A Gaudry 19 July 90

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XV. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1892. NO. 32.

THE "WATCHMAN"
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above papers printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by CALDER BROS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.

Announcements or Notices of a personal or business nature, in the Editorial, Local or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of situations Wanted, Fifty cents the first insertion, and Twenty-five cents each subsequent insertion.

Special arrangements of an advantageous character made with merchants for the Year, Half Year or Quarter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us, confidentially, their name and address, but not necessarity for publication.

A. BERTHELOT.
NOTARY PUBLIC, LACHUTE QUE.,

J. E. VALOIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan on Security.
Office over Central Flour Depot.
LACHUTE, QUE.,

P. F. Ernest Petit
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner Superior Court,
ST. JEROME, P. Q.,

J. D. LEDUC, L.L.B.
Ste. Scholastique, P. Q.
Advocate, attorney for the District of Terrebonne, for the Inland Revenue of the Province of Quebec. 30—1y.

Abbotts Campbell & Meredith,
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, &c.,
11 HOSPITAL ST.
MONTREAL.
HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, Q.C., C. S. CAMPBELL
J. B. ABBOTT, F. E. MEREDITH,
H. ABBOTT, J. R. ,Q.C. H. J. HAGUE.

R. P. de LARONDE
Advocate,
Has opened an office at the WATCHMAN Building, Lachute, which will be in charge of G. F. Calder. All collections promptly attended to.

Geo. E. Bampton, B. C. L.
Advocate, Counsellor at Law, etc. Revising Barrister for Argenteuil. Office over Meikle's Banking House. Residence E. S. Lachute College,
Attorney for Legal and Commercial Exchange of Canada Associate Attorney for Wilbers' Mercantile Agency and others Collections and Legal Business of every description promptly executed. Attends all Provincial Courts. Capias, Attachments and seizures made. Ejectment and Real Estates actions brought, Institutes Insolvency proceedings fyles claims and attends Creditors' meetings, winding up and distribution of assests. Suits for damages for personal wrongs or damages to property entered. Examines titles, searches Mortgage records, Personal and Real. Sues for maintenance and support between parents and children and ascendants. Separation of property and otherwise between consorts obtained. Pauper and Lunacy laws invoked. Prosecutes and defends in criminal cases in all stages before Justices, Magistrates, and the high Courts. Takes extrajudical declarations and affidavits any where. Draws Marriage contracts, Wills Leases, Mortgages, Bills of Sales, etc., etc. Attends and closes up Probate matters and Successions. Manages Estates for heirs, Collects rents, Insurance claims, etc. Furnishes Legal opinions on matters in any state or Country and provides Counsel there Draws Petitions, Private Bills, Incorporating Acts for Municipalities or Corporations and appears before Legislative Committees. Bills Notes, Drafts, I, O- U's and Mercantile papers realized upon. Municipal cases a specialty. 40—1—v

J. B. MENZIES M. D.
Graduate of McGill University, Montreal.
Office (Day and Night.)
IN
FISH'S BUILDING,
Opposite
Curry's Hotel. - - - - LACHUTE.

C. P. R. HOTEL,
St. Philippe Station, Que.,
H. PAQUIN, & CO., PROP'S.
(LATE OF MONTREAL.)
First class accommodation and Liquors at low rates. Sample Rooms. Boarding and Livery Stables. 29—1y

J. G. DAVIDSON'S
REMOVAL NOTICE.

Having leased the Store lately occupied by A. BOA, as Hardware Merchant, and moved our entire Stock to these Premises, now is the time to look out for Bargains in all Lines. New Goods in every Department.

Bargains in new Prints & Cloths
Bargains in new Dress Goods.
Bargains in new Boots & Shoes.
Bargains in new Ready-made Clothing. Our own manufacture. A choice Stock of new Groceries, cheap.

New Spring Millinery,
NEW SPRING MILLINERY.
NEW SPRING MILLINERY.
MISS CAMERON,
OF MONTREAL
Will have charge of this Department.

A Large and Select Stock of new Felt Hats, in Men's and Boys' Latest Styles, at Lowest Prices.

TAILORING.
TAILORING! TAILORING!!
A Fine Line of new Goods for Spring, consisting of Fancy Suiting, Black Worsted Fancy Panting, etc, etc.
A First-class man has been employed to take charge of this Department.

WANTED.—New Maple Syrup and Sugar, in exchange for Goods. Also Butter, Eggs, etc, etc.

J. G. DAVIDSON,
A. BOA'S [Old Stand,]
Main St. Lachute.
31-tf.

D RAITT, JR.,
Watchmaker
and


Jeweller.
Main St Lachute.
Fine Watches carefully cleaned and repaired, such as English, American, Swiss and Repeaters.
JEWELLERY.
Repaired at lowest rates. Always on hand a full assortment of Watches, Clocks and Silver Plated Ware.
Spectacles to suit all sights.
To reliable parties, a special inducement is offered on Watches etc., on the instalment plan.
10-3m

VILLE MARIE BANK.
LACHUTE.
W. WEIR, President — W. GARAND, Cashier
Capital, $500,000.
INTEREST paid on Deposits. Money can be withdrawn without notice or other delay.
DRAFTS issued on any point in Canada and the United States, on favorable terms.
EXCHANGE on any part of Europe.
COLLECTIONS promptly made, at lowest rates.
Hours, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays, 10 a. m. to 1. p. m.
H. FROST,
Manager.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Stackhouse will be in Lachute every Saturday.

Wall Paper!!! Wall Paper!!! Big stock for this season. All new designs to be found only at G. L. Meikle & Co.,

The wheels are going once more.

Mr. Geo. Hay, left for Manitoba on Tuesday evening last.

Mr. T. Strong is about moving to Montreal.

500 Bush. Seed Oats, for Sale at WM. BANFORD'S.

Mrs James Forward, spent last Friday in Montreal.

Examine the Cashmeres in black and colors union and all wool at WM. BANFORD'S.

Mr. F W Allan has moved into Bertrand's old stand, West Ward, where he will keep a boarding house.

Several farmers and young men of this county are talking of visiting Manitoba this spring.

Mr. John Newton, jr. of the Methodist College, Montreal, paid his father a visit this week. He has been stationed at Shawville for the summer.

If you want Kalsomine and Mixed Paints this Spring—Big stock always on hand at G. L. Meikle & Co.,

Mr. O. B. Lafleur has the contract of building the new School House in St. Andrews and is busily engaged there now.

Mr. Charles Findley left for his home in Montreal, on Tuesday evening last, after having spent a few days in town the guest of his sister Mrs. Frost.

Dr. Harper gave a very interesting lecture in the Town Hall St. Andrews on Tuesday night on "The Lady of the Lake." Mr. C. T. Wales presided.

Mr. P. Rodrigue has commenced to level the walls of the hotel destroyed by fire, and will commence rebuilding at an early date.

Mr. Wm. Cushing who has spent several weeks in this county, endeavoring to induce young men to emmigrate to Manitoba, returned to his home at Elkhorn, on Monday night.

If you want Timothy, Clover and other field seeds, Go to G. L. Meikle & Co.

Mrs Wm Pollock met with a severe accident this week, falling into the cellar. No bones were broken, but she was severely bruised and is suffering considerably from the fall.

G. L. Meikle & Co., is the proper place for Prints and Sateens.

Mr. Wm Rogers formerly of the Gore has just passed successfully his final examinations at McGill University, for the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery. Dr. Rogers is a brother of the Rev. Geo. Rogers, of Brandon, Man.,

Fine line of little Boy's suits, all sizes in Serge and Tweed, at the old reliable, G. L. Meikle & Co.,

Rev. Mr Given of Portage du Fort and wife spent Sunday last in Lachute, Mr Given conducting the services in St. Simeon's church. He has been appointed to this field by the Lord Bishop of Montreal and will assume his duties at Easter.

If in want of Ginghams & Flanellettes just look over G. L Meikle & Co's. immense stock.

The citizens of Lachute do not seem to be very energetic in cleaning their sidewalks, but are waiting for Sol to do their work, much to the inconvenience of pedestrians. The town council or Road Inspector might remind them of their duty.

Come to G. L. Meikle & Co., for your Dress Goods, ladies. Some beautiful things to select from.

Have you laid in a stock of Tweeds damaged by fire and water or otherwise from the stock of WM. BANFORD.

We were pleased to have a visit from Mr. R. Rogers of Clearwater, Manitoba, who has been visiting his old friends in the Gore. Mr. Rogers is looking well and is ready to enter the political field in opposition to Premier Greenway. He is president of the Liberal Conservative Association of the Province of Manitoba, and believes that the chances for overthrowing the Government are good. He left for Ottawa Monday morning.

Don't fail to secure what you need of the beautiful shaker flannels from Glasgow. Nothing to equal Scotch Goods,
WM. BANFORD.

G. L. Meikle & Co., are to the front with Novelties in Oiled Holland Curtains and self-acting Pole. See them.

Dr. Harper's Lecture.

The annual visit of a school Inspector in days long ago, was looked forward to, in fear and trembling by the pupils of our various schools. Those day, however, have gone, and in stead of such feelings, not only the children but parents look forward with to the visit of Dr Harper with expectations of pleasure. Nor were they disappointed, for by means of a lime-light some beautiful scenes in connection with the romantic and poetic career of Mary Queen of Scots, the Doctor led his audience away back to the history of France, Scotland, and England, during the times of the unhappy Mary. After the lecture the Inspector congratulated the people of Lachute in removing the stigma that would have fastened to them in having one of the best schools in the worst building in the Province.

The new building was a credit to the town, and he trusted Lachute Academy would continue to progress. He also referred to the course of study and other matters Mr. Palliser moved, seconded by Rev. Mr Mackie, a vote of thanks to Dr. Harper, who in reply paid a tribute to the efficiency of Mr. McOuat, as Principal of the Academy.

Have you seen the heaps of Dress Goods in double and single widths—imported from Glasgow, Scotland, by WM. BANFORD.

Narrow Escape.

Henry's Church had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Tuesday evening last. About eight o'clock smoke was seen coming from the shed in the rear which was discovered to be on fire and had active measures not been at once taken, the church would have soon ignited. The cause is supposed to be from hot ashes deposited in the shed.

Returned Missionary.

A public Missionary meeting will be held in the Town Hall, St. Andrews, on the evening of Thursday, April 7th, at half past seven, when Miss Emily McCallum, who has for some years labored in Smyrna, Turkey, will give an account of her work there. An offering will be made in aid of missions.

There will also be an afternoon meeting at 3 o'clock in the same place for women only.

DIED.

TODD.—At her residence, Geneva, on March 10th, Jane McGregor, widow of the late Robert Todd, aged 83 years. Her family desire to thank their friends for their assistance and sympathy on the occasion of her funeral on the 15th inst.

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is still,
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.

God in his wisdom has recalled,
The boon his love has given,
And though the body slumbers,
The soul is safe in Heaven.

One by one earth's ties are broken,
As we see our love decay.
And the hope so fondly cherished
Brighter lot to pass away.

One by one our hopes grow brighter,
As we near the shining Shore,
For we know across the river,
Wait the loved one gone before.

[Montreal *Witness* please copy.]

Bevin's Lake.

Death has again visited us and removed one of the oldest and most respected first settlers of this district, Elizabeth Ann Carter, beloved wife of John Thompson on March 20th, at the age of eighty-three years. She and her husband emigrated from England to Canada, more than fifty years ago, over thirty years of which time she lived here. Of the eight children who survive, six are married and comfortably settled within two miles of her late home. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr Dilworth. The deceased lady was the mother of Wm. Thompson of East Settlement and leaves more than twenty great grand children.

For the Best makes and best value in small wares go to S. Carsley's, Notre Dame street.

When requiring either Ladies' or Gentlemen's Kid Gloves, visit S. Carsley's store before going elswhere.

Have you seen the new season's Sateens at S. Carsley's. They are far ahead of those of previous years.

We would inform our friends that S. Carsley is now selling a lot of Remnants of this season's Prints and Sateens at less than Wholesale Prices.

MEDICAL HINTS.

Cure for Dyspepsia.

As is well known, this troublesome complaint arises from over-eating, the use of too much rich food, neglected constipation lack of exercise, bad air, etc. The food should be thoughly chewed and never bolted or swallowed in haste, stimulants must be avoided and exercise taken if possible. A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures, even in the most obstinate cases, is Burdock Blood Bitters It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness and increasing the appetite and restoring health and vigor to the system As a case in point we quote from a letter written by Mrs L. A Kuhn, of Hamilton, Ont.:—"Two years ago life seemed a burden. I could not eat the simplest food without being in dreadful misery in my stomach under my shoulders and across the back of my neck. Medical advice failed to procure relief and seeing B. B. B. advertised, I took two bottles of it, and have been entirely free from any symptoms of my complaint since."

This gives very conclusive proof of the efficiency of this wonderful remedy.

Toronto, March 31.—The condition of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie at an early hour this morning is very low, but he will likely survive the night.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Ottawa, March 30.—The 'Soo' train on the Canadian Pacific railway going west was partially derailed at Hull station this afternoon. Fireman Thomas Golden was killed and Engineer M. O'Connell badly scalded. The engine and three cars were considerably damaged. The passengers escaped injury.

COLD WEATHER TRIALS.

DEAR SIRS,—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B.B.B., and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.

J. T. Drost, Heaslip, Man.

"Merrymack" is the name of the new thoroughbred stallion, owned by Mr. J. F. Sibbitt. See his cards with Pedigree.

Just received, finest and biggest stock of Felt Hats, Hard and Soft, and something for the Boys, at G L Meikle & Co.

The Clydesdale stallion "Evermore" owned by Mr. Geo. Fraser, is in first-class condition this spring.

Lime! Lime!
Just Received, a car load of fresh burned Lime. Will also keep for sale Hull Cement, Portland Cement, Plaster of Paris etc. Parties taking large quantities can have it at reduced prices.
JAMES W. COTTINGHAM,
Lachute, Que.

Shingles Shingles
The undersigned having made arrangements with
CALDER BROS.,
s prepared to accept orders through them for all kinds of sawn shingles, A first-class supply will always be kept on hand at the
Watchman Office,
Lachute
John Peet,
LAKEFIELD SAW MILLS
11-tf

Stationery.
LETTER HEADS,
ENVELOPES,
WRITING PAPER,
BILL HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
MOURNING PAPER.
For Sale Cheap at
Watchman Office.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN
Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

BABY LINEN!!!
INFANTS' TROUSSEAUX
COMPRISING
Baby's Skirt, Barrow, Night Dress, Christening Cloak and Hood complete for $6.50.
SPECIAL ORDERS
For Infants' Trousseaux promptly executed.
INFANTS' BIBS.
Wool Jackets, Cashmere Jackets, Slip Waists.
Flannel Skirts, Embroidered Robes, Lace Trimmed Robes.
And every requisite for Baby's Wear.
S. CARSLEY.

Paterfamilias [furiously]: "You scoundrel, why did you elope with my daughter!"

New Son-in-law: "To avoid the insufferable fuss and nonsense of a society wedding."

Paterfamilias [beamingly]: "Thank heaven my daughter has got a sensible husband, anyhow."—Extract

INFANTS' HEADWEAR!!!
Fresh arrivals of Spring Novelties in Children's Headwear in Plush, Cashmere and Silk.
HOODS, CAPS AND TAMS.
In Cream. White and all new colors,
Baby Boys' Velvet Tams, 66c.
Infants' Silk Hoods, 95c.
Children's Velvet Hoods, 65c.
Children's Cashmere Hoods, 45c.
Children's Plush Caps, $1.45.
Children's Silk Hoods, $1.40.
Children's Plush Bonnets, $2.25.
Misses' Shirred Cashmere Hats, 65c
Misses' Plush Hats in all new colors,
S. CARSLEY,

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action.

"Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He paused.—Extract.

MILLINERY!!!
Misses' Trimmed Spring Hats 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.
Children's Trimmed Spring Hats, 50c. 90c, $1.25, $1.50 and $1 75.
CAPS! CAPS! CAPS!
For Spring Wear.
BOYS' P. and O. CAPS,
BOYS' 'VARSITY CAPS,
BOYS' EATON CAPS,
BOYS' CRICKET CAPS,
BOYS' SCOTCH CAPS,
CHILDREN'S TAMS,
In Cloth, Velvet and Serge.
MISSES' CLOTH CAPS.
MISSES' VELVET CLOTH CAPS.
S. CARSLEY.

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON
Always use Clapperton's Thread.
Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market.

S. CARSLEY.
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771,
1773, 1775, 1777.
Notre Dame Street
MONTREAL.
TELEPHONE 22

HOUSEHOLD.

Walking on the Strand

He's lonely, walking on the strand,
Waiting for the boatman;
With drooping head and palsied hand,
Waiting for the boatman.
His day is o'er, his work is done,
His friends have dropped off one by one;
He's musing in the setting sand—
Waiting for the boatman.

His slow and feeble footsteps pacing
Up and down the strand;
Encroaching wavelets still defacing
Footmarks in the sun.
His thoughts recur to by-gone people,
Whom he used so greet—
To life, as the unceasing ripple
Breaking at his feet.

Faith, across the water looking,
Looking for the boat;
Many disappointments brooking,
Taking note on note,
Asking, "Why bear younger brothers
Reluctant from the land",
While he, longing, waiting, lingers,
Walking on the strand?

Still thinking, walking on the strand,
Waiting for the boatman;
Still hoping for a better land,
Waiting for the boatman.
Old man, your cares will soon be past,
The morning's dawn is coming fast;
Ah! now your smile conveys at last
A welcome to the boatman.

The Light-keeper at Black Rocks.

"That girl's singing—I am about tired of it!" exclaimed the old light-keeper pettishly. "I will go up into the lantern!"

He climbed the stairway leading to the lantern, but while he escaped the sound, he could not get away from the memory of the singing.

"We do forgive, and freely, too;
For we would like to be forgiven,"

were the words of the song that Jennie Sinclair's rich young voice lifted. She was getting ready the old light-keeper's supper, and though, only a child, it had often been said of her by her grandpa: "My grandarter is only a leetle gal, but somehow her suppers are like an old housekeeper's."

Her suppers pleased him more than her singing. The latter did not suit him, for it did not suit his mood, and this was a vindictive feeling towards skipper John Berry, a fisherman. Skipper John sailed in a boat he called Spiteful. She was true to her name. More than once she had upset him. Still he clung to her, and that very day of our story he had sailed by the lighthouse. As he went, he saw Grandpa Sinclair out on the rocks fishing. Resting on his oars, he opened a conversation with the light-keeper.

The two men got into a dispute about the merits of a certain method of fishing. Skipper John Berry threw two or three ungentlemanly epithets at the light-keeper.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," replied the light-keeper.

"I am too much like you to be ashamed of myself for anything I do," was the fisherman's answer. The man on the rocks was very much offended.

No, he did not like Jennie's song to-day. He went outside the lantern, and leaning over a parapet of stone gazed upon the sea. The face which the old sou'-wester shadowed was a marked one. It was a rugged face, but intelligent, and the heavy square jaws showed how resolute he could be. So he stood there watching the sea, which was everywhere vast and silent and serious, then looking up at that sky out of which comes so much of our weather, finally looking down again.

"Whish"! he exclaimed abruptly. "What's that? Skipper John Berry's boat; I know her. Trouble, eh! Don't care if he does get bothered a bit."

The weather beaten face watched all the more keenly the struggling boat off Black Rocks.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the light-keeper. "John will have to learn how to steer a boat. O, what a fool! Well, well, let him worry. 'Twill do him good. Shouldn't mind if he got——"

Was he going to say upset? He did not say it, for suddenly up the lantern stairs, as if a spring robin were singing, there came a sweet warble,

"We do forgive, and freely, too,
For we would like to be forgiven."

"That gal!" said the light-keeper pettishly.

That robin, he should have said; that robin that would keep on singing of such charity, and would not be stopped.

And what did the robin do but come up into the lantern itself! Singing, too, all the way, louder and sweeter.

"Can't stand everything!" murmured the old light-keeper, brushing the tears from his eyes. "Sounds like her mother's voice when she was a girl, and she is an angel in Heaven."

The lantern was just a bird-cage now, filled, flooded with trembling, ecstatic notes, and all about precious forgiveness.

"Got to go after John"! said the light-keeper, hurriedly deserting the lantern. "Set an extra plate on the supper-table, Jennie."

"What for"? she asked.

"Set it on"! he shouted, and was gone.

Jennie went after him as far as the lighthouse door, and there stood and watched awhile the departing boat.

"O"! she cried, lifting her eyes. "There in some trouble at Black Rock"!

Yes, trouble enough! John Berry's boat has upset at last. The surf that flung its white arms over the black rocks, as if to pull them away and drown them in the deep sea, almost seemed to turn back as if to bury poor John. He bravely struggled through with the death threatening him.

And what did he soon see? "Boat comin'"! he murmured.

Yes, the light-keeper's boat.

O! how the light-keeper pulled on the oars, harder, stronger, quicker! "A pull for life", he murmured. "God forgive me for my hard feelin's! And, God helpin' me"—here he looked to the far-stretching sky—"God helpin' me, we will beat death"!

And death that time was beaten. The fisherman was reached. He was pulled into the boat. He was taken to the lighthouse. He was led into the kitchen.

"Here we are"! cried the light-keeper.

"And here I am", responded the nimble little housekeeper. "And poor John"!

Poor John! Say sorry John also—sorry for his rude behavior when he addressed the light-keeper that morning.

There had been an old feud between the two men. It had a long root going back into the history of years, but that day the old root was burnt all away in the warm, gentle fires of forgiveness.—

Home Cookery.

Many good cooks do not send their recipes to the family newspaper, because as they say, they have nothing novel in mind. The professional chef does not discover a new dish every day but he has rules for seasonable dishes at his command. Some housekeepers would let half their culinary knowledge lie useless but for the printed recipe or criticism which moves them to recall a forgotten cake or rule or try a new griddle cake compound.

CREAM COOKIES.—One egg, two cups of sugar, one and one-half level teaspoonfuls of soda, a little salt, two cups of sour cream and flour enough to roll out. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or cinnamon and sprinkle with sugar after cutting out. Bake in a quick oven.

CHILDREN'S PLUM PUDDING.—One cupful of black molasses, one cupful of suet, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sweet milk, three rounding cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one-half teaspoonful each of allspice and nutmeg, one and one-half cupfuls of raisins, and one level teaspoonful of soda. Steam three and one-half hours. Have the ingredients measured before commencing to put them together, and mix as speedily as possible. The soda should be dissolved in the molasses, the suet and salt added, then part of the flour, the spice, fruit and remainder of flour mixed together.

OLD-FASHIONED CURRANT DUMPLINGS.—Into a pint of flour sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt, rub a large teacupful of finely chopped beef suet and the same of currants, washed thoroughly and dried in a cloth; now with a fork stir into this enough very cold water (about a third of a cupful) to make a rather soft biscuit-like dough. Put this in a floured Canton flannel cloth, rough side out, allowing room to swell; tie closely with a stout string and pop it into a potful of boiling water; cook for three hours and do not let the water stop boiling for a moment; replenish from the hot teakettle. It should turn out a light, appetizing-looking ball. Half a cup of granulated sugar may be rubbed through the flour if liked; if not the soft white sauce should be well sweetened. Flavor the latter with wine, nutmeg or vanilla.

WHITE AND GRAHAM BREAD.—For a large loaf, each of white and graham, boil two good-sized potatoes. Make smooth with cold water, one heaping tablespoonful of flour; add a heaping teaspoonful each of salt and white sugar; sift into this the potato; scald all thoroughly with boiling water, making a rather thin batter; set aside to cool; when lukewarm, add half a cake of compressed yeast (or its equivalent) dissolved in a little warm water. Cover closely, set in a warm place over night. In the morning add warm water to make about three pints of wetting; divide for two loaves. Have white and graham flour warmed, the former sifted. For the white loaf, stir in flour with a spoon till like stiff cake dough; do the same for the graham loaf, using graham flour, and adding a heaping tablespoonful of brown sugar. Keep warm till light, then knead thoroughly using only white flour for both kinds of bread. The flour should be warm and worked in slowly (much depends upon this) until the mass is elastic but not sticky. This may be put into pans at once, but it is better to let it rise again, then knead into loaves, using but little flour. Let it rise to more than double its own size; bake in an oven quite hot at first, but cooled down slightly after the loaves begin to brown; they should rise very little after going into the oven. If the heat is just right they will be sufficiently baked in three-quarters of an hour, possibly less. Graham bread requires, perhaps a trifle longer baking than the white. Take from the tins immediately and expose to the air as much of the surface as possible; if in an open window, all the better. This produces a soft crust; leave it until nearly cold, then cover.—[Good Housekeeping.

A Case for Compromise.

As she lay trembling in the darkness she was just as sure there were burglars in the dining room down stairs as that she was scared pretty nearly out of her wits.

"John!" she gasped.

He paused in the third quarter of a snore and awoke with a start.

"Wha-whatcher want?" he crossly demanded.

Placing her pallid lips close to his ear she whispered a single word.

"Burglars!"

A tremor might have been observed to run through his frame. He did not rise, however.

"John!"

"My—my dear."

"Ain't you going down?"

"I think not."

At the moment a gentle clinking of silverware was plainly to be heard.

"John."

The answer was quite inarticulate.

"Haven't you always said that it would go hard with a burglar who had the nerve to break into your house?"

"Huh."

"Haven't you insisted that if he escaped without being chewed up he would be fortunate?"

It seemed as if a glass or two must have been swept off the dining room table below.

"Alice."

There was absolutely no reply.

"I've been thinking, Alice, since you woke me."

"Indeed?"

"It just occurs to me, my love, that my life insurance policy expired to-day."

The door from the dining room into the front hall was heard to creak on its hinges.

"Alice, I can't bear to think of leaving you to struggle alone in the world."

To judge from the sound, various articles were being placed in a sack, presumably for facility in transportation.

"My love, I am convinced that this is a case for compromise. If those people stop right where they are and go quietly away now, I am disposed to be lenient."

Very distinctly they heard the front door open and close, after which stealthy footsteps sounded from the street.

"They've got everything," she moaned.

"Everything."

"They would certainly have got into trouble," he declared decisively, "if they hadn't stopped right where they were."

To his friends next day he wondered how thieves could get away with so much plunder and not awaken a single member of the family.

How Relics are Made.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, writing on the fall of Sedan, tells a curious little story which shows the dubious origin of historical relics. After all was over, and General Wimpfen had signed the capitulation, Mr. Forbes and a companion found shelter for the night in the very room where the capitulation was drawn up. While he sat writing to his newspaper, his friend gnawed a ham bone, there being nothing left to eat. At last the man threw the ham-bone carelessly upon the table, and it upset Mr. Forbes's ink-bottle. Some time after, Mr. Forbes revisited the scene, and the guide showed him the table marked by a huge ink-stain, which Wimpfen had caused by overturning the ink-bottle in the agitation of his shame and grief. Great sums had been offered for the table with the historic ink-stain, but the owner valued it too much to part with it.

Ability involves responsibility.

ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.

The Safest Place to Ride.

Any man who is supposed to know much about railroads is sure to be asked what is the safest place in a train. The question is an easy one to answer by reasoning, but the soundness of the reasoning is hard to prove.

There is no doubt as to what is the most dangerous place. That is on the locomotive. In most serious accidents to passenger trains the engine is involved.

In a butting collision, or "tail-ender," an engine runs into the rear of a standing train, or one moving more slowly. In a side collision an engine coming off a side track runs into the side of a moving or standing train; or an engine runs into a train at a crossing of two railroads.

There are variations of all these subdivisions of the collision class of accidents; but generally the engine is in the thick of the wreck.

In derailments, too, the engine goes off the track and is overturned oftener than any car, simply because it the first thing to strike the obstruction, or the broken rail, or wrecked bridge. So it follows that in passenger service the engineman and fireman are in a position much more dangerous than that occupied by any other train hands.

In freight service this danger is somewhat less, relatively, because the brakemen must run over the tops of the moving cars. This is a most dangerous thing to do at any time; and in a snowy night, or a night when rain is freezing into sleet, it is about the most perilous thing that human beings do for a living.

There is another place where some people ride which is even more dangerous than the engine or the top of a moving car. This is the truck frame under a freight car. This place is frequented by persons who are neither passengers nor employees. They are not even named; but when one of them gets killed he is reported as "a tramp." When we think of the danger and horrible discomfort of a railroad journey in that place, it seems as if one would almost as soon work as travel in that way.

After a little thought one would say the safest place in a railroad train is in the middle of one of the cars, somewhat ahead of the middle of the train. If all accidents were collisions, and all cars were of equal strength, this would be true. Whether the collision is a butting one or a "tailender," the full force of the blow is felt by the vehicle which is struck first; and the force is gradually lost as it is carried forward or backward through the train, till some place is found in the train where the blow is least felt.

For example, in case of a tail-end collision, the rear car may be smashed into kindling-wood, the next one less injured, and so on to the baggage car, where the shock may be so slight that men standing there are not thrown down.

Therefore, one would think that the safest place is just in the middle of the train; but there are two reasons why the safest place is forward of the middle of the train.

The engine is so much heavier and stronger than any car that it takes up more of the shock than is absorbed by a car. On this account, if your train is run into from the front, the force of the blow cannot travel back so many feet as it can travel forward when the train is run into from the rear.

The second reason is, that rear collisions out number butting ones nearly two to one. The records of the last eleven years show almost exactly two to one.

For crossing collisions no rule can be laid down, because the train is as likely to be struck in one place as in another.

So far, then, we have proved that the safest part of a train is somewhere forward of the middle. This would be the case if all or most railroad accidents were collisions; but in fact there are about twenty-five per cent more of derailments than of collisions.

In a derailment, the forward part of a train is the more likely to be injured; and in this class of accidents the place of greatest safety is probably the rear car.

So, taking the average of collision and derailments together, the safest place seems to be somewhere back of the middle car, but somewhere forward of the rear car.

As a rough guess, correct enough for practical purposes, I should say that the "safest place" is about two-thirds of the way back of the locomotive. This, however, is only a guess, and cannot be proved.

The safest car having been found approximately, it remains to see what is the safest place in that car. This is doubtless the middle. In collisions, the injuries to persons are generally caused by "telescoping." The floor-timbers of one car get tipped up so as to slide over those of the car next to it; or one car may be higher or narrower than another. The heavy framework of the higher or narrower car is driven into the other one, tearing out the seats and cutting through the light side framing.

Of course the chances of injury are more near the end that is crushed in. In derailments, too, the greatest damage to the cars is generally near the ends.

Let us see how our theory fits in with the facts. We will take only the most serious accidents of 1889 and 1890. In August, 1890, there was a derailment at Quincy, Mass., in which twenty-three persons were killed and thirty were wounded. All who were fatally injured were in one car—the fourth from the engine and the sixth from the rear. This car, while not in the position as we have shown to be the safest, was still in a relatively safe part of the train.

A derailment at Carmel, Indiana, in January, 1890, resulted in the death of six and injury of twenty-six. In this case the wrecked cars were the last three of the train—quite contrary to our theory.

On the other hand, the two accidents of 1890 next in importance to the Quincy accident go to confirm the theory. At Shoemakersville, Pa., September, an engine and five cars went over a bank and twenty-one people were killed and thirty injured. The rear of the train stayed on the track. At Oakland, Cal., in June, the first car of a train went into an open drawbridge, and thirteen persons were drowned.

The worst accident of 1889 also make for and against the theory. In February, at St. George, Ontario, a train went through a bridge, causing the death of twelve and the injury of twenty-six. The engine caused the wreck of the bridge, but the engine and two cars went over safely, and all the harm was done in the last three cars.

At Hamilton, Ontario, in April, twenty were killed and a dozen or more injured in a derailment. The train consisted of ten cars, of which only the first four were wrecked.

The most fatal accident of the year, and one of the worst in railroad history, was near Armagh, Ireland, in June. About eighty were killed and two hundred and sixty injured. The rear ten cars of a long excursion train broke away on a grade, ran back down the hill and collided with the engine of a following train. In this case the front third of the train would have been the safest place, and the rear third was the most dangerous.

If we should go back through the years, examining accident by accident, we should find that, on the whole, our theory of the safest place is fairly well confirmed; but the conditions are so extremely complicated that there are a great many exceptions to the rule.

After all the important point to remember is that a passenger can travel on the railroads of the United States day and night, Sundays and week-days, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, for one hundred and fifty years before he will be killed; and the wisest thing to do is to sit where you find the best company and the softest seat.—[Youth's Companion.

How the Esquimaux Live

A very pleasant and open-hearted people are these Cape York Esquimaux. One would expect to find them gloomy and unhappy, like the icy fastnesses of their native Greenland. Their frame of mind, on the contrary, is very different. When they first sighted the Kite from their hillside tents they gave her a joyous greeting. "Kymo! kymo!" or something resembling that word, they shouted in hearty tones. They seemed to have no fear that the visit of strangers boded them ill.

All the time aboard the ship they were smiling and laughing. These people have never had any Christian teachings, and almost the only white men they ever see are the whalers. Yet they are scrupulously honest. In trading with them members of the expedition passed around among them needles, knives and many articles as precious to them as diamonds to an American. Everything was returned.

All the men aboard the ship who had been whaling declared that no Yak had ever been known to take anything that was not his. The whole forty eight people swarmed over the vessel for two days and not a single article was missed.

It was very different in the Danish settlements, where they have ministers, Bibles and schools. There everything was tied up or stowed below as soon as any Esquimaux came aboard.

There was only one thing that could have been construed into theft at Cape York. A Yak walked into the cook's galley and grabbed a piece of bacon from the pan and devoured it. In their settlements, however, the food appeared to be common property—a rule which may prevail during prosperity. It was noticed that they brought aboard birds and blubber for sustenance while they remained on the ship, but it did not seem to be the exclusive property of any one. Whoever was hungry helped himself.

Looking at these Esquimaux, who are entirely beyond the influence of civilization, who live, as one might say, "on their own hook," one is tempted to ask whether the Danish rule is such a beneficent thing for the Greenlanders further south. There does not seem to be so much happiness in the latter quarter. The only advantage possessed by the Danish Esquimau is that he has a better market for his goods. A few hundred years of civilization have not done much else for him, except to give him a liberal strain of European blood.

What these Cape York Esquimaux need in a material way is wood, and perhaps guns and powder. Civilization can do little else for them. No signs of a rebellion could be seen, but they evidently have traditions, superstitions and perhaps a god, for all their affairs are well regulated.

In the mob of forty-eight people, all bargaining, there was no instance of an Esquiman coveting any article secured by one of his fellows, nor was there a single dispute as to property. On no occasion, as far as seen, did any Esquiman lose his or her temper.

The husband and wife seemed to have separate property. All was not owned by the man. Sometimes a wife went ashore to get fresh articles of trade belonging to her husband, but on her return she would never part with them, however tempting an offer was made, until she consulted him. Her own possessions, however, such as bone needles, thimbles, necklaces, ect., she sold with out consulting him. The bargaining of the children for their toys was not interfered in the least by the old people.

Marriage here does not seem to have any high moral significance, although the couples are very fond of each other and are tremendously proud of their children.

The Condor of the Andes.

Up among the cold white peaks of the Andes, higher than human foot has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck slowly circling in the clear air. The speck gradually descends, and we see that it is the largest bird of the air, the condor. Its flight is swifter than the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow on the wing. Swiftly descending, cruel, hungry, he fastens his horrid eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely it is able to escape; successful resistance is impossible. The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power of grasp, and the sharpness of its claws is in time worn off on the hard rocks which are its home; so, standing upon the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor thing with its powerful beak and his other foot.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor, after his dinner, becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then that he can be approached with safety; but even now the hunter must be cautious and strong. A Chilian miner, who was celebrated for his great physical strength, once thought with outweapons he could capture a condor which seemed unusually stupid after its heavy meal. The man put forth all his powers, and the engagement was long and desperate, till at last the poor miner was glad to escape with his life. Exhausted, torn and bleeding, he managed to carry off a few feathers as trophies of the hardest battle he had ever fought. He thought that he had left the bird mortally hurt. The other miners went in search of the body, but instead found the bird alive and erect, flapping its wings for flight.

If the condor does not reach an untimely end by violence, it is, according to all accounts, very long lived. The Indians of the Andes believe that he lives for a hundred years. The condors' homes seem just suited for birds so ugly and fierce. They build no nest, but the female selects some hollow in the barren rock that shall be large enough to shelter her from the strong winds while she is hatching her eggs. Here, in the midst of desolation, the ugly little condors begin their cries for food, and after they are six weeks old begin attempting to use their wings. The parents show the only good trait they possess in their care for their young, feeding and training them to fly, so that in a few months they are able to hunt for themselves after the grim fashion of their elders.

Little Son—"Papa, my new sled is broke."

Papa—"That was a very pretty little sled, and I told you to be careful of it."

"I was. It just broke itself while we was ridin' down Breakneck Hill on it."

"Who were riding on it?"

"Me an' George an' Jack an' Dick an' Bob an' Fatty an' the rest."

CRUELTY AND ABSURDITY OF THE CHECK-REIN.

Mr. George Taunt, of Toronto, has Addressed the Following Letter to the Editor:—

SIR,—I understand a commission has been appointed by the Provincial Government to consider the question of "dehorning cattle," and at a meeting of the Humane Society held last week it was decided to ask the Attorney-General to consent to the commission considering the question of "docking of horses."

I regret exceedingly that the motion did not also include the "bearing or check rein." I would, with your kind consideration, mention a few facts touching upon the "bearing rein." If it will not induce the Attorney-General to admit the question for consideration, by the commission it may be the means of some "one" giving up such a useless, and at many times, a most barbarous practice. More so, as the summer will soon be here, when the poor horses will suffer more from its use than in winter.

I often wonder whether anyone who uses the bearing rein ever imagined or thought about the structures which enable the horse to hold its head up without fatigue. We could not do it, if we were placed on all fours; we should soon find our heads drooping from sheer exhaustion.

If we place a hand on the back of our neck and bend the head forward we shall feel a strong ligament. If the skin be removed from the neck of a human being this ligament is seen to be cork-like and not to present any very remarkable peculiarity of structure. In the horse, however, it is developed into a most wonderful elastic mechanism; lapping over the back of the neck it throws out a set of projections, each of which is fastened to one of the vetebrae of the neck in such a manner, that while it gives support to that particular vertebra, it works simultaneously with the others. Thus it is that the horse can toss or shake its head, turn it round, or depress it to its knees, and restore to its normal position.

The weight of the head and neck is considerable, and by their movements the balance of the body is materially aided; e. g., in walking up a steep hill the horse, when free, throws its head and neck well forward, so as to keep the weight as much as possible in front of the fore feet. In descending the hill the horse throws its head as far back as it can, so as to throw the weight behind the fore feet. Man, however, is pleased to fancy this freedom of action looks mean and spiritless, and that a horse ought to hold its head up, no matter whether he is going up hill, down hill, standing still, walking, trotting, galloping, sick or well. The bearing-rein certainly causes a sheer waste of power; it seems like the horse pulling itself along as well as the load behind. Anyone possessed of a little common sense and a moment of thought must know that a horse cannot throw itself in to the collar, and is obliged to draw a carriage by the muscle of the legs instead of the weight of the body, it cannot exercise its full strength.

So many people really think and believe the bearing-rein is a guard against stumbling and a sure preventive of falling, but anyone who has been driving and had their horse fall will know that in almost every case, the bearing-rein will be broken, the instinctive flinging forward of the head breaking the leather as if it were a piece of string; sometimes the hook is pulled out of the saddle, and when we remember that the force was exerted upon the sensitive mouth of the horse, it is certain proof that gross cruelty is added to extreme folly.

Some people think the bearing-rein gives to the horse such a noble appearance; you look at the horse champing the bit, flinging foam right and left, tossing its head, rattling the harness, and feel sure that the horse is acting in the pride of its own strength and fulness of spirit. No, it is suffering untold agony, and is trying to gain some relief by tossing its head and rattling the harness. Who ever saw a horse champ and foam at the mouth when at liberty, or who ever saw a horse free in the field place its fore and hind feet apart, curve its body backwards and hold its head above its shoulders. Yet this is what we see every day with the bearing-rein when standing in the streets. In fact it is the horses trying to contract the spine as much as possible, so as to relieve the intolerable pressure on the mouth.

I am glad to know that Her Majesty Queen Victoria has ordered that not only the bearing-rein is to be disused on Her Majesty's horses, but that everyone—high or low—who has any reason for calling upon Her Majesty, must not come using in any shape or form a bearing-rein.

It will be the means of lessening its use, not only in England, but also in Canada. But there are some who will only cease the cruel practice when the law says they must do so, and now is a good time to consider the question and frame such laws as may be necessary.

Curious Incident at a Wedding.

On Saturday afternoon, at Stockport Parish Church, an unusual incident occurred. At 2.30 a wedding party, consisting of six persons took their seats in the church, but remained the sole occupants of the edifice till close on three o'clock, when a cabman hurried off to the house of one of the church officials, and informed him of the condition of affairs. The official was soon in attendance, in a state of considerable excitement, but he was unable to warn any of the clergy of the need for their services ere the hour of three struck and the weeping bride and a very irate gentleman of the party appeared to take the unexpected aspect of affairs very much to heart, as, duly adorned with choice floral specimens, and dressed in the most careful fashion, the party drove away, amidst a fire of good-humoured "chaff" from a crowd of persons who had got wind of the incident whilst making their purchases in the crowded market close by. It was evident that "somebody had blundered," and it was admitted that the fault lay with a church official in not "booking" the notification of the wedding handed in by the bride herself during the week. On Sunday morning the wedding was duly solemnised.

A Dying Woman Attacked by Rats.

A shocking occurrence was reported from Lisburn, England, on Saturday. Smithfield Court is infested by rats, and in a house there was an aged woman who was bed-ridden. This compelled her to take her food where she lay, and the rodents, smelling the crumbs at her head, became very troublesome. The woman was in the habit of saying that the rats would come and eat the crumbs, and ultimately attack her head. Her prediction was verified, for three-quarters of an hour before she died the hungry animals, in the absence of the woman's relatives, entered the bed and commenced to gnaw the poor ceature's right cheek and nose. On the return of her son and his wife they were horrified to see what had happened. The woman shortly afterwards expired. At the wake a skin plaster was placed over the wounds

The Sabbath Chimes.

The Royal Banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where he, in flesh, our flesh, who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Savior's blood

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinner's due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee Eterna! Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
And by the cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Execution in London.

James Muir, a Whitechapel shoemaker, who had been sentenced to death for murdering Abigail Sullivan, his former paramour, was hanged in Newgate on Tuesday morning. The pair were addicted to drink, and while they were living together quarrels were frequent. Eventually they separated, and Sullivan took up his residence with another woman. She subsequently went to premises where Muir was employed and asked for money, whereupon he threatened to "put his knife into her" if she did this again. Afterwards Muir told a fellow-workman that something would happen that night, and anyone who interfered would be "served the same." That evening he went to Sullivan's rooms, and a quarrel appears to have ensued. She requested him to leave and advanced as though to strike him, but was seen to fall as though pushed by Muir. The man left the house, and the woman was found dead from a stab in the breast. The convict passed a restless night, and rose about six yesterday morning. Having partaken of a light breakfast, he was visited by the chaplain, with whom he remained in devotional exercises until the end. At a few minutes before eight the condemned man was pinioned, and when the procession was formed he walked with firm step to the scaffold. Muir was a short man, and a long drop was given by Billington, the executioner. Representatives of the press were not admitted.

Population of India.

After revision of the Indian census returns, the final figures give a population of over two hundred and eighty-eight millions, the exact numbers being 288,159,672. These figures include the native States and Upper Burmah, with a population estimated at nearly sixty-seven millions. The classification of the people of India by their religion shows an increasing preponderance of Hindoos, who are nearly two hundred and eight millions as compared with less than fifty-seven and a half Mussulmans. Christians are numbered at a little over two and a quarter millions, Buddhists are seven millions. Parsees under ninety thousand and Jews seventeen thousand, Theists, Agnostics and Atheists are grouped together in the insignificant figure of two hundred and eighty-nine. The rest are described as Jains Sikhs, and Forest Tribes.

Necessity Knows No Law.

Magistrate—"You are charged, sir, with dragging this young woman, forcing her into a cab, and driving like mad to the ferry."

Prisoner—"Y-e-s, sir. I live in the suburbs. This morning my wife told me not to dare to come home without a girl, and I didn't know of any other way to get one."

Magistrate—"I'll take this young girl home with me and place her under my wife's protection. I live in the suburbs mylsef. You'll have to catch another."

Teacher—"Why haven't you a composition?"

Small Boy—"I couldn't think of anything to write."

Teacher—"I gave you a subject."

Small Boy—"Yes'm, but I couldn't think of anything to write about it."

Teacher—"Humph! I suppose if I should give you the subject and the ideas, too, you could write them, couldn't you?"

Small Boy (joyfully)—"Oh, yes, ma'am, —if you'll tell me what words to use."

Paterfamilias—"Have you boys' bicycles?"

Dealer—"Yes, sir. Do you want a safety or the other kind?"

"Hum! Let's see. Is a safety so named because it is safe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perfectly safe?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"Then I feel very sure my boy will prefer the other kind."

A Paternal Mistake.

Proud Father (whispering)—"That little boy of mine is a born mathematician; just loves mathematics. Look at him now. He's been figuring for a full hour by the clock." Friend—"I see. What problem are you working at, my little man?" Studious Boy—"I'm figgerin' up how many days it is to vacation."

Rare Chance.

Mrs. Blinks—"The paper says a Western woman has a baby that has never cried in its life."

Mr. Binks—"By Jove! I wonder how she'll trade."

A Sad Oversight.

Gilhooly—Are you married?

Gus De Smith—No, I have no wife.

Gilhooly—That's a pity. I was just going to send her my regards.

Papa—"What in the world has got into Bobby? He was up before daylight this morning."

Mamma—"This is Saturday."

All the knowledge that we mortals can acquire is not knowledge positive, but knowledge comparative, and subject to the errors and passions of humanity.—[Bulwer Lytton.

Mr. Jolliboy—"My gracious! This old-fashioned snow-storm makes me feel young again. Little Johnny should be over at the hill, coasting, instead of sitting in a stuffy school room such grand weather as this. I'll go up to the school and find him."

Mrs. J. (quietly)—"Perhaps, my dear, you might save some steps by looking for him on the hill first."

The municipal authorities of Vienna have taken the trailing skirt in hand, and are endeavoring to insure the health of their city by the imposition of a tax upon all women wearing skirts of that sort. The sanitary committee are of the opinion that the sweeping of the long skirts on the public thoroughfares scatters the germs of disease and makes of the prevailing style of dress a nuisance to the public welfare.

Real Merit

Is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more,—proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit

Hood's Sarsaparilla

possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is thus Peculiar to Itself and absolutely unequalled as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and giving nerve strength

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sun Sports and the Aurora Borealis.

Observers of the sun's face have for centuries noticed at times dark spots on it. Now we know from the accumulated observations that the extent and number of these spots vary. Sometimes we can see very few, or even none at all, and sometimes we can see a great many, some of which are visible to the naked eye when protected by colored or smoked glass. Such a spotted region is now (February 18th) passing out of sight on the southwestern limb of the sun; but a second group of spots is finely visible on the northern hemisphere, stretching in a long line from the eastern edge to the centre of the sun. But what has the sun to do with the aurora? Simply this: It has been shown that when we have the greatest number of sun sports, then we have the most frequent and most gorgeous displays of the aurora. When there is a great storm on the sun-producing spots, then we feel at once on our little earth a disturbance of electrical conditions. The display of the aurora on February 13th is regarded as an accompaniment of the solar disturbances which have produced the tremendous spotted regions mentioned.

The average time from when the spotted area on the sun is greatest to the next maximum is a little over eleven years. The last spot maxium occured in 1883-4, a year or two behind the average time, and we seem now to be approaching a maximum in 1892-3. We may therefore fairly conclude that during this year we shall be favored with numerous and brilliant aurorae.—[Harper's Young People.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

J. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

He Couldn't Express Himself More Clearly

He was a bald-headed Frenchman, whose heart had been touched for the first time by the "tender passion."

"Then you confessed", he said in a voice trembling with emotion, "that you love me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady, "I think your head is what I might term 'mellifluent,' I cannot express myself more clearly."

He hardly knew the meaning of "mellifluent," but he thought it was the word for something grand and ennobling. After he had bade her good-night he rushed eagerly home, took the dictionary down from the shelf and feverishly turned to that endeared word.

"His blood turned to ice as he read, "smooth, soft, mellow."

God's Laws.

Some of the most vital portions of God's Word are in the form of commandments. "Thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" are planted all along our pathway to define the limits between right and wrong—between what we may do and what we may never do. In these days we need more of the sacred authority of law in our homes, more enforcement of law in the community, more preaching of divine law in our pulpits, and more "law-work" in the conversion of souls who can represent and serve Jesus Christ by keeping His commandments. The very essence of sin is breaking down or breaking through God's fences.

LITERARY HUSBANDS.

Many of Them Enjoyed Very Little Domestic Bliss.

The great Dante was married to a notorious scold, and when he was in exile he had no desire to see her, although she was the mother of his six children.

Shakespeare lost the sympathies of the world by marrying Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior, who was coarse and ignorant.

It is told of Lord Bacon that he enjoyed but little domestic bliss, and "loved not to be with his partner."

Milton was not great in the character of husband and father. We read of him that his first wife was disgusted with his gloomy house, and soon ran away from him, and his daughters were left to grow up utterly neglected.

Of the great artist, Domenichino, it is told that he married a lady of high birth and great beauty, who was such a virago that it is believed she poisoned him.

Montaigne, when a widower, said he would not marry again, "though it were to wisdom itself."

Moliere was married to a wife who made him miserable, and Rousseau lived a most wretched life with his wife, who was low and illiterate.

Dryden "married discord in a noble wife," and Addison sold himself to a cross-strained old countess, who made him pay dearly for all she gave him.

Steele, Sterne, Churchill, Coleridge, Byron and Shelley were all married unhappily, and Bulwer and Dickens have been known by all the world as indifferent husbands.

The younger Pliny thus speaks of his wife, Calyphurnia: "Her affection for me has given her a turn for books; her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person that she loves, but my reputation and my glory of which she is enamored."

Sir Walter Raleigh married a beautiful girl eighteen years his junior, and she adored him with increasing ardor to the very last.

Dr. Johnston's wife was old enough to be his mother, but "he continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day until she died at the age of sixty-four," he being only forty-three.

Duffon told his friend that his wife had a great influence over his composition. "I am always refreshed and aided by her advice."

Sir Walter Scott was a genius of the very first order. He succeeded in every department of letters, but his greatest happiness was in his wife. He married her after a short acquaintance, and it was a genuine love match, lasting until the day of her death.

Moore's wife was one of the noblest creatures, and he never tired of singing her praises.

Shelley's first marriage was unfortunate, but his second was a model of happiness.

Wordsworth made a love match, and was a lover through life.

The wife of Christopher North had more influence over him than any other person in the world, and her death was his greatest of misfortunes.

Lamartine, the great French poet, was happily married, and received great aid from his wife in all his undertakings.

It would be impossible anywhere to find more domestic felicity than among the great circle of our modern men and women of letters. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the two Brownings, the two Hewitts, Tennyson and his wife, and many others less noted, might be mentioned, while the Englishmen of prominence in other fields have the same good fortune.

Beaconsfield married a lively young widow, who made him perfectly happy, and he never lost an occasion of singing her praises. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, is cited as having an almost ideal home life, and also the late Dean Stanley. All the world knows how happy the Gladstones are in their family circle, and so it is with many others.

On this side of the domestic purity of most of our noted men. Longfellow, Emerson, Alcott, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne—all down the long and glorious list, we can proudly point to genius sanctified by domestic love, and none the less happy because they were literary people.

Mrs. G. M. Young, 1 Sully Street, Grove Street, Liverpool, Eng., writes that the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured her of lumbago after she had given up all hopes of ever being better.

A Skin Game in Socks.

A Customer—Give me a dozen shirts.

Shopkeeper—Here you are sir, the best quality.

Customer—How much?

Shopkeeper—$1.50 each.

Customer—All right, wrap them up. Now, how much are these socks?

Shopkeeper—Fifty cents a pair.

Customer—Well, I'll take three dozen pairs instead of the shirts.

The socks are done up and the customer starts for the door with the bundle.

Shopkeeper—Hold on there, you haven't paid for those socks.

Customer—Certainly not, I took them in exchange for the shirts.

Shopkeeper—Yes, but you didn't pay for the shirts.

Customer—Certainly not, because I didn't take them.

Shopkeeper—That's a fact, and he spends the next half hour trying to make his cash balance.

A Great Invention.

"Mr. Hayes, there's an inventor downstairs who wants to see you."

"What's his invention?"

"He has a heating apparatus for henroops that will enable hens to lay poached eggs."

"Show him up."

But Could We?

Could we but see ourselves as others always see us From mirror-struck delusions the sight would surely free us;

And nine men out of every ten would pray with bated breath

For a quicker mode of dying than to hate themselves to death.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,

Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

NEW YORK.

Elegant new buffet sleeping cars, especially built for this service, leave Union Station daily, except Sunday, at 4.55 p. m., running through without change to New York City over the popular West Shore route. Lunches are served on these cars, and they contain every comfort and convenience, are so perfect in all their appointments that a trip to New York is made a pleasure, all tedious transfers and the annoyance of lunch counters being dispensed with. Sundays, leave Toronto at 12.20 p. m., connecting with a through car at Hamilton. Train leaving Toronto every day at 12.50, p. m., connects at Hamilton with through sleeping car for New York, arriving 7.30 following morning.

A Present to B. C.

OTTAWA, March 23.—Recently the Marine Department asked for tenders for the Government steamer Sir James Douglas, now in British Columbia waters, which vessel has been superseded by the new Clyde-built steamer, the Quadra. A deputation of British Columbia members interveiwed Hon. Mr. Tupper yesterday and urged that instead of the Douglas being sold she be loaned to the provincial authorities for the purpose of being utilized for an exploratory survey of the deep sea fisheries of the Pacific province. The Minister said the Government had no need for two steamers on the Pacific coast, and it had been decided to sell the Douglas. In view of the request of the deputation, however, he would have pleasure in recommending that the vessel be presented to the Provincial Government, they to assume all charge and control of her. The members expressed themselves as well satisfied with this proposal.

Syrup of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

Whole Wheat Bread.

As milk contains all the elements of nutrition necessary for a child, so wheat bread and its congeners, oats, rye etc., may be considered the representatives of all human food, as these cereals contain all the elements for the nutrition of the body in every stage of life, and under all circumstances of climate, occupation, etc. But this is true only of the entire grain, and not of the fine white flour after the grain has been ground and carried through the boiling cloth. In this process the grain is well nigh deprived of all its nutritive properties, and its value as a food sacrificed to the whim of having white bread instead of a wholesome, nutritious food. The whole grain does not necessarily include the husk or bran; and in some cases this may be objectionable—not on account of its color, but because of its roughness. Still, the wheat meal containing the bran, in the form of Graham flour, is useful in some cases of constipation, and especially when the food has consisted principally of concentrated articles, such as fine flour biscuits, light bread, cakes, etc. So far as color is concerned, it is a strange perversion of taste to prefer the dull white color of bolted flour, to the beautiful golden or bronze color of whole wheat flour, if the product of good sound wheat. This color may vary somewhat, according to the kind of wheat, but any sound wheat meal, whether from the white or red variety, is more attractive in appearance to an unperverted eye, than the white or bolted flour. Let it be remembered, always, that the color is due to the *nutritive* properties of the grain, and that just so far as it is deprived of this color, to that extent its value as a food is diminished. In this coloring matter is contained the phosphates which are essential to the growth and nutrition of the body in general, and to the bony and nervous systems in particular. And yet in the face of these incontrovertible facts, people persist in using fine bolted flour; instead of appropriating the food prepared for them by nature in the most attractive and palatable form, they go to the doctors, or drug stores, and are dosed with expensive, and often useless compounds in the way of vitalized phosphates, etc. Mothers who pursue such a suicidal course, not only destroy their own health, but also inflict irreparable injury on their offspring by depriving them of the natural food provided for building up their bones, muscles, brain and nerves. While such a mode of living is persisted in, the disastrous effects can never be counteracted by all the doctors and drug stores in the world.

Finally, let it not be forgotten that whole wheat bread is about four times more nourishing than any kind of meat.

Do Not Believe it.

Do not believe that Nerviline will cure neuralgia almost instantly. If your teeth ache console yourself with the reflection that pain can't last for ever. Don't use Nerviline; it might stop a pain. Rheumatism is often difficult to cure. Keep on rubbing the old fashioned liniment as a matter of respect to your grandfather's aunt. Nerviline is a new discovery that in itself ought to condemn it. Therefore cling to the old; suffer pain; avoid the use of Nerviline, the most powerful, penetrating, and certain pain remedy in the world.

It is hard to get people to look themselves squarely in his face.

Mr. John A. Campbell, St. Sixte, Que., writes:—"My wife was unwell for four years from irregular periods, brought about by a severe cold. She tried many remedies, but without relief. Seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised, I procured two boxes and the result is a permanent cure. They are the best medicine in the world for the disease you represent them for. Sold by all dealers.

Peaches From Africa.

The first consignment of peaches from South Africa has just been sold in Convent Garden Market London. The fruit is said to have reached England in just as good condition as when it was shipped. The best peaches sold at 50 cents each, and inferior specimens at from 25 to 35 cents each. Each peach was wrapped carefully in cotton wool. One box of fruit which was put into the meat refrigerator as an experiment was frozen and spoiled. The success of this shipment is certain to result in the establishment of a large and lucrative business. Nor will the consignments consist of peaches only; already a steamer laden with grapes and other fruit is on the way to London. The British growers of hothouse fruit are likely to be driven out of the market. They will be compelled at least to lower their prices and content themselves with smaller profits.

She Was Willing to Give Up All.

When Queen Elizabeth of England, found death approaching her, she cried despairingly, "All my possessions for a moment of time!" There are wealthy ladies to-day the world over, who would gladly exchange their riches for sound health. Many are made well and happy by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a never-failing cure for diseases so common to women. As a corrective for all functional weaknesses it is of universal repute among the sex, and thousands of pale, worn-out, enfeebled victims have been changed into vigorous women and girls by its use. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or price refunded. Druggists have it.

The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood.

'Two Souls With but a Single Thought.'

As they sat side by side, they sighed. "Oh my idol!" he said, and then idled. "Dear Luke," said she, as she looked, "I will wed thee if thou wilt," and he wilted. The honeymoon passed in an excess of joy. Excess in eating rich food brings indigestion, sick headache, and frequent attacks of dizziness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure all these. They are tiny, sugar-coated and easy to swallow. No other preparation compares with them as a Liver Pill. They are *guaranteed* and one is a dose.

Most of the things longed for by men have no existence.

Here Lies!

Epitaphy is a demoralizing kind of taffy. It appears on the tombstone, and eulogizes the dead almost to the very stars. The usual method of beginning, is: "Here lies." Very suggestive, for the lies are frequently quite astonishing—almost enough so to both amuse and amaze the dead of whom they are written. A truthful epitaph, in many instances, would be: "Here lies one who omitted to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." If sick and suffering, and dreading premature death, test the potent remedy. It cures all chronic, liver, blood, and lung diseases, as billiousness, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, saltrheum, tetter, erysipelas, and even scrofula of the lungs (or Consumption) if taken in time.

He who knows how to lead well is sure to be well followed.

Worth its weight in gold. Adams Pepsin Tutti Frutti Gum for all uneasiness at the Stomach. Sold by all Druggists & Confectioners 5 cents.

No age was ever degenerate, unless men held it at too cheap a rate.

Blood Supply.

To one cupful of boiling milk add same quantity of St. Leon Water "cold." Drink before, with or after meals freely as necessity requires. You will feel such a glow, inconceivably warming and thrilling the pulses, such bracing of nervous power, such elevation of vital and mental force inconceivable, surpassing all preparations to supply life ever discovered. "We possess overwhelming authority."

Sincere contradictions are often but two sides of the truth.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM
For sale by Druggists. Price 15c

A. P. 599

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

Are a BLOOD BUILDER and NERVE TONIC. They supply in condensed form ALL the substances needed to enrich the Blood and to rebuild the Nerves, thus making them a certain and speedy cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, and shattered nerves, such as paralysis, spinal diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, loss of memory, erysipelas, palpitation of the heart, scrofula, chlorosis or green sickness, that so many, etc. They have a specific action on the sexual system of both men and women, restoring lost vigor.

WEAK MEN

(young and old), suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-abuse, should take these PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.

SUFFERING WOMEN

afflicted with the weaknesses peculiar to their sex, such as suppression of the periods, bearing down pains, weak back, ulcerations, etc., will find these pills an unfailing cure.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS

should take these Pills. They enrich the blood, restore health's roses to the cheeks and correct all irregularities.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. These Pills are sold by all dealers only in boxes bearing our trade mark or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box or 6 for $2.50.

THE DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO.,
Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

ASTHMA
CURED TO STAY CURED.
We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC
P. Herold Hayes, M.D.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY CO make the best goods. Try them and see.

YES Consumption and all Lung Troubles has been cured by ARABIAN BALM It enriches and Vitalizes the Blood gives new Life and Health. Whole sale by Evans & Co., (Limited.) Montreal.

AGENTS WANTED—For "Out of Darkness into Light, or the story of my Life" by Joseph F. Hess the converted Prize-Fighter and Saloon-Keeper. The story of his travels and the life he led are more thrilling than the page of fiction. Send for circulars and terms. WM. BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto, Ont.



The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.

The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. *Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., $1.00.*

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE T. EATON Co.
(LIMITED.)

We are going to add to our business this season. We had plenty last, but we're going to have more. Not going to swoop it and you in by hurrah and rush, but by steady every-day-the-same kind of work, win your dollars and goodwill, We are going to do it by selling the best Dry Goods. Not the best puffed, but the best made and a quality that has it's name on it. We'll have none in our store that hasn't.

Sometimes the truth seems like exaggeration because so much exaggeration passes for truth. You judge this as essay and write it down as chaff. It would be if the store were other than than this, but when you think of half a thousand helpers in fifty different Departments covering more than three acres of selling space, you shall determine this great Dry Goods Palace to be something beyond the ordinary. It is! It is! Such a showing of fashionable stuffs is beyond the comprehension of those who have not already seen it. We had a mind to say it hasn't any equal anywhere. Certainly not in Canada.

If you believe that, let us send you samples (free of course) of just such dry goods as will tell their own tale. We have a most thoroughly equipped Mail Order Department to attend all such requests and fill all orders the same day as received. We charge nothing for our work. We're only too glad to have you use us just so far as maybe.

THE T. EATON CO'Y,
(LIMITED)
YONGE ST. | QUEEN ST.
190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200. | 10 and 12 - - TORONTO.
All under One Roof.

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ASTHMA CURED FREE DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send your address, and we will mail free trial bottle. DR. TAFT BROS., ROCHESTER, N.Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO, CANADA.

WANTED—By a Canadian House a Man with $5,000 to buy an interest in their business, and go to England and take charge, business controlled by them. P.O. Box 583, Toronto.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Sick Headache, restores the Complexion. Get Free Sample at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY, 317 Church St., Toronto.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS.

Are the best in the world for the throat and Chest, for the voice unequalled.

R. & T. W. Stamped on each Drop.

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Fine Guns, Rifles, Shooting Suits, Hunting Boots, Etc.
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Capital.....$5,000,000.
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Apply to local appraisers or to
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Choice farms for sale in Ont. & Manitoba

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF



IS A GOOD FOOD FOR CHILDREN
Supplying the material that forms
FLESH, MUSCLE & BONE.





CARRIAGE TOPS.
are the best in the market and have patented improvements not found in any other make order one from your Carriage Maker. Take no other kind.

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LINK BELTING IS THE GREAT ELEVATING AND CONVEYING MEDIUM WRITE WATEROUS BRANTFORD CANADA FOR REDUCED PRICES

AT PRESENT REDUCED PRICES
You cannot afford to be without
LINK BELTING
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ALL KINDS OF GUMMERS,
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CIRCULAR SAWS, WARRIOR BAND SAWS } AWAY DOWN IN PRICE.

WATEROUS MAKES A SPECIALTY OF SAWS AND FACTORY SUPPLIES
Secure their new Supply Catalogue and Discount Sheet.
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ARE YOU the man we are looking for?

If so, we would urge you not to keep PUTTING OFF a matter of so much importance.

You will never meet with such another opportunity of INSURING YOUR LIFE as is now presented by us.

For full particulars write the Confederation Life, Toronto, or apply at any of the AGENCIES.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1892.

THE MILITIA.

Our attention has been directed to a debate which occurred in the House of Commons on Wednesday evening last, in referrence to the Militia of Canada. We have always been of opinion that the government must either spend more money, or disband one half of the present force. The money spent every two years in drilling raw recruits, for the most part, during ten days is to a great extent thrown away. If the Militia is to be of any use, it is absolutely necessary that they should be drilled at least once a year. The Minister of Militia is favorable to the proposal but declares that he has no money. Parliament is now in session and it is their duty and privilege to vote the monies required for the public service. Those members of parliament who are continually asking the minister for these improvements should now canvas their fellow-members and when the militia vote is brought up let them vote sufficient money for an annual drill of the volunteer corps of Canada. Our member at Ottawa could aid the militia of Argenteuil by his vote and influence to this effect, and we are quite sure that any representations to the former colonel of the Rangers, the present Premier of Canada, would receive all serious attention.

EDUCATIONAL GRANTS.

While the unfortunate state of finances in this province require a great reduction in our expenditure and the most rigid economy, it is to be hoped the government will be wise in the manner this reduction should be made. Whatever may be said concerning economy in the departments of public works, legislation, colonization, administration of justice etc, there should not be any reduction in the amounts voted towards education. On the contrary, if the government followed the wisest course, they would materially increase the grant not to Superior Education, but to the common or elementary Schools. The common school is the great weakness in the Province of Quebec educational system. Our elementary schools have not reached to any degree of efficiency as a whole, although remarkoble progress has been made in the past ten years. We claim that in proportion to the wealth of the municipalities wherein they are situated, many of our elementary schools are far below the standard that the people should have in view. In regard to school houses, it often seems that the poorest building in the settlement is the school house. Large sums of money can be spent in building commodious and even beautiful churches, which are occupied perhaps two or three hours a week, while the school house, in which boys and girls are compelled to spend six hours, five days of the week, not listening but working, is ill-ventillated, full of draughts, crowded and uncomfortable. Again in the matter of appliances great reluctance is shown very often on the part of the rate-payers to provide the teachers with even the most necessary and simple means of teaching to advantage. And the most grave defect of all is, that the salaries paid are so small, that thoroughly trained teachers cannot be obtained. To remedy these defects in a great measure larger grants from the government are necessary. But it may strike some of our readers, as unwise, on the part of the government to encourage those parsimonious tight-fisted individuals, who begrudge a few cents per month for the education of their children, by coming to their aid with public money. Increased educational grants would not tend to produce more nigardliuess among the people; on the contrary it should tend to encourage the people to go on making improvements in order to obtain a larger share of such grants. Education should rather be a national than a municipal question It is the duty of the state to educate her children. Some people who are childless, or whose children are grown up, get the idea that it is no longer their duty to contribute to the education of other people's children. There could be no greater fallacy. If it is the duty of the state to educate her children, it is the duty of every citizen to contribute his quota to that object. The government undertakes to establish and control the schools, but at present the amount of money granted to some municipalities is so small, that the people even at risk of forfeiting their grant, sometimes assert themselves, have a school according to their own multifarious ideas and ignore the regulations of the department altogether. Now if the grant were a really substantial one, the department could compel the people to build good school houses, equip trained teachers, etc. by withholding the grant until these improvements were made. That has been done in the matter of Superior Education, and there exist many magnificent well-equipped and efficient model schools and academies, as the result of the department forcing the rate-payers to do right on the strength of receiving substantial aid from the government.

Therefore we would urge this question upon the government, and call the attention of our representatives to it, so that he may use his influence in parliament to secure larger grants for elementary education.

THE C P R STRIKE.

A new influence has been manifested in the struggle between capital and labor during the late strike on the C. P. R. It has been customary in past struggles and in other countries to see the corporations on the one side and the working men on the other, the one strong in their power of wealth, the other although strong numerically, yet weak because of their poverty. It was then a question of the survival of the fittest. If the corporation was very wealthy, and the labor market crowded, the strikers were forced down; on the other hand if the employers could not afford the expense of the strike the demands of the men were sometimes acceded to. On this occasion we have the grand spectacle of a great Railway corporation submitting a dispute with one class of their employees, to the decision of another class of employees, in whom they have perfect confidence and to whose loyalty they owe millions of dollars. The principle on which corporations have treated their men heretofore, is that they are mere automatons with out wills or rights of their own but subject solely to the orders and will of the corporation. The manner in which the C P R strike has been settled shows that a better idea of the relation between capital and labor is being developed. Organized labor is becoming just as powerful, just as energetic, just as honorable as organized capital. The community of interests between the two is being recognized. Mutual confidence is growing. The very fact of the C P R placing that confidence in their engineers, will secure just treatment for the company. And why should it not be so. Do as true, honest, upright intelligent hearts and minds not exist under the oily coat and begrimed countenance of the engineers as under the broadcloth and beaver of the managers? The company will secure all their rights by thus trusting the men and save much money. Let us hope a new era has dawned on this great social question and that hereafter war between capital and labor will be as impossible as war between two civilized nations over the seals in the Berhring sea.

There are several occurences which deserve rather severe criticism. In the first place, while workingmen have a right to leave their employer's service, they have not the right to interfere in any way with those who are willing to engage themselves to refil their place. They may have whatever ideas they like concerning the action of those men, they may treat them as social pariah, but they have no right to resort to violence. That some violence was committed during the late strike is to be regretted, not only for the sake of law and order but for the respectable men themselves. The leaders of organized labor should lend their aid in securing the punishment of these men. On the other hand we hold a law which gives a corporation the power to swear in a lot of drunken ruffians, arm them to the teeth with loaded revolvers and set them loose upon the public is rather too lax.

The searching enquiry made into the charges of denominational influence preferred against the Manager of the Boys Home, Montreal has resulted in a complete exhonoration of Mr. Dick, who is to be congratulated on the result. It was in the interest of the Home that the investigation took place, for a false assertion constantly repeated through time takes upon itself the appearance of truth

Prescott County has refused to follow in the line and go over to the government, Mr Proulx the Liberal candidate being re-elected on Wednesday last. This is not altogether to be regarded as a misfortune to the Conservative party, for in all conscience their majority is already large enough. The people of Prescott have failed, however, to appreciate the annexation tendencies of the Cartwright—Farrar clique.

THE LATE JAMES W. McGIBBON

The funeral of the late James W. McGibbon which took place on Sunday last was largely attended. The body arrived from the West, Friday afternoon and was at once conveyed to his former home in Brownsburg. The circumstances connected with his death are very sad. He left but Montana and travelled to Vancouver with the intention of there being married. His intended wife was living with her sister Mrs. D. Campbell, son of John Campbell of Dalesville. Arriving there in perfect health the preparations for the wedding were being made. On the evening of March 15th, he retired apparently well and in good spirits. The next morning his room-mate Mr. G. Christie formerly of Lachute, went to awaken him and found that he was unconscious. Aid was at once summoned but the spirit had fled. The cause of death was epilepsy, the deceased having had been attacked on two previous occasions.

The services were conducted by the Revs. Messrs Mackie of Lachute and Sowter of Dalesville.

The pall bearers were Messrs. Geo. Hay, J. Curran, D. McOuat, Geo. Campbell, R. Clarke.

This bereavement has drawn towards the sufferers the sympathy of the whole community.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

By the Rev. John King, of Dalesville.

At length the winter passed away, time which waits for no man had in its course brought March with its warm sun and flying dust. The snow had disappeared, and those huge waves which the storms of winter brought up from the German ocean, and which dashed with a noise like thunder against the rock bound coast, had ceased to come. The sea had heard the voice of spring, and was calm. The husbandman as he ploughed the ground and sowed the seed, was greeted with the song of birds in the neighboring grove. The trees, as if by magic, exchanged their russet coat for a dress of green. While all nature thus rejoiced in the return of spring, came tidings from Mr. Edwards. He informed me that he had been as successful in collecting for the society as he could have expected, that he had visited many places, that the Lord had opened for him many a door and many a heart, that he had collected a considerable sum money, and that he intended soon to return to Canada, and if I still had the intention of going there to meet him in Edinburgh towards the end of March. Thus the time had arrived when I must make up my mind to leave Anstruther, and as people do not know sometimes how much they are attached to places and persons, until they are about to leave them, so is was with me. That small chapel and those rude fishermen, had become quite attractive in my eyes. Some of the brethern thought I should break my engagement with Mr. Edwards, and stay where I was, charity said they should begin at home, and the gospel was as much wanted in Anstruther as in Canada. But finding my mind made up to go, then all wished me God's speed. I found the members of the church in Anstruther very kind, and received from them in parting many tokens of their kindness, and among them was a large broad cloth cloak, which they got made for me. Their idea of Canada was that it was a very wild country, and that a missionary would at times be under the necessity of camping out in the woods at night. This cloak was given to me that I might wrap myself up in its ample folds if I should have to do so. The good people's fears proved groundless, as the cloak had never to be used for that purpose. Having returned to Edinburgh, I there found Mr. Edwards in good health and high spirits, thankful to the Lord who had blessed his labors in behalf of Canada. Under his superintendence and advice, I made what preparations were needed for a voyage across the Atlantic ocean. On the evening before leaving Edinburgh a prayer-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel in Rose street, where Christopher Anderson preached. The church was not very large, this was owing to the fact that the pastor was very hard to please with those who presented themselves for baptism, and kept them waiting so long that the church did not increase much. There were present that night Mr. Anderson, Mr. Edwards, myself and Mr. Girdwood. Mr. Girdwood had been, if I mistake not, one time a member of the Rose street church, but had been some in the ministry, and had been, through Mr. Edwards, induced to accompany him to Canada with a view to settle with the church in Montreal, which, at that time had no pastor. Along with those were other friends, and well wishers to the cause of Christ. The object of the meeting was to commend us to God in prayer, and that God who has the power over the winds and the waves would take us under his protection, and bring us safely to the land of our adoption, and bless our labors when we got there. Some of the brethern prayed very fervently and seemed to take a deep interest in Canada. Mr. Edwards gave a short account of his travels through England and Scotland, and the reception he received. He also took the opportunity for the last time to urge upon his hearers the claims of the Baptist Missionary Society, gave a description of life in the new settlements, in the backwoods and particularly decribed a class of men who spent a part of the year in the woods far from any settlement in making timber, and another part of it on the rivers in rafts, shewed how few opportunities they had of hearing the gospel, and the importance of sending it to them. The descriptions he gave, and the eloquent appeals he made, were, no doubt, long remembered by those who heard him. Indeed his whole soul seemed to be fired with a holy zeal for the success of the work he had undertaken. The Baptists in Canada are indebted to him for creating in the minds of British Christians an interest in the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom in this distant land. It was a delightful meeting, and we all felt that God was there. Many who were present that night have since entered the church above. Anderson is gone, the patriach Edwards, and good John Girdwood, after laboring a number of years in Canada and the United States, has entered into his rest.

On the last day of March after parting with friend who had given several presents as tokens of their esteem, and taking farewell of my esteemed friend and pastor, Mr. Andrew Arthur, I proceeded to the canal basin, or as it was called Port Hope, and went on board of the night boat which plied between Edinburgh and Glasgow. This canal enters the Forth and Clyde canal by eleven locks, and passes near the towns of Falkirk and Linlithgow. A night passage in a canal boat is in any case not very inviting, but this night it was dark and the rain fell in torrents. The boat was small and crowded with passengers and luggage. As to obtaining sleep, it was out of the question, there was such a din kept up by those who either had brought whiskey on board, or had procured it from the steward, which, as it began to take effect, set both tongue and feet in motion. Some time near morning we reached Falkirk, and were delayed some time in getting through the locks. Falkirk as a very ancient town in Stirlingshire; it is located on what was once the boundary of a very ancient town between the Caledonian and Roman possessions when the Romans held Britain. Many severe battles were fought here, one in particular between the English under King Edward, and the Scottish forces under Wallace, and in 1746 was fought a battle between the King's forces and Highlanders under Prince Charles Stuart. It was the last of the triumphs of Charles, whose forces were afterwards defeated on the moor of Culloden, and himself forced to flee. There are some ancient buildings in Falkirk, such as the Roman wall. The church was founded by Malcolm Canmore one of the Kings of Scotland, in 1507. Its early name was Eiglisbrec, which is a Gaelic denomination, signifying the "spotted church." After a tedious sail we arrived in Port Dundas, in Glasgow, about seven o'clock in the morning, the rain still pouring down. Glasgow is a great commercial and manufacturing city in Lanarkhire, it is situated on the North Bank of the Clyde. It is a great place for shipping, and since the Clyde was deepened very large vessels come up to the city. The city was then large (though now much large), and contains some fine streets and public buildings, among them is the cathedral or high church. It was founded by John Achaius, Bishop of Glasgow, in the year 1123, and was dedicated to St. Mungo in the reign of David the 1st. The University was founded in 1450 in the time of James the second, who obtained for that purpose a Bull from Pope Nicholas V. There are a number of churches and chapels in the city, some of them ancient, and others of a modern date, There is a Royal Infirmary with several asylums and hospitals for the blind, the deaf and the dumb, for orphan children and aged people, with a number of benevolent institutions. There were several Baptist Churches in Glasgow, but I had no time to visit them, having to proceed to the Clyde to get on board the steamboat which was about to sail for Greenock. It still continued to rain which made me think of the Englishman who asked a boy in Glasgow if it always rains here, "No," said the boy, "It sometimes snaws, sir." In regard to the origin of the city of Glasgow there is no authentic record. Its name in the Gaelic signifies a grey smith. Many suppose that in the olden time some person of that profession may have taken up his residence there, from which the place got its name.

When we arrived at Greenock we found the ship at the tail of the bank, there was a Baptist church in Greenock, but I had no time to get acquainted with them excepting one man who was a Deacon, from whom I bought some things I expected to find use for, when I would get on board ship. In getting to the ship we had to hire a boat, and being strangers unacquainted with the regular fare, had to pay sweetly for our sail. The vessel was a new and a large one, called the Mohawk, commanded by one Captain Miller. When we got on board everything seemed to be in confusion, casks, and boxes, chests, and baggage, piles of ropes and chains, with sundry other articles encumbered the deck, in a corner were a number of fowls cooped up for future use.

A few young grunters promenade the deck, unconscious of the fate that awaits them. In the long boat is a cow with hay for her food, until she will be able to feed herself on the pastures of the New World. Below are passengers, some arranging their berths, some drinking and crying, and bidding farewell with their friends, not expecting ever to see them again, everything appeared so strange, and the collection of goods and living creatures so multifarious, that for a little while the ship had the appearance of Noah's Ark. But towards evening things began to assume a more orderly appearance, the ample hold had engulphed chests, boxes and barrels, friends had taken their last farewell and gone ashore, the decks were cleared, and the steam tug had taken her station ahead, a rope was fastened, and after the firing of a small cannon, the only one on board, the good ship Mohawk sailed from the tail of the banks on the evening of April the first, 1841.

JOTTINGS FROM A TOURIST'S NOTE BOOK.

BY

W. GRANT STEWART, M. D.

CHAP. V.

"O the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the land lubbers lie down below."

Have you ever been at a storm at sea? Perhaps there is no sight in nature more grand or sublime. Amid such a scene, how small man—how great, and mighty the Creator! It was our 6th day outward bound and the winds and waves rolled mountains high, and far as eye could reach the ocean was lashed to fury. One moment we would be pitched high on the crest of the waves, the next would find us away down in the depths of the sea. Now the "Rolling Polly" would suddenly lean over and kiss the waters with her decks, side, then she would right herself, but to repeat the same mad freak on the other. Yet she rode with a queenly grace, as if she were a yacht upon one of our inland lakes. The wind blew a tremendous gale from the southwest, and ever and anon a huge wave would approach and wash over our decks. As we stood at the stern we watched with great interest the waves following one another with martial precision. Look where we would, north, south, east, west—above, the sky was dismal, dark and dreary; beneath, the waves were dashing and splashing and lashing and finally in a burst of fury they would leap high into the air and break into fine spray.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
Calm or convul-ed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the invisible; even from thy lieu
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

The storm had its effect upon our fellow-travellers and the saloon presented a deserted appearance. All day the storm raged furiously and through the livelong night we were tossed hither and thither upon the boundless sea and were lulled to troubled slumber by the lullaby of the howling winds without.

In the evening hours, a few indeed, braved the storm and amid the curling wreathes of the fragrant weed in the upper deck saloon, we whiffed our cares away, and we forgot our troubles and sorrows, forgot the howling winds and the rolling seas, and once again we were grouped around the roaring campfire, listening to tales of humor and adventure and travel. But suddenly the spell was broken—the ship's bell tolling the "watch" and the look-on's shrill cry "all's well" reminded us that we were not in the primaeval forest, that the winds were not whistling through the majestic pines or graceful tamaracks, but that we were away out on the boundless sea, far from friends and home and surrounded by the merciless waves of the mood Atlantic.

It is a long road that has got no turning and it is a bad storm that hasn't an end. The night passed and "the flakes of scarlet cloud burning like watchfires in the green sky of the eastern horizon" proclaimed the approach of dawn. Truly we had been rocked in the cradle of the deep. The swell which always follows a storm made our good old ship roll considerably. But the winds had ceased and the storm was over.

In the afternoon a 3 masted sailing vessel was sighted with every stitch of canvas spread—a picture of beauty and grace. This was the first vessel seen since leaving the southern coast of Newfoundland.

As the day deepened into darkness songs of praise were heard ascending from humble worshipers. It was a service on deck amongst the steerage passengers. Most of them were poor in the riches of this world. But thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift. The poor and the rich are alike in his sight. Many of them had what is infintely more than riches—they had the pearl of great price—the one thing needful. Earnest words were spoken and we trust, we feel sure that the bread cast upon the waters will be found after many days

On the 8th day we passed an Allan Liner bound for the far West and we signalled by means of flags that we had passed an iceberg in a certain latitude and longtitude. Every vessel carries a series of flags and a great deal of information can thus be signalled to passing steamers.

It is a general custom in these days for the passengers to hold a concert in aid of some charitable object. So in the evening a concert was given in the saloon in aid of the "Seamen's Orphanage" at Liverpool where several hundred children are cared for and taught different trades. It was enjoyed immensely by all. There was music, vocal and intrumental, there were readings and recitations and speeches. The programme would have done credit to a larger place and audience A goodly sum was collected. Upon incidents such as these we look back with unmingled pleasure. And we feel like exclaiming with Mrs Mary Ann Moggs "Mr. Tennisball must have been expired whin he rote thim charmin loines—

"Music have charms to soothe the savage beast."

Our second Sunday was a repetition of the first. Calm and peace on every hand—a cloudless sky, a placid sea, genial sunshine and gentle breezes, nothing to disturb the quiet save the hoarse breathing of the great engines and the increasing revolutions of the never tiring screw, each turn of which was widening the gap between us and home. Services were held morning and evening. At the evening service the praise was led by a choir which would have graced many a city church.

On Monday at midnight Aran More lighthouse was sighted off the starboard bow. It has a powerful revolving light which sheds its rays over the sea for many miles out. This was the first indication of land, and we could almost smell the sweet breezes from the Emerald Isle. When we awoke on Tuesday morning we were coasting along the Northern Shore of Donegal and a bleak, rough, rugged coast it is, and woe betide the luckless vessel that is driven upon it. It is one series of rocky mountains, and very picturesque from a tourist's point of view.

THE CONSEVATIVE DINNER.

The great victory gained over Mr. Mercier's corrupt government was celebrated on Tuesday evening last by a banquet in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. The attendance from all parts of the province was large, nearly every county being represented. Those attending from Lachute, were W. J. Simpson M. P. P., and John Hope. By the *Gazette* we notice Mr. Simpson was favored with a position at the table of honor to the right of the President Mr. F. Benoit.

After letters of regret from many persons were read the usual toasts to the Queen and Governor-General were given. When that of the "Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec," was proposed the enthusiasm was tremendous, cheer after cheer arose, the whole assembly rising to their feet and repeatedly cheering. Mr. Benoit in proposing the toast "Our Guests," made the following address:—

The year 1886 saw the Conservative Government thrown out by a popular outburst, replaced by a new power born at the foot of a scaffold. This was a bad day for the province of Quebec, one of those days when the lurid heavens shone as a lesson to

kinge and to peoples. During six years, blunder! Security made us forget that if ancient monarchies went down in financial embarrassment, that the dangers were no less great for constitutional Government. To maintain itself every means was considered legitimate. The passions and prejudices of races, the religious sentiments were even unworthily met, the party interests were placed before those of the public; the public matter became private property. The gold of corruption was freely used; the treasury sacked, the debt and interest exceeded the annual revenue. The foreign credit was compromised; bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, was in full view, justly alarmed the people woke up and crushed those whom public conscience had been forced to derisively name «L'homme de Providence.» The 5th of March came; the moment was solemn; the people, the true people, spoke. In the face of a common danger, political parties were effaced. There was only one party, that of honest men. Divisions, rivalries, all sad memories, traditions were put on one side, all were united in the cry for justice in the same sentiment of honor that the nation might be saved from shame. The people had called to their aid a group of active men, indefatigable in labor, distinguished by their talents, their merits and their probity. As able as learned, nature seemed to have created them to command. And this Government backed by the power of the people, possessing an integrity of the past and an unsullied name, hoisted on high the national flag. And the ballot boxes proclaimed to anxious Europe that the Canadians were still, what they had always been, a people without fear or reproach. From this glorious fact hope was renewed, confidence re-established, the ministry and the House regained the public estimation and the province regained the influence naturally due to her in the councils of the Dominion. This regenerating work to the administration of the finances will permit a wise economy which alone can repair, in time, the disasters of the past. The past, gentlemen, has been a severe lesson to us. We hope that it will prove salutary. With only one voice, one heart one people, we are united this evening in this great hall to celebrate by fraternal greetings this grand political victory that history has inscribed upon the glorious banner of the Conservative party. If we do not to day give the crown to the victors as in the days of Athens and of Rome, we at least replace the by gone laurels with the expression of true and lasting sentiments. This is why the Conservative clubs of Montreal, true to their past, full of hope for the future, are happy to salute those who yesterday were their companions in arms, but who are to-day their chiefs, to salute them with deference, the veterans of our political life, always respected for their true morals, only equalled by their devotion to the public welfare. To the mark of friendship and fraternity in which we drink to them, we add a testimony of confidence and fidelity, an unanimous acknowledgment for the work of reconstruction that they have undertaken and which we hail as the beginning of an era of security, of honest work, of honor and of prosperity.

Hon. Messrs, Taillon, McIntosh, Beaubien, Pelletier, Nantel, and Casgrain replied.

In reply to the toast of the "Parliament of Canada," Hon. Messrs. Caron, Costigan, Ouimet and Patterson made eloquent speeches. Dr. Montague, the eloquent member from Haldimand spoke as follows:—

"I thank you," said he, "that you have given me such a reception, particularly because I come from the sister province of Ontario. Although not speaking the language of many of you gentlemen here, and though my home connections are many hundred miles from here I do not feel that I am a stranger. I have no such uncomfortable feelings. Coming as I do from the great province of Ontario, I am glad to greet my friends in the great province of Quebec. We of Ontario are happy to see the prosperity of our sister province. We of the West contribute not a little to the great city of Montreal. The fertile fields of Ontario and the still more fertile fields of the farther west pour their produce through the gates of Montreal, and whether our commerce is bound to the sea or bound to the lakes it builds up your great commercial city. While you have here a magnificent victory to record in Quebec, we ourselves have a few to record in Ontario. While you have sweept your province we have been continuing the good work. (With unholy alliances at home and abroad our opponents sought to obtain their object. The grand old man, whose name you so bravely cheered to night, lay sick to death at Earnscliffe, but even before his great heart had failed to drive the machinery of life the Liberal press were rejoicing in our death warrant. But we, who stood by the old man in sunshine left his grave in Cataraqui cemetery resolved that the best way we could show our devotion to his memory was by rallying around his principles and carrying it on to victory. And we did so. We have had the Federal elections, when our opponents suffered defeat. We were then told to wait for the by-elections as our friends appealed to the courts. They have appealed to the courts and to the people in the by-elections. Where is the Liberal party to-day?"

The speaker paid an eloquent tribute to the unity of the Canadian nation. As a Protestant in an audience which he believed was largely composed of Catholics, he hoped that religious differences should sink in the glow of true patiotism, and no more would it be a question of Frenchmen or Englishmen, Protestant or Catholic, but simply Canadian. This was the principle of the Conservative party. Those who thought different were not in the ranks of the Conservative party. "Not only must we be Canadians," said the speaker, "but we must be united. If are not to become great, it can only be by Ontario uniting with Quebec, Nova Scotia with British Columbia, New Brunswick with Manitoba, all under the one great flag. It was only necessary that we should be guided by the proper party. That party is the Conservative party. The men are Hon. Mr. Abbott and Sir John Thompson, not, perhaps, as great as the man who has gone before, but men who can conserve the interests of Canada under the British Crown."

When you are coming look up what you need in Boots, we have them. WM. BANFORD.

If you want cheap Tweeds and nice patterns See stock of G L Meikle & Co.

NEW GOODS!

Just received, a large stock of Dry Goods consisting in part of American and English Prints, all beautiful patterns, Flanelletes, dark and light colors. Ginghams, Checked Cottons, Cottonades, Factory Cotton, White Muslins, all kinds.

TWEEDS.

We beg to advise our county customers and others, that any desiring to take advantage of our cheap Tweeds, can get them now in exchange for Wool in June or July.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large stock of Boots and Shoes, to select from of good quality and cheap. Call and see us. Butter, eggs, and all merchantable produce taken in exchange for goods.

BANFORD & McFAUL.
WEST END.
3a

DRESS GOODS!!

Having completed our Spring purchases, we beg to call the attention of the LADIES to the unusually large Stock now in our Store, of

DRESS FABRICS,

Consisting of Novelties in Dress Goods, Dress Patterns, in Tweed Effects, Silk Warp Cashmeres, Plain Cashmeres in the Newest Shades, Serges very Cheap, All SHADES. A Fine line of Sateens very Dressy.

OUR PRINTS

Are very Special in value, being extra wide, Fine Cloth and Newest designs.

BEDFORD CORD DRESS GOODS,

in all the new shades.

G. L. MEIKLE, & CO.,
31-tf Main Street, Lachute.

Properties for Sale Or To Let.

1st.—LOT No. 1548 with house and

OUT-BUILDINGS

thereon erected, situated upon

Milway Street,
LACHUTE.

House containing 5 rooms and extension kitchen, just being erected and will be ready for occupation about the first of October.

2nd—Lot No. 1122 with House and outbuildings erected thereon, situated upon the corner of Barron Avenue and Foundry Streets in the Town of Lachute, with Photo gallery, ready for use, and room suitable for a store on ground flat.

3rd—Lot No 1527 with house erected thereon, situated upon Millway street, Lachute Town.

Also Lots Nos. 1474, 1618, 1527 and 1629 in the West Ward, Lachute Town.

For further information apply to

W. OWENS,
Proprietor,
Or to
W. J. SIMPSON,
Agent.
Lachute, P Q

Hotel For Sale

At Ste. Scholastique.

The undersigned offers for sale the well known "POIRIER HOUSE" at Ste. Scholastique, at a low price and reasonable terms. The stand is a good one and has been well patronized by those attending the courts.

Apply to
MRS. CHAS. POIRIER,
Ste. Scholastique, Que.
25—1m.

"Watchman" Clubing Rates.

WATCHMAN & *Witness*, ...	$1.50
" " Daily *do.*	3.00
" " Weekly *Star*	1.60
" " Daily *do.*	3 00
" " " *Gazette* [new.]...	5.50

HEARSE.



The undersigned having purchased a well-equipped hearse, in Montreal is now prepared to attend funerals, and to enter more fully than heretofore into the

UNDERTAKING

Business in all its details.

Coffins and Caskets

of every description at fair

Attendance Day & Night.

SIMON McKIMMIE,
Funeral Director.
Lachute, Sept. 1891 4-6m

Picture Framing.

Now is your time to leave your orders for picture frames with the undersigned, who has on hand from 20 to 30 different kinds of mouldings, at very moderate prices. Please call, see samples and examine workmanship.

JOS. CAMPBELL,
4 Lachute Mills Que.

OPENED AGAIN

—*SELLING CHEAP.*—

The undersigned having opened out their stock saved from the late fire in Rodrigue's building are now selling off at great reductions. Call and see bargains.

FRASER BROS.
Lachute, Jan. 21st 1892. 22-4m

MALCOLM SMITH, Auctioneer,

BEECH RIDGE, - - - Que.,

Will attend all Auction Sales of Farm Stock in this district, French and English, charges moderate.

Post Office address, Box 125,
Lachute, P. Q.,
23—3m

PIANOS & ORGANS.



Cash or instalment plan

TERMS EASY.

Call and obtain prices.

CHAS. KENNIEURG,
Main Street.
14—t Lachute.

J G Davidson,



UNDERTAKER,
Main st. Lachute Que.

Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, everything complete in this line.

COFFINS FURNISHED,
Day or Night.

Scarfs and Gloves complete, for sale or to rent.

A first class new Hearse has just been purchased and is

FREE TO PATRONS.

I have been years in this branch of business in Aylmer Que., and guarantee satisfaction.
Lachute, Jan. 14th, 1891. 21-tf

FOR SALE

6 Cows in calf,

Apply to
JAS. BOYD,
Earle's Mills, Lachute.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED pays highest prices in CASH for marketable HIDES.

A. MacGIBBON.
17 Lachute.

Avis Public.

APPLICATION sera faite a la prochaine session du Parlement du Canada pour un acte d'incorporation de la Compagnie du Chemin de fer, de la Vallee d'Ottawa, avec pouvoir d'acheter cette portion du Chemin de fer Le Grand Nord, a l'ouest de Lachute, et le Chemin de fer Carillon and Grenville, de batir un pont sur la Riviere Ottawa entre Carillon and Grenville et de construire une ou des lignes de chemin de fer reliant le dit pont aux chemins de fer des deux cotes de la dite Riviere.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,
27-9tu Pour Petitionnaires.

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Terrebonne. }

IN RE

JAMES FISH, Merchant, Lachute Que.,

Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that, on the 22nd day of February, 1892, by order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute, March 14th, 1892.

CHRISTMAS

Is Past But

New Year's

Is Coming and Before it is Past.

JOHN D. BOYCE & CO.

are going to sell the balance of their Holiday Goods, consisting of

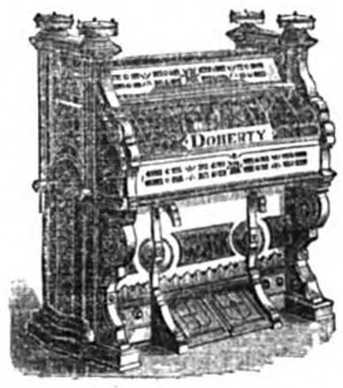
Plush goods, Toys, Games etc, in great variety, and to enable them to do so, have re-marked all their goods in that line at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Boys, now is your time to get bargains from

JOHN D. BOYCE & CO.,
Rodrigue's Block,
MAIN STREET, - - - Lachute.

ORGANS!!



The Doherty Organ leads the market

Sewing Machines

of the best makers, sold on instalment plan. Ten per cent discount for cash. Kip Long Boots $2 a pair; French Kid Bootees $1.75 a pair, at

J. A. BEDARD'S
Main st. Lachute.
(Sign of the Long Boot.) 14

Cloth Sold by the Yard, cut Free of Charge.



Agent For
Troy Steam Laundry and B.A. Dye Works.

BURDOCK PILLS

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

D. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the **Bowels, Kidneys and Liver**, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time **Correcting Acidity of the Stomach**, curing **Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility**; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size $1.

For sale by all dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

W. J. SIMPSON Agent,

FOR LEADING

Fire, Life And Accident, Insurance Companies.

For Sale or To Let

THE UNDERSIGNED will sell the Brick House and lot situated just outside of Lachute Town, in the Township of Chatham, on very reasonable terms, or will let to a suitable tenant, for further particulars apply to the proprietor,

10 W. J. SIMPSON.

LUMBER.

The Lachute Lumber Company have constantly on hand, a large quantity of

Lumber,

DRESSED and UNDRESED

ORDERS may be sent to the

Brownsburg, or left with

W. J. SIMPSON.
"Watchman" Office.

REMOVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED having rented the Building formerly occupied as a store by Mr. John Bradford, has removed his

MEAT MARKET.

AND

Vegetable Shops

to this favorable stand. In thanking the public for past patronage, he still hopes to give better satisfaction in the new premisses opposite

FISH'S BRIDGE.

D. WILSON,
Butcher

The Reward.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time,
And through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his beloved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse!
Who would not cast
Half of its future from him, but to win
Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed past?

Alas! the evil, which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness prone to fall;
Poor, blind unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, heedless of his creed
Or hue, hath bent—

He hath not lived in vain; and, while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart
He gazes backward, and with love before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

INDIAN PRINCES AT HOME.

Sir Edwin Arnold Writes of the Glories of the East.

This world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller apparent dimensions under the rapid movement provided by transcontinental trains and swift ocean steamships.

Along with the ceaseless rush of "civilization" goes inevitably the ubiquitous evening dress suit, the latest fashion plate from Paris, the tall silk hat and the other ugly things which are so convenient because they are so universal.

Costume and geographical variety are meantime vanishing before the face of these dismal invasions from all the globe, and your fellow-passenger in the Pullman palace car or in the saloon of the Cunarder may be of any European or North or South American country on the map for anything that can be gathered from his attire.

The manners of every people are getting levelled down to one dull, dead plane by the same agency, and differences of language alone preserve a certain lingering distinction. The graceful mantilla is being silently abolished from Spain, and the pretty faldetta from Italy, while even in Japan the city folk have taken to red socks and wideawakes and the ladies think themselves out of the mode on public occasion if they do not substitute the artificial "confections" of Paris, London and New York for the lovely and always becoming kimono and obi. Posterity more and more is threatened with residence upon an orb where everybody will wear one common style of garment, will talk, think and live in the same way, and will be at last as rigidly and dolefully like each other as peas in a sack or ants toiling and moiling upon a log.

In Asia and Africa almost alone does the Old World preserve something of its bygone Rich and Refreshing Variety of existence. The custom of even so much as dressing at all, except, perhaps, in brass, wire and beads, has yet to invade the greater part of the "dark continent," where there accordingly prevails a perfect delightful dissimilarity of taste and habit in the coiffure, in the loin aprons and in fantastic methods of treating the ears, the nose, the lips and the limbs.

India is also a land where especially and delightfully the increasing dreary sameness of modern times and habit does not and cannot penetrate, or else is lost sight of in in the vastness and picturesqueness of these antique Hindoo societies. As in the untouched portions of Japan, you find all over the Indian peninsula that the decrees of the great goddess of fashion are unknown or powerless. The people wear the beautiful and seemly garment which their ancestors wore 10,000 years ago, unaltered in seam or selvage or shape, but allowing a perfectly endless range of individual choice for tints, materials, richness of adornment and charm of general effect. There men and women, unlike ourselves, seem to clothe their bodies as the flowers do, for innate joy of hue and grace of combined pleasure in social aspect and animation. A mob of Europeans or of Americans differs from a crowd of Asiatics as a stubble of wheat or a prairie gray and grim with sage brush differs from a bed of tulips or a brightly waving field of poppies and buttercups.

Looking at the sombre garb and despondent aspect of our crowded modern cities one often sighs even in Anglo-Saxon communities for a return to the "peach colored satin coat with lace ruffles" of which in good Queen Ann's times Oliver Goldsmith was so justly vain. To see popular gatherings alive and brilliant with happy colors and to find the lost repose and delightfulness of daily life extant and visible and placidly prized one must wander to-day among Indian cities and enter the precincts of the temples of their gods and the courts of the Hindoo princes. I invite you, readers, to "come into the sun" for a space and realize a little the peaceful glowing, varied and picturesque daily life in and around the royal homes of India.

How an Indian city itself and its everyday sights and sounds under the continual and exhilarating sunlight would astonish some of your overdriven public! No train rails to cut up the streets, no importunate clang of the electric bell, no rush and pelt and rattle of hack and cab and express wagon and overloaded omnibus upon rugged paving stones. The very busiest street in Delhi, Jeypore, Agra or Poena is a perfect garden of repose for its calm and quiet compared to the uproar and diurnal fever of a byway in any third rate American town.

The unpaved sand or loam of the broad or narrow passage between the shops and houses give back no echo to the footfall of the men and cattle and vehicles that traverse it. They might be moving flower beds for their color and their silence of soft motion. The men are all diversified with clean, becoming robes of white or gray and brilliant turbans surmounting their neat, cool attire—turbans of purple, lilac, sky blue, rose red, green and amber—and the women draw over their smooth, black brows and shapely shoulders saris of the loveliest combined and blended tints imaginable, bordered with rich patterns and threaded with gold and silver embroidery, or inlaid with little flashing plates of glass and pearl shell. The bear feet of the women and children and the sandals of the men and boys give back no noise, and the sleepy, patient animals in the ox carts go down or up the highway with bread, noiseless hoofs and light loads of sugar cane, fodder or cotton, disturbing the long and warm midday lull with nothing louder than the chafing of the rooden yoke beam or the creak of an ungreased wheel. The babies astride upon the hips of their mothers never cry and never have anything to cry about. The boys, being as they are, not Christians, but Hindoos, never want to be noisy, devilish or cruel, and always go about their games or errands gravely and silently.

Here and there a group of friends newly met converse in elevated tones of pleasure, and there is, perhaps, a wrangle somewhere about a doubtful bargain or a little harmless quarrel over a bad eight-penny piece, which ends in words. But the traders in the open shops never vociferate and never madly advertise their goods, nor put up rival statements of supernatural cheapness, nor struggle fiercely and perpetually one with the other for the almighty dollar or its Asiatic equivent. Placid and dignified and self-contained, with the established habits of 30 centuries, they squat alongside their goods, not pushing their sale, seeing that they will surely be asked for when "Allah wills" or "Purshuram pleases," and, meantime, while calmly awaiting customers, they smoke the drowsily bubbling hookah or leisurely balance their accounts with a reed pen or upon the abacus.

There may be hundreds, nay thousands, perambulating a long street like that of the lively and famous Chandnichowk in Delhi or the Morti Bagh in Poona, and yet withal not more uproar or hubbab than in a retired nook of Central Park at New York. Nobody is in a hurry, and for everybody alike it is quite enough prosperity merely to live under such a glad, bright, existence gilding sun and amid so many sweet and pleasing sights of surrounding nature. For nature is everywhere around and among these Asiatic communities, not terrified out of contact with business and big cities as with us and you. In every corner the palm tree lifts its stately feathered head and sings a hymn from its waving plumes to the cooling breeze, the banana hangs her broad green flags over the white house walls and window lattices. The Indian convolvuli, great bells of blue and white, with the splendid yellow lupias and the tender lilac and gold sprays of the Bongainvillies adorn the very meanest huts, and upon the roofs and ridge poles thus beautified the animals take part in the general city life. There will be as likely as not monkeys sitting upon many a housetop. The four handed folk come in from the jungles to squat upon the highest tiles, all talking jungle gossip, to the disparagement, no doubt, of their bimanous and busy kindred.

The little striped squirrels run up and down the doorposts of the grain seller's shop, the sacred cow from the nearest temple wanders by its store of open corn and pulse, putting her privileged muzzle into the rice bags; the green parrots flash up and down the midstreet with a lively clamor and the great black bats—the flying foxes—hang in hundreds by their hooked legs from the bare fig tree. You can hear, amid the full tide of the city's traffic, the "swash" of the clothes being washed and beaten at the tank, and the scream of the kites as they circle round and round in the pale, clear sky overhead. The noisiest elements in the long, thronged, lively but noiseless street will be the ekka rumbling along on two ponderous wheels with some merchant's family, its oxen and its red curtains all covered with bells which jingle not unmusically, or some half-naked religious mendicant blowing his big copper trumpet or beating his cymbals for alms. Peace—the sustained—philosophic, contemplative, peace of Asia—broods over the people and the place. Life has of itself become a luxury in ceasing to be a task a mill grind, a never-ending work and worry. Ah, if I could only transport some of the nerve weary workers, men and women, whose intelligent faces and kindly eyes I see amid these many splendid cities of the United States, worn with the fever of the rush of daily affairs, to the quiet of my Indian cities and fields, how quickly I could give them back again la joie de vivre, that lost calm and gladness of the healthy human soul, which cures everything and is an earthly side of the "peace that passeth understanding."

Prominent among the the buildings of the city are the Temples and the Palaces. These simple Asiatics neither possess nor desire—nor, indeed, need—the countless large institutions which fill your cities with imposing piles of architecture. They want no town hall, because the tank, the temple court and the market place serve very well for all the purposes of such an edifice under weather which never betrays. They want no vast hotels, because everybody lodges with his kinsfolk; and they want no big hospitals, because the governments looks to that; they need no insurance offices, banks, asylums or manufactories, because they insure good luck by giving the gods a cake or two or some flowers; they bank by melting their spare silver into ornaments for wife and children; they take care of and tenderly protect their own imbeciles and indigent, and they make everything needful with their own fingers. But the temple will probably be gay, stately and beautiful, and the palaces of the Maharajah will be objects of pride and joy to the populace, and often very sumptuous, indeed, outside as well as inside.

We will leave the temple and mosques alone to-day and penetrate a little within those palace walls. Let the visit which we are to pay be in a city of Rajpootana, say, a very interesting and typical region of India, and let us choose the court of one of the Rajpoot princes, the Maharajah of Ulwar, as a specimen for respectful inspection. His Higness Mangal Singh, the "lion lord of good fortune," as the name signifies, is one of the immensely far descended kings of the great Rajpoot country, who rule their own chivalrous, gallant and high-spirited people under the suzerainty of Her Highness the Queen Empress Victoria, to whom he and all his royal kindred are most loyally attached. The Maharajah Mangal Singh is a knight commander of the Star of India, and is always saluted with a prescribed salvo of 11 guns whenever he visits the governor of the presidency. He is a young man of, perhaps, 25 years, of an olive complexion, with eyes dark and lustrous, features intensely refined and delicate in tint, and, indeed, presents the ideal of a Hindoo prince to look upon—such as Eugene Sue tried to depict in his Djalma of the "Mysteries of Par." His ruling passions are horses, the chase and war, but the last of these is, of course, a luxury impossible to indulge in, unless, indeed, the Maharani might some day be pleased at need to ask her faithful Rajpoots for aid, and then Mangal Singh would love better than his life to take the field against Russian Frenchman or anybody at the head of a lakh of fearless, magnificent horsemen.

Notice as we enter the walls of this inner town how the heavy gate doors, hundreds of years old, are studded with six-inch long spikes of iron. That is a relic of pre-scientific and old world belligerency, such as was prevalent in Asia when elephants were always first sent forward to batter in the portals of fortresses with their foreheads, and the only way of preventing the great beasts from bursting in a six-inch oak slab was to put a set of sharp spikes upon it. Even elephants, it was found, soon had enough of ramming a front door equipped in this style. The Rajpoot soldiers at the entrance of the palace precincts—dark warriors of an unmistakeable fighting breed—wear the leaf of Lama's tree for their badge, which the god plucked from the Indian jungle when he was starting forth to secure Sita from Ravana, the Demon King of Ceylon. Along the road leading to the palace front you may see several hunting leopards lying on their bedsteads lightly chained.

It is a favorite sport of the prince and of his fellow rulers to pursue the Black Antelope with a trained cheetah, and I have myself often witnessed that strang and exciting kind of hunting. The leopard is carried in a condition of sharp hunger to the open deer country upon a peasant's bullock cart, and when the antelopes are sighted the cart is carefully driven in a circle nearer and nearer to some fine buck with good long horns, until the animal is brought within reasonable distance. Then the hood is taken from the beast, whose savage eyes roam round and round the plain and soon fasten upon the deer, by this time some 400 or 500 yards away, and not by any means suspecting what looks like a simple country cart with its rural people bent upon agricultural pursuits. The leopard set free slides down like a fish from his straw bed on the cart and worms his way unseen though rocks and bushes until he has drawn near enough in rear or flank of his victim for a final rush, which he makes like a lightning flash, generally surprising and seizing the paralyzed buck before it can gather itself together for escape. If the deer manages to get away the cheetah makes no further attempt to follow it, but sulks in the thicket and is very difficult to catch again.

But if it succeeds in striking down its prey, the hunters hurry up, and while dragging the growling savage jaws away from the bleeding haunch or neck of the deer, they slip into the crimsoned mouth of the brute a fresh cut joint of a goat or calf, and the leopard thus deceived and pacified is soon secured again and placed upon the vehicle.

In the Rajah's grounds you will see these royal cheetahs and the men who have charge of the peacefully sleeping together on the same "charpe," but all the same these beautiful hunting beasts are in their evil moods fearfully ill-tempered and dangerous. Further on we shall come upon a rhinoceros roped up to a stout post and muching cabbage. He is the survivor of old, bad practice of beast fights which all the Rajpoot princes, like all other Indian potentates, indeed, and magnates, used to indulge in; but the Ulwar Maharajah is too well educated and enlightened for any great taste toward this. He has abolished the custom indeed.

Here is, neverless, the bygone "Bestiarium"—the janwa-khana, the place wherein many and many a Combat of Jungle Gladiators has been beforetimes bloodily waged—rhinoceros and tiger, rhinoceros and elephant, elephant with elephant, etc., as well as combats between rams stallions and buffaloes. There are princes and rich Zemindars who even now delight in such barbarous pastimes, and I know of one who on a certain festive occasion fastened a note for a thousand rupees to the tusk of a male elephant, mad with "must," and another on the horn of a wild bull buffalo, and offered them as prizes to the daring horsemen who, after two or three, perhaps, of their rivals had been gored to death, could secure the tempting wealth.

The palace at Ulwar is a good example of modern Hindoo architecture of the ornamental and latter-day kind. There is a rich ornamental frontal wall, with little cupolas over the gates, as well as upon each corner, the exquisite shape of which is directly borrowed from the curves assumed by the bamboo when it is bent to form a roof.

Inside the wall, pierced by a vaulted and colored entrance arch, is a court, flanked on the right and left hand by halls open on one side, with rows of beautiful sculptured columns, and leading on the far side by broad and sweeping flights of marble steps to an inner and highly decorated gateway. Through this we shall make bold to pass into the palace proper—that is to say, the public chambers of and the audience rooms (diwan'khanas), for the zenana or woman's quarter, is, of course, only for very privileged and feminine eyes—and albeit a hundred pair of them, lustrious and gem-like, may be secretly watching the strangers who tread these sequestered Indian apartments, the lattice from which they survey us will betray nothing of the inspection.

It is a pity that the Hindoos should have adopted from their Mohammedan conquerors the custom of secluding their women, but it is now a firmly rooted habit, which the great ladies themselves do most to keep up. A purdahnashin, a "curtain dwelling"—that is to say, a Hindoo of the higher classes—would not be seen out of doors, to save her life, except at religious ceremonies and in the marriage month. I have myself talked on important business with a Mahratta princess of whose august person I only saw the points of the toes under the edge of the embroidered curtain, and when I was staying with the resident physician at Jeypore, in Rajpootara, a curious thing occurred. He was the old and trusted friend of the Maharajah, and, the chief queen being taken ill, he was sent for from his dinner table; but when he returned he stated that he had been obliged to put his head into a green base bag before entering the zenana of his friend the king, and to feel the pulse of his illustrious patient and apply the stethoscope to her in the absurd embarrassment of this envelope, without which he could not have passed into the women's quarter of the palace, old friend and adviser as he was of all its inmates.

We may have the good fortune to see the little Prince of the reigning house, the heir pparent of the ancient realm of Ulwar, a alking with his hammals and attendants, who will sweetly say, though it is only early morning, "Good evening, sir," in order to demonstrate at once his politeness and his mastery of the English language. And we may even have the honor to salute the Maharajah himself, if we find him seated in his simple little chamber of justice, which gives by a carved window upon an outer garden, full of orange and pomegrante trees, to the sill of which suppliants and suitors may come from town and country to ask judgement and succor from his highness. Do you perhaps think that only the West knows what true justice is? Observe over the arch above the writing table of the young Maharajah that Persian verse, which is inscribed from that Bostan or "Garden" of Sadi, and which says:

Oh King, take heed un to the poor man's sigh
Unheeded it will climb and shake the sky.

If it be not too busy a day among the somewhat litigious subjects with the kindly and enlightened ruler of the Ulwar he may very possibly himself show to favored visitors some of the wonders of his royal abode. There is, for instance, the Sish manar that is to say, the "hall of mirrors"—entirely lined with dazzling plaques and fragments of colored crystal, which reflect the bright entering beams of the Indian sun with such burning and variegated lustre that it seems an apartment carved out of the mountain side where the native rock is full of jewels.

I said the Maharajah Mangal Singh loved horses, and he can show us not far from this stately white marble palace under the hills his superb stud of 2000 Arab half-breeds, some of them such lovely and shapely creatures as are scarcely to be seen elsewhere. An Arab horse is an absolute luxury to ride, its temper is so sweet, its endurance so great and its pace so pleasant, thanks to the low, springy pasterns, which give elasticity to its dancing gait.

But let us now come away from Rajpootana and go on the wings of fancy to a very district—that of Bhaonagar, in the region of Kattiawarr, another independent state, where Taktaji Singh is the great and enlightened chief. It shall be evening, and when the fireworks have all been finished, to the boundless pleasure of the vast crowd outside the gates of the palace, we will enter and sit in the royal circle of the Diwan-Khana watching a nautch or native dance. It is a scene, this, very typical of India, where no festival or great ceremony is complete without the quite and composing pleasure of the dance. Not that furious, gymnastic exercise in which we westerns, especially our feminine section, rejoice to indulge, but the high and grave and distinctly fine art of rythmical movement, accommodated to the lightest and faintest notes of the strange, wild music of cymbal and sitar, and to a harmony and subtlety of line and pace and waving limbs and robes to which the best ballet in Paris, London or New York offers but a coarse contrast. The prince, wearing rich and costly jewels, with a light evening coat of green satin, sits cross legged, at the top of the hall, having his guests and green officers beside him and ranged along the walls. His gorgeously-dressed attendants, standing behind the royal cushion, are fanning the warm evening air from his face or noiselessly bringing refreshment or the fragrant pipe.

Then Zanbo, the Persian girl, or Radina the Hindoo Nautchri, taking her pan-soopar, (the betel nut) from her mouth, adjusts her ample draperies, fastens the scarlet pomegranite flower tighter in her hair, and rises to her feet, while the drum and tamboora begin "Taza-ba-taza" or "Jam-i-man." Lowly does she salaam to the great personage, piously does she touch the silver bells fastened upon her bare feet, with a prayer for favor and success for dancing is a serious and solemn matter with these people. And then she softly becomes a living embodiment of music and of the boesy of motion, dancing true scientific dances, expressing the very language by gesture, gait and eloquent sway and wave at hand and foot and arm and body, of that passionate or sorrowful Persian or Guzerathi song, which she sings in a high falsetto full of minor keys and minutely divided notes. Perhaps you will not admire it until you understand it as well as some of us—have studied its marvellous antique grace and emotional significance. Perhaps the western man will prefer, after all he sees and hears, to encircle a tight laced waist, bound in fashionable silk or satin, and whirl it round to the better comprehended strains of Strauss or Godfrey. But the indolent passions of the Indian blood find their delight in this measured, sober, refined and soothing pas suel; and all night long, as dancer salaams and sits down, to be succeeded by another, and another and another, these statesman, warriors, merchants and pundits of the strange Indian world will watch with undiminished interest the slow, quiet, musical passages of the Nautch.

I remember in the days of the great mutiny, when a famous native regiment, the 25th infantry of Bombay, marched back to our station covered with glory for faithfully fighting their rebel brethren. I was commissioned to ask the senior jemadar what form of entertainment the men would best like to accept from the ladies and gentlemen of the station. The answer was a "Nautch;" and when we had hired the most famous dancing girls of the district, and had pitched great shamiana tents on the plain, and had lain in plenty of betel-nut to chew, they wanted no more. All night long those veteran soldiers, fresh from fierce and bloody battles, sat in large rings of scores and hundreds under the moonlight, wearing their fatigue dress of white cotton and watching the dancers while softly smoking the "pipe of peace. How different are the races of men!

What would gratify most, no doubt, such ladies as may honor me by reading these sketchy recollections of Eastern royal life, would be. I think, the various Tosha'khanas or treasure chambers of the Indian courts. If I had time and space I would also like to describe the way in which the Indian princes hunt and what splendid, varied and exciting pastime in this line is afforded by the jungles of Aindostan with those grand studs of trained elephants which the princes possess, as well as the really magnificant sport of pig sticking, riding the gray wild boar down with the keen spear upon a quick and intelligent Arab horse. But I must be content here merely to mention the jewels of one particular Eastern potentate which dwell in my memory.

Some of the finest gems in the world are still to be seen in these Tosha'khanas of the peninsula, where they are greatly prized and carefully guarded. Many of the best pearls from Ormuz or Ceylon, of the choicest pigeon blood rubies from Burmah, emeralds of extraordinary size, carved with long inscriptions in Persian, Arabic and Sanscrit, with delicate and costly enamels after the style of the master art of Jeypore, were stored in that royal collection which I inspected at Baroda of Guzarat. There were swords there whose hilts alone were worth a large estate, so richly were they crusted with costly stones, and the blades of some among them were of such fine and perfectly tempered steel as to be occasionally more valuable than the handles. Certain among the choicest blades had slots cut in the damasked steel, up and down which ran costly pearls or rubies, cut to a round head, and some of them were thrust into spiral scabbards, so faultless were their spring and elasticity. The old Mahratta custodian would suddenly open some old marmalade jar or sardine box taken from the great barred vault, and turn out of this unlikely receptacle, rolled up in an ancient red or green rag, such a belt of sapphires and diamonds, such a diadem of oriental rubies, such a bracelet or anklet or ring for the nose or finger that must have made the eyes of any lady who had a proper and becoming passion for beautiful things sparkle like the jewels themselves.

On high public occasions these princes and magnates of India vie with each other in the dazzling and gorgeous display of gems with which they repair on their elephants to durbars or receptions. The native classical name for such lovely baubles is santosha, the Sanscrit word for "contentment," as if their wonder and beauty were calculated to fill ordinary hearts and minds quite to the brim. It is better, however, for those who are not millionaires to talk and think as little as possible about the glittering contents of those Indian treasure chambers.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

The Starving Viennese.

A scene was witnessed on Friday that will seem incredible to those who know only the gay side of Vienna. This (says the Daily News' correspondent) was the distribution of 2000 twenty-kreuzer loaves to the unemployed, which took place in the garden of a suburban beer-house. The originators of the distribution are the workmen themselves, the subscriptions being sent to the newspapers. The bread was long in coming, and there was plenty of time to study a crowd of men and women whose starved and pinched faces looked more starved and more pinched with every half-hour of waiting. There were quite three hundred women with babies. Some of them had evidently never known anything but misery, looked hardened to it, and complained merely of hunger, while some had evidently known better days, and were ashamed of being there to ask for a piece of bread. One woman told me she had lived on refuse for months, and thought she would like to know what the taste of bread was like. When the two thousand loaves of bread were gone there were still about ninety people who had waited three hours, and had to go away empty-handed, while outside more than five hundred were waiting, who believed that by some miracle the loaves would be multiplied and that they might come in for a share. There are in Vienna at present 40,000 skilled workmen without occupation. This is one-fifth of all the workmen in the city. There are, first, 4000 turners, almost all mother-of-pearl turners, who were thrown out after the passage of the M'Kinley Bill. The bakers out of work number 2200. Large numbers of masons came to Vienna in expectation of the works for greater Vienna being started, and there are now 4700 in the city without employment. There are, besides, 3200 masons' labourers, 7000 shoemakers (after last year's strike manufacturers went to Bohemia and settled there), 5000 carpenters, and 9000 metal workers. The distressing scenes which took place in the suburbs when bread was distributed to the poor out of work has been repeated in a much more painful form.

Rats on a Wrecked Steamship.

A correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, describing scenes on the Northumberland coast, tells a curious story about rats:—What a scene of devastation did St. Mary's Island witness as the result of the breaking up of the Gothenburg City. I was one of a party that went on board that ill-fated vessel a few days before she broke up, and saw a sight to be remembered. I shall never forget it. To all appearance, as we approached her, the vessel might have been sailing comfortably out of harbour, save for the absence of any apparent life on board of her. But we had no sooner put foot on deck than we were immediately attacked in such a manner that such of us as had got on board had to make tracks for the rigging, while the rest fellback into the boats. Rats! I never saw so many in my life, and never hope to again. Great hungry, lanky, lean-looking rats, many of them with their tails chewed off, swarmed up from below in never-ending thousands, squeaking and squirming over one another in a manner sickening and horrible to behold, particularly to those of us up in the rigging. At last we cut off some loose ropes, knotted them into convenient lengths, and so armed we descended and attacked the rodents, eventually succeeding in beating a passage to our boat. Any one would have supposed that they knew by instinct the impending fate of the vessel, for they no sooner saw us over the side than they began to swarm down the ropes and try to enter the boat, and it was only with difficulty we were able to beat them off before casting the boat clear; and they squeaked in a horrible manner in their anguish and mad frenzy as we rowed away from the vessel's side. They were too far both from the island and the mainland to swim ashore. They could not swim on the timber and coal, and so that was washed ashore to warm the shins of the coast folk. While every other part of the vessel seemed to go to splinters, the deck-house, strange to say, came ashore on the island intact.

Shocking Tragedy Near Paris.

The *Daily Telegraph's* Paris correspondent says:—A horrible murder, the confessed author of which is already in the hands of the police, was perpetrated on the person of an old women named Chipot on Friday in the suburb of Ivry-sur-Siene. The victim, who was a widow, lived alone in a cottage, and carried on clandestine retail wine business. The body was horribly mutilated about the head, the assassin having driven a heavy iron poker through the right ear into the brain. The house had been ransacked, and a small quantity of jewellery was missing, but it is not yet known whether there was any money to steal. A notorious bad character, Bauhaim who lived by, was at first summoned as a witness but his answers were so confused that suspicion fell upon him and he was arrested. In spite of numerous bloodstains on his clothes Bauhaim stoutly denied all knowledge of the crime; but his eldest child, a boy of nine, on being interrogated was unable to adhere to the falsehood with which he commenced his replies, and finally stated that he accompanied his father, and related the whole affair. The recollection of the horrible scene when the child saw his father commit the atrocious crime caused the boy to hide his face in his hands as he told his story, and he shrieked with horror as he described the ghastly stare of the woman's eyes. Bauhaim confessed his guilt at a late hour last night, and his wife has been arrested as an accomplice.

A Banquet of Horse Flesh.

The Daily Telegraph's Paris correspondent says:—Two hundred guests sat down on Sunday at the Cafe Vefour to an original repast consisting exclusively of horse flesh. M. Besancon, a prominent police official, presided at the banquet, and in the speech which he subsequently delivered stated that the consumption of horse flesh for human food had risen from 5873 kilos in 1872 to 21,567 kilos in 1891. A philanthropic as well as a gastronomic end had been obtained by the innovation, for the value of dead horse flesh in good condition had now gone up so that horse owners were now more careful of the well-being of their animals. The "Health of M. Decroix," chief veterinary surgeon of the army, was then proposed, and a gold medal presented to M. Marius Tetard, secretary of the Committee of Horse Flesh. M. Geoffroy St Hilaire fils also spoke in praise of the memory of his father, who was one of the first men of eminence to eat horse flesh.

One of the drawbacks connected with Queen Victoria's lofty station is the law that forbids her reading documents or receiving any letters except from her own family, until they have been scrutinized by the person in charge of the royal correspondence.

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

The first consignment of tea from Natal has been sold in London.

After a life of more than two centuries, an old master in the British gallery, painted on wood, has cracked.

The Society of Friends has contributed more than $100,000 to the Russian sufferers.

A copy of the original edition of "Pickwick" given by Dickens to Macready has been sold from the late James McHenry's library for 26 guineas.

Three of the partners of a large varnish factory near London have died within a year, leaving an aggregate fortune of over ten millions of dollars in personalty besides large estates in lands.

No members of the British Royal family are to attend the Ascot races this year. The Queen has given orders that the Royal stand is to be kept closed, with all the blinds drawn down, during the meeting.

The late W. H. Smith left £1,760,460 of personalty, made from his book stalls. He left to his wife some houses and $40,000 a year while she remains unmarried. After various other bequests he leaves the bulk of the estate to his son, the Hon. William F. D. Smith.

A genuine old Roman circus placard, a thin slab of stone three feet long, has been acquired by the British Museum. In the upper corner there are holes for cords to pass through, so that it might be hung up outside the theatre, and it bears this inscription in Latin: "Circus full. Immense applause. Doors shut."

Mr. C. C. Atchison has made a tour from England to Buenos Ayres and back recently. He went for his health and found it, and incidentally he has written a racy description of his winter cruise, during which he visited Lisbon, St. Vincent, Pernumbuco, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and other places. He made the round trip for $500, was gone two months, has a glorious time, and thinks that he got a great deal for his money.

Evidence increases that the universal language will be English. It has already taken the place of French in Germany and Russia. All the deliberations of the recent Conference concerning Samoa were conducted in English instead, of French. A gentleman in Liberia says that English has driven out every other foreign tongue from the west coast of Africa, where once Portuguese was dominant. This progress in India is steady, as it is also in Japan.

Interesting information upon the unwillingness of the working classes to subscribe in early life for an oldage pension is afforded by a great English firm of cotton spinners. They offered to subscribe £1,000 to a pension fund on condition, that the work people subscribed upon an actuarial scale, but this proposal was rejected by a vote of more than two to one.

The Liverpool bark Mary Mark, bound for Rio de Janeiro, has been sixty-three days on the way and has got only as far as Cardiff. She started from Liverpool on Dec. 21 and put back twice to Liverpool in a disabled condition. Then she went ashore on the Welsh coast. She returned again to Liverpool leaky, and afterward she put into Cardiff in a damaged condition.

Returns just published show that the population of the colony of Western Australia on Dec. 31 last was 53,285—32,228 males and 21,057 females. The number of births during the year was 507: arrivals by immigration, 1,892; cases of death, 331, and other departures, 896. It would seem that opinions differ as to whether the colony is a good place to immigrate to or emigrate from.

How to Select a Bull.

Some of our readers may desire to purchase a bull for the advantage of their own stock and for the accommodation of the neighborhood, for it is an absolute calamity to be surrounded by poor cattle. Select an animal with a head very long, the muzzle fine, eyes prominent and full of life, ears long and thin, the horns wide, the neck small and fine where it joins the head and rising from the shoulders with a graceful curve. The shoulders should be broad, but not too broad, at the junction of the neck; chest open, projecting well before his legs; fore legs muscular, tapering to the knee joints; the lege clean, handsome and fine boned; no hollows between the shoulders; chin and chest alike full; plates firm, sustaining the belly so that it does not droop below the line of the breast; the back broad straight and flat, promising a good sirloin in his progeny; the ribs symmetrically rising from each to each, until the last almost joins the hips. The idea we seek to convey is expressed by some writers calling the body "the barrel." The hips must be wide to uphold the frame that we have partly described. There must be no angularity. A full, round outline is needed at once for beauty and power, a little higher than the back on which "Priscilla, the Puritan maiden," might have ridden from church with the bridegroom, John Alden, in the old colony days," of which Longfellow has written so eloquently in "Miles Standish." The quarters from the hip to the rump should be long and tapering from the hips—everything, in fact indicating that the breeder has used the best models of bovine beauty and might to present his idea of th bull. The turls or potbones will not protrude, the rump will be close to the tail and that will be a broad, well-covered addendum, in a straight line with the spine, falling in a pleasant curve toward the ground, as if its descent told of a reserve of power that might carry the caudal member in any position with equal ease.

Going to Extremes.

Mrs. Newwed—"My dear, as you said we must do everything possible to economize, I have been at work turning my old dresses, and I can make most of them do another year. It won't take me over six weeks to get through, and then I'll reshape and retrim my old bonnets."

Mr. Newwed—"That's very sensible, I must say."

Mrs. Newwed—"I have also been trying some waxed thread and a coarse needle on my old shoes, and I believe they'll last six months longer; and I've turned that old carpet we bought second-hand, and given it a thorough washing, so that it will do very nicely; and I'm going to make some curtains for the up-stairs windows, to avoid buying new ones."

Mr. Newwed—"Eminently sensible, my dear."

Mrs. Newwed—"And I've sent off the washerwoman and discharged the hired girl. I will do all the work myself."

Mr. Newwed—"You're an angel, my love."

Mr. Newwed—"And I took that box of imported cigars you bought, and traded them for two boxes of cheaper ones."

Mr. Newwed—"Now, see here! Economy is a good thing, but there is no need of your becoming an unreasoning, fanatical monomaniac on the subject."

MR. PARKER POTT'S WEDDING DAY.

I.

To-morrow was to be Mr. Parker Pott's second wedding day.

I don't mean to say he was going to marry the same wife over again, but the late lamented Mrs. P. P., having three years ago left this world for a better, he was about to take to his bosom a second one, who should cheer his declining years, support him when he grew feeble, and rub his head with a weak solution of brandy and alcohol whenever it was needed.

With this end in view, he had fixed upon the person of Mrs. Trips, the widow of a master mariner, fair, fat and forty; but, albeit, who had so charmed the heart of the susceptible Mr. P by the brilliancy of her wit, the sedativeness of her manners, and the amorousness of her glances till, as his own daughter Emma, aged twelve, said, "Papa would stand upon his very eyebrows if she," meaning Mrs. T., "wished him to."

Thinking of the approaching ceremony kept Mr. Parker Potts awake half the night, and then woke him up early; for, try as he would, he could not keep the thoughts of to-morrow's festivities out of his head. He repeated to himself all that his charming Ada had said to him when they parted at the door at 10 p.m. He tried to imagine how he would look when he walked down the aisle, with the beautiful creature hanging blushingly on his arm; and he pictured himself snubbing that man Snigger, who had said when he spoke of getting married, that "no one but an old fright would have him," and lastly, he rehearsed the wedding breakfast, and saw himself responding to the toasts of the assembled guests.

Yes, there it was all laid out in the room below. The table decorated with pots of ferns and flowers. The old silver he had borrowed from his Aunt Sarah looking like the family plate of an earl; the spoons and forks (hired for the occasion) bright and glittering, together with the cut glass-ware and Dresden china, as delicate as it was beautiful.

How pleased he was he had taken Ada's advice, to have it all made ready the night before. It was even as she hinted—they had nothing to do but to get married.

How pleased she was, too, when he proposed to borrow his aunt's silver. "Not that it will make me love you any more, dear," she had said, "but it will make my friends think you are a man of substance," and these words seemed to tickle and ring in Mr. P.'s ears, till he borrowed, and bought, and hired all the silver he could lay his hands on—vowing that her friends, who by-the-by, he had never yet seen, should think him if not quite a Lord Mayor, very nearly one—so the table groaned beneath the weight of its massive ornaments.

Then he thought of when and where he'd first met Mrs. T. Dear me! he'd only known her three weeks; but then as the poet says: —"Love is not measured by time, and as long as the neighbors didn't know, what did it matter."

He recalled how tenderly she had laid her head on his shoulder and cried—yes! actually cried, when he asked her to be his rosebud, and a great joy took possession of his heart, which thumped, and beat and rattled against his ribs as he thought how enviously certain of his male acquaintances would be. And then Mr. P. feels he can stay in bed no longer—he must be up and doing, and see that his clothes are all ready; call Emma and the servant, and make them, for the twentieth time, brush the carpets, the hall and the stairs. So just as the light comes streaming in at his bedroom window, and Big Ben rings out the hour of six, he bounces from his couch, and, arraying himself in his checked dressing-robe and carpet slippers, proceeds to carefully again go over his wardrobe, and having satisfied himself that all there is in order, he thinks he will go and have another peep at the breakfast-room.

In a minute he is in the hall—in half a minute he is at the door. He turns the key—for Mr. P. was wise in his generation, and always locked his doors—he twists the handle, and enters. But, Heavens! what is this?

He clutches the door, he sinks back against the wall, his legs almost refuse to support him; for instead of the handsomely appointed table, laid out ready for the wedding breakfast, as he had left it the night before—instead of the carefully arranged room, with its sideboards and dishes and ornaments—its new Turkey carpets and rugs and pictures—he sees a table bare but for a few china plates. A sideboard destitute of all save its cloth and its mirror, and a room the picture of utter disorder, carpets ripped up, chairs turned over, paper and cardboard about the floor—in short, a wreck, and all his treasures gone.

For several minutes Mr. P. does not move—he cannot! He only leans helplessly against the wall, and turns pink and blue in the face by turns. Then slowly he recovers himself. He rushes frantically to the bell; pulls it till the whole paraphernalia comes down on the top of him; shouts with all the force he can muster: "Emma! Mary! Burglars! Thieves! Mary! Emma—Thieves! Burglars!!" and collapses on the sofa in the midst of his shattered hopes.

II.

When the household at No. 2, Calton Villa—to use a phrase—"picked themselves up," the first thing they thought of was the police.

Mr. P., by the aid of brandy and alcohol, applied this time, not externally to his head but internally to his throat, had now recovered some of his usual dignity, and with his hands thrust deep into the pocket of his dressing-gown, is saying to the women folks: "Now, you idiots, don't stand gaping about as if you were looking for a lot of this to swallow! You, Mary, put on your hat and go and fetch the first policeman you can find; and you, Emma, wait here; I shall want you to take—ahem!—a letter to Mrs. Trips—ahem!—she must be told of this unfortunate occurance. But before Mary has time to leave the house, and before he has commenced his note, there is a knock at the front door, followed by a sharp ring at the bell.

"Go and see who that is," instructs Mr. P.; so Emma goes to the door, but returns quickly.

"It's a gentleman to see you, father—here's his card. Why, see!" reading out, "he's Mr. Hamilton Twig, Inspector of Police."

"Dear me! dear me!" said the little man; "how extraordinary! I wonder how he heard of it already; just the very man we want to see, though. Show him in Emma, and tell Mary she need not now send for a policeman." So Mr. Hamilton Twig is ushered into the room.

"Good morning!" he says affably. "So you had burglars last night?"

"Good morning!" answers Mr. Parker Potts, looking at the upright form before him, wearing a peak cap, and an official blue coat, beneath which Mr. P. fancies he sees his badge of office, "but, dear me, how did you find out so soon?"

"Oh" said the inspector knowingly," we heard all about it before you were up. You see we keep a sharp look-out around this neighborhood. Why, we've got one of the fellows that had a hand in it up at the station now, and we shall have the other one before the day's out. I've come to have a look round the premises, with your permission, sir' and see what they've left, and how hey got in.

Here Mr. P. fairly jumped off his feet. To think they'd caught one of the thieves already—then he might get all his silver even now. Well he'd always believed in the power of the law, but now he'd believe in it more than ever.

"Certainly! certainly!" he replied, with cheerful alacrity, "see anywhere—everywhere; and here, Mary," he calls, "bring this gentleman the decanter of brandy, it's raw cold out, I know." Then, when the inspector has had his glass, he accompanies him over the house, and they find that the thieves have been nowhere only in the one room.

"Seems to me," said the official, drily, when they returned to the scene of the robbery, "that the thieves knew everything valuable was put in here. Then, note-book in hand, he examines the window-catches, the door fastenings, and the chimney, and makes what he calls his diagnosis of the case, and tells Mr. P. very confidingly how and where the thieves got in; finishing by saying again, "we'll have the other fellow, and all the silver before you are many days older—only, my dear sir, keep your own counsel—don't speak of it, and don't let your servants speak of it—leave the matter entirely in our hands." And he takes one more walk around the room. Suddenly uttering an exclamation of apparent surprise and pouncing on a cupboard he had not noticed before, he opens it and drags out a small clothes basket full of lots of the silver ware the thieves had evidently not been able to carry away.

"Ah!" gasps Mr. P., his eyes brightening up at the sight of some of his treasure.

"Thought so," cooly says the inspector—"they were disturbed and made off with what they could carry, intending to come back for this afterwards."

"Yes," murmers Mr. P., "I was awake a lot last night—they must have heard me;" and inwardly he blesses his dear Ada, for wasn't it thinking of her that prevented him sleeping?

"Now," says the inspector, "this is an important discovery, for here is one of the rascal's handkerchiefs and a putty knife. This basket must go right up to the police-station as it is; we shall be able to identify and convict them by it. You'd better count the pieces that are there."

So Mr. P. goes down on his knees, counts the spoons, forks, and other things the burglars had left behind, and receives a receipt for them in the inspector's own handwriting—who calls to his man at the door and gives him the basket, with instructions in a loud voice to take it up to the police-station and wait there till he comes—and now he turns to lift up his hat and bid good-bye to Mr. P.

"You had better not go out to-day, sir," he says. "It is possible your presence may be necessary up at the police court, but I'll send you a note down before twelve. In the mean time, my dear sir—not a word! not a word;"

"But, ahem! ahem——. I was going to be married to-day," breaks out Mr. M. P., "so it is impossible for me to stay in."

"What time does the ceremony take place, sir?" asks the inspector.

"Twelve o'clock," replies the other.

"Ah! you are the gentlemen who is marrying that very charming lady Mrs. Trips, then. I knew her well at one time. I will send you down word, say by eleven o'clock; but don't go until you hear from me;" and raising his hand to his cap—the inspector is out of the house, down the steps and gone.

III

Five minutes after, Mr. Parker Potts sits down to write a note to his Ada, to tell her what has happened, and to say that the event must not make any difference to the wedding—which letter he seals and sends at once by Emma.

Somehow Mr. P. feels lighter. The catastrophe is not so great as he had at first supposed, and he hopes that the timely and energetic conduct of her Majesty's polite-officer will result in the restoration and recovery of the whole of the stolen property.

He is just about to shout for Mary to bring him some breakfast, when, hark! another ring at the bell, and Mary comes in to say there is another police-inspector wishes to see him.

"Another inspector!" ejaculates Mr. P. "I wonder what he wants; show him in," and a second official enters the room, not unlike the last one, except there is a number on his coat and badge and on his cap, and, strange to say, he almost repeats the same words.

"Yes!" answers Mr. P., as, after saying good morning the new comer remarkes he has heard there were burglars in the house last night, "yes! I suppose the inspector's told you all about it,' but wondering at the same time what this one has come for.

"I don't understand you," said the official in the blue coat a littly sternly, casting his eyes around the room and taking in its details at a glance. "Here is my card," and Mr. P. reads for a second time that morning:

MR. HAMBLETON TWIG,
Inspector of Police.
C. District.

"Well! I know that's his card. I repeat again, I suppose you have seen him and he has told you all about it."

I don't understand you, once more," said the police-inspector, now really angry. "That is my name there!" touching the piece of pasteboard in Mr. P.'s hand; "and my men report they saw someone breaking away from this house about four o'clock this morning, but they were not quick enough to catch them; but besides I can see there has been a burglary because the catches of the windows outside have been forced, and because of all this"—indicating by a sweep of the arm the disordered room—"and what do you mean by saying 'you suppose the inspector's told me!'" and he thinks the little man before him has quite gone out of his mind.

"I mean that there was another inspector of your name here, and that he said the same as you have said, and I showed him over the house"; and Mr. P. looks justly indignant, for he believes the other is trying to have a game with him.

This time it is the man in blue's turn to be amazed.

"Someone else of my name has been here?" he asks—"someone using my name!" Then, of a sudden, he says: "Tell me about it quick. What sort of a man was he?"

"Tall, with side whiskers, a coat and cap like yours," replies Mr. P., while a feeling of doubt creeps over him. "He had a note-book, and went all over the house, and gave the basket of silverware the thieves left behind them to his man to take up to the police-station. He said they would want it there as evidence."

"Done! your done! That's clever Bill's work," shouts the inspector, bringing his fist down on the table and almost collapsing it. "Done! slicker than ever; I've known him to do it before. Actually came back and fetched away with his pal what they couldn't take overnight; but I wonder where Bess is—she generally works works with him. He hadn't a woman with him?" he asks—and then he cannot keep it in any longer, but just laughs till the tears roll down his face to think of Bill turning inspector.

All the while Mr. P. is dumb—he doesn't hear—he doesn't see—he doesn't care. Then he yells out, "Don't speak to me—I don't know anything;" and in his agitation he moves his arms up and down like a windmill, finally sinking on the sofa, "knocked," as the inspector expressed it, "all of a heap."

Just then there was a third ring at the door bell, and a messenger hands a letter to Mary, departing as quickly as he had come. It is addressed to Parker Potts, Esq., and is in the handwriting of his Ada.

Mechanically he opens it; rolls his eyes over the contents, drops the paper, gives a little moan, and goes off into a dead faint, while the inspector, with an eye to business, picks up the note, and reads:

"DEAREST MR. PARKER POTTS,—

"This is to express to you our joint appreciation of your munificence and candour to the much-honored Mrs. Trips. But as *Bigamy* is not allowable in this country, neither of us can see how the ceremony set for to-day can take place, and knowing that, in this case, you will not require your hired and borrowed silver, we sincerely hope you will not object to our using it for temporary purposes.

"Knowing your generous disposition, we have not bothered to ask you, but have anticipated your reply.

"Thanking you once more, dear Mr. Parker Potts.

"We remain,

"Yours affectionately,

(Signed) "ADA TRIPP, alias 'BESS,' and
"CLEVER BILL, alias
"INSPECTOR HAMILTON TWIG."

"Just as I thought," grunted the police-officer. "Bess at it again. Oh! you old fool!"

* * * * * *

The next morning the local paper contained this paragraph:

"We regret to announce that Mr. Parker Potts has become suddenly indisposed, and by the advice of his physicians left last night for the Canary Islands. Owing to this, his marriage has been indefinitely postponed."

A Jewish Wedding.

Admission to the floor of the synagogue is by card, to the galleries by favor. The reading desk on the floor is covered by the by the "chuppah," or marriage baldachino. It consists of four slender posts supporting a cover of richly figured silk with massive satin fringes. On each side, except the eastern, is an arch of smilax, evergreens, and roses. Ushers are in black frock suits, and wear high silk hats. At 5 p.m. the assistant reader of the congregation chants the psalm of thanksgiving in Hebrew, to which responses are made by a trained choir in the gallery. Next, the ministers, chief among whom is the venerable father of the groom, descend from the platform and approach the door as the bridal procession enters. Returning to places within the chuppah, they are followed by the bride-groom, supporting his mother on his arm. The bride follows, accompanied by her mother, brother, and an old nurse, who, like those of her race in the West Indies, is faithful in solicitous attendance to the last. Eight little children, cousins of the bride, bearing baskets of flowers; come last.

Pure white satin is the dress of the lady, who is covered with a diaphanous veil, and carries a boquet of flowers. Face to face with the bridgroom, she stands composedly, while the ritual is read. The first cup of consecrated wine, to be sipped by groom and bride, is then presented. If the obligations of matrimony are not now understood by the quietly happy pair, it is not the fault of the officiating rabbi, whose long but sterling address in English is punctuated by apt Hebrew quotations. Wifely and husbandly duties are set forth with great force and precision. The officiating minister then takes a glass of wine in his hand and pronounces the seven prescribed benedictions. Bridegroom and bride taste the wine, and thus symbolize participation in the joys and pains of earthly life. The wedding ring—plain and unadorned, as the emblem of simple contentment, perfectly rounded, as signifying concord in endless union—is placed on the bride's finger by the groom, with the words, "Behold thou art consecrated unto me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and of Israel. Reading the "Kethubah," or marriage contract, as formulated by the fathers, is omitted, for the sufficient reason that it has already been subscribed in private. Now comes an interesting performance on the part of the newly wedded husband. The goblet from which he and his wife have drunk is deposited one the floor, and by his foot is crushed into a thousand fragments, and that with a vim that speaks eloquently of his resolve to put his foot on any and all evils that may enter the family circle until death shatters it. The first kiss under the new relation is then given, the bridegroom offers his arm to his spouse, and with a proud air of responsibility leads the willing yokefellow from chuppah to entrance, and thence home to the wedding feast.

Distress in Vienna.

All classes in Vienna now realise the gravity of the distress in the city; subscriptions continue to pour in, and many expedients are being resorted to in order to aid the charitable movement. At Tuesday's distribution of bread outside the office of the *Volkspresse* many piteous scenes were witnessed. Out of a crowd of 12,000 men and women who assembled, only 8000 could be provided with loaves. On it becoming known that the supply was nearly exhausted those who had received nothing raised a perfect yell of disappointment, and began struggling furiously with one another to get near the building before the last loaves had gone. When there were no more to be obtained the people seemed to lose all control of themselves, and behaved like maniacs. The police induced the crowd to depart in an orderly manner.

The Indolent Gardener.

Mrs. Suburb—"No more milk? What's the matter?"

Gardener—"The cow has stopped givin' milk, mum."

"Goodness me! Why?"

"Because she's dry, mum."

"Then why in the world don't you give her a drink?"

CAVE DWELLERS IN AFRICA.

Late Discoveries About Them and Their Surroundings.

Explorers Forbidden to Enter the Caves in the Hills of Katanga.

When Capt. Grant was descending the Nile, after Speke and he had surveyed the great Victoria Nyanza, he met some native travellers who said to him:

"The most remarkable country in Africa is way down in Katanga. It is the place where copper comes from, and there are great caves in the hills, so high that if we were riding through them on these camels we could not touch the roof with our spears; and people live in them. One of these caves is 400 yards wide, and it took us from sunrise till noon to march through it, and we came out of the hill on the other side."

It was thirty years ago that Capt. Grant heard this remarkable story. It is a curious coincidence that during the very week of his death, last month, there came to Brussels the preliminary report of Lieut. Le Marinel announcing that he had visited the caves of Katanga and seen the people who inhabit them. He approached these hills, which rise about 5,000 feet above the sea, from the northwest. Another explorer, Mr. Arnot, has visited them from the south, and both sides of these little mountain ranges are found to be dotted with the mouths of caverns, the dark homes of some thousands of people.

Le Marinel says those troglodytes are known as the Bena-Kambabo. Many of their caves are not inhabited, but are simply places of refuge. The openings are

SO CAREFULLY HIDDEN

among the rocks or in the underbrush that it is hardly possible to find them; but scores of inhabited caves are scattered like rabbit warrens along the flanks of the hills and can be seen from a distance. The people have been a thorn in the flesh of King Msiri, one of the most powerful native rulers in Africa. The troglodytes alone among his subjects have for years defied his tax gatherers. The King's army several times marched against them in vain. When their hills were invaded the people simply retreated into the bowels of the earth. Interior passages connect their caves, and they can come to the light again far from the place where they vanished into the blackness of their underground homes. Le Marinel says, however, that Msiri has at last thoroughly cowed his rebellious subjects. They pay him tribute now, though there is little for the taxgatherers to collect, because the King left them hardly a goat when he conquered them.

* * * They are among the loftiest and coldest parts of tropical Africa. Water sometimes freezes in the night. Le Marinel says the Bena-Kabambo are the most ferocious savages he ever met. They are afraid the secrets of their grottoes will be fathomed, and the explorer was not permitted to enter them. Arnot had the same experience on the south side of the hills. He lingered in the neighborhood for days, fed the multitude on hippopotamia and antelope and won their friendship, but no bribe tempted them to admit him to

THEIR SUBTERRANEAN RETREATS.

He was permitted only to peer in at the openings, where the walls had the appearance of pumice stone. No one yet knows how large they are. Arnot says, however, that one of the caves has two mouths, the distance between the openings being five miles. Water flows from many of the openings. There is little doubt that they are natural caves, produced by erosion, and some of them, perhaps, artificially enlarged and connected. Scattered all over this rugged region live these natives, in the largest caves used as the abode of man, herding flocks in their retreats, tilling millet fields in the valleys below. They are always alert to detect signs of danger, when, as a rule, they vanish from view, the earth swallowing them up beyond the ken of their foes.

Turning to the northern part of the map, we find two centres of troglodytic habitations, not far from the Mediterranean coast. It seems strange that within a short distance of the sea there are regions still unexplored.

It may be that the cave dwellings which Capt. Lyons said he found four days' march southward of Tripoli in 1821 no longer exist. At any rate nothing has been written of them for many years. But a little further west, in Tunis, only forty miles from the sea, French soldiers discovered two years ago the largest villages of cave dwellers known in modern times. They have since been visited by several explorers, including Mr. Hamy, the anthropologist. The people are called the Matmatmas, and their two villages, in parallel valleys, contain about 4,000 people. You might enter one of these valleys, and not know until you were right upon the caves that a human being lived there, a part of the populace being off over the hills with their herds and the rest busied underground with their pottery making and house duties. The caves are excavated in the limestone hills. Dwellings, stables, workshops, everything is under ground. The bare limestone walls of these subterranean rooms, are marked with deep scratches, made by the pickaxes that dug them out. Near the ceiling shelves are excavated on which provisions are stored. They descend to the entrance by a short ladder in an almost perpendicular shaft, upon which fronts the doorway, the only source of light and ventilation. They inter their dead in shallow trenches, almost on the surface. It is a strange spectacle—the dead occupying the place usually devoted to the living, while the living bury themselves in veritable sepulchres. These cave dwellers are a contented people. Their homes are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than those of their neighbors. Their villages are hives of industry, and although their manner of life is a recent revelation, not a few articles of European origin have been found in their underground homes.

The great explorer, Nachtigal, introduced us in 1869 to the troglodytes of the Sahara Desert. They were known only by name before Nachtigal, on

HIS PERILOUS JOURNEY.

found them among their mountains of Tibesti. A remarkable race are these Tibbus, "The People of the Rocks." Their women are unequalled for beauty among the North African races. None of the diseases that have scourged their northern neighbors is known among them. It is a land of volcanic rock, of hot springs and geysers, and the natives say the sulphur they collect is their only riches. Several thousands of them live among these mountains in natural caves or between blocks of stones, under roofs of palms or acacia branches. The flash and milk of goats are almost their sole food. They lead, however, anything but an idyllic existence. Their life is that of the fox surrounded by hunters. On three sides of them live inveterate enemies who covet their women and camels. They are the bravest of fighters and can hold their own, but they wage war on all the world, and the white race is in the category of their enemies. The result is that we know very little of their country. Nachtigal visited only its northern part. Their mountains are supposed to run north and south about 300 miles, but the breadth of these ranges is not known. On the east no enemy affronts them; for, looking toward Mecca they can see only the yellow sands of the Libyan Desert, the most forbidden and terrible waste in the world.

One of the most remarkable stories that Joseph Thomson had to tell when he came home from his trip through Masailand was of the great Mount Elgon, not far from the north-east corner of Victoria Nyanza, and its artificial caves, extraordinary in number, and vast in extent. These caves, he said, were cut out of every compact volcanic agglomerate near the

BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

And they were occupied by whole villages with their cattle. They were so big that hundreds of people and large herds could live in them. Thomson believed that they were mines in some past age. The works were evidently too vast to be achieved by the simple savages who now inhabit them, and Tompson wondered what superior race could formerly have occupied this region.

Thomson's impressions of these caves were somewhat modified by the studies of Messrs. Jackson and Gekge in 1889, six years after Thomson's visit. They found inhabited caves at an elevation of 7,5000 feet. One of them contained thirty large huts. There were other cave villages further down the mountain as well as its base. The later explorers believe that these are natural caves. They saw nothing to suggest that they could possibly be the work of man. They found evidence also that years ago the natives lived on the plain in ordinary villages, using the caves at times as a place of refuge from their enemies, until finally they made them their permanent abode. A remarkable mountain is Elgon, its top, even under the tropical sun, nearly reaching the snow line, and its green sides indented with deep pockets—the homes of hundreds of human beings.

Scattered over the western part of the Kalahari Desert in South Africa are the famous Bushmen, who welcome the discovery of a spacious cave as one of the greatest earthly blessings. Very few of them live in huts; caves are the home they prefer; and when in their wanderings they fail to find caves, they enlarge holes

DUG BY ANIMALS,

into which they crawl. They live so far form the equator that they regard it as a luxury to go to sleep upon the warm ashes from the fire that has cooked their evening meal. These miserable little people may well compete with some of the native Australians for the distinction of being at the bottom of the scale of humanity. The translation of the name of Boers applied to them, means "inferior beings."

These are all the cave dwellers as yet known in Africa. It is noteworthy that with the exception of the Mount Elgon natives, they are believed to be the aborigines of the regions they inhabit. The people in the big cave villages near the Mediterranean are of nearly pure Berber stock; the Tibbus are Berber with some admixture of negro blood; and Katanga cave dwellers were certainly earlier possessors of the land they inhabit than the people who now lord it over them; and the Bushman are closely allied to the dwart tribes of the equatorial regions who anthropologists believe were in possession long before the people with whom they now live, entered the country. There is little doubt that the northern troglodytes are among the descendants of the cave dwellers of whom Herodotus wrote.

Only in Service.

"Only in service does any life truly complete itself," says Bishop Brooks. Only in service. Manifestly here is light and guidance. The author writing his books, the merchant in his store, the editor in his office, the actor on the stage—each and all in the countless multiplication of human relations, have in their hands, daily and hourly opportunities for this service, which is the higher meaning of existence. For instance, in literature, used in its broad sense to cover all grade and quality of writing activities. It is not a vocation whose best result is fame, and whose success is synonymous with more or less widespread notice and publicity. The deepest truth in that authorship is service, and when it is not that, it is nothing; that fame, in its true sense, is incidental and not the supreme end of the work; that the author who is fine of soul does not shout to hear the echo of his own voice, but to convey the message that he has for the world. A silly and selfish greed for personal fame, or its masquerade as publicity, is a pernicious element in the life of to-day; and the fault lies rooted in the false social standard that does not recognize service as its ideal. The incidental contracts of life, every day, every hour, offer these opportunities. One is responsible for the atmosphere he carries about with him, the unconscious influence that his presence exerts. Nor is there any individual life too rudimentary to be unworthy the best that can be given it. "Take the soul that needs God's help, and there is a day in which God and the divine life in God reveals it. Then there is no soul on earth that dare call itself too great, too splendid, too exalted in its own intrinsic work, to give itself in absolute obedience and service to this other soul," said Bishop Brooks, in the great discourse to which reference has already been made, and deeply will the realization of this profound truth make itself felt to everyone who tests it by personal experience.

Unconditional Surrender.

Agent—"I am agent for the Society for the Insurance of——"

Business Man (in tones of suppressed triumph)—"Too late. My life is insured."

"Agent—"The Society for the Insurance——"

Business Man—"All my property is insured for its full value."

Agent—"Yes, sir; so I've heard. I am gen or the Society for the Insurance of Insurance, and it won't take me many interviews sir, to convince you of the vital necessity of insuring your policies of insurance in the Society for the Insurance of Insurance."

Business Man (weakly)—"Here's my pocketbook. Help yourself."

Agent—"Thank you. Your insurance shall be insured. Good-day, sir. To-morrow I will send around my brother, who is agent for the Society for the Insurance of Insurance of Insurance."

Visitor—"What bright eyes you have, my little man. You get plenty of sleep, I presume."

Little Man—"Yes'm. Mamma makes me go to bed every night at eight o'clock."

"So you will keep healthy?"

"No'm. So she can mend my pants."

OBSEQUIES OF KING JA-JA.

Remarkable Scenes of Savage Grief.

At a time when we read of the funeral rites of several great men who have been prominently before the English people, it may be of interest to know something of the last honors paid by his people to one who in his time received no small share of attention both in his own country and here—the black King Ja-Ja of Opobo, West Africa. It will be remembered that he died at Teneriffe when returning to his own country, whither he had been permitted to go by the Government. His people urgently asked for his body, which there was much difficulty in obtaining, as he was buried in a place under Spanish jurisdiction, which does not permit the removal of the dead under a considerable interval. By the efforts and influence of the Consul-General of the Oil Rivers Protectorate Major Macdonald, this rule was set aside, and the steamer Benin brought the King's remains to Opobo.

The body was in four cases, two of wood, one of tin, and one of lead. As soon as it was known the steamer had arrived, all the chiefs of the town and district came with their followers in

THEIR BIG CANOES,

attired in their best, and with streamers and flags flying from their boats. The outer case was removed from the coffin, which was wrapped in many folds of costly silk brocade and placed in a large canoe, with Ja-Ja's brilliant State umbrella erected over it, and guarded by two chiefs of his house. The big canoe then headed the crowd of others, and proceeded up the river. All native trade was stopped, and the last five weeks have been devoted to native "plays," feasting, and dancing, numbers of fowls and goats were killed for food. In the town and its neighborhood continued cannon firing has gone on day and night, about 500 kegs of gunpowder being consumed in this way. On Nov. 14 the final "great play" took place, to which all the white residents on the river were invited. The town was decorated with numerous flags, the cannon and gun firing kept up and native music from tom-toms (drums hollowed out of tree trunks) and various strange instruments was rendered with vigor. Ja-Ja is buried within the courtyard of his palace, which stands in the centre of a square of small houses, and consists of a well-built wood house, having galleries fronted with glass. The room containing the vault in which lies the coffin, was draped round with silk brocade and hung with photographs and pictures of the late King, one large painting in oil being well executed. At one end of the room was a large mirror: at the other end a broad couch, on which reclined his wives, who have watched the body night and day since its arrival.

One of the wives is said not to have washed herself since Ja-Ja was deported, three years ago, as

A SIGN OF GRIEF.

The vault is cemented over, and at its head a plate of food and a large jar of rum stood, the latter of which every day had been poured over the grave. Much treasure is buried with the body. Time was when the lives of even 100 slaves, openly sacrificed on such an occasion, that the spirit of the king might proceed on its journey with due state; but under the wise and firm government now existing this terrible custom had been abandoned. The funeral feast was laid in a large room adjoining the one containing the vault; and a long table, laid with white cloth, knives, forks, glasses, and (*mirabile dictue!*) dinner napkins, supported a profusion of food. A splendid roast turkey was carved by the head chief, who wise man, removed his most superfluous garment for the good work. There were roast and boiled meats, yams, palm-oil, "chop," and "fu-fu," which latter is a dough-like substance made from pounded yam. The proper method of consuming this delicacy is to roll a piece into a ball the size of a hen's egg, dip it into palm-oil "chop," open the mouth wide, shut the eyes, and—there you are. It is wholesome, and, as Sam Weller remarked, "wery filling."

Large jars of "tombo," a native drink made from a species of palm tree, were handed round. A hospitable invitation to these good things was given by the chiefs, whose black followers crowded the sides of the room, and eagerly watched for portions of the feast handed them by their masters. When eating was done, then came the last ceremony—that of smashing upon the table all the plates and dishes used. Adjourning to seats under a large tree in the courtyard, the chiefs and their guests watched the "plays" commence, to the accompaniment of vigorous and startling native music. Men dressed in grotesque costumes decorated with bells and rattling nutshells, wearing headpieces of bullocks' horns and goats' hair, danced about, some on foot and others on stilts; processions of young men carrying swords and knifes

MARCHED TWO ABREAST,

contorting their bodies as they went, while troops of women and girls walked about singing funeral chants to Ja-Ja. The costumes of some of these damsels would be accurately described by saying that they "wore a string of beads and a congenial smile." Another procession was formed by the daughters of Ja-Ja, and of some of the prominent chiefs, attired in English military and naval full dress, wearing gold epaulets and cocked hats, and having quantities of valuable pink coral strung round their persons. The music, drumming, dancing, and gun firing were kept up all the day and the following night. In a short time will commence the ceremony of installing the new head chief of Ja-Ja's house.

The Door-Yard.

Where the door-yard is not the litter place of the family during the winter, it is not a difficult thing to put it in order in the spring; yet there is always a great deal to be done to the yard when the snow melts off and the ground begins to soften. Careful people like to top-dress their lawn in the autumn when they put their plants and shrubbery which need it, in straw, and all this dressing must be removed in the spring. Even in the most careful families it will be found necessary to sweep the yard in the vicinity of the house, as decaying refuse and vegetation are most unwholesome, breeding miasma and disease. There are always ashes and debris of various kinds to be cleaned away, which belong essentially to the house. It is always better to attend such matters as these as early as possible, before the spring cleaning comes. The use of whitewash in the cellar and disinfectants everywhere, should be insisted on at this time. There are many flower-garden seeds which can be sown very early, as soon as the ground is fairly opened if, indeed, they are not sown in the fall—such as sweet peas, pinks and many other hardy annuals. Nothing shows the care and neatness of a good housekeeper so much as the condition of the yard—especially the yard in the vicinity of the kitchen door.

If you want to keep on thinking well of a man don't go into his securities.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PRESBYTERIAN, HENRY'S CHURCH.

Rev. Wm. Forlong, Pastor. Service in the church at 11 a. m., Sunday School 2.30 p. m.. Dr. Christie M. P., Supt. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. John Mackie, Pastor. Service in Church at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m., J.W. McOuat B. A., Supt.

METHODIST.

Rev. Mr. Craig, Pastor, and Rev. M. Morrison, Assistant. Service 10-30 a. m. Class-meeting at close of service. Sunday School at 2:30, Mr. Murray Supt. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8, Strangers are welcome.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Rev. A. Derome, P. P., High Mass 10. Vespers 3 p. m.

ANGLICAN.

Rev. Rural Dean Sanders, Rector. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 2.30. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8.

BAPTIST.

Rev. John Higgins, Pastor. Service every Sabbath morning at 11 a. m., and 2 p. m. Sunday School 9 45. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 8.

BRETHERN.

Break Bread every Sabbath morning in their Hall, Hugh street at 11 a. m., and study the scriptures in the evening at 7. Prayer-meeting Tuesday evening at 7.

SALVATION ARMY.

Sunday services. Halleujah Breakfast at 7 a. m., regular services 11 a m, 3.30 p. m. and 8 p. m. Weekly meetings, on Monday, Thursday, Saturday nights, at 8 o'clock.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Y. P. C. Endeavor Society, John Jackson President. Meeting every Monday evening in Jas. W. Raitt's Hall, at 7.30. Young people are cordially invited to attend.

The Young People of the Methodist Church meet every Friday evening in the above church, at 7.30. All are welcome.

The W C T Union, meets every month in their rooms opposite the Medical Hall. Mrs. Massiah, President.

Band of Hope meets in the W C T U's Rooms every Saturday. Mrs J G Davidson Supt.

Pay Attention to your Roads.

Councillor Bedard means business. And he is right. We are requested to notify all property holders that unless they at once clean their sidewalks and keep their share of the road in good repair, the chairman of the road committee will at once put men on and have it done at their expense. The public in general will uphold councillor Bedard in thus securing passable roads and sidewalks.

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by T. CHRISTIE JR.

WANTED

A GOOD GIRL. Farmer's Daughter preferred. No cows or washing, wages $6.

Apply to
MRS. W. BARCLAY,
29 St. Andrews, East Que

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next session of the parliament of Canada for an act to incorporate the Ottawa Valley Railway Company, with powers to purchase the portion of the Great Northern Railway, west of Lachute, and the Carillon and Grenville Railway and to build a bridge across the river Ottawa at a point between Carillon and Grenville and to build a line or lines of Railway to connect said bridge with the Railways on either side of said river.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,
27-9in For Applicants.

A. G. Stackhouse,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

MAIN STREET, Lachute, P. Q.,

Sporting Goods!

A good Stock of SPORTING GOODS, including Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Fishing Tackles etc. etc, will in a short time be added to my present stock.

MINNIE P. BOA,
Kennibergh's Block.
16 Lachute.

WANTED!

SEWING BY THE DAY in private houses, able to make Men's, Ladies' and Children's clothing. Apply by letter to

KATE A. CONWAY,
St. Philippe d'Argenteuil Que
27 2in

$3,500 IN REWARDS.

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Fall Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Americas old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of the letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." ☞ Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st G and Reward		$500 in Gold
2nd "	"	Grand Piano, valued at $500.
3rd "	"	$250 in Gold
4th "	"	Organ valued at $ 0
5th "	"	$100 in Gold
6th "	"	Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th "	"	Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th "	"	$50 in Gold
9th "	"	$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each		$100

Next 2 prizes,—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes. 50 Silver Desert Sets, warranted heavy plate.
Next 100 prizes,—100 Silver Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettlet Butter, Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Buscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, etc., etc, all fully warranted, making a total of 699 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $5700.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from the letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in the body of the book, none of the supplement to be used.

2. The words must be written in rotation and number 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in decidding the winners.

3. Letters cannot appear oftenner than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "g" in the three words.

4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more tie, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.

5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: J. G. Macdonald, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and Commodore Calcutt, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION. "Got $1,000 prize all right."—M. M. Brandon, Vancouver, B. C. "Thanks for $500 prize." G W Cunningham, Donald B, C. "Prize received O. K." J. D. Baptie, West Superior, Wis., "$300 prize received. Thanks."—G. V Robertson, Toronto; and 300 others in United States and Canada.

This is NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST in the past is ample guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Canada. 16

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeny, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat; Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.
Soldby T. CHRISTIE.

EXPERIENCE

AGE. SUCESS
1856.

Our Stock of

CUTTERS

Has surpassed anything ever shown in the County and as we have a Limited Stock, we defy competition, for MATERIAL, WORKMANSHIP and FINISH.

Parties who intend purchasing would do well to examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere. Repairing done to give satisfaction.

A. MITCHELL & SON.,
Steam Carriage Works,
MAIN STREET Lachute.

FARMS FOR SALE.

The "George Bradford" and the one adjoining, being Nos. 292 and 579 situated in the Township of Chatham, between St. Philippe and Lachute. being some of the best farming land in, the county.

Tenders will be received for the same, separately, up to 31st March, 1892. The highest, or any tender, not necessarily accepted.

R. G. Meikle,
Lachute.
22

For Sale.

A GOOD Farm containing 200 on the 6th range and 70 acres on the 8th range of the Townshib of Chatham, the latter being a wood lot.

The Farm has good buildings, is well watered and has about 3000 maple trees.

For further particulars apply to
WM. HEATLIE,
Stonefield, or at the Watchman Office.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following properties. 1st. A double tenement wooden house, situated on Hugh st. 2nd. A two-storey brick-cased house near the Lachute Academy. Each house is comfortable, well fitted up and favorably situated, a lot of land being attached to each Terms easy. Apply to

MRS. THOMAS STRONG.
12-1m Lachute.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURED never fails; send your address and we will mail you sample bottle, FREE DR. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER N.Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St. W., TORONTO, CANADA.

IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE

Keep constantly on hand a full stock of
ROLLER
GRUBBERS
ARUNDLE HARROWS
PLOUGHS (Wilkinson and other makes.)
SEEDERS. FANNING MILLS, (the old standard "Mackenzie Mill" and the "Chatham Fanning Mill" the best Mill in Canada, as can be proved by hundreds of testimonials.) STEEL HARROWS, LUMBER WAGGONS, BUGGIES, &c.

—ALSO—

Parts for any kind of machines or goods sold by me. The goods sold by me are from the best manufacturers in Canada.

T. STUART,
LACHUTE March 30th 1888 40-t

Wanted Storekeeper.

FOR GENERAL Country Store must be well experienced, speak both languages and be a good Salesman. State references and salary expected.

Apply to
P. O. Box 1868
31-2in Montreal.

Auction Sale.

THE MISSES COOKE will offer for sale by auction at their residence on the Chatham Road, Centre Ward Lachute Town, the whole of their household Furniture consisting of Parlor set, Bedroom sets, Carpets, Stoves etc., without reserve. on WEDNESDAY, April 6th. 1892. For full particulars see posters.

Insolvent Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owing to the Insolvent Estate James Fish Lachute, are required to pay the same to the undersigned at once.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute March 24th, 1892.
31

Insolvent Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owing to the Insolvent Estate Peter Campbell Lachute are required to pay the same to the undersigned at once.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute March 24th 1892.
31

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Terrebonne. } No. 51,

CHARLES CHARLEBOIS,
of Lachute Town, district of Terrebonne, Founder.

Insolvent.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the creditors of the Insolvent in this cause will be held before a Judge of this Court in the Court House, Ste. Scholastique, or in the absence of said Judge, before the Prothonotary for this district on the ELEVENTH day of APRIL next, 1892 at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to give their advice touching the appointment of a Curator and Inspectors to the said estate and in such other matters as may be submitted to them.

Dated at Ste. Scholastique, this 31s, day of March, 1891.

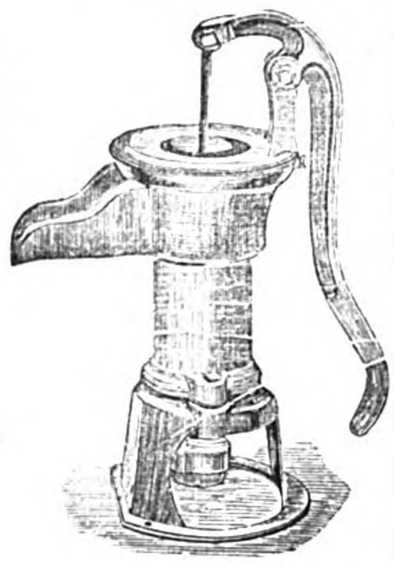
CHAS. De MONTIGNY, P.S.C.

STOVES!



STOVES!!

Cooking Stoves,
Hall Stoves,
Parlor Sotves,
Furnaces,
Ranges etc.



PUMPS.

ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY MADE AND REPAIRED.

CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, IN BRASS OR IRON

McOUAT & McRAE. Lachute.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

JUST RECEIVED a car load of our which will be sold at the lowest prices.

A Large and complete stock of TEAS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES CANNED GOODS, CROCKERY ETC., always kept on hand.

☞ All kinds of farm Produce taken in exchange.

P. CARRIERE & SON,

ST. PHILIPPE.

2—1yr.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

FARMERS, When you want

HARDWARE.

You can save money by buying from me. My Stock is large and varied, in FORKS, AXES, SHOVELS, etc. A Large assortment of Hollow ware, POTS, KETTLES and PANS, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, SHEEP SHEARS, TIN-WARE, CARRIAGE BOLTS, from one inch to ten inches, OILS, PAINTS, and VARNISHES. Also a fiirsr-class Stock of Leather on hand. Mink, Muskrat Skins etc, wanted,

Blacksmithing done and Satisfaction given.

A Blacksmith Wanted.

JAMES DENSMORE,
Stonefield, Que.,
41—3m.

HOUSE TO LET.

The residence next the Baptist Church, lately occupied by Mrs Leggo, will be rented from May 1st with ground adjoining. Rent very low to a desirable tenant.

Apply to
FRANK WEIR.
Standard Building
Montreal.

NOTICE

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith and Horse Farrier, would respectfully announce to the people of Argenteuil that he is now prepared to attend all troubles in Horse and Cattle (Castrating Colts a specialty.) He is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it.

While thanking my many patrons for their past patronage, I would request those owing me for a settlement of their accounts this month.

Wanted at once a good Blacksmith, one accustomed to horseshoeing preferred.

W. ARMSTRONG,
Farrer

R. G. MEIKLE,

BANKER.
Lachute, Que.

—Money received on Deposit—
—Money lent on good Joint Notes—
—Collections promptly attended to

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.
Lachute, Oct, 15th, 1889. 7-1yr

Valuable Town Property For Sale.

The property known as "Lochinvar" or the "Henry Property" in the East Ward of Lachute Town within five minutes walk of the Railway Station, Post office, Churches, Stores etc., containing about 09 arpents of land with two Sugar Bushes of about 300 trees each. Stone house and other buildings thereon, beautifully situated on the South side of the North River having a pretty little lake in front and a commanding and pleasant view of the Laurentian Range of Hills to the North. The locality is one of the prettiest and most healthy in the Town, and is being rapidly built with a superior class of houses. This property can be conveniently subdivided into Town or Villa Lots, and will be sold *en bloc* or in lots to suit purchasers and would form a desirable residence for any person wishing to engage in agricultural operations on a small scale. Title perfect. For further particulars,

Apply to,
WILLIAM HENRY on the premises, or
THOMAS BARRON, Lachu

LOST.

ON JAN. 9th, between J. G. Davidson's Lachute and Lake View post office, one Grey Goat Robe. Finder can be rewarded by leaving same at either of above named places. 49-1m



NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having formed a partnership will continue the business formerly carried on by A. G. McARTHUR & Co., at the West End

BUTCHER SHOP.

There will always be on hand the best supply of Hams, Bacon, Fish, Vegetables, and Canned Goods of all kinds. Orders delivered as usual. Cash paid for hides, beef, pork etc. In thanking his customers for their patronage during the past 12 years Mr. McArthur solicits their continued support for the firm of

BENNETT & McARTHUR.
15-1y

Valuable PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE PROPERTY known as the Mile End Grove Farm, Chatham, within half a mile from Hamelin & Ayer's factory and the town of Lachute, 6 acres distant from Earle's Mills. It can be purchased with farming implements and stock thereon, or without. also a

BUSH LOT

on the West Gore Road, within three and a half miles of Lachute. For further particulars apply to

JAMES BOYD,
24-3m Lachute, Que.

LACHUTE Grist & Saw Mills

HAVING leased these Mills to P. McRAE & CO., of Ottawa, the undersigned, while continuing the management, solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage he has always enjoyed, for this enterprising firm which proposes to conduct the business on a more extensive scale,

SPOT CASH

will be paid at fair market price, for Oats, Barley, Corn and Buckwheat.

A full line of the different Brands of Ogilvie's Flour, such as Hungarian Patent, Strong Bakers, Family Flour, and other favorite brands will be supplied at rates and quantities which will defy competition either in price or quality.

First prize at all exhibitions is the record for all these brands. This flour has a Pedigree and dont you forget it.

P. CAMPBELL
Manager.
Lachute Mills 7th Oct. 1891.

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
District of Terrebonne. }

IN RE

PETER CAMPBELL, Miller,
Owner, Lachute Que.

Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that, on the 22nd day of Feb., 1892, by the order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the Estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

W J Simpson,
Curator.
Lachute March 14th, 1892.
31

Lachute Bakery.

The Old Reliable Stand and the only place where you can get a good loaf of Bread, this is undisputed. We have some imitators but no equals. Plain and Fancy Bread of all kinds. Buns, Rolls, Scons and the usual variety of choice cake found at a first class confectioner's establishment.

Candies of the purest and best. Fruits in season.

JOHN HOPE
Baker & Confectioner
LACHUTE.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XV. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1892. NO. 33.

THE "WATCHMAN"

—AND—

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by CALDER BROS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.

Announcements or Notices of a personal or business nature, in the Editorial, Local or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of situations Wanted, Fifty cents the first insertion, and Twenty five cents each subsequent insertion.

Special arrangements of an advantageous character made with merchants for the Year, Half Year or Quarter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us, confidentially, their name and address, but not necessarily for publication.

A. BERTHELOT.
NOTARY PUBLIC, LACHUTE QUE.,

J. E. VALOIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan on Security.
Office over Central Flour Depot.
LACHUTE, QUE.,

P. F. Ernest Petit
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner Superior Court.
ST. JEROME, P. Q.,

J. D. LEDUC, L.L.B.
Ste. Scholastique, P. Q.
Advocate, attorney for the District of Terrebonne, for the Inland Revenue of the Province of Quebec. 30—1y.

Abbotts Campbell & Meredith,
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, &c.,
11 HOSPITAL ST.
MONTTEAL.
HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, Q.C., C. S. CAMPBELL
J. B. ABBOTT, F. E. MEREDITH,
H. ABBOTT, J. R., Q.C. H. J. HAGUE,

R. P. de LARONDE
Advocate,
Has opened an office at the WATCHMAN Building, Lachute, which will be in charge of G. F. Calder. All collections promptly attended to.

Geo. E. Bampton, B. C. L.
Advocate, Counsellor at Law, etc. Revising Barrister for Argenteuil. Office over Meikle's Banking House. Residence E. S. Lachute College,
Attorney for Legal and Commercial Exchange of Canada Associate Attorney for Wilbers' Mercantile Agency and others Collections and Legal Business of every description promptly executed. Attend all Provincial Courts. Capias, Attachments and seizures made. Ejectment and Real Estates actions brought, Institutes Insolvency proceedings fyles claims and attends Creditors' meetings, winding up and distribution of assests. Suits for damages for personal wrongs or damages to property entered. Examines titles, searches Mortgage records, Personal and Real. Sues for maintenance and support between parents and children and ascendants. Separation of property and otherwise between consorts obtained. Pauper and Lunacy laws invoked. Prosecutes and defends in criminal cases in all stages before Justices, Magistrates, and the high Courts. Takes extrajudical declarations and affidavits any where. Draws Marriage contracts, Wills Leases, Mortgages, Bills of Sales, etc., etc. Attends and closes up Probate matters and Successions. Manages Estates for heirs, Collects rents, Insurance claims, etc. Furnishes Legal opinions on matters in any state or Country and provides Counsel there Draws Petitions, Private Bills, Incorporating Acts for Municipalities or Corporations and appears before Legislative Committees, Bills Notes, Drafts, I, O- U's and Mercantile papers realized upon. Municipal cases a specialty.
40—1—v

J. B. MENZIES M. D.
Graduate of McGill University,
Montreal.
Office (Day and Night.)
IN
FISH'S BUILDING,
Opposite
Curry's Hotel. - - - - LACHUTE.

C. P. R. HOTEL,
St. Philippe Station, Que.,
H. PAQUIN, & CO., PROP'S.
(LATE OF MONTREAL.)
First class accommodation and Liquors at low rates. Sample Rooms, Boarding and Livery Stables. 29—1y

J. G. DAVIDSON'S
REMOVAL NOTICE.

Having leased the Store lately occupied by A. BOA, as Hardware Merchant, and moved our entire Stock to these Premises, now is the time to look out for Bargains in all Lines. New Goods in every Department.

Bargains in new Prints & Cloths
Bargains in new Dress Goods.
Bargains in new Boots & Shoes.
Bargains in new Ready-made Clothing. Our own manufacture. A choice Stock of new Groceries, cheap.

New Spring Millinery,
NEW SPRING MILLINERY.
NEW SPRING MILLINERY.
MISS CAMERON,
OF MONTREAL
Will have charge of this Department.

A Large and Select Stock of new Felt Hats, in Men's and Boys' Latest Styles, at Lowest Prices.

TAILORING.
TAILORING! TAILORING!!
A Fine Line of new Goods for Spring, consisting of Fancy Suiting, Black Worsted Fancy Panting, etc, etc.
A First-class man has been employed to take charge of this Department.

WANTED.—New Maple Syrup and Sugar, in exchange for Goods. Also Butter, Eggs, etc, etc.
J. G. DAVIDSON,
A. BOA'S [Old Stand,]
Main St. Lachute.
31-tf.

D RAITT, JR.,
Watchmaker
and


Jeweller.
Main St Lachute.
Fine Watches and Clocks carefully cleaned and repaired.
JEWELLERY.
Repaired at lowest rates. Always on hand a full assortment of Watches, Clocks and Silver Plated Ware.
Spectacles to suit all sights.
To reliable parties, a special inducement is offered on Watches etc.
Waterbury Clocks are all the rage,
For "Time" they "beat Creation;
In OFFICE, HOME, CHURCH or the STAGE,
They save all botheration!
Waterbury Clocks are much the best,
Their Factories are the greatest,
Just buy and put them to the test,
Be sure to get "The Latest."
At Raitt's the Jeweller.
10-3m

Lime! Lime!
Just Received, a car load of fresh burned Lime. Will also keep for sale Hull Cement, Portland Cement, Plaster of Paris etc. Parties taking large quantities can have it at reduced prices.
JAMES W. COTTINGHAM,
Lachute, Que.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

For Sale—
Notice—Miss L. Whinfield
Insolvent Notice—W. J. Simpson
Insolvent Notice—W. J. Simpson
Paris Kid Glove—E. B. Cooke & Co
Carriages—A. Mitchell & Sons
Carriages—A. R. Instrice

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Stackhouse will be in Lachute every Saturday.

Mr. R Meikle is home from McGill.

G. L. Meikle & Co., is the proper place for Prints and Sateens.

The Quebec Legislature will meet on April 26th.

500 Bush. Seed Oats, for Sale at WM. BANFORD'S.

Dr Benoit will move on the first of May to River Side Cottage, West End.

Go to J R McOuat's for new wall papers, Scotch Holland window shades.

Miss Hayes has been very seriously ill.

If you want Timothy, Clover and other field seeds, Go to G. L. Meikle & Co.

Rev. Mr. Harris of Grenville was in town Saturday last.

Mr. Jas. Murdock of Dalesville, left Monday night for Winnipeg.

Examine the Cashmeres in black and colors union and all wool at WM. BANFORD'S.

Some talk of a new Furniture store opening up in town.

Messrs Todd & Lane shipped a car load of horses to Montreal this week.

When you are coming look up what you need in Boots, we have them. WM. BANFORD.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for steel nails. (all sizes). Brown and tarred felt for building purposes.

Mr. R Benedict, of Vancouver, is spending a few days in his old home.

Mr. Ladouceur of St Andrews has about completed tining the roof of the new college.

If you want cheap Tweeds and nice patterns See stock G. L Meikle & Co.

A delegation from Lachute is attending the Presbytery in Montreal this week.

The Lachute Furniture Co., is moving their finishing department from Montreal to Lachute on the 1st of May.

Have you laid in a stock of Tweeds damaged by fire and water or otherwise from the stock of WM. BANFORD.

Miss A. Simpson of St. Andrews, was in town Sunday the guest of the Misses McConnell.

Go to J R McOuat's for hay seed, clover seed, field seeds, garden seeds, seed oats, western corn for seed, (white or yellow).

Our merchants fear that the large quantities of syrup being made will produce a drug on the market.

If in want of Ginghams & Flanellettes just look over G. L Meikle & Co's. immense stock.

Miss McMartin, who has charge of No two School, front of Chatham, spent Monday in town.

Fine line of little Boy's suits, all sizes in Serge and Tweed, at the old reliable, G. L. Meikle & Co.,

A Tea-Meeting will be held in Olivet Hall, under the auspices of the West End Union Sunday School on Thursday evening April 14th,—See posters,

Go to J. R, McOuat's for felt hats, ties, collars, white shirts, regatta and Flannelette shirts, worsted coatings, tweeds, suits made to order, a perfect fit guaranteed.

The remains of the late Mrs. George Woodhouse will be interred here on Tuesday the twelfth inst. on arrival of the train from Ottawa, due here at 9.38

Don't fail to secure what you need of the beautiful shaker flannels from Glasgow. Nothing to equal Scotch Goods,
WM. BANFORD.

Mr. P. McGibbon and wife, for many years residents of Dalesville have arrived in Lachute to spend the remaining years of their lives.

Mr. Joseph Campbell visited Montreal this week and purchased a fresh stock of mouldings. Now is your time to call and leave your order for picture frames.

Those playing ball on the streets should be careful not to break the glass in the windows. A large pane of glass was broken the other day at the Bank of R.G. Meikle. The street is no place to play ball.

Now is the time to advertise.

The water has risen several feet during the past week.

Farmers report this to be a poor year for maple sugar and syrup so far.

Fish's Bridge is in a very unsafe condition.

A Deaf and Dumb Mute was in town on Saturday last, collecting for their college.

Cottingham Bros., have the contract for plastering the new college.

The ice on the North and West River is beginning to break up.

Mr Thos. McNeil, we are glad to hear, is recovering from his severe illness.

G. L. Meikle & Co., are to the front with Novelties in Oiled Holland Curtains and self-acting Poie. See them.

Have you seen the heaps of Dress Goods in double and single widths—imported from Glasgow, Scotland, by WM BANFORD.

It is rumored that a former employee of the St. Andrews railway will soon visit Foundry street Lachute, and take to himself a wife.

If you want Kalsomine and Mixed Paints this Spring—Big stock always on hand at G. L. Meikle & Co.,

We regret the serious illness of Mrs R. G. Meikle, which has caused great anxiety among her friends during the past two weeks Dr Ross of Montreal and Sir Jas. Grant of Ottawa have been in consultation with Drs. Christie.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Alabastine, for tinting and decorating walls, in all the newest shades, guaranteed superior to any other preparation heretofore offered.

Mr Jas. Armstrong of Lakefield, spent last week in Montreal, collecting for the new Manse erected last year by the Methodists in Lakefield. Mr. Armstrong, though meeting with many discouragements, returned home on Monday, well satisfied with his trip and the amounts collected.

The Lacrosse Club are considering the advisability of organizing games and atheletic exercises for the 24th of May. A good idea. This is a holiday which must soon pass away. We cannot expect to have the pleasure much longer of celebrating the twenty-fourth of May as the birth-day of our Sovereign.

We are requested to call the attention of the boys and young men who congregate around the C. P. R. depot, to the fact that the Agent will not allow any more horse play. The conduct of these persons is becoming a nuisance, and unless some improvement is made, a few may find themselves behind the bars of Ste. Scholastique prison.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE wanted in St. Andrews. A suitable person can have unfurnished house *free of rent* for one year. The locality is attractive for summer boarders. Good boating, fishing, pleasant drives, near the steamboat landing, and within five minutes' walk to R. R. Station, two trains daily. Apply to Box 105 P. O. St. Andrews East. P. Q.

The Last of the Season.

The Ladies' Social Club of Brownsburg, held their last meeting for this season at the residence of Mrs. Hardie, at the Cartridge Factory, Brownsburg. The attendance was unusually good, and the programme above the average. Mrs. Verite, the President, called the meeting to order, and Mr. John McOuat read the minutes. At the close of the entertainment a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Hardy for her hospitality, this being the second time she opened her house and gave the circle a warm and hearty welcome. The President, Mrs. Verite, was the recipient of a very unanimous vote of thanks for the energy and taste she has displayed in making those attending the circle feel at home, and as a result thoroughly enjoy themselves. The proceeds reached the highest point attained during the whole winter.

THE REV. DR. PATTERSON.

The Montreal Presbyterian college could not have selected a more worthy gentleman upon whom to confer the high degree of Doctor of Divinity than the Rev. Mr, Patterson of St. Andrews. As one of the oldest, most faithful and earnest of pastors he has always held the esteem of his people, but as a cultured, educated clergyman who has often given evidence of rare scholarly attainments, he is certainly entitled to the recognition now given him. The degree was conferred at the convocation of the college held on Wednesday evening last.

We are pleased to see that Mr. H. Sutherland, B. A. besides being honored with the position of Valedictorian of his class, succeeded in winning the gold medal given for the highest marks in the pass and honor work of the final year.

MANITOBA AFFAIRS.

MR. ROBERT ROGERS DISCUSSES POLITICAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.

MONTREAL, March 31.—Mr. Robert Rogers, of Clearwater, Manitoba, arrived in town Sunday, and was at once interviewed by THE EMPIRE anent the political and commercial outlook in the fertile province beyond the lakes. Mr. Rogers, who was Premier Greenway's opponent at the last general election in the county of Mountain, where they both reside, has again been nominated in the Conservative interest, and as the enterprising gentleman in question came within 15 votes of defeating Hon. Mr. Greenway when the latter was at the very zenith of his power and popularity there can be little or no doubt as to the fate that awaits the Premier of the prairie province in his own constituency.

"We are now preparing for the contest," went on Mr. Rogers, "and I may say that the down'all of the Greenway Administration is a foregone conclusion. Never have the Conservatives been so united as at the present time, and the party is gaining many adhesions from the Liberal ranks, so disgusted have people become at the two-faced policy of our Premier. The cry of Vote for Greenway and national schools was most potent for a time, but the Manitoba electors have come to understand that the educational interests of the country are just as safe and even more so in our hands than in the keeping of Thomas Greenway."

Mr Rogers states that there was great rejoicing all over his province at Mercier's defeat in Quebec, and he added, "you will see that the same fate is in store for the Government of Manitoba." He reports the business prospects of the province as most satisfactory and if all goes well the Manitoba farmers will have an even greater area of wheat this season than last. There has been a heavier fall of snow during the past winter than for several years previous, and as the ground will be moist the coming season's crop will probably get a better start than has been the case in previous years, so everything looks exceedingly promising for our western country.

The future member for Mountain says that about one-third of last year's wheat crop remains to be threshed, and if there should be a revival of prices it will be better that the sales should take place later on than for the money to go into the country in one lump, navigation will also be open and the lower rates of transportation will like wise be to the advantage of the producers.—*Empire.*

MEDICAL HINTS.

Cure for Dyspepsia.

As is well known, this troublesome complaint arises from over-eating, the use of too much rich food, neglected constipation, lack of excercise, bad air, etc. The food should be thoroughly chewed and never bolted or swallowed in haste, stimulants must be avoided and excercise taken if possible. A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures, even in the most obstinate cases, is Burdock Blood Bitters. It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness and increasing the appetite and restoring health and vigor to the system. As a case in point we quote from a letter written by Miss L. A. Kuhn, of Hamilton, Ont.:—"Two years ago life seemed a burden. I could not eat the simplest food without being in dreadful misery in my stomach under my shoulders and across the back of my neck. Medical advice failed to procure relief and seeing B. B. B. advertised, I took two bottles of it, and have been entirely free from any symptoms of my complaint since."

This gives very conclusive proof of the efficiency of this wonderful remedy.

Come to G. L. Meikle & Co., for your Dress Goods, ladies. Some beautiful things to select from.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Wall Paper!! Wall Paper!!! Big stock for this season. All new designs to be found only at G. L. Meikle & Co.,

COLD WEATHER TRIALS.

DEAR SIRS,—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B.B.B., and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.
J. T. DROST, Hesslip, Man.

Just received, finest and biggest stock of Felt Hats, Hard and Soft, and something for the Boys, at G L Meikle & Co..

BIRTH.

MIDDLETON.—At Pt. Fortune on April the 3rd the wife of John P. Middleton, of a daughter.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

To-morrow's Special Show.
TO-MORROW WE SHOW
The contents of four cases
NEW JACKETS
AND
NEW MANTLES
Prices of this shipment vary from $5 up to $50 each.
S. CARSLEY,
CANADA'S GREAT MANTLE STORE.

Boys' Clothing.
FIRST COMMUNION SUITS
A splendid selection of Boys' Black Suits, suitable for the above occasion,
Boys' Velqet Suits
Boys' Jersey Suits
Boys' Man-o-War Suits
Boys' Tweed Norfolk Suits
Youths' Spring Tweed Suits
Youths' Morning Suits
Youth's Reefer Suits
Men's Tweed Suits
Men's Morning Suits
The largest stock of Tailor-made Clothing to select from in Canada.
S. CARSLEY.

Boys' Clothing.
BOYS' EATON SUITS,
BOYS' COLLEGE SUITS,
IN ALL SHADES,
S. CARSLEY,

Teacher: 'Freddy, name three beasts of prey.'
Freddy: 'Two lions and a Tiger, Sir.'—Extract.

MILLINERY.
Misses' Trimmed Spring Hats, $1.75
Misses' Trimmed School Hats, 50c
Children's Trimmed Spring Hats, 50c
Misses' School Caps, 35c
Boys' School Caps, 25c
Boys' Scotch Caps with Buckle, 25c
Children's P & O Caps, 20c
Children's Cloth Tams, 35c
Children's Turkish Fezes, 50c
Ladies' Travelling Caps
Gentlemen's Travelling Caps
Children's Spring Headwear in Plush, Silk Velvet and Cashmere, all leading styles and shades.
S. CARSLEY.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.
A full set of 5 pieces of Ladies' Cotton Underwear plain tucked, $1.25.
A full set, lace trimmed, for $1.55,
A full set, trimmed embroidery, for $2.75.
Servants' Mop Caps, 3 for 25c
S. CARSLEY,

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON
Always use Clapperton's Thread.
Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market.

S. CARSLEY.
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771,
1773, 1775, 1777.
Notre Dame Street
MONTREAL.
TELEPHONES

HOUSEHOLD.

Early Marriage Customs.

The first attempt of the barbarian to establish some form of legal relation in lieu of the free love of earlier times, was the marriage by capture, says a writer in Frank Leslie's Weekly. In this the young man, having seen some girl of his tribe who pleased his fancy, called together a band of his brother braves, and, catching his victim at some defenceless moment, bound and gagged her, and dragged her away to his home, henceforth to be his wife. Two effective scenes are those representing, first, the maiden happily sleeping in her rude hut, while the love-maddened brave, stealthily enters, and quietly, but firmly, tangles his jagged spearhead in her heavy hair without rousing her; and, second, the poor girl awake, and being dragged away by the hair of her head, her hands and feet tied, by her ruthless captor. This was a very common method, and is even now practised in the wilds of Australia.

A modification of this custom was found among the Egyptians. There, the female population met at the public bath, and the charms of this and that young girl were described to the youth who wished to wed, by his female relatives. When he decided upon one that suited his fancy, an arrangement was made with the girl's father. The prospective bridegroom, at the head of a gorgeous procession of his friends, accompanied by musicians and dancing-girls, then went to the girl's home in the evening, and made a show of tearing his resisting bride from her father's protecting arms. Thereupon he placed her, entirely covered by an embroidered and jewel-studded veil, under a magnificent canopy borne by four slaves, and, in company with torch bearers, singers, with all the display possible, bore her away to his home. Once there, the singers sing and the dancers dance, while the bride, still carefully veiled, walks up and down before the groom to display her grace and charm. The entertainment finally over, and the guests departed, the husband unveils her, and for the first time feasts his eyes upon her beauties. These are two especially effective scenes.

Next in importance we have the marriage by purchase. Strictly speaking, this custom varies among the different nationalities as to the actual wedding ceremonies, almost all of which were, however, wild and picturesque; but a view of a slave market always gives a fine opportunity for pictorial effect. Here we have the girls yet to be sold postured in the foreground, while their unfortunate comrade is standing on exhibition before the group of buyers, a professional exhibitor, herself a Nubian slave, calling attention to the good points of the present "lot." At the extreme left a slave is just covering his master's recent purchase, while the auctioneer in his box cries his "Going, going, gone" over the freedom and happiness of a defenceless woman. The prospective buyers, with radiant faces, each clothed in brilliantly bedecked garments, and bearing a casket of jewels in his hand to win loving glances from indifferent eyes, form an appropriate background to the white robes and sad or stony faces of the girls in front.

For the Woman Who Loves Flowers.

The woman who loves flowers yet who cannot at this season afford to indulge her taste should go afield as the buds begin to swell. Let her gather lilac and sprays of young birch, branches of beech, wild plum, pussy willow, cherry, hawthia, and wistaria. Then, if she have a sunny window, let her set the bare branches in a vase of warm (not hot, not tepid) water on the window ledge and patiently await developments.

Her pains will soon be rewarded by abundance of blossoms, small it is true, but perfect in form and color. As the water evaporates care must be taken to fill up the vase every second day, using, of course, warm water. As far as possible keep an even temperature and avoid draughts. The writer recalls a case where a bunch of promising buds was completely spoiled through the carelessness of a servant who left them in front of an open window for half an hour.

To Stop Nail Biting.

The suggestion is made concerningh the nail-biting habit that an efficient remedy is to dip the finger tips after every hand-washing into a strong solution of quinine and glycerine. Any druggist will prepare it of requisite strength; the bitter taste will stop children from further biting, and will remind an adult as well.

Persons afflicted with hang nails can cure them with persistent treatment. They come usually from an abnormally dry condition of the skin. The fingers should be soaked a few minutes every night and the dried and loosened skin carefully cut away. Then rosaline or nail salve, procurable at any drug store or toilet counter, may be applied and left over night. The salve performs a double office of healing and nourishing the sore and impoverished skin. In caring for the nails a jeweler's file, so called, will be found very much better to use than the coarse ones usually provided in manicure sets. In any event, eschew these—the sets—buying separately and of the best quality, scissors, polisher, nail brush and file.

Hints for the Household.

Salt and vinegar will clean the mica in stove doors.

If salt is put into whitewash it will stick much better.

Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected in the left side.

If you want boiled rice to be white add a little lemon juice to the water in which it is boiled.

Ladies will be glad to hear that the crocus is to be the favorite flower for bonnet trimming this spring.

Cod-liver oil, taken in small dozes in the form of an emulsion after meals, is recommended as a preventive of influenza.

Cases of deafness have often been cured by the use of glycerine applied by dropping it into the ear and a plug of cotton wool or lint being placed in afterwards, so as to keep the ear moist.

Persons suffering from cold in the head will secure some relief by using glycerine. They should obtain a camel's hair brush, medium size, of druggist, and with this paint the nostrils with glycerine as far back in the passage as possible.

For the baby the bath should be just a few degrees above blood-heat, and when it is over a gentle rubbing with a soft towel will not only absorb any moisture left on the skin, but will tend to promote the circulation, and to maintain the heat of the body.

Children should be taught early—even during the first set of teeth—to clean their teeth at least once a day. This will prevent the teeth decaying, and thus injure the second set. By being careful of the first set they are laying a good foundation for the second set.

A common cause of indigestion is irregularity respecting the time of meals. The human system seems to form habits, and to be in a degree dependent upon the performance of its functions in accordance with the habits formed. In respect of digestion that is especially observable.

Another cold meat dish. Cut into thin unbroken slices some cold roast beef; season with salt and pepper, and spread each with a thin layer of veal stuffing. Roll up, secure with string or narrow tape, put into a stewpan and cover with brown gravy. Stew for about twenty minutes, thicken the gravy with flour and butter, and serve on slices of toast.

The practice of "trotting" a child on the knee of the nurse or the mother, though it has the sanction of long practice, has not the sanction of common-sense, and should never be indulged in, especially with infants. Treating the adult in the ratio of corresponding strength, the exercise would be about equivalent to being ourselves churned up and down on the walking beam of a good-sized steam engine.

SPRING SMILES.

It is probably after he has given himself away that a man feels cheap.

Telephones are a great convenience, and yet people are all the time talking against them.

A postal card is a good deal like a man's watch. When he gets hard up he tries to get all he can on it.

"You kick the bucket, we do the rest," is the unique sign over a coffin shop in one of our Western cities.

The quality of mercy may not be strained, but it frequently manages somehow to get exceedingly thin.

Good Old Lady (to tramp at the door)—"Are you a pious man?" Tramp—"I think so, mum; I love pie."

Boston Mother—"Why does Priscilla blush?" Annette—"Please, mum, she's studying improper fractions."

"Patti has a pensive air about her, don't you think so?" "Not a bit of it. On the contrary, it is ex-pensive."

"Is it true that Chollie lost all his clothes in a hotel fire?" "It is. When Chollie was fired they kept his trunk."

Sunday-school Teacher—"Now, can any little boy tell me what Easter is celebrated for?" Good Little Boy (eagerly)—"Eggs."

Teacher—"Mary? And what is your last name?" Young Woman—"I can't tell just yet, the chances are it will be Smith."

"I'll see you later," said the slangy young man. "No, George," she murmured, "don't you say that. It's nearly twelve o'clock now."

Ah, soon the season will be here
Of which swains often dream,
When it's 'most too warm for oysters
And 'most too cold for cream.

Bertha's mother saw fit to punish her for some little naughtiness. After a minute the child sobbed out, "Well, mamma, that hurt; you whipped me right where there weren't any bones."

Bards often write. "Oh, onward flow,
Thou silver stream the meadows through."
Suppose they told it not to go—
What do you think the stream would do?

Does your pastor permit himself to make jokes in the pulpit?" said one lady to another. "Oh, yes," was the answer in an apologetic tone; "but they are never very good ones and no one laughs."

"It's my terrible mouth they say, that makes
My enemies all decamp,"
He grimly said, and then with his mouth
He licked a poor little s'amp!

Professor—"All statistics prove that the blonde women are more difficult to get on with than the brunettes." Astonished Auditor—"Are you certain of that?" Professor—"It's a fact." Astonished Auditor—"Then I'm positive my wife dyes her hair!"

He must have been a very bright boy, a very bright little boy, who said to his mother: "I wish a lion would eat me up." "Why?" the mother asked. "Because it would be such a joke on the lion. He would think I was inside of him and I should be up in heaven."

Young Sprightly—"I have come, sir, to ask your daughter's hand. The affection is returned, and I am in a condition to keep her." Father (spreading his hands over his face)—"I have only one daughter." Y. S.—"Well, I only want one wife; I am not a Mormon."

"Now then," said Judge Sweetzer in a loud voice, "Mr. Baumgartner, you were present at this fray. Did Murphy, the plaintiff, seem carried away with excitement?" "Nein; he vos carried away on two piece poards mid his headt split open all down his pack." "That will do. You may stand down."

Terrible Plight of Two Ladies.

The Daily Graphic contains the third letter of their special commissioner describing his visit to Russia. He writes of a workroom having been established by Prince Viasimsky's steward and his wife and adds—The steward's wife told me an amusing though touching anecdote of what had occurred two days before. The news of the sewing-room had spread to a village some miles off, and two sisters determined to make the attempt to get to the workroom, although they had sold every article of clothing they possessed for food. They borrowed a neighbour's horse, harnessed him to their sledge, wrapped their father's sheepskin coat round them, and drove off to the workroom. Arrived there, they jumped out and ran into the room, when the steward's wife saw that one girl was stark naked, while the other had nothing on but the remnants of a shirt. They had driven the eight or ten miles with only their father's tattered sheepskin coat over them, and the thermometer was standing at somethiug like 10 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit). These two determined young girls were pointed out to me. They were now clothed in garments made in the workroom, and looked clean and industrious lasses.

A Question of Time.

A story is going the rounds about a local juryman, an Irishman, who cleverly outwitted a judge, and that without lying.

He came breathlessly into court saying: "Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray do. I do not know which will die first, my wife or my daughter."

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge, "certainly you are excused."

The next day the juryman was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, asked: "How's your wife?"

"She's all right, thankyou."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first!"

"Nor do I. That's a problem which time alone can solve."

THE REALITY OF FAITH.

BY GEORGE HODGES.

We are all able to sympathize with the man who said. "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

This man believed; he had faith. But no sooner had he said his creed than there came upon him a deep consciousness of the weakness, of the inadequacy, of the ignorance, of the limitation, of his faith. What did he believe? He believed that Jesus of Nazareth could help him. He looked into His face, he heard His voice, and he recognized in Him a helper in his time of need. Yet had you asked him questions about Jesus of Nazareth he would have been puzzled how to answer. Was He only another rabbi? was He the long expected Messiah of Israel? was He the incarnation of the Son of God?—this man would have replied, "I know not. Yes; He is a rabbi, but what more I cannot tell." Not a Sunday school scholar in any Christian parish but could have posed him. That is, this man had faith, but he was notably lacking in knowledge of theology.

Yet Jesus helped him. The density of his theological ignorance was not dark enough to keep the light of that benediction out. The man was blessed, though he was ignorant of systematic divinity. The inference is that there is a difference between theology and faith.

That there must be a difference between theology and faith would seem to be plain from the fact that theology is difficult, complicated, full of entanglements, and impossible of acquirement except to people of intellectual ability and training, while faith is expected from the simplest Christian. Faith, indeed, is set beside the gate of entrance into religion. It is one of the prerequisites of the initial sacrament. First faith and then baptism. Evidently this cannot be theological faith, or else nobody should be baptised without a satisfactory theoligical examination. Only the graduates of divinity schools would have any right in the Christian Church. Only the parsons could be saved. The parsons? How many of them, in these undogmatic days, could stand the test? Few are even the parsons who could get into this theological heaven except on large conditions.

Another reason for being sure that theology and faith are not by any means identical is the fact, which is attested by many unfortunate experiences that it is quite possible for men to be excellent and accurate theologians without being very good Christians. Everybody knows that when our Lord was here the people with whom He was able to find least in common, against whom He had to use the strongest language of condemnation, were the professors of systematic divinity in the theological seminaries of Jerusalem. Jesus found more good in publicans and sinners than in scribes and pharisees.

There is a difference, then, between theology and faith. The Christian religion in its demand for faith must not be understood as requiring a knowledge of theology. The Apostles' Creed may be recited by very imperfect theologians. "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," may rightly be the voice of our own heart. What, then, is the difference between theology and faith? This will best be understood by asking, first, "What is theology? and, then, What is faith?

What is theology? Theology is ordered religious knowledge. It is the technical, scientific and exact statement of religious truth. The business of the theologian is to gather together all the religious truth that can be found, to classify it, to set it in a system, and to draw inferences from it. He is to do in his department what the man of science does in his.

Plainly, then, theology will contain a great many statements of a great many degrees of importance. Part of it will be of very considerable value: part of it might be lost or forgotten and the world be quite as happy. Plainly, also, theology will include a great many mistakes. It will not, in this respect, be much different from the similar statement of physical truth. It will have its guesses and its misses. It will have its working hypotheses, some of which will be presently found to be unworkable. It will advance and recede. It will abandon some of its positions. Theology, that is, like any other science, will grow with the growth of man.

There is no sense in decrying theology. There has always been theology, there always will be theology, and there always ought to be theology. Theology is to be censured only when it forgets its place. Theologians are not to be accounted pernicious members of society so long as they mind their own business. Yes; there is a large element of good in even the most metaphysical theology.

There will always be metaphysics not only in theology, but in every other department of thinking, so long as man continues to be a rational and inquiring being. Metaphysics is the region into which we get when we take for our guide the mark of interrogation. It is the only possible answer that can be made to certain questions. Every object of thought, if it is questioned long enough, takes us into metaphysics.

Here is a scrap of paper. There is no appearance of metaphysics in the look of this paper. But ask the paper where it came from. You will not ask very long before you get back to a plant growing in a field. And there you are in the presence of mystery. The mystery of growth, and the mystery of life—these are even yet beyond discovery. Nor can they be adequately discussed without the aid of metaphysics.

Every stone in the street represents the mystery of matter. The wisest man of science does not know what matter is. Every bit of metal represents the mystery of force. Who will define force? Emerson said that every object that can be seen by human sight is a window into the infinite. It is also a great wide-open door into the metaphysical.

Take the simplest question in morality, "Thou shalt not steal." Is there any metaphysics about that? Is there anything transcendental about being honest? Suppose we set beside the commandment—as we must if we think—the question, Why? Why must we keep the moral law? At once we are precipitated into an arena of gladitorial metaphysicians. We must keep the moral law because it is the will of the Supreme Moral Being. We must keep the moral law because it is the dictate of our own enlightened conscience. We must keep the moral law because this is the verdict of the world's experience of pain and pleasure. There are three different answers. Every one of them involves metaphysics.

Now, what moral philosophy is to morality just that is theology to faith; Question morality and you get moral philosophy. Question faith and you get theology. But who will maintain that only the moral philosophers can be moral? How, then, can it be maintained that only the theologians can have faith? A good man said to me the other day that no one had a right to say that he believed the Apostles' Creed unless he is able to answer the metaphysical questions that are therein suggested. But ought it not to be said with equal force that no one ought, then, to keep the commandments unless he is able to answer the metaphysical questions that are suggested by the moral law?

This, however, comes out more plainly when we leave our inquiry about theology and ask the other question, what is faith? Faith is the accepting as true what we are told. If I see an event happen, I know that that event has happened. That is knowledge. If I am told by somebody in whom I have confidence that an event has happened, I am as sure of it as if I had seen it with my own eyes; but my certainty is not knowledge, it is faith. Faith, then, has regard both to a proposition and to a person. It may be thought of in both ways, as the accepting of the truth of a statement, and as the putting of faith in a person. These two elements enter into faith. Faith, then, depends upon authority. Authority is one of the essential factors of human thought. We cannot get along without it. Authority is no more to be decried than metaphysics. Like the theology it is both right, and valuable, and necessary so long as it keeps its place. Authority gets distinctly out of its place, when it speaks in imperatives, when one says to another "you must not think, you must let me do your thinking for you." To such a demand no rational being has any right to yield; no, not for one hour. That means intellectual slavery.

Authority, however, is in its proper place when instead of commanding, it bears witness. Perhaps a better word than "authority" would be "testimony." Authority in its right meaning signifies the witness, the judgment, the verdict, the decision of one whom we consider to be competent to decide. In this sense of it, we are all the time letting other people do our thinking for us. We have great reason to be profoundly grateful that we are so made that by this hand of faith we can reach out and accept, and make our own, what others give us. Otherwise, the world would be full of grown-up babies. Each person would have to discover all knowledge for himself. As it is, we all help each other. All the generations of the past help us to do our thinking. All the discoverers, all the explorers, all the inventors, all the deep reasoners, help us to do our thinking. No man lives, though he be the most independent of all free thinkers, who does all his own thinking.

The creed is the verdict of the great body of spiritual masters upon the truths of religion. Let a man, if he can, work it all out for himself. Let him test each article by all the tests he knows. The Christian Church welcomes all such testing. But let no man blame another who, not being of a theological bent of mind, is content to accept what the church teaches. This person is satisfied that the church is wiser than he is. He is glad to have set down in this brief form of words the simple statement of the truths in which the great company of the Christian saints and scholars have from the first agreed. He looks back and notes that questioners have tested this old creed with every acid known to theological chemistry, and that the creed has endured. He makes up his mind that the tests of the present day questioners are likely to result in the same assurance of the validity of these ancient truths. And he asks no questions, he puzzles himself with no problems, he vexes himself with no doubt. He accepts the Christian creed as he accepts the law of gravitation, worrying as little about the theological difficulties of the one, as about the mathematical complications of the other. It seems te me that such a decision and acceptance is a sign of most excellent good sense.

But faith is even simpler and easier than the acceptance of a proposition, it is the putting of our trust in a person. Faith, accordingly, is level to the attainment even of a little child. Christian faith is faith in Christ. The Christian looks into Christ's face, like the man in the text saying: Lord I believe. And like the man he may not have an answer to any of your questions. Yet he believes in Christ. Can he believe in Christ without knowing how the divine and human meet in him? Cannot a child believe in his father without knowing how body and soul the spiritual and the physical, meet in him?

That is what faith is at its best. It is that loving, personal abiding confidence. No question in the world can touch it. No puzzle can perplex it. It includes definition. It does not lend itself to the systematic logic of the theologian. It is a matter of personal experience. You may prove to the Christian that even the Christian creed is full of error. It makes no difference. How that may be he knows not—one thing he knows. He knows Christ, and Christ has helped him, and he loves Christ. Jesus Christ is the beginning, and the middle, and the end, and the whole of the Christian faith.

The Lovely May flower.

BY E. G. JONES, M. D.

When the snow-drifts of winter,
Have melted away;
And the warm April showers
Come to gladden the earth,
There's a sweet little blossom,
Peeps out from its vine,
'Tis the Trailing Arbutus,
The lovely May flower.

On the hill where the pine trees,
Grow silent and dark;
And the cool winds of April,
Sweep over the earth,
Under dead leaves and branches,
So lonely I found it,
The sweet flower of spring time,
The lovely May flower.

Sweet flower of our country,
So dear to New England:
How gladly we welcome
Your coming again;
Though cold are the winds,
That sigh through the branches,
And chilling the blast,
That blows over your vines,
Yet warm are the hearts,
That welcome your coming,
And clasp to their bosom,
The lovely May flower.

Though blooming alone,
Midst dead leaves and branches,
And all but forsaken,
By other sweet flowers;
Yet gladly we seek you,
And lovingly greet you
Dear flower of our country,
The lovely May flower.

Bid For a Spring Hat.

They were about going out, and she sat down while her husband got into his overcoat.

"I don't believe you love me any more," she said with a sigh. "I'm convinced of it," and her voice trembled a little.

"Not love you, my dear? Why, how absurd! Must I tell you every moment that I love you—love you with all my soul?"

"Oh, that will do to say, but I know you care for me no longer. How can you love me in this old hat?"

Of 500,000,000 passengers carried last year on American waters and from American ports only sixty-five lives were lost.

She—"Jack, how am I to know that you are telling the truth when you say you love me?" He (surprised)—"Why, all the rest of the girls believe me!"

What Does it Matter?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Wealth and glory, place and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of a life runs out in an hour,
And Death stands ready to claim his due.
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter what we claim?
For we step from the cradle onto the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same.
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend,
Tender caresses or cruel sneers,
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night nears,
Passionate kisses or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant or honored guest,
Poor and humble or rich and great—
All are racked with the world's unrest:
All must meet with the common fate
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is it when all is told?

Coming, but not Sudden.

Oh, the good time is a-comin', you must hope to see it start,
When the sermon and doxology won't be so far apart;
An' the man with the collection won't strike one piece o'tin,
An' they'll get a man to glory without whippin' of him in!

It will be with us some day,
For we kinder hear it hummin';
But it's mighty far away,
An' it's mighty long a-comin'!

Oh, the good time is a-comin', you must meet it if you can,
When the office with a lantern will go looking for the man;
And the man when caught, and taken by a whirlwind of surprise,
Will not see his friends forsaken, and resign before he dies!

It will be with us some day
For we kinder hear it hummin';
But it's mighty far away,
An' it's mighty long a-comin'!

Some Russian Sketches.

A correspondent of the London Daily Graphic, investigating the famine-stricken districts of Russia, came to describe some of the native's customs as follows:

"There are scarcely any forests in the province of Tambof, the ground is simply bare steppes, with scarcely a tree or shrub on them. You can take a sledge and drive for miles over the undulating plains without coming across any forest land. Here and there you see a recently planted wood consisting of young trees which have been set by some enterprising landed proprietor. The result of this want of wood is that the inhabitants are obliged to use straw for fuel. A bundle of straw is pushed into the oven and a light is applied. When the straw has burned out, leaving nothing but the glowing embers, the oven is shut up so that the heat may be retained for as long a period as possible. As there was a failure of the crops last autumn, there has been very little straw available for fuel this winter. In fact, in some of the poorer villages there are cottages where the warmth of a fire has for several months been unknown. In such cases two or three families have crowded into one hut, and have tried to keep some heat in their bodies by packing themselves like sardines on the top of the stove, and on the shelf which extends thence to the opposite wall, on a level with the top of the oven. This shelf is generally six feet wide and eight feet long, so that about eight people can find sleeping accommodation on it. In many of the larger huts a wide benchs take the place of the shelf, but the bench is not a very warm sleeping place if there is no heat in the stove, hence the preference for a shelf close to the ceiling where it is warm.

While passing through St. Petersburg the other day I saw some clothes which some industrious and philanthropic ladies were making for the distressed peasantry. These ladies were, in my opinion, wasting their labor, for in the first place the material used was too good, costing about four or five times the price of the cloth of which the moujik and his wife make their clothes; and in the second place the garments were not such as the people ordinarily wear. The peasant woman wears a shift, a petticoat, and a sheepskin coat. Her legs are wrapped up in rags, and bark shoes are tied to her feet; while the richer women wear long felt boots reaching to the knee. The man wears a shirt, trousers, and bark shoes, or long felt boots, and a sheepskin coat. For head-gear the women tie a scarf or handkerchief over the head; the men wear a sheepskin cap. Obviously these people don't want jackets made of flannelette, or vests of hygienic wool, or petticoats of pink flannel, with curious designs in æsthetic colors. A woman was offered a petticoat which had been sent from Moscow and she refused it, saying she would be afraid to appear in that in the village. Such are the inexorable decrees of fashion even in humble life. It would, therefore, be better if the ladies of St. Petersburg and Moscow were to buy common material and send that to the villages with stocks of needles and cotton, and let the villagers make their own clothes. As it is, some of the people honestly say they can not wear the clothes, and refuse to take them, while others take the clothes—and sell them. The money thus obtained goes to the dram-shop.

A Hotel in the Desert.

It is said that 6,000 foreigners in quest of health are spending the present winter in Cairo. Among them are a few who prefer quiet to gayety, and the air of the desert to that of the city. A while ago a hotel was built in the desert near the pyramids. Several hundred acres of the desert land were bought in 1884 by a wealthy Englishman, who was a sufferer from consumption. He believed that the desert air would be a specific. For two years he lived with his wife in a little house erected on the sand waste he had bought, and regained most of the strength he had lost.

Believing that the desert air would be most beneficial to invalids afflicted as he was was, he erected a sanitarium on his property but he died just before its completion. The building he put up now forms a part of the hotel, which is reached easily from Cairo, and has a good many guests, not only invalids, but those who wish to spend a night in the desert and have more time for inspecting the pyramids than they enjoyed formerly, when they were compelled to hurry away after a few hours in order to return to Cairo the same evening.

If you pine to be introduced to a rich lumberman's daughter, see that you look spruce.

James Whitcomb Riley's income from his readings and recitations equals a bank president's salary, while Bill Nye in 1891 cleared $40,000 from his appearances on the rostrum. Max O'Rell and Will Carleton get $200 a night from their managers, and George W. Cable receives $100 ever time he reads.

Golden Thoughts For Every Day.

Monday—

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

—[F. W. Faber.

Tuesday—Religion is so far, in my opinion, from being out of the province or the duty of a Christian magistrate that it is, and it ought to be, not only his care, but the principal thing in his care; because it is one of the great bonds of human society, and its object the supreme good, the ultimate end and object of man himself. The magistrate, who is a man, and charged with the concerns of men, and to whom very specially nothing human is remote and indifferent, has a right and a duty to watch over it with an unceasing vigilance, to profect, to promote, to forward it by every rational, just, and prudent means. It is principally his duty to prevent the abuses which grow out out of every strong and efficient principle that actuates the human mind. As religion is one of the bonds of society, he ought not to suffer it to be made the pretext of destroying its peace, order, liberty, and its security. —[Edmund Burke.

Wednesday.

Through the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

—[Anonymous.

Thursday—Like flakes of snow, that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—J. Bentham.

Friday.

I can not know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know—God watches all my path,
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight,
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To see while here the land beyond the river,
But this I know, I shall be God's forever:
So I can trust.

—[Anonymous.

Saturday—I trust everything under God to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of us.—[Lord Brougham.

Electrical Science.

To say that the electric world is in a flutter is merely to note its normal condition. The students of this branch of physics are the devotees of a science whose inexactness is only exceeded by its progress. But the flutter now perceptible is suggestive of preparation for a flight more protentous than any yet undertaken. Hitherto thoughts of electricity have been inseparably connected with conductors of one form of another. Now there comes news from the savants all over the world that they are rapidly approaching the solution of a problem to eliminate existing methods for the transmission of currents in a manner to compare with that in which electricity has so largely annihilated distance. The air itself is to become the conductor of the future, its capacity for such a purpose depending on changes to be made in the nature of the currents to be transmitted. Experiment has already demonstrated the possibility of passing currents between two widely separated metallic plates unconnected by any other medium than that of the atmosphere. By the help of concentrating apparatus of "enormous lens-shaped masses of pitch and similar bodies it is expected that immense distances will before long be traversed by the subtle power without visible conductors. It is as impossible to foresee the developments which will follow this research as it would have been fifty years ago to fortell most of the scientific triumphs of to-day. But the field opened to speculative imagination is bewildering in its immensity and fascinating in its mystery. Without going so far as to suggest that these discoveries will lead to means of inter-stellar communication, there can be no doubt that its effects on our own planet will be enormous. Here the way will be opened for communication between lightships and the shore without the inconvenience of submarine cable. Mountainous peaks can be put in communication without the work of stringing a wire over miles of difficulties, and throughout the countries of the world, there is a promise that unsightly poles and dangerous woblike networks will cease to be a feature of the city streets. These are all consummations devoutly to be wished, and that the hope for them is no mere visionary dream, is testified by the nature of the success already achieved, and the practical knowledge of the men pushing the investigations. Gigantic as the progress in the use of electricity has already been, the world is but awakening to the smallness of its knowledge and the extent of the regions yet to be explored.

Careful Pat.

Travelling several years ago on the top of a stage coach in Ireland, the late Mr. P. S. Fraser heard the guard suggest to the driver that he had better put on the brake, as they were approaching a steep descent.

"I'll try it without," said John; "hold on hard, gentlemen" And forthwith, gathering up the ribbons, he started his horses at a rapid pace.

"Have you a bit of chalk about you?" said Paddy a few moments later to Mr. Fraser, who indignantly asked what on earth he could want chalk for at such a time.

"I was just thinking," Paddy replied, "that some of our legs and arms are likely to be flying about before we reach the bottom of the hill, and that it would be desirable for every man to mark his own, for the purpose of identification."

Everybody has Enemies.

Men are continually heard talking of their enemies. It seems to be universally understood that everybody has enemies. We hear of such and such a person being ill-spoken of; but then he has many enemies. We hear of some one having been extremely unfortunate—he had made himself many enemies. I believe there is a great many chances in all this, and that scarcely any one has enemies worthy of the name, much less that any one is ever seriously injured by them. People are in general too much engrossed, each by his own affairs, to make any very active war against each other. Jealous, envious, rancorous they often are, but to wage positive hostilities, they are for the most part too indifferent. Though it were otherwise, society is not now constituted in such a way as to admit of one man being to any serious extent hurtful to another. When I hear, therefore, of any man attributing his non-success in business, the invariably severe treatment of his books in the reviews, or the rejection of his pictures at the exhibition, to enemies, I feel that a cause inadequate to the effect has been cited and, while listening politely, do not believe, though I daresay *he* does.

The fact is, this proneness to attribute our mischances to enemies is merely one of the refuges of our self-love. Admitting possible exceptions, it may be said emphatically that we are none of us anybody's enemy but our own. We are all, however, our own enemies. The same is true of corporations and institutions. Hence it is the merchant who effects his own ruin; it is the author who writes himself down. Dynasties, ministries, parties, die not but by suicide. And it is the friends of great causes and venerable systems who are most apt to be the obstructors of the one and the destroyers of the other.

The laboring people have a notion that the rest of the community are their enemies. Any one who mingles with the rest of the community must see that these are full of good-feeling towards the labourers, are constantly speculating about the means of benefiting them, and in reality spend largely in their behalf. They are not the enemies of the working-classes; but it is not difficult to see who are. It is the working-classes themselves, who, arrogating the privilege of dispensing with forethought and self-denial, and throwing on others the blame of all mischances, subject themselves to such bitter woe in consequence, that if one-tenth of it were really visited on any one set of people by another, the world would ring with it forever. What should we think, for instance, of a Government which should force its industrious millions to spend each a large portion of his gains on indulgences alike injurious to health and morals? Yet this, we know, is done by the working-classes themselves. What should we think of a master who permitted no new entrant into his work without a sum of money being paid to make a feast with, however difficult it might be to raise such a sum? Yet exclusions of this kind are common among the men themselves.

Some men are said to have a turn for making enemies, while to others is awarded the praise of having none. But though there is such a thing as enemy-making, it amounts to little, such enemies being seldom able to do any harm. The more narrowly we examine our position, and the things which affect us in the world, the more we shall be convinced that our only formidable enemies are ourselves. The tongue that truly detracts from our credit and glory is our own tongue; the hand that most mercilessly despoils us of our property is our own hand. All the real murders in this world—that is, apart from the mere commonplace killings of men and women are self-murders. Conceit tells us a different tale, and we are too ready to lay on the flattering unction. But all great successes, all the grander triumphs, will be in proportion to our seeing the truth as it really stands; namely, that the hardest obstacles, the most real dangers, lie in the perverse impulses of our own nature.

When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any donbt.—"Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time: no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. M. REARICK.

The Short Girl.

The short girl has many advantages over the tall one. She has to go through life looking up, and nothing is so becoming to eyes as that. Her lashes show more, and so does her hair. There are curves of cheek, chin and throat that look their prettiest to a man who must glance down to them.

A small girl is more easily held and more easily kissed. It is nicer to have to lift her face up by the chin, and it is more epicurean and satisfactory to reach down to the upturned lips, says the Kansas City Star.

It is comfortable when you hold a girl on your knee to have her head just come to your shoulder, instead of having it sort of hang over—surplus, as it were.

Everything about a small girl is likely to be a provocation—the unexpectedly tiny hand, the distracting morsels of feet, the little head, the little nose.

A small girl can be fascinating even in a temper, she can be delicious when she cries, she can even be lovely when she pouts, and none of these moods set well on a big woman.

Then, too, the man in love is inclined to pet names, and he wants to call his girl "Birdy," whether she weighs 200 or not, yet he is not insensible to the appropriateness of the title when given to a real little thing.

A man likes to feel big, by comparison at least. A really large man does not object to seeming almost a giant beside the girl of his heart, and it is almost necessary to the short man's vanity that he shall seem big to the little creature he is going to marry. It is very fetching to have one's girl say: "Please, dear, my neck gets so tired—you're so tall." Don't you know what that means? Well, get a bit of a girl and you'll find out. On the whole, the small girl has the best of it.

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass

100 Doses One Dollar

White men are responsible for the ruination of the morals of the red man, and, as poor Lo is being rapidly driven out of existence as a distinct species, they are commencing practice on the poor dumb brutes in order to maintain their reputation as debasers, that is if the following interesting story told by that excellent journal Forest and Stream be true. Says that paper "The intelligence of the dog is being put to base uses. First he is taught to smuggle, then to steal chickens, now we see that an enterprising youngster has taught his dog some tricks that bid fair to land his owner in durance vile. The other day, in Philadelphia, this young thief, in company with another, was driving a waggon, when they stopped on the bridge that spans the Aramingo canal. At this point is a small pond, on the sunken surface of which over 20 school children were skating and sledding. The dog, a large, black, curly animal, was liberated, and dashed among the children. He seized a bright-painted sled, and was making off with it, when the boys beat him until he let go. Wagging his tail, he danced around among them until he suddenly seized a bag containing a new pair of skates belonging to a little boy. Slinging the bag over his shaggy back, the dog ran to the waggon, and, leaping in, deposited his prize, and after securing a few caresses from his owner, again ran among the children, and seizing a bag containing a pair of overshoes from another little chap, took them to his master, and again leaping in the waggon, deposited them at his feet. Blaney, his owner, affectionately patted the thieving dog, which again sprang among the now terror-stricken children, who had stopped their amusements and were holding on to their earthly possessions. The dog next seized a pair of skates, and could not be induced to let go until a policeman, who, noticing something unusual, had gone over to the spot, forced him to release them. He promptly took Blaney into custody, after restoring their property to the badly-scared boys.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Necessity Knows No Law.

Magistrate—"You are charged, sir, with dragging this young woman, forcing her into a cab, and driving like mad to the ferry."

Prisoner—"Y-e-s, sir. I live in the suburbs. This morning my wife told me not to dare to come home without a girl, and I didn't know of any other way to get one."

Magistrate—"I'll take this young girl home with me and place her under my wife's protection. I live in the suburbs mylsef. You'll have to catch another."

The first consignment of tea from Natal has been sold in London.

Beagle is probably derived from the Celtic beag or biga, or the Welsh back, signifying little, they being in reality a small species of hound.

The "angry tree," a woody plant which grows from ten to twenty-five feet high, and which was formerly supposed to exist in one State in the Union, Nevada, has recently been found in eastern California and Arizona. If disturbed this peculiar tree shows every sign of vexation, even to ruffling up its leaves like the hair on an angry cat, and giving forth an unpleasant, sickening odor.

Information Wanted.

We shall abide by the Verdict of the people

As to Whether We Should or Should Not Submit

To the Restrictions of the Combines.

We respectfully solicit your opinion, and ask for your answer to the following questions:

1. Do combines operate in the interest of the people?
2. Is the existence of middlemen of benefit to consumers?
3. Is it an advantage to the public to have watches described, illustrated and catalogued with prices quoted in plain figures?

We are fighting tremendous odds, and although assured of success, we want to know if the majority endorse our policy?

We will pay for this information, and invite everyone to send us their honest and candid opinion. We cannot expect the public to take up their time with our affairs without some incentive other than the honest desire to champion the dealer whose motto is "Unrestricted Trade," and, therefore, we have decided to offer an additional inducement as follows: We will send by registered mail, postpaid, a Gentleman's 14 Karat Gold Filed Vest Chain, guaranteed to wear equal to solid gold for 10 years, retail price $5 upon receipt of your answers to the above three questions and the nominal sum of $2.

15,000 of these chains will be given away to create an interest with the public in our great fight, Frank S. Taggart & Co. versus the Canadian Association of Jobbers in American Watches.

Our Illustrated Catalogue, Album and Buyers' Guide of 200 pages, containing descriptive engravings and prices of Watches, Jewellery, Diamonds, Silverware, Clocks, Art Goods, Gems, Arms, Ammunition, Bicycles and Sporting Requisites, value 50 cents, will be mailed free to everyone answering above questions.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.
89 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Chicago is not the only place that offers a moral for Canadians to dwell on. New Jersey has recently developed some extraordinary symptoms of boodling. Those gigantic corporations the Reading Jersey Central, Lehigh Valley and Sackawanna railroads, who, with the Pennsylvania road, control all the vast output of coal in the states of Ohio and Pennsylvania, sought to get a combination bill through the legislature without criticism and granting them certain rights of monopoly in perpetuity. To effect the object in view no less a sum than three million dollars—think of that for one bill—was laid aside for corruption purposes. There were nineteen state senators to be worked, after whom the state assemblymen had to be booked. Eleven previously antagonistic senators had been duly lassoed, and only one remained to be hauled in to secure the passage of the bill. This was Senator Rogers, who, honester than the rest, spurned the tempter when he approached him with his massive bribe. Senator Rogers, who was naturally proud of his fortitude and his knowledge, talked and the whole matter leaked out, but not before the bill had been passed in the Senate by a majority of one, but in time to prevent its adoption by the state legislature. Senator Rogers, who has probably saved his state from endorsing an act that would have been read of in history as one of the most brazenly corrupt that ever fouled the proceedings even of an American legislative body, stated that at first he was approached with an offer of $10,000 to vote for the bill, then with one of $25,000, then with one of $50,000 and finally with a sum that placed at six per cent would yield him an income of $6000 per annum. It must be remembered that he was the man required to ensure a majority, hence the anxious and persistent raise, the worst feature almost of the whole diabolically nefarious transaction is that as the majority was secured without him sombody must have been found with less pretention to virtue.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

In the last cricket match England v. Australia an immense amount of interest was taken. Totalisators were opened for backing players for highest individual scores, and an owner of race-horses in Sydney laid £1,000 to £300 against the Australians and lost his thousand.

C. R. Harding, the English sculler who recently defeated Norvell on the Tyne, now offers to row any man in England, barring W. G. East, on even terms, or he will row East if the champion of England will lay £300 to £200 on the result. Harding also announces that he will row any man in the world of 129 pounds weight for £100 or £200 a side, give or take expenses.

The monster coal strike in England which began a week ago was brought to a close on Monday, the miners having decided that, the purpose for which the pits were stopped has been achieved. In all the history of labor there has never been a more senseless strike than this. The object of the men in stopping work, was to check the output of coal, to prevent the market from being glutted, and thereby to avert any possibility of a reduction of wages being made by the mine-owners. For this they have sacrificed a week's wages themselves, have thrown thousands of other workmen out of employment, and have disturbed trade, industry and traffic without any positive assurance of benefit to themselves, either in the present or the future. For they have been successful in their efforts to obtain a pledge, that there would be no reduction of wages from the mine-owners. The latter, indeed, appear to be the only people who have reason to be satisfied with the strike of the last week, since it sent up the cost of coal, and enabled them to clear off their surplus stock at abnormally high prices, at the same time relieving them from the necessity of paying the week's wages to their men.

Not many months ago the Chicago papers were regarding with every sympton of justifiable horror the boodling revelations which were being made in Canada; and now we learn that an investigation has been started by the Chicago grand jury which is expected to elicit revelations of aldermanic corruption, exceeding even the Tweed infamy and the notorious boodling cases of New York city. This inquiry was prompted by the recent passage through the late city council of an ordinance granting permission to the Chicago Power Supply and Compressed air Company to use the streets and alleys of that city in about any manner it sees fit. It is alleged that boodling has been going on to such an extent that it is generally admitted, money must be planked down to secure the passage of an ordinance through the Chicago council. The proof, it is said, entangles four or five aldermen. The aldermanic "divy" varied from $500 to $5000. It is well to have these disgraceful proceedings probed to the bottom, before the World's Fair begins, or foreigners might be prejudiced against American city governments. City administration ought to be confined to so few hands that the people could readily get at boodling culprits. In the meantime the revelations that have already been made, amply prove the justice of the position we took last year, that in their manifestations of disgust at our comparatively petty scandals, the newspapers of our neighbors were to the last degree hypocritical. As we really said then, we say now, that for every corrupt act perpetrated by officials in Canada there are fifty in the United States, with the difference that whereas the reprehensible thefts here amount to hundreds of dollars, theirs reach up to the thousands.

De Jure and De Facto.

Mr. Topnody is no lawyer, but his wife is an able woman. He was stumpled in his reading the other evening and appealed to her. "Are you up in Latin, my dear?" he asked. "What do you want to know?" she enquired with proper caution. "I want to know the difference between de jure and de facto." Mrs. T. studied a moment. "Well," she said, "you are at the head of this family de jure." "Yes," he put in, "I understand that." "And," she concluded, with some vigour, "I am at the head of it de facto."

He whom the gods favor dies young, while he is in his health, has his senses and his judgment sound.—[Piautus.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.

Thereby Hangs a Tale.

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

And truly, "'tis a tale of woe," of one who had Catarrh in the Head, for many years, and who really had been "rotting," from hour to hour, until Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy came to his notice. He used it at first with slight signs of relief, but he persisted until a permanent cure was effected, and the world was again pleasant to live in. From his awful suffering he was set free by the expenditure of a few dollars in that incomparable remedy.

It is the part of a great mind to be temperate in prosperity, resolute in adversity to despise what the vulgar admired, and to prefer a mediocrity to an excess.

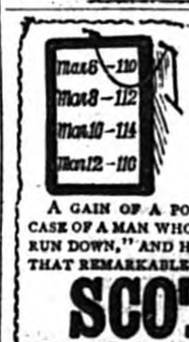
Not a Miracle, Now.

Until recently Consumption was considered incurable, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. The cure of Consumption is not a miracle, now. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, it taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when other means have failed. Thousands gratefully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strength-restorer, alterative, or blood-cleanser, and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, "Liver Complaint," and Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and tighter at one man than to another. And he is more at ease who takes up than he who drags it.

Pensive and Expensive.

Many a woman shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangements and weakness, and prefers to suffer in silence. She is sad and pensive, and her neglect of her ailments will prove expensive. It may cost her her life. One of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.



GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50C. AND $1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

MAGIC SCALE FOR DRESS CUTTING, taught by Miss Chubb, general agent for Ontario. 356½ Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—By a Canadian House a Man with $5,000 to buy an interest in their business, and go to England and take charge, business controlled by them. P.O. Box 573, Toronto.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Sick Headache, restores the Complexion. Get Free Sample at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY, 317 Church St., Toronto.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS.

Are the best in the world for the throat and Chest, for the voice unequalled.

R. & T. W. Stamped on each Drop.

THIRTY YEARS.



Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides, when the moon is at the full, and when there is no more.

Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and reconstructor of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained on an average, a pound of flesh a week. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who declare that they are the only medicine that they have ever used that done all that is claimed for it. Sold by all dealers.

There is no worship where there is no joy.

Nature's Creative Powers Srpass

all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that quench life. Also St. Leon soothes, feeds, and tones up the nerve and vital forces, is so full of that mysterious life, sustaining fluid can be ignited. The charmed, refined feelings that flow steadily on when St. Leon is imbibed those only can tell who try it well.

Clemency is the surest proof of a true monarch.

Probably in March more than any other month in the year, are the ravages of cold in the head and catarrh most severely felt. Do not neglect either for an instant, but apply Nasal Balm, a time-tried, never-failing cure. Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. Try it. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid on receipt of price—50c and $1 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Labor not needed for good is food for physic.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM For sale by Druggists. Price 15c

A. P. 600

NASAL BALM

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1) by addressing FULFORD & CO. Brockville, Ont.

NEVER FAILS CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send your address, and we will mail free trial bottle. DR. TAFT BROS., ROCHESTER, N.Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO, CANADA. FREE

YOUNG MEN. Learn to cut—No better trade. Thorough instruction given at TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL, 123 Yonge St. Terms moderate. Write for particulars. Also agents for the McDowell Garment Drafting Machine.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC P. Harold Hayes, M.D. BUFFALO, N.Y.

CATARRH DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE never fails, send 5c. in stamps for postage and we will mail you a free trial package. CURED FREE Clark Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

We are the leading firm in Canada. No other firm can compete with us, every Limb warranted for Comfort, Finish and Efficiency, equal to the best in the world.

AUTHORS & COX, 121 CHURCH STREET - TORONTO

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY CO make the best goods. Try them and see.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.

LONDON AND CANADIAN LOAN AND AGENCY CO., LTD

103 Bay Street, Toronto.

Capital.....$5,000,000.

Money to Loan on improved farms, city and town property on liberal terms of repayment and AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES. MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES PURCHASED.

Apply to local appraisers or to J. F. KIRK, Manager.

Choice farms for sale in Ont. & Manitoba.

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WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Successor of the "UNABRIDGED." 10 years revising, 200 editors employed, $300,000 expended. Sold by all Booksellers. Send to G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A. for pamphlet giving full particulars.



CONEOYS IMPROVED

CARRIAGE TOPS.

are the best in the market and have patented improvements not found in any other make order one from your Carriage Maker. Take no other kind.

WHEN YOU NEED STRENGTH—GET IT BY TAKING

Johnston's Fluid Beef,

THE GREAT STRENGTH GIVER.



THE

Most Delicately Perfumed

AND

POPLUAR SOAP OF THE DAY

SOLD EVERYWHERE,
USED BY EVERYBODY
AND MADE BY

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COMPANY

SPECIAL FEATURES

IN OUR **BAND** MILL

WHEELS CLOSER, Cutting done 2 to 3 ft. nearer upper wheel

Great Rigidity
6 steel columns with heavy top and bottom base.

SENSITIVE TENSION
8 FT. WHEELS.
using a saw 8 to 10 ft. shorter than usual.

OUTPUT LIMITED, - ORDER EARLY

Come to Brantford and see a mill in practical operation.

BAND AND CIRCULAR SAW - MILLS MADE BY WATEROUS BRANTFORD CANADA ARE UNSURPASSED

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1892.

LACHUTE AND ST. ANDREWS RAILWAY.

It is stated that legal proceedings are to be instituted against the municipality of the Parish of St. Andrews, to enforce the payment of the bonus voted to the Lachute and St. Andrews Railway.

PREMIER ABBOTT TO BE HONORED.

It is rumoured, and there seems to be good foundation for the rumour that Hon. J. J. C. Abbott will receive from Her Majesty the honor of knighthood, on her next birthday. That it should be conferred upon Mr. Abbott is not to be wondered at, indeed might be expected, for who is there among all our public men more worthy, by reason of his ability, his energy and long public service, than he. The honor will be one to Canada, but will touch more especially the County of Argenteuil, the birth place of the Premier, and will be much appreciated by those of our inhabitants who remember Mr. Abbott as their mate at school in St. Andrews, as their tried and trusty friend in many legal difficulties, and as their fellow soldier and leader in many a political battle. Sir John Abbott seems very different from plain John Abbott as he used to be called, but we know full well that although the name may change, the man can never change, and the knight would have the same warm welcome and pleasant smile, for his rural friends in Argenteuil as did the young lawyer, the ever obliging member of parliament and the wise counsellor of the widow and orphan. The younger generation have very little idea what Mr. Abbott was to the people of Argenteuil in past years, but the old people remember and will feel proud that towards the close of his long and successful career, honours are falling upon him fast and thick.

THE SUSPENDED CLERKS.

A somewhat extensive debate occured one night last week in the Commons, over the payment of the salary of the suspended clerks during the time of their suspension. To understand this matter thoroughly, it is necessary to go back to last session and examine the charges made against these clerks and the reason of their suspension. So much exaggerated nonsense has been talked and published for political effect, the public might almost be led to think that these men had been guilty of boodling or stealing public money. Such has not been the case. The facts are these. Several years ago, the government passed an act which prevented any permanent clerk from drawing any monies except his salary. That is, no permanent clerk was supposed to perform other work for the government for pay, outside of his usual office hours. We must confess that there does not seem to be any great necessity for such a law, because every working man expects that if he performe work after hours he should be paid therefor. However, that was the law and should have been respected. During the North West trouble the work in the department increased so much that the permanent staff of the department were not able to keep up with it during the regular office hours. The deputy, Mr. Burgess, felt that it would be wiser to employ some of the same staff, who were experienced, to work, after hours, than to increase the staff by extra men. He did so and he is certainly wholly responsible for the irregularity. These men did work after hours at their homes, but as it was contrary to statute for them to draw the pay therefor, the accounts were made out in fictitious names and the clerks signed these names in the pay rolls and on the checques. The evidence of the officers of the department went to show that in every case the work was actually done, the only offence being an evasion of the statute which prohibited permanent clerks drawing extra pay. That is absolutely the whole case. The three clerks when called upon to give evidence, revealed this irregularity and pending the investigation were suspended. Afterwards a commission was appointed to examine into the working of the department and it was found that not only had this occurred in the case of these three particular clerks, but that a large number of others had been doing extra work and were paid under other names. Although the offence was a serious one on the part of the deputy head of the department, who should not have encouraged and suggested this method of evading the law even if in the interests of the department, we cannot see very much actual guilt on the part of those who did the work and consequently only received their own earnings. Nevertheless, the government fined all the clerks a month and a half's pay for the technical offence. This made the punishment more severe on the three who first revealed the irregularity in their evidence before the Public Accounts Committee, as they had already been suspended for three monts. In order, therefore to equalize the punishment the government decided to-pay the three clerks their salaries for the time of suspension. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of this dispute. Techinically we believe the government to be in the wrong, although in equity their action may be justified. It is true these three clerks were no more guilty than the others, and not nearly so guilty as the deputy, but at the same time it does seem strange to suspend a man from work and afterwards pay him for doing nothing. On the whole we would be inclined to have punished all the others by a like period of suspension rather than punish men by giving them a three months holiday on pay.

We must honestly admit that the deputy has often been charged with using this extra work as a sort of patronage for himself and that favoritism reigned supreme in the department. If such be the case the sooner the department ot the Interior has a new deputy the better.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

By the Rev. John King, of Dalesville.

At last we lost sight of land, before us and behind us, nothing was to be seen but water and sky. We had left the great world behind. The only world in which we then moved was that confined in the good ship Mohawk, and there, there were only a few planks between us and that world from which no traveller ever returns. We were not long at sea till the movements of the ship began to tell upon the stomachs of the passengers. Sea sickness, that terror of landsmen, laid hold of its victims without respect to age or sex. For my part, I never enjoyed a better appetite, and had excellent health. Among the passengers was a merchant of Montreal who had been home to procure goods, and while at home to his fatherland, along with other goods had taken to himself that good thing called a wife; they were returning to Montreal, and spending the honey moon on board the Mohawk. There was a young man, a clerk, who was going to push his fortune in the new world. A young woman going out to join her husband, and another young woman going to get one, and a towns, woman of my own, and a member of Bristow street, church a niece of Mr. Edwards whose health was delicate, and who, along with a sea voyage, intended to try the Canadian air on the banks of the Ottawa. There was good old Mrs. Kilgour, the mother-in-law of Mr. Girdwood. a stout and healthy old dame, whose great concern was to take care of a little fair haired girl. She seemed very fond of the bairn, and the bairn, as she said, was unco fond o' her granny. There was a tall Irishmen and his wife. He seemed to be a man who had seen better days. Perhaps he had failed in business, if so it was no wonder he was very fond of drink. He brought on board a large jar filled with whiskey, while this lasted he was drunk every day. He and his wife lay in their berth all day long, and drank and quarrrelled with each other. In this man's case could be seen the pernicious effects of an evil habit, all the advantages he could derive from education, knowlekge of business, money, or friends, were of no use to him. All would be sacrificed on the altar of Bacchus. Among the passengers were a few families of Highland and lowland Scotch, some of them had been small farmers and farm servants. Their object in seeking a home in the new world was to procure land, where, instead of serving the laird, they might become independent, and be lairds themselves. It was somewhat amusing on a fine day to see a group of these rusties gathered about good old Mr. Edwards, while he described the nature of farming in the backwoods of Canada. and the hardships which first settlers had to endure. He related to them his own experience on the banks of Ottawa, and gave them many excellent advices how to act when they would arrive at the land of their adoption, and well was he qualified to do so, both from his own experience and a natural aptness to communicate information on any subject. To his hearers his descriptions of life in the Canadian woods was a subject entirely new. Often have I watched the look of incredulity, or listened to some question asked which shewed how little the matter was understood, for all the pains the old man was taking to explain it. And so it is. People brought up in Europe for all they read and hear of Canada find, when they get there, that the ideas that they formed of it were far from being correct. When the weather was fine on a Sabbath. Mr. Girdwood preached, the passengers and sailors being collected on the deck, and, as some of the men from the Highlands seemed to be religious men, they kept a prayer-meeting among themselves, reading the Scriptures and praying in the Gaelic language. But it was no easy matter to get up a meeting there was so much noise. The captain and crew seemed to have very little regard to religion. Before Mr. Edwards engaged to sail in the Mohawk he was informed that the vessels was conducted on temperance principles, and indeed he would not have taken his passage in it had he known otherwise, for he was a great man for temperance. But we were not long at sea till we found out that grog was served out to the men, and that the steward had it for sale for any who had the mind and the means to buy. We were very much hindered in our progress by contrary winds, the wind was chiefly from the North-west, which caused a a good deal of tacking, when the wind fell we would have a calm. There the ship would lie like a log on the bosom of the deep. On such an occasion the great ocean would look like a sea of glass or some great mirror reflecting the rays of the rising and setting sun. It was a glorious sight to see the sun in the East rising in all his glory as out of the deep, and in the evening in the West sinking into it like a great ball of fire. And then at night how grand the firmament of heaven studded with innumerable stars, and the planets as they moved on their course reflected by the surface of a glassy sea. How much calculated such a sight to inspire the mind of the beholder with reverence for the being who formed all these. We had only one storm of any consequence, but such a storm gave us no inclination to desire another; every stitch of sail was taken in, and for three days and nights the ship lay at the mercy of toe winds and waves, The hatches were shut down, and every one had to do the best he could during that time to procure food, as it was impossible to keep up a fire for cooking. The waves broke over the decks, and some of the water found its way down below. People had to hold on by anything within reach, as walking was out of the question; chests or any article that was not made fast felt a disposition to leave their places, and chase each other along the deck, to the great annoyance of the dwellers there, whose legs were in danger from coming into collision with them. The rocking of the vessel and the groaning of her timbers as she was struck by the waves was truly alarming, and made the most thoughtless think, and the foolish serious. The specacle without, though awful, was at the same time truly sublime. Before us and behind us rose huge waves like great mountains, while the ship lay between them as far down in a valley like some devoted thing about to be swallowed up, and indeed this we several times expected; but after a little she would rise on the top of a wave as if on the top of some great mountain, and like some living thing shake herself from the spray. These waves as they rose and fell made a noise like thunder, the crests of them presented a very beautiful appearance. They were tinged with a variety of colors, red, blue, green and yellow. After the storm subsided and the sea had calmed down and people were able to keep their feet on deck, many stories were related of pent up fears and narrow escapes, by the groups gathered around the fire in the cooking establishment.

About this time a young man, a sailor, fell sick of that loathsome disease, the smallpox. every thing was done for him that could be done by his messmates. There was a medicine chest kept on board by the captain, but no doctor. The young man died. Mr. Girdwood, at a great risk to himself, went into the forecastle, read and prayed with him, but in regard to his knowledge of the way of salvation found him, like many of his class, very ignorant. This young man, though born in what is called a christian land, was as much a heathen as the heathen themselves. A little while after he had departed into the spirit world, the body was wrapped up in a blanket and lashed to a board, iron and stones were attached to the feet to sink it; in this way the body was conveyed from the forecastle to the gangway, and after a prayer by Mr. Girdwood committed to the deep, there to remain until the sea at the call of God shall give up its dead. It was a cause of great thankfulness to God that this disease did not spread among the passengers. The only one who took it was another sailor. who, along with a young man who fell from the yard-arm and broke his leg, was left in the hospital on Gross Isle when we arrived there. The weather at this time was very warm, but as we drew near to the banks of Newfoundland it became all at once very cold, so cold indeed that we were glad to put on extra clothing. This was owing to the proximity of so many icebergs which came from Davis Straits and Greenland. These float to the South and are gradually dissolved. Some of these mountains of ice we saw at a distance, the sight was truly grand: their green hue and glistening splendor exhibited a pleasing variety. They are very dangerous when too near, and many ships have been lost by coming in contact with them. Some of these moving mountains of ice are very large, some have been seen two miles long, and two-thirds of a mile broad, rising more than one hundred feet above the surface, and extending one hundred and fifty yards beneath it. The spectator imagines that he can see in their rugged projections the appearance of lofty spires, and the ruins of ancient castles. The banks of Newfounland are formed by the accumulation of sand and every kind of debris brought along by the currents and the floating masses of ice. These banks are gradually rising, and will, no doubt, in the course of time become dry land. The banks of Newfoundland may be considered the greatest fishing station in the world. They abound with capelins, herrings, mackerel, but above all, enormous multitudes of cod, in the taking and curing of which nearly one hundred thousand persons find employment, and though these banks have been fished for nearly three centuries, and millions have been taken annualy, their number do not seem to be diminished. The great bank is three hundred and thirty miles long and seventy-five broad, and is from fiifteen to sixteen fathoms deep, and seems to be everywhere peopled by these fishes. After leaving the banks we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the Gulf we were very much delighted with the blowing of the whales, we could see several of them at a time on either side of the ship. They sent the water th a considerable height, and seemed enjoy themselves very much. There were also many porpoises sporting themselves by rolling and tumbling about in the water.

JOTTINGS FROM A TOURIST'S NOTE BOOK,

BY

W. GRANT STEWART, M. D.

CHAP. V.

At the entrance of Loch Foyle, we took a pilot on board and sent off a budget of letters,—letters to friends left behind, in the land of the setting sun. What a wonderful thing a letter is, just to think we can with a few symbols convey our thoughts to any distance. One thus speaks of letters "Blessed be letters!—they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers. Your speech and their speeches are conventional; they are moulded by circumstance; they are suggested by the observation, remark and influence of the parties to whom the speaking is addressed, or by whom it may be overheard."

"Your truest thought is modified half through its utterance by a look, a smile, or a sneer. It is not individual, it is not integral; it is social and mixed, half of you, and half of others. It bends, it sways, it multiplies, it retires and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes, or quickens," But it is not so with letters. There you are, with only the soulless pen, and the snow-white virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings; there are no sneers to modify its utterance,—no scowl to scare, nothing is present but you and your thought."

"Utter it then freely; write it down; stamp it, burn it in ink.—There it is, a true soul print.

"Ah the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk in the world. Do you say it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed. contrived artistic?"

"Let me see it then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstance, and I will tell you if it bestudied or real,—if it be the merest lip slang put into words, or heart talk blazing on the paper."

After taking on our pilot we passed along the coast of the counties of Antrim and Down. For hours it was a panorama of beauty. Ireland has been well named the "Emerald Isle" for we have never seen richer green fields. The mountains are divided into fields and cultivated down to the waters edge. The farms are not laid out with the geometric regularity of the Canadian farm. The roads wind up the mountain sides like white serpents, and give the scene a variegated and picturesque appearance.

We sighted Port Rush, one of the famous watering places on the north coast. Fot far from this is Rathlin Island towering upwards above the surrounding waters and having a magnificent lighthouse. One end of the Island seems to be a centre for sea gulls. for here they were congregated in thousands sailing along. We got a glimpse of the extremity of the Giant's Causeway and of the geological curiosities of the world. The whole coast is dotted with pretty lighthouses which in dark and stormy nights guide and direct many a weary mariner.

We were now meeting crafts of all kinds from the Great Ocean liner to the tiny fishing sloops. The country is much flatter as we approach the county Down. Here and there a thriving town or village would appear on the scene. About 2 p. m. we lost sight of Ireland and our course lay in the Irish Sea. In our walk were hundreds of sea gulls. They would suddenly swoop down when anything was thrown from the ship, in fact, they hovered so closely that they would almost snatch bread from the hand.

In the course of the afternoon we saw the Isle of Man, which is 60 miles long and once had a king of its own. The coast is very picturesque. At the Southwestern extremity of the island the rocks are arranged in a very fantastic manner forming a sort of arch beneath which the sea rolls incessantly. Near this point one of Britain's famous lighthouses raises its stately form—the "Chicken Rock" lighthouse, when the tide is up a considerable portion is under water. It looks like a huge cigar with windows here and there. Here it has stood for years, and it looks as steadfast and firm as ever. Such works stand as triumphs of engineering skill. The Isle of man was left behind and once more around us there was nothing but "water, water everywhere." nothing but the deep blue sea.

At 9 p. m. we reach the 'Bar' which is twenty miles out from Liverpool. And here because the tide was out we anchored for the night beside the fleeting lightship. Many incoming vessels anchored near us. How slowly and gradually the twilight deepened into darkness and the day stretched away far into the night. The screw had ceased revolving and now the unwonted quiet seemed almost unbearable. Not a sound was heard save the ripples gently breaking on the ship's side or a merry peal of laughter every now and then from some group of happy voyagers. The scene about was ideal and would have delighted the heart of a Doré. The day was slowly dying. and around us lay all manners of vessels waiting for the tide, whose lights merrily twinkled like so many stars.

"How glorious the firmament,
With living Saphires! Hesperus that led
The stormy host, rode brightest; till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her pearless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

There was a tinge of sadness in the thought that we were about to part. We were like one large family, we had enjoyed each other's company very much. Never was there a jollier or more agreable party ever crossed the sea. About the 'wee sma' hoors we turned and were soon enjoying 'Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep' and dreaming sweet and peaceful dreams.

When we awoke from slumber we were in the River Mersey and passing into the famous docks of Liverpool. Round and round there was a forest of masts, ships were there of all classes and from every conceivable corner of the globe. We had read and heard but the 'half was not told' Slowly we passed through lock after lock until we finally reached the splendid Alexandria dock. Our voyage was over. We had seen the sea in all her moods, in storm and calm, in fog and sunshine and now we are safely anchored in the desired haven. How like, we thought the journey of life, we have our cloud and sunshine, our times of storm and trials and our times of happiness and prosperity. Our wish is that our voyage on the ocean of life may be as pleasant as this one. That we may have the same peaceful quiet and calm at its end, and anchor safely at last in the haven of eternal rest.

We breakfasted together, got our luggage through the bustle and excitement of the customs, took our farewells and parted. Glad to have met, sorry indeed to part, but hoping sometime to meet again.

'Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember
That the best of friends must part."

"Adieu! adieu! kind friends adieu!
I can no longer stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a Weeping Willow tree
And may the world go well with thee."

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
District of Terrebonne. } Superior Court
No. 50.

IN THE MATTER OF
JAMES FISH.
An Insolvent.

Tenders will be received up to noon on Sarurday, April 10th, 1892, for the purchase of the stock of the said insolvent, consisting of Groceries, Household Furniture, such as Bedroom sets, Parlor sets, Mattresses, Tables, Chairs etc, etc., as per Inventory which may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

For further particulars
Apply to
W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.

Lachute, April 6th, 1892

Insolvent Notice.

Sale of Valuable

STALLIONS.

IN THE MATTER OF
PETER CAMPBELL,
An Insolvent.

TENDERS Will be received by the undersigned up to noon on Saturday,

APRIL 16TH, 1892,

for the purchase of the well known handsome bright Chesnut carriage Stallion,

"Harry Clay,"



Whose Stock has carried off First Prizes at the Agricultural Exhibitions of 1889 and 1890.

At the Annual Spring Show of Stallions at Lachute, 1888, HARRY CLAY obtained second prize, in 1889 first prize, in 1890, second prize, and the Dominion Exhibition held in September 1890 at the City of Ottawa, in the competition of ten of the best Carriage Stallions of the Dominion he carried off third prize.

TENDERS Will also be received for the half interest held by the said Insolvent in the famous thoroughbred Percheron Stallion,

"Clodius,"



Imported from France in April 1890, by the HARAS National of Montreal.

CLODIUS is five years old this Spring, is black grey in color and weighs 1,810 Lbs. and stands 17 hands high. Notwithstanding his great weight, his action is simply magnificent, his powerful limbs carrying him everywhere with the agility of a Blood horse.—Remarkably intelligent docile and tractable. He is the beau ideal of a Thoroughbred stock-getting heavy Draught horse.

The Pedigree of CLODIUS appears in the Government Stud Book of France and is filed with the Secretary-Treasurer of the Agricultural Society of Argenteuil.

CLODIUS took first prize at the Dominion Exhibition held at Ottawa in 1890 and was further awarded a special Diploma for high class merit.

☞ The highest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

For further particulars,
Apply to

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.

Lachute, April 6th, 1892.

"Watchman" Clubing Rates.

WATCHMAN & *Witness*, ...	$1.50
" " Daily do.	3.00
" " Weekly *Star*	1.60
" " Daily do.	3.40
" " " *Gazette* [new.]...	5.50

Paris Kid Glove Store.

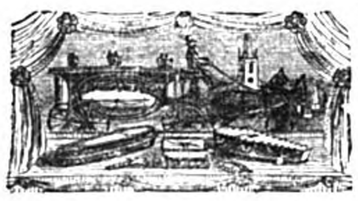
262 St. James St. Montreal.

The largest Importers of Kid Gloves in Canada. When you want Gloves of any kind write us for price list.

E. B. COOKE & Co.

33 6m

HEARSE.



The undersigned having purchased a well-equipped hearse, in Montreal is now prepared to attend funerals, and to enter more fully than heretofore into the

UNDERTAKING

Business in all its details.

Coffins and Caskets of every description at fair

Attendance Day & Night.

SIMON McKIMMIE,
Funeral Director.

Lachute, Sept. 1891 4-6m

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Terrebonne.

IN RE

JAMES FISH, Merchant, Lachute Que.,

Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that, on the 22nd day of February, 1892, by order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.

Lachute, March 14th, 1892.

NOTICE.

Just received, Sateens, Challiee, Muslins, Veiling, Childrn's Hats and Caps, also Fancy Goods and Dress Trimmings.

Miss L. Whinfield,
Dressmaker.

East of Post Office Calumet. 33-1m

MILLINERY SHOW ROOM,

Opening Days

Will be

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

12TH, 13TH, and 14TH APRIL.

MISS CAMERON

Invites inspection from all.

A rare chance to secure Newest and most Fashionable

MILLINERY

At Lowest Prices.

J. G. DAVIDSON,

BOA'S [OLD STAND,]
Main Street,
Lachute, Que.

33-1in

NEW GOODS!

Just received, a large stock of Dry Goods consisting in part of American and English Prints, all beautiful patterns, Flannelletes, dark and light colors. Ginghams, Checked Cottons, Cottonades, Factory Cotton, White Muslins, all kinds.

TWEEDS.

We beg to advise our county customers and others, that any desiring to take advantage of our cheap Tweeds, can get them now in exchange for Wool in June or July.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large stock of Boots and Shoes, to select from of good quality and cheap. Call and see us. Butter, eggs, and all merchantable produce taken in exchange for goods.

BANFORD & McFAUL.
WEST END.

3a

LOOK OUT

FOR

A. ROBITAILLE,

THE



Carriage Maker & Blacksmith's

ADVERTISEMENT,

NEXT WEEK.

33-

DRESS GOODS!!

Having completed our Spring purchases, we beg to call the attention of the LADIES to the unusually large Stock now in our Store, of

DRESS FABRICS,

Consisting of Novelties in Dress Goods, Dress Patterns, in Tweed Effects, Silk Warp Cashmeres, Plain Cashmeres in the Newest Shades, Serges very Cheap, All SHADES. A Fine line of Sateens very Dressy.

OUR PRINTS

Are very Special in value, being extra wide, Fine Cloth and Newest designs.

BEDFORD CORD DRESS GOODS,

in all the new shades·

G. L. MEIKLE, & CO.,

31-tf Main Street, Lachute.

READ

A. MITCHELL & SON'S



ADVERTISEMENT,

NEXT WEEK.

FOR SALE.

A Choice lot of

House Plants,

56 POTS IN ALL.

Can be seen at any time at the corner of Foundry street and Barron Avenue,

LACHUTE, QUE.,

33—3in.

Avis Public.

APPLICATION sera faitre a la prochaine session du Parlement du Canada pour un acte d'incorporation de la Compagnie du Chemin de fer, de la Valee d'Ottawa, avec pouvoir d'acheter cette portion du Chemin de fer Le Grand Nord, a l'ouest de Lachute, et le Chemin de fer Carillon and Grenville, de batir un pont sur la Riviere Ottawa entre Carillon and Grenville et de construire une ou des lignes de chemin de fer reliant le dit pont aux chemins de fer des deux cotes de la dite Riviere.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,
27 9in Pour Petitionnaires

PIANOS & ORGANS.



Cash or instalment plan

TERMS EASY.

Call and obtain prices.

CHAS. KENNIBURG,
Main Street.

14—tf. Lachute.

J G Davidson,



UNDERTAKER,

Main st. Lachute Que.

Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, everything complete in this line.

COFFINS FURNISHED,
Day or Night.

Scarfs and Gloves complete, for sale or to rent.

A first class new Hearse has just been purchased and is

FREE TO PATRONS.

I have been years in this branch of business in Aylmer Que., and guarantee satisfaction.
Lachute, Jan. 14th, 1891.

21—tf

FOR SALE.

6 Cows in calf,

Apply to

JAS. BOYD,
Earle's Mills, Lachute.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED pays highest prices in CASH for marketable HIDES.

A. MACGIBBON.
17 Lachute.

Properties for Sale Or To Let.

1st.—LOT No. 1548 with house and

OUT-BUILDINGS

thereon erected, situated upon

Milway Street,

LACHUTE.

House containing 5 rooms and extension kitchen, just being erected and will be ready for occupation about the first of October.

2nd—Lot No. 1122 with House and outbuildings erected thereon, situated upon the corner of Barron Avenue and Foundry Streets in the Town of Lachute, with Photo gallery, ready for use. and room suitable for a store on ground flat.

3rd—Lot No. 1527 with house erected thereon, situated upon Millway street, Lachute Town.

Also Lots Nos. 1474, 1618, 1527 and 1629 in the West Ward. Lachute Town.

For further information apply to

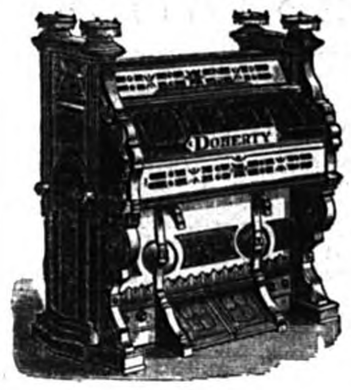
W. OWENS,
Proprietor,

Or to

W. J. SIMPSON,
Agent.

Lachute, P Q

ORGANS!!



The Doherty Organ leads the marke

Sewing Machines

of the best makers, sold on instalment plan. Ten per cent discount for cash. Kip Long Boots $2 a pair; French Kid Bootees $1.75 a pair, at

J. A. BEDARD'S
Main st. Lachute.
(Sign of the Long Boot.) 14

Cloth Sold by the Yard, cut Free of Charge.

1892. SPRING IMPORTATIONS, 1892.

New Designs in the following lines. SPRING OVERCOATINGS, Scotch and English SUITINGS, Canadian SUITINGS, Beautiful Patterns in TROUSERING.

COME and SEE.

New TIES and BRACES, GLOVES and UNDERWEAR and COLLARS and CUFFS. Soft and Hard HATS that are WHITE and OXFORD SHIRTS. HATS!

A. J. PERIARD, Lachute.

Agent For
Troy Steam Laundry and B.A. Dye Works.

BURDOCK PILLS
SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE
FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

DR LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

MALCOLM SMITH,
Auctioneer,

BEECH RIDGE, - - - Que.,

Will attend all Auction Sales of Farm Stock in this district, French and English, charges moderate.

Post Office address, Box 125,
Lachute, P. Q.,

OPENED AGAIN

—*SELLING CHEAP.*—

The undersigned having opened out their stock saved from the late fire in Roderigue's building, are now selling off at great reductions. Call and see bargains.

FRASER BROS.

Lachute, Jan. 21st 1892. 22-4m

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the **Bowels, Kidneys and Liver,** carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time **Correcting Acidity of the Stomach,** curing **Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility;** all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size $1.

For sale by all dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

W. J. SIMPSON

Agent,

FOR LEADING

Fire, Life And Accident.

Insurance Companies.

For Sale or To Let

THE UNDERSIGNED will sell the Brick House and lot situated just outside of Lachute Town, in the Township of Chatham, on very reasonable terms, or will let to a suitable tenant, for further particulars apply to the proprietor,

10 W. J. SIMPSON.

LUMBER.

The Lachute Lumber Company have constantly on hand, a large quantity of

Lumber,

DRESSED and UNDRESED

ORDERS may be sent to the

Brownsburg,
or left with
W. J. SIMPSON.
"Watchman" Office.

REMOVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED having rented the Building formerly occupied as a store by Mr. John Bradford, has removed his

MEAT MARKET.

AND

Vegetable Shops

to this favorable stand. In thanking the public for past patronage, he still hopes to give better satisfaction in the new premisses opposite

FISH'S BRIDGE.

D. WILSON,
Butcher

DR. SABINE'S PATIENT.

PROLOGUE.

"NON PROVEN."

"We find the prisoner Not Guilty, my lord."

A pause, a dead hush throughout the crowded court, and the foreman added slowly:

"We wish, my lord, to add a rider. On the evidence before us, so entirely circumstantial, we feel obliged to give the accused the benefit of the doubt, and therefore we find him Not Guilty."

A wave, a surge swept through the crowd—not of relief, not of satisfaction—yet the prisoner was young, handsome, and there were flaws in the evidence.

"Monstrous verdict!" said one man, indignantly; "the evidence against him is simply overwhelming. He must have done it!"

A gentleman just before the speaker glanced round with a slight lift of the brows, a slightly amused smile, as if to say: "Much you know about law." Aloud he remarked:

"A clear verdict of what in Scotland would be Non Proven; the man is acquitted by a fluke of evidence. Practically in everybody's eyes the poor fellow is guilty."

"Hard lines though that, sin't it, sir?" said another man. "Anyhow he can't be tried again, if someone turned up and said they saw him fire the shot. There he goes out o' the dock. I suppose they've got some formalities to do now.

Of course there were, and the man so lately on trial for murder must have left by a private exit, for the crowd saw him no more—knew not if his heart were almost broken with the agony of its burthen of another's awful crime,

The evidence, circumstantially, had been heavy. It had been proved that there had been high words between the accused and the murdered man, Mr. Guest, of Elm Hall about his sister, shortly before the fatal deed was done; that he (the accused) had left the Hall in a mad passion; that the dead man had also gone out towards the fatal copse in his own park; that a pistol-shot had been heard by a game-keeper at a distance, and on running to the spot he found the accused, Albert Claremont, with a small revolver in his hand and a blood-stain on his hand, bending over the murdered man, evidently horrified. One witness had sworn he had seen the pistol in Claremont's possession, but had been forced to admit it was the ordinary sort of revolver, and it might have been one like the weapon produced.

It was proved—so far as a negative can be called proven—that nobody had been seen near the spot or park, going or coming towards it. No stranger seen about the neighbourhood except the accused, was admitted the fact, and out of all these there were of course minor points adduced, for and against, needless to mention here. The gamekeeper declared that it was impossible for anyone to have fired the shot and escaped in any direction without his seeing a figure on the open as he himself ran. There was a patch of young fern just a little way beyond the copse, but he had run close by it and must have seen anyone amongst it however crouched down.

The defence, in the hands of a very clever rising Q.C., was bold, and attacked the prosecuting defects of evidence, more than relying on its own denials, since on both sides almost everything might or might not be and the accused had no witnesses save his own evidence, taken on oath at the inquest under arrest on suspicion.

The substance was this:

Albert Claremont was a gentleman possessed of about a thousand a year. He admitted meeting Mr. Guest and his young sister in Paris, where the former, a very betting man, had gone for the Grand Prix. He (the prisoner) admitted a stormy, hostile interview at Elm Hall on the fatal day, of which Miss Guest was the subject, but he refused all further detail or reason. He had left the Hall; he started in hot blood, and had proceeded some distance towards the western gate of the park, when he was startled by the report of fire-arms coming from a distant copse of trees. He turned and walked quickly towards it, thinking it was probably some poacher, but still might not be. He was horrified to find Mr. Guest lying dead on his face, bleeding from a wound in the back, and a revolver near him. He picked this up and turned the body partially, to see if life was there at all. The gamekeeper Brown rushed up, and cried out: "Good Heaven, sir, have you done this?" He said, "No, I heard a shot and came up. Help me carry him to the house." The revolver was not his, nor the fellow to it.

The counsel for the defence in a telling speech, had emphasized all this, and insisted on the weakness of the other side, and suggesting the possibility that the real murderer might have fled at once through the park, despite Brown's assertion; and of course, the deceased might have had an enemy of whom no one knew—he was not a man, admittedly, of very austere life.

The judge had summed up very impartially, but of necessity, in justice, in favor of giving the benefit of the doubt to the accused.

Hence the verdict just given, that sent forth a young fellow with bare life, and—to the majority—a blighted name.

CHAPTER I.

DR. SABINE'S PATIENT.

"What, you take my hand! You do not believe me guilty, Dr. Sabine?"

"No," said Dr. Sabine, with the quiet emphasis of absolute conviction; "no more than that poor young thing upstairs, whose brain the tragedy has unhinged."

The two men were standing face to face, the younger's right hand clasped close in the elder's—the latter, a fine-featured, intellectual-looking man of fifty; the former a tall, very handsome young fellow, who might well, indeed, win and keep a woman's love.

"It is *that* that is the bitterest drop in the cup!" he said, with a fierce anguish that wrung the doctor's heart to see. "My doom of guilt under the world's verdict I could bear, but this!—my darling driven mad—mad by the shock! She must—she could only have seen the dead man carried in from her window, and heard them say he was murdered by me. Heaven! her brother slain by her lover!—the horror of the mere idea was enough to turn such a sensitive brain! What wonder she was found senseless in her room, and awoke, after days of oblivion, to madness! Is there no hope? Merciful Heaven! is there no hope?"

"I would not say that, my dear boy," said Dr. Sabine, deeply moved; "but I dare not give you much. She has had a frightful shock somehow."

"Somehow!" repeated Claremont, startled, "you think, then——"

"I have no definite thought, only theory. Bertha, the maid, simply left Isabel in her room, and then found her unconscious, and no one saw or heard her about in the interval; but Isabel knew you were below, you told us."

"Yes, knew I had come to plainly tell her brother that I cared nothing for his fortune, but meant—since she loved me—to make her my wife in spite of him."

"Exactly," said Sabine; "she, doubtless, saw you leave, and may then have gone to Rolf Guest to plead or defy."

"The last, then; my darling is as high-spirited as she is sensitive. Pardon my interruption."

"And he was a violent man," concluded the doctor. "If my theory be near the mark, only she, poor heart, and Heaven, know what may have passed to madden her. From my experience of insanity—and I have had this private asylum for many years—I am convinced there has been something more in her case than seeing the corpse carried in, even though you followed and she heard anything against you. It is a mystery which only she can solve if ever she recovers. You are going abroad you said?"

"Yes," said the other, bitterly; "what place have I now in the world? The verdict acquitted me legally, to convict me morally of a foul murder, Yes, I am going abroad, but I am going to set myself one life-object—to try and find if there was any one man or woman to whom Guest's death was of advantage."

"Heaven send you success, my dear Claremont, for only the discovery of the real murderer will, I fear, clear you to the majority of the world. Well, you wish to see Isabel; but, my poor boy, I warn you, it will be very bitter for you—I do not think she will know you."

"Not know me?" Albert staggered back, putting his hand before his eyes; "not know her lover, who would die a thousand deaths for her! she must—she will know me at least out of all the world."

"Follow me," said Dr. Sabine; "but be careful not to excite her much. But if she knows you—there is hope."

And he led the way upstairs, opened a door, and only said quietly, "Go in."

Albert Claremont passed within and paused.

The apartment was spacious and luxurious, the windows looking out over large, grounds, and beyond over the the wooded beauties of Highgate, amidst which the house stood. One glance took that in; it was the one solitary figure that riveted the man's gaze—a slender, beautiful girl, such a mere girl, sitting in a low fauteuil by a window, her white hands lying in listless apathy on her lap, the whole attitude that of hopelessness; but in the great, dark eyes, that turned slowly on the new-comer, there was a wild, dumb horror, as if their gaze had looked once and for all on some sight too appalling to be ever blotted out—a sight before which reason had fallen a wreck; there was no recognition in that glance as it met that of the well-nigh heart-broken man who stood there, still as a statue, striving for perfect self-mastery before he dared move or speak.

Three months ago they had parted in Paris with plighted troth; one month later, on that terrible day of the murder, he had bent over her unconscious form before they put him under arrest; and now—

"Woe! woe! Each heart must bleed, must break,"

That they must meet like this!

"Isabel," the rich, low tones said, the soft music tremulous with emotion.

There was the slightest quiver of those delicate hands, as if the loved, familiar sound had somehow, thrilled the cords of the woman's heart. His leaped with a wild hope; but he only moved quietly across the carpet, knelt beside her, and took her hands into his own.

"Isabel, my darling!—my one love Don't you know me?—even me?

No control could banish the suppressed agony in the voice, the deep trouble in the eyes, in every haggard line of the handsome face uplifted to hers.

She gazed on him in a strange, strained way, that seemed as if eagerly searching fo something, through the horror that neve eft her eyes for a moment.

"N—o," she said, uncertainly; and oh, how the sweet wandering voice thrilled and wrung his soul! "I don't kno with a frown, "it is not his face!

"His face!" There was, then, a struggling memory of some face, Whose? His, her murdered brother's or some other? She did not overtly recognize him for himself; yet surely the soul, within its darkened prison.

"Felt his presence by a spell of might,"

Or why did she not shrink and repulse him in indignant fear?

Instead, she left her hands in his; kept that strangely eager, pathetic gaze on his face.

"Isabel!—sweetheart!—it is I—your own Albert. Have you no word for me?"

The wide, tearless eyes dilated, her bosom heaved, her lips quivered; but there was still no response, and no repulsion.

Claremont dared another step, impelled by the bold acumen of his great love—perhaps a more unerring guide than even the physician's skill. He passed his arm around the girl's slender form drawing it slowly, as he felt it yield, closer to his breast; closer yet, till surely the passionate throbs of his heart against hers must stir an answering throb.

"Still no sign, yet yields to my embrace," he muttered, with quickening breath. "This, then, to test, for only from one man living could she suffer it!"

He laid his dark cheek to hers, and felt her start, yet still not shrink; one second he hesitated, and then his lips touched hers unresisted, pressed them closer and closer in the very passion of love and agony that went straight from heart to heart, and by its power woke the deadened faculties so far.

She suddenly clung to him, sobbing on his bosom.

"O, not a dream!—not a dream!—but his very self! Albert!—O, Albert, my love!—I am maddened—maddened, I know; but it is you who hold me so close to your heart, and kiss my lips!"

"My precious one, yes, your own lover!" Claremont whispered, brokenly. "Your heart knew me all the time, my poor darling!"

Isabel nestled to him, then whispered suddenly, in a frightened way:

"It's gone! Something has gone from here," putting her hand to her head, "and it won't come back! O, it won't come back, Albert!"

"Yes, darling, it will in time, you know," he said, caressingly; but his heart felt breaking to see her piteous look of appeal. "I am going away for a little time to try and find it."

"Going away?" Isabel cried, wildly. "He will kill me if I am left! He'll kill me!—kill me, I tell you!"

"Nobody shall touch you, dearest," said Claremont, quickly, but firmly. "No one knows where you are but Dr. Sabine and myself. Who could wish to kill you, my Isabel?"

She gazed at him with those wild, horror-struck eyes, then broke into a laugh, such a laugh for one who loved her to hear!

"Ha, ha! Yes, he will, If he knows, I tell you! Only it's gone—gone!" She wrung her hands now, then gripped her lover's with the strength of madness. "Are you sure he doesn't know it, Albert?"

"Quite sure, Isabel."

What—O, what?—was in the poor darkened memory and shattered mind? What did she fear, and know? Who was the "he?"

Great Heaven! was his secret suspicion, unspoken yet, right? Did she know——

"My darling, believe me, you are, and shall be, as safe here as in my arms!" he went on, tenderly—oh, how tenderly!—soothing her agitation. "And I shall not be far; only within a few hours' run; and I shall come back, I hope, before long, to keep you always."

She put her soft cheek against his, caressingly.

"There is such trouble in this dear face!" she said, wistfully. "O, such trouble!"

Poor fellow, he could only strain her to his breast, and bow his head to hers, forcing back for her sake, the choking sob and and bitter cry:

"You break my heart! You break my heart!"

"There'll be no trouble then, when you are strong again," he whispered, at last, "I must go away now, dearest, beloved one, for your sake."

A last close embrace, a last long kiss, and he went out.

He could scarcely have borne more, the doctor saw, after all he had suffered these two months past.

"I know all," he said, quietly. "I was outside—near, if needed. She knew you at last; and there is hope now that she will some day remember all we think she knows, the shock of which has had such terrible effect. Go on your search, my dear boy, and Heaven speed you with hope."

But Christmas came—spring, summer, autumn—Christmas drew nigh again, and still "hope deferred made the heart sick."

CHAPTER II.

THE JOCKEY'S STORY.

"Second class—something-carriage—here you are—quick, please!"

In jumped the little man addressed, slap went the door, and off again swept the tidal train from Dover after its last stoppage.

The new passenger, who could scarcely have weighed over seven stone and a half, and whose whole gaft, dress (albeit quite ordinary clothing), and tout ensemble told him to be a jockey, deposited his valise, settled himself to his satisfaction, and then, glancing his shrewd eyes round, found himself opposite to the only other occupant of the compartment, a handsome, distingue-looking young man, wrapped in a well-furred ulster.

The tall, fine form, with its graceful easy pose and masculine beauty of both figure and countenance, were an almost ludicrous contrast to the little sharp, though bonhommie face, and undersized form of this jockey.

"Very cold this evening, sir," said he, rubbing his lean, muscular hands; "looks like snow—but it's seasonable weather for Christmastide, sir."

"Well—yes—but," said the other, with a half-amused smile which the dropping moustache veiled. "I rather hate 'seasonable' wheather, as English people use it—means infernally disagreeable weather. I hate cold!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Foreigner, eh, sir—do for it rather!"

"Think so?" returned the gentleman, with certainly a foreign shrug: "well, anyhow, I have been much abroad, and am just from Paris."

"Ah!" indeed, sir. I was there last May twelvemonth myself."

"Ah!" said the other, with a quick, sudden flash in his dark eyes, "and you are a jockey. I think. Were you at the Grand Prix that year?"

"Rather, sir," returned the delighted little man, "I rode Temeraire for the Vicomte de Latour. Was you there?"

"In Paris at the time—yes; but not at the races, though several I know were, and, I believe, betted heavily on it."

"Aye, sir! there was a lot of money won and lost too that day," returned the jockey, nodding emphatically. "One gentleman I knew—an awful one to bet, sir, though not rich—Mr. Pierce Bovill was—and he lost his last two thousand on Temeraire, which was second, though I told him, private like, that I didn't think so much of the horse. Nor I don't believe he had the money, for he had to give an I. O. U. for the half of it, anyhow."

"Ah! indeed? And who won the money, then?"

"Oh, another Englishman, sir—whew!—a hard one to owe to I should think, and fond of money, for I heard him say sharp like, 'Mind you, Bovill, if that isn't paid quick, I'll sue you—by George, I will—and you know it!'"

"And did he do so?" asked the stranger, carelessly, but he held his breath for a moment.

"I don't know quite, sir, but not if he wasn't very quick—leastways, not his own self, for the poor gentleman—Lor', what was his name, sir?—him that was shot in his own park by a gentleman eighteen months ago?"

"Heaven! how madly the listener's heart was throbbing with wild hope! Was this a clue at last? And yet how coolly the white lips said:

"Oh! you mean that mysterious murder of Mr. Rolf Guest at Elm Park."

"That's the name, sir—and they acquitted the young fellow on the trial. Was you interested in it at the time, sir?"

The grim humour and irony of the question were irresistible; Albert Claremont smiled, and said, drily:

"Well—yes—I was. Why!"

"Only because it was a curious case, sir—mysterious, as you say."

"Yet most people think the man was guilty, you know, though it wasn't proved legally."

"Well, he might be," said the little jockey, "or he might not be the murderer. I don't think he was, sir, sure as my name's George Winton. I think his story looks like about the truth. What do you think, sir?"

"I don't think at all, Mr. Winton," said the other with intense quietness. "I know he is as guiltless of Guest's death as you are."

"Do you now, sir, really?" exclaimed the jockey, staring hard. "Maybe you know the gentleman, then?"

"Yes, I do. By-the-by, have you ever seen or heard anything more of that Mr. Bovill you mentioned since that Grand Prix day?"

"No, sir. Someone did tell me that he'd heard he had given up the turf and got some employment—quite goody—ha! ha!"

"'The devil a monk would be,' eh. You wouldn't know him again, I suppose?" carelessly remarked the other.

"Bless you sir, yes—anywhere! A fair-ish, good-looking fellow. Yes, I'd swear to him!"

"I wonder if he did pay that debt?" said Claremont, indifferently. "Must, I suppose, for there was no such I. O. U. found either in Mr. Guest's pocket-book or anywhere amongst his papers. I remember that distinctly."

Winton gave him a shrewd, startled look.

"Mr. Guest put it into his pocket-book, then," he said, "what was found on him., if I call up the evidence. I stood by as he done it, and says to it, 'There, that's your nest.'"

"Great Heaven! at last—at last the light!" muttered Albert, leaning back, dizzy, dazzled, for a moment by the broad glare.

Winton looked at him with an odd, eager expression.

"Pardon me, sir, but I should like so to ask what you mean by what you said."

The other bent forwards, and said, slowly:

"I mean that my strong suspicions are aroused by what you have told me to-night. I mean to ask you in the name of justice to keep silence about it absolutely till you hear from me—the man who has suffered so terribly for another's foul crime. I am Albert Claremont!"

"Good Heavens! I half guessed it!" exclaimed the jockey, excitedly. "Shake hands, sir, please, if you'll so honor me, and count on George Winton. To think how often my wife and me's said you was innocent, and now to know we was right! But where is Pierce Bovill, I wonder, sir?"

Ah! where? Suspicion was neither finding nor proving. Where was he?

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FOX TAIL TORCHES.

An Adventure on the Frontier.

One day on the piazza of a Wisconsin summer hotel and old gentleman said to me, as we sat gazing out upon the waters of Lake Oneota sparkling in the bright afternoon sunlight: "If you like I will tell you a story whose events took place on this very lake."

After a little preliminary talk he told the tale. I reproduce it here as nearly as I can remember it in his own words.

My father was a clergyman in a backwoods district of Maine. His parishioners were so few and his salary so small he was forced to hunt and trap five days in the week, writing his sermon on Saturday.

When the emigration to Wisconsin began many of our neighbors decided to go and our family went with them. The Maine people found in this part of the State a region of lakes and forests much resembling the region they had come from. My father brought his family here to Lake Oneota and in the grove on yonder point, just where that gay summer cottage stands, he built a log cabin of three rooms and a shed.

His parish was now larger than ever and his parishioners much fewer; but if he had far to go to deliver his sermons, game and furbearing animals were much more plentiful in the Wisconsin woods than in the woods of Maine.

Our nearest neighbor lived three miles distant. The nearest village was ten miles away, at the mouth of the little branch that empties into the head of the lake.

In the second year cold weather came early in November but no snow. The lake was frozen several feet thick. My little brothers and I enjoyed many a flue skate on it. Father, also, skated along the shore every morning to reach some of his traps that were set near the lake. It was a harvest time for him. The cabin loft and shed were packed full of valuable pelts.

One day my father made preparations for a trip to the village at the head of the lake to purchase provisions. We watched him set off. His skates rang as he sped over the ice, drawing behind him a sled loaded high with the furs he expected to exchange for supplies at the settlement Over his shoulder hung his rifle for there were wolves in this region then. They were not dangerous in summer but in the winter they hunted in packs and would not hesitate to attack a man.

The third child of the family, Freddie, had been feverish for a few days and among the things which father was to get at the settlement, the most important of all, was some medicine for him.

The day seemed very long to us, for we woods-children regarded this trip to the settlement as a great event; we looked forward eagerly to the delight of "pawing over" the sugar and spices and other wonderful things that would be on the sled in place of the furs. We even hoped, though we did not dare to breathe our hopes to mother, that there might be a few toys on the sled.

Evening fell and the cold nipped so bitterly that we ceased our little excursions to the lake to see if we could hear father coming. As the darkness thickened I could see mother grew uneasy, but still, as father was frequently detained by some parish matter, she was not really alarmed. The children were sent off to bed, all except myself, I, as the eldest, was chosen to sit at Fred's bedside with mother.

His fever had increased and he lay moaning in a troubled sleep. We moistened his parched lips frequently, and as I was fully able to do that, I told mother to take a nap and I would attend to Fred. She lay down on the settee before the fire and soon the sound of her breathing, regular as the ticking of the clock, told me she was asleep. I was tired myself, but I tried hard to keep awake. How long I did so, or how long I slept, I cannot tell. I opened my eyes with a snap. I had dreamed that some one without had called me.

I listened, and above the sighing of the north wind that had arisen while I slept I heard the long-drawn howl of a wolf, and then another howl, and another, until a chorus of terrible howls and snarling yells was borne by on the wind. The howls grew louder and I knew the pack was approaching, as often they had. They seemed to stop in the wood at a little distance from the house, then they doubled their noise. In a moment more I heard a sniffing and scratching at the door, and although the howls still sounded some distance away, I knew that one wolf, at least, was prowling for us.

Mother awoke, but she was not frightened for our safety. The rude cabin doors were strong, and the windows were too small and high in the walls for a wolf to leap through. However, she did not conceal from me her anxiety about father. I told her he had probably remained at the settlement over night, and that even if he had not, no wolfe could overtake him skating on the glib ice.

Now and then a wolf detatched himself from the mainbody in the grove and at last there were several howling around the house and sniffing at the doors.

The uproar awakened the sick boy. His fever had become greatly heightened, and he called for water. I went to the pail to get him some and found it was empty. What should we do? Our water was brought from a spring down in the grove, the very place where the wolves seemed the thickest.

If there had been snow on the ground we might have opened the door and snatched a dipperful before the wolves could touch us. But there was no snow. We did not know what to do.

Fred called for water continually. Mother became nearly frantic. So did I. We both believed that unless Fred had water he would died before morning.

I went into the shed to get father's shotgun. I had a wild idea that I might gradually kill all the wolves by firing out of the window. I could find no shot larger than duck shot, and I gave up my idea.

All around the shed hung many valuable furs. There were skins of all sorts of animals, but the most valuable were twelve fine fox skins with bushy tails. In one corner stood a barrel, and I peeped into it, although I knew it contained no water, being full of pitch used for caulking out boats.

Mother called me in and bade me open the Bible at random and read. In that way our family often sought comfort and counsel in time of trouble. The leaves opened at the fifteenth chapter of Judges, at the story of Samson fastening fire-brands to the tails of 300 hundred foxes and sending them through the grain fields of the Philistines.

I read, but the story seemed to give us no comfort, no suggestion. The wolves only howled louder, and the sick boy moaned more piteously.

Mother and I were quite beside ourselves. We must get water in some way. I opened the door to look out, and a great wolf thrust his head into the room.

Quickly I braced myself against the door, But the creature struggled vigorously and would have forced his way in, had not mother seized a burning brand from the fire place and thrown it into his face. The wolf leaped back and I barred the door.

Then I remembered that wild animals were afraid of fire, I believed that if I could only make some sort of large torches I could get the water in safety. But of what material could I make my torches? There were a few small logs lying by the fire-place, but firewood, and white oak at that, would not make good torches. I must have something that would flare and blaze.

I went into the shed. There was nothing there exeept furs. I was turning to go out, when my eyes fell upon the fox skins hanging above the barrel of pitch, and the story of Samson's foxes that I had just read darted into my head. Here were my torches! I would smear these fox tails well with pitch and how they would blaze!

Without any reluctance at all I cut off the twelve beautiful brushes. I hung a kettle of pitch over the fire, and as soon as it was soft gave the fox tails a thick coating. Then I brought out two long-handled fish shears and lapped their butt ends and then lashed them together. With pieces of the wire which father used for snares I fastened the fox tails to the iron speartines. I thus had a long pole with torches at both ends, and by lighting all the torches at once and whirling the pole around I could walk surrounded by a circle of flame.

Mother insisted that I should light the torches and make a charge at the wolves to try the effect before starting to go to the spring. If the wolves ran, she was to sally out with a pail, and while I swung the torches she would carry the water.

I lighted the torches and stepped through the door. The wolves fled before me like frightened sheep. They stopped far off in the shadows where the light gradually faded into darkness, staring at the blaze with glistening eyes. I shook the torches at them and they scampered off so far in the darkness that I could scarcely see them.

Mother stepped out with the pail and closed the door. With the roaring, flaring blazing whirling about us we hurried to the spring. We could see a crowd of wolves beneath a tree that overhung it, some of them sitting down like dogs, some leeping up as if trying to snap at something concealed in the branches. But they fled howling, as we approached with our glaring whirling circle of flame.

Mother had dipped the pail in the spring when plumb a dark object dropped from the tree frightening us so that pail and torches fell from our hands. But a familiar voice spoke before we had time to fly. It was father. The pack of wolves had overtaken him just as he reached the spring, and he had sprung up the tree.

There he sat within a few hundred feet of the house expecting to freeze to death if he stayed in the tree, and knowing that it was certain death to leave it. His rifle and the sled, its contents unharmed, were at the foot of the tree. Picking up our torches in a few moments, father was warming his chilled limbs before the fire, and Fred, after his drink of fresh water and his medicine, was sinking quietly to sleep. We heard the wolves all night, more or less, but we none of us minded that.

SPARE MOMENTS.

The average size of an American farm is 610 acres.

Some insects are in a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth.

A squad of policeman in Philadelphia now rush over their beats on bicycles.

Four pounds of gold have been collected from the soot of the chimney of the Royal Mint, in Berlin.

There are nearly 10,000 steamships in the world, and their aggregate burden amounts to about 10,000,000 tons.

The owl is unable to move the eyeball, which is immovable fixed in the socket by a strong, elastic cartilaginous case.

The frog, owing to its peculiar structure, cannot breathe with the mouth open, and if it were forcibly kept open, the creature would die of suffocation.

The entire coast-line of the globe is about 135,000 miles.

All the correspondence from the Vatican, concerning church matters is carried on in Latin.

No fewer than twenty-nine peers died during the past year, or at the rate of more than two a month.

The standard of height in the French army has been reduced from time to time till now it is little over five feet.

One-fifth of the 10,000,000 families in France have no children. As many more have only one child, and of those who have as many as seven the number is only 230,000.

True Politeness.

First Lady—I saw your husband meet you on the street yesterday, and I noticed that he removed his hat while speaking to you. I admired him for it. Very few men do that.

Second Lady—I remember; I told him in the morning to have his hair cut, and he was showing me that he had obeyed.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The French still fight an average of four thousand duels a year.

Mr. Gladstone thinks that Milton was the first author to sell manuscript.

What is believed to be the highest electric central station in the world is located at Pontresina, in the Swiss Alps, the altitude being 6,000 feet above the sea level.

It has been reckoned that if the whole ocean should be dried up, all water passing away in vapour, the amount of salt remaining would be enough to cover 5,000,000 square miles with a layer one mile thick.

There is a carving knife and fork in New York which is the largest set in the world. The knife is 10½ feet long and the fork 7½ feet. The handles are made out of elephant's tusks and are worth £160. Together the implements are valued at £300 and and weigh 320 lb.

An interesting experiment is being made on some of the engines of the Great Eastern Railway Company to test the advantages of oil as a fuel in the ordinary locomotives. Several of the engines have been supplied with oil tanks, and the firemen have the option of using the oil or the coal as they think fit. Experience has shown that the men prefer the oil. It requires less stoking, and produces a steadier body of steam.

Money is called "sterling" because in the time of Richard I. money coined in the east of Germany became, on account of its purity, in especial request in England, and was called Easterling money, as the people of that part of Germany were called Easterlings.

The following advertisement appeared recently in an American newspaper:—"Wanted.—A young lady as Clerk of the County Court of Elbert County. It will be necessary for her to marry the County Judge.—Address, County Judge, Elberton." There were nearly a thousand applications.

There are but three places in the world where women possess the privileges of voting which are accorded to men, and they are Iceland, Pitcairn Islands, and the Isle of Man.

The stock of Bank of England notes which are paid in five years fill 13,400 boxes, which if placed side by side, would reach over two miles. If the notes themselves were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five miles. They weigh ninety tons and represent 1,750 millions sterling.

An ingenious way of smuggling opium has been discovered by the customs officers in Puget Sound, and has evidently been going on for years. A log was sawed lengthwise, and hollowed. The halves were then fastened together with wooden pins, and the whole filled with contraband opium. Few officers would suspect an innocent-looking log of containing two or three thousand dollars' worth of opium.

Parents cannot name their children just what they please in Germany. By Imperial order Government functionaries are forbidden henceforth to register any infant in a Christian name bearing the slightest relation to politics. Socialists are very fond of calling their children Robespierre, Lassalle, Bebel, Liebknecht, and the like, but Emperor William objects to the practice. So the child's name must be chosen from the Bible, the Calendar of Saints or from the roll of princes and national heroes.

The principal Receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society is in Hyde Park, and those who would wish to see the apparatus employed in rescuing the drowning would do well to pay it a visit; boats, ladders, ropes and poles, wicker-boats, buoys, life-preserving apparatus, baths, beds, and all the requisite paraphernalia are there; while those who wish to see the Society's men at work should go to the parks when the ice only just bears, and watch the movement of the men when the cry of "Man in!" rings through the frosty air.

The chief officer of the Glasgow ship *Pass of Leny* was, according to mail news just received from Honolulu, lying in the hospital there in a critical state, through his bravery in saving the life of a fellow-creature. When the *Pass of Leny* was near Cape Horn, one of the crew, a lad, fell overboard into the sea. The mate instantly leaped into the sea and caught the drowning youth. He held him up until a boat was launched and came up, but by this time they were both in a very exhausted state. The lad soon recovered, but the brave mate remained prostrated, and when the vessel arrived at Honolulu he was carried ashore and taken to the hospital. His condition at the time the despatch was sent off was said to be very serious.

How to Use Stale Bread.

Stale bread is far too useful in the kitchen for there to be any difficulty for utilizing it. To begin with there are bread crumbs. These are much nicer for many puddings if baked in the oven till crisp, then pounded, sifted, and stored for use in air-tight bottles. The bread-crumbs can be allowed to color or not, according to the purpose for which they are wanted. For frying no one knows until they have tried them the difference these crisp, even crumbs make both in the appearance and taste of the things fried in them. It is to the care they bestow on their breadcrumbs, or chapelure, that the French in great measure owe the success of their frying. These crumbs also make an excellent pudding in this way: Soak four ounces of bread-crumbs in a pint of boiling milk, beating them well together, and adding two whole eggs lightly beaten, a grate of nutmeg the same of lemon peel, and sugar to taste, Spread the bottom with any kind of jam and pour the bread crumbs, milk, etc., over it and bake till brown. Then, have you tried bread souffle? For this boil half a pint of new milk, flavoring it with stick vanilla or lemon peel, as you prefer. Pour this when boiling on two or three good slices of bread divested of all crust, and when this has steeped for a few minutes beat it till quite light with a silver fork; add to this, after removing the vanilla, about a dessertspoonful of sugar (the less sugar you use the lighter your souffle will be), one ounce of butter, and the yolks of three eggs, one at a time, beating each separately, into the mixture. At the last mix in lightly the whites of the eggs, whipped to the stiffest possible froth, and pour the mixture into a well-papered souffle dish, add some morsels of butter on the top, and bake in not too hot an oven for thirty-five to forty minutes. Serve at once, dusted with a little sugar.

He Hadn't Got the Address.

An Irishman once caught a hare, and joyfully carried him home in a basket, thinking of the pleasant meal he would presently make. On his way, however, he indiscreetly lifted the lid, just to look at his captive, who, seizing this favorable opportunity, jumped out of the basket, and made off as quickly as possible.

The Irishman regarded the vanishing hare for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Faith! and you may rin as fast as yer loike; but ye won't get 'ome before Oi shall, 'cause ye ain't got the address wid yez."

A JOY OF THE PAST.

Hunting the Buffalo In Days That Have Gone By.

"A buffalo is more timid than those calves browsing there, and more powerful than a lion. A trifle will scare the wits out of him; but unless you hit him in a vital part you can almost put a whole cartridge box into him before you will bring him down."

The speaker was a raw-boned frontiersman, who for more than thirty years had lived in the West. He had taken Greeley's advice and grown up with the country. He had swung through a wide range, and had lived among the mountains, but now owned a large ranch on the plains. Though engaged extensively in the cattle business there was a time when he was well nigh as largely engaged in the buffalo business.

"Yes," he resumed, "you can send them flying as easily as you can a brood of chickens, but it will require the wind of a thoroughbred horse to catch up with them. And when a buffalo runs he is the most ungainly, lumbering creature going.

"Just about twenty years ago I was along here when down from the northeast rolled a big herd of them, containing fully 30,000 buffalo. It had been a dry season. I was among the hills yonder when I heard the thunder of their heavy gallop. The earth fairly shook beneath their tremendous movement. Great clouds of dust rose above them, as though a cyclone was tearing up the earth and filling the air. That small stream we crossed a short distance back was not near so full of water as it is now. But the buffalo had scented it, and had come from miles away for it with a mad rush.

"It seemed as they approached that their speed quickened. The herd was led by a number of great, powerful bulls. Their eyes rolled while their tongues hung from their open mouths. I had watched herds approach and pass me before. But, hidden behind a rock so as not to disturb them, I watched with an entirely new interest the sweep of this herd, impelled by the fiery torments of a consuming thirst. I quickly perceived its object, and, as the channel of the stream is a trifle deep, I judged that there would be a sudden increase of speed for a brief moment when the banks were reached.

"I had witnessed a comparatively dry river-bed quickly covered by a foaming torrent, whose rising tides soon swirled and boiled up to the very top of the shores—a result of heavy storms nearer their source. I concluded from the impetuous rush of this turbulent stream of buffalo that the channels of this river would soon be covered and quite filled. But a moment later my conclusions were more than realized. For when the leaders reached the very brink they plunged down the steep bank, and themselves would have suffered no particular injury from the sudden and swift descent. Because a buffalo, though awkward and weighing a ton, when he goes down almost a precipitous decline will so combine a tumble with a slide and roll and leap that, much like a cat, he will soon be right side up at the bottom. It was what came after them that prevented the leaders from getting the best of the bargain in reaching the water first.

"For this great herd was almost a solid, compact mass, and it had acquired such a momentum in its headlong career that considerations for the fate of the leaders were not of sufficient force, if even they had been entertained soon enough, to perceptibly check its movement. So down the banks they tumbled on top of the leaders, rank after rank, until the channel for a quarter of a mile was full and overflowing with them.

"Yes, the momentum was so great and the stop so sudden that from my point of observation it seemed like an enormous black wave whose edge had suddenly swollen higher than the succeeding body, and it was rolling over and over because of the undertow. Pushed on by the great mass behind, the buffaloes which reached the bank had to leap upon the backs of those ahead for their lives, and so that great mass rolled over and over, throwing many on the opposite bank. You would have supposed that fatal consequences would have resulted to great numbers.

"The rush was soon stopped. Then the herd widened out, those in the rear hurrying up and down the stream; and those tumbled into a heap into the bed of the stream rapidly extricated themselves until, in an almost incredible short space of time every buffalo was comparatively free. I do not suppose there were more than a dozen that were seriously injured. It is simply remarkable, the toughness of the buffaloes which used to roam in this great West.

"Hunting the buffalo is exciting sport. To an old hunter, though, it is usually a simple affair. For a long period during my life the commoness of the hunt rubbed off about all the novelty there was in it and it came to be regarded as quite an ordinary event.

"I want to say, too, that the wholesale way in which these huge animals were slaughtered by speculators is something which always riles the blood of a Westerner when it is referred to. And I cannot recall these grand old beasts without being reminded of the brutality and unpardonable bloody work of many a white man from the East.

"I remember a chase which took place down near the Arkansaw River along in the early spring of the year '60, I think. Our camp was begining to suffer for provisions. One afternoon I mounted my pony, intending to wing some duck in a distant bend of the river, where there were sedgy marshes, and where they found a favorite resort. But I was unable to discover the faintest sign of their presence, and, after exhausting both myself and my pony in a long search beyond, I concluded to stop where I was for the night. The next morning my hunt for ducks was made to appear a small and insignificant pursuit, unworthy of a strong man; for their in the distance was a great herd of buffalo feeding. It was to the windward, and consequently I ran no risk of being scented.

"Hastily eating what little lunch I had remaining from the previous night I started. Luck favored me. I discovered the serpentine line of a narrow hollow formed by the waters when great rains fell, moving to the river. This line wound around in a long and circuitous fashion until it came near the herd. I was soon into this hollow, and my pony picked his way down it on a fast walk. As I came near I could hear distinctly the rippling sound which innumerable mouths made as they tore the green grass from the sod.

"I had not reached quite the point where I determined to mount the bank and make a charge upon the herd when I came unexpectedly into an opening where the bank lowered away, exposing me to the full view of the cows that happened to be browsing in that direction. They instantly tossed their heads and started. The attention of others was drawn and then some bulls gave a sharp snort, which was the signal for a general stampede. Away the whole herd plunged. It was then or never. So spurring my pony up the grade I tore after them. They were in good condition for leading a long race and swept away like the wind. But my pony possessed unusual qualities of speed and I gained on them gradually. I came close to the stragglers, but, as I was after some tempting steak, I had no disposition to shoot down anything that I could reach. So pressing on I saw some fine cows ahead, and reaching them I put a couple of balls in the first and and three in the others, which brought them down. Then a couple of rods or so farther in advance I saw a magnificent bull. He was the biggest fellow I had yet seen, with tremendous shoulders and a mane which was immense. I urged on my pony as the enormous fellow, then on the edge of the herd, a stalwart protector, lumbered swiftly along. As I drew nearer, his great proportions excited my keenest admiration, and I at once resolved that if I got nothing else I must certainly secure him. His magnificent head and his huge hide would be trophies that any hunter might well be proud of.

"It was a nip and tuck race, I tell you. The big fellow seemed to catch on to my purpose, for he stretched himself out and tore up the earth as his gait increased, making a spurt of speed which lengthened the distance between us.

"But my pony caught the full excitement of the race and bent himself with new energy to his work, and it was but a few minutes when we came up close to the big fellow's side. I took careful aim and blazed away. Instinctively my horse swerved away just in time to escape the outward lunge of the beast, who tossed his head towards us and came charging after.

But he made only several leaps, when he resumed his place and went tearing ahead with still greater speed. Evidently my ball had only grazed him, stimulating him rather than damaging him. My horse was at his best and rapidly came up, so that we soon were tearing along neck and neck again.

"We came a little farther off this time from the animal, when on a line with him, I shot again. He turned quick as a flash toward me instantly. My pony, attempting to leap aside struck a number of prairie dog holes and lost his footing. Before he could extricate himself the enraged bull was upon us. His head was down and he caught the horse beneath. His rush was so great that his head was prevented from being thrown up as highly as he might have done. As it was my pony was lifted from his feet, gored and thrown to one side in a heap. I was jerked from my seat and went sprawling over the beast. In the intense excitement of a chase like that, one does not stop to calculate the risks he runs.

"In my condition any one of a dozen incidents would seem to be the occasion of instant death. Behind me comes a score of these huge fellows right on a line of my fall. It seemed that I would be trampled to pieces. But I landed on all fours and was at once on my feet, shouting and brandishing my arms. The mass parted, and I ran to a distance. But the wounded bull catching sight of me came charging upon me with a furious bellow. My bad luck was bound to continue, for I stumbled and fell.

"Down in tremendous plunges at me came the monster. I could not rise quick enough, and, falling at the side of an old buffalo trail—a narrow path worn into the ground by the marching of countless buffaloes moving in single file—I rolled into this. The beast tore up the ground with its hoofs in trying to stop and looked ferociously at me. His savage eye burned like a coal of fire, and froth, stained with blood, dripped from his mouth. When in the saddle I had noticed the great size of the head; but lying there with that tossing and dashing head above me, it seemed to be three times as large and ugly and terrible in the extreme. I expected every instant to feel the awful thrust of his horns. His head bumped against me. His enormous mane brushed me. The froth from his mouth spattered me. His tremendous breathing puffed like a steam engine again and again into my face. But his horns were too short to catch on readily. I knew that my only safety was to lie low and say nothing. Just as I was about to congratulate myself that the fellow could not get at me his horn tore a rent in my breeches. The ripping noise maddened him if possible still more. He made a deeper scoop for me and caught my buckskin coat in the shoulder, jerked me up from the ground, and threw me to the right. I fell sideways, but mostly on my feet, and started on a run in a direction opposite to where his head pointed.

"He swung around and was after me in a trice. Of course I could not hope to outrun him. He gained on me. I stopped, faced him, and had by this time drawn my revolver. On he came like a hurricane. His grizzly and awful front, his fiery eyes, his mighty, headlong, plunging gait, which seemed the very embodiment of an overwhelming force—all this has been indelibly photographed on my brain, though the process was about as instantaneous as they make them. When within about four or five feet of me I leaped to one side and his impetuous rush swung him straight along. But as he tore by me, the very ground shaking with his jumps, for he weighed over a ton, I sent a bullet into his side. It penetrated his lungs. The others had been effective. I could see him reel.

"He stopped, turned, was about to make another charge, staggered, sank on his knees his fierce eyes rolling in mad fury at me. I moved around to his side and put another ball into him, when he went clean down and stretched himself into the last struggle."

"Come down and visit me, and as you step across my threshold there in the vestibule confronting you, will be his enormous head, as life-like as the art of taxidermy can present. Look at that grand head and you will be compelled to give credence to a part of my story, at least, and your regrets will join mine that no more of the noblest American game is to be found on these great plains."

Only one man in 203 is over six feet in height.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

"Bitten by an alleged mad dog" is the mild way in which it is put in some papers, to avoid hurting the dog's feelings should he merely be laboring under a temporary aberration.

One of the smallest coins in size is the new quatroreal gold piece of Guatemala.

On February 2, 1641, Sir Edward Jering was put out of the House and committed to the Tower for his strange, unadvised, and sudden differing from himself."

At a Catholic convent in Fort Berthold, N. D., all the sisters, including the mother superior, are Indians, and the spiritual director is a priest of Mohawk descent.

The people of Rome get their supply of water, which is said to be remarkably pure, from the Apennines through an ancient aqueduct that was constructed by their forefathers.

HOW HE WON THE SHOTGUN.

BY F. S. PALMER.

Two years ago Mr. Lindsay took his two sons and nephew to Lake Molaka for the trout fishing in the last two weeks of August. The boys so enjoyed the place that he promised them to stay through September.

It is contrary to law to catch trout during that month; however, Joe and Hal Lindsay had good sport gunning for grouse and ducks.

But Arthur Blake, not having so wealthy a father as his cousins, owned no shotgun; and when he wished to join in their shooting expeditions he had to borrow an old muzzle-loading musket belonging to one of the guides.

While the other boys were off hunting, Arthur tried to amuse himself catching mink in deadfalls'—rude traps which the guides taught him to make.

But as he was an inexperienced trapper and the mink were scarce, not many were captured; so one evening about the middle of September, when his uncle announced that he was called back to the city, Arthur was not sorry to leave. Trapping mink was very poor sport.

On seeing his sons' disappointed faces, Mr. Lindsay made a proposal.

"Boys," he said "if you three promise to be careful, I might leave you here a week longer with the guides. Even then I'm cutting short your holiday by a week, and to console you I make this offer: To the one who gets most game in the next seven days I'll give my light fowling piece.

"I need a heavier gun; but this one is about right for a boy, and you know what a beauty it is. So that Arthur may have a fair chance to win I'll leave the gun here for him to use."

On the afternoon of the following Monday, the last day of the competition, his cousins' skill in wing-shooting had made itself felt, and Arthur was behind in the race. Joe led him by a dozen birds and Hal by nearly as many.

Just before dusk of that day, Arthur decided to row across the lake and look at some traps he had set along the opposite shore. The evening was damp, and, as he didn't want the prize gun to get rusty he left it at the camp.

After visiting the traps he started homeward. His boat was moving quietly along when he noticed, through the twilight something swimming in the water.

It was too large for a loon or a deer's head. His curiosity was excited, and he rowed rapidly towards the moving object.

Now he had no difficulty in recogizing it. It was a moose. He had once seen one of these animals stuffed, and there was no mistaking the over-hanging upper lip and broad antlers.

He had no weapon, and how should he capture it? This part of the lake was narrow; before long the animal would reach land.

He rowed along side, and snatching up an oar tried to strike its head; but with one powerful plung the moose was out of reach.

There seemed no other way of killing it, and they were approaching ominously near the bank.

Arthur decided to make another attempt to stun the moose, and this time he rowed around it, getting between it and the shore. As he poised an oar for the blow, the great animal glaring at him with menacing eyes' instead of jumping away, threw its weight against the side of the boat.

The frail craft careened and filling with water went down.

When the boat sank Arthur was sucked beneath the surface, and came up coughing and chocking. He was not a good swimmer and realized his danger.

As he rose abov the water he saw right in front of him the antlers of the moose. Leaping forward he grasped these, and drew himself onto the creatures shoulders.

The moose had been surprised at the disappearance of the boat; now, feeling the boy astride its neck, it grew frantic, and kicked worse than any mustang.

But Arthur clinched his teeth and hung on. It was his one hope; as long as he sat firmly on the swimming animal, holding its antlers, he was safe from hoofs, teeth and horns.

Morever, he was sure to drown if the moose could not be made to tow him ashore.

Exhausted by its efforts to unseat the boy, the animal swam quietly for a few moments. Then it stopped moving, began pawing the water and violently shaking itself.

Finding that these tactics did not rid it of its burden, the moose threw itself backward, tossing and rolling about in the water.

This performance put the boy's head beneath the surface, and between shaking and exertions to retain his hold, he was fast growing weak.

However, his pluck held out, sustaining him until the moose once more began swimming quietly towards shore.

Now they were not more than 30 rods from the bank, and the fierce animal doubtless felt that, once on dry land, its revenge would be certain.

The boy believed his strength would not last during another such struggle, and if he lost his hold he would be drowned or stamped to death.

As he was dragged along something felt heavy in his jacket; he remembered his large hunting knife.

Here was a possible means of escape. If the moose seemed likely to succeed in throwing him off, he would try to kill it. He saw with joy that they were now so near the shore that he might reach there without the animal's assistance.

All this had passed quickly through his mind, and they were yet 10 rods from the land when the boy saw, right in their way, the end of a log rising from the water.

Perhaps it would not be necessary to resort to the knife, for now he had a new idea. As they passed the log he would spring to this new support and cling there until the angry moose was out of the way. Probably the animal would seek safety in the woods and pay no further attention to him.

In a moment more they were beside the log. Arthur let go of the antlers and flung himself through the water. A stroke or two carried him to the log. Putting one arm over it, he was held above the surface. From here, when the moose had disappeared, he would swim ashore.

He was congratulating himself on his escape, when he heard an angry snort behind him, and, glancing over his shoulder, saw the moose, with flashing eyes advancing.

He had over-rated the animal's hurry to get ashore. It was thinking less of escape than of revenge for the ignominy of being made a beast of burden.

Arthur had just time to spring to the opposite side of the log as the angry creature plunged at him. He now saw its full face and realized its ugliness. Small, wicked eyes, long, drooping upper lip, white tusks and sharp horns, made up a picture far from pleasing to the frightened boy.

Again the moose sprang through the water, and again he dodged the onslaught. Being out of breath, it rested for a moment. This breathing space gave Arthur time to open his hunting-knife.

As the animal again came on, he moved aside, and as the broad neck passed struck several rapid blows with his knife. The moose turned, but this time Arthur confronted it, and, though feeling a blow from its fore foot, thrust forward the blade again and again.

The boy managed to pull himself to the other side of the log, and the moose had no strength to follow. The great animal floundered about for a few minutes, and then lay quietly.

Soon after, when Mr. Lindsay was being rowed across the lake on his return to the camp, he heard a faint shout coming from out the mist. He turned to one side and found his nephew, as yet too exhausted to attempt swimming ashore, clinging to the log; in the water near him was a great, shaggy mass.

The moose was taken in tow, and, without waiting for explanations, Mr. Lindsay hurried the chilled boy to the campfire.

After supper Arthur told his story.

"A plucky fight," commented his uncle. "And now boys," turning to his sons, "I suppose there's no doubt who gets the shotgun; you haven't been killing moose, too have you?"

The next autumn, when the three boys were again at lake Molaka, Arthur could hold his own at shooting; he had made use of the prize gun and was now as skillful a wing shot as either of his cousins.

Animal and Plant Life.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

It is a marked characteristic of the cactus tribe to be very tenacious of life, when hacked to pieces, to spring a fresh in full vigour from every scrap or fragment. True vegetable hydras, when you cut down one, ten spring in its place; every separate morsel of the thick and scullent stem has the power of growing anew into a separate cactus. Surprising as this peculiarity seems at first sight, it is only a special desert modification of a faculty possessed in a less degree by almost all plants and by many animals. If you cut off the end of a rose-branch and stick it in the ground under suitable conditions, it grows into a rose-tree. If you take cuttings of scarlet geraniums or common verbenas, and pot them in moist soil, they bud out apace into new plants like their parents. Certain special types can even be propagated from fragments of the leaf; for example there is a particularly vivacious begonia off which you may snap a corner of one blade, and hang it up by a string from a peg or the ceiling, when, hi presto! little begonia plants begin to bud out incontinently on every side from its edges. A certain German professor went even further than that; he chopped up a liver-wort very fine into vegetable mincemeat, which he then spread thin over a saucerful of moist sand, and lo! in a few days the whole surface of the mess was covered with a perfect forest of sprouting little liver-worts. Roughly speaking, one may say that every fragment of every organism has in it the power to rebuild in its entirety another organism like the one of which it was once formed a compound element. Similarly with animals. Cut off a lizard's tail, and straightaway a new tail grows in its place with surprising promptitude. Cut off a lobster's claw, and in a very few weeks that lobster is walking about airily on his native rocks, with two claws as usual. True, in these cases the tail and the claw don't bud out in turn into a new lizard or a new lobster. But that is a penalty the higher organisms have to pay for their extreme complexity. They have lost that plasticity, that freedom of growth, which characterizes the simpler and more primitive forms of life; in their case the power of producing fresh organisms entire from a single fragment, once diffused equally over the whole body, is now confined to certain specialized cells which, in their developed form, we know as seeds or eggs. Yet, even among animals, at a low stage of development, this original power of reproducing the whole from a single part remains inherent in the organism, for you may chop up a fresh-water hydra into a hundred little bits, and every bit will be capable of growing afresh into a complete hydra. Now, desert plants would naturally retain this primitive tendency in a very high degree; for they are especially organized to resist drought—being the survivors of generations of drought-proof ancestors and, like the camel, they have often to struggle on though long periods of time without a drop of water. That is why the prickly pear is so common in all countries where the climate suits it, and where it has once managed to gain a foothold. The more you cut it down the thicker it springs each murdered bit becomes the parent in due time of a numerous offspring. Man, however, with his usual ingenuity, has managed to best the plant on its own ground, and turn it into a useful fodder for his beasts of burden. The prickly pear is planted abundantly on bear rocks in Algeria, where nothing else would grow, and is cut down when adult, divested of its thorns by a rough process of hacking, and used as food for camels and cattle. It thus provides fresh moist fodder in the African summer when the grass is dried up and all other pasture crops have failed entirely. The flowers of the prickly pear, as of many other cactuses, grow apparantly on the edge of the leaves, which alone might give the observant mind a hint as to the true nature of those thick and flattened expansions. For whenever what look like leaves bear flowers or fruit on their edge or midrib, as in the familiar instance of butcher's broom, you may be sure at a glance they are really branches in disguise masquerading as foliage.

The Sowing of Clover.

If clover seed is to be sown with spring grain, barley is much preferable to oats. It does not exhaust the soil as oats does, and though its leaf is much broader than the oat leaf the crop is cut and out of the way a week or more before oats can be harvested. If the barley ground is fall-plowed and the grain sown or drilled in without plowing in spring, the clover seed will catch better and make a better stand. The superiority of winter grain for a spring catch of either clover or grass seed is due to the fact that the seed falls on a surface mellowed and prepared by repeated free and thawing through the winter.

Irascible Diner—"See here, sir, don't you see I am waiting here." Complaisant Waiter—"Very well, sir, very well, sir, then I will go and wait somewhere else."

Mastiff is derived from the Italian mastino, or the French mastin, both of which signify large-limbed.

The terrier takes its name from its habit of following game into burrows in the earth, which latter in Latin is termed terra.

Swiss authorities are arranging for experiments with carrier pigeons in connection with the postal service.

CROMWELL'S CHARACTER.

BY CHARLES S. MAY.

Never was the government of the great protector so strong—perhaps England herself was never really so great and commanding among the nations as on the day of his death. And this in spite of all the enemies he had made, in spite of the malice of factions which he had crushed and silenced, of the vengeful hate of the cavlier and royalist whose cause he had overthrown in battle, and of a standing offer of £500 and the honors of perpetual knighthood to his assassin from the young exiled king across the channel. Ten conspiracies to take his life were unearthed in his short reign. All this and these, and yet he could hold on firmly and grandly to the end. What vigilance! What power! Never was he to feel the assassin's dagger or be brought to the scaffold or the block, or sent to breathe his last, a hopeless exile, on some barren rock in the sea.

No, he was to die at last at the very height of his power, on this fortunate day—the day of Dunbar and Worcester—in the royal palace of England, and to be buried among her kings with a vast funeral pomp and a wide-wailing grief such as never followed a hereditary king of England to his tomb. And Nature, herself, as she had seemed at Dunbar to light up with glory his greatest victory, now clothed herself on the day of his death in robes of terror and black despair as the awful tempest swept over the quaking island and the seas, and toppled down the houses of the affrighted and grief-stricken city.

What a coincidence that in latter times another here and conqueror, Cromwell's superior intellect but his inferior in moral greatness, should pass out of the world in the midst of a like temptest which shook and roared around that desolate island in the Southern Ocean! Does inanimate nature, indeed, know and feel when mighty heroes expire?

Cromwell died at the comparatively early age of 59, of his old enemy, the tertain ague, the only enemy that ever conquered him. He was worn down with public cares, with watching and with domestic griefs. In his last moments as he lay dying, he murmured: "My work is done." And what work it had been! Comparatively short, but great among the greatest in all the wide sweep of history.

As a soldier in battle and a commander of armies, Cromwell ranks among the half-dozen great generals of the world. If we consider simply the disparity of numbers, the uniform and unbroken success, the smallness of his own losses and the terrible losses and overthrows inflicted upon his enemies, he stands at the head of all commanders, ancient or modern. Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick and Napoleon each lost great battles, disastrously, and Cæsar received checks, but Cromwell never lost a battle, or skirmish, even—he was never beaten. He may not have been equal to Napoleon, or some of the other great captains as a *strategist*, a planner of campaigns—it is certain that he never had the same oportunities—but as a *tactician*, a commander on the battlefield, in the immediate presence of the enemy, he ranks with Hannibal and Frederick, and I know of no other great soldier in history entitled, in this respect, to bear them company. The enemy that met him on the field of battle was never left to renew the contest. He won no barren victories, and his comparatively few great battles brought campaigns and wars to an end.

As a statesman and ruler he seems greater even than as warrior and commander: especially when we consider the difficulty and greatness of his task. He did not usurp authority. He was no usurper as that term is understood in history. He took no man's rightful place. The king was dead, the nation in the throes of chaos and anarchy—there was no other leader. Cromwell never had any rivals. He took the helm in the storm from duty and necessity. To use his own homely but expressive illustration, he was "the constable, set to keep the peace in the parish." He never wanted to rule alone. He appointed councils and summoned parliaments and only dissolved them for good cause. He wanted a written constitution, like, ours of this day with a strong executive and a legislative department, representing the people, and he gave England the best constitution she ever had in his "Instrument of Government," as it was called, under which he took power after the expulsion of the remnant of the Long Parliament. He was constantly anxious to govern according to law, if law could be had. But when there was no law, or law was made a pretense for injustice, then he could take power into his own hands, but only for the safety and welfare of the nation. Without the strong arm of Oliver Cromwell England might have lapsed into something like the anarchy and chaos of the French Revolution. It did, indeed, begin to do so after his death, and it was this that reconciled thoughtful men in England to the restoration of the monarchy. Had Cromwell lived he could have held power no matter how long his life. It was only after he was gone that the state fell to pieces, and king and cavalier came back to insult the dead lion from they had kept at a safe distance while he lived.

He was a just as well as a practical statesman, and in all his rule worthy of his great title of "Lord High Protector of England"—with all his austerity and imperious will he was ever the champion of toleration. He protected the Quakers, and defended all sects in their rights of conscience. This was a good deal in that day and from the greatest of the Puritans. He even admitted Jews into England after three centuries of expulsion. How grandly does this example of the man whom history has branded as a "tyrant" compare with the conduct of a powerful and so-called Christian nation of our day, which is now outraging the sympathies of the world in expelling this long-persecuted and unhappy people from its borders?

What shall I say of Cromwell's foreign policy—his magnificent rule and management of the foreign relations of England? There is no grander chapter in the history of that great nation than this. Think of it—he had come to power, himself an untitled commoner, in that age of kings and kingcraft, by the execution of a legitimate king upon the block; and he was the chief of the despised Puritans while nearly every other ruler in Christendom was a Catholic; and yet he brought nations to his feet—was addressed by kings as "the most invincible of sovereigns," "the greatest and happiest of princes"—and he exalted the power and majesty of England to their loftiest point.

As the great Protestant ruler he demanded and enforced justice for Protestants everywhere in the world, stretching forth his imperial hand to rescue them from oppression in distant foreign lands. He made France, England's old traditional enemy, his tributary and ally, and sent Blake, with his rehabilitated navy, to humble Spain and Holland and thunder in power and victory around the Mediterranean. This was really the beginning of England's naval supremacy, never since lost, for in like manner we have seen, almost at the treshold of our times, the daring ambition of Napoleon pause on the shore where England's navies still ruled the seas, and Nelson uttered her voice of command from the smoke and thunder of her floating citadels.

But with all this, with all that he did for liberty and for England, men say yet that he was a "despot." Grant it, if you please, but let me say here a bold thing, perhaps, but one which I believe. The best kind of ruler in the world is a despot, if you only have a good one. The best kind of government in the world would be a despotism if you could only be sure of your despot. But the trouble is that brains and conscience and will cannot be transmitted. The world never saw better or greater rulers than Cromwell and Frederick, and they were both men of despotic will.

I do not believe in the old *vox populi, vox dei* doctrine, nor in the cheaper modern maxim—certainly as applied to government—"everybody is wiser than anybody." For it is not true. Our great ignorant, sluggish, perverse humanity has ever to be lifted up and held up by great men and God-given leaders who stand out and tower above the mass.

I know the gibes and sneers and prejudice which for 200 years were poured upon the head of Cromwell. But I would take the word of John Milton against that of all the lying sycophants of royalty from the restoration to this day who have attempted to blacken and defame his character. It took the Ithureal spear of the genius of Carlyle to slay these lies. That great hater of lies and puncturer of frauds and shams has brought out the grand character of the man from his letters and speeches, and henceforth Cromwell takes his rightful place in the pantheon of the world's greatest men—the avenger of outraged liberty and justice in war, their great protector in peace.

No, Cromwell was no mountebank, or harlequin, or hypocrite or dissembler who by fanaticism or hypocrisy, or juggling good fortune had mounted to the place of kings. He was a real king of men. And he was no monster of cruelty, as he has been painted. He was always tender when duty, as he saw it, did not make him stern.

Indeed, it is not Richard the First who deserves to be called Cœur de Lion—"the lion-hearted"—Richard, the unfilial son; the cruel enemy; the hero of savage single combat; the half-barbarian warrior—but Cromwell, the dutiful boy who honored his father and took his place when he died; who kept his old mother in her last days with all tenderness and respect, like a queen dowager in the royal palace of England; who, from the awful carnage of victorious battlefields, where in his terrible might he had crushed and trodden under foot the enemies of England, could send loving messages to wife and children, and whose great soul moved to sympathy and to tears by the sight of human suffering, ever protected the poor, the weak and the defenseless, while with his stern, high sense of impartial justice he could bring to the block a king who had oppressed the people and trampled on the laws—Cromwell is the ideal, the true lion-hearted hero of England.

Live Stock Notes.

Good care of live stock is now an imperative duty, as both March and April are usually severe, trying months for all farm animals. They require extra care and liberal feeding until the pastures produce sufficient herbage. Don't stint stock at the critical season between hay and grass, but keep them in a thrifty, healthy condition. Guard your flocks and herds well against the storms, mud, and mire so prevalent in April. Farmers who allow their animals to suffer at this season will ere long be financial sufferers in consequence. Warm stables, well-drained stock yards, with dry sheds and feeding rooms, pay large dividends.

Horses will soon be required to do heavy work, and should be generously fed and cared for to put them in proper condition. Do not fail to blanket horses when necessary, nor fail to feed, water, and groom them regularly. Give brood mares roomy stalls and extra care.

Milch cows are are always the most profitable when they recieve the best attention, but they need extra care through the present season. They should be kept clean and comfortable, with no lack of wholesome food. Incoming cows need good quarters and kind treatment. Milk fever may be prevented by keeping the bowels of the cow in proper condition, which may be done by occasionally feeding them carrots or other roots, or a quart of oil-cake meal.

Sheep require special care this stormy month. Be sure that ewes have comfortable quarters during the lambing season. Nurse the weak infant lambs and keep them from becoming chilled. As the weather gets warmer look out for ticks, and, when they appear, dip the infested sheep in one of the decoctions sold for the purpose.

Swine will pay for looking after sharply now that France and Germany are taking American pork more freely. Pigs that come in a cold snap should be warmed and nursed. Arrange now for June pigs. For lice on pigs, calves, and fowls use grease and kerosene.

TWO GIRLS GO MAD.

Bitten By a Dog Which Develops Hydrophobia—A Terrible Affliction.

A despatch from Coe Hill, Ont., says:—Not often is a family called upon to suffer a more severe affliction than that of Charles B. Hawley of the Township of Chandos in the County of Peterborough, not often have children been doomed to a more melancholy fate than are his two daughters, aged respectively 15 and 17.

Last fall the two girls were bitten by a dog, but as the injuries were but slight and the wounds soon healed up no attention was paid to them, and the matter soon passed out of mind.

Friday the eldest girl began to show symptoms of hydrophobia, and she soon became so violent that she had to be strapped down.

The terrible grief the family felt was further intensified on Sunday when the younger girl also began to manifest similar symptoms, though of not so violent a character.

The sufferings of the two afflicted girls, especially of the eldest, are horrible.

Dr. Grant Apsley, and Dr. Harding Coe Hill, have charge of the case. They say the youngest girl may recover, but have no hopes for the eldest.

Spaniels, of which there are many breeds, are supposed to have first come from Spain

Negotiations between Spain and the United States regarding copyright have been satisfactorily concluded.

A large Paris bank failed Saturday. One of the directors committed suicide, two absconded and one was placed under arrest.

Eight persons who took part in the recent Berlin riots were on Saturday sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from fifteen months to three years

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PRESBYTERIAN, HENRY'S CHURCH.

Rev. Wm. Forlong, Pastor. Service in the church at 11 a. m., Sunday School 2.30 p. m.. Dr. Christie M. P., Supt. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. John Mackie, Pastor. Service in Church at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m., J.W. McOuat B. A., Supt.

METHODIST.

Rev. Mr. Craig, Pastor, and Rev. M. Morrison, Assistant. Service 10:30 a. m. Class-meeting at close of service. Sunday School at 2:30, Mr. Murray Supt. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8. Strangers are welcome.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Rev. A. Derome, P. P., High Mass 10: Vespers 3 p. m.

ANGLICAN.

Rev. Rural Dean Sanders, Rector. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 2.30. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8.

BAPTIST.

Rev. John Higgins, Pastor. Service every Sabbath morning at 11 a. m., and 2 p. m. Sunday School 9.45. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 8.

BRETHERN.

Break Bread every Sabbath morning in their Hall, Hugh street at 11 a. m., and study the scriptures in the evening at 7. Prayer-meeting Tuesday evening at 7.

SALVATION ARMY.

Sunday services. Halleujah Breakfast at 7 a. m., regular services 11 a m, 3.30 p. m. and 8 p. m. Weekly meetings, on Monday; Thursday, Saturday nights, at 8 o'clock.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Y. P. C. Endesvor Society, John Jackson President. Meeting every Monday evening in Jas. W. Raitt's Hall, at 7.30. Young people are cordially invited to attend.

The Young People of the Methodist Church meet every Friday evening in the above church, at 7.30. All are welcome.

The W C T Union, meets every month in their rooms opposite the Medical Hall. Mrs. Massiah, President.

Band of Hope meets in the W C T U's Rooms every Saturday. Mrs J G Davidson Supt.

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by T. CHRISTIE JR.

WANTED

A GOOD GIRL, Farmer's Daughter preferred. No cows or washing, wages $6.

Apply to
MRS. W. BARCLAY,
29 St. Andrews, East Que

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next session of the parliament of Canada for an act to incorporate the Ottawa Valley Railway Company, with powers to purchase the portion of the Great Northern Railway, west of Lachute, and the Carillon and Grenville Railway and to build a bridge across the river Ottawa at a point between Carillon and Grenville and to build a line or lines of Railway to connect said bridge with the Railways on either side of said river.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,
27-9in For Applicants.

A. G. Stackhouse,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

MAIN STREET, Lachute, P. Q.,

Sporting Goods!

A good Stock of SPORTING GOODS, including Guns, Rifles, Ammunition. Fishing Tackles etc. etc, will in a short time be added to my present stock.

MINNIE P. BOA,
Kounitzgh's Block.
16 Lachute.

Stationery.

LETTER HEADS,
ENVELOPES,
WRITING PAPER,
BILL HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
MOURNING PAPER.

For Sale Cheap at

Watchman Office.

$3,500 IN REWARDS.

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Fall Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of the letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." ☞ Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st Grand Reward..... ..... $500 in Gold
2nd " " Grand Piano, valued at $300.
3rd " " .....$250 in Gold
4th " " ..... Organ valued at $200
5th " " .....$100 in Gold
6th " " Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th " " .....$50 in Gold
9th " " .....$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each.....$ 00
Next 20 prizes,—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes,—50 Silver Desert Sets, warranted heavy plate.
Next 100 prizes,—100 Silver Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettles, Butter, Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Biscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, etc., etc, all fully warranted, making a total of 689 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3500.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from the letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in the body of the book, none of the supplement to be used.
2. The words must be written in rotation and number 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.
3. Letters cannot appear oftenner than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "g" in the three words.
4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more tie, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.
5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: J. G. Macdonald, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and Commodore Calcutt, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION. "Got $1,000 prize all right."—M. M. Brander, Vancouver, B. C. "Thanks for $500 prize."—G W Cunningham, Donald B. C. "Prize received O. K."—J. D. Raptie, West Superior, Wis. "$300 prize received. Thanks."—G. V Robertson, Toronto; and 300 others in United States and Canada.

This is NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST in the past is ample guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Canada. 16

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeny, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat; Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Soldby T. CHRISTIE.

FARMS FOR SALE.

The "George Bradford" and the one adjoining, being Nos. 292 and 579 situated in the Township of Chatham, between St. Philippe and Lachute. being some of the best farming land in, the county.

Tenders will be received for the same, separately, up to 31st March, 1892. The highest, or any tender, not necessarily accepted.

R. G. Meikle,
Lachute.
22

For Sale.

A GOOD Farm containing 200 on the 6th range and 70 acres on the 8th range of the Township of Chatham, the latter being a wood lot.

The Farm has good buildings, is well watered and has about 3000 maple trees.

For further particulars apply to
WM. HEATLIE,
Stonefield, or at the Watchman Office.

LOST.

ON JAN. 9th, between J. G. Davidson's Lachute and Lake View post office, one Grey Goat Robe. Finder can be rewarded by leaving same at either of above named places. 49-1m

REWARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Great Winter Competition of The Ladies' Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the following words first appear in the Old Testament: "KNOWLEDGE," "WIFE," and "DOVE?" Where does the following words first appear in the New Testament: "JUDEA," "FAME," and "KING?"

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition, prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received at the office of the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week) will receive $2 0; the second correct answer, $1 00; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver, service; fifth, five o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $2. Every fifth correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will receive a special prize.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by $1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Canada) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Money should be sent by post office order or registered letter. Address, THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE **CURED** never fails; send your address and we will mail you a sample bottle, **FREE** DR. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER, N.Y. Canadian Dept. 188 Adelaide St. W., TORONTO, CANADA.

IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE

Keep constantly on hand a full stock
ROLLER——— ——— ———
GRUBBERS——— ——— ———
ARUNDLE HARROWS——— ———
PLOUGHS (Wilkinson and other makes.)
SEEDERS, FANNING MILLS, (the old standard "Mackenzie Mill" and the "Chatham Fanning Mill" the best Mill in Canada, as can be proved by hundreds of testimonials.) STEEL HARROWS, LUMBER WAGGONS, BUGGIES, &c.

—ALSO—

Parts for any kind of machines or goods sold by me. The goods sold by me are from the best manufacturers in Canada.

T. STUART,

LACHUTE March 30th 1888 40-1

Wanted Storekeeper.

FOR GENERAL Country Store, must be well experienced, speak both languages and be a good Salesman. State references and salary expected.

Apply to
P. O. Box 1868
31-2in Montreal.

Insolvent Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owing to the Insolvent Estate James Fish Lachute, are required to pay the same to the undersigned at once.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute March 24th, 1892.
31

Insolvent Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owing to the Insolvent Estate Peter Campbell Lachute are required to pay the same to the undersigned at once.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute March 24th 1892.
31

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Terrebonne. } No. 51,

CHARLES CHARLEBOIS,
of Lachute Town, district of Terrebonne, Founder.

Insolvent.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the creditors of the Insolvent in this cause will be held before a Judge of this Court in the Court House, Ste. Scholastique, or in the absence of said Judge, before the Prothonotary for this district on the ELEVENTH day of APRIL next, 1892 at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to give their advice touching the appointment of a Curator and Inspectors to the said estate and in such other matters as may be submitted to them.

Dated at Ste. Scholastique, this 31s, day of March, 1891.

CHAS. De MONTIGNY, P.S.C.

Hotel For Sale

At Ste. Scholastique.

The undersigned offers for sale the well known "POIRIER HOUSE" at Ste. Scholastique, at a low price and reasonable terms. The stand is a good one and has been well patronized by those attending the courts.

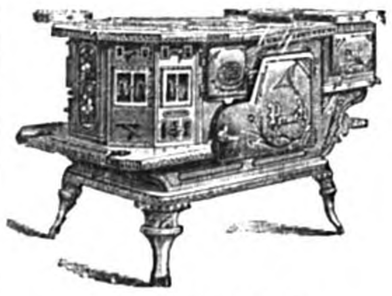
Apply to
MRS. CHAS. POIRIER,
Ste. Scholastique, Que.
25—1m

Picture Framing.

Now is your time to leave your orders for picture frames with the undersigned, who has on hand from 20 to 30 different kinds of mouldings, at very moderate prices. Please call, see samples and examine workmanship.

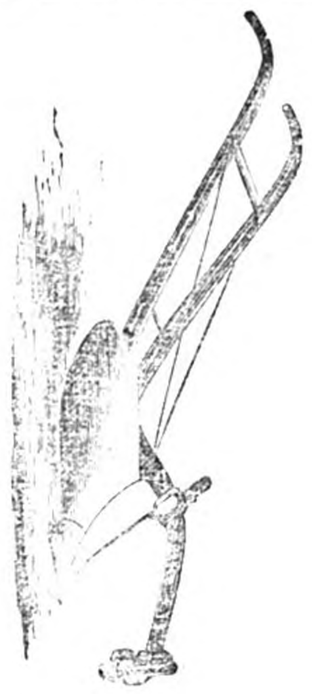
JOS. CAMPBELL,
4 Lachute Mills Que.

STOVES!



STOVES!!

Cooking Stoves,
Hall Stoves,
Parlor Sotves,
Furnaces,
Ranges etc.



PLOUGHS.

ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY MADE AND REPAIRED.
CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN BRASS OR IRON

McOUAT & McRAE. Lachute.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

JUST RECEIVED a car load of our which will be sold at the lowest prices.

A Large and complete stock of TEAS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES CANNED GOODS, CROCKERY ETC., always kept on hand.

☞ All kinds of farm Produce taken in exchange.

P. CARRIERE & SON,
ST. PHILIPPE.

2—1yr.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

FARMERS, When you want

HARDWARE.

You can save money by buying from me. My Stock is large and varied, in FORKS, AXES, SHOVELS, etc. A Large assortment of Hollow ware, POTS, KETTLES and PANS, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, SHEEP SHEARS, TIN-WARE, CARRIAGE BOLTS, from one inch to ten inches, OILS, PAINTS, and VARNISHES. Also a fiirsr-class Stock of Leather on hand. Mink, Muskrat Skins etc, wanted,

Blacksmithing done and Satisfaction given.

A Blacksmith Wanted.

JAMES DENSMORE,
Stonefield, Que.,

41—3m.

HOUSE TO LET.

The residence next the Baptist Church, lately occupied by Mrs Legro, will be rented from May 1st with ground adjoining. Rent very low to a desirable tenant.

Apply to
FRANK WEIR.
Standard Building
Montreal.

NOTICE

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith and Horse Farrier, would respectfully announce to the people of Argenteuil that he is now prepared to attend all troubles in Horse and Cattle (Castrating Colts a specialty.) He is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it.

While thanking my many patrons for their past patronage, I would request those owing me for a settlement of their accounts this month.

Wanted at once a good Blacksmith, one accustomed to horses hoeing preferred.

W. ARMSTRONG,
Farrer

R. G. MEIKLE,

BANKER.
Lachute, Que.

—Money received on Deposit—
—Money lent on good Joint Notes—
—Collections promptly attended to

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.
Lachute, Oct, 15th, 1889. 7-1yr

Valuable Town Property For Sale.

The property known as "Lochinvar" or the "Henry Property" in the East Ward of Lachute Town within five minutes walk of the Railway Station, Post office, Churches, Stores etc., containing about 60 arpents of land with two Sugar Bushes of about 300 trees each. Stone house and other buildings thereon, beautifully situated on the South side of the North River having a pretty little lake in front and a commanding and pleasant view of the Laurentian Range of Hills to the North. The locality is one of the prettiest and most healthy in the Town, and is being rapidly built with a superior class of houses. This property can be conveniently subdivided into Town or Villa Lots, and will be sold *en bloc* or in lots to suit purchasers and would form a desirable residence for any person wishing to engage in agricultural operations on a small scale. Title perfect. For further particulars,

Apply to,
WILLIAM HENRY on the premises, or
THOMAS BARRON, Lachu

VILLE MARIE BANK.

LACHUTE.

W. WEIR, President — W. GARAND, Cashier

Capital, $500,000.

INTEREST paid on Deposits. Money can be withdrawn without notice or other delay.

DRAFTS issued on any point in Canada and the United States, on favorable terms.

EXCHANGE on any part of Europe.

COLLECTIONS promptly made, at lowest rates.

Hours, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays, 10 a. m. to 1. p. m.

H. FROST,
Manager.

NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having formed a partnership will continue the business formerly carried on by A. G. McARTHUR & Co., at the West End

BUTCHER SHOP.

There will always be on hand the best supply of Hams, Bacon, Fish, Vegetables, and Canned Goods of all kinds. Orders delivered as usual. Cash paid for hides, beef, pork etc. In thanking his customers for their patronage during the past 12 years Mr. McArthur solicits their continued support for the firm of

BENNETT & McARTHUR.
1-3y

Valuable Property For Sale.

THE PROPERTY known as the Mile End Grove Farm, Chatham, within half a mile from Hamelin & Ayer's factory and the town of Lachute, 6 acres distant from Earle's Mills. It can be purchased with farming implements and stock thereon, or without. also a

BUSH LOT

on the West Gore Road, within three and a half miles of Lachute. For further particulars apply to

JAMES BOYD,
24-3m Lachute, Que.

LACHUTE Grist & Saw Mills

HAVING leased these Mills to P. McRAE & CO., of Ottawa, the undersigned, while continuing the management, solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage he has always enjoyed, for this enterprising firm which proposes to conduct the business on a more extensive scale,

SPOT CASH

will be paid at fair market price, for Oats, Barley, Corn and Buckwheat.

A full line of the different Brands of Ogilvie's Flour, such as Hungarian Patent, Strong Bakers, Family Flour, and other favorite brands will be supplied at rates and quantities which will defy competition either in price or quality.

First prize at all exhibitions is the record for all these brands. This flour has a Pedigree and dont you forget it.

P. CAMPBELL
Manager.
Lachute Mills 7th Oct. 1891.

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
District of Terrebonne.

IN RE

PETER CAMPBELL, Mill-Owner, Lachute Que.

Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that, on the 22nd day of Feb., 1892, by the order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the Estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

W J Simpson,
Curator.
Lachute March 14th, 1892.
31

Lachute Bakery.

The Old Reliable Stand and the only place where you can get a good loaf of Bread, this is undisputed. We have some imitators but no equals. Plain and Fancy Bread of all kinds. Buns, Rolls, Scons and the usual variety of choice cake found at a first class confectioner's establishment.

Candies of the purest and best. Fruits in season.

JOHN HOPE

Baker & Confectioner
LACHUTE.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XV. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1892. NO. 34.

THE "WATCHMAN"

—AND—

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by CALDER BROS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.

Announcements or Notices of a personal or business nature, in the Editorial, Local or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of situations Wanted, Fifty cents the first insertion, and Twenty-five cents each subsequent insertion.

Special arrangements of an advantageous character made with merchants for the Year, Half Year or Quarter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us, confidentially, their name and address, but not necessarily for publication.

A. BERTHELOT.
NOTARY PUBLIC, LACHUTE QUE.,

J. E. VALOIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan on Security.
Office over Central Flour Depot
LACHUTE, QUE.,

P. F. Ernest Petit
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner Superior Court,
ST. JEROME, P. Q.,

J. D. LEDUC, L.L.B.
Ste. Scholastique, P. Q.,
Advocate, attorney for the District of Terrebonne, for the Inland Revenue of the Province of Quebec. 30—1y.

Abbotts Campbell & Meredith,
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, &c.,
11 HOSPITAL ST.
MONTTEAL.
HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, Q.C., C. S. CAMPBELL
J. B. ABBOTT, F. E. MEREDITH,
H. ABBOTT, J. R., Q.C. H. J. HAGUE,

R. P. de LARONDE
Advocate,
Has opened an office at the WATCHMAN Building, Lachute, which will be in charge of G. F. Calder. All collections promptly attended to.

Geo. E. Bampton, B. C. L.
Advocate, Counsellor at Law, etc. Revising Barrister for Argenteuil. Office over Meikle's Banking House, Residence E. S. Lachute College,
Attorney for Legal and Commercial Exchange of Canada Associate Attorney for Wilbers' Mercantile Agency and others Collections and Legal Business of every description promptly executed. Attend all Provincial Courts. Capias, Attachments and seizures made. Ejectment and Real Estates actions brought, Institutes Insolvency proceedings files claims and attends Creditors' meetings, winding up and distribution of assets. Suits for damages for personal wrongs or damages to property entered. Examines titles, searches Mortgage records, Personal and Real. Sues for maintenance and support between parents and children and ascendants. Separation of property and otherwise between consorts obtained. Pauper and Lunacy laws invoked. Prosecutes and defends in criminal cases in all stages before Justices, Magistrates, and the high Courts. Takes extrajudicial declarations and affidavits any where. Draws Marriage contracts, Wills Leases, Mortgages, Bills of Sales, etc., etc. Attends and closes up Probate matters and Successions. Manages Estates for heirs, Collects rents, Insurance claims, etc. Furnishes Legal opinions on matters in any state or Country and provides Counsel there Draws Petitions, Private Bills, Incorporating Acts for Municipalities or Corporations and appears before Legislative Committees. Bills Notes, Drafts, I.O.U's and Mercantile papers realized upon. Municipal cases a specialty. 40—1—y

J. B. MENZIES M. D.
Graduate of McGill University, Montreal.
Office (Day and Night.)
IN
FISH'S BUILDING,
Opposite
Curry's Hotel. - - - - LACHUTE.

C. P. R. HOTEL,
St. Philippe Station, Que.,
H. PAQUIN, & CO., PROP'S.
(LATE OF MONTREAL.)
First class accommodation and Liquors at low rates. Sample Rooms. Boarding and Livery Stables. 29—1y

J. G. DAVIDSON'S
REMOVAL NOTICE.

Having leased the Store lately occupied by A. BOA, as Hardware Merchant, and moved our entire Stock to these Premises, now is the time to look out for Bargains in all Lines. New Goods in every Department.

Bargains in new Prints & Cloths

Bargains in new Dress Goods. Bargains in new Boots & Shoes. Bargains in new Ready-made Clothing. Our own manufacture. A choice Stock of new Groceries, cheap.

New Spring Millinery,
NEW SPRING MILLINERY.
NEW SPRING MILLINERY.
MISS CAMERON,
OF MONTREAL
Will have charge of this Department.

A Large and Select Stock of new Felt Hats, in Men's and Boys' Latest Styles, at Lowest Prices.

TAILORING.
TAILORING! TAILORING!!
A Fine Line of new Goods for Spring, consisting of Fancy Suiting, Black Worsted Fancy Panting, etc, etc.
A First-class man has been employed to take charge of this Department.

WANTED.—New Maple Syrup and Sugar, in exchange for Goods. Also Butter, Eggs, etc, etc.

J. G DAVIDSON,
A. BOA'S [Old Stand,]
Main St. Lachute.
31-tf.

D RAITT, JR.,
Watchmaker and


Jeweller.
Main St Lachute.
Fine Watches and Clocks carefully cleaned and repaired.
JEWELLERY.
Repaired at lowest rates. Always on hand a full assortment of Watches, Clocks and Silver Plated Ware.
Spectacles to suit all sights.
To reliable parties, a special inducement is offered on Watches etc.
Waterbury Clocks are all the rage.
For "Time" they "beat Creation:
In OFFICE, HOME, CHURCH or the STAGE.
They save all botheration!
Waterbury Clocks are much the best,
Their Factories are the greatest,
Just buy and put them to the test,
Be sure to get "The Latest,"
At Raitt's the Jeweller.
10-3m

Lime! Lime!
Just Received, a car load of fresh burned Lime. Will also keep for sale Hull Cement, Portland Cement, Plaster of Paris etc. Parties taking large quantities can have it at reduced prices.
JAMES W. COTTINGHAM,
Lachute, Que.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

For Sale—D. V. Cameron
Superior Court—Chs. de Montigny
Lost Will—Alex Cross
New Store—F. W. Allen
Superior Court—G. J. Walker
Wanted—P. Lane

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Stackhouse will be in Lachute every Saturday.

Now is the time to advertise.

A few tons of first-class pressed hay for sale at Wm. Banford's.

Mrs R G Meikle is improving.

Go to J R McOuat's for new wall papers, Scotch Holland window shades.

Rev. Mr Higgins is in Ottawa.

100 Bush. Seed Oats, for Sale at WM. BANFORD'S.

Mr J A Bedard sold the Spotted Boy this week for $300 to a buyer in London

G. L. Meikle & Co. is the proper place for Prints and Sateens.

The ice on the river has all disappeared.

If you want Timothy, Clover and other field seeds, Go to G. L. Meikle & Co.

Dr. McConnell was in town on Tuesday last.

Examine the Cashmeres in black and colors union and all wool at WM. BANFORD'S.

Mr. and Mrs James Campbell spent Sunday in Montreal.

If you want cheap Tweeds and nice patterns See stock G L Meikle & Co.

The water has fallen over a foot since last week.

Received to-day, 5000 yards of grey cotton, lately damaged by fire and water at W. Banford's.

A Y. P. S of C. Endeavor has been organized in Grenville.

If in want of Ginghams & Flanellettes just look over G. L. Meikle & Co's. immense stock.

Miss Waitt of Montreal, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs Wm. Owens.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for steel nails. (all sizes). Brown and tarred felt for building purposes.

Come to G. L. Meikle & Co., for your Dress Goods, ladies. Some beautiful things to select from.

Damaged cottons must be cleared out at once. Prices will move them. Wm. Banford.

Mr. Thos. Cushing and wife attended the funeral of Mrs Woodhouse on Tuesday last.

Wall Paper!! Wall Paper!!! Big stock for this season. All new designs to be found only at G. L. Meikle & Co.,

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Alabastine, for tinting and decorating walls, in all the newest shades, guaranteed superior to any other preparation heretofore offered.

The funeral of the late Mrs. F. G Ford, of Hull, formerly of Lachute, took place on Saturday last.

If you want Kalsomine and Mixed Paints this Spring—Big stock always on hand at G. L. Meikle & Co.,

Go to J R McOuat's for hay seed, clover seed, field seeds, garden seeds, seed oats, western corn for seed, (white or yellow).

Have you laid in a stock of Tweeds damaged by fire and water or otherwise from the stock of WM. BANFORD.

The lumbermen of Lachute are not very confident of their logs reaching their mills this spring, owing to the lowness of the water.

Have you seen the heaps of Dress Goods in double and single widths—imported from Glasgow, Scotland, by WM BANFORD.

Just received, finest and biggest stock of Felt Hats, Hard and Soft, and something for the Boys, at G L Meikle & Co..

The Annual Spring Show of stallions will be held on Tuesday, May 3rd on the Agricultural Permanent Buildings Society's Ground Lachute.—See posters.

When you are coming look up what you need in Boots, we have them. WM. BANFORD.

G. L. Meikle & Co., are to the front with Novelties in Oiled Holland Curtains and self-acting Pole. See them.

The Rev. Dr. Barclay of Montreal will preach in Henry's church, Sunday morning, April 24th, at 11 a. m. and in the Victoria Hall at 7 p. m. All who are acquainted with the Dr. know all present at these meetings may expect a treat.

A concert will be given in Victoria Hall on Thursday evening, April 21st, in aid of the Victoria Division, Sons of Temperance. A good programme is in course of preparation.—See posters.

A number of Holstein calfs for sale Also 300 Bushels of American Oats at McGibbon Bros., Brownsburg. See auction sale posters next week.

Fine line of little Boy's suits, all sizes in Serge and Tweed, at the old reliable, G. L. Meikle & Co.,

Mr. Jno. Cooke left for home at Ingersoll Ont., after having spent several weeks with his friends in town. John makes himself universaly admired wherever he goes, by his gentlemanly bearing and kindness, and we long for his presence once more.

Don't fail to secure what you need of the beautiful shaker flannels from Glasgow. Nothing to equal Scotch Goods,
WM. BANFORD.

A meeting was held on Tuesday evening last in the flour store of Hay Bros. by a number of farmers in the vicinity of Lachute, to consider the advisability of opening a cheese factory on the farm of Mr Henry Hammond. No definite arrangements were come to, but several of the farmers are to ascertain how many cows' milk the surrounding farmers could supply the Factory with. We understand Mr. Ross of Little Rideau will undertake the building of the factory if a sufficient number of cows are procured.

Montreal Presbytery.

A committee from the Montreal Presbytery assembled in Victoria Hall on Tuesday last, to transact business in connection with Henry's church. Among the gentlemen present, were Revs. Drs. Warden, Barclay, Smith, Rev. Mr. Heine, Walter Paul and Warden King of Montreal, Rev Dr. Patterson of St. Andrews and Messrs. T. McOuat, T. Barron, H. Fraser Jr. P Lane Dr G H Christie Thos Christie jr. John Hay Walter Smith Robert Woods Wm Armstrong Angus Loynachan Geo L Meikle R Morrisson and others of Lachute. All the business on hand was transacted to the satisfaction of all present.

A Fatal Accident.

A sad and fatal accident occurred on Monday afternoon last to Alexander Cowan of Montreal, brother-in-law of Mr Jno. Paul, Chatham. The particulars, so far as we have ascertained are as follows:—Messrs. Cowan and Paul were passing Mr. Law's, who the former wished to see. on getting out of the cart he stumbled and fell to the ground, the horse gave a sudden start and the wheel struck him on the temple, killing him almost instantly. He was immediately carried into the house of Mr. Law, and medical aid sent for, but before Dr. Menzies arrived the vital spark had fled. His wife was immediately telegraphed for and arrived in the evening. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon at two o'clock. Rev. Mr. Forlong officiating.

BOISSEVAIN.

There was an interesting event in the form of a double wedding at the residence of G. F. Brown, on March 22nd, when Charlie, second son of G. F. Brown, formerly of Morin Flats, was united in Marriage to Flora, youngest daughter of Alexander Arnott of Lakefield, also Thomas Venable, of Boisevain to Sarah, second daughter of G. F. Brown, after which a number of beautiful presents were presented and then partook of a hearty supper when the happy couples took their departure to their separate homes.

FAREWELL FRED.

The genial face of Mr. F. Lemieux, will be missed at the Banque Ville Marie in the future, as he left last night for Montreal, where he has been appointed Accountant in the Head Office of the Bank there. It is now five years since he came to Lachute, and during that time he has made very few, if any enemies, but many friends. His successor is to be Mr O. Constantineau, of St. Therese.

Resolution of Thanks.

At the last meeting of the W.C.T.U. the following resolution was unanimously carried:

Resolved.—That Mrs. A. Gordon of Aylmer, having gratuitously responded to our call for help, in connection with our Gospel Temperance Meetings, and having labored most untiringly, acceptably and successfully in the interest of real Gospel Temperance work, we hereby place on record our very high appreciation of her lady-like and christian efforts. We would also hope for her return to our town for a similar effort in the near future.

ST. SIMEON'S CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr Sanders will officiate at the Easter services in St. Simeon's church on Sunday next for the last time as incumbent, the new pastor, Rev. Mr Given taking charge the following Sunday. While all regret that the state of Mr Sanders' health and that of his family forbid the continuance of his ministerial duties for the present, yet we hope and trust that we shall often see and hear him amongst us, where his labors have brought much good. Mr Sanders is to reside in Montreal for which place he leaves here in the course of a fortnight.

We learn that a large Persian Lilac tree, in full bloom, will form part of the usual floral decorations, incident to Episcopal services at Eastertide, at St. Simeon's church next Sunday.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for felt hats, ties, collars, white shirts, regatta and Flannelette shirts, worsted coatings, tweeds, suits made to order, a perfect fit guaranteed.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

Good blood will show its quality. So will bad blood, the one in a healthy body and ruddy complexion, the other in ill health, blotches, pimples, boils and sores, and frequently in intenser forms as ucers, abscesses, erysipelas, scrofulous diseases, salt rheum, etc. Every organ of the body depends upon the blood for force and vitality, and is but scantily served when the blood is impure. No remedy is so potent as a blood purifier or more rapidly produces new and healthy blood than Burdock Blood Bitters, which neutralizes the various poisons and restores the vitalizing power of this all important fluid. As an instance of this read what Mr. J S. Nash, of Algoma Mills, Ont., says in a recent letter:

Sirs,—A year ago I was troubled with sores breaking three different doctors, who gave me medicine but did not cure me. I was advised to try B B.B. and after using two bottles I noticed the spots getting less. I continued the use of B.BB., which entirely cured me, giving me also a splendid appetite. Since then I would use no other medicine.

Mr. J. E. Humphrey, 46 Bond Street, Toronto, says Burdock Blood Bitters wrought a complete cure of dyspepsia in his case after all else had failed.

Nothing creates more disease, discomfort and distress than constipation of bowels. In B B. B. we have a remedy sure to remove and cure it.

"Was troubled with continual headache and loss of appetite but before I had taken many doses of B.B.B appetite and health returned,"

J. B. Thompson, Bethesda, Ont.

Mrs. Jane Vanzickle, Alberton, Ont., was cured of liver complaint, after years of suffering, by using five bottles of B. B B. She recommends it.

Bad blood breeds divers distressing disease, Burdock Blood Bitters banishes boils and blotches, with every other sympton arising from bad blood.

DIED.

FORD.—At Hull, Que., April 7th, Elizabeth Armstrong, beloved wife of Fred J. Ford, Aged 28 years and five days.

MARRIED.

CALDER-RODGER—At Montreal, on Wednesday, April 13th, by the Rev. F. M. Dewey, M. A., George Francis Calder, B. A., to Jemima Carswell, daughter of Jno. Rodger, Esq., of Wickham, Que.

WANTED.

50 Pasturers Wanted, for three farms near Lachute.
P. LANE.
April 13th, 1892. 34-1m

Superior Court.

CANADA,
Province of Quebec,
DISTRICT OF TERRBONNE.

In Re
CHARLES CHARLEBOIS, of Lachute, Que, Founder.
Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 11th day of April instant 1892, by order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a judicial abandonment of all his assetts for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

G. J. Walker,
Curator.
Lachute April 14th, 1892.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

Mail Orders Promptly Filled!

To-morrow's Special Show.
TO-MORROW WE SHOW
The contents of four cases
NEW JACKETS
AND
NEW MANTLES
Prices of this shipment vary from $5 up to $50 each.
S. CARSLEY,
CANADA'S GREAT MANTLE STORE.

Boys' Clothing.
FIRST COMMUNION SUITS
A splendid selection of Boys' Black Suits, suitable for the above occasion,
Boys' Velvet Suits
Boys' Jersey Suits
Boys' Man-o-War Suits
Boys' Tweed Norfolk Suits
Youths' Spring Tweed Suits
Youths' Morning Suits
Youth's Reefer Suits
Men's Tweed Suits
Men's Morning Suits
The largest stock of Tailor-made Clothing to select from in Canada.
S. CARSLEY.

Boys' Clothing.
BOYS' EATON SUITS,
BOYS' COLLEGE SUITS,
IN ALL SHADES,
S. CARSLEY,

Teacher: 'Freddy, name three beasts of prey.'
Freddy: 'Two lions and a Tiger, Sir.'—Extract.

MILLINERY.
Misses' Trimmed Spring Hats, $1.75
Misses' Trimmed School Hats, 50c
Children's Trimmed Spring Hats, 50c
Misses' School Caps, 35c
Boys' School Caps, 25c
Boys' Scotch Caps with Buckle, 25c
Children's P & O Caps, 20c
Children's Cloth Tams, 35c
Children's Turkish Frzes, 50c
Ladies' Travelling Caps
Gentlemen's Travelling Caps
Children's Spring Headwear in Plush, Silk Velvet and Cashmere, all leading styles and shades.
S. CARSLEY.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.
A full set of 5 pieces of Ladies' Cotton Underwear plain tucked, $1.25.
A full set, lace trimmed, for $1.55,
A full set, trimmed embroidery, for $2.75.
Servants' Mop Caps, 3 for 25c
S. CARSLEY.

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON
Always use Clapperton's Thread.
Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market.

S. CARSLEY.
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771,
1773, 1775, 1777.
Notre Dame Street
MONTREAL.
TELEPHONES

HOUSEHOLD.

Compensation.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

In that new world toward which our feet are set,
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
Has Heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring can tell,
When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O sweet the drooping eve, the blush of morn,
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
The sunflecked shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,
The warm, delicious, happy, summer rain,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O, beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and sunset's tender light!
O, fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space
From snow to roses, and how dear her face
When the grass brightens and the days grow long.

O, happy earth! O, home so well beloved!
What recompense have we from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole—
The hope of finding every vanished soul
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee and all thy bliss
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song.

Employments for Country Women.

It is exceedingly aggravating to find women discarding work just as it becomes financially profitable and men taking it up. Yet this happens in numberless cases. As soon as one employment becomes of serious import and of value enough for men to adopt it, women are quite likely to discard it, or are frightened out of competition with their stronger brethren. Several centuries ago, when the mass of mankind was occupied with feats of arms, women were the only leeches known. It was considered a most womanly act to study the virtues of herbs and medicines, and even to acquire the art of surgery. Yet, till within the last score of years, it has been a common thing to sneer at a woman physician as those who have stepped out of the limits prescribed for their sick. Gradually the prejudice against the woman physician is being overcome. Many other cases might be instanced where women have gone back into lucrative employments from which they had been pushed by the superior force of men and made a success of them. The most conservative thinker would hardly say that butter-making was not a woman's employment, but as soon as butter-making is conducted in a large creamery, where it becomes a matter of a thousand pounds a week instead of fifty, and is conducted on scientific principles so that the result is sure, it is done by men. The fact is that our farmers' wives, with their long experience in butter-making, are being driven out of an excellent and lucrative employment by the engagement of male and alien hands. No one doubts that the business of creameries is a success, yet it is to be regretted that in woman's peculiar sphere she has not made this success her own, and has allowed the middlemen to come between her and the market.

Why should not farmers and daughters in a large neighborhood organize and establish a co-operative creamery, to which they would all furnish the cream? There are abundance of farmers' daughters seeking employment in the cities, studying art, studying what not, who could do all the work of such an establishment except the work of lifting heavy buckets, which ought to be done by a male employe. There is no essential part of the work of butter-making which may not be better entrusted to women's hands than to men's. The establishment should, of course, be conducted on strict business principles. There should be agencies for the sale of the butter in cities and village where it will command the best prices, and such agencies should be in charge of daughters of those interested in the co-operative scheme. There is no possible reason why many of the army of unemployed women who are continually drifting to the cities for work should not be aided by such a project as this. There is always a demand for home-made bread and cake, home-made pickles and home-made preserves, at prices which will compete with the inferior produce of this kind now for sale. Canning and pickling establisnments of a similar kind might also be conducted on the co-operative plan by unemployed women.

It is not our purpose to add to the many burdens of the farmer's wife. It is not a question so much of whether she finds enough to do as whether what she does gives the best result. There is no use of farmers of limited means educating their daughters for teachers, for the ranks of teachers are over full. There is little more use in educating them in art than there is in educating them to write poetry as a remunerative profession. What they need is practical employment, which will bring a practical money return.

Part of a Kitchen Outfit.

A home tool-chest is an essential part of the outfit of a kitchen. Every housekeeper should be provided with a thoroughly good hammer of ordinary size in addition to the tack-hammer; two good screwdrivers—one of medium and one of small size; a saw of a size convenient for a woman to use and not too large to saw a ham bone; a gimlet a file, wrenches, and boxes of nails and screws in several sizes. The articles should be kept in a stout box with a cover, and should be out of the reach of wandering children seeking what mischief they can devise. However useful manual instruction may be to the rising generation, no housekeeper wishes that the window ledges and other parts of the woodwork of her house should be a field for such practice. Moreover, if the tools are handled by every one they are apt to get out of order. Young gentlemen with aspirations towards carpentry should be supplied with tool chests of their own and be given a suitable place in which to practice.

Tea.

It seems hardly possible that tea, which has become, so common a beverage that it is in daily use on the table of the poorest in the land should have been introduced so recently as the seventeenth century. It was first introduced into Holland through the trade which that nation established with the Chinese. Pepys, in his diary, speaks of it as a new Chinese drink, which he had had the pleasure of tasting. All sorts of unknown virtues were attributed to it when first introduced. Among others, the power to overcome sleep, so that whole nights might be spent in study, without hurt to the body. Very early, tea and gossip were associated together. Various poets of that time dwelt upon the tendency that tea had to excite scandal. Pope, describing a company of tea-drinking gossips, says of the "cheering cup":

"Still as their ebbing malice it sup plies,
Some victim falls, some reputation dies."

Even in the middle of the eighteenth century tea had not come into general use, and was regarded as an article of extreme luxury. A clergyman of this time, in his diary, mentions it as the only article of luxury he allows, which he is compelled to by reason of his wife's "London education," and he adds: "But, as we seldom offer it, except to the best of company, less than a pound will last us a twelvemonth." The poet Southey speaks of some one presenting a pound to a friend in the country, whose wife was so ignorant of its use that she boiled it up as one would spinach, and served it with pepper and salt. Very soon after this, tea came into daily use among all families of wealth. It was regarded as a cure-all by some and as a dangerous herb by others. Johnson inveighed against its use, but to no avail, for tea became more and more popular. There was more reason to condemn this beverage in a wholesale way when it was boiled, as it undoubtedly was at first. Boiling develops the tannic, which is certainly injurious to the nerves.

Tea should always be made, as everybody knows nowadays, with boiling water, and steeped, not boiled. It is not necessary only that it should be water in an actual state of ebullition, but that it shall be water at its first boiling—water that has never been boiled before. The Russians, who are a nation of tea-drinkers and are near enough to the Chinese to have received something of their methods in tea making, are very particular to use fresh-boiled water. They use the samovar invariably in making tea, but the tea is not made in the samovar, as many suppose. It is simply the utensil which takes the place and serves the purpose of our tea-kettle. No Russian lady trusts her servant to make the tea. She makes it herself at the table. Therefore she must have a utensil which will boil the water for the tea at the table, and this is what the samovar does. It is usually of brass, though it may be of other metal. It is urnlike in shape, but, unlike an ordinary urn, it has an inner compartment, which may be filled with burning charcoal to heat the water in the other part. The charcoal is not lighted till the samovar is placed on the table. The boiling water is drawn unto the tea, which is put into a porcelain or earthernware teapot. The first water is thrown off the tea as soon as it is put on. It is used merely to rinse off the dust. The second water is used for drawing the tea, and sufficient to make a strong tea is put on at once. Then the teapot is covered, and an ample tea-cosey is fitted over it. It is allowed to draw till the tea grounds sink. This will be in four or five minutes. Sufficient of this strong tea is poured into each cup or tea-glass, as tea is drunk in glasses set in metal frames in Russia, and not in cups and saucers, and the glass is then filled with boiling water from the samovar.

By this means all the delicate aroma and refreshing qualities of the tea are retained in the drink, and none of the rank flavor, which makes it a dangerous article for nervous people to use. Russians do not drink strong tea, and we would do well to imitate them in this respect. No metal teapot, not even one of silver, is fit to make boiling water in. Nothing is better for this purpose than the old teapots of heavy glazed brown earthenware. It is to be regretted that we do not use a tea-cosey ordinarily on our tables. This is a tufted cushion in cap shape, which envelops the tea-pot and keeps the tea warm. No tea of any kind that has been boiled is fit for drink. The longest time that any tea should be allowed to steep is from five to seven minutes. As soon as it is steeped this length of time, it should be served. If it waits even a few minutes on the stove after steeping it is ruined.

They are Wearing Big Hats in Paris.

The Paris hats are large, with flap brims, which are caught up at the back by upright tufts or ostrich plumes, and invariably have strings for tying under the chin. Sometimes the hats are straw, and sometimes are drawn on wire, and are the foundations of the most quaint and curious admixture of colored ribbons and shaded ribbons and flowers of several kinds; for example, a large tuft of shaded tulips was accompanied by bunches of cowslips. The Welsh crown in these hats is one of the greatest novelty, and our eyes are for the present so unaccustomed to them that I doubt if anybody could wear them without attracting attention. Close-set wreaths of roses without foliage often surround these crowns and are introduced beneath the brim. —[Queen.

"Patriotism and Politics."

Cardinal Gibbons, in his article, "Patriotism and Politics," in the April North American Review, has the following powerful plea for purity in politics:—"But when the very fountains of legislation are polluted by lobbying and other corrupt means; when the hand of bribery is extended, and not always in vain, to our municipal, state, and national legislators; when our lawmakers become the pliant tools of some selfish and greedy capitalists, instead of subserving the interests of the people,—then, indeed, all patriotic citizens have reason to be alarmed about the future of our country. The man who would poison the wells and the springs of the land is justly regarded as a human monster, as an enemy of society, and no punishment could be too severe for him. Is he not as great a criminal who would poison and pollute the ballot-box, the unfailing fount and well-spring of our civil freedom and of our national life? The Ark of the Covenant was held in the highest veneration by the children of Israel. It was the oracle from which God communicated his will to the people. Two cherubim with outstretched wings were placed over it as sacred guardians. Oza was suddenly struck dead for profanely touching it. May we not, without irreverance, compare the ballot-box to the ancient Ark? Is it not for us the oracle of God, because it is the oracle of the people? God commands us to obey our rulers. It is through the ballot box that our rulers are proclaimed to us; therefore, its voice should be accepted as the voice of God. Let justice and truth, like twin cherubs, guard this sacred instrument. Let him who lays profane hands upon it be made to feel that he is guilty of a grievous offence against the stability of government, the peace of society, and the majesty of God."

Have Some of Your Own Folks.

"Say, Charlie, don't you ever get awful scared here alone when your papa and mamma are away to church?"

"Why, no. You see, I'm never really alone; mamma says God is always with me."

"Oh, but I should fink you'd rather have some of your own folks."

A true penitent never forgives himself.

FEATS OF ENDURANCE.

How Our Ancestors Enjoyed Themselves—Some Curious Bets.

Although almost all sports which were in vogue in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were practiced with less strictness and formality than they are to-day, they were probably just as beneficial and certainly quite as interesting. There are hundreds of authentic stories of races and other games which took place in England long before the stop-watch was dreamed of. One curious race was run in Northampton, England, in 1724, for a prize of five guineas. The competitors were two bulls, four cows, and a calf. The calf was ridden by a boy, the bulls and cows each by a man. The cows all threw their riders, the calf fell down with his, and one of the bulls "won the wager before a vast concourse of people." It used to be a custom for noblemen to race their respective footmen and to bet large sums on the result. An instance of this is seen in the dairy of Sir Erasmus Phillipps, fifth Baronet of Picton Castle, 1743. The entry is as follows: "1720, Sept. 19.—Rode out to New Woodstock, seven miles from Oxford; dined at the Bear, 2s 6d., ordinary. In the evening rode to Woodstock Park, where saw a footrace between Groves, (Duke Wharton's running footman,) and Phillipps, (Mr. Diston's.) My namesake ran the four miles round the course in eighteen minutes and won the race, and thereby winning his master £1,000, the sum he and groves started for. On this occasion there was a most prodigious concourse of people, returned to Woodstock, when, after some refreshments, galloped to Oxford." If this record were authentic, which is very unlikely, it will be seen that none of our modern "cracks" could begin to keep pace with the winning footman.

A celebrated race against time was that of Mr. Osbaldestone, who made a wager of £1,000 with Col. Charretie that he could ride 200 miles in ten hours at the ensuing Houghton meeting, being allowed an unlimited number of horses. The course measured was what was known as the Round Course, beginning and ending at the Duke's stand. All the saddles to be used were covered with lambskin to prevent chafing, and were marked with the name of a horse, and a number indicating the order in which he was to be brought to the post. Provision was made for refreshment and changes of clothing for the rider, but the latter was unnecessary, as Mr. Osbaldestone, who was forty seven years of age, preferred to ride in his wet clothes rather than lose time in changing them. The distance was divided into fifty four-mile heats, the rider changing horses at every heat. At 12:12 in the morning Mr. Osbaldestone started. The first 100 miles was covered in 4 hours 19 minutes and 40 seconds. When he had ridden 125 miles, which he did in five hours 11 minutes and 30 seconds, Mr. Osbaldestone stopped 6 minutes and 30 seconds for lunch. Toward the latter part of the performance a tremendous storm of wind and rain arose, which, meeting the rider in the face, frightened the horse he was riding so badly that he turned right round. The actual time of riding the 200 miles was 7 hours 19 minutes and 4 seconds, though 1 hour 22 minutes and 56 seconds was occupied in changing mounts and taking lunch. The total, 8 hours 42 minutes, was just 1 hour 18 minutes inside the required time. Twenty-eight horses were used. A much faster ride was made over a fourth the distance by Jennison Shafto, Esq., who on June 27, 1759, undertook to ride fifty miles in two hours on an unlimited number of horses. He covered the distance in 1 hour 49 minutes and 17 seconds, thus riding at the rate of almost twenty-eight miles an hour.

Among feats of endurance may be cited that of Mr. Sinclair of Kirby Lonsdale, in Cumberland, England, who for a wager rode a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours on the Swifts at Carlisle. The following announcement, to be found in Notes and Queries, is interesting as an example of curious races: "A short time since a race between an elephant and some ponies, accompanied by ameteur pedestrians, took place on the Aintree Course, which excited some interest." Unfortunately the result of the race is not given. "The passion of Charles II. for sports of all kinds is well known, but in Notes and Queries there is a description of a day's sport too interesting to omit: "New-Market, March 15.—This day was a race between a horse of Mr. Brown's called Have-at-All, and the Sussex-pad. They rode nine stone each for £300 a horse, and continued very equal for a great while, till at the turning of the lands Have-at-All had the misfortune to break his hind legs short in two, which being thought impossible to be cured, they ordered him to be shot upon the place. "After the race his Majesty Charles II. went to see a great match of cock-fighting. Her Majesty went to take the air as far as the Coney Warren, and their Royal Highnesess went to take the air upon the Heath. After which there was a great bull-bating in the town, whither a great number of country people resorted to play their dogs, which gave satisfaction to all spectators. About three of the clock in the afternoon there was a foot race between two cripples, each having a wooden leg. They started fair and hobbled a good pace, which caused great admiration and laughter amongst the beholders, but the tallest of the two won by two or three yards. A story is told of his Majesty, William IV., which doubtless caused considerable fun at the time. His Majesty gave a dinner at St. James's Palace on June 9. 1836, to the members of the Jockey Club. Lord Westminister, who was present, began to boast about his wonderful horse, Touchstone, which he finally offered to back against any animal on four legs. "I'll accept the challenge," said the King, "and name to beat him by a neck." The bet was made and the King, being called upon to say the animal, amid laughter named the giraffe.

Ingenious Frauds on Gold Dealers.

Some of the Paris dealers in gold have recently been victimized in a very ingenious manner. One of them recently received a letter from Russia offering gold much below its market value. After some correspondence, in the course of which the seller explained that it was gold which had been stolen by the workmen in the Siberian mines, the Paris merchant went to Riga to purchase it. He tested the metal and had it packed under his own supervision. After the boxes had been sealed by himself they were forwarded to Paris, but, to his amazement, when he opened the boxes he found they contained nothing but copper, It is still a mystery for him how the substitution was effected. It appears that several Paris merchants have been duped in this manner. As there is no means of prosecuting the swindler, the French legal authorities have been obliged to confine their action to the notification of the facts to Baro de Mohrenheim, the Russian Ambassador in Paris.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and tighter at one man than to another. And he is more at ease who takes up than he who drags it.

Spurgeon and Beecher.

Several writers are speaking of Mr. Spurgeon as the Beecher of London. This is to use words without discrimination, if anything more be meant than that the two were respectively the most conspicuous preachers of their generation in England and the United States. In most other respects between Mr. Spurgeon and Henry Ward Beecher, the difference was so great as to form a contrast. Mr. Beecher was a genius; Mr. Spurgeon, a man of immense talent. As a German says: "The imagination of talent reproduces the stated fact; the inspiration of genius makes it anew. The first disengages or repeats: the second invents or creates." Beecher was almost destitute of verbal memory; Spurgeon, a phenomenon of precision, quickness, and retentiveness therein. As an organizer, Beecher was without marked ability. Spurgeon lacked but little of having a "genius for government" and system. The one understood human nature in general, but was easily duped; the other had an almost intuitive perception of character, of fitness or unfitness for a particular use. The great preacher of America was unpractical and dreamy; the Englishman had a sturdy common sense which never failed. Beecher was a man of moods, worked when he felt like it, and inclined to procrastinate; Spurgeon was as industrious as a mechanic paid by the piece, and punctual to the minute. The pastor of Plymouth Church preached, wrote, and lectured on many themes not closely related; the preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was primarily a man of one book and one work. The former received immense sums for lecturing; the latter, after his early years, declined to lecture. Beecher attached less importance to the letter of the Bible, accepting it in general; he conceived his own ideas, giving to them two elements which mark genius, "novelty and grandeur," using the Scriptures as far as they would illustrate his conceptions. All of Spurgeon's sermons were drawn directly from the Bible; hence, where Beecher was often vague, though splendid as the Milky Way, and, to the ordinary mind, when different sermons were compared, seemed somewhat contradictory, Mr. Spurgeon was positive. Though Universalists, Swedenborgians, and Spiritualists, claimed Beecher, and Arminians and Calvinists quoted him against each other, none ever doubted as to what Spurgeon held, or accused him of self-contradiction. Mr. Beecher made radical changes in his theology; Mr. Spurgeon none.

For the Table.

GINGERBREAD.—Stir together until quite light a quarter of a pound of fresh butter and a quarter of a pound of brown sugar; then mix in half a pint of West India molasses. Sift rather less than a pint and a half of flour. Beat four eggs until very light and stir them gradually into the mixture alternately with the sifted flour. Add a heaping teaspoonful of ginger and a heaping teaspoonful of cinnamon. Stir all well. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of soda in as much warm water as will dissolve it, then stir it in at the last. Put the mixture into a buttered tin pan, square or round, and set it immediately into the oven, which must be brisk but not too hot, and bake it well. When you think it done try it with a broom straw thrust into the center, and do not take the cake from the oven unless it come out clean and dry. It requires long baking.

APPLE TARTS.—Pare, quarter, core and boil in a half-teacupful of water until very soft, ten large tart apples; beat till very smooth, then add the yolks of six eggs (or three whole eggs), juice and grated rind of two lemons, half a cup of butter, one and onehalf cups of sugar, or more if not sweet enough. Beat all thoroughly, line little tart-tins with puff-paste, fill with the mixture and bake five minutes in a hot oven. If wanted very nice, take the whites of six eggs (when the yolks of the six are used), mix with six tablespoonfuls pulverized sugar, spread on the top of the tarts, return to the oven and brown nicely.

ALMOND TARTS.—For almond tarts, beat to a cream the yolks of three eggs and a quarter of a pound of sugar, add half a pound of shelled almonds, pounded slightly, and put in tart-tins with puff-paste. Bake eight minutes.

COCOANUT TARTS.—Dissolve half a pound of sugar in quarter of a pint of water: add half a grated cocoanut; let this boil slowly for a few minutes, and when cold add the well beaten yolks of three eggs and the whites of one. Beat all well together, and pour into patty-pans lined with rich crust. Bake a few minutes. When removed from the oven, cover the tarts with a meringue made of the whites of three eggs, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Return to oven and brown delicately.

TART SHELLS.—Roll out thin a nice puff paste, cut out with a biscuit cutter, and with a smaller cutter (a wineglass will do) cut out the centers of two or three of these, lay the rings thus made on the third, and bake immediately; or shells may be made by simply lining patty pans with paste. If the paste be light the shell will be fine, and may be used for tarts or oyster parties.

Road Improvement.

Every farmer should make a note of the following extract, which is taken from a circular sent by Secretary Donly of the Canadian Wheelman's Association to all the bicycle clubs in the country:—"The question of road improvements is a gigantic one, but during the coming year the Canadian Wheelmen's Association proposes to face it and endeavor to start an agitation in Canada that will result in a revolution in the methods employed in the care of our common country roads. The public mind is in a state of coma on this great question. It will be our aim to arouse it. Our scheme of repairing roads in the spring by statue labor is a screaming farce. There is not a thinking man in Canada who does not know it to be utterly indefensible. In no other way does the average farmer lose more time than through bad roads. If it were only possible to put plainly before every farmer in Canada a few figures showing him the tremendous disadvantage he labors under in comparison with his brother farmer, in lands where the railroads have perhaps cost less, but the wagon roads are good, I believe that he would not rest until this great drawback to our national progress was corrected. This task can only be approached on lines that will be successful in one way; organization is essential, and the object to be attained is of such considerable importance as to deserve for it the support of the most influential of Canadian wheelmen."

He Ate the Foundation.

Mrs. Skinner—"Great heavens, Mr. Sixaweek, what have you done?"

Mr. Sixaweek—"Why, nothing."

Mrs. Skinner—"have you eaten the bottom crust to that pie?"

Mr. Sixaweek—"Why, yes, that's 'bout all there was."

Mr. Skinner—"Didn't you know I always keep the bottom crust for the next pie?"

SUN SPOTS.

What England's Astronomer Royal Says o the Phenomena.

The spot on the sun, first noticed on th 5th inst., has had special attention directed to it by the reports received of the interference with the telegraphic system of Russia, Sweden, the United States and Canada, the magnificent display of aurora borealis on Saturday night last and the magnetic disturbance which was also experienced in this country. Mr. Christie, the astronomer royal, informed our representative yesterday that this is the largest spot yet photographed at the Greenwich Observatory (where the sun has been regularly and systematically photographed since 1873,) and that the greatest attention has been paid to it with a view to clear up, as far as possible, moot points with regard to the cause, periodically, and, perhaps, even more particularly, the magnetic disturbance which these spots bring about on this earth. Some excellent photographs have been secured, but, unfortunately, on several days the sun was obscured, and until photographs are received from India or Mauritius the investigation can not be regarded as complete. However, the information which Mr. Christie has obtained is of the greatest interest and value. In the first place, the spot is found to be composed of two nuclei, very black, surrounded, as usual, by a penumbra or fringe, and with several smaller nuclei connected with it. Occupying as it does an area of about 1-350ths of the face of the sun as we see it, the "spot"—still to speak of it in the singular number—is plainly shown on the negatives taken at the observatory; photographic plate ten inches square being used, and the solar disk being eight inches in diameter. Without, therefore, the aid of a magnifying glass, the unusual size and importance of the spot are at once evident. But it is when the negative is placed under the microscope and accurately measured that the details of its size become more striking, for it is found that, while its greatest length is about 100,000 miles and its greatest breadth 60,000 miles, the whole group extends over 150,000 miles.

Asked as to what was the cause of these spots, Mr. Christie said that

THERE HAD BEEN SEVERAL THEORIES

framed to account for the phenomenon, but none that was entirely satisfactory. There were those, for instance, of Faye, Secchi, and Lockyer. The theory of the last named was that the spots are caused by a bombardment of meteoric matter falling into the sun and causing a great "splash." The nucleus, as the dark spot is called, is cold, and is at lower level than the general surface of the sun; while around the spot are generally seen what are called faculæ, parts of the sun's surface which are raised up. Often by means of the spectroscope can be traced masses of molten matter surging round and over the nucleus. The apparent movement of the spot across the face of the sun is, of course, the movement of the sun itself carrying the so-called spot with it. On these points Mr. Christie was careful to state that all is conjecture; and he pointed out, as an objection to Mr. Lockery's, theory that while the spots never appear far from the sun's center the nearer the spot is to the solar equator the faster it appears to move; a spot at the extreme limit from the equator taking two days longer to complete the circuit than one near to it. What he was able to speak more positively upon, from the records at the Observatory, was the characteristic of the spots as they have been observed. In this connection a very valuable series of diagrams have been prepared by Mr. Ellis, both from the observations since 1873 and from the records prior that year, showing not only that the magnetic disturbances have been coincident with the appearance of the spots, but that the intensity of the disturbance has been in exact ratio with the size of the spot. They further show that the "spottiness" of the sun reaches its maximum every eleven years, dying gradually down to its minimum of absolute freedom from spots, and as gradually increasing. There was, for instance, a minimum in 1878, and the maximum at the end of 1882 or the beginning of 1883. Then, again, there was a minimum in 1889, since which year the number and frequency of the spots have been increasing. It is a notable fact that when there are the fewest spots they come near the equator, but when a fresh cycle begins the spots appear in higher latitudes—about 35 degrees or so from the equator, though never appearing at a greater distance than 40 degrees.

These are the solar phenomena in connection with the spots. The terrestrial magnetic phenomena are equally striking, the magnetic storms or disturbances being of great extent—amounting to several degrees in the deviation of the compass.

IN THE PRESENT INSTANCE,

soon after the spot had passed the central meridian, there was a great magnetic disturbance from noon on Saturday to noon on Sunday, and that was accompanied by aurora on Saturday night. During this period both the movement of the needle to the north and its attraction to the earth showed great disturbance. This has been fixed by the recording instruments at Greenwich, which work in this way: In the point of the magnetized needle is a small mirror, which reflects light upon sensitized paper. Ordinarily, therefore, there is on the paper, which revolves on a drum, a continuous line, which shows that the needle has been quiescent. But when the magnetic disturbance of Saturday set in, instead of a straight line there was recorded a series of zigzag lines, showing that the needle was darting from one side to the other to such an extent to get off the paper—some four or five inches in width—on both sides, many times, and exactly the same results were found in the register of currents passing through the earth. The matter of interest now, said Mr, Christie, is to discuss what is the connection between the sun spots and these extraordinary magnetic disturbances. There are now three or four marked cases on record of large spots on the sun being coincident with these disturbances on the scale experienced during the past few days; but while there are no cases of a lage spot being seen without magnetic disturbances being felt, there are cases in which the latter have been experienced without sun-spots being visible. This might be urged as upsetting the theory; but we only see what is going on on one side of the sun, and it is very possible the spot was "on the other side;" so that the absence of a visible spot can not be held to prove that there is nothing on the sun causing the disturbance.

The Inference is That He Would.

Promoter (in a confidential whisper)—"If I should approach Alderman Huckleberry with an offer of $1,000 for his influence do you think he would accept it?"

Fellow-Promoter (after some reflection)—"From the fact that he came to me the other day and offered to help us through with the scheme for $150, I am inclined to think he would."

There is no worship where there is no joy.

WEALTHY MASHONALAND.

Gold and Silver Which Assay Enormous Richness.

Experts—men who have spent many years gold-mining in this and other countries—are confident that Mashonaland will prove the richest gold country in the world.

Besides gold, Mashonland is rich in silver; very rich lodes have been discovered in the Lo Mogundi district these had likewise been worked in ancient times. Chips from the blossom rock give an assay of over one hundred ounces of silver to the ton. Galena containing a very large percentage of silver has been found in large bodies in Manica. And in different parts, other minerals have been discovered whose nature and value have not yet been tested.

Iron is found everywhere off the granite beds, and often in almost a virgin state. I cannot possibly declare that the future of Mashonaland as a gold-producing country is assured. Only deep sinking, careful development and the battery test will prove that. But I do say the prospects disclosed by what work has already been done, quite satisfy the expectation of the most sanguine. No one can say what is under the ground, but there are good reasons for feeling confident that the promises of the surface and of the depths that have been already reached will be fulfilled when the country is mined in a practical manner. Of wood and water there is abundance, and in many parts there is the fall necessary for water-power. I have said that all the clams pegged out as yet are on old workings. Whoever the people were who worked these mysterious mines, they knew as much if not more about gold prospecting than we do. Almost all the gold-bearing outcrop is worked away. Where the ancient worked, it is invariably rich.

Present Day Philanthropy

The dominant idea underlying all religious and philanthropic efforts to-day is social service. A multitude of different and distinct tendencies all unite in this idea. Religion has ceased to care only for the salvation of the soul in another life, and has become actually eager in its efforts to save men's bodies and brighten and enrich their lives in this present life. Philanthropic societies of every sort are coming to think less of the temporary alleviation of need and pain, and more of bringing about such conditions as will reduce pain and need to a minimum. And even queenly Science herself, has given over for a time, the pursuit of abstract truth, while she brings out of her storehouse such facts as will sweeten and fortify human life. Time was when this tendency was spoken against, as an outcome of materialism, and even to-day there may be found a few who condemn man's attempt to improve his environment, their theory being, that he will be thus led to grow so satisfied with this world that he will forget all about the world to come. But such good souls are in a hopeless minority. The self-centred isolation that distinguished the old-time saints, is giving way before the diffusive solidarity that is the note of our democratic age. To-day men do not most readily find God in the darkness and silence of a cell, but in the places where men and women are most wont to gather, and in wise and helpful plans for the progress and happiness of the race. In these latter years of the nineteenth century a new and vibrant meaning has been put into the words of the Apostle: "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

Desperado Trapped by a Woman.

A most remarkable capture of a desperado was accomplished at Deckertown, New Jersey, on Saturday, by Mrs. Sarah Baker, the wife of a farmer living near there. She was sitting alone in the dining room on Saturday afternoon when a tramp entered the house. He was some moments in the dining room before he saw her. Through trouble with her eyes she was wearing green spectacles, and this fact, together with her silence, made the tramp believe she was blind. He commanded her to get him something to eat, and this she did. He asked her if she could see, but she said she could not, although she knew her way about the house. After making a hearty meal he demanded what money there was in the place. She at first said there was none, whereupon he seized her by the hair and threatened to kill her. To save her life she told him that a roll of bank notes was concealed in the oven in the kitchen. This was a large brick oven belonging to an old-fashioned fireplace not now in use. The tramp opened the oven and got in, trying to find the loose brick behind which the notes were concealed. While he was thus busy, she took up the kettle from the stove and poured some boiling water on his legs, which he promptly drew inside. She thereupon closed the oven door and secured it with a table knife. She then ran to a neighbour's and told her story to some men, who released her captive and took him to a lock-up.

Judicious Advertising.

The advertiser often slights this, which is a most important branch of his business. He prepares his copy hurriedly and without judgment or thought, leaves its display to the printer's taste, does not attract the eye or the dollar of the reader, and then says advertising does not pay. Advertising is an art, and does pay, if made a study. The advertising agent has goods just as legitimate and valuable to sell as the salesman of drugs or jewelry, and this fact is recognized by advertisers. The essentials of advertising can perhaps be stated as but three in number: you must have what people want or can be made to want; you must select the proper medium to reach them, and you must tell your story in an attractive and forceful manner. All the resources of modern ingenuity are called to the aid of the advertiser—art, poetry, music, high literary ability, keen business insight, all contribute their quota. Lincoln's famous saying that "you can fool all the people part of the time, and part of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," must not be denied in practice, if one expects to build up an enduring success. Advertising is a field of an infinitude of variety; what succeeds in one branch, is a failure in another. Intelligent study of the question is an absolute necessity.—[Pharm Era.

He whom the gods favor dies young, while he is in his health, has his senses and his judgment sound.—[Plautus.

Mr. Topnody is no lawyer, but his wife is an able woman. He was stumpled in his reading the other evening and appealed to her. "Are you up in Latin, my dear?" he asked. "What do you want to know?" she enquired with proper caution. "I want to know the difference between de jure and de facto." Mrs. T. studied a moment. "Well," she said, "you are at the head of this family de jure." "Yes" he put in, "I understand that." "And," she concluded, with some vigour, "I am at the head of it de facto."

The Sabbath Chime.

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword:
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

THE EARTH'S MOTION.

It is Alleged that the Poles in Moving Describe Circles.

One of the most curious inquiries of a scientific nature now under way is the investigation of the fixity of the earth's axis of rotation. It appears from various astronomical observations that the latitudes of certain observatories in Europe and the United States are slowly changing. The changes are exceedingly slight, so that only the most delicate measurements can reveal them; but in many branches of science it is the small things that count most, since they give the investigator his closest acquaintance with the operations of nature.

Yet, although the variations of latitude that seem to have been detected are very small—amounting, for instance, in the case of the observatory of Pulkowa, in Russia, to a motion away from the North Pole of six inches in a year—very interesting deductions may be drawn from them. Mr. C. C. Comstock has suggested, in a careful discussion of the subject, that the change in the position of the poles, which is indicated by the variations in question, might possibly be the result of a slight motion still remaining over from a great shifting of the earth's axis in long past time, by which the North Pole was brought from the center of Greenland to its present position.

The idea that the North Pole may once have been in Greenland, arises from the fact that Greenland was the center of the area which was covered with ice during the glacial epoch. Such a shifting of the pole would, then, serve to explain the disappearance of the ice sheet that once covered North America as far south as the latitude of New York.

Mr. S. C. Chandler, after studying the results of the observations that have been made as to variations of latitude, has deduced the conclusion that all the changes can be accounted for by supposing that the North Pole revolves in a circle sixty feet in diameter, once in every four hundred and twenty-seven days.

To many persons such inquiries may not appear to be of much practical importance, but is it not worth while to learn everything we can about this great ship of space which is bearing us on a wonderful voyage through the ocean of infinity, and every peculiarity of whose motion has some relation to the forces that control the apparently endless journey?

The Beauty of Apology.

Scarcely a day passes but each one of us is guilty, through carelessness, ignorance, or perhaps intention, of some unkind, hasty, word or act against another. We misjudge another's word or deed, and, with angry motives, we try to right ourselves and assert our injured dignity. When our better nature is restored we regret that we were not slow to anger. We are mortified that our own perceptions were not keen enough to see the word or deed from an impartial point of view, and often we feel true contrition that we have cherished unjust suspicions, and voiced our thoughts indignantly and harshly. There is an uneasy tugging of our conscience and a hurt spot in another's heart—two discords where all might have been harmonious. Or we are so busy with our duties, so wrapped up in our efforts to get what we wish, that we hurry along rough-shod over anything or person that checks our hasty pace. We are not unkind, but careless of another's share in the daily doings. We are self-assertive, and we imagine every one else equally able to maintain himself. We are surprised to find ourselves charged with indifference and selfishness, and to see another indignant at our self-centered course; or we are ignorant of the tender spot, the sensitive nerve, in our neighbor's more high-strung nature, and with idle or best-intentioned chat, we press clumsily the place we should avoid.

All this is annoying, and we who conscientiously live to do good rather than evil, feel discouraged with our tactless selves, and often justly with those whose feelings are apparently "always on draught." But how many of us are willing to apologize? How many cheerfully use this, the first means of righting wrongs? Just why should false pride succeed in convincing us that to assure another that we regret the wrong, and are minded not to repeat it, is humiliating? The humiliating part of the matter is our own shortcoming in tact and thoughtfulness, not the fact that we say we see our blunder. The offense is twofold—our part and our neighbor's—and it is not enough to be mentally resolved that the trouble shall not arise again. The neighbor should share this resolve, this mental apology. Not that apology is the whole of repentance, genuine turning from past acts, but it is the first chord that leads quickly, naturally back from discordant keys to past or higher harmonies.

The Fisheries of Lake Superior.

At Port Arthur alone the figures of the fishing industry for the market are astonishing. In 1888 the fishermen there caught 500,000 pounds of white-fish, 360,000 pounds of lake trout, 48,000 pounds, of sturgeon, 90,000 pounds of pickerel, 30,000 pounds of other fish, or more than a million pounds in all. They did this with an investment of $3800 in boats and $10,000 in gill and pound nets. This yield nearly all went to a Chicago packing company, and it is in the main Chicago and Cleveland capital that is controlling the lake's fisheries. The white-fish is, in the opinion of most gourmets, the most delicious fish known to Americans. The lake trout are mere food. I am told that they are rather related to the char than to the salmon. They are peculiar to our inland waters. They average five to ten pounds in weight, and yet grow to weigh 120 pounds; but whatever their weight be, it is a mere pressure of hard dry flesh, calculated only to appease hunger.

Spiders are seven times stronger in proportion than lions.

INCENDIARISM IN MONTREAL.

Four Blazes in One Hour—Firemen Overcome by the Dense Smoke.

A despatch from Montreal says:—Bonsecours Market, an old historic landmark, and at one time the City Hall, was badly damaged by fire to-day. That incendiaries are at work there can be no doubt, as within an hour no less than four blazes were discovered, all of which bore evidence of having been set on fire. The market conflagration is serious. Upwards of twenty firms, principally in the dead meat, provisions and fruit business, have been either partly or wholly burned out and the stocks of many others in the building badly damaged by smoke. Notwithstanding this, however, the loss, owing to the nature of the stocks carried by the firms, is exceedingly hard to estimate but it is probably safe to say that it will not reach $20,000. The damage however, was not the most serious feature of the fire by any means, for there were many accidents, and upwards of twenty of the brave officers and men of the Montreal department narrowly escaped sacrificing their lives to the cause of duty. Suffocation from the dense smoke was the principal cause of the disaster. It was the second time in the history of Montreal fires that a general ambulance alarm had to be turned in. This was done shortly after 1 o'clock and from that hour until 5 o'clock the four ambulances of the Montreal General and the Notre Dame hospitals were kept busy carry the unfortunate firemen to the two institutions. It is not improbable that some of the cases may yet end fatally. Many of the sufferers were taken either to their homes or to their several stations,

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—it is a vain charge that men bring against the divine precepts, that they are rigorous, severe, difficult; when, besides the contradiction to our Savior, who tells us His "yoke is easy" and His "burthen light," they thwart their own calm reason and judgment. Is there not more difficulty to be vicious, covetous, violent, cruel, than to be virtuous, charitable, kind? Doth the will of God enjoin that that is not conformable to right reason, and secretly delightful in the exercise and issue? And, on the contrary, what doth Satan and the world engage us in, that is not full of molestation and hazard? Is it a sweet and comely thing to combat continually against our own consciences, and resist our own light, and commence a perpetual quarrel against ourselves, as we ordinarily do when we sin?—[Dr. Charnock.

Tuesday—

The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure,
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggle in this.
—[Robert Browning.

Wednesday—The practice of men holds not an equal pace; yea, and often runs counter to their theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evil; the rhetoric wherewith I persuade another cannot persuade myself, there is a depraved appetite in as that will with patience hear the learned instructions of reason, but yet perform no farther than agrees to its own irregular humor. In brief, we all are monsters, that is a composition of man and beast wherein we must endeavor to be as the poets fancy that wise men Chiron, that is, to have the region of the man above that of beast, and sense to sit out at the feet of reason. Lastly, I do desire with God, that all, but yet affirm with men, that few shall know salvation: that the bridge, is narrow, the passage straight unto life; yet those who do not confine the Church of God either to particular nations, churches, or families, have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it.—[*Sir T. Browne.*

Thursday—With our sciences and our cyclopædias we are apt to forget the divineness in those laboratories of ours. We ought not forget it. That once well forgotten I know not what else were worth remembering! Most sciences, I think, were then a very dead thing—withered contentions, empty—a thistle in late autumn. The test science, without this, is but as the dead timber; it is not the growing tree and forest—which gives ever new timber among other things! Man can not know either unless he can worship in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry and dead thistle otherwise.—Thomas Carlyle.

Friday.—

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their foot-steps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.
—[Anonymous.

Saturday—The simplicity of a good and trustful instinct looks not in vain to God. "That little fellow," said Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care of to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding on his little twig, and leaving God to think of them." And thus, what Christ would tell us that the flowers, by the divine hieroglyphics of their ephemeral beauty, teach us that God loves us; is and the birds, by their divinely implanted instinct strenuous trust, in every varying light upon their plumage, and in every beat of their quivering wing, and in every warbled melody of their natural joy, say to us; "Fear not; be not anxious. Your heavenly Father feedeth us, and are not ye of much more value than we are—of more value than many sparrows?"—[F. W. Farrar.

Farmers' Boys and City Life.

The boys of the country will soon see that they can make more by staying at home than by running off to town. The farm is a far better place than the city and the farm of the future will be coveted by the people of the cities. As it is, our farmers' boys, if they will use the same study, brains and energy which enable them to live from hand to mouth as it were in the city on the farm, they can make a success of it and can grow up into a life of independent manhood that they can have nowhere else. The farmer of to-day has most of the advantages of the city. He lives better than his city brother and with his books and his papers he has the leisure to live an intellectual life which his city brother cannot have.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, effects a permanent cure of catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

HOW THE SULTAN EATS.

He Himself Lives Simply but Feeds Lavishly Six Thousand Persons.

The author of "The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" describes the present Sultan of Turkey as leading a very simple life. He came to the throne in 1876, without any agency of his own, and almost against his own will, after living for many years in retirement, and no doubt finds his trappings of royalty something of a burden.

When it is said that he lives simply, however, the word must be understood as applying to his personal habits rather than to his official surroundings and expenditures. Thus it is estimated that more than 6000 persons are fed every day at his Dolma Bagtche palace when he is there. The treasurer of the household has a pretty heavy burden upon his shoulders.

There is a regularly organized force of buyers, each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for the palace. One man's duty is to buy fish; and to do this for 6000 persons is no light undertaking in a city which has no great markets. About ten tons a week are required, and to secure this some twenty men are kept busy.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is almost a matter of course; it is said that enough is thrown away daily to feed a hundred families. But such waste is not confined to a Turkish royal household, and might be found in kitchens nearer home. The surplus is gathered up by the beggars, with whom Constantinople abounds, and what still remain is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ℗

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

Martin Luther's Last Will and Prayer.

The last will of Luther is less known than some of the events of his life, and in it the circumstances and character of the man are grandly displayed. It closes thus:—

"O Lord God, I thank Thee that Thou wouldst have me to be poor upon the earth; I have no house, land, possessions or money to leave. Thou hast given me a wife and children; to Thee I leave them; nourish, teach and save them, as hitherto Thou hast me, O Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widows. O, my Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed Thy Son Jesus Christ to me; on whom I have believed, whom I have professed, whom I have loved, whom I have celebrated; whom the Bishop of Rome and the multitude of the wicked do persecute and reproach. I pray Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul. My Heavenly Father, although I am taken out of this life, though I must now lay down this body, yet I certainly know that I shall dwell with Thee forever, neither can I by any be plucked out of Thy hands. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16; x. 28; 2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8."

A crippled man is helpless; frost-bites cripple and St. Jacobs Oil cures frost-bite promptly and permanently. A fact without dispute.

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CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,

Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

A Sympathetic Boy.

"Young Hopeful—"Papa, it worries me awful to think how much trouble I give mamma."

"Papa—"She hasn't complained."

"No, she's real patient. But she often sends me to the stores for things, and the stores is a good ways off sometimes, and I know she gets most sick wait'n when she's in a hurry."

"Not often, I guess."

"Oh, she's most always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for bread, an' finds at the last minute she hasn't any yeast or she gets a pudding all fixed, and finds she hasn't any nutmeg or something; and then she's in an awful stew 'cause the oven is all ready, and maybe company comin' and I can't run a very long distance, you know, and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma."

"Humph! Well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinkin' you might get me a bicycle."

Senor Don Antonio del Castillo says 3,000 tons of meteoric stone fell from the moon in his part of Mexico recently.

True dignity does not depend on the place we occupy in life, but on the spirit and manner in which the duties of the place are acquitted.

What She Said.

Mrs. R. Peck, E. 15th street, New York City, visited Canada last year, and had the good fortune to pick up something which not only suited her, but her neighbors also. Writing the manufacturers of Nerviline she says:—"I bought three bottles of Nerviline while in Canada and treated my neighbors to some of it, and all think it the best medicine for internal or external pain they have ever used." Nerviline deserves such a commendation, for it is a most powerful, penetrating, and certain remedy for pain of all kinds. Take no substitute.

The moral feelings of mankind are so organized, that men must feel toward us according to the moral qualities which we possess.

Nature's Creative Powers Srpass

all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that quench life. Also St. Leon soothes, feeds, and tones up the nerve and vital forces, is so full of that mysterious life, sustaining fluid can be ignited. The charmed, refined feelings that flow steadily on when St. Leon is imbibed those only can tell who try it well.

Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds. It is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils, but in ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful.

Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and reconstructor of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained on an average, a pound of flesh a week. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who declare that they are the only medicine that they have ever used that done all that is claimed for it. Sold by all dealers.

From experience, that discouragements are to be found on all sides, but that encouragements are dealt out sparingly by prudent hands?

There is no morality without religion, and there is no religion without morality. Morality is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle.



Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c, and $1.00.

CATARRH DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE CURED never fails, send 5c. in stamps for postage and we will mail you FREE a free trial package. Clark Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.

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R. & T. W. Stamped on each Drop.

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GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM
For sale by Druggists. Price 15c

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Of those things only should one be afraid which have the power of doing others harm.

A. P. 601

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

Are a BLOOD BUILDER and NERVE TONIC. They supply in condensed form ALL the substances needed to enrich the Blood and to rebuild the Nerves, thus making them a certain and speedy cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, and shattered nerves, such as paralysis, spinal diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, loss of memory, erysipelas, palpitation of the heart, scrofula, chlorosis or green sickness, that tired feeling that affects so many, etc. They have a specific action on the sexual system of both men and women, restoring lost vigor.

WEAK MEN

(young and old), suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-abuse, should take those PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.

SUFFERING WOMEN

afflicted with the weaknesses peculiar to their sex, such as suppression of the periods, bearing down pains, weak back, ulcerations, etc., will find these pills an unfailing cure.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS

should take these Pills. They enrich the blood, restore health's roses to the cheeks and correct all irregularities.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. These Pills are sold by all dealers only in boxes bearing our trade mark or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box or 6 for $2.50.

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The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1892.

MR. EDGAR'S CHARGES.

We think that there cannot be any doubt in impartial minds that the attitude assumed by the Dominion Government against the attacks made by the opposition is a just and reasonable one. The argument on the part of the government is this, in brief:

If an accusation is brought against a minister of the crown of malversation, of misappropriating the public funds; of receiving bribes to influence him in his capacity of public minister; then, it becomes the duty of the House of Commons to bring the accused before the bar of the House, and to enquire into the truth or falsity of the charges brought against him. It is a charge of malfaisance of office, and can only be carried before the High Court of Parliament by an Impeachment of the accused minister. If such an accusation had been made, the government proposed themselves willing to meet it, but nothing of the sort was allayed by Mr. Edgar, nor in the nature of things, could it be The subsidies voted to the railway named in his list of charges were voted by parliament and were altogether out of the control of the department over which Sir Adolphe Caron presided, nor is it pretended that he exercised, or attempted to exercise an undue influence on the consideration of those subsidies. There was therefore, no room for the action of the House as against a minister of the crown.

That disposes of the first part of the opposition cry against the Dominion Government. If there has been as the former contend, "quibbling and evasions," it has not been on the part of the latter. There remains to be seen how far the real charges formulated by Mr. Edgar affect the position of the Dominion Government, nor towards one of its members, but towards the members of the House, and in order to understand this we must again examine the charges of Mr. Edger Divested from all superfluous verbiage, theyare as follows:

1. Certain subsidies were voted to certain railways.

2 The contractors for those railways contributed to election funds,

3. Str Adolphe Caron administered those funds.

4. They were devoted to the purpose of corrupting the electors in certain counties named.

Now, unless it is pretended (which does not appear on the face of the charges) that the vote of the subsidies was in pursuance of a corrupt bargain between the government and the contractors for the railways in question, there can be no doubt as to the right of the contractors to subscribe to any election funds that might please them There can be equally little doubt that those men in whom the party opposition or government place their confidence should have control of the expenditure of those friends. If those monies have been corruptly expended for electioneering purposes, the remedy lies in the courts of law provided especially for such cases. The position of the Doninion Government is clear and defined; if Mr. Edgar chooses to impeach Sir Adolphe Caron for malfiasance, he may have a Committee of the House; if he chooses to accuse him of administering efection funds corruptly the courts of law are open to him, before he appeals to the House of Commons to rectify a possible wrong. There is no quibbling and no evasions in all this, on the government side at any rate. A government which defends the rights of the House of Commons, and the rights of the judiciary is not one that can afford to "quibble.'

The truth is that Mr. Edgar wishes to enquire into the sources and administration of conservative election funds for a period of, say, ten years; and the organs dignify his request by the name of "scandal" well! we have no objection, provided always that the same sauce is served up with the goose as it is with the gander. The House of Commons has nothing to do with election funds, on their disposal; but if it is urged that it should outstep its limits, it must enquire into the sources and administration of the election funds of both parties, equally. It is not a very safe mode of enquiry, gentlemen of the opposition, and there are many men, and not the least known, who would prefer to shirk it.

To resume, it comes to this. If Sir Adolphe Caron has betrayed his trust as a minister of the crown, formulate your charges, Mr. Edgar, and impeach him; if he has not, and you conceive yourself wronged by him, bring him before the courts of law. If you can succeed you can disqualify him and drive him out of public life. You have the choice. Impeach the ministers, or disqualify the member; but don't talk of "quibbling." It is time to put an end to covert attacks. Say what you mean, gentlemen of the opposition, if, indeed you know what you mean.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

By the Rev. John King, of Dalesville.

At the entrance of the great river St. Lawrence, we passed the island of Anticosti. This island is about 130 miles from west to east, and about 30 miles broad, it was then uninhabited, and covered with pine trees, which grew almost to the water's edge, the coast is very stony and rocky, this island was discovered by the French in 1534. As we were entering the river, the Pilot came on board, and took charge of the navigating of the vessel. He was a Canadian of French origin, and the first I had seen. He was a short, stout, weather-beaten man, dressed in blue, with the Canadian sash round his waist, and moccassins upon his feet. The St. Lawrence is 60 miles wide at its mouth. As we proceeded up the river, we found that the narrow strip of land on the south side became gradually larger, and the mountains at a greater distance. These lands were settled at a very early period by the French, but on the north shore it is very rocky, and for a considerable distance from the mouth of the river, they rise perpendicular from the water's edge. As we advanced up the river, several boats put off from the southern shore filled with Canadians, these had several things to sell. such as bread, butter, eggs, and maple sugar. These were very acceptable to those who had been so long at sea, but the maple sugar was a puzzle, which called forth Mr. Edwards to give an explanation of how it was made. How different the appearance of every thing as we advanced up the St. Lawrence, from the country we had left, the majestic river, on the bosom of which floated our gallant ship, the beautiful country on the southern shore, with its fields and Canadian villages, the houses built of wood and white-washed, peeping out from among the trees, the village church, with its spire covered with tin glistening in the sun. For the first time, for many weeks, we heard the sound of the church going bell, which brought the recollections, the fond associations of other days, then the people in appearance so swarthy, and in dress so different from the inhabitants of the British isles, These were the descendants of the men, who, under Roberval and Champlain, came to settle in New France, and who in the early days of the Colony had many a bloody battle with the Algonquins, and Hurons, two Indian nations who occupied that district. At length after passing Green isle, which is about seven miles long, we came to Gross isle, on which is established the Quarantine Station, it seemed a very desolate looking place. There were some wooden buildings upon it, and among them an hospital for the reception of the sick. Here our ship cast anchor, and the doctor came on board, all the passengers were ranked up before him, but there was no sickness except one sick of the Small Pox, and one with a broken leg, both of these were removed to the hospital and left there. We were detained at this place for nearly two days, during that time the ship had to be cleaned and fumigated, and the passengers had to take their bed clothes on shore and wash them there. This operation of washing was to many of the male sex, rather an awkward business, and was done more to obey their order, than with a view to its being well done. After getting rid of the Quarantine station at Gross isle, we came in sight of the beautiful isle of Orleans, five miles below Quebec. This island is in the middle of the river, the navigable channel is on the south side, it is 25 miles long, and 5 broad. As we passed along we could see the white cottages, the fields, orchards, and meadows, and horses, and here and there a village church. This island was visited by Jacques Cartier in his second voyage in 1535, where he found many of the Red men, who treated him with great kindness. We had also a view of the Fall of Montmorency. The Saguenay river flows from the north, and abounds in cascades, it falls into the St. Lawrence, about eight miles to the eastward of Quebec. At length after having sailed up the St. Lawrence, from its mouth 360 miles, we came in sight of Quebec, all on board were glad, for the sail up the river had been very tedious, when the wind was against us, we had to cast anchor and wait for a favourable breeze, besides, we had been long at sea, nearly six weeks, so that we were all glad when the sailors cried out Quebec. This then was the city founded by the heroic and enterprising Champlain. It is situated on a high point of land on the north west side of the St. Lawrence, at the confluence of the river St. Charles. The river here is contracted by a point of land on the opposite side to the breadth of three-fourths of a mile, but afterwards expands to the width of five or six miles. It is supposed that the name Quebec, in the Algonquin language signifies this contraction. The city is divided into the upper and lower towns; the upper stands upon limestone rock on the side of Cape Diamond. The fortifications of Quebec are the stongest in North America, the castle of St. Louis stands on the summit of the rock, and on the margin of the precipice, 200 feet high. This castle is three stories in height, 162 feet in length, and 45 in breadth. The armoury at that time contained small arms for 20,000 men. After we had cast anchor opposite Quebec, Mr. Edwards himself, and one Captain McLean, (who was going to take the command of a ship that had been built at Sorel), went ashore. We hired a French calash, and drove up to the upper town, and through St. John's gate, where was some kind of monument to the immortal Wolfe. We called upon an old lady, an old acquaintance of Mr. Edwards, and were kindly entertained by her while at her house. This was the first time I had the pleasure of sitting down to a social meal in a house, and enjoying a friendly and Christian conversation in the new world. The constant taking of Celts, put us in mind of the fact that we were in a catholic city.

The next day I and a few others went on shore, while we were standing near the landing place in the lower town, about 2 o'clock p. m., we heard a noise resembling distant thunder, some said it was the 2 o'clock gun, but as we looked behind us we saw the people running to the eastward and we followed, when entering a narrow street where the houses were built close under the rock, a sad scene presented itself to view. A large portion of the rock had fallen, crushing in its fall some of the wooden tenements below. When we arrived at the spot, men were employed removing the dead and the wounded from the rubbish. Thus in a moment some souls were without warning removed into eternity, while others were disabled for life. The fall of the rock was supposed to have been caused by the frost, which at that time was getting thawed by the heat of the sun. It appeared to me to be a very foolish thing to build houses so very near the rock, for considering its great height, if any portion of it should fall, it is impossible they could escape destruction. I should have liked very much to have visited the heights of Abraham behind and above the city, where the famous battle was fought between the French and English forces, previous to the capture of Quebec, and where Wolf was killed, but I had no time to do so, as the vessel was to sail that evening for Montreal, so leaving the scene of disaster at the rock I hastened on board, when a steambot took the vessel in tow, and we started up the river, passing Wolf's cave where the soldiers ascended to the height of Abraham. This they did by holding on the bushes, while others thrust their swords and bayonets into the crevices of the rock. The scenery on both sides of the river is very interesting, and the prospect extremely pleasing, but we did not see much of it, as a part of our sail was in the night. The next day we came to Montreal, when we landed we were received and heartly welcomed by the venerable Ebenzer Muir, and the warm-hearted and affectionate James Milne, both deacons in the Baptist Church, St. Helen Street, Montreal. Both of these brethren have since finished their course and joined the church above. When we landed in Montreal, it was about the middle of May, so that we had been six weeks from our sailing from the tail of the bank to our arriving in Montreal, a long passage compared with what is now made by ocean steamships, for in those days no steamer had ventured to cross the ocean. As I intended to spend some time in the Baptist college, Mr. James Milne kindly conducted me there to spend the night. The college was then kept in a house in Bonaventure Street, at the head of McGill Street, near the Hay market. It was presided over by Dr. Davies, an excellent scholar and a humble Christian, but who has since returned to his native country England. As students generally entered the college after the Christmas vacation, it was thought best by the Doctor and others that I should spend tee summer and fall up the Ottawa, and preach the gospel as I found opportunity, and return to Montreal after Christmas. Accordingly it was arranged that I should proceed to Clarence on the Ottawa, to Fox's Point, the residence of Mr. Edwards, and make his house my home. I left Montreal on the Friday morning, and took the Stage Coach for Lachine; a village above the rapids. It was called Lachine by Champlain, who in his ignorance supposed it to be the way to China. There was at that time no railroad between Montreal and Lachine, so that travelling was much more tedious than now. At Lachine I found the steamboat ready to sail up the Ottawa, a few miles above Lachine. The Ottawa and St. Lawrence mingle their waters together. The difference between the two can be distinctly seen for a considerable distance, the water of the St. Lawrence being green, while the water of the Ottawa is dark. In a little while we came to the rapids and island of St. Anne, where was a small village with a church, and owing to the rapids, is a small canal, with one lock through which the steamboat had to pass. Leaving this place and ascending the river where the scenery is very beautiful, we came to the lake of the two mountains. Here was pointed out to us an Indian village, inhabited by the descendants of the Iroquois, Algonquins and Nepissing. They were once powerful nations, and the proud lords of the soil now in possession of the whites, but like all the nations of the new world seem destined, in the Providence of God, to become extinct. At length the boat stopped at Carillon, Carillon was at that time but a small village, it had in it a few taverns, a brewhouse, and a stone barracks for soldiers. Carillon hill has some very good houses upon it, and a fine view down and up the river. Opposite Carillon, on the other side of the river, is the village of Point Fortune, where, it was said, that the house of Judge McDonald was built on the line between the two provinces, part being in Upper and part in Lower Canada. Great changes have taken place in this neighborhood since that time, both of a spiritual and temporal kind.

IN MEMORIAM.

Upon the Death of Mrs. Andrew McGuire.

By P. J. McGuire.

Again relentless death has visited our midst, another home has been made desolate. The spirit of our dear departed mother is on the further shore, when the sister angels met, and conducted her to the heavenly abode She has passed from darkness into everlasting light. Lovely as she was to us in person, mind, and character; and sadly though we miss her, the Heavenly Father wanted her in his kingdom, and so called her home. The sickle of death spares not the most beautiful flowers when mowing through the field of coarser grain. It is always painful to think of the narrow lease that the greatest and best can hold of its love and grandeur, upon this earth.

It is strange that there is a patient endurance and tranquil resignation in the calm expectation of that which is to come on the other side of the dark and flowing river? One solitary shining light will guide us,—which is hope engendered from the conciousness of having done our duty.

By guardian angels, led safe from temptation; safe from sin's polution, She lives whom we call dead:—

Oh! death: where is thy sting?
Oh! grave: where is thy victory?

The spirit has forsaken the tenement of clay for ever. If the departed souls of the happy are allowed to the transactions of this world, let our lives be such as to meet their approval. Into the dark, mysterious boyhood, into that vast ocean of Eternity; we are not allowed to penetrate.

Mosaic work in the Arts, may be compared to the mosaic work of human life, some coarse and some fine. Our mother was in character, of finest blended mosaic work of human nature and the materials given by God to our lost friend, were the richest jewels. Wherever He places them, they will always shine to his glory.

The unsatisfying whirl of life's gayest pleasures, cannot change or defer the will of the Almighty, when He calls us upwards to the life beyond. Can finite mind conceive the realitys.

God gives his favorites death, as well as others. The lovely, gentle influence of our lost friend, upon surrounding associates; will not be lost. Creeds and Dogmas will not be considered, the only question asked will be.—Have you done your duty in life, according to the light given? Our friend may safely answer in the affirmative.

Profound is the sleep of our mother,
The voice of love cannot wake her,
Sweet spirit, Heaven now rewards thee,
Mayest thou as a guardian angel watch,
Over the footsteps of the loved ones,
That when we waken on the morn of another world,
We may meet thee in the land where there is no sorrow.

NEW STORE & BOARDING HOUSE.

The undersigned will open on the first of May, on the premises lately occupied by

F. X. BERTRAND,

West Ward, Lachute Town, a General Store and Boarding House.

GENERAL STORE.

A general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, Candies, Confectionery, etc., will always be kept on hand and disposed of at a small advance on cost price.

BOARDING HOUSE.

The interior of the house has been lately fitted up with new furniture, and parlor, rooms, etc, are in first class order. As Mrs. Allen has been in this business so long and so well known that her past record will suffice as to the nature of the board.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

F. W. ALLEN,

Bertrand's Old Stand,
West End, Lachute.

34.

Superior Court.

Province of Quebec,
DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

In re

OCTAVE BOURGOIN ET AL.

Petitioners.

vs.

OVIDE DUSHANE, formerley of the parish of St. Jovite, in the district of Terrebonne, Merchant.

Absentee.

The said absentee and his creditors are hereby ordered to appear before one of the judges of the said Superior Court, in the Insolvency office, in the Court House, at Ste. Scholastique, the nineteenth day of April instant at ten of the clock in the forenoon in order to give their advice touching the appointment of a curator to the property of the said absentee and on such other matters as may lawfully be submitted to them.

Ste. Scholastique 8th April, 1892.

CHS. de MONTIGNY,
Prothonotary.

LOST WILL.

Any person having knowledge of the existence of a will or testamentary paper of the late James Harland Hird who died at St. Andrews Que., on the 24th of January last, is requested to communicate with the undersigned respecting the same without delay.

Alex. Cross,
Soliciter.

11 Place d'Armes
Montreal 29th March 1892.
34-3in

To be Disposed of.

A Beautiful Black

HORSE & CUTTER.

Stands 16½ hands high, weighs 1300 lbs. Tickets, 75 cents.

The person drawing the number corresponding with the one put aside, is the winner of the horse and cutter, and the one holding such number will know that he is the succesful individual when he sees it appear in the advertisement in the "WATCHMAN," which will appear the first week in May.

D. V. CAMERON, PROP.

34—tf.

"Watchman" Clubing Rates.

WATCHMAN & *Witness*.	.....	$1.50
" " Daily do.	.....	3.00
" " Weekly *Star*	.....	1.60
" " Daily do.	.....	3.40
" " " *Gazette* [new.]...		5.50

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
District of Terrebonne. } Superior Court
No. 50.

IN THE MATTER OF
JAMES FISH.
An Insolvent.

Tenders will be received up to noon on Saruday, April 16th, 1892, for the purchase of the stock of the said insolvent, consisting of Groceries, Household Furniture, such as Bedroom sets, Parlor sets, Mattresses, Tables, Chairs etc, etc., as per Inventory which may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

For further particulars
Apply to
W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.

Lachute, April 6th, 1892

Insolvent Notice.

Sale of Valuable

STALLIONS.

IN THE MATTER OF
PETER CAMPBELL,
An Insolvent.

TENDERS Will be received by the undersigned up to noon on Saturday,
APRIL 16TH, 1892,
for the purchase of the well known handsome bright Chesnut carriage Stallion,

"Harry Clay,"



Whose Stock has carried off First Prizes at the Agricultural Exhibitions of 1889 and 1890.

At the Annual Spring Show of Stallions at Lachute, 1888, HARRY CLAY obtained second prize, in 1889 first prize, in 1890, second prize, and the Dominion Exhibition held in September 1890 at the City of Ottawa, in the competition of ten of the best Carriage Stallions of the Dominion he carried off third prize.

TENDERS Will also be received for the half interest held by the said Insolvent in the famous thