities of age, and perhaps of ill temper, the unhappy wretch was no doubt as innocent as the victims of our own "witch finders" used to be. Her son died, and immediately the rumour spread that she had slain him, with the assistance of the Evil One, whose co-operation she had claimed. The neighbours sat in judgment over her, and decided that she should be submitted to "the ordeal by fire"; that is to say, she was to be burnt and tortured in the hope she would confess her supposed crime. The terror of the poor old creature deprived her of coherent speech. This was assumed to be

A PROOF OF HER GUILT.

She was seized, tied to the pole, and burnt to death. What gives a still more sinister aspect to this carnival of cruelty is that her surviving son was amongst the most energetic of those who tortured his mother. It will take some generations of education and progress before the peasantry of the remote districts got rid of such bloodthirsty superstitions. As a race, they are generally amiable and affectionate, rarely quarrelling in their cups, as is too often the case in England; it is only when their supernatural terrors are aroused that they seek what they think is their own safety in malignant manifestations of fanatic ignorance. Examples such as those we have related are fortunately rare. Generally, their superstitions do not go beyond the ordinary phantasmagoria of bogeydom. In the Ukraine the people believe in every sort of supernatural being, from vampires to water sprites. Amongst the most gruesome of their superstitions is the ceremony performed in some remote places

TO BRING ON THE RAIN

in a season of drought. The peasants lope up day after day to a cloudless sky where the sun is blazing. The crops are beginning to droop, and the whole country side is aching for the cool rush of the long deferred rain. It is then that they take counsel together, and make a strange propitiatory offering to the powers that preside over the moisture held in suspension by the unseen clouds. Should extreme methods be deemed necessary, an old woman, without a rag to cover her, is harnessed at midnight to a plough, and driven through the village, whilst the male portion of the population are supposed to be sleeping. Her drivers are the village maidens attired, for this horrible ceremony, in their nightgowns. If any of the men, except the greybeards, should be tempted by profane curiosity to look on this strange procession, a great misfortune will, they believe, befall the community. This strange performance is probably the relic of a midnight sacrifice to some heathen god. As is usually the case in such religious rites

THE VICTIM IS CHOSEN

from the ranks of the weak and defenceless. The scapegoat plays a prominent part in most efforts of man to propitiate a pantheon of capricious deities. All is not black and ugly, however, for there is a romantic side to these degrading superstitions. Throughout Southern Russia the people tell endless stories of witches, wizards, fairies, wood sprites, and vampires. Every wood, stream, and tree has its spiritual and invisible denizens, who bring good luck or ill luck as the case may be, to the wayfarer. It is, too, strange how these obsolete superstitions crop up side by side with events that show the progress of liberal notions in the land of the Czar. Not long ago the inhabitants of Tomsk in Siberia, were surprised at the appearance of a female advocate in the district Court of that town. She came to plead in the interests of two men who were, as she proved to her judges, undergoing a term of illegal imprisonment. The Court gave the lady an impartial hearing, and her clients were ordered to be set at liberty. To read of Fortia and Syorax as it were in parallel columns shows that the intellectual extent of Russia is, in a sense, as broad and diversified as its physical area. —[London Post.

Safety Railway Carriage.

A genius is at work on a new railway carriage which will not burn or telescope. It is all iron and steel. The roof, sides and ends of the car are made of steel boiler plates riveted together, and is nothing more or less than a big boiler. It is not quite round, however, being somewhat the shape of a horseshoe—the round part being the top. In the bottom, it is said, are several steel girders packed in cement, much the same as in the Pullman cars. Along the sides is an array of windows precisely similar to those of an ordinary passenger coach. The top of the car is destitute of the heavy roof and ventilating arrangement that is seen on ordinary cars. It is said that ventilation is to be secured by pumping air into the car through pipes. These pipes in winter will furnish warm air. There is also a system of ventilators around the windows.

WIT AND WISDOM.

They have 355 churches in Chicago. This shows what can be done in the matter of foreign missions, if it is gone about in the right way.

No wonder there are plenty of dentists. No sooner does the cable man let up on occurrences at Trichinopoly or Nikolai than a mining strike breaks out at Panxutawney, Penn.

Can't wait—"Say, do you remember that \$5 bill I loaned you?" Owen Long—"Remember it, sir. I never forget a favor like that. You haven't got another one about you, have you?"

Mrs. Hinton (recently married)—Did you know my husband was very ill? Miss Carrington—I suppose he must be, my dear. Before he married you he told me I had broken his heart.

Now a days the young men of the period don't go down on their knees in nervous agonies before their future wives. They hold a solitaire diamond ring above their heads and the girls jump for it.

Young manager—"You are making a great deal of talk about the legitimate drama. Now, I'd like to know what you mean by the legitimate anyway?" Old manager—"The legitimate drama, dear boy, is made up of those plays whose authors are dead and on which managers need pay no royalty."

The citizens of Taylorville, Neb., recently tarred and feathered old Jason Mitchell and then rode him on a rail. Instead of resenting this treatment, Jason seemed to enjoy it. This pleased the boys very much until the old man sued twenty-five of them for \$100 damages each, and got it. Then they began to see that Jason really had the most fun.

An Unfortunate Reminder—Mr. Franklin de Belleville—"I'm mighty glad cold weather is coming on for one thing. I won't have to work this lawn mower then." Mrs. de Belleville (pleasantly)—"No; you'll have nothing to bother you but the furnace." De Belleville (sternly, after an interval of gloomy silence)—"Well, you're a cheerful companion for a man, I must say."

Curious Medical Opinions.

Milk, no matter how pure, is condemned by a prominent British physician as a "mischievous diet for adults," and if we were to credit some other medical men, is a dangerous medium frequently in use for conveying the germs of various contagious diseases. Beef, and flesh generally, are pronounced curricularly to be unfit for consumption by human beings. Even salt has its enthusiastic enemies, as is evidenced by the fact that an anti-salt hospital and anti-salt societies have been in recent times amongst the curiosities of modern propaganda. So rarely anything which men eat, drink or use escapes strong condemnation in the name of medical science, and nervous people may well find living uncomfortable and dangerous if they pay heed to every much which the printed press gives currency to as new light in sanitary science or hygiene. Medical science is not fairly chargeable with the onslaughts made in its name against what the general judgment of mankind throughout the ages has approved of. Medical science is disposed not to pronounce sweeping judgments, but rather to seek to explain the facts of individual experience in matters coming within its proper sphere. The onslaughts referred to are often due to the fact that some medical men neither have, nor can have, the capacity for scientific investigation. They are not built that way. Their faulty methods of thought necessarily lead to faulty conclusions at variance with the lessons of every day experience. Very often a too exclusive following of a certain line of enquiry to the exclusion of premises which should have been taken into account, results in a very pronounced opinion being given to the public with the name sometimes of a fairly clever medical man attached to it. These are, however, but incidents in the grand onward march of medical science, and their parallels are found in all most every other science. It is difficult, however, to account for the medical utterance which was recently found in the archives of the Nuremberg railway at Farth, and which was drawn up by Bavarian doctors in 1835. The protest reads: "Travel in cars drawn by a locomotive ought to be forbidden den in the interest of public health. The rapid movement cannot fail to produce among the passengers the mental affection known as delirium furiosum. Even if travellers are failing to incur this risk the Government at least should protect the public. A single glance at a locomotive passing rapidly is sufficient to cause the same cerebral derangement; consequently it is absolutely necessary to build a fence ten feet in height on each side of the railway."

There must have been a good deal of rash movement here. The doctors were very far wrong, but that their fears of mischief to themselves was tem resulting from railway travelling was not wholly unfounded, as shown by the complaints of queer nervous sensations made by some commercial travellers who have been long on the road. The exaggeration of the Bavarian doctors was not in degree much greater than that of some more recent pronouncements.

A Boy's Awful Death.

MONTREAL, Oct. 24.—A terrible accident took place the other morning about three o'clock in the Montreal rolling mills, near St. Cuneonde. The workmen in this establishment had been divided into gangs, one party working at night and the other during the day. One of the night workers named Alderich Prevost, aged 14, and living on Albert street, caught his arm in a large wheel which was revolving with almost lightning rapidity, and before the machinery could be stopped the poor lad was whirled round several times and thrown on the floor a mass of flesh and bone. In spite of the terrible wounds inflicted the boy lived twenty minutes, and did not draw his last breath until the Notre Dame hospital had been reached, four miles away. The coroner held an inquest and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

A Gastronomical Criticism.

"Here's a pointer for ye, Bill," said a tramp to one of his companions. "Don't never go to that house on the hill yonder." "Why not?" "Cause whenever they've got pie they haven't any cheese, and when they've got cheese they haven't any pie. I wouldn't eat at any such place as that."

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

Exorcising an Evil Spirit from a Boy.

Indian papers report a case of a most unusual nature which was investigated by the Calcutta Coroner, Dr. Blaney recently at the morgue. A Hindoo milhand named Ramji Daji, residing at Mezagon, had for some time past been unwell, suffering from pains in various parts of his body and swollen knee-joints, his ailments being so serious as to prevent him going to work. However, one day he, accompanied by his father, went to the Framjee Petit Mill, where the deceased was employed, for the purpose of receiving some pay due to him. The father and son then returned home, but

AFTER A SHORT INTERVAL

went out again, and while the deceased father was conversing with an acquaintance he missed his son and went home, thinking, in all probability, Ramji was going home slowly. On arrival at the chawl in which they resided it was found deceased had not returned, but he was shortly afterwards brought in on the back of a fellow-milhand in an almost unconscious state. The deceased was put in a sitting posture, being held by the father, when a man named Doo suggested that very likely the deceased was possessed of a devil, and, in order to expel the evil spirit, he swayed himself about in front of the sick man, and afterwards took hold of his hair and asked "the devil" twice who he was. Not receiving a reply, he struck deceased violently with a rattan, when the latter fell back in a dying condition; but before he died another man named Shripatty Mohipatty took the rattan and also hit the deceased, both of these men subsequently

SWAYING THEIR BODIES

to and fro professing to be possessed with the spirit of a god. The flogging was intended to drive out the evil spirit. The deceased died without a complaint, and his body was removed to the morgue. Dr. Sydney Smith, surgeon to the Coroner, made a post-mortem examination of the body. The doctor said there were several bruises on the back apparently produced by flogging with a cane. There was a small abrasion on the right hip. From the post-mortem appearances he was of opinion that the cause of death was hemorrhage from rupture of the spleen, which rupture could have occurred without much violence being used. A fall might have ruptured it. The witness did not think that flogging would have ruptured the spleen. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased died from hemorrhage from rupture of the spleen, but under what circumstances it was ruptured there was no evidence to show."

Wreck of a British Eaque.

The Pacific Company's Royal mail steamer "Rubra," which has arrived at Plymouth from Valparaiso, brought among her passengers nine of the survivors of the crew of the barque Georgina, of Swansea, Captain Watkins, which was wrecked on Wednesday, Sept. 13th on the English sandbank near Montevideo. She was from Newport with coals for Rosario, and in heavy weather ran on the bank under a press of sail on the afternoon of that day. The crew, 15 all told, were not rescued till noon on the following Saturday. For the first 24 hours after grounding, the wreck was being continually washed over by seas. The crew then took refuge in the rigging, where they were further exposed for 44 hours without food or water. From the mizzen-top they had to climb to the main-top, and ultimately to the fore-top. On Monday an apprentice boy was so prostrated, that he climbed from the mizzen to the main-top, he lost his hold, fell overboard, and was drowned. Ten thousand dollars were raised and offered as a reward for the rescue, which was accomplished on Saturday by a tug and two lifeboats. The shipwrecked seamen on landing were taken every care of and supplied with food and clothing, and £50 in money was divided between them.

An Indian Attempting Suicide From Revenge.

A correspondent of the Calcutta "Englishman" tells a curious story which he heard from a warder in the Alipore Gaol. Two prisoners were reeling jute yarn on neighboring benches. One of them had conveyed a bitter hatred for the other, and was wont to declare that he would get him hanged for murder. At last, he said, the time had arrived, and reiterated his threat so often that the man became frightened, and making an excuse for leaving his bench quietly sought the European superintendent of the mill, and asked his advice. The latter listened to the story, and advancing to a window asked the man to point out his persecutor. He did so, and a moment afterwards they actually saw the fellow cut his throat from ear to ear, and throw the bloody knife over towards the bench a few minutes previously vacated by his companion. The alarm was given, and the injured man was carried to the infirmary, but not before he had mustered strength to indicate that the other man, who had been with the superintendent at the very moment of the deed, had tried to murder him. The would-be suicide eventually recovered. Another "good hater" among the prisoners once stabbed a fellow-convict dangerously in the breast, and was in consequence sentenced to five years' extra penal servitude. When the injured man was got out of the hospital he was transferred to a remote corner of the gaol. But, so intensified had become his assailant's hatred by reason of the additional punishment, that one day he managed to pass through several yards undetected, and was just going to spring at his enemy's throat when he was observed and overpowered.

