

THE EQUITY.

Vol. XV No. 19.

SHAWVILLE, Co. PONTIAC, P. Q., THURSDAY, NOV. 4, 1897.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Main St. Hull, Que., will, at request, attend all courts in the district. All correspondence promptly answered.
Will be at Shawville first Thursday of each month.

HENRY AYLEN, ADVOCATE Hull, - - - Que.

Mr. Aylen will regularly attend the sessions of the Courts at Bryson.

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At Pontiac House, Shawville, on Court days - 6th February, 6th April, 1st June, 1st October and 6th December.
Will attend all law courts in Districts of Ottawa and Pontiac if required.

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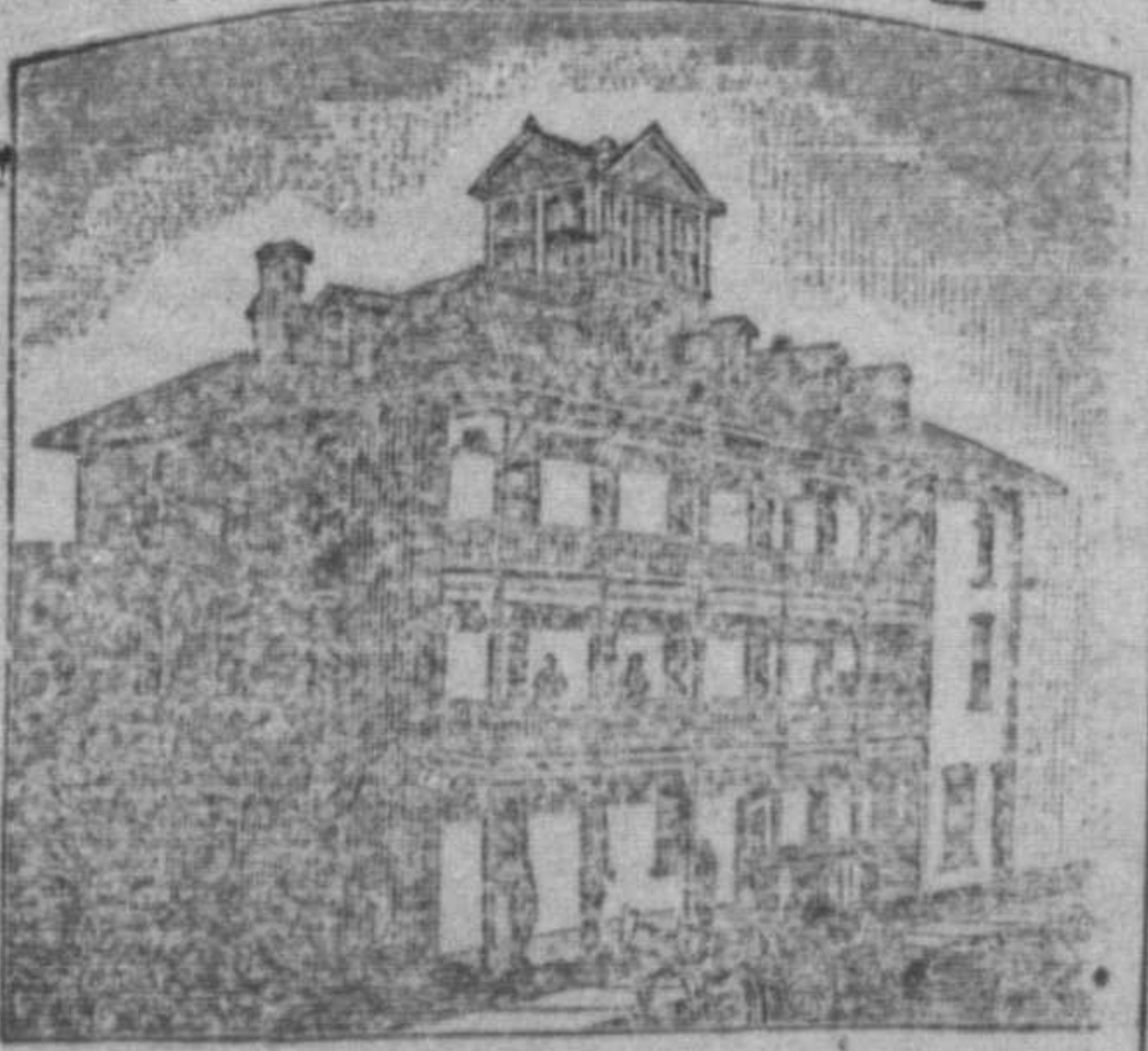
GRAND CENTRAL HOUSE,

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

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SHAWVILLE, P. Q.

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This hotel will be found fully equipped for the accommodation of the public generally, and especially commercial men. Free bus meets all trains. Good livery in connection.
Ladies' and gents bicycles kept for hire.

"THE EQUITY"

Is issued from the office of Publication, Shawville every Thursday.

Subscription, \$1.00 per Annum.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Correspondence of local interest solicited from all parts of the country.

Birth, Marriage and Death Notices inserted free; but obituary lines, or "poetry" will be charged at the rate of 3 cents per line money to accompany the manuscript in every case.

J. A. COWAN, Publisher.



Court Shawville, No. 276.

Meets the 4th Wednesday of every month.
Court dues must be paid promptly every month.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.

A. W. MORRISON, R.S. H.S. BARNETT, F.S.
J. A. SMITH, C.R.

Local and General.

Are you using Dowd's Flour?

Large range of serges at A.R. McGuire's. The protracted dry spell was broken by a copious fall of rain on Monday.

Dr. G. G. Stewart has purchased the property of Mr. Harper Lethian at Elmside.

As we go to press we learn that three weddings are booked to take place to-day (Wednesday).

Extensive range of Tweeds and Serges for our tailoring trade just received.
G. F. HODGINS.

Mr. Alf. and Miss Sadie Pattison, of Aylmer, have been visiting friends in town for some days past.

Mr. Robert Campbell of Elmside got pretty seriously hurt last week through a runaway accident. His condition, however, is improving.

Photographer Green, of Arnprior, will be at Pontiac House Gallery, Shawville, on Friday, November 5th, and will remain all day. Don't forget the date.

O'Meara & Hodgins of Quyon sell more Dr. Allen's "Pearly Pebbles" than all other remedies combined, in Pontiac county, because they never fail to give satisfaction. They cure; that's it.

Revival meetings opened on Sunday evening in the hall in the Knox settlement (known as the Shaverite hall) under the auspices of Misses Ostrom, Perin and Thompson, and Mr. Coleman.

Although Hallow'een fell on a Sunday this year, the sacredness of the day did not prevent the perpetration of the customary pranks indulged in as a part of the program usually carried out in observing the time-honored feast.

The case of Clarendon vs. the County of Pontiac was taken up at Thursday's session of the Superior Court, and several witnesses heard on behalf of the township when the case was adjourned till next month, on account of the Judge having to leave.

A Cure for Chills.

DEAR SIRS, - I used Haggard's Yellow Oil for chills this winter and found it most effectual. It removes the irritation almost instantly, and a few applications resulted in a complete cure.
F. L'ESTRANGE,
Port Sydney, Ont.

Chichester Notes.

Horse racing took place here on Saturday p. m., and was a success. Mr. Archie McGillis being the winner of the purse. That's proper, Archie; come again.

Hallow'een would have passed off very quietly here had it not been for the enjoyable time spent by some of our youths at the brick mansion.

Mr. and Mrs. Elie Matte were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Matte on Sunday evening.

Mr. H. Landon left on Wednesday to visit his son, H. E., at Spenceville.

Mr. John S. Pouppore left Thursday to resume his duties as bush ranger.

The greatest and latest novelty here is Jim and Lucy, a beautiful pair of deer owned by Mrs. E. Matte.

Miss Pouppore, Miss Rose Mercier, Miss Landon, Mr. Joe Pouppore, Mr. Jim Pouppore, Mr. George Landon, of our up-to-date town, took a long and most pleasant drive to Waltham on Sunday p. m., and were the welcome guests of Mr. LaBelle and family. The night was fine, the drive was delightful and Gillan came down to advantage; but owing to the generosity of the above-named gents the ladies were sheltered from the rain and the young folk returned safely to Chichester in the wee, sma' hours, regretting their pleasant drive was over. But the boys are not discouraged, for they say there are others to come.

Rumor has it that there is going to be an oyster supper followed by a party in the stone house by the river, shortly. If so, there's where you will see TRIO.

Fancy vestings at A. R. McGuire's.

Highest price paid for all kinds of grain at Quyon Mills.

Fall Caps for men and boys; just opened a large range. G. F. HODGINS.

Ask most any person you meet from Quyon about Dr. Allison's "Pearly Pebbles." For sale by O'Meara & Hodgins, Quyon.

Over twenty-three thousand dollars have been subscribed to the fund for the relief of the people recently burned out in Russell County.

Dr. St. Paul, of Kazabazua, has been appointed Collector of Provincial Revenue for a portion of Wright county, making three collectors in the district.

It is likely that the Most Worthy the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, A. F. & A. M., will shortly dedicate the new Masonic Lodge at Aylmer.

Mr. Joseph Bourke, of Hull, has received the contract for rebuilding the Roman Catholic churches at Casselman and South Indian, at a cost of \$6,000 and \$3,000 respectively.

The Bank of Ottawa appears to be in the Klondike current. The management gives notice that a dividend of 4 p. c. for the half year has been declared, as well as a bonus of one p. c., equal to a yearly dividend of 9 p. c.

There is Hope.

There is hope for those who suffer from biliousness and liver complaint. BURDOCK Blood Purifiers regulates the liver and restores health and vigor. Here is the proof: Dear Sirs, - I was troubled with biliousness and sick headache, and could get no relief until I tried B. B. I have taken four bottles and am now completely cured. I recommend it as the best cure for all liver troubles.
MRS. GEORGE HADDOW,
Walkererton, Ont.

Tuberculosis has broken out on the Experimental Farm at Ottawa. It was first discovered in an animal that died a few days ago. Since that time all the herd has been examined and the disease found to extend to a considerable extent. Mr. Fisher says that a full statement will be prepared and published shortly. The disease has also been found to exist in herds owned by private parties, and consumers of milk in Ottawa feel uneasy.

The Ottawa Citizen has changed hands, and it is said that it will be greatly improved and enlarged, new men, new money and new energy put into it. The present company has, it is understood, transferred its franchise to another company to be formed in which Messrs. Southam and Carey, of the Hamilton Spectator, will hold a controlling interest, the other shareholders being five or six local men. The purchase price was \$25,000. Mr. R. W. Shannon, the present editor, and Major Shannon, business manager, will return to Kingston and resume control of the News.

Miss Charlotte Richardson died on Monday, at her home on Allumette Island, after but a short illness. Some time ago she contracted a cold, which affected her lungs, and she passed away peacefully. Miss Richardson was over sixty years of age, and resided throughout her life on the homestead opposite Chichester, a mile or two above Chapau village, which was also the home of her brother Richard. She was of a very kind disposition and was greatly beloved by all her neighbors and acquaintances, who showed their esteem and respect by attending the funeral in large numbers on Wednesday; indeed the procession of carriages to the ferry steamer was very lengthy, and as many as could came across the lake to Pembroke. The funeral took place to the English church and cemetery, Pembroke, (there is no Protestant church on Allumette). Mr. Samuel Richardson, of Deux Rivières, and Mrs. Geo. McCarthy, of Pembroke, were brother and sister of deceased, and she was widely connected in Lower Pontiac and Carleton county.

The Bridge to be Built.

Mr. J. H. Beemer, president of the P. P. J. and G. V. Railways, stated to an Ottawa Journal reporter last Saturday that the plans for the interprovincial bridge are progressing as well as he can expect, and that he will commence work in good time, so as to expend the bonus granted by the city. Mr. Beemer could not say just what date the work would be commenced, but it will be in good time he said.

The extension of the P.P.J. into Hull will soon be started, as Mr. Beemer has concluded the purchase of the rails for the road. Mr. Beemer says the new Central station in Hull will be near the point from which the interprovincial bridge will start. That point has not as yet been settled, but will be so before long.

The plans for the road from Aylmer to Hull are being prepared, and will be submitted to the approval of the government within a short time.

Can't You Sleep?

Sleeplessness is one of the most frequent symptoms of heart and nerve troubles. It affects all classes and all ages. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restore the nerves to healthy action and regulate the heart. Mr. Miles Boone, Fredericton, N. B., tells how they work. "I could never rest well, and often woke up with a start, and then sleep left me for the night. These pills gave me almost immediate relief, giving me a healthful refreshing sleep, and I am now strong and well."

Grey and White Blankets at prices unheard of at G. F. HODGINS.

Have you tried Dr. Allison's "Kidney Buds" yet? Send 10 cents in stamps and get a full trial box. Allison Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The private bank of Gillies & Co., at Teeswater, Ont., was broken into on Saturday morning and over two thousand dollars stolen.

Postmasters are now instructed to hold letters for 30 days unless a notice on the corner of the envelope asks for them to be returned sooner.

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

Mr. E. Graham, of Elmside, and guests returned from the hunting preserve of the former, in Cawood township, on Friday evening, having spent a most successful and enjoyable outing.

Property to the value of \$15,000,000 is exempt from taxation in Ottawa. The Dominion Government benefits to the amount of \$10,000,000, the Roman Catholics \$1,285,125, and the Protestants \$969,875.

Rev. Father Whalen, parish priest of St. Patrick's, Ottawa, is waging a war against Sabbath desecration. He is one of the ablest of the Catholic clergy in Canada. As a result the directors of St. Patrick's Asylum will not in future hold their business meeting on Sunday.

Speaking to an Ottawa reporter this week Mr. Alexander Barnett of Renfrew stated that from present indications the output of logs in the Ottawa district during the coming winter will be about as large as usual, but in the line of square timber there is likely to be a falling off.

Messrs. W. J. Stark and James Robinson, local dealers, were at Upper Thorne Centre on Thursday last, buying up the surplus lamb product of that district. Competition between the buyers has been somewhat keener than usual this autumn, and as a result producers have been correspondingly benefited. Since the buying season opened prices have ranged from 3 to 3½ cents per lb.

The Arnprior Chronicle says: In Ottawa they are complaining of low water in the river. This is strange, inasmuch as in Arnprior it is found that Chats Lake is not exceptionally low. Mr. McIntosh the lighthouse keeper, states that the volume of water in the lake has been greater this year than last, and it was not remarkably low in '96. The water is now gradually rising, and has been during the past fortnight, which betokens rain or snow in the upper country.

Mr. John Craig, horticulturist at the Experimental Farm, has resigned his position. He has been five years at the Farm. It is said he has resigned because of a difference of opinion between himself and the directors of the Farm as to the best way of conducting the horticultural branch. Dr. Saunders, it is said, holds that arboriculture should receive more attention, while Mr. Craig is of opinion that fruit culture is of more consequence and would give better results.

Upper Thorne Centre Notes.

Plowing is in full swing at present, but our farmers report lack of rain to be a great drawback. Some who have much sandy ground are unable to plow owing to the extreme drought.

We notice a new addition to our school in the shape of a neat little woodshed. By erecting this building the commissioners have filled a long felt want.

Mr. F. Breitzlaff has improved his premises by clappingboard part of his hotel.

Large droves of lambs and sheep are being bought up around the vicinity. Two droves belonging to Messrs Robinson and Starke were taken from here last week. Many farmers who have been unable to dispose of their stock during the past few years have now grasped the opportunity of disposing of their flocks at a fair price.

Beef cattle are becoming scarce in this vicinity owing to the large droves which have been bought and shipped during the past few weeks.

Hunting is all the rage at present, but there is a serious drawback in regard to hunting this season - That is, there are fifty per cent. more hunters than game.

While returning home from Shawville on Sunday last, Mr. Robert Holt, of this village, accompanied by Miss Hattie Brownlee, of Radford, happened with what might have been a serious accident. It appears that while descending the North Branch hill the horse, which is a somewhat vicious animal, began to kick, and broke the shafts of the vehicle, which upset, throwing the occupants to the ground, but luckily they escaped injury. Cheer up, Bob, better luck next time.

Oct 31st. Clown.

Irish checks at A. R. McGuire's.

Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof Coats just added to stock. G. F. HODGINS.

Dr. Allen's "Pearly Pebbles" have a record of more cures than any other remedy on the face of the earth. For sale by O'Meara & Hodgins, Quyon.

REID BROS.,

THE ARCADE STORE,
ARNPRIOR, ONT.

Fully Equipped

To meet all your demands on us for New Fall and Winter Goods. We are on the height of Successful Buying and thus enabled to meet all competition that may be going on in the Valley.

Ladies' and Children's Jackets and Capes.

Ladies' Readymade Wrappers, Underskirts, Overskirts, Waists, Night Gowns.

FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, BLANKETS.

A few Special Reductions:

Ladies 54 inch wide Tweed Suits, regular prices from 75c. to \$1.00 per yard, for 50c. per yard now.

Ladies' Heavy Coating, regular prices from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard, for 75c. per yard.

Girls' Coating, regular prices from 50c. to 75c. per yard, for 40c. per yard now.

REID BROS., THE ARCADE STORE, ARNPRIOR, ONT.

P.S. - Agents for Perrin's Kid Gloves for Ladies and Gents, also the Rapid Hook and Eye.

The relatives of Robert Peden, postal clerk on the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was killed in the wreck at Stittsville, have expressed their intention of suing the railway company, and a writ may be issued in a few days claiming \$10,000 damages.

On Christmas day, 1895, a blacksmith named Patrick Fleming disappeared from Eganville and nothing was heard of him until a few days ago his skeleton was found in a swamp near the village. He was a wandering character and very much addicted to drink.

The evidence brought out at the inquest on the bodies of those who perished in the Stittsville collision goes to show that the blame of the collision rests upon the deceased brakeman, Hastley, and not upon the young telegraph operator, McNish, as was at first thought.

A horrible murder is reported from Sudbury. Felix Villeneuve, a farmer who lived in the township of Rayside, was found murdered on October 19th, by his 12 year old son, in a log building which the deceased had been working at. His skull was literally hacked to pieces with an axe which was found embedded in the brain. His wife is under arrest charged with having committed the crime.

Ottawa Markets.

The ruling prices on the Ottawa market last Saturday were:

Hay, ton, \$10 to \$13.50
Oats, bushel 25 to 25 cents.
Peas, bushel, 45 to 48 cents.
Butter (pail) lb., 16 to 19 cents.
Potatoes, bag, 40 to 45 cents.
Eggs, (cases) doz., 14 to 15 cents.
Eggs, (newly laid) doz., 15 to 17 cents.
Chickens, pair, 35 to 50 cents.
Lamb, lb., 6 to 7 cents.
Mutton, lb., 5 to 7 cents.

Shawville Produce Quotations

Oats..... 20 to 21
Peas..... 42 to 44
Buckwheat..... 28 to 00
Rye..... 35
Eggs..... 13
Wool..... 17 to 18
Butter..... 15
Pork per bbl..... 14.00 to 16.00
Hay per ton..... 10.00 to 12.00
Calveskins..... 25 to 31
Hides..... 5.00 to 5.50
Felts..... 40 to 60
Hogs, live weight, per 100, \$4.50 to \$5.00
Lambs, " " 3.00 to 3.50

A STRANGER AT THE DOLPHIN

The voice called again and the girl ran quickly into the house. After the closing of the door Thorburn did not linger. He picked the way carefully back to the White Road, thinking, as he went, of the sweet candor of Sue and of the awful hubbub that would rage about him when the world knew. And there was something, too, for Sue to learn; but he had no misgiving about that, since he himself would light her to the knowledge.

At half past eight o'clock the following morning Mr. Thorburn's valet went into his master's room. Mr. Thorburn was asleep. He had slept so soundly that even the jingling bustle of an arrival beneath his window had not disturbed his dreams. The amplitude of the bed in which he lay was out of all proportion to the needs of any human creature. Our ancestors, truly, loved to rest and die beneath heroic canopies.

The man awoke Mr. Thorburn. He sat up and stretched himself.

"Draw the blind and open the window," he said. "Ah, he went on when this was done; 'what a morning, Hyde, and what a sun!'"

"Yes, my lord."

"Sir, sir! I am not my lord here. Must I tell you so for the hundredth time?"

"I beg your worship's pardon. But I cannot forget your rank, sir, it comes hard to me."

"You must forget, Hyde, until I tell you to remember. Bring me some chocolate." The man hesitated.

"Well," said the other, "have you anything to say?"

Hyde withdrew a little and paused again. "Some one has been asking for you, my lord, sir!"

"Who?" asked Mr. Thorburn, with one leg out of bed.

"Mr. Luttrell, sir."

The leg went back again and Mr. Thorburn's face manifested lively annoyance. "Damn Mr. Luttrell!" he cried; "tell him I'm dead!" Hyde smiled uneasily, glanced out of the window, rubbed his hands together and brought his gaze, still vacant, back to the bed. "Tell him I'm dead, do you hear, or likely to die, or sick. Say anything and bid him good-day."

"He'd never believe it," Hyde said. "He'd laugh at me. You know his way, sir."

"And a devilish impertinent way it is. What right has the fellow to follow me? If he won't go, order some breakfast for two and say I'll join him in half an hour. Mr. Luttrell and I, Hyde, will have a talk together."

When Mr. Thorburn came down he found Mr. Luttrell sitting on the edge of the table, playing with his sword-belt. A grey cat watched him from the window seat.

"This visit is unexpected," Mr. Thorburn said after they had greeted one another.

"And you would doubtless add, unwarranted, my lord."

"That depends upon the reason for it."

"The reason is to beg you to think twice before it is too late."

"My dear Luttrell, I have thought fifty times and the way is clear before me."

"Have you considered your family?"

"I answer with another question; has my family ever considered me?"

"If I may say so, the Earl of Templemore should not on higher grounds."

"I beg you to remember that here I am not the Earl of Templemore. I am plain Philip Thorburn; the title is in abeyance."

"I rejoice to hear it, my lord."

"And why, my dear Mr. Luttrell, do you rejoice?"

"Because I gather from it that your errand is less serious than I had imagined."

"Explain please. Our breakfast waits; before we eat let us understand each other."

Luttrell slipped from the table and stood with folded arms against the wall. The Earl of Templemore regarded him with amused interest.

"Come," he said, "speak out, cousin."

"Your lordship is good enough to remind me that we have a touch of the same blood."

"Tut, man, leave my lordship alone. Give me the name you knew me by before this unsought honor put a mask on all my friends. Call me Philip and be done with it."

"You may remember, then, that in those far off days we sometimes changed our names for safety's sake. It was then that ladies wore the masks."

Templemore's face darkened; but as he paced the room it cleared again. "You remind me," he said, "of what one would willingly forget. We must all be young once, Luttrell; we must all play the fool and be none the worse for it. I do not propose at my time of life to set up for moralist. But here rings the true coin. This is not one of those. I take my name of Thorburn because she knows me by no other."

"And when she learns the other, Philip, what then?"

"That is what I propose to discover. I remember, Luttrell, that she is a woman, perhaps hardly more than a child. If she loves me the name will make no difference. We people have a habit of holding ourselves too dear. My name is an accident; it is, I, who am everything. My name does not make love, my name does not fight, my name does not play the villain; I do these things. As for my family, well, they are my family and will hold by me. Besides, I propose to bring new, clear blood into a somewhat wasted stock; they will be my debtors. Go back to town, but at a slower pace. I assure you this is a charming country and will repay any time you like to spend up-

on the road. Or, better still, stay here as my guest and take a lesson from my wisdom."

"I will be your guest to the extent of breakfast. Afterwards, if you still hold to your purpose and refuse to return with me I must go alone."

"I shall certainly refuse."

They sat in silence for some time. Templemore without a shadow of embarrassment, the other watchfully, like a chicken or a cat. Luttrell spoke first. "Since you are determined to go through with this very doubtful affair, Philip, how is it that the lady knows only half your name?"

"Because I met her under unusual circumstances; mainly because her father, like most of the world, is something of a fool." Luttrell nodded acquiescence. Templemore smiled and went on: "I have a habit, as you know, of wandering into strange places and stranger company. There are certain societies which presume to sympathize with the bloody-minded villains who are murdering Frenchmen, and women too, in the name of France. To one of these societies I had an easy entrance, of course under the name of Thorburn."

And there one evening I found old Fuller and his daughter—he nodding with wine and treasure—she alternately frightened and ashamed. Why, the foolish fellow took her there I don't pretend to guess. I often went to these meetings, not to agree with the sentiments expressed there, but to express my own sentiments to the jewel set in that showy and harmless fustian."

"Did you not consider it your duty," asked Luttrell, "to your order and the king to have these revolutionaries suppressed?"

"Why suppress flies? They only buzz. My duty lay in the direction of my pleasure, my honest pleasure. That is why I am here. Let me give you this wing or a little of that cold pasty-leveret, I think. No! I cannot press you to remain, because, as you see, my occupation gives me companionship enough. My respects to my family."

They are really too solicitous. When I return to town you shall hear of me." Luttrell being thus happily dismissed, the Earl of Templemore spent an hour in contemplative idleness. But as he was pleasantly engaged in dwelling upon the last turn of fortune, all Churchsea was being made free of the secret of his name; for the girl who waited on him had not thought it unmanly to listen at the door and she fled from that post with the name of the Earl of Templemore filling her pretty mouth and silly head.

She blurted it out to every soul she saw, and by noon the truth had reached as far as Fuller's farm, being carried there by Fuller's head shepherd, who had called at the Dolphin for his morning ale.

Early in the afternoon Templemore set out to call upon Sue's brother, that Mr. John Fuller whose voice he had heard the night before. He did not notice the added deference of the landlord who met him in the porch; he did not observe the inquiring heads that popped out of doors after he had passed. As a matter of fact Churchsea was doing itself honor on his account, for it is a place apt to glory in itself and in any accidental circumstance that may be made to serve as a spur to pride.

The great pasture-lands were vivid with spring; the White Road cut there like a strip of ribbon on a green cloth; the blue line of the sea glittered beyond the high natural break-water of heavy pebbles. Templemore descended into the plain and made his way without a single misjudgment of the route to the gate of Fuller's farm. He waited there for a moment hoping to see Sue's face, or at least the flutter of her gown. But he saw nothing and heard only the bleating and stir of innumerable sheep. He lifted the latch, entered and knocked briskly at the door.

He was again disappointed, for he had expected Sue to open to him. A red-cheeked country maid, in a blush of excitement, ushered him, with many bobbing curtsies, into a parlor on the right. There she left him with a final bob.

Templemore looked about him with reverence. This was the room which so often held Sue. Indeed, some of her work was stretched upon an embroidery frame, and near it was a low chair—Sue's chair. He sat down in it, and felt himself instantly exalted. The room was heavily furnished with old mahogany, almost black. Upon a sideboard shone a few silver cups and tankards; above it hung two crossed swords. The window-ledge was closely packed with flowers, which served to give sweetness and an intangible air of purity to the place. The grate was fireless, filled with dry rushes, which rustled to the tune of the wind in the chimney. Templemore had hardly completed his survey of the room when the door opened and John Fuller stood before him. He bowed stiffly; the earl swept him a profound reverence.

"You do us too much honor, my lord," Fuller said, not moving from where he stood. He fumbled awkwardly with his hands, and his color was high and defiant.

"How—my lord?" said Templemore, for an instant, but for an instant only, pricked in his composure.

"Down here we are not ashamed of our names."

Templemore smiled and offered his snuff-box. "Nor am I ashamed of mine," he said.

The other took a pinch of snuff, a large pinch, hesitatingly. He was extremely angry, up in arms to defend his sister, and yet doubtful as to the best method to conduct a quick assault to victory. "You saw my sister last night," he said.

"I did," said Templemore, "and the sight of her, though it was nearly dark, gave light to my eyes. You should be proud of your sister, Mr. Fuller, as, indeed, you doubtless are."

"I am so proud of her," said the other, "that I will not allow gentlemen who change their names to wander about my premises at night and play the gallant to her. If they wish to come, let it be by day, when they must deal with me first."

Templemore bit his lip and half turned away. Then he faced Fuller smilingly again, and himself took snuff. "I admire your heat," he said. "You are a very able champion, and I make no doubt your mind is as ready as your word; but you misunderstand me and I am anxious to put myself in the right with you. I remember that you are Miss Fuller's brother, in itself no mean distinction, and it is your pleasure and

your privilege to defend her. I never came upon your ground last night—my progress was blocked by a very substantial wall. My meeting with your sister was an accident."

"She told me so."

"And I trust that you believed her. Take my advice and never doubt a lady's word. I am your senior by about six years, I judge; my experience may be of service to you. Always believe until the contrary is proved."

"Your lordship is too fine for me. I put two and two together, and act on it. Why did you change your name?"

The manner of the question made Templemore's blood tingle; but he checked the answer that was hot upon his lips and took a moment's thought. "Your question," he said, "hurts me because it impugns my honor. I hold my honor very dear. You are inclined to doubt it, and I am bound to admit you have an appearance of justice on your side; but I beg you to be as just to me as I wish to be to you. I assure you, on this honor which I hope to keep unstained to the end of my life, that the changing of my name was nothing. Your sister knows me first as Philip Thorburn; the Earl of Templemore she had probably never heard of. And may I now ask how you came to know my title?"

"My father's shepherd brought the news from the Dolphin this morning."

"They have long ears at the Dolphin," said Templemore.

"At the Dolphin they know everything," said Fuller simply.

There was a moment's pause, during which Sue's brother rapped his heavy boots together. He was obviously unconvinced. "The fellow is almost a gentleman," thought Templemore. "There is blood in this family; he means to fight me." He added aloud: "Now that we understand each other, Mr. Fuller, will you be good enough to ask your sister to have a word with me?"

"I understand nothing of the whole matter, but that I will have nothing to do with it. Why your attentions should choose to pay me, I neither desire I will not presume to question too closely. I have the honor to wish your lordship a very good-morning. And with that he opened the door and stood aside to let his visitor pass."

"Am I to count you as an enemy?" asked Templemore, quite unruffled, flicking a speck of dust from his sleeve.

"In this matter it is my duty to be your enemy."

"You mistake my duty. But since the lady must be consulted first I can go no further at present. Perhaps your father—"

"I act for my father, who is absent."

"He has a candid agent; and I will not be less candid, Mr. Fuller. I shall see your sister, you may be sure of that. To tell you how and when I mean to see her would be unwise. You proclaim yourself my enemy, but, believe me, I am not yours. I am sorry that my title offends you; I regret that you doubt my honor; some day you will think well of both. For the present, good-bye." He bowed himself from the room and so out into the clear spring air again. At twenty paces from the house he turned and saw young Fuller standing at the door. He raised his eyes and caught Sue's face glancing between the curtains of an upper window. He uncovered and kissed his hand to her. Then, without waiting to see the effect of this upon her brother, he walked rapidly across the level green to the White Road.

Having reached his inn he called for the landlord, who entered the room with shame and awe in his mottled face. Templemore stood facing him. As the man turned to close the door he stopped him. "Leave it open," he said; "then we shall know that no one is listening at the other side. When a gentleman gives his name it is the business of a host to respect it, even though he guesses it to be assumed."

"It was the maid, my lord," stammered the other.

"Of course—it always is the maid. Choose your women with more discretion, or if that is impossible, keep a tighter hand upon them. It would be best to choose them dumb."

"If your grace will overlook it this once—"

"I can do nothing else, since there is no other decent inn in Churchsea—and after all, your wine is excellent. Let me have two more bottles to-night, and see that I am not disturbed till then. You may go now—wait, in half an hour send me a lad who can carry a message quickly."

When the landlord had gone, Templemore sat down to pen and ink. He had an idea, and time was short. When the lad came the note was sealed and addressed. "Take this to Mr. John Fuller, at Fuller's Farm," he said, "and deliver it to him yourself. Bring me an answer." He had written:—

Sir,—If you will meet me to-night on the east side of the castle on the marsh, I don't know what name it has, at nine o'clock I will explain everything clearly to you. As you do not wish me to see your sister, poor child! you are too hard upon her. This will satisfy you. Let me have a word from you by my messenger. I shall come unarmed.—Templemore.

Within an hour the boy returned panting, with the answer, written on a corner torn from the earl's note; it consisted of the one word, Yes.

To say that Templemore was hopeful would be to say too little; he was confident. He never reckoned with the possibility of failure; he meant to have Sue at any hazard. If all Churchsea had stood arrayed against him, with Mayor and Jurats at their head, he would have snapped his fingers at them all, called to his postillions to ride on, and have driven down the entire corporation with the utmost composure. This he would have done if Sue were beside him; otherwise, he would have treated the dignitaries of the ancient town with amused respect.

He dined carefully, as he had done the night before, and called in the landlord to crack the second bottle with him as though the creature had not sinned against him. He was in the best of spirits, for he had Sue always before his eyes; her face danced in the reflection from his glass, her lips pouted in the early blossoms that stood upon the table, her hands beckoned to him from the corner of the room at once. He saw himself triumphantly carrying her away to town; he imagined the hush that would fall upon any drawing-room to which she gave her fresh beauty and young grace; he smiled at the fancy of her introduction to his family. But most of all he liked

to see her in her own surroundings, a child of the marshes and of the wind, of the sun and of the dew.

(To Be Continued.)

TICHBORNE CASE.

An Australian Court to Hear Evidence in Cresswell's Application.

Within the next two or three weeks the Sydney Supreme Court will be occupied with the case of the lunatic Cresswell, at present an inmate of the Gladesville Hospital for the Insane, near Sydney, who is alleged to be the long missing Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne.

The proceedings have been delayed several months in consequence of it being necessary to obtain from the Rev. E. Williams in England, an affidavit to the effect that in instructing counsel in Australia to obtain Cresswell's release, he was acting as a friend of the family, and had no ulterior motive in seeking the custody of the lunatic. The affidavit having arrived in Sydney, the claim for the release of Cresswell is based.

WILL BE HEARD IN FULL.

The details will be of a sensational character, none of the witnesses having been examined in England and it is expected that the Bella-Osprey mystery will be fully cleared up. It is asserted that the Bella and the Osprey were one and the same vessel, and that Cresswell was a passenger by it to Australia. The whole of Cresswell's movements from the time he left the ship up to the present day have been traced, and a large number of witnesses will give evidence to the effect that Cresswell frequently hinted that he could claim large estates if he chose to return to England.

For a considerable period he was on confidential terms with Arthur Orton, the claimant, and it is asserted that the latter obtained what knowledge he possessed respecting the Tichborne family from Cresswell, and was encouraged to prosecute his claim by reason of Cresswell's lunacy. All the witnesses are old colonists, mostly from the neighborhood of Gundagai and Wagga Wagga, in New South Wales, and

OF UNBLEMISHED CHARACTER.

It is admitted that Cresswell possesses all the physical characteristics of the missing baronet, has a fair knowledge of the French language, and some familiarity with military life. He knows nothing of what has been done on his behalf, and evinces no desire to leave the institution of which he has so long been an inmate. It is feared, however, that should the courts decide upon his release, the voyage to London would prove fatal to him, his health being somewhat delicate.

HE WAS MR. ARDEN.

The Man From Bloomdale Arranged to Keep Hanner.

During a lull in the conversation, five or six of us were holding in the smoking car, an oldish man leaned forward and queried of the man beside me:

"Didn't I hear you mention the town of Bloomdale?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Yes, I live at Bloomdale."

"Glad to know it," continued the other, "I used to live there, too, but my wife hit me a crack with the poker one day and I got up and walked off and am just returnin' after an absence of ten years. I'm playin' the Enoch Arden business, you know, and the ole woman will jump a foot high when she sees me."

"Who was your wife?" asked my seat-mate, with a tremor in his tones.

"Hanner Bliss, sir. Maybe you know her—tall woman—squint eyes—long chin—peaked nose—voice like a file."

"Great Scott!" whispered the man, "but you don't tell me that the Widder Bliss is your wife. Why, she thought you dead years ago."

"Did she marry again?"

"She did, sir. The papers said you were killed out West, and after wearing mourning for a year she married me."

"Wall," chuckled the old man, dryly, "here I am, alive and kicking and a purty healthy Enoch Arden. So she married you, eh? Does Hanner break out in sudden fits like she used to?"

"Say, man, this is awful!" exclaimed husband No. 2 as the perspiration gathered on his face."

"Wall, you needn't git so excited about it. Enoch Arden didn't git a cent when he played the hero and skipped out, but that's whar I differ with Enoch. If you and Hanner are takin' comfort and you have \$50 you kin spare, I'll git off at the next station and let you alone, although I'd kinder like to git squar fur that crack on the head. I couldn't git a fine comb through my hair fur 'leven weeks arter I left home."

The man from Bloomdale brightened up immediately and eagerly counted out the money, as the other shoved it into his vest pocket and started for the door he remarked—

"Enoch Arden is satisfied, stranger, and he hopes you ar'. Good-bye to you—good-bye all, and let Hanner continue to imagine that I fill an unknown grave and feel sorry to think that she can't plant sunflowers above me."

Enfant Terrible.—Caller—"Nellie, is your mother in?" Nellie—"Mother is out shopping." Caller—"When will she return, Nellie?" Nellie, calling back—"Mamma, what shall I say now?"

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Jean Ingelow's personal estate amounted to only \$30,000 at her death.

Lord Charles Beresford is at last a Rear-Admiral and may soon reappear in Parliament.

Fontainebleau's great grapevine produced 7,672 pounds of grapes this year, which, when recently sold at auction brought in \$715.

Lord Rosebery is said to have bought the late Count of Aquila's villa at Posillipo, near Naples, and to intend to spend his winters there with his children.

A British pauper, aged 70 years, came into a small inheritance lately and treated his friends to a champagne supper at a swell London hotel. It killed him within three days.

Queen Natalie, of Servia, lost a diamond ring at Biarritz and vowed that if it was found she would give to the Little Sisters of the Poor. The ring worth \$2,000, was found and the ex-Queen is selling it by lottery.

In preparing a cable off Cape Frio a whale was found entangled in it by the cable ship Norseman, but it had not broken. The whale must have been there for two or three weeks and had been bitten into by sharks.

Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples is said to be an expert electrician. He experiments on all its applications to light, sound, motive power, and photography and was one of the first persons in Italy to investigate the Roentgen rays.

Switzerland's bears were supposed to be extinct, but some chamois hunters in the lower Engadine recently shot and secured one and report that another escaped them. This will add to the excitement of mountain climbing in the Alps.

Sandycombe Lodge, at Twickenham, where Turner, the painter, lived according to Mr. Ruskin, from 1808 to 1827, and where he painted many of his views of the Thames, is offered for sale. The house is said to have been constructed after Turner's own designs.

Cork now possesses the remains of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, recently beatified by Pope Leo. They were conveyed in a golden box from Ivrea, in northern Italy, where the Bishop died 500 years ago on his return from a pilgrimage to Rome and have been deposited in Cork Cathedral.

A parliamentary cricket team, consisting of five lords and fourteen members of the Commons is going to make a tour of the British colonies including Canada and Australia, next season. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, is captain, and several of the younger members of the Government are included in the team.

Fingoes in the Transkei are giving the English trouble and may soon become as well known to them as the Akand or Swat. They are rising because their cattle die after being inoculated for the rinderpest and they believe them to have been deliberately poisoned. The Transkei is the southern part of Kaffraria in South Africa and the Cape rifles are trying to put down the revolt.

Land riots have occurred in the Roman Campagna, the peasants at Albano and Marino, driven by distress, having made an attempt to squat on the land of Prince Colonna and being driven off by police and soldiers. The great uncultivated estates of the nobles are looked upon by the peasants nowadays as the cause of Italy's distress, just as the latifundia are said to have ruined Rome.

England has just discovered that sweet corn is a delicious vegetable and that corn stalks make good fodder for cattle. The London Standard lays down correct principles in recommending it: "There is no help for you; you must take it up with your fingers and bite the corn from the cob; to attempt to cut it off with a knife spoils it. It is an American dish, and Americans know what is good. We have much to thank them for in that way."

A curious landslip occurred a few days ago in the village of Sattel, in Canton Schwyz. An inn situated by the side of a road which runs across the slope of a hill was carried, without sustaining any injury, thirty-five feet down the hillside, stopping just short of being precipitated into the River Steinen. The road in front of the inn, the garden, and all the immediate surroundings of the inn are intact. By the house were two large elms and even these have in no way suffered.

Amsterdam has prepared a programme for the celebration of Queen Wilhelmina's coronation next September. There will be three exhibitions, one of the history of the House of Orange, another of Rembrandt's works, and a third of Dutch national costumes, to which every town is invited to send a boat with a crew in the local dress. The Dutch Union of Singers will sing for three days, there will be a historical procession illuminations on the river, and concerts of works by Dutch composers.

Prince Henry XXVI. of Reuss-Kostritz has been shut up in a Berlin private insane asylum under the name of Graf Plauen, the title given to his morganatic wife. The prince is forty years of age and a Captain in the German Navy. He has been buying land in Hungary recklessly and paying for it in worthless checks. An adventurer with whom he was associated is said to have in his hands letters belonging to the Prince which comprise a person in high station at the court of Berlin.

A STRANGER AT THE DOLPHIN

Before we set out he handed his sword to the landlord to keep till his return. In an access of vinous sentiment that gentleman kissed the hilt. Templemore crossed the threshold of the Dolphin unarmed.

The night was fine, but the sky was streaked with trails of cloud, through which the stars shone fitfully like winking tapers. A chill wind was abroad. The inn-sign creaked to and fro like an unlatched door, and from the marshes there rose a murmur of bending rushes and tremulous grass. Templemore made his way briskly downwards and turned his steps towards the castle which he had appointed as the place of meeting.

This castle, which rose, a huge ex-crescence on the plain, between Churchhouse and Hilbury, was ruinous and desolate; a place built for defence which had never been assaulted, a stronghold impotent in its strength. It was haunted by birds and winds; at a time when the plains lay breathless under a July sun some stir of air always seemed to search out the circling masonry. At night it raised its protest to the stars, a protest of inutility, of an effort to combat an attack that never came; but since it had been raised for the defence of England, Templemore felt a friendly warmth towards the shadow which its great walls cast, and he approached it with a sense of comradeship.

He was at the place of meeting first, and had made the entire circuit of the walls twice before he was aware of a figure that moved quickly towards him. He stepped out into the moonlight and saluted it. Fuller returned his greeting stolidly and stood waiting.

"Let us walk in this direction," said Templemore; "the wind strikes cold, and it is as well to keep the blood moving."

"If we go this way we shall reach the farm in half an hour."

"Precisely what I should wish. I intended to go there after my interview with you; we will go together."

"I say," said Fuller, "that we had better settle our business first, and until then turn our backs upon the farm and walk towards Hilbury."

"You are prejudiced; but as you will. Towards Hilbury, then, Mr. Fuller, and let the step be brisk." They turned and paced together, while Templemore continued: "Now, my dear Mr. Fuller, let me be plain with you, I came down here to see your sister, and I saw her last night. That was an accident, but a most happy accident. I flatter myself that she was glad to see me; the child had not learned the trick of hiding her heart. I love her, Mr. Fuller, very dearly, and I have told her so. She asked me to see you. This afternoon you were not disposed, shall I say? to be reasonable. You were, perhaps, naturally annoyed to hear about that trifling matter of my name. I assure you that to-day I was going to tell your sister all about it, and to beg for a forgiveness which I cannot doubt she would have given. All that remains to be done is for you to take me back with you now, for she will surely await your return in great anxiety, and allow me to make my explanations for myself."

"In answer to that I have a message from my sister to you. I was to tell you that she knew Mr. Thorburn, but did not know, and did not wish to see, the Earl of Templemore; and she left the rest in my hands."

Templemore stopped in his walk, stooped and picked up something from the ground. "What is this?" he said. "Ah, a piece of rope."

"Left here by my shepherds. The men are careless; I will rate them over it."

Templemore walked on, trailing the rope from his right hand. "See, she has left you this message for me; what did you say to her before you dragged such words from her?"

"I said what it was my duty to say, to warn her."

"You seem very fond of that word duty, Mr. Fuller. Did you think it your duty to lie to her, to impeach my honor before her, to suggest what she herself would never have sullied her sweet mind by thinking of?"

"I represented your position to her and the impossibility of any good springing from your presence here."

"I see, the old story. You would where you would protect, and make a virtue of imputing wicked motives. Sir, you have played the fool instead of the brother; you have made the child unhappy where it was your privilege to make her glad. I am ashamed of you. Because a man is labelled with a title, is he therefore a devil and a cheat? Before you presume to advise, learn to be generous. You have done more harm to-day than you can do good in the rest of your life. Talk to me of duty—pish!"

The Earl of Templemore was extremely angry. A vision of Sue's tearful eyes made the blood prick into his face. John Fuller, too, was angry; partly because he clung to the dwindling conviction that he was right, partly because he feared he might be wrong, and partly on account of the tone which Templemore had unconsciously assumed. They both stopped short and faced each other. The castle, now half a mile away, stood heavily against the sky-line; close beside them a strongly built shepherd's hut rose from the moonlit pasture.

"Your lordship man 'pish!" said Fuller, "as much as you like. I stand for my family, and as good blood as your own."

"As for the blood," said the other, "I grant you it's good enough. I am going to the farm as once to see her."

"Yes, and I not go," cried Fuller.

"Prevent me, then," said Templemore, "grown quite cool again and turning his face toward Churchhouse. Fuller laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder and drew him back."

"So, so," said Templemore softly, "we will try a fall. As you see, I am unarmed. I am going to the farm; you are anxious to prevent me. Very good; when you are ready, we will begin." He then threw the rope on the grass, measured the distance between it and the hut with a careful eye, threw his body forward and closed with his antagonist.

Fuller had the advantage in strength. Templemore in the art and resources of the game. They swayed about beneath the stars like fantastic shadows; the constellations whirled before their eyes. The pressure of Fuller's iron arm made Templemore's breath leave him in heavy jerks. The steam of their breathing veiled them in a moving mist. Templemore, at great risk, feigned a fall, which brought him within reach of the rope. Then he stopped suddenly, put all his strength into one throw, lifted Fuller six inches from the ground and sent him heavily upon his back. For a moment he lay half dazed. Templemore seized the rope, pinioned him dexterously and securely, dragged him into the hut, and, as he began to stir again, slipped out and jammed the door.

"I am going to see your sister now, Mr. John Fuller," he said. "I shall be back in an hour and a half. I could have done it in an hour if you hadn't winded me. Don't exert yourself to make a noise. When I come back I shall come as your friend."

He did not wait for any answer from his prisoner, but turned towards Churchhouse and set out for the farm at the top of his speed and in the most exalted spirits. In any other circumstances he would have been stopped a score of times by unexpected dykes and waterways; but he was a lover, with victory behind and the prospect of victory before. He went straight on, and it happened that that was the only way. The jewels stretched about him to right and left; on one side the sea called, on the other the wind wentlingeringly, as loth to travel landwards. The voices of the night, the eyes of stars, the infinite haunting sense of solitude moved him not at all. His goal was in the eyes of one girl, his rest in her caresses, the end of his life to win her from the world of other men. His temperament, happily, served him at every point. He recognized this as he sped onward, and thanked the fates that they had made him light of limb as well as light of heart.

He reached the farm, vaulted the low wall, and crossed a flower-bed to the door. His quick summons was answered instantly, and the light footstep told him who it was that came. The lifting latch brought his heart into his throat; the open door gave Sue into his arms.

"Where's John?" she gasped, when her lips were free, trying to be firm and indifferent, but failing as women so sweetly fail.

"Mr. John Fuller," said Templemore, "is awaiting my return on the marsh. For the present he is safe, and I trust, comfortable. I know this room; come in here; everything, I see, is ready for me, a little fire, a good light, and you!" He closed the door of the room in which his morning interview had been conducted, and stood before her, feeding his eyes upon her face. "Your brother," he went on laughingly, "gave me your very unkind message. I have come to hear it from yourself."

"It was quite true," Sue said. "I don't know you, I knew, and liked—"

"Liked?" echoed Templemore.

"Loved, then," said Sue, "Philip Thorburn; but you are some one else. I don't know you; you must go away—go away," she repeated, sobbing, "and never come to Churchhouse again."

"Of course," he said. "I shall go away and never see you any more. Of course I have come to say good-bye. She looked at him with wide and startled eyes. Her breast shook, her hands were pressed together before her grey gown. "Yes," she said; "good-bye."

Templemore laughed aloud and took her face between his hands. "Look at me," he said, "and tell me that you do not love me. You told me to come to you to-day, and when you could seem your answer would be ready. I am here, and to ask you to be my wife. Your brother, Mr. John Fuller, I speak with all respect, presumed to do it in my honor. For that crime he is a prisoner; if you wish him to be released, give me your promise."

"You have hurt John," she cried, "and he was only doing what he thought was right!"

"John is quite safe. As a brother-in-law he may be well enough; as your brother only he lacks discretion. Sue, my dear, dear girl, I offer you all I have; be my wife."

"But you are a lord?" she said. "How could I marry a lord?"

"Pardon me," he said, "but as to marriage, lords marry precisely as other men."

"But I could never, never do it!"

"I will not ask you to live in London more than a few weeks in the year. We will live here if you wish it. It will be cheaper, and though my name is rich, my estates are very lean. I dare say, Sue, that your father has more than I."

"Oh, dear," said Sue, "I thought lords were always very rich and proud."

"There is a tradition to that effect. They are sometimes proud of their wives; I wish to be proud of mine."

Sue pondered, but as Templemore's arm was about her, we may assume that her knitted brows did not cover any very earnest thought. "If John," she said, "consents, perhaps I will marry you, Philip. Where is John?"

"At present, unless he has escaped, which I think unlikely, he is tied up in a shepherd's hut two miles away."

"Did you tie him up?" she asked reproachfully.

"It was my only chance, Sue. Shall I bring him to you, and tell him on the way that you have promised to be my wife?"

"If you bring him quite safe and sound you may tell him what you like. Oh, go to him at once."

"But your father?" said Templemore, pausing as he turned to go.

"My father," said Sue, "will agree to whatever John says."

"Mr. John Fuller," said Templemore, returning for a kiss, "is a man of character; his temper will have had time to cool. I shall see you once more to-night. You must see your brother safe before you go to bed."

cool. I shall see you once more to-night. You must see your brother safe before you go to bed."

Templemore took his way across the plain again. It seemed that the keen air, the jeweled sky, the grass beneath his feet, existed only for him and Sue. His dominion became unlimited; his estate of love was fenceless, without bounds, wider than the world. As he neared the hut he broke into a song which rang out over that level land as clear as bells—

My love, oh, she is bonny as the blossom on the thorn,
Sing, heigh and ho, for her eyes;
And all the wildwood budded in the hour that she was born.

Sing, heigh and ho, for her eyes;
No sound came from the hut.

My love, oh, she is tender, and my love, oh, she is kind,
Sing, heigh and ho, for her heart;
And when she bids me follow I leave all the world behind.

Sing, heigh and ho, for her heart.
He staggered upon the floor. "Are you within Mr. Fuller?" he cried.

There was still no answer, so Templemore threw himself against the door, which he had jammed so firmly that it only yielded with a splitting of timber. A dim figure was heaving itself up with difficulty in a corner. "Is it possible," said Templemore, "that you have been asleep?"

"There was nothing else to do," said Fuller; "you won fairly and I was tired."

Templemore cut his bonds and released him. "If you wish to try another fall," he said, "I'm at your service. But there is nothing to quarrel about now, even you will believe in my honor. Sue has promised to be my wife on the condition that I return you safely to her keeping. The only thing you can urge against me is my unfortunate title; I assure you that I will try to live it down."

"If this is so," said Fuller, shaking himself, "I have nothing to say, I've done my duty."

"Admirably," said Templemore; "let us hasten back."

They set out together and Templemore took Fuller in a friendly manner by the arm. "Did you," he asked, "really think I was a villain?"

"Yes,—until I saw you. Then I was not sure."

"You are convinced now that you were wrong?"

"Yes; but I wish my sister had made a lower choice."

"Be comforted for that by thinking that I could not have made a higher one. I respect you, Mr. Fuller."

Sue was waiting for them. To be truthful, she had had small fear for her brother's safety, but she met him as one restored from deadly peril. Templemore stood aside till the comedy was over. Then he said:—

"I beg you to dine with me to-morrow at the Dolphin, Mr. Fuller. The landlord is a fool, but he has excellent cellars. We will arrange matters over a bottle."

Sue saw him to the door and stood with him in the midst of spring odors and the midnight hush. She put her arms about his neck and laid her cheek softly against him. "I am so happy," she said, "so happy. But how can I love you enough? I feel so little; I wish you were not a lord."

"My dearest child," he answered, "thank God you know so little of the world, and we will be careful that the world does not know much of you. 'Tis I who have to learn; I shall sit at the feet, always of the Countess of Templemore."

They stood silently. Sue lost in wonder at the happiness that thrilled her from the mere contact of hand and hand and growing at every beat of her pulse more conscious of the amazing beauty of the world. Presently she realized that Templemore was shaking with secret laughter. "Oh," said she wistfully, "why do you laugh?"

"I was thinking," said Templemore, stroking her hair. "I was thinking of your brother's wonderful use of opportunity to sleep under such conditions!"

"He is very good," said Sue.

"He is admirable," laughed Templemore. Then the mirth faded from his face and heart and he stooped down to Sue with every instinct of his blood and race turned to a throbbing tenderness for her. "Good-night, little one," he said; "God keep you!"

(The End.)

ORIGIN OF POSTAGE STAMP.

Curious Incident Which Caused a Revolution in the Postal Service.

The incident which resulted in the invention of the postage stamp was a curious one.

A traveller journeying through the north of England chanced to reach the door of an inn just as a postman stopped to deliver a letter. The young girl for whom it was intended came out to receive it. She turned it over and over in her hand and asked the price of the postage. The price demanded was a shilling, and as the girl was poor she returned it to the postman, saying that it was from her brother, but that she had not that amount of money. The traveller, in spite of her protest, paid the money to the postman and handed the letter to the girl. When the postman departed the young girl admitted that she and her brother had arranged by certain marks upon the letter that the other should know that the writer was in good health and prospering.

"We are so poor," she added, "that we were forced to invent this way of letting each other know of our welfare."

The traveller continued on his way asking himself if a system giving rise to such frauds was not a vicious one.

The sun had not set before Roland Hill—such was the traveller's name—had planned to organize the postal service on a new basis.

His views found favor with the English government, and on January 10, 1840, the first postage stamp was issued and a postal system started by which not more than a penny was paid for letters which circulated over the whole extent of the British Isles. This bold scheme surpassed the wildest hopes of the legislators.

Ten years later, in 1850, the number of letters increased from 1,500,000 to 7,339,982.

TREACHERY OF SAMORY.

HACKED TO PIECES BY SAVAGE WARRIORS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Horrible Fate of French Soldiers Deceived by the Promises of Treacherous Soudanese—Born of Poor Parents, Samory is Now the Greatest Man in the Soudan.

France has just been shocked by the startling news from the interior of Africa that forty-four of her brave soldiers and two gallant officers have lost their lives through what is believed to be the treachery of Samory, the redoubtable monarch of the Soudan. Precise details of what seems to have been a most merciless slaughter are still wanting, but enough is known to place the responsibility upon the wily Soudanese chieftain whose name is so feared in those regions of the Dark Continent over which his sway extends.

Samory has for some time been at loggerheads with the French occupants of the Soudan, but recently he manifested a disposition to make peace with them. His many severe tussles with British soldiers had taught him a lesson, and as soon as he found himself in possession of certain districts, in Lobi, near the French territory, he sent messengers to Caudrelier, the chief of the French battalion, with instructions to make a treaty of peace. Caudrelier at once telegraphed to the French Minister of the Colonies at Paris, asking for instructions, and he was directed to entertain any propositions which Samory's representatives might make to him, but to take good care not to be caught in any trap. This last advice was given for the reason that Samory is known to be most wily and not very regardful of his promises.

MARCHED TO THEIR DOOM.

The understanding was that Samory should evacuate some of the French territory occupied by him, and consequently a troop of French soldiers, ninety-eight in number, marched thither with the object of taking formal possession. On their way they met a regiment of Samory's soldiers, commanded by a chief named Suleyman, and they learned from him that no orders had yet been received from headquarters, and that consequently the native troops could not give up the disputed territory. The French soldiers, seeing that remonstrance and resistance would be of no avail, since they were greatly outnumbered by the natives, retired to Lokhoso.

When they were near that place they met Sara Ntiani Mors, Samory's son and heir, and they told him of Suleyman's conduct. "The young chief, who was accompanied by a large body of warriors, evidently induced them to retrace their steps, for the next we learn is that he and the French met Suleyman and his men on August 20. The two native forces now removed their masks and went to work in deadly earnest. Surrounding the handful of Frenchmen, they attacked them without a word of warning. The conflict was hand to hand, and swords and sabres were apparently the only weapons used. The French fought with their usual bravery, but the odds were terribly against them. They held their ground as well as they could, and then those who were able beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind them either dead or wounded two officers, six native soldiers and thirty-eight auxiliaries.

The general opinion is that the Frenchmen fell into a

CUNNINGLY LAID TRAP.

but, on the other hand, many think that the fight was the result of a quarrel. It could not have been a trap, say these latter, for in that case Samory's men would have used the guns and revolvers with which they are well provided, and would not have relied on their swords and sabres. In other words, they would have shot down their enemies from some safe hiding-place and would not have risked their lives in a hand to hand conflict. It is far more likely, they think, that some of the native soldiers in the French troops began to squabble with the natives in Samory's regiment, and that this led to a general melee.

The French government will, of course, demand satisfaction from Samory. Whether he will grant it is another question. No petty chieftain is he, but the greatest suzerain throughout the length and breadth of the Soudan—indeed, a born leader, if ever there was one. Born at Konia, the son of an ordinary porter, he voluntarily entered at an early age sold himself into slavery for seven years, his object being to secure freedom for his mother, who had been carried off by a slave trader. He succeeded in this laudable object, and he became so well known for his filial devotion and his strength of character that when his term of servitude expired, he at once obtained a high position in the army. His fortune was now made. He became chief of the army and was soon known far and wide as the Almamy, which signifies prophet and great judge, as well as supreme ruler.

A POTENT SUZERAIN.

To-day he is the greatest man in the Soudan, the lord of a host of men who, being true fanatics at heart, look up to him as their infallible and invincible leader. He rules over 157 small States, and the boundaries of his dominion are Dahomey, Sierra Leone, the French posts on the south, and Dialon-Kadon as far as the Empire of Segon. Since 1882 he has been continually at variance with his French neighbors; indeed, the history of Senegal during

this period is largely made up of these struggles. Courageous as they are, the French are in no enviable position, for the Almamy has over at his beck and call an army of fifty thousand warriors of whom five thousand are splendid horsemen.

If Samory were an honest, straightforward opponent, the French might in time make a satisfactory treaty with him. Unfortunately, those who have had dealings with him say that he is not to be relied upon. He is ready at any time to make promises, but he is quite as ready to break these promises when it suits him to do so. The French may have to engage in many a struggle before they can get even with this dusky son of Machiavelli.

HEALING WOUND WITH OXYGEN

The British Government's New Plan for Treating Ulcers.

A method of treating suppurating wounds and ulcers by oxygen gas has just been adopted by the British Government for coolies at work constructing the Mombasa and Uganda Railway in East Africa. A large number of these men are suffering from ulcers on the leg, which incapacitate them for labor. The British Foreign Office has sent out twenty complete sets of the apparatus necessary for applying oxygen.

The discovery of this new method of treating ulcerative forms of disease was made by Dr. George Stoker. When he was in South Africa as surgeon to the British troops he observed that wounded Zulus were very unwilling to submit to professional treatment. He also noticed that when a Zulu warrior was badly wounded in battle his comrades were in the habit of carrying him off to the highest mountain tops.

Inspired by professional curiosity, Dr. Stoker penetrated one of these native mountain hospitals and found that, while the only treatment resorted to was the occasional washing of the wounds with water, a much larger proportion of seriously wounded warriors recovered than was usual, in his experience on the plains below. Dr. Stoker came to the conclusion that the great healing agent in these cases was the pure mountain air.

Dr. Stoker, after his Zulu campaigns, returned to London and began to expatiate on the success of pure air as nature's antiseptic dressing for wounds. He encountered the usual amount of professional scepticism, jealousy and indifference until the Baroness Burdett-Coutts heard of the new method of treatment and made herself active in securing for it a fair trial. Under her auspices a small hospital was established in London, with Dr. Stoker for its medical director, for the treatment of chronic ulcers with oxygen gas.

The plan found best by Dr. Stoker after numerous experiments is to surround the wound of the patient with a wooden box having a glass lid, so that the surgeon can observe the progress of the treatment at any time. A rubber tube carries into the box a mixture of one-half pure oxygen and one-half ordinary air, so that three fifths of the mixture is oxygen. An outlet tube is provided in the other side of the box with a stop-cock, so that the surgeon can regulate the passage of the mixed oxygen and air and make it fast or slow, as he thinks desirable.

ELECTRICAL LETTER CARRIER.

Delivers a Letter to Any Floor in the Building.

A very clever mail delivery box has been placed in a number of the larger buildings at Geneva, Switzerland, by an enterprising electrician. This mail box has a compartment for each of the stories of the building, and when the letters are deposited on the ground floor the carrier delivers them as required. The deposit of a single letter makes an electric contact, which starts a bell going on the respective floor, which does not cease ringing until the letter is taken out.

At the same time it opens the faucet of a tank on the roof of the house, which causes water to flow into the cylinder forming the counterweight of the mail box elevator until the weight is heavier than the box, when the box ascends and the flow of water ceases simultaneously. As the box passes each story the mail intended for it—letters, papers and small packages—falls into boxes in the corridor on that floor. This is performed very reliably by a little spring at the bottom of each compartment in the elevator mail box, which causes the bottom of the compartment to catch for a moment, and the release throws out even a single piece of paper thinner than a postal card into the stationary box provided for its reception.

By its own weight the box descends to its place on the ground floor. Should by any mischance a single piece of paper have remained in the elevator, upon striking the bottom it will at once go through the same series of movements as before.

HE LOVED TRUTHFULNESS.

A careless mason dropped a brick from the second story of a building on which he was at work says an exchange. Leaning over the wall and glancing downward, he discovered a respectable citizen with his silk hat jammed over his eyes and ears, rising from a recumbent posture. The mason is tones of apprehension inquired, "Did that brick hit any one down there?" The citizen, with great difficulty extricating himself from the extinguisher into which his hat had been converted, replied, with considerable wrath, "Yes, sir, it did. It hit me." "That's right," exclaimed the mason, in tones of undisguised admiration, "noble man, I would rather have wasted a thousand bricks than have you tell me a lie about it."

The Equity.

SHAWVILLE, NOV. 4, 1897.

The recent elections in Newfoundland have resulted in the defeat of the White-way Administration by a small majority.

It is stated that the Government proposes next session to initiate legislation increasing the retiring allowance of Supreme Court judges from two thirds to four fifths of their salaries.

By a reconstruction of the Provincial Cabinet Hon. Mr. Emmerson has become premier of New Brunswick, in succession to Mr. Mitchell, who resigned on account of ill health.

A rumor was current in Toronto last week that Dalton McCarthy is likely to be appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. The salary attached to this position is \$8,000 a year with extras.

Mr. McLeod Stewart sailed from England for Canada on Saturday, having according to a cablegram, successfully floated his Ottawa and Georgian Bay Canal project in London.

It is announced in the Liberal press that "Mr. J. A. Lesperance has been appointed agent at Perce, Gaspé county, for the Crown Lands, in place of Mr. Edmund Flynn, uncle of the ex-Premier Flynn, dismissed for political reasons." Mr. Marchand, like Sir Wilfred Laurier, evidently has a little axe in his political equipment, and knows how to use it.

THE DIVISION OF THE SPOILS.

The trouble given by the disappointed office-seekers to the Dominion ministers would arouse very general sympathy for the latter if one did not feel that they are largely responsible for their own misfortunes. When in Opposition they set themselves with great industry to create the impression that the Government was a machine for stealing public money; and that the supporters of the ministry all over the country were paid for their support in fat contracts or fat offices. The Liberal leaders repeated this theory till they made a great many of their followers believe it; and some of the leaders even began to believe it themselves. Immediately they got into office, they found that this theory had no foundation in fact, but their supporters had not such good opportunities of undeceiving themselves. They but heard a great deal about spoils to be distributed by the wicked Conservatives, and when their share of the spoils to be distributed by the Liberal Government did not come to hand, they were alarmed. Hence the invasion of Ottawa during the first few months of Liberal administration, and the unjustifiable dismissals of public officers all over the Dominion. Ministers had to do something to satisfy the outcry of the hungry, and room was made for the most importunate by cutting off heads here and there. But when in Opposition the Liberal leaders had given the impression that Conservatives had been appointed to offices they were utterly unfitted for, and the Liberal rank and file who wanted these offices naturally looked to have the Conservatives removed. Their demands could not be complied with unless the whole machinery of government was disorganized, for the ministers found in getting into office that the men whom they had denounced as Conservative heelers were doing work which could not be dispensed with. It is to the credit of some ministers that in many cases they refused to accede to the demands for the dismissal of such men. Sir Henri Joly in particular has withstood the siege without flinching, and that is why the Soleil describes him as out of sympathy with the rank and file of the party in Quebec. This is also the reason why Sir Henri Joly may shortly disappear from the cabinet, and his disappearance is the more to be regretted because he had given no countenance to the theory above referred to. He can turn round to the hungry crowd with empty ladles and tell them that he never said there was soup Ottawa to be distributed. But those who cried out upon Tory extravagance have no such excuse. They told their followers there was plunder to be distributed, and now that the battle is won and the followers get nothing they naturally conclude that their leaders are keeping all the plunder to themselves. It would be an amusing spectacle, if it were not so degrading to our political life and the men who are engaged in it; but if the Liberal leaders realize that

their predecessors were not a pack of thieves, but men acting to the best of their ability in difficult situations, they will have learnt a lesson, which may serve them good stead in the future. — Montreal Gazette.

A Fair Trial.

"I was troubled with a very bad headache last winter and decided to give Laxa Liver Pills a fair trial. One box of them cured me and I have not had a headache since. They are a long way ahead of any other remedy I ever tried." MRS. JANET MUNROE, Westbourne, Man.

The dismissal of the petition against the election of Mr. Hackett, M. L. A., for Stanstead, appears to have given general satisfaction in the county.

Hon. Mr. Deschene, Commissioner of Agriculture, and Miss Hudon, daughter of the late Mr. Hudon, of Quebec, were married on Tuesday last.

The finance department at Ottawa has received \$1,050 in an envelope marked on the inside of the envelope "Conscience Boodle." The money was in bills, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and American notes.

A great strike, affecting 200,000 operatives, is threatened in England. The Pall Mall Gazette says the strike will last for months, and entail a loss of seventy million pounds, and ruin the cotton industry.

Canadian Indians have been causing trouble to United States officials by raiding American territory and committing acts of lawlessness, such as killing ranchers' cattle and violating the game laws of the country. The Indians are Crees and very bad characters, so it is reported.

The British forces operating against the revolting tribesmen in the East are slowly but assuredly gaining ground over their savage adversaries. On Friday last a signal success was scored over the tribesmen by the capture of the Sempagha Pass. The British troops were in command of Sir William Lockhart. The Pass was won by a brilliant artillery attack, which drove the natives from this strong and important position. It is expected this victory will end the fighting.

Five thousand dollars has been raised in Toronto in response to Mr. Blake's Appeal for subscriptions to keep up the Home Rule movement in Ireland. The Home Rulers in Ireland have not been behaving very well lately, being given to too much quarrelling among themselves in public. The Irish heart abroad, however, seems capable of forgiving much as well as of sacrificing much. — Montreal Gazette.

Miss Lillian Bell, who is narrating her impressions of the Old World and its people for the Ladies Home Journal, writes from London in the November issue of that magazine: "I have seen the Tower and Westminster Abbey, and the World's Fair, but the most impressive sight I ever beheld is the upraised hand of a London policeman. I never heard one of them speak except when spoken to. But let one little blue-coated man raise his forefinger and every vehicle on wheels stops, and stops instantly; stops in obedience to law and order; stops without swearing or gesticulating or abuse; stops with no underhand trying to drive out of line to get by on the other side; just stops, that is the end of it. And why? because the Queen of England is behind that raised finger. Why, a London policeman has more power than our President. Even the Queen's coachmen obey that forefinger. Understanding how to obey, that is what makes liberty. I am the most buoyant of Americans, the most flamboyant of Americans, the most hopelessly addicted to my own country, but I must admit that I had my first real taste of liberty in England. I will tell you why. In America nobody obeys anybody. We make our laws, and then most industriously set about studying out a plan by which we may evade them. America is suffering, from liberty as all republics must of necessity suffer, from liberty in the hands of the multitude. The multitude are ignorant, and liberty in the hands of the ignorant is always license."

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is the only safe, reliable monthly medicine on which ladies can depend in the hour and time of need.

Is prepared in two degrees of strength.

No. 1 for ordinary cases is by far the best dollar medicine known—sold by druggists, one Dollar per box.

No. 2 for special cases—10 degrees stronger—sold by druggists. One box, Three Dollars; two boxes, Five Dollars. No. 1, or No. 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps.

The Cook Company, Windsor, Ontario.

Sold in Shawville at Dr. Knox's Drug Store and everywhere in Canada by all responsible druggists.

WANTED.

AGENTS: In every district on the continent to take orders for high grade Canadian grown Nursery Stock and Seeds. Largest and most complete assortment in the trade. Fast-selling specialties; superb samples furnished free; correspondence in any language. These positions are money makers, and territory should be secured at once for the season by all hustlers looking for a good thing. Our salary or commission offers will interest anyone not earning \$1000 per year. Get in communication with our nearest office. An opportunity to represent a well established house. Ability more important than experience.

Luke Brothers Company, International Nurseries, Chicago, Ill. Montreal, Q. Rochester, N.Y.

A PERFECT SHAME.

Right at the beginning of the season when every merchant plans to make money, we have decided that our large stock of Dress Goods must be reduced.

How we propose doing it.

By a lucky stroke of business we have purchased a complete line of extra heavy all wool Cheviot Dress Goods, 48in. wide, solid staple colors in black, brown, blue, green, maroon and cardinal. During the fall trade this elegant line will be marked in plain figures to sell at the marvellous low price of 50c. per yd. Remember this is wholesalers price, other stores will ask you 90c. or \$1 for same class of goods.

Kid Glove Department.

To introduce "Our Favorite", "Doris", and "Beatrice", black, brown, tan, in button and lace fastenings, every pair guaranteed, a glove never intended to sell under \$1.25; the whole lot at your disposal for \$1. No lady can resist our glove bargains.

Lovers of the beautiful and economical can indulge their tastes to their heart's content here.

G. F. HODGINS.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Quebec Province. Monthly \$65 and expenses. Position steady. Reference, Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y, Chicago.

BARGAINS in Furniture.

Special Values in

Parlour & Bedroom Sets, Sideboards, Tables, Sofas, Bedsteads, Washstands, Chair, Wire Mattresses, etc., etc.

Save \$\$ by dealing here.

JAS. McARTHUR, SHAWVILLE.

P.S.—Repairing of Furniture and Picture Framing.

IF YOU HAVE
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
TRADE MARK
WEAK BACK, LAME BACK, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO OR RHEUMATISM,
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
WILL CURE YOU.

DO YOUR HANDS OR FEET SWELL? IF SO YOU HAVE WEAK KIDNEYS. DOAN'S PILLS WILL STRENGTHEN THEM.

HAVE YOU DROPSY, KIDNEY OR URINARY TROUBLES OF ANY KIND? IF SO, DOAN'S PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.
HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, FRIGHTFUL DREAMS, DISTURBED SLEEP, DROWSINESS, FORGETFULNESS, COLD CHILLS, NERVOUSNESS, ETC., ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY DISORDERED KIDNEYS.

EVEN IF YOUR HISTORY IS DEFECTIVE YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT DOAN'S PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES, AND EVERY DOSE HELPS THE CURE.
SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

Nothing is Cheap

if you don't want it, but winter is coming and you really want HEAVY WOOL UNDERWEAR. Shirts at 35 and 45cts each.

Moccasins.

Beefskin, Oiltanned, & Moose. Good Deerskin Moccasins for 90 cents.

Ulsters, Pea Jackets, Pants,

Good Pants for \$1.

FURS.

Black Fur Collars & Muffs \$3
Grey Possum do \$5

Come and see them.

E. HODGINS & SONS.

Don't Run away

with the idea that you can purchase Clothing cheaper in the city than in our establishment. Those who hold this opinion and carry it into effect will find themselves the victim of a false impression later on.

Our Motto: Quality first, price after.

is the secret of our success, and the neatness and durability of our suits is sufficient evidence of their superiority.

C. FRAME,
Fashionable Tailor,
Shawville.

P. S.—Overcoats.

SHAWVILLE
Hair Dressing Parlor.
MAIN ST., - - SHAWVILLE.

Having leased the above premises from the heirs of the late proprietor, the subscriber hopes by giving good satisfaction and paying strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage enjoyed by his predecessors.

JOHN SMITH.

Dress and Mantle Making.

Misses S. & J. Hodgins would respectfully intimate to the ladies of Shawville and surrounding country that they are prepared to execute all orders for Dress and Mantle Making with neatness and dispatch, at reasonable prices, and according to the latest styles obtainable.

A CALL SOLICITED.
Shop in Mr. S. Young's residence.
Shawville, August 16, '97

STOVES.

We have now in stock a splendid range of the leading makes in . . .

COOKING and HEATING

Intending buyers should look over them. Prices the very lowest.

J. H. SHAW.

THE PONTIAC WOOLLEN MILLS

We keep constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of

Worsted, Tweeds, Etoffes, Friezes, Blankets, Flannels, Underwear, Hosiery, etc., etc.

CARDING

AND SPINNING

Satisfactorily Executed as usual.

A. HODGINS,
Proprietor.

See the \$12 suit at A. R. McGuire's.
Have you tried Dowd's "High Loaf" Flour?
A company with one million dollars capital has been formed at Sault Ste. Marie to develop the Michipicoten gold fields. Miners will be employed during the winter sinking test pits.

Will Stand Behind Prison Bars.

The proprietors of that celebrated English remedy, Dr. Allison's "Kidney Buds," will stand behind prison bars if there can be found a case of kidney complaint that "Kidney Buds" can't cure. We dare you to put them to a test. Two Boxes will be sent post paid for 25 cts. in stamps. Try now. Allison Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Child Burned to Death.

A SAD ACCIDENT AT BILLING'S BRIDGE, NEAR OTTAWA.

A child between 3 and 4 years of age, the daughter of Mr. Merville, a market gardener, of Billing's Bridge, was seriously burned on Friday last that she died on Saturday. She had been left alone in the house and getting hold of some matches, ignited them. In some manner her clothes caught fire and she was terribly burned.

Honor Rolls for October.

SCHOOL NO. 3, GREERMOUNT.

Grade 5.—Louisa Judd 1, Eva Hamilton 2.
Grade IV.—Robert Judd 1, Henry McLeary 2.
Grade III.—Maggie McLeary 1, Jennie Mulligan 2, Maggie Hodgins 3.
Grade II.—Leonard Judd 1, Arthur Somerville 2, Katie Rooney 3.
I Primer.—Bessie Judd 1, Alf. Mulligan 2, Florence McLeary 3.
I Primer.—Emma Latham 1, Ida Atkinson 2, Emma Atkinson 3.
Conduct.—Silas Somerville 1.
Attendance.—Birdie Judd 1.
S. M. SMILEY, Teacher.

SCHOOL NO. 13, CLARENDON.

Class IV, Sr.—E. Laughren 1, M. J. Horner 2.
Class IV, Jr.—M. Hobin 1, L. Hobin and L. Laughren (equal) 2, L. Hamilton 3.
Class III, Sr.—A. Hobin 1, J. Pratt 2, E. McDowell and E. Hamilton, (equal) 3.
Class III, Jr.—S. Greer 1, M. Greer 2, H. McDowell 3.
Class II.—H. Richardson and C. Laughren (equal) 1, F. Horner 2, S. Hamilton 3.
II Primer.—P. Connelly and H. Horner (equal) 1, F. Ralph 2, L. Horner 3.
I Primer.—E. McDowell and P. Smith (equal) 2, F. Laughren, R. Hamilton and A. Ralph (equal) 3.
MARY HORNER, Teacher.

Riverside Notes.

Miss Jessie Starke, of Braeside, was the guest of Mrs. M. Thompson last Thursday.

Miss Vina McCagg, of Portage du Fort, accompanied by Mrs. Jas. P. Carson and children, of Austin, were visiting friends at Apple Dore Farm last week.

Mr. Robt. Glenn, Sr., of Radford, was visiting friends in this vicinity, also in Annapolis last week.

Mr. John T. Sturgeon took a trip to Annapolis last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sturgeon, of Clay Bank Farm, were visiting friends in Radford last week.

Mr. Anthony A. Armstrong, of Lake View, who at present is attending the Tucker Institute in Montreal, took several prizes in the athletic sports in McGill College grounds a few days ago.

Quite a crowd from this vicinity attended the husking bee at Mr. Andrew Russell's in Bristol last Friday night. Reports state they exercised their limbs to the fullest extent, no doubt, enjoying themselves thereby.

Rumor reports two of our fair young ladies about to exchange single blessedness for matrimonial bliss. We wish them a happy and prosperous voyage down the stream of life, with just enough clouds to enable them to prize "sunshine."

Mr. Wallace MacFarlane met with a very painful accident last week while out hunting, his gun was sliding off the log on which he sat and while reaching out his hand to catch it, and pull it back to its proper position; unfortunately it went off, shooting his hand in two places. Drs. Stewart and MacFarlane were summoned to attend his wounds. We hear he is suffering much pain and his recovery is very tedious.

Two of our young men seem to be very ambitious and desirous of improving and increasing their intellect. Success attend their footsteps and keep all obstacles out of their way.

Quite a group collected last Thursday at Zion Church for the purpose of repairing windows to keep out Jack Frost, etc., also giving it a general cleaning. The Epworth League having agreed to attend to all such matters for a time.

Our Union Meetings which for the past two weeks have been quite successful and very largely attended. They have removed from thence to Zion Church, where they will be held the incoming week, afternoon meetings in the several houses as usual.

What little rain has fallen seems to have delighted the hearts of our farmers and encouraged them to try ploughing, but they are anxiously looking forward for more as the ground stands sadly in need of it.

For neat fitting pants try A.R. McGuire.

At the Guelph Assizes Miss Florence McNiven, of Owen Sound, was given a verdict of \$800 and costs against Rev. Mr. Hope, of Erin, for breach of promise of marriage.

The Dominion Government, at the instance of the plaintiff, Hon. Mr. Tarte, has determined to release from prison Mr. Grenier, who is now in the Montreal goal for libelling Mr. Tarte.

Judge Dugas has sentenced Joseph Jones of Montreal, to five years in the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary for two years of systematic robbery, during which time the American Tobacco Company lost not less than \$10,000.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Chas. Stewart, engineer on the C. P. R. yard engine at North Bay, met with a very serious accident. He was in the act of stepping on the engine when the steps swung around throwing him under the wheels. His right foot was cut off at the instep.

The Huntingdon Gleaner says that U. S. buyers are scouring the country for cattle and lambs. For cattle prices are fully a half higher than they were a year ago. There is a demand for heavy horses which cannot be supplied, and farmers begin to realize the mistake they made in giving up breeding Clydesdales. While \$100 and \$125 is offered in vain for heavy horses, for light made horses an offer cannot be got.

A new mode of computing interest at 6 per cent. has been published which appears simple. Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figures and divide by six. The result is the true interest of such sum for such number of days at six per cent. The rule is so simple and so true according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant and clerk should post it up for reference and use. There being no such thing as fractions in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no arithmetical process can so decided information be obtained with so few figures. To find the interest at 7 p. c. add one sixth, at 8 p. c. one third, at 9 p. c. one half.

A Generous Bachelor.

The will of Dr. Comeau (who died recently at Maniwaki from typhoid fever) was registered in Hull on the 23rd ult. His estate is valued at \$50,000. Dr. Comeau was a bachelor and his numerous legacies prove that he was a very generous man and a lover of education.

He donates \$500 to the Oblates of Maniwaki, which money is for the celebration of masses for the repose of his soul; \$100 for the erection of a monument over his grave; \$300 to each of his God sons; \$1,000 each to his three friends, Omer St. Denis, Honore Lacourier, and Leopold Moreau; \$1,000 to his nieces, Rev. Sr. St. Leon, (Miss Mennier), at St. Hyacinthe and Miss G. Comeau; \$700 to his nephews, G. A. and Arab. Comeau; \$10,000 for the establishment of a hospital, a college or school at Maniwaki; \$25 to each of his employees working for him at least six months previous to his death; \$300 to his millwright, Francis Coursollos; \$100 to Louis Bureau; to his associate in business his (Dr. Comeau's) part in all machinery, etc., and the power of purchasing at \$5 per thousand feet all the wood in the limits; to his brothers and sisters \$10,000 to be divided among themselves. The balance to be distributed among the poor by Notary Lacourier and J. B. Tremblay.

Clarendon Schools.

Town Hall, Shawville, 30th Oct. 1897. Board of School Commissioners of the Municipality of Clarendon met this day. Members present, James Hart, Chairman; couns. Ralph Hodgins, W. C. McDowell and Jas. C. Armstrong.

Minutes of last meeting read.
Moved by W. C. McDowell, seconded by Ralph Hodgins, that the minutes of last meeting as now read be and are hereby confirmed.—Carried.

Moved by W. C. McDowell, seconded by Jas. C. Armstrong, that Mrs. Thos. Hodgins, of school No. 5, be exempt from paying children's fees for the year ending 30th June 1898.—Carried.

Moved by Ralph Hodgins, seconded by Jas. C. Armstrong, that the offer of Mrs. Thomas Hodgins for sweeping, dusting, scrubbing twice and lighting fires during the term for \$13, be accepted.—Carried.

Moved by Jas. C. Armstrong, seconded by Ralph Hodgins, that the following parties be and are hereby awarded the contracts for sweeping, dusting, scrubbing twice and lighting the fires in the respective schools in the municipality as follows: No. 1 school, William Sturgeon, \$20; No. 2, \$10; No. 3, James Greck, \$12; No. 13, Mrs. J. W. Murphy, \$12. Also firewood for School No. 13, to A. Hobin, 8 cords pine, 7 cords hardwood at 85 cts per cord; No. 9, John Greenshields, 10 cords pine at 75 cts per cord, and W. E. Hodgins, 10 cords hardwood at 78 cts. per cord. No. 1 school, Mathew Thompson 5 cords pine, \$1.00; 12 cords hardwood \$1.15. No. 11, John Giant, 15 cords dry mixed wood, 90 cts; No. 12, John Dagg, 5 cords pine, 90 cts, 5 cords hardwood, \$1.00; No. 4, John Greenshields, 8 cords pine 95 cts; 10 cords hardwood \$1.10.

Moved, seconded and carried, that the Sec.-Treas. is hereby instructed to notify here all persons in arrears of taxes, that unless the same is paid within 15 days from this date, costs will immediately follow.—Carried.

At this juncture the board adjourned.
HUGH MATHEWSON,
Sec. Treas.

A new Lutheran church was opened at Black Bay road, Petewawa, on Oct. 24th.

The Duchess of Teck, cousin of Queen Victoria, and mother-in-law of the Duke of York, died on the 27th October.

The Norwegian government has decided to send an expedition in search of Prof. Andree, who started for the North Pole four months ago in a balloon and has not since been heard of.

The Verity Company's plough works in Brantford were destroyed by fire on Tuesday, caused by the bursting of a barrel of benzine. The loss is \$60,000. Two firemen were killed by a falling wall.

Mr. J. I. MacCracken and A. Trudeau of Ottawa and Mr. E. Gauthier of Papineauville will supply heating and lighting plant to the villages of Papineauville, St. Andre Avellin and Montebello.

Severe Asthma Relieved.

DEAR SIRS.—We have used Norway Pine syrup in our home a great deal. I have a little boy who has had asthma for five or six years (he is only ten now) and during the severe attacks he would get relief from using the syrup. For an ordinary cold it is ahead of any cough medicine I ever took.

There are people right here in Cape Vincent who in church will sing with an angelic countenance "Shall we know each other there?" when they will not speak to each other on the street. Such actions have a tendency to slow up the chariot of salvation.—Cape Vincent Eagle.

Two men have been arrested at Windsor, Nova Scotia, for Arson. It is believed they started the fire which caused the destruction of that town a few weeks ago. One of them, Fletcher, is a colored man, and kept an illicit whiskey dive. He had been served with papers for violation of the Scott Act, and said he would see "the temperance women burned in hell". The other man, McIntyre, was a companion of Fletcher. When he was arrested the angry crowd threatened to lynch him.

An Anglican clergyman, a Roman Catholic priest, a Jewish Rabbi, and a Congregationalist minister spoke at the funeral services of Henry George, who was a Protestant of the Anglican Church. The reason why these clergymen met there was perhaps sufficiently stated by Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Congregationalist: "It is because I believe," he said "that Henry George was a true follower of Christ, that I, who also try to be a follower of Christ, am glad to be here to day and say these few simple words. Injustice he did not look upon as mere theoretical wrong. He loved his fellow-men. And he identified himself with them."

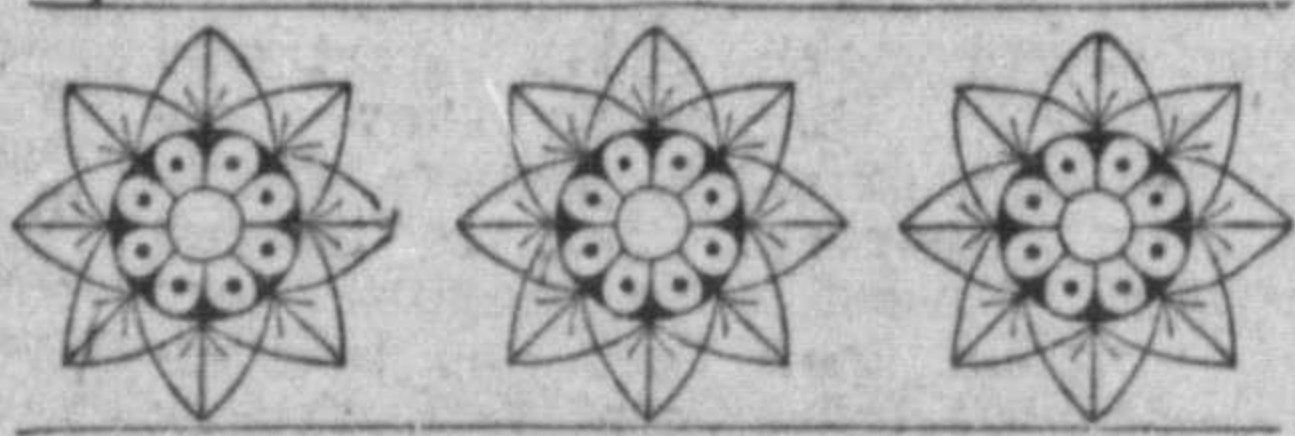
Fairly Staggered.

Mr. Samuel Humphries, retired carriage manufacturer, Strathroy, Ont., says: "For a long time I have had kidney troubles and pain in the back. I could not straighten up and often had to sit down until the pain and weakness went away. I have taken one box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and must say they are a great kidney medicine, because they have entirely removed all pain from my back, curing the urinary difficulties and benefiting my general health in a remarkable degree."

The Delineator

For November is called the Early Winter Number, and its wealth of good things is headed by nearly a hundred pages devoted to styles for late autumn and winter, with superb plates. Among its literary features, Octave Thanet's analysis of social life in small cities, and other equally interesting stories, with reasonable and practical hints on cookery together with the usual notices of new books, the latest ideas on effective combination of lace-work with colored embroidery, crocheting, tatting, etc., etc., combine to make it one of the most interesting and entertaining fashion publications of the day.

Subscription price, \$1 per year or 15c per single copy. Address the Delineator Pub. Co., Limited, 33 Richmond St., West, Toronto, Ont.



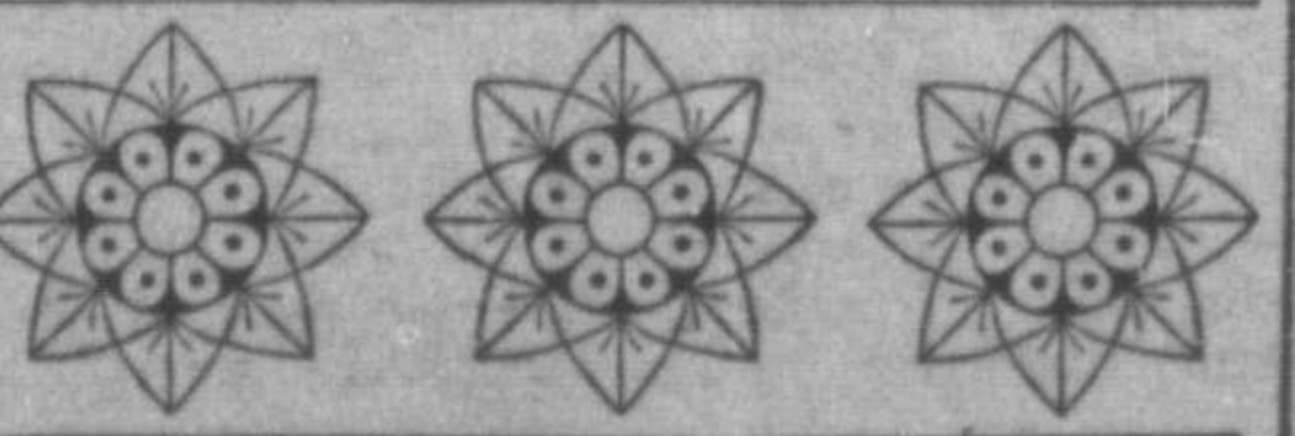
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THE EQUITY
SHAWVILLE, Q.



The Scotchmen of Toronto are taking into their serious consideration, the question of erecting a monument to Robbie Burns.

FLOUR! FLOUR! FLOUR!

The Quyon Flour Mills - - -

Built especially for the Farmer's Trade.

To Live we must Eat—that is everybody's business.

To make good Bread—that is the housewife's business.

To make good Flour—that is the miller's business.

A trial trip to these mills will convince one and all that our millers understand their business.

Besides all this, it must be a pleasure for farmers to know that after driving some 20 or 30 miles that they will have no trouble to get their load exchanged without delay, the supply being large enough to supply all demands from the four counties who so generously patronize these mills.

The capacity of our Provender Mill is 80 to 100 bushels per hour.

We have also one of the BEST BUCK-WHEAT MILLING PLANTS in Canada, having a capacity of from 40 to 50 barrels per day.

We want your trade and if good Flour and generous treatment count for anything we will have it.

H. S. DOWD,
Proprietor.

T. H. BROWNLEE,
HEAD MILLER.

G. SWATMAN,

Practical Jeweller

Has opened a shop in the premises formerly occupied by D. McKillop, Pickanock St., where he has—

A select stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc., etc.

REPAIRING

Special attention paid to repairing Jewellery and Watches.

Fruits and Confectionery.

A nice assortment of the above kept on hand.

George Swatman.

Shawville, Sept. 1, 1897.

McGuire's

Meat

Market, . .

SHAWVILLE.

A FINE VARIETY OF THE CHOICEST FRESH AND CURED MEATS

—IN STOCK—

Grocery and Confectionery Department.

Replete with a well assorted stock of the very best goods that can be obtained.

We make a specialty of TEA.

J. G. MCGUIRE.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established house in Quebec Province. Monthly \$65 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Department Y, Chicago.

MAN WANTED

For every unoccupied district in Canada to sell our high grade CANADIAN GROWN NURSERY STOCK. Every tree and bush guaranteed free from San Jose Scale. Liberal terms to part time men, and good wages to those giving their entire time to the work. The demand for good home grown and acclimated nursery stock is on the increase. Apply now and secure good ground. All our stock guaranteed true to name or purchase money refunded.

E. P. BLACKFORD & Co.,

Toronto, Canada.

WANTED

Men to sell for the Fonthill Nurseries. Over 70 acres of Canadian grown stock. We import no stock from the States. Farmers, farmers' sons, implement agents, students, teachers, retired ministers, energetic clerks, who wish to make advancement, find the work of selling our hardy, home grown Nursery stock pleasant as well as profitable. We want more such men this season as the demand for our goods is increasing, owing to the fact that we guarantee all our stock free from San Jose scale. We make contracts with whole or part time men. Employment the year round. We pay both salary and commission. Write us for our terms. Outfit free.

STONE & WELLINGTON,

Toronto, Ontario.

A. J. JACKSON.

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

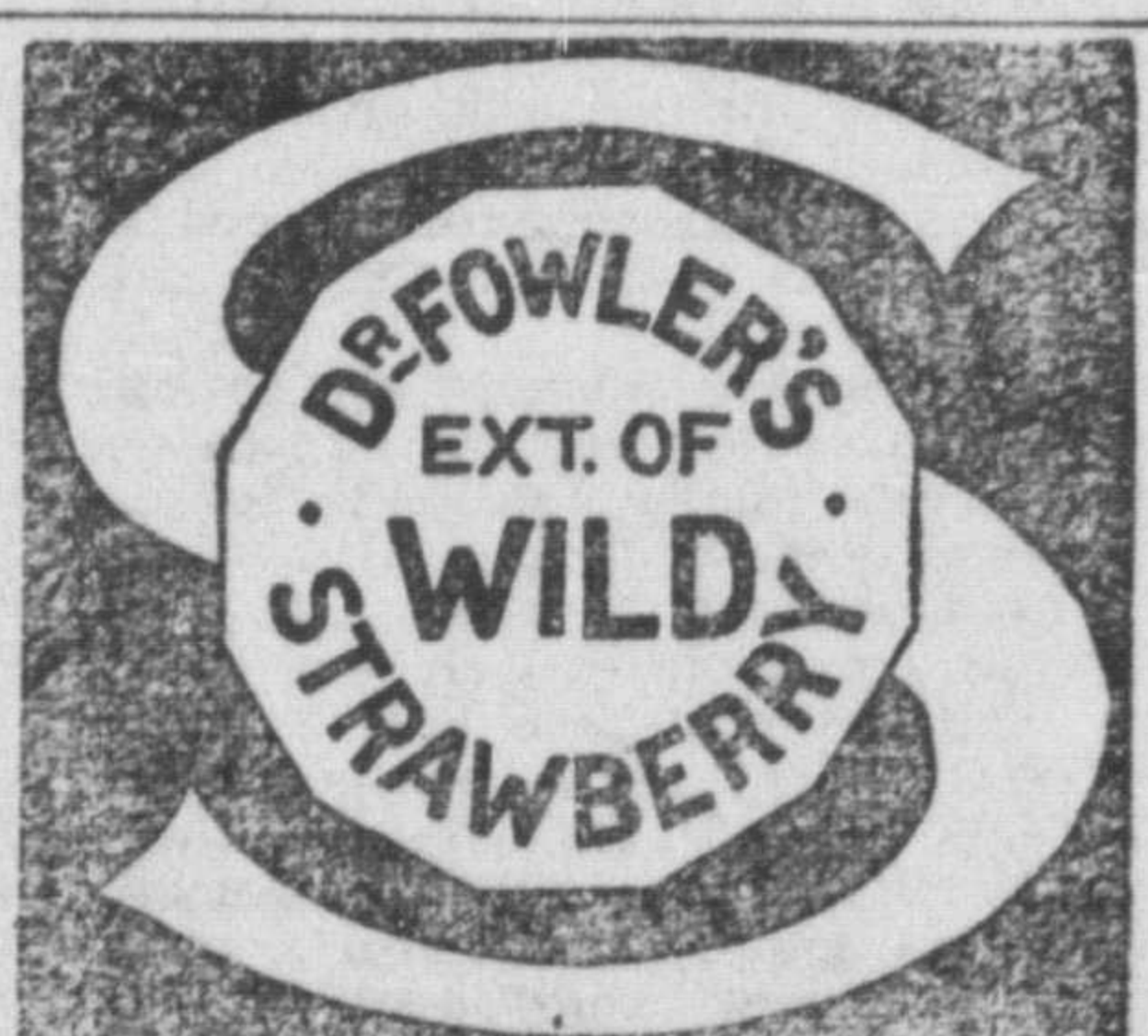
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Gilder, Glazier, Decorator.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ORDERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.



EASY WAS CURED.

DEAR SIRS—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.

MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

THE HEAD MASTER

GENTLEMEN—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

R. B. MASTERTON, Principal,

High School, River Charles, N.B.



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BY LESS THAN A HAIRSBREADTH.

DR. TALMAGE SHOWS HOW NARROW
AN ESCAPE JOB HAD.

An Eloquent and Powerful Sermon From
a Unique Text—The Noted Divine Gives
Encouragement to Those Who Are
Hopeless.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on Sunday from Job xix, 20, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy and a fool of a wife he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth? He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace, and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints Job, I think has added an exasperating toothache, and, putting his hand against the inflamed face he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel, but, as Job finally escaped so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off, the flames advance. You can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of fire begins to lick the back of your hand and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you. You drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptations until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire."

But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to the pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Granjon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7, he could sit an hour in church perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride, no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless, his middle very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have no intention of becoming Christians themselves, and yet you may find yourself escaping before you leave this house as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day or they had not the right kind of a net, but we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the gospel net is strong. O thou, show us how to cast the net on the right side of the ship.

Some of you, coming to God will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. But what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state I know not. There are two gates to your nature—the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke and wound for wound and blood for blood, but if I come and knock at the

door of your house you open it and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; but when I come and knock at the door of your house you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions. Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same peaceful death? I hold in my hand a letter sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save."

"I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willing to get out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality and look upon the death bed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah, skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you. If it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me ask also whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it? You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity, the wickedness of its disciples! We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for \$5 without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work, to serve God a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted iron and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who confess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it. Do you not think upon the whole that its influence has been beneficial. I come to you with both hands extended towards you. In one hand I have the Bible and in the other hand I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the crosses on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off. You will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again, there may be some who in the attempt after a Christian life will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps while in a very serious mood you hear to the contrary that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church, but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad, if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot-breathed passions and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation, is an imbecile, but be sure it is a righteous indignation and not a petulance that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in midlife who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood at a time when they prided themselves on being "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected 20 years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will, yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven, the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you.

Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for a while, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon they will give it and say they will try you again, but falling away again under the power of temptation they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven!

yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time, he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If with all the influences favorable for a right life men make so many mistakes how much harder is it when for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with hands of destruction? If under such circumstances he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke until, with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended and the veins stand out and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last, "as with the skin of his teeth."

The ship Emma bound from Gottenburg to Harwich was sailing on when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a seagull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck and found that it was a capsized vessel and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth." There are men who have been capsized of evil passions and capsized in midocean and they are 1,000 miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless now they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it and tear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board and it will be known on earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped, "escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who in attempting to come to God must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning and come away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some religion, but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset and have been for five years going behind in business and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay and when from Monday morning until Saturday night you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room and gone in and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor and going in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are men pursued, harassed, trodden down and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian and your first effort in the right direction, he will crown with success. Do not let Satan with cotton bales and kegs and hogsheds and counters and stocks of unsaleable goods block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven, escaping "as with the skin of your teeth."

In the last days it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Pennsylvania avenue, Broad street, State street and Third street. On earth they were called brokers or stock jobbers or realtors or importers, but in heaven heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their hearts, but they had mental tortures compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy-turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic pitching its surf clear above Eddy's lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world is a world, God stuck to the world, but the earth seceded from his government and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him, but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when every thing must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain pulls

the trumpet to his lip and shouts, "Cut away the mast." Some of you have been tossed or driven, and you have in your effort to keep the world well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all the other anxieties and burdens. You will have to drop the sails of your pride and cut away the masts. With one earnest cry for help put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, to meet the shrill blast of the wrathful tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imporation for mercy.

I shall close this sermon feeling that some of you who have considered your case as hopeless will take heart again, and that with a blood red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the gospel, at last to look back saying: "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, NOV. 7.

"Paul in Melita and Rome," Acts 28, 1-16.
Golden Text, Rom. 8:19.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 1. When they escaped. From their struggle with the destructive sea. They knew. They ascertained. There is better authority for reading, "we were escaped," and "we knew." The island was called Melita. Every incident of the narrative favors the supposition that this island was Malta, which lies on the direct route from Alexandria to Rome. The opinion, now nearly exploded, that an island of similar name, Melita, off the coast of Dalmatia is intended was based on a misapprehension of "Adria," in Acts 27:27. This time taken for the journey from Claudia to Melita corresponds with the distance between Claudia and Malta; but to drift from Melita would take much longer. The mention of Syracuse, Rhegium, and Puteoli, verse 12, 13, was the nearest points in the journey onward is additional evidence that the place of escape was Malta.

2. Barbarous people. That is, foreigners; people who spoke neither Greek nor Latin. The Maltese of Paul's day were of Phoenician race, and not at all "barbarous" according to our use of the word. Their island was busy with manufactures and had admirable architectural features. The modern Maltese show the traits of the North African Arabs, with whom they mingled much in the Middle Ages. No little kindness. "No common kindness." The present rain. "The rain that had set in," heavy continuous rain. The cold. According to the most correct chronology this November.

3. When Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks. Of dry brushwood. Commentators have noted how Paul's energy of body and soul is shown even in this. There came a viper out of the heat. "By reason of the heat." Roused from his winter torpor by the sudden heat, it flung its deadly fangs into his hand. At present there are no venomous serpents in Malta; probably because of the density of the population.

4. When the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on his hand. Paul was probably in chains; chains, however, did not prove guilt; for Roman magistrates were often unjust; but surely the gods were just! No doubt this man is a murderer. The logic of this conclusion was in harmony with the prevailing sentiment of that age—a sentiment which, in spite of our favour's rebuke, is widespread even to-day. Vengeance suffereth not to live. "Vengeance" was a goddess, the avenger of crime, who requited like with like, killing with killing. If now this man's doom had indeed been declared by the heavenly powers the leaders would watch its execution with great interest.

5. He shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm. The story plainly indicates that the viper had bitten Paul. Read Mark 16:18, and Luke 10:19. But, as Professor Lindsay says, to have escaped biting in such a case was almost as much a miracle as to have been bitten and not suffered from the bite.

6. They looked. Continued to look. When he should have swollen. Have become inflamed. Or fallen down dead. So virulent and fatal were the fangs of the viper known to be. They changed their minds. Which easily-impressed people are very apt to do. Said that he was a god. They stopped not half way; a startling calamity proved its victim an assassin; Compare Acts 14:11-19.

7. The same quarters. The same neighborhood. Possessions. The estate. The chief man. The Proconsul. "The first man." This is an unusual phrase, but inscriptions have been found in Malta, in both Latin and Greek, which use it as the official title of the chief Roman magistrate of Malta, "the Maltese representative of the Roman proconsul of Sicily," or else as an honorary title given to one who had been magistrate. Received us. Paul and his two companions; they were probably better treated than some of their fellows because they were venerated as religious teachers. Lodged us the whole party. The quarters for the whole party. Prepared. Tradition tells us that Paulius afterward became Bishop of Malta.

8. Sick of a fever. Literally, "fevers," meaning what we would now call an intermittent fever. Bloody flux. Dysentery. Luke's professional interest gives peculiar vividness to his descriptions of disease. Prayed. Vocal prayer was of value in such cases as an evidence that the cure was the result of faith in God's power, and not of magical charms. Laid his hands on him and healed him. This is a second

fulfillment of the promise of Mark 16:18. Compare James 5:14, 15.

9. Others also. "All the rest," all who were diseased during the apostle's three months' stay. Came and were healed. "Kept coming and getting healed." Bishop Jacobson comments on the singular brevity of an historian who can thus record a long series of astonishing and picturesque facts and add not one word concerning their moral effect, or the unwearied evangelical labors that accompanied them.

10. Many honors. Manifestations of reverence. In the ancient world a religious teacher was sure to be given one of two sorts of treatment, and to be given it with emphasis; either reverence as a messenger of God or contempt as a fraudulent pretender. When we departed. "When we were setting sail." The chronologists date this in February or early in March. They laded us with such things as were necessary. Moved by gratitude they supplied us to overflow, with the things travellers need. These gifts were timely, for Paul and his companions had lost all their goods in the wreck.

11. After three months. Dated from the shipwreck. A ship of Alexandria. Alexandrian grain ships were familiar to the Mediterranean ports. The one which had just been wrecked was large enough to accommodate two hundred and seventy-six people, counting both crew and passengers; and it was not unusually large, for Josephus tells us of one which had six hundred on board. Had wintered. The captain of this ship had acted wisely in leaving with him Paul and his companions had sailed; for he had taken timely refuge from the destroying storm. Whose sign was Castor and Pollux. Ancient shipbuilders carved in relief on each side of the prow a figure which gave name to the ship. Castor and Pollux were divinities whom seamen especially venerated. It is a pleasing coincidence that a famous modern steamer—one of the finest ever built in any country—bears the name of "Sicilia" of St. Paul.

12. Syracuse, the chief city of Sicily, was eighty miles from Malta. Tarried there three days. Ships of that day, being without any motor but the breeze that blew. Voyagers frequently had to wait for the weather. It is a favorite tradition in Sicily that Paul, "instant in season and out of season," took advantage of this delay to go ashore and preach the Gospel, and that he was able to found the church there before the wind changed.

13. We fetched a compass. "Proceeded circuitously; worked to windward, availing ourselves of the sinuosities of the coast."—Smith. Rhegium. A little town now called Reggio at the very extremity of Italy—its southern corner. It is worthy of note that the coins of this ancient town presented the profiles of Castor and Pollux as its guardian deities. After one day spent here the south wind, for want of which they had been compelled first to "tarry," and then to "fetch a compass," or tack, blew and with everything in their favor they soon reached Puteoli, now called Pozzuoli, in the northeast angle of the Bay of Naples. "This was the port at which the Egyptian grain was usually unloaded." Its ruins include fragments of a great heathen temple and a mole with twenty-five arches.

14. We found brethren. So Christianity was already established in Puteoli, whether it had come thither from Rome, or from Alexandria, or from Jerusalem. Were desired—"Invited." To tarry with them seven days. The narrative throughout indicates that singular privileges were given by the centurion Julius to his Christian prisoners. Probably the greatest of all these privileges was this permission, close to the gates of Rome, to spend a week of loving intercourse with the Christians of Puteoli. And so we went toward Rome. Starting from Puteoli by land.

15. From thence. From Rome. When the brethren heard of us. The simple inference is that the Christians of Puteoli notified the Christians of Rome, perhaps certain godly Hebrews also, of the arrival of this distinguished rabbi. As far as Appii Forum. About forty-three miles from Rome. Three Taverna. About thirty-three miles from Rome. He thanked God and took courage. Paul had a special disposition to thank God, as is shown in all his epistles. In the latter years there had been much to depress him; the chagrin of his failure in Jerusalem, the apparent lack of sympathy on the part of Jerusalem Christians, the wearisome captivity in Caesarea, the terrible incidents of the voyage, the dreary winter in Malta—there was not much pleasure in any of their events; but the true-hearted greetings of these two parties of Roman Christians, come to show him that the faith to which he had given his life's energies had already taken root in the imperial city, chased all difficulties away from before his peerless soul.

16. The centurion Julius. The captain of the guard. The Pretorian prefect, who if our chronology is correct, was Burrus Afframus, a nobleman, a distinguished general, Seneca's friend, and Nero's tutor. The oldest manuscripts, however, omit the words between "Rome" and "Paul." Suffered to dwell by himself. This like other kindly incidents seems to indicate an unusual indulgence to this very unusual prisoner. It was a favor allowed by Roman law only to prisoners not suspected of serious offenses. Probably Festus had sent a favorable report of Paul; certainly Julius would speak well of him; then, too, his own conduct in contributing to the safety of his escort and his fellow-prisoners would make a favorable impression on the authorities at Rome. A soldier. Revised Version, the soldier; the one to whom he was bound with a chain. See Acts 24:27; Eph. 6:20; Col. 4:18. These guardsmen were periodically changed, and Paul was kept so long in custody that he must have been chained in turn to a large number of the members of the famous Pretorian guard. A holy impression made on these men would inevitably reach to the inmost of the concentric imperial circles. From Phil. 1:12, 13, we learn that Paul was distinctly aware of the great influence God's mysterious providence had thus secured him, and regarded it as at once a great responsibility and a great privilege.

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FILIBUSTERS TO RAISE THE STARS AND STRIPES THERE.

New York, Nov. 1.—The Sun to-day prints a letter from Juneau, Alaska, outlining what purports to be a raid into British territory and the capture of Dawson City. The letter bears the date Juneau, Alaska, Oct. 21, and reads as follows:—In the same mail in which this letter goes there will also go to Attorney General McKenna, at Washington, a warning of a wildcat filibustering scheme which for daring can only be likened to Jamieson's raid on the Transvaal. It is nothing less than a plan to seize Dawson city in the name of the United States and open up the reserved claims for immediate operation.

The story comes here from United States Commissioner J. N. Smith at Dyea and it has general belief at this place. The United States Marshall has considered it of sufficient importance to notify the Washington authorities at once.

Jones, of Port Townsend, the newspaper man who was the first man appointed United States Commissioner at St. Michael, and J. J. Rutledge, the U. S. deputy Marshal at Circle City, are said to be the chief filibusters. Jones did not get to St. Michael's promptly on his appointment, and it was said at once that he had resigned, so Sheppard, of Nebraska, was appointed in his place. Both Jones and Rutledge are venturesome fellows; quite capable of conceiving and trying to carry out such a scheme. According to the story, Jones and Rutledge figure in this way. They mean to declare that the Klondike gold fields are in the United States territory, taking advantage for that purpose of the fact that the boundary line does not affect that territory.

There are about 5,000 miners in the Klondike region, and nearly all of them are United States citizens. They are very indignant at what they consider the oppression and unjust exactions of the Canadian mining laws. It is alleged that Jones and Rutledge propose after all communication is cut off for the winter to go to Dawson City and formally hoist the Stars and Stripes, declaring that all the fields are in the United States, and therefore open for entry. They rely on the hearty support of the five thousand American miners to overawe the few British mounted police and to defeat them if it comes to a question of fighting. They mean to declare martial law with them selves as commanders and their gang of filibusters as officials, and no one will be allowed to leave for the coast. In the meantime all the claims now reserved for the crown will be located and worked to their full capacity. In this way millions of dollars worth of dust will be taken out and secured before either government can raise a hand to prevent it.

Chapter of Casualties and Deaths.

Farnham, Oct. 30.—Mr. Kirk, of Farnham, was struck and killed by the Sherbrooke local train on the Canadian Pacific Railway, while the train was passing into the town at about ten o'clock Tuesday. He was a well known farmer, the father of Mrs. John Spoor, of Farnham.

Because she could not marry her uncle, who already had a wife, Ellen L. Potter, of Sandwich, Ont., took her life by drowning.

Coldstream, Ont., Oct. 30.—Alfred Zavits, aged about 50 years, was found dead in his barn this morning, having committed suicide by hanging while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity. He had gone to the barn presumably to husk corn.

St. Hyacinthe, Oct. 30.—A man named Felix Valois, formerly employed at the granite mills here, attempted suicide this morning by cutting his throat with a razor. It appears that he has been dependent of late owing to his inability to secure work. Dr. Benoit entertains grave doubts of his recovery.

Chatham, Oct. 30.—Arthur Harrington, Lake Erie & D. R. R. agent at Wheatley was shot and seriously wounded by Wm. Simpson of Lemington, while out for a day's shooting with him. A bird flew directly before Harrington, and Simpson, who was only a few yards away, fired at it, wounding his friend in the eyes and the side. The wounds were not fatal.

Flesherton, Oct. 29.—While at a threshing on McLean's farm, near Brewster's lake, Osprey, a boy twelve years of age, son of Jacob Loughhead, was kicked in the face and knocked senseless. His 8-year-old sister, who witnessed the accident, carried the boy home and then fell senseless herself from nervous excitement. The lad is recovering, but the shock was too much for the sister and she died.

Orilla, Oct. 30.—On Wednesday night Mrs. William Nesham, of Colborne street, missed Eva, her two-year-old daughter, and went in search of her. As she passed the dining room window she saw Eva's two little boots sticking out of the rain barrel, which was sunk level with the ground and was full of water. She drew out the lifeless body and summoned a couple of doctors, who were unable to resuscitate the youngster.

Oskville, Ont., Oct. 30.—Willie, the 16-year-old son of David White, was playing yesterday at John Wales' warehouse, where they were loading the schooner Straubenzie with wheat. He had jumped in the bin while playing with some other boys, and at that moment the chute was opened to load the car below, the suction carried him down, and before the spout could be closed he disappeared in the 20 foot bin, containing thousands of bushels of grain. The body was taken out shortly afterwards.

Cuban Reforms.

Madrid October 28.—The following reforms for Cuba, it is understood, have been formally passed upon and approved by the Spanish cabinet. The Cuban chamber of deputies is to consist of between 40 and 50 members, a deputy for each 40,000 inhabitants. The Governor-General is to choose from this chamber five members to form an executive committee, consisting of a president and minister of the interior, finance, justice and public works. The Governor-general of Cuba is to have the right to veto legislation.

Lost Six Hundred.

Cairo Egypt, Oct. 30.—Despatches from Berber, the southernmost point reached by the Anglo Egyptian expedition on the Nile, say that according to the report of Metemneh, the Dervish commander at Metemneh, the Dervish position between Berber and Khartoum, has announced in the mosque that he lost 600 men during the bombardment of Metemneh by the British gunboats on October 20, when the British shelled the town and retired, after inspecting it with a view to ascertaining its strength and defensive works. The spies report also that the Dervish commander has asked the Khalifa to send him reinforcements.

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J. R. HORNER,
Shawville, Q., Oct. 1st, '97 Sec. Treas.

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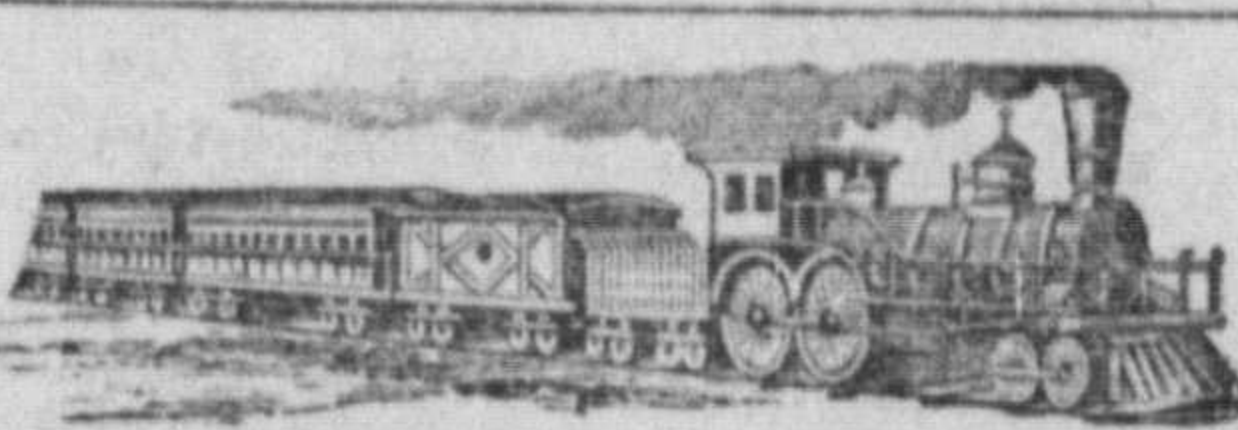
TIME TABLE:

LEAVE AYLMER FOR HULL.
A.M.—6.30, 7.30, 8.15, 9.00, 9.45, 10.30, 11.15. P.M.—12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30.

LEAVE HULL FOR AYLMER.
A.M.—7.30, 8.15, 9.00, 9.45, 10.30, 11.15, 12.00 noon. P.M.—12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.15.

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6.01	"	Breckenridge	"	9.21
6.12	"	Bardley	"	9.06
6.18	"	Parker's Crossing	"	8.58
6.28	"	Mohrs	"	8.50
6.37	"	Quyon	"	8.40
6.47	"	Weyman's	"	8.22
6.58	"	Tank	"	8.14
7.04	"	Bristol	"	8.08
7.25	"	McKee's	"	8.02
7.35	"	Shawville	"	7.52
7.45	"	Clark's	"	7.41
8.00	"	Campbell's Bay	"	7.18
8.03	"	Tank	"	7.16
8.12	"	Vinton	"	7.06
8.30	"	Coulonge	"	6.54
8.47	"	Medon's	"	6.39
8.55	Arrive	Waltham	Leave	6.30

*Flag Station. †Tank. ‡Flag Station.
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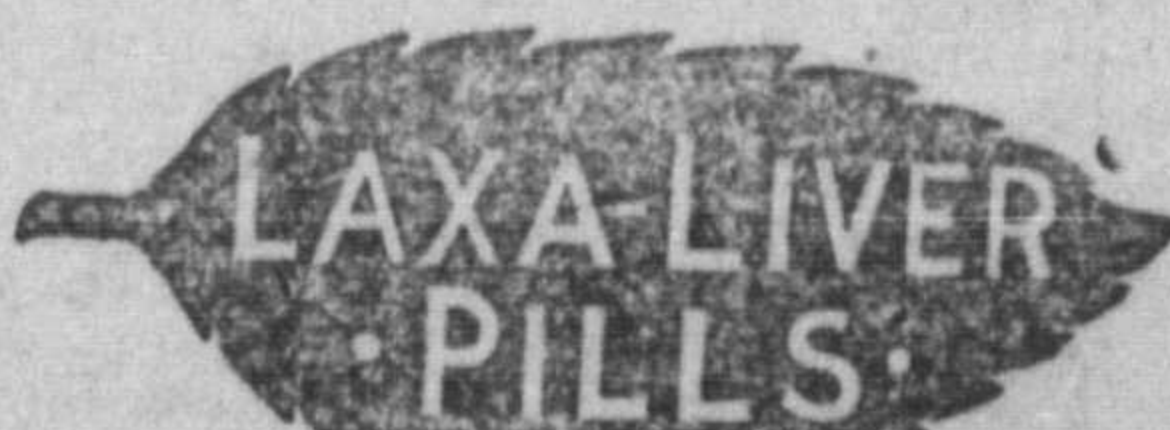
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