A Degree Shop.

A royal road to learning has not yet been built, but nevertheless any person who happens to have \$25 can provide himself with degree of A. M., and for \$35 he can buy a nice serviceable LL. D. Or he can have both the A. M. and LL. D. for \$50. And no questions asked; that is to say none touching the talents and accomplishments of the buyer. All degrees furnished within fifteen minutes after application for them is made. It is a Chicago "University" which so handsomely meets this want of these who yearn for the badge of scholarship rather than for scholarship itself. It would be a graceful thing, or the admirers of Mr. John L. Sullivan to send on \$35 to Chicago and make him an LL. D. And when John gets tired of it by way of showing that he bears no ill-will toward the man with whom he lately fought, he can hand it over to Kilgus. —[N. Y. Tribune.

The Death of the Mist.

High over the clouds a sunbeam shone,
While far down under him,
With a subtle charm that was all her own,
The Mist gleamed, fair and dim.

He looked on her with his burning eyes
And longed to fall at her feet;
O' all sweet things there under the skies
He thought her the thing most sweet.

He had wooed oft, as a Sunbeam may,
Wave and blossom and flower;
But never before had he felt the sway
Of a great love's sudden power.

Tall cloud mountains and vast space seas,
Wind and tempest and fire—
What are obstacles such as these
To a heart that is filled with desire?

The Mist grew pale with a vague, strange
Fright
As fond yet fiercer he came;
He was so strong and he was so bright,
And his breath was a breath of flame.

Boldly he trod over cloud and star,
Boldly he swam through space;
She caught the glow of his eyes afar
And veiled her delicate face.

Close to his heart she was clasped and kissed;
—
She swooned with love's alarms;
And dead lay the beautiful, pale-faced Mist
In the Sunbeam's passionate arms.

WHEELER WILCOX.

Salting Stock.

With some kinds of stock especially, too much salt will often prove very injurious; and when the salt is only given occasionally it will often occur that the animals, being very hungry for salt, will eat more than is best. On the other hand, as a rule, if a supply of salt is kept convenient, the stock will eat what they want, and no more. They are not likely to damage themselves, under ordinary conditions, if boxes are provided, and are kept filled, so that the stock can help themselves to what they want to eat. It is not the quantity they eat, in a given length of time, but rather the large quantity that they will eat at once, when they have been deprived of it that proves more or less injurious.

There is no class of stock kept upon the farm but they will be benefited by having access to a good supply of salt, and some arrangement should be made so that this can be done. During the season that stock are in the pasture, boxes or troughs may be placed in convenient places, where the stock can go and help themselves.

The advantage in using rock salt is that if placed in boxes or troughs without shelter there is but little if any waste, either by throwing out of the boxes or troughs in eating, or by being washed out by hard rains. A boy placed in the center of the hog pen and kept supplied with salt and ashes, will aid materially in keeping the hog in good health and thrift. Sheep, cattle and horses need a supply all the time; and if it is placed where they can secure a supply readily, they will be found eating a small quantity every day.

As a rule, with the exception of hogs and poultry, the better plan is to give the salt by itself. With poultry, usually the better plan is to season the food.

Mr. Irving's views on the prospects of those who adopt the stage as a profession are not very encouraging for youthful aspirants. Of the total number of actors in England, estimated to be above 20,000, he expresses the conviction that quite half of them would be glad of an assured \$1,000 a year.

One of the latest social innovations in England is the female butler, a parlor maid in livery. A good-looking girl in livery of dark blue, green and gold, or scarlet and white looks very smart, and the waiting is, as a rule, done more quietly and deftly than by a man. This opens out a new field of employment for women.

Naval authorities in England are panic-stricken by the collapse of both the 111-ton guns of the war ship Victoria while they were being proved. They cost \$95,000 apiece, exclusive of \$150,000 for carriages, mountings, and machinery necessary to work them, and throw a projectile weighing 1,800 pounds. This result has somewhat dampened the ardor of the advocates of big guns.

A London paper announces that a Worcestershire village, from the fact of its being called Broadway, first attracted the attention and then the visits of Americans and now there is quite an American season and a small art colony, which is six miles from a railway station. The American artists have established a Broadway school at this spot, which, with its ivy and creeper-covered Worcestershire houses, is regarded by them as the most typical of English villages. The object of Mr. Alma Tadema's special journey to this favorite resort was to paint some wild roses growing in a cottage garden.

The Curator of the Whitehall Archaeological Museum, England, grieves over the depredations committed at Stonehenge by the modern excursionist. "I do not want to see him kept out altogether," he says, "but I want a certain protection put over Stonehenge that such acts as sliding down the face of one of the fallen stones, cutting initials in the turf inside the circle, scratching and chalking initials on the stones, picnicking inside the circle, throwing broken (or otherwise) bottles about, with pieces of cucumber rind now and then, and any other kind of litter, will be prevented. All of the above acts of desecration I witnessed one day last week. It is idle to say that there is no appreciable difference in the condition of Stonehenge to what it was fifty years ago. It is in a far worse state than it was fifteen years ago, when I first went there."

The British commercial world has been deeply stirred by the assertion from numerous quarters that the Germans were crowding the English out as clerks and drummers, all over the world. The reason given is that the English shrink from selling by retail. The English men who go abroad are generally drawn from a class which hold retail trade in abhorrence, and carry their prejudices with them. If an Englishman takes to selling retail he loses caste. As one orifice puts it, "he is sailing rather close to the wind if he sells a single bale, but if he splits the bale and sells by the piece he is anathema; he cannot dine with the Consul or play tennis with the chaplain's daughters. The result is, he abstains from retail trade till wholesale trade abates from him." The cry is for Britishers whose social influence will not prevent them from being retail dealers.

DEATH FOR LIBERTY.

A PRISON GRAVEYARD FILLED WITH CONVICTS WHO SOUGHT TO REGAIN THEIR FREEDOM.

How Some of the More Noted Insurrections Were Planned and Carried Out to Failure.

Situated behind a little hill a few hundred yards from the entrance to the penitentiary at San Quentin in the prison graveyard, a bleak, desolate acre of weather-beaten headboards and bare mounds. Two or three simple marble slabs show that even there there is an aristocracy.

The convict dead lie on the breast of a hillock, at the foot of which the waters of the bay beat the rocks. Though so near to the prison it is not in sight of it, and the spot is as lonely as a can be.

Most of the headboards bear simply the number borne in the prison by the occupant of the grave in marks, but the older boards show traces of what were once inscriptions. Some of these are still decipherable. One of the headboards has been split and only half of it remains:

1,637
ACIO
YESSA
16,1861.
fects of
shot wound.

The letters were originally in relief. The soft wood of the board was whittled away by the friends of the dead man during the time between their work in the jail-mill and the sounding of the "lights out" bell.

THE LETTERS STOOD OUT CLEARLY

when the board was first raised; now they must be half-guessed to be understood. Rain and weather have worn the raised letters until the board is again smooth.

"That inscription used to read," said one of the prison guards, "Dumacio Berryessa, Jan. 16 1861 from the effects of a gunshot wound." The number, 1,637, was his number in prison. You know who Berryessa was, don't you?"

"Who was he?"

"He was the leader of probably the most desperate break that was ever made in San Quentin. Berryessa was the predecessor of Joaquin Murietta and Vasquez and all that line of Mexican desperadoes. They got Berryessa somehow and sent him here for life, I think. He had always behaved pretty well until this date that's marked on the headboard. He got about half a hundred of characters like himself to join him in a break. At about 2 o'clock on that afternoon the gate was opened to admit a cart and Berryessa gave the signal. The Mexicans and Indians broke out, seizing Deputy Warden Pennie and Sheriff Kennard of Sutton county, who was there, and two guards, and rushed down the road toward San Rafael. They kept their captives between them and the guards, who stood on the wall ready to fire. Berryessa and another convict held Pennie between them. The leader of the mutiny put a knife to his throat and ordered him to tell the guards not to fire.

"By way of reply Pennie yelled: 'Shoot, you idiots! Shoot, or I'll discharge the last one of you!'

"The guards fired right into the fleeing convicts. The first volley killed three men and wounded thirteen. Among the dead was Berryessa. The brave deputy warden's arm was

SHATTERED BY A SHOT.

We chased them and a lot surrendered, but a score or so managed to get away. We hunted them for a long time and shot several in the gulches around Tamalpais.

"But we've had worse breaks than that," continued the guard, "Nearly all of these graves are those of men killed while escaping—Mexicans mostly. They are the most desperate of men. There was one break about '59, I think, where fifty convicts got out with tools from the shops. They came rushing around the corner of the buildings and turned straight up the hill to where the Gatling gun is now. There were six-pounders there then and they had an idea that if they got that post they could control the whole place. Not more than fifty feet separated them from the guns, but before they had gone half the distance twenty of their number were writhing on the grass, dead or desperately wounded. The guns were loaded with grapeshot and at that distance were most effective. Their dead and wounded rolled back on the stonemans and hindered their progress up the steep slope. At last they broke and ran. Ten were caught, but ten got away, and although some were killed in the ravines, most of them got away all right. If I recollect aright, Francisco Ascalupolo led that break. His grave is somewhere here about. That break was when the prisoners worked in the brick yard. About 200 prisoners were out, but only fifty broke. The guards, however, got rattled and fired into the other 100, who were trying to crowd back inside the prison. They killed three or four of these unfortunate fellows and wounded half a score. When Ascalupolo and his followers broke they slammed the prison gates, and those not in the gate

COULDN'T GET BACK.

It's easy to say now they ought to have been more careful, but then there was no time to consider anything. These convicts carried off two guards, Lee and Spell, toward Tamalpais. This saved many of them, as the guards were afraid to fire for fear of hurting their comrades. Probably thirty got away altogether that time.

"The biggest break of all, though, was July 22 1862. Three hundred of the convicts broke out then, but only forty or fifty got away. I don't know how many were killed, for some were shot weeks afterward. That was a fearful time. For awhile it looked as if they would conquer the prison. About 150 were passing out to the brick yard when they suddenly seized Con Murphy, who was guarding the front gates, and demanded his keys, in order to liberate the other prisoners. Murphy managed to secure the keys of the inner door, and though they beat him cruelly they could not get them from him. Lieut. Gov. Chellis was at lunch when the break was made and the convicts

soon got hold of him. They made him go to Murphy and order him to give up the keys. Murphy refused to obey, and, after kicking him into insensibility, the convicts smashed the locks. Then over 100 more convicts from the workshops joined in the break. They raided the armories, but though they found plenty of arms they found no ammunition. By this time the guards and officers of the prison began to shoot into the convicts. Capt. Vanderlin with a few men headed off fifty of the convicts and got them back into the prison. The cannon, loaded with grape, were turned on the striped horde, but as they kept the lieutenant-governor in their midst they only fired over them. A guard named Watson was in charge of post 5. He swung the cannon so as to bear right in the midst of the rioters, but Chellis received a persuading prod from his captors and yelled to him:

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T SHOOT!"

and the guard turned his piece to the water, fired it, and then spiked it. This enraged the convicts. They had hoped to have fought with this cannon. They caught Watson and threw him down the bluff. Then they rolled the gun down over him and into the bay. Station 10 saw another gun and the man in charge was killing the convicts on the edge of the crowd.

"They were afraid that Chellis couldn't stop this firing and so divided and ran. About half of them got possession of the prison sloop Pike County and cut her from her moorings. There was no wind, however, and she drifted into a mud bank and stuck. The guards had the men on the sloop at their mercy. I guess that ten were killed from the shore and some that jumped overboard were drowned. After it was all over the remainder were taken off and brought back to their cells.

"Meanwhile, however, the other half, still holding the pleading and protesting Chellis, hurried away toward the Corte Madera marsh and Tamalpais. The guards had several chances to shoot into them, but the lieutenant-governor yelled to them not to shoot. Pennie had been in the same fix a year before, but you know how differently he acted. The convicts hurried Chellis along despite his heaviness, making him climb fences and wade creeks until he was nearly dead.

"The citizens of San Rafael had heard of the uprising of the felons, and a band of them pursued the convicts on horseback. They met them just on the edge of the march. A number of guards from the prison came up at the same time and flanked the remnant of the mutineers. Finding themselves hard pressed, the convicts released the half-dead lieutenant-governor and tried to get away, but they were between the two bands. They tried to cut their way through the San Rafael posse, but only succeeded after fifteen or twenty of their number were either killed or wounded. Only about thirty-five convicts succeeded in reaching the thick woods about Mount Tamalpais. As usual we hunted them there and quite a number were killed. Capt. McLane came up with one of them and snapped his pistol at him, but the weapon did not go off, and the convict pulled him from his horse. Both had knives and they stabbed each other half a dozen times as they were rolling around under the trees.

Capt. McLane got the best of it at last and he is an officer here still, but he carries with him the marks of that struggle yet.

"There have been a lot of smaller breaks, where one, two, or three men were killed, and that is why so many of these headboards bear that sentence:

"Died from the effects of a gunshot wound."

Summer Sunbeams.

BY ARCHIE MACK.

Summer sunbeams, brightly shining,
Prove a happy, golden day,
Brighten every dell and dingle,
Chase each low'ring cloud away
'Neath their rays the bright flowers blossom,
'Neath their rays the grasses spring,
Over every tree and meadow
Open-handed blessings fling.

Gloomy dells are penetrated,
Their dark shadows are dispelled;
Peeping cooily like a maiden
Come the beams which joy compelled
Where 'twas shady nooks we find them
Shedding brightness everywhere,
O'er the streamlets laughing ripples
Sparkling in the sunshine fair.

'Midst the monarchs of the forest
Gleance thy beams athwart the trees,
Glancing many a fairy palace
Lulled by music of the leaves
O'er the grain fields and the moorland
Flash thy rays with fervid glow,
In the valleys, on the mountains,
Summer's gladness, winter's snow.

Summer sunbeams ever abiding
Love and beauty all around,
My I like to thee, thus ever,
Something life's dark scenes be found
May my life be one endeavor
To shed brightness where I roam,
Whether forest, vale or moorland,
Valley mountain, streamlet, home.

What Would Result.

Alderman Dooley—"O' rise to mek a move that Casey's motion be laid on the table." Alderman Casey—"An' O' rise to say that if that motion is laid on the table O' will mek a motion that will knock Dooley unther that same."

A Pertinent Question.

"Doctor, will you let me know how much I owe you?" "Oh, my good woman, I knew you are not in easy circumstances, I will not charge you anything for my trouble." "Yes, that's all very well; but who is to pay the apothecary?"

"What have you for me this morning?" said Binkins, as the letter carrier approached. "Something important, I suppose." "No, sir; only a couple of postal cards. One of them is an invitation to the meeting of the Taw Taw Club, and the other is from your wife asking you to meet her at the train."

No Offense.

Big Dark—"Niggah, you'r fool!" Little Dark—"Dy yo' call me 'fool'?" Big Dark—"Dat's what'r sed!" Little Dark—"Yo' do!" Big Dark—"Ise call enny niggah r fool what asks like yo' do." Little Dark—"Huh! Dan yo' call enny niggah r fool? Dan I can's considah dat pussenel. Good day."

AMONG MAN-EATERS.

The Flesh of White Men is Too Salty, but Chinamen is Not Half Bad.

Explorer Lumboltz has just returned from Queensland, says the "Pall Mall Gazette." He devoted a year to the cannibal tribes inhabiting a terribly wild tract of country a couple of hundred miles north of Townsville. Mr. Lumboltz says:

"To begin with don't imagine that because the tribes are cannibals they are therefore loathsome or repulsive in appearance. On the contrary many of the men are physically fine fellows and some of the women have pleasing features. Then, when you call them cannibals, you must remember that human flesh is a very rare luxury, for they only eat foreign tribes—native tribes, I mean, for the flesh of the white man is nasty to their palate. He has a salty flavor, which is very disagreeable to them." "That was lucky for you." "Well, no. If I were once dead it mattered little to me how my body was disposed of. But being without morals and absolutely indifferent to human life, they would have killed me if they had dared for the sake of the tobacco and the few odds and ends I had with me. When I joined them at first they were friendly enough. They were a good bit afraid of the white man, and for an inch of tobacco apiece were willing to serve me. Then they respected what they called my baby gun—my revolver—which I fired off every night. But in time their fear wore off and there were several attempts to tomahawk me, but I was lucky. I had a splendid hunter with me who twice tried, I should have shot him dead, but I was a little loath to do so as I was very keen about getting that specimen of the tiger marsupial, so I tolerated him. Might be right among them. If I had shot a few of them my dangers would have been considerably lessened."

"To resume about the man-eating, I never saw a cannibal feast, but every night in their huts the talk was of women and human flesh. Those were the stock subjects of conversation." "Not very different from highly cultivated Europeans, Mr. Lumboltz? Women and cooking." "I was able to understand them, for I had learned the language, and I gathered that white man was no good—too salty. Chinamen was not half bad. He fed on rice, and had a tender vegetable flavor about him, like a mealy cauliflower. But of all varieties there was nothing so sweet as a native baby—so sweet, so juicy, so fat, so tender. Old men and women were naturally tough and sinewy. And the favorite parts were the thigh and the flesh of the hand. The cannibal blacks have no religion, no ceremonial, no idols, and the only approach to a charm was a bit of human fat, wrapped up in grass and tied round the neck as good luck to your hunting."

"If you want a wife and you have money, which is tobacco, or a handkerchief, or a tomahawk—I should tell you that these articles percolate through the densest bush, and over the wildest ranges—you can buy a wife. You may inherit a wife by agreement. You may get your dead brother's wife, but the commonest method of acquiring a wife is to go and help yourself. If you are a big fellow you walk into a hut and take the lady. Then there is a row, and you have to fight a duel with a wooden broadsword, and the women come down to the fight and howl and screech and back their men and there is a terrible do. It is the women who cause all the rows, all the wars, all the feuds. It is always some chocolate Helen and some ravishing Paris."

"And do the ladies like a change of husbands?" "They go, and don't seem to mind in the least." "How do the men regard the women then?" "As useful drudges, to do all the work and make them comfortable. The more women a man has the bigger swell he is. The black fellow hates work. He only cares for hunting. He hates to rise until the sun is well up in the heavens and the dew has disappeared. Then he and his friends depart into the forest and hunt, seldom bringing home the food, but devouring it in the bush. It is one of the remarkable things that the old men have always the prettiest wives. There are no chiefs. One man is as good as another, but when a political crisis arises the old men are the most influential. As for the young fellow, he often has to do without a wife until he is 30."

Woman's Large Place.

"San Francisco Call." The purchase of Alaska was a small matter; but the American who consolidated Canada with the United States would occupy a large place in history; and the scheme, large as it is, does not present insuperable obstacles. Of the seven provinces and four territories which constitute the Canadian Dominion, two provinces, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are open in favour of annexation; three provinces, Ontario, British Columbia and Manitoba, are believed not to be irreconcilably opposed; while the territories would naturally acquiesce. There remain the Prince Edward Island group, whose temper is unknown and the Province of Quebec, which, so far as its opinions can be gathered from the utterances of its leading men, is against annexation, from a notion that the Roman Catholic religion would be endangered if it were a State of the Union. Whether this delusion could not be dispelled by proper information, and whether an offer by the United States to assume the Dominion debt of \$285,000,000, and to complete at American expense the public works now needed by Canada, would not lead to a change of public opinion in Quebec, and to a decided development of annexation sentiment in the other provinces, might be a question worth Mr. Blain's while to consider.

Many Woods in a Bridge.

A rustic bridge has just been completed at Beech Haven, Ga., that contains 57 different kinds of wood and vines, grown on the 50 acres of Beech Haven Park. The following is a list of the woods and vines:—Short leaf pine, long leaf pine, post oak, white oak, Spanish oak, whiter oak, red oak, poplar, sweet gum, black gum, red haw, black haw, red bud, prickly ash, chigunapin, wild plum, persimmon, cedar, wild rose, wahoo, sumac, red elm, pig hickory, scaly bark hickory, hickory or sugar berry, willow, china, black alder, crab apple, wild mulberry, wild cherry, dogwood, sourwood, winter whortle-berry, black locust, sassafras, cotton wood, buckeye, cypress, laurel, beech, holly, ash, ironwood, birch, magnolia, spycore, walnut, sweet bay, evergreen, spruce. Vines:—Grape, muscadine, bellflower, rattan, bamboo.

CALEDONIA.

The following is a most delightful description of a short holiday spent in bonnie Scotland. The writer is one of my dearest and best valued English friends. As there are such a number of auld Scotch and Scotch Canadiana throughout Ontario and the other provinces I feel that it may interest them and so take pleasure in handing it to them through the wide columns of your paper.

NORA LAUGHER.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, ENG.

MY DEAR N.—Forgive me not writing from the "Land o' Cakes," for truly I had not a moment's time.

Have just returned from my most enjoyable holiday and I must tell you all about it.

We left London on a Saturday, by the night express and reached Edinburgh early the next day.

That same morning we went to the Cathedral, "Scotch Free Church," a simple service, conducted by three clergies in black gowns and white ties a la John Knox; it was so soothing that we—tired with our journey—nearly went to sleep.

In the afternoon we commenced the lions of that fair and lovely city; those terms describe the new part, as for the old, our noses would not allow us to investigate that too closely. The houses of the older portion are to a degree squalid and so are the people. Yet the Scotch as a race I think are prepossessing; they are very hospitable, in fact anxious to fill one's mouth directly one enters their doors.

Well, we did the Castle, Calton Hill, various monuments, Arthur's Seat, the Queen's Park, Holyrood Palace, Rosslyn Chapel, John Knox's House, Parliament House and saw the "Heart of Midlothian." Then on to Stirling and Callander where we took coach through Trossachs (very beautiful). Then we took steamer down Loch Katrine (lovely) to Laverne which is on the banks of Loch Lomond (inaccessible), the mountains around it being perfectly grouped and the scenery exquisite.

He visited Rob Roy's Cave—no wonder Helen McGregor ran away from him, indeed I should run away from any man who wanted me to reside up in cold stone, quite inaccessible to callers for afternoon tea, and report does not say Rob Roy was amiable.

We saw one of the mountains a pulp-shaped rock, from which in the time of the covenants, John Knox is supposed to have preached, if he did he certainly bowed to the wind.

We then sailed to the head of the loch and took coach through Glenfalloch. It is a grand road right through mountains.

Afterwards we journeyed by train to Oban from whence we visited Danolis Castle and Dunstaffnage Castle, the latter one of the oldest in Scotland. I beg you to understand that all these castles are simply ruins like Kenilworth. They stand on heights with glorious views of sea, mountain, pasture, and loch. And imagine the mountains, covered for the most part with heather, with here and there great masses of grey, red or black rocks.

One day we took steamer to Ballachulish, and from thence coach through the pass of Glencoe; we were simply awed by its mighty grandeur. One mountain "The Black Rock" looks a great mass of gothic architecture. There are two others "The Glencoe Sisters" brownish grey, and another towering in the distance "The Eive Shepherd" grey, and one in the foreground, red, at the summit of which they call Ossians. Picture if you can the grouping of these mountains, the mass of subdued colour, the silvery streams of water rippling here and there down their rough sides. There is less heather or verdure of any kind in this part. The population of Ballachulish and Glencoe is employed at slate quarries. The people look very dirty, and the children, ragged and tiresome, followed our coach for a mile, crying out for "backsheesh." I forgot to tell you the children of the lower classes both in the cities and villages do not wear shoes nor stockings, and that of course adds to their squalid appearance.

Another day we sailed by steamer down Loch Awe, saw the Pass of Brander and then took coach back to Oban—about 30 miles—through the Pass of Melfort. I really think the most exquisite scenery of all, the mountains are as high but covered with heather, and very broken and rugged, with belts of fir-trees and banks of other trees just changing colour, and here and there a rowan tree standing out bright crimson and at the foot, just below the picture que coach road, water dashing and foaming over high boulders and stones.

Another day by steamer to Iona, a funny little island with a few houses and the ruins of an ancient Cathedral with a number of tombs supposed to be those of early Scottish kings and chiefs of clans. One curiosity they show is a most unrefined-looking stone which they assert was the pillow of St. Columba.

We again embarked and in about an hour reached Staffa—an island of rocks. We climbed over one which was composed of huge square blocks to another called Fingal's Cave, a gothic arch on pillars, with the sea rushing at its base; it seemed incredible that it should have been formed so perfectly without hands. It reminded me of the nave of some stately cathedral.

The sea was rough and the tide running high or the sailors would have rowed us down in the ship's boat.

We then returned to Oban by the Sound of Mull. But alas! I cannot tell you anything about this scenery, for I was compelled to wind a wool wrap around my head and hold on to my seat—the Atlantic rollers were truly awful; but I am proud to say I did not suffer from mal de mer.

Another day we journeyed to Connel Ferry, where we went to see an old man who combines the duties of post-master, pastor and poet. He has reclaimed a hill of moorland and made it a beautiful and romantic-looking garden. On it is a large, hollow rock, which he has industriously roofed in, and squared two apertures, one of which is glazed for a window while the other serves for the door. It contains a few oaken benches and there he conducts service for the few crofters and fishermen in the neighbourhood. Such a rustic place, with the sweet scent of the mountain flowers and musical murmuring of the sea. Of his own table he is very proud, it is a small, thick, oval block of solid, black oak and is the identical one upon which Robert Bruce took his last meal. He is a dear old man, and he was most hospitable and entertaining, giving us a quantity of fruit and lovely flowers from his cherished garden. They tell me his poetry is marvelous for a self-taught man, but I have only seen a copy in Gaelic.

We returned home to London by steamer through Crican Canal and Kyles by Bute,

down the Clyde, and had a look at the snipping and boat building, to Glasgow—a dirty, smoky hole, where we did not care to linger—then to "the city of ships" by train.

To all these delights add good hotels, pleasant acquaintances and fairly fine weather and you must agree with me it was a glorious holiday. Of course you will say to Canada "We have all this and more! Our mountains are higher, our views and falls far grander, and our climate infinitely superior!" But that will not do away with my abiding content in having seen one of the loveliest countries God has shed His light upon, and it is not only that Nature is so beautiful, but one must feel proud of the triumphs of engineering, the canals and bridges, and the roads cut through the very heart of the mountains.

I hope my enthusiasm will not bore you; but if so forgive me, I only wish you could have been there.

Ever your loving old friend,

M.A.E.S.

Advantages of Life in Families made up of Many Members.

There is no cheerfulness in the world comparable to that afforded by the daily life of a large family, says "Harper's Bazar." There may be an equal amount of happiness in a small family, there may be a depth of bliss where only two are together of which the life lived by ten or a dozen could afford no idea; but for the cheer of varied interests, of lively voices, of going and coming, of song and laughter, of moving figures, of the sense of action and life, what can be desired better than a family where father and mother and grandmother, aunts and children, make the round dozen? In a small family it is difficult to keep up the wide interest in people and neighborhood which does a great deal to promote cheerfulness; it is difficult to keep up such interest in more than a very few, from the mere want of time, from the difficulty of getting about, and the impossibility of being in more than one place at a time, if from no other reason. But where there are a number of people under the roof that answers every purpose, as each one bringing in keen feeling for the affairs of several others, the whole together maintain a wide and deep connection from which cheerfulness is precipitated like a salt from its component gases.

But, apart from the cheer derived from intercourse and relationship with the outside multitude by means of a large family's varied acquaintance, comes that derived from other sources in consequence of our full circle. This member of the large household is the one devoted to charity; all the rest do a great deal of vicarious charity, as we may call it, through that channel, and feel content with satisfied consciences in a sense of duty done, which sense, whether it contributes to virtue or not, does, at any rate, to cheerfulness and it is cheerfulness of which we are speaking. This other member is the student of science, and out of the chance conversation, the books, plates, experiments and experiences of this individual, the rest have sufficient amount of scientific honey for their own uses, and are enriched with learning without the least exertion of their own, receiving it, as it were, through the pores. These others, again, do the gay society business; and those of the remainder who are quietly inclined go to all the routs and balls in the gay one's enjoyment, see what the bells wear and how the beaux behave, and never have to leave their tranquil corner at all. And this last one, with scraps of singing and scraps of pianoforte, and mornings of practising and evenings of mirth, welds every thing together in a sort of perpetual ringing of joybells. In short, in a large family the whole world comes to every member of it, and in a small family only a narrow segment of it can come.

That Lawyer Chap.

Quite an amusing scene took place the other day in one of our police courts just as the court was about to adjourn for the day, says the Brooklyn "Citizen." The prisoner, who gave his name as Raffardi and occupation as that of an organ grinder, was charged with disturbing the neighborhood and refusing to leave when ordered. When the officer was making the complaint Raffardi was seen to be in close conversation with one of those interesting lawyers who hang about the court-room with their hands in their pockets.

"Raffardi," said the justice, "has been made you to say to this charge that has been made against you?"

"May it please your honor, I appear for Raffardi," said the lawyer, coming to the bar.

"Well, sir, what have you to say for him," replied the justice.

"May it please your honor, this unfortunate man, a native of Italy, sought this city to earn his living. Being of an industrious disposition, he bought an organ and a monkey with a determination of making an honest living. On this day this officer ruthlessly seized him and brought him before you, your honor. I now ask that—"

"Stop," said the justice. "D. I understand you to say that this man is an Italian?"

"He is, your honor."

"Well, one would suppose that he was an Irishman," continued the justice.

"Sure an' it's a pretty good guesser your honor is," said the organ grinder.

"Then what do you mean by deceiving people by saying that you are an Italian?" said the justice, in a severe tone.

"Deceive, your honor! Is it deceiving, you mane? Sure an' I didn't at all. It was that lawyer chap there. I paid him 50 cents, an' he's lying out the worth of it." That exclamation set the court in roars of laughter.

"This is enough of this," said the justice when order was restored. "You, Raffardi, or whatever your name is, get out of this, and recollect if you are brought here again you won't get off so easily."

Raffardi quickly took his departure amid the roars of laughter that followed the dumfounded lawyer.

Poor Bloggs.

Bloggs (late in tallow trade, who has just bought a place down in Midlandshire, confidentially to the Earl of Midlands after dinner)—"Now, wot I was a-thinkin', my lord, was this: You've got the rank, I've got the money; s'posin' my son marries one of your gals? Eh, my lord? Wot do you say?" Earl of Midlands (pale but calm)—"With great pleasure, Mr. Bloggs. Which one would he like—the kitchen girl or one from the dairy?" (Poor Bloggs.)

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, OCT. 24, 1889.

Owing to a depleted treasury it is said the Quebec Government has not yet paid their grant to several agricultural societies.

Sir Charles Tupper is on a visit to Spain, re-opening negotiations for a commercial treaty between Canada and that country.

The Protestant Committee of the Quebec Council of Public Instruction will meet on Nov. 6th, to consider Mr. Mercier's answer.

The Rev. Father Labelle is off to France in the interests of Quebec colonization. It is understood that he will bring back a batch of immigrants with him from the rural districts of Central France.

L'Electeur pretends that all the Nationalist journals approve Mr. Laurier's Toronto speech. The truth is that L'Etendard, the leading organ of the Nationalists, now acting with the Liberals, condemns it severely. This, however, will not prevent it from continuing to support Mr. Laurier.

Quebec, Oct. 19.—It is stated here that the grounds on which the Andersons have declined to carry out their contract for a fast line of steamers, is that they do not want to come to the St. Lawrence, but are willing to carry out the contract provided Halifax or St. John is made the Canadian port all the year round.

The Hon. Senator Hardisty died at the General Hospital, Winnipeg, on Tuesday last from the effects of an accident at Broadway during the visit of the Governor-General to the North-west. He was 59 years of age, and was called to the Senate in February 1888.

Following closely on the death of Senator Hardisty is announced that of Senator Turner of Hamilton which occurred at his residence in that city on Saturday last. The deceased was a Scotchman and one of the foremost business men of the city to which he belonged.

There is a movement in the Grit party to retire the sweet singer of the party, Mr. Edgar, owing to his discordant note in the ill-fated alliance. Mr. Edgar, however, budges not. It is pointed out on his behalf with some force that he is not the only party light that might be got pushed into the realm of endless political darkness with advantage to the organization. The *Globe* and *Mail* are likewise Jonahs who ought to be pitched overboard if the party hopes to do better. But such barnacles notoriously cling with persistency.

How They Feel in Chicago.

Chicago Herald: No more odious example of this alien power has ever been revealed than the Clan-na-Gael. Here is a secret order which has sought to erect within the State of Illinois a dynasty more powerful than the State itself. It met in secret, passed laws, sat in judgment on its adversaries, condemned them to death and finally executed the sentence. Every function of government, legislative, judicial and executive, was, in other words, usurped by this secret order of aliens. The laws of the State were subsidiary to the laws of their own enactment; at the order of their own tribunals they did not hesitate to imbrue their hands in human blood.

Signs of the Times.

A Montreal despatch says the traffic receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway last week were \$441,840, being an increase of \$17,315 over the corresponding week of last year. The increase in the railway's receipts has been steady since spring. For the quarter including July, August and September, the receipts of the whole Grand Trunk system were \$1,264,382, against \$1,153,814 for the similar period last year, an increase of nearly 10 per cent. Railway receipts afford a good indication, as a rule, of the state of business. During the month of August the net earnings of the Canadian Pacific railway were announced to be \$62,000 against \$419,000 for the same month last year. For eight months of 1889 the net earnings of the same road were given as \$3,243,000, against \$1,934,000 in the like period of last year. A little while ago, Canadian Pacific shares were offered at about 45; now they are quoted in London at 71½. These facts do not show stagnation. Taken in connection with the Dominion surplus last year, they may be accepted as indicating confidence and solid prosperity. After paying two million dollars last year into the sinking fund to redeem national debt, the Dominion had a surplus of nearly two millions more. Canadian 3½ per cents are quoted in London at 106, and our 3 per cents at 95. The country need not be alarmed about its big debt so long as those who may be at the head of its affairs show, as we believe the present government does just now, an honest effort for economy.—Ottawa Journal.

That Education Trust.

DR. DAVIDSON, Q.C., ON MR. MERCIER'S REPLY TO THE PROTESTANT COMMITTEE.

The Montreal Star of Monday last contained the following:

"The reason for asking the postponement by the petitioners of the hearing of the Privy Council of their petition on the Jesuits' Estates Act, which should have been argued to-day, was, said Dr. Davidson this morning, to be found in

the reply of Mr. Mercier to the Protestant Committee of Public Instruction, promising to restore the educational trust in connection with the Jesuits' Estates. "One of the principal grounds of the petition in appeal was that the Act destroyed the trust in connection with the Jesuits' Estates, we claiming that under section 93 of the British North America Act, sub-sections 1, 2 and 3, the Quebec Government had no right to pass any Act which as we counted, takes away from the Protestant minority rights which it held before Confederation and which were secured to it at federation. However, Mr. Mercier has publicly declared he never intended to break the trust, and by his letter he has promised to restore it."

"As a matter of fact, is not this an end to the Jesuits' Estate agitation?" "Oh! no. The other objections to the Jesuits' Estate Act remain, for example, the recognition of a body which is not, as we claim, capable of recognition under this constitution; the objections to the preamble, which, as we claim, forms part of the Act, as well as other grounds of objection, one of which is of supreme importance in our judgment, viz., that even though the Jesuits' estates be left intact, or be restored, as Mr. Mercier declares they will be, yet the Act remains most objectionable as a violation of the principle affirmed and recognized, ever since the settlement of the clergy reserves, viz., complete separation between Church and State and no endowment of any religious body.

"If Mr. Mercier restores the trust will you go to Ottawa?"

"I expect so, because it would not cover the whole ground of the petition, although it effects one of the principal grounds. But this will be a matter for future determination when we see the full extent of Mr. Mercier's action, but which I for one do not believe would have been taken at all but for the Equal Rights movement."

"But as far as regards the other grounds, the time for disallowance having passed, is it not too late for the Committee of the Privy Council to do anything?"

"I do not think it is too late. I certainly think however, their powers are very circumscribed. As to whether they could now refer the Act to the Supreme Court on these grounds I could not say, but I cannot say that we would not urge those grounds before the committee. But I am free to admit that under Sec. 93 the educational aspect is the most important. "Have you arranged for any more meetings?"

"Not at present, but we shall in a day or two. I can assure you this question is not going to drop."

The Richelieu Election.

The election in Richelieu held on Friday last resulted in the return of Mr. Massey, the Conservative standard-bearer, by a majority five times as great as that given to Captain Labelle, the late member. It would have been wiser, indeed, for the Liberals to let the constituency go by default. Their putting Mr. Beauchemin in the field, even though he possessed qualities that should have made him a strong candidate, has only served to draw attention to their weakness. There is such a thing, of course, as attributing too much national importance to an isolated bye-election; but it can fairly be said for the verdict in Richelieu that it is in keeping with what, under all the circumstances, was to be expected from any fairly representative constituency. The Liberal party has nothing to appeal to the country on. If the Conservatives have made mistakes, it has committed crimes. Its great plank—its trade policy—is a pledge to do something that can never be accomplished by the Parliament of Canada, acting of itself, in its own domain. Commercial union, or unrestricted reciprocity, is neither free trade nor protection. It can be had only so long as that foreign power finds it advantageous to its own interests to continue it. It must fail of accomplishment even if the whole of Canada desired it, unless the majority of the United States Congress was also that way inclined. This is neither a patriotic nor a wise policy. The Liberal party put itself on record as firmly attached to it during the last session of Parliament, and immediately after Parliament rose Compton gave a pronounced condemnation of the idea and the gentleman who supported it. Mr. Laurier traversed Ontario a fortnight ago, making unrestricted reciprocity a chief theme of his discourse, and then went to Richelieu to personally lay his views before the electors. Richelieu, like Compton, largely increased the majority of the Conservative candidate. Richelieu, like Compton, is a largely agricultural constituency, to which, by the Liberal theory, unrestricted reciprocity should most forcibly appeal. The lesson needs no outside emphasis. The Liberal trade policy is making no headway towards success. The party is to all appearances weaker than it was at the time of the general elections of 1887. The Conservatives have only to pursue a straightforward honest course to secure that the country will again endorse their administration when the time comes for them to render an account of their stewardship.—Gazette.

Ex-Sheriff William F. Powell, of Ottawa, died on Monday morning at his residence, New Edinburgh, at the age of 63 years. Death was due to a carbuncle at the base of the brain. Mr. Powell was one of the best known men in Eastern Canada. He entered public life in 1852, when he was elected member for Carleton, which he represented continuously in the Canadian Legislature until 1866. Mr. Powell subsequently became sheriff in the same county. In 1847 he edited the Bytown Gazette. He was a brother-in-law of Senator Clemow.

Quebec W. C. T. U. Convention.

The sixth annual Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Quebec was held at Montreal on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of the month. The President, Mrs. S. W. Foster, Knowlton, occupied the chair. One hundred and fifty delegates were present. The business of the Convention, after the opening devotions, began with the appointment of the usual committee. Reports on the state of the work in Bromes, Knowlton, Montreal East, and other places were read. They showed that good work was being done, especially in the circulation of Temperance literature. The statement was made that the manufacture of spirituous liquors in Canada during 1888 reached 5,514,509 gallons, an increase of over 1,000,000 gallons over the production of 1886, and representing one gallon for each man, woman and child in the Dominion. At the afternoon session, it was shown that Temperance instruction in schools is increasing. A discussion took place on the best methods of securing the aid of the secular press. Miss Barbour read a report on social purity, in which she stated that in the course of their work they had met with an appalling amount of social impurity and misery in Montreal.

At Thursday's session reports on Temperance work were the order of the day. Thirteen unions were organized during the year, making a total of seventy-four, with a membership of about 3,000. The Juvenile societies number forty-four, with a membership of 2,400. Temperance literature circulated, 25,000 pages; signatures obtained to Temperance petitions, 2,891. There are 2,100 Band of Hope members outside of Montreal, in which city are enrolled 10,000 children connected with Temperance work. A discussion arose on the report of the Committee on Dramatic Performances, and the majority of the delegates favored a radical policy, discriminating against anything partaking of theatricals, compromising on the pledge question, or favoring bottled drinks of any kind, as tending to nourish the "treating" habit. Miss Lunn, of Montreal, Provincial Treasurer, rendered the financial statement, showing the receipts for the year to have been \$666.03; expenditure, \$526.83; balance on hand, \$103.20.

The closing meetings on Friday were full of interest, and the reports of progress from various quarters aroused enthusiasm. The Union decided to apply for an Act of Incorporation. The following officer were elected: President, Mrs. J. G. Sanderson, of Danville, Que.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss L. E. Lamb, of Quebec; Recording Secretary, Mrs. R. W. McLachlan; Treasurer, Miss E. H. Lunn; Auditor, Mrs. C. T. Williams.

Death of the King of Portugal.

The king of Portugal who has been ailing for some time past died on Saturday last. His son the Duke of Braganza, succeeds him as Carlos I. [Louis Philippe Marie Ferdinand Pierre D'Alcantara Antoine Mical Raphael Francois D'Assise Jean Jules Auguste Volfondo de Braganza Bourbon, the deceased King of Portugal, was born in October, 1838. He succeeded to the throne on the demise of his brother, Pedro V., November 1861. He married, in 1862, Pia, the youngest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, then King of Italy, by whom he had two sons, Carlos, who succeeds him, born in September, 1863, and Alfonso, born in July 1865. Dom Luis was a great admirer of Shakespeare, and published in 1877, a translation into Portuguese of "Hamlet." He followed this in 1880 with a translation of "The Merchant of Venice," and in the same year completed a translation of his "Hamlet" was issued in 1880, and in order to prevent its reprint by an unscrupulous Rio Janeiro publisher, who made quite a sum by issuing a cheap reprint of the first edition, His Majesty presented the copyright of the second and new edition, and of all his translations of Shakespeare, to a Lisbon charitable asylum.

1,200 people Perish in Japan.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 19.—The steamer City of Peking, from China and Japan, brings an account of a tidal wave in which nearly 1,200 persons lost their lives and ten thousand houses were washed away on September 11. The same day Yokohama was also severely damaged by a typhoon. A violent wind and rain storm occurred at Hazugen and Atehiken. By two o'clock the sea had risen several feet above ordinary height and just after night fall the waves mounted to a great height, washing away the embankments and levelling the buildings near the shore. Shortly afterward a wave fifteen feet higher than the highest of those that had preceded it came in with a roar washing away the remaining portion of the embankment and carrying with it nearly all the houses of the village along the beach. This was done so suddenly that the inhabitants had no time to escape. All the houses twenty three in number, were washed away, and out of ninety inhabitants, fifty-four lost their lives.

At Jizurok 40 houses were washed and 50 out of the population of 250 were killed.

At Ikutia Mura, 120 houses were washed away about 20 broken up and forty of the inhabitants were killed.

At Yonhida, Mura, 350 houses out of 550 houses were washed away and 628 of the population of 3,000 were killed.

At Tobu, Mura, containing 220 houses and a population of 1,130, ten houses were broken up and ten persons perished.

In addition to those enumerated 369 bodies have been found, and there are yet 280 persons missing.



MILITIA.

SEALED TENDERS, marked on the left hand corner of the envelope, "Tenders for Militia Store Supplies," addressed to the Honorable Minister of Militia and Defence will be received up to noon of Monday, the 24th October, 1889.

Printed forms of tender containing full particulars, may be obtained from the Department at Ottawa and at the following Militia Stores, where also sealed patterns of all articles may be seen, viz:—The offices of the Superintendent of Stores at London, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B.

The material of all articles will be required to be of Canadian manufacture and of Canadian workmanship, and no tender will be received unless made on printed forms furnished by the Department.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque, for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to sign a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. BENOIT, Secretary, Dept. of Militia and Defence, Ottawa, 18th October, 1889.

BLACKSMITH WANTED.

A GOOD HAND wanted immediately by the undersigned. Fair wages and steady employment given. Apply to

J. LESTER, Shawville.

LAST NOTICE.

On the first day of September we notified our debtors that we required to make a demand on them for the settlement of their accounts. We notice that quite a number have paid no attention to same; so we now issue our last notice that all accounts not settled by the 15th of November will be placed in our lawyer's hands for collection.

All kinds of produce taken in settlement of same. No excuse this year after such an abundant harvest.

Yours truly,

O'MEARA & HODGINS.

Quyon, Oct. 15, 1889.

1889.

Ready for Fall and Winter.

Gentlemen desiring to wear the most perfect fitting garments and the latest designs of material should not fail to call at the

S
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TAILORING EMPORIUM

And inspect my stock which is now replete with a choice selection of Worsteds, Scotch, English, and Canadian Tweeds & Over-Coatings IN GREAT VARIETY.

My superior ability in Tailoring places me beyond rivalry, and the fact of my being under much less expense than formerly enables me to give better value for less money than any other tailoring house in the county of Pontiac. Give me a call and be convinced.

SPECIALTIES.

Making and Trimming of Goods bought from other merchants will receive the same attentions as my own goods.

A choice lot of Tweed suitable for Ladies' Jackets and Ulsters, left over from the summer season, will be sold at 20 per cent off regular prices for the next sixty days. All new goods and patterns.

A small lot of Remnants suitable for boys' wear, below cost. 1/3 Cutting free.

Ladies' Jackets cut or made to order.

All cutting will receive my personal attention and intending patrons may be assured that I guarantee every garment perfect in fit, style and finish. Do not forget before purchasing elsewhere to call and inspect my stock and compare prices and be convinced that I am offering the best goods at the lowest prices ever offered in Shawville. Remember the address.—

STAR TAILORING EMPORIUM,

GEO. H. MOORE, ... PROPRIETOR.

Shawville, Oct. 12, 1889.

IMPORTANT.

PARTIES wishing to dispose of Horses or Stock should send them to

CHITTY & CO., OTTAWA,

who hold regular

Regular Auction Sales of Stock Fortnightly.

We also sell Real Estate. If you want to buy or sell a farm give us a call.

We have an Employment Bureau where men, women and girls can be suited with respectable places.

CHITTY & CO., 48 Elgin Street, ... Ottawa. Sept. 28, 1889.

C. B. DRAPER,

Jeweler

AND

Optician,

MAIN ST., SHAWVILLE, P.Q.

Watches, Clocks & Jewelry repaired. Coin Jewelry made to Order.

100% One year guarantee given with all work.

AGENT FOR THE

Celebrated "BLAURANCE" Spectacles

AND EYE GLASSES.

September 12, 1889.

What Then? That Then!
How brightly shines the rising sun,
The beautiful life is just begun,
The brightest sun may set in gloom,
The beautiful life may lose its bloom,
And stars shine on an early tomb,
That then! That then!
How swiftly speed the passing hours!
What then? What then?
How brightly bloom the morning flowers,
What then? What then?
The fairest flowers the soonest fade—
Love, hopes, and friendships are decayed;
And dear ones in the grave are laid!
That then! That then!
Now is the glorious youthful prime,
What then? What then?
Now is your gay and happy time,
When then? What then?
The youthful prime may end in fears—
The cheerful smile offends in tears—
And blooming youth soon disappears,
That then! That then!
When the earth sinks beneath the feet,
What then? What then?
And the last trump the ears shall greet,
What then? What then?
Oh! then a crown of life we'll wear;
And palms of victory we shall bear;
Or sink in waves of black despair,
That then! That then?
TETUPHA.

Progress of Invention Since 1845.

In the year 1845 the present owners of the *Scientific American* newspaper commenced its publication, and soon after established a bureau for the procuring of patents for inventions at home and in foreign countries. During the year 1845 there were only 502 patents issued from the U. S. Patent Office, and the total issue from the establishment of the Patent Office, up to the end of that year, numbered only 4,347.

Up to the first of July this year there have been granted 406,413. Showing that since the commencement of the publication of the *Scientific American* there have been issued from the U. S. Patent Office 402,166 patents, and about one third more applications have been made than have been granted, showing the ingenuity of our people to be phenomenal, and much greater than even the enormous number of patents issued indicates. Probably a good many of our readers have had business transacted through the offices of the *Scientific American*, in New York or Washington, and are familiar with Munn & Co.'s mode of doing business, but those who have not will be interested in knowing something about this, the oldest patent soliciting firm in this country, probably in the world.

Persons visiting the offices of the *Scientific American* 361 Broadway, N. Y., for the first time, will be surprised, on entering the main office, to find such an extensive and elegantly equipped establishment, with its walnut counters, desks, and chairs to correspond, and its enormous safes, and such a large number of draughtsmen, specification writers, and clerks, all busy as bees, reminding one of a large banking or insurance office, with its hundred employees.

In conversation with one of the firm, who had commenced the business of soliciting patents in connection with the publication of the *Scientific American*, more than forty years ago, I learned that his firm had made application for patents for upward of one hundred thousand inventors in the United States, and several thousands in different foreign countries, and had filed as many cases in the Patent Office in a single month as there were patents issued during the entire first year of their business career. This gentleman had seen the Patent Office grow from a sapling to a sturdy oak, and he modestly hinted that many thought the *Scientific American*, with its large circulation, had performed no mean share in stimulating inventions and advancing the interests of the Patent Office. But it is not alone the patents soliciting that occupies the attention of the one hundred persons employed by Munn & Co. but a large number are engaged on the four publications issued weekly and monthly from their office, 361 Broadway, N. Y., viz: The *Scientific American*, the *Scientific American Supplement*, the Export Edition of the *Scientific American*, an Edition of the *Scientific American*, and the Architects and Builders Edition of the *Scientific American*. The first two publications are issued every week, and the latter two, the first of every month.

Behind the Bars.

Donald Morrison has now practically settled down to the general routine of prison life in the penitentiary. He is known as number 2329, and will shortly commence work as a carpenter, and will do a little of everything in response to a wish which he made to Deputy Warden McCarty. He expressed himself as being resigned to his lot, and sent the following message to his friends:—"You might tell them I am in good health and good spirits and quite resigned." On Sunday he attended church twice, and could hardly be recognized in his new suit and with his heavy mustache shaved off. A friend has sent him a large family Bible, which will be delivered to him in a few days.

An Alleged Plot to Rescue the Cronin Suspects.

Chicago, October 19.—The *Daily News* prints a sensational article alleging that a plot has been discovered to rescue, by force, from Judge McConnell's court, some day next week, Martin Burke and Daniel Coughlin, the Cronin suspects now awaiting trial with O'Sullivan, Beggs and Kunze. The plot, which the *News* ascribes to the Clan-na-Gael, was got up in the interest of Coughlin and Burke only, for the reason that they are men who must be saved at all hazards to prevent their confessing and implicating men whose necks are thought to be worth much more to the Clans. Elaborate precautions have been taken by the authorities to prevent surprises.

New buildings to the value of half-a-million dollars have been built this year in Ottawa.

Just Arriving!

The subscriber is daily receiving a quantity of
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

to meet the requirements of the Fall Trade.

TEAS! TEAS! TEAS!

A full line of Teas ranging from 20 to 30 cents per lb.

CONFECTIONERY and FRUIT IN STOCK.

CHOICEST SUPPLY OF APPLES IN TOWN.

A quantity of choice Butter and some good White Beans required.

Highest Market Price allowed for all kinds of Farm Produce, Hides, Pelts, &c., in exchange for Goods.

GEORGE HODGINS, JR.
SHAWVILLE.

Clothing! Clothing!

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

COMPRISING

Suits, Overcoats, Pea Jackets, Cardigan Jackets, Pants and Vests,

(The latter for working or dress and sold separate if required.)

Also a Complete line of Underwear, Top Shirts, &c.

IN ADDITION TO THE ABOVE HE HAS A FULL STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

and a splendid assortment of

PRIME FURS,

Such as Caps in Otter and Persian Lamb, Gauntlets, and Muffs.

Also all kinds of Imitations.

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, BROOCHES, WEDDING AND ORNAMENTAL RINGS, CRUETS, SPOONS, KNIVES & FORKS, &c.

CALL AND INSPECT STOCK.

Farm Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

ELIAS HOLSTEIN, - - - - - SHAWVILLE.

P. BRANKIN,
PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
40 and 42 New By Ward, Market,
OTTAWA, ONT.

DEALER IN
Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Lard, Honey,
etc., etc.

Goods received on consignment. Quotation given on enquiry.
Ottawa, June 1, 1889.

Wm. McDonald Indicted.

RESULT OF THE INQUEST IN THE ST. JOHN POISONING CASE.

St. John, N.B., Oct. 18.—At the McRae inquest to day, after all the witnesses had signed their depositions, Coroner Berryman addressed them in a three-hour speech, summing up the evidence strongly against the prisoner. He said it was proved that the cause of death was poison and that the evidence traced the boxes to Barker's store, where it was also found that a bottle of strychnine was missing. He laid stress on the fact that the firm had not attempted to account for the missing articles, dwelt upon the circumstance that McDonald was about the shop at night under suspicious circumstances, and referred to his aversion to ministers, and to the fact that the three ministers attempted to be poisoned were known to McDonald especially, two having preached at the asylum while he was there, and the third having officiated at the funeral of McDonald's brother-in-law. It was after midnight when the jury retired, and at half past one this morning when they brought in their verdict as follows: "Deceased came to her death from eating candy upon which strychnine had been placed, which candy had been sent through the post addressed to Rev. Donald McRae, and received at his residence on Wednesday morning, October 2, 1889, and furthermore, from the evidence which is before us we are of the opinion that the said candy was sent by William McDonald."

A Story of Sir John.

In connection with Sir John Macdonald's speech made at Westport, recently a story is told. When he last visited that village it was in company with Thos. D. Arcey McGee, who was making a speech against Mr. Richards, the opposition candidate. Sir John, being very tired, dozed in his chair, when a horse tied to a fence outside neighed so loudly that Mr. McGee paused. Sir John woke up and exclaimed: "That's a Richards man, I know him by his voice."

SEASON OF 1889-90.
SLEIGHS!
SLEIGHS!

The undersigned begs to inform the inhabitants of Shawville and surrounding country that he is now preparing to supply the public during the coming winter season, with all kinds of sleighs.

Parties may rely on getting No. 1 material, and the very best of workmanship.

ORDERS EXECUTED PROMPTLY.

Special Attention given to Repairs.

Agent for the Gananoque Carriages and Cutters.

A CALL SOLICITED.

J. BECKETT, Jr.

Shawville, Oct. 4, 1889.

Goldsmiths Hall.

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

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

SAMUEL RIVAIS,
Fashionable Hairdresser,
SHAWVILLE, QUE.,
Opens business in his new shop on Monday next, Aug. 29th.

The public may rely on getting a first-class job.

A Call Solicited.

Shawville, Aug. 22, 1889.

HAY FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale a large quantity of No. 1 HAY and STRAW, cheap for cash, at Wilson's Mills.

Clarendon, March 11, 1889.

Lath for Sale.

A quantity of Lath for sale at Thorne Centre. Apply to
F. BRETZLAFF.
Sept. 4, 1889.

JACK <FROST!

As Jack has again made his appearance and is likely to remain for a period of time, we beg to acquaint the public that having expected his coming, we have purchased

A LARGE STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS.

WE ARE SHEWING GOOD VALUE IN

Tweeds, Flannels,
Meltons, Cashmeres,
Gents' and Ladies' Underwear,
Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

MILLINERY.

We have just received a large and well selected stock of

LADIES' FELT HATS, BONNET SHAPES, PLUMES, RIBBONS, &c.

We beg to draw the attention of teamsters and others who contemplate going to the woods this coming winter, to our stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Underwear, Blankets, Long Boots, Lumbermen's Rubbers, Felt Socks, Beeskin Moccasins, Mts. Horse Blankets, Trunks, &c.,

which will be found marked at lowest price.

We expect a large stock of the genuine Quebec Moccasins to arrive in a few days.

JAS. HODGINS & SON.

J. H. SHAW

KEEPS A

COMPLETE STOCK OF

HARDWARE

SHELF AND HEAVY.

Fire Arms

—AND—

Ammunition.

FULL LINES IN

Groceries,
Boots and Shoes,
Patent Medicines, &
Druggist's Sundries.

Good Goods and Prices Always Right.

J. H. SHAW.

LIVERY STABLES,
SHAWVILLE, - - - - - Que.
WALSH & HOBBS, Props.

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

ANOVELTY.

I have now in stock a line of Ready made Overcoats silk lined and made of the finest material which I am offering for sixteen (\$16.00) dollars, and every man who is in the habit of paying \$5.00 for an overcoat should visit our establishment at once.

The fit and finish of these garments cannot be surpassed by any tailor in Canada.

Gentlemen who wish to economize and at the same time look respectably should run after these coats like a road molar after a long lost child.

P. O'Reilly

269 and 271 Wellington Street.

Cheap Rates

TO ALL POINTS IN
Manitoba & The North West.

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

Special Colonist Trains

will run for the accommodation of intending settlers. Dates of departure made known when arranged. See for rates, pamphlets and full information to
JOHN A. MACDONALD,
C. P. & T. TICKET AGENT, ABERPRIOR, ONT.

A STOLEN IDENTITY.

CHAPTER III.

The difficulty which now lay in Stassart's path was to arrange a meeting between Kingsford and the Japanese doctor at the latter's house. Stassart had known Kingsford was a year senior to him; but they had not corresponded since Gladys's lover had gone out to South Africa a year ago in order to carry out some investigations on behalf of a proposed gold-mining company. He thought over the matter a long time, and one or two days had already passed before he could find out a means. He was so conscious of his own ulterior designs, that he sought for some excuse to invite Stanton Kingsford to his house on the Thames, an excuse that would sound natural and matter-of-fact even after the long interval caused by his rival's voyage to the Cape. It did not strike him till he had wasted some time in devising various futile plans that it would be the most natural, and, indeed, friendly, thing to invite Kingsford to his house for a night, just because they had not seen each other so long. He laughed at himself for his own stupidity, and, hastily seizing pen and ink, wrote off a friendly note to Kingsford, who, he had already learnt, was in rooms near his fiancée's house in Kensington, to which Gladys had returned from the country. The answer came in a day or two, and was of a very cordial nature. Somehow or other Stassart felt a little ashamed of the part he was playing, but, having begun the game, did not like to draw back. He sent Raphael with a note to Amida Sama, to say that he wished him to come and dine with him on the following Tuesday evening, when he expected Kingsford would be staying the night at his house. He did not tell the cherub-faced page that he expected a visitor to sleep the night on that occasion; he did not wish the boy to think anything extraordinary was to happen.

On Tuesday evening Stanton Kingsford arrived in time for an eight-o'clock dinner, at which he was introduced to a quiet little man of somewhat foreign appearance, who, Stassart whispered to him, was an Eastern savant sent over on a scientific mission from the Japanese Government. The quiet little man had spent a short time in the Cape Colony, and proved a most interesting companion. He, too, like Kingsford, knew something about the gold and diamond mines there.

"I have some rather interesting specimens of mineral ore," he remarked casually during dinner to Kingsford; "I think you might like to see them. I should like your opinion upon their value."

"By all means," answered Kingsford. "I should be very glad to see them. Where are they?"

"I will show them to you if you will come over to my house after dinner," answered the Japanese; "it is only a few minutes' walk from here."

"Will you come, Stassart?" asked the young man of his host.

"Oh yes, of course, if you care to see these specimens," answered Stassart. "And perhaps, Doctor, you will give us a cup of coffee in Japanese fashion, and then we need not wait for it here," he added.

"With pleasure," replied the doctor.

So, dinner being over, the two young men went out with Amida Sama, Stassart first telling Raphael that he need not wait, and that he was to call him at half-past eight next morning. Arrived at the doctor's house, they examined some curious specimens of minerals and some Cape diamonds of peculiar purity and brilliancy, and then went to the study where Stassart had first been initiated into the strange discovery that was to affect his whole life. Lounging on luxurious divans, Stassart and Kingsford slipped their coffee, smoked their cigars, and listened with interest to an account that Amida Sama was giving them of some recent experiments upon hypnotic subjects in Paris.

"What you tell us is most interesting, Doctor," said Kingsford. "I wish I could see some of these experiments performed."

"Nothing more easy," answered Amida Sama. "I could do them myself here, if I only had a willing subject. Will not one of you two friends sacrifice himself for the other?" he asked, with a smile, as if he were desirous of complying with his guests' wish.

"Well," remarked Stassart, as if hesitating, "if you promise not to make me do anything very ridiculous while I am under your influence, I would not mind obliging Kingsford's curiosity."

"Very good, then," said the doctor. "Lie down on the divan."

He then made a few ordinary mesmerism passes, and of course as Stassart was a perfectly willing subject, soon put him into a state of mesmeric coma, in which condition he might repeat poems in Japanese and Hindustani, answer questions of which in his normal state he could not possibly know the answers, and do several other acts familiar enough to those acquainted with the tricks of ordinary mesmerists, but quite new to Kingsford. Then, releasing the young man from his influence, he asked Kingsford if he also would like to be hypnotized.

"If you like," answered he, readily enough; "but do you think I am a good subject?"

"That depends entirely on yourself," answered Amida. "If you trust yourself to me, and do not attempt to think or exercise any volition, I have no doubt I can hypnotize you."

"Very well, then," answered Kingsford, with a laugh. "I will put myself entirely in your hands." And he resigned himself to the doctor's influence.

It was soon done. Aided by the young man's unsuspecting confidence, Amida Sama cast him into a complete hypnotic lethargy, and obtained entire mastery over his will. Kingsford lay motionless and apparently lifeless on the couch. Then hastily turning to Stassart, the doctor bade him lie down also, cast him likewise into a trance, and in a few moments stood thoughtfully before these two young men, so completely under his power, their volition voluntarily surrendered to his.

"It will be a most interesting experiment," he remarked to himself.

He made a few more motions with his hands, then concentrated the whole force of his powerful will upon his two subjects. No visible change took place. Only, after a few moments of evidently great effort on the part of the doctor, a slight tremor shook the frame of Stassart, then communicated itself to the body of Kingsford. Both men

simultaneously drew a deep breath. Then all was still. Amida Sama felt back exhausted upon his divan, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. A silence as of death reigned throughout the room.

After a time the Japanese rose up, and placing his hand upon Kingsford's forehead, stroked it gently, as a nurse would soothe an invalid child. The eyes opened, and the young man sat up.

"Doctor," he asked eagerly, "is it done?"

"Look in this mirror," was the answer, "you will see." Kingsford's body, now inhabited by the personality of Stassart, rose and looked at the glass. Then he turned towards the couch and gazed at the still sleeping figure. Stassart felt a curious sensation. He saw himself; not as he so often before had done, as a man sees himself in a mirror regarding himself with his own eyes, but he saw himself as he appeared to others—as he actually was in daily life. Yet that body was his no longer. All the world would think him to be Kingsford. It was a strange idea; it even struck him as having a slightly comic side to it, and he laughed in grim amusement.

"We must get him back to your house," said the doctor, and then you can go to his rooms, in his person."

Kingsford, in Stassart's form, was still under hypnotic influence, and mechanically obeyed the doctor's command to get up and walk. The two placed him between them, and proceeded towards the house they had left a few hours before. There they placed the sleeping form in Stassart's bed, and quietly departed without awakening anyone in the building. Then Stassart Kingsford—for we must give him this double name—returned to the doctor's house till it was time to catch the first morning train to London; and arriving in town, took a hansom to Kingsford's rooms in Kensington, and let himself in with a latch key which he found in the suit that his changed personality was wearing.

The first thing that Stassart Kingsford sought to do was, naturally, after the somewhat exciting events of the evening, to find his bedroom and turn in. Here a practical difficulty arose for he had only been in the house once before, and then only in the sitting room. However, he took a candle which stood on the hall-table, and proceeded quietly upstairs till he saw a door slightly ajar where the gas was still burning. Luckily it proved to be his friend's room, for he saw on the dressing table a letter addressed to 'S. Kingsford, Esq., 250 E. 11th Terrace, Kensington, W., which set his doubts at rest, and he turned into bed with a sigh of relief. He slept soundly till the maidservant called him next morning at eight; then arose, dressed, and went down to breakfast. On the table he found two letters—one in a girl's writing, which he guessed instinctively was from Gladys, and another evidently from a masculine hand. He opened this the first, and read the following little note:

"My dear Stanton,—Just a line to send you my best and kindest wishes for your approaching happiness. I am in a great hurry, but hope to look in and see you in a day or two. Meanwhile, please accept the enclosed as my wedding gift. Your affectionate uncle,

"P.S.—When is the 'happy day'?"

The enclosure was a cheque for five hundred pounds. Stassart felt most perplexed. Here was some old uncle of Kingsford's writing a letter, and forgetting to put any name or address to it. Is required, of course, a grateful answer; but how could he write one? It really was rather awkward. He turned to open the other letter, which smote him with a pang of jealousy. It was from Gladys, asking her lover to be sure to come that morning at half-past eleven, and take her into town to shop, and ending: "If you come in good time I will give you—you know what—Your own loving Gladys."

With such a prospect in view, the transformed Stassart lost no time in setting out to see his former love. He hailed a passing hansom, and soon arrived at a pretty little semi-detached house in Kensington. Dismissing the driver, he inquired for Miss Meredythe, and was shown into a quiet morning-room while the servant went to announce his arrival. Stassart looked round the room, and caught sight of himself in a mirror which stood above the mantelpiece. Although he was, so to say, in the secret of his transformations, he could hardly repress a start of surprise as he saw the face of Stanton Kingsford looking out at him. He was gazing at himself, and yet he saw someone else. But this thought did not trouble him very long. He was about to see once more his adored Gladys, and this time she would not repulse him. The thought gave him a feeling of exquisite triumph and of still more exquisite anticipation. But even in the midst of his victory the timidity of true love made him, for the moment, feel as nervous as if he were still the rejected suitor, Arlon Stassart. The entry of the maidservant gave a sudden shock to the thoughts that were agitating his mind. At her approach he could not repress a sudden start; his heart almost stopped beating when the girl uttered the common-place announcement:

"Miss Gladys will be ready in a minute."

But she had hardly left the room again before the door opened, and Gladys herself appeared, ready dressed for a morning's walk. Arlon for half a second hesitated, and then, feeling how foolish it was that in his position of accepted lover he should still have the thoughts and sensations of a despaired suitor, stepped towards her and caught her eagerly in his arms, while his whole soul seemed to pour itself forth in the impassioned kiss he pressed upon her darling's lips.

It was very strange, but even at this apparently quite ordinary proceeding on the part of her supposed lover, some delicate sensitiveness, some divine warning of the instinct of affection, seemed to pass over Gladys' mind like an intuition, unfounded perhaps, but none the less real.

She drew back rather hastily, and coldly returning his salute, remarked, with some degree of asperity, "I wish you would not be so rough, Stanton; you are quite spoiling my hair. Let us go out for our walk now."

Why are you in such a hurry to go out, darling? expostulated the supposed Stanton; "I have hardly seen you yet. Is there anything particular you want to buy immediately? Why this haste to go out? And he once more stepped towards her, as if to embrace her.

No more kisses, sir, said Gladys, playfully.

"If you want one very much, I'll give you one when we have got what you promised me. Shall we go and get it?"

Arlon felt bewildered at this. What had he—or, rather, Kingsford—promised his future bride? It was rather awkward that his ignorance of small details should show itself so early in the proceedings. However, he determined to put the best face on it he could, and answered: "Of course, dear, we will start at once, if you like." He was about to ask her where they should go, but reflected this would betray an unbecomingly forgetfulness. To his horror, she asked the question herself.

"Well, then, let us go. But where are you going to take me to choose it?"

"To choose what?" he asked, unguardedly and then could have almost kicked at the betise he displayed.

"My dear Stanton," said his lady-love, in a surprised tone of voice, "surely you can't have forgotten?"

"Oh no, darling," replied the agonized representative of Kingsford, "I haven't forgotten, only I was thinking of something else. Let me see. We were going to choose a ring, were we not?"

This was about the most unfortunate thing he could have said. Unluckily Kingsford and Miss Meredythe had chosen that it was a desirable accomplishment of matrimonial happiness the day before. Gladys looked at him in amazement.

"Stanton, what is the matter with you this morning?" she cried. "Why, we did that yesterday. What has made you so absent minded? Are you quite well? You don't seem quite yourself to-day, somehow."

"No," thought Arlon, "I am not myself. I am somebody else; and I begin to wish I wasn't. I must say something. I'll say I'm not well."

"I'm not quite the thing to-day, Gladys," he said aloud. "I had a return of that beastly sunstroke I had in Africa again yesterday afternoon, and my head feels rather queer still."

"Oh I'm so sorry," said Gladys. "What a strange boy you are! You never told me before you had had a sunstroke when in Africa."

"Didn't I, dear?" said her lover. "I did not like to bother you about a little thing like that, you see. Never mind, Gladys, I'm all right again now, only I can't remember what I promised you to-day. What was it, dear?"

The subterfuge worked very well this time, and Gladys unsuspiciously answered: "You said you would take me to the City, and we would choose a setting for that lovely Kimberley diamond you brought me."

"Oh! of course," answered Arlon. "What a fool I was to forget it! Have you got it with you?"

"No," said Gladys, with considerable surprise, "of course not. I asked you to take care of it for me, Stanton. And I do wish," she added, with ever so slight a touch of petulance, "that you would try and collect your thoughts a little."

"When I am thinking of you, dear," began Stassart, with a loving air, "I seem to forget everything else."

But Gladys did not seem to care for this pretty speech. She was becoming rather perplexed with her lover's strange manner; and besides, Stanton never used to go in for that kind of complimentary trifling with her. Stassart, too, began to grow uneasy at the turn affairs were taking. What was this wretched diamond? and where was it to be found? "Probably Kingsford has it locked up in his rooms," he thought, "and I shall have to go back for it. Anyway, I must find it." Turning to Gladys, he said, penitently:

"I am sorry I'm so stupid, darling. I left it in my rooms. We can call and get it on our way to the City."

"All right, Stanton dear," answered Gladys, cheerfully. "It won't be much out of our way; and I dropped something out of my pocket when I was there yesterday—a note to Eva, you know. Did you see it? We can look it up as well."

So they went, and seeing a hansom, Stassart hailed it, and they drove rapidly towards Edith Terrace. Arriving there, Gladys said she would get out and look for her note while Stassart was seeking the diamond. She went into his sitting room, and her lover rushed upstairs, wondering where that unfortunate jewel was to be found.

"I expect the beggar has locked it up in his dressing-case," he thought to himself. "Most likely place. One of these keys is sure to fit it;" and he pulled out a bunch of keys from the pocket of the suit he was wearing. He soon found the key of the dressing-case, but, alas! the diamond was not there. He hunted high and low, but could not find it. Meanwhile Gladys had found the note she dropped, and was becoming impatient. Looking round the room to while away the time, she noticed a letter lying open on the table, and beside it a cheque for 500L., which Stassart had carelessly left lying about. The letter she saw at a glance, was from a relative of Kingsford's but she did not remember to whom the initials J. L. S. belonged.

"It's very good of him, though, whoever it is, to send us such a nice wedding gift," she remarked to herself. "But where can Stanton be all this time? Something certainly seems to have gone wrong this morning."

At last Stanton—or, to be more correct, Stassart in his shape—appeared with rueful looks. He was very sorry, quite ashamed of himself, but he must confess he could not remember where he had put that diamond. Would Gladys come with him and choose another?

"Oh I never mind, dear," answered she, though a shade of disappointment crossed her fair brow. "It does not matter to-day, and, perhaps, if we wait a day or two, it will turn up. We will go for a walk instead, shall we? We hardly have time, after all, to go to the City before lunch, you know. You will lunch with us to-day, Stanton, won't you?" she said, with a sweet smile that made the somewhat dismayed Stassart feel rather penitent at the part he was playing.

"Yes, darling," he answered, eagerly. "I shall be delighted to do so. But won't you let me get you another diamond? I really ought to make amends for my carelessness."

"No, I would rather you did not—at least, not to-day," replied Gladys; for, to tell the truth, she felt a little hurt at his carelessness, and not quite so eager to make a long shopping expedition that morning. "I think I should like a walk in the Park better. And—and I don't care much about diamonds anyhow," she added, with a little pout, that, to Stassart's enraptured eyes, made her appear more charming than ever, though he was secretly afraid

that the harmony of the proceedings was not quite so secure as might be wished. But he thought he had better say no more about it, and allowed Gladys to lead the way out of his rooms into the road towards the Park.

"How delightful it is to be walking with you again, Gladys!" he remarked. "It seems ages since I saw you last."

"And yet it was only yesterday," she answered, "that we took the very same walk. It used to be very lonely for me when you were away. I only had auntie to walk with then, and she goes slowly."

"Ah! darling, it was even more lonely for me," answered Stassart, acting up to his part. And, indeed, this remark was perfectly true, and he was on pretty safe ground here. He thought he had better improve the occasion. "I sometimes think," he went on, "that if it had not been for your dear letters I should have gone mad."

"Don't talk rubbish, Stanton!" said Gladys, with a pleased little laugh, however. "By the way, you had a letter this morning, had you not? And a wedding-present in it, too, I think."

"Oh, yes!" said Stassart, "from my uncle. He sent us 500L."

"But which of your uncles was it? You have so many, you know."

"Have I?" thought Stassart to himself; "I didn't know that before. I suppose I must make a guess at one of them." "It was Uncle James," he said aloud, making a wild guess. "The fellow's initials was J., anyhow," he thought.

"Why, Uncle James sent us those blue vases only yesterday," remarked Miss Meredythe, with some surprise. "Are you sure it was Uncle James?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Oh yes!" said Stassart, confidently. "It was Uncle James, sure enough. It's just like him to do that kind of thing."

"Well, yesterday, you know, Stanton, you called him an old skink, because he only sent us a pair of five-shilling vases, and you said that was just like his meanness."

"I confess I misjudged him," answered her lover. "He has shown up better since then. Shall we sit down in the Park a little?" he continued, rather anxious to change a subject which might lead him into fresh difficulties. They were about to do so when Stassart suddenly found himself face to face with his own personality, in which the identity of Stanton Kingsford was unwillingly concealed. But to explain this most unfortunate contretemps I must ask you to return to the little cottage on the Thames where we first met Arlon Stassart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Queen Victoria as a Trooper.

The First Guard Dragoon Regiment, of which her Majesty has become chief, is not only one of the most distinguished cavalry regiments in the German army, but in military history it will live as one of the participants in those episodes which occurred at critical moments in the great battle of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour on the 18th of August, 1870, when there depended for the moment on a mere handful of horsemen the fate of some thousands of their comrades. Twice during the battle did the German cavalry in order to avert the impending catastrophe, ride to certain destruction; and on one of these occasions it was the First Guard Dragoons that single-handed, first arrested the almost triumphant onward march of the enemy and thus helped to beat back the well-nigh overwhelming tide of advance. The formation of the regiment dates from the 21st of February, 1815, on which day King William Frederick the Third issued an order to the following effect: "I have determined to raise three new guard cavalry regiments in place of the existing light cavalry regiment, and to form them from the three national cavalry regiments which have fought with the army during the war, in order, not only to give to the provinces to which the regiments belong and to which they owe their origin a fresh proof of my kindly feelings toward them, and which they deserve, but also to testify my satisfaction with the spirit shown by the Light Guard Cavalry Regiment during the war." The three regiments thus formed became the Guard Lancers, the Guard Dragoons, and the Guard Hussars. The Dragoons were composed of the Guard Dragoon Squadron, two squadrons of the Pomeranian National Cavalry Regiment, and a squadron from the Queen's Dragoon Regiment. The men and horses from the national regiments were selected with special care. Those men who had obtained, during the war, the decoration of the Iron Cross were first chosen, and then preference was given to any who had served during the war.

Rough on the Attorneys.

A little 9-year-old colored boy was called upon as a witness in a Western court and was objected to by one of the lawyers. The Judge said to him:

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?"

"No, sah."

"Do you attend Sunday school and church?"

"Yes, sah."

"What would become of you if you should tell a lie?"

"Dey would get me."

"Who would get you?"

"De lawyers would."

As the audience saw the point that "de lawyers" were the head men in the undesirable locality where all liars go, the laugh was upon the lawyers and the boy was allowed to testify.

Is Jay Gould a Moral Man?

Eli Perkins tells this story on Jay Gould: A Saratoga clergyman, in making parochial calls on the guests of the United States Hotel, asked Giovanni Morosini, Gould's old Italian partner, if Gould was a moral man.

"Does Mr. Gould keep the Sabbath?" asked the clergyman.

"Could keep ee the Sab-bath?" repeated Morosini, with an Italian shrug. "Gould keep-ee the Sab-bath? Why, Gould he keep-ee anything he lays his hands on. You try im!"

A School of Whales.

The New York Sun says that passengers on the steamship *Algers*, from Galveston, Tex., were treated on Sunday afternoon to a nautical spectacle not usually observed by coast skirting travellers. About fifty miles off Hatteras the ship took them through a big school of frolicsome sperm whales, which sent 100 fountains in the air just before the rush of the ship drove them below the surface.

AN UNCANNY EAST INDIAN GAOL.

A Curious Ghost Story.

Many gruesome associations are attached to the corner of Alipore Gaol where are situated the scaffold and the dead-house, the roof of the latter forming the platform of the former. On the gallows, three culprits can be hanged at a time. When the bodies have been suspended for the prescribed period, they are lowered on to the mortuary table beneath, and after the frequent, if claimed by relatives, are passed outside the prison walls through an iron door on a level with the table. Those who know something of the natives of India will not be surprised to learn that no wardens can be got to patrol at this spot at night time; double guards have to be placed on duty here after dark. What increases the difficulty in this matter is the fact well known throughout the gaol that the place possesses its ghost story. Here is the tale as it was narrated to a correspondent of the "Times":—Saheb Dan Dhoby was

A PRISON OFFICIAL.

of proved courage and magnificent physique, who was brought from Jessore to Alipore to take the place of head warden. It was his duty to visit the patrols between the surrounding walls every night between the hours of 12 and 2. On one occasion, after he had been only a few days in the gaol, he set out on his rounds as usual, but some time after 2 a.m. it was found that he had not returned. Time wore on, and at last more wondering why he was so late gave place to anxiety and a search party was organized. They carried torches, and at last came upon the insensible form of Saheb Dan Dhoby. He was lying prostrate on the ground, close to the hospital gate, which is situated about 150 yards distant from the gallows. The unfortunate man was carried to the official's quarters, and there, after a time, by the application of water and other restoratives he was brought round. The following was the story he had to tell:—He had been going his rounds, and had stooped down to adjust one of his shoes, when he

felt someone spring upon him

from behind and commence belabouring him between his shoulders. The concussion forced him on to his hands and knees, and he at first thought that it was a prisoner trying to escape. Not very much alarmed, for he had confidence in his great physical prowess, he tried to grasp his assailant by putting one arm behind his back, but he could feel nothing; yet the blows continued to rain down upon him, and he felt himself pressed down to the earth by a great weight. At last a voice addressed him, "You dare come here, do you, to defile by your presence the territories of Govind Brahmin?" And with that the man felt himself lifted bodily up, and then dashed face forwards on to the ground. He remembered no more till he awoke to consciousness in the guard-room. When Saheb Dan Dhoby had finished this strange story, the aged head-warden, who was about to retire, came up and put the question: "What is this that is being said about Govind Brahmin?" This led to explanations, and the old warden told how a noted "budmah" of that name, who had committed several cold blooded murders, had been hanged in Alipore gaol 26 years before. "But," pointed out one of the auditors, "Saheb Dan Dhoby was attacked a good distance from the gallows. We found him close to the Hospital gate." "Ah!" replied the old man impressively, "the scaffold in these days stood on the very spot where you found the prostrate body of Saheb Dan Dhoby." The latter

LISTENED WITH BLANCHED FACE

to this tale; then he threw himself back on the couch on which he lay. "My hour has come," he said. "It must have been the spirit of Govind Brahmin that attacked and beat me. My heart is broken. It is certain I must die." And die he did in two days' time. Such is the ghost story of Alipore Gaol, and it is needless to say that it is devoutly believed in by every prisoner and warden in the place. The actual facts do not differ materially from those set forth in the story. However, a post-mortem examination showed that Saheb Dan Dhoby had died of cerebro spinal meningitis, a disease that may strike down the strongest man in a moment. It is not unfrequently met with in prisons, barracks, emigrant vessels, and other places where men are crowded together, often under depressing circumstances. The beating on the shoulders complained of by the unfortunate head-warden can also be explained, for since his tragic death a prisoner had died in Alipore Gaol of the same disease, and he complained of a precisely similar sensation. Therefore, the ghost story of Alipore prison is not one the members of the Psychical Society at home need bother their heads about.

Daring Bank Robbery in South Africa.

A bank robbery equalling in audacity the Kimberley Park robbery of a few months ago was recently committed at Krugersdorp, South Africa. Two men, named John Lewis McEwan and Richard Turpin, entered the Standard Bank, and, presenting their revolvers at Mr. Stewart, the manager, demanded the keys of the safe. They then bound and gagged him, as well as the assistant, and made off with £4,000 in gold and notes. They had 10 minutes' start of the police, but were pursued on horseback and overtaken in less than an hour. The robbers, finding themselves hard pressed, dismounted, and fired at their pursuers, but none of their shots took effect. Mr Ewan was then wounded by a shot from the sergeant of police, and immediately afterwards Turpin threw up his hands and surrendered. They were then secured and taken back, and the whole of the stolen money was recovered.

Sir George Trevelyan, in a letter to the Arbitration Society, eulogizes the movement championed by that society as in the highest degree practical.

The chess players of Havana, which is the Eldorado of chess, have offered a prize of £500 to the winner of a match for the chess championship of the world, to be played in Havana as Christmas, and Mr. Gunsberg, the celebrated player, will compete with Teichgraber, of St. Petersburg, this winter at the Capital of the Queen of the Antilles.

It is almost certain that the majority of moderate Republicans in the French Chamber will be so great that Mr. Clemenceau will not be able to form any infamous coalition with the enemies of the Republic. This situation of things will assure the stability of the Government and shatter the hopes of all pretenders whether royalist, Imperialist or anarchist.

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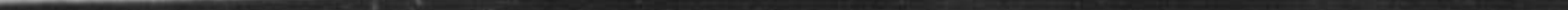


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LOCAL & GENERAL.

Mr. Massue's majority in Richelieu on Friday was 334.

The family of Hon. M. Duhamel, commissioner of Crown Lands, are stricken with typhoid fever.

Dr. Talmage's tabernacle at Brooklyn has been destroyed by fire. Loss \$250,000. Insurance \$120,400.

Southern Minnesota is reported to be suffering from drought. Thousands of farmers are hauling water for miles for their families and cattle.

There are actually 28 boot and shoe factories in operation in Quebec city and 34 tanneries. The trade is reported to be active.

Sixty miners were killed on Wednesday last by an explosion in a coal mine at Langton, county Stafford, Eng. The bodies have been recovered.

A most virulent type of small-pox is raging on Pelee Island, Lake Erie. Over one hundred cases were reported on Thursday last.

A Carleton Place railroader has counted up that there are seventy-six widows in Carleton Place,—most of them quite young, and some of them entitled to the term "dashing."

An exchange says: Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine began on its lat with an eclipse of the sun and will end with another eclipse of the sun on its last day. Nobody believes in portents nowadays, but it has been a bad year all through for natural convulsion.

The goose-bone cranks all unite in saying that the coming winter is going to be an open one. It would be wise, therefore, to prepare for the unusually severe winter; for the goose-bone crank, like a morning dream goes by contraries.—C. C.

The newspaper trust is the most extensive and universal trust in this country, and instead of making monopolist millionaires of publishers, it makes them dependent paupers. To trust a thousand subscribers from one to five years each, is virtually lending a thousand dollars a year to Tom, Dick, and Harry, without security and with no prospect of ever getting it back again. Yes, trusts are bad things.

The total number of commitments in the Carleton County gaol at Ottawa for the year is 641, of whom 520 were males, and 121 females. The prisoners committed under 16 years of age were 20 males and 2 females. The number of first commitments were 458 males and 109 females, those for second offences, 38 males and 7 females, for third offences, 12 males and 3 females, committed over three times, 12 males and 2 females.

Eganville, October 17.—A sad accident occurred at one of Messrs. McLaughlin's lumbering shanties on Monday at Pine River, Bonaventure. Two French Canadians were chopping together when the axe glanced and cut the arm nearly off above the elbow, severing the brachial artery of Wilfred Dufour, hailing from St. Vincent De Paul, Quebec. Every means was tried to suppress the hemorrhage, but failed when he succumbed shortly afterwards. He was a stout healthy-built man, 6 feet in height, and only 19 years of age. The agent Mr. Donald McGregor heard of the accident and hastened to the poor fellow's side and arrived just as he was expiring. He had the body conveyed to Eganville, and confined respectfully, and interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery, at Eganville, on Wednesday afternoon.

A vigorous movement is on foot in the Presbyterian Church of the United States in favour of the revision of the Westminster Confession, especially those portions which relate to the doctrine of predestination and the fate of non elect infants. Among the leading men in the Church who have come out strongly of late in favour of revision and have not hesitated to declare, in the most unequivocal language their hostility to the doctrine that the Almighty, for His own glory, decreed some men to everlasting death, and that children dying in infancy if not of the elect must suffer the torments of the lost, are the Rev. Dr. McCosh, ex-President of Princetown College, one of the greatest metaphysicians of the day, and the Rev. Professor Philip Schaff, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. At the last meeting of the General Assembly, overtures having been received from fifteen Presbyteries in favour of revision, the question was discussed, and it was finally decided to submit to all the Presbyteries within the boundaries of the Church two questions: (1) "Do you desire a revision of the Confession of Faith; (2) If so, in what respects and to what extent."

A Boy's Composition on Breathing.

A boy, 14 years old, handed in the following as a composition on "Breathing." He said: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for breath we would die when we sleep. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in that there hole and nearly killed every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I had rather be a boy, so I can run and holler, and have a great big diaphragm."—E.C.

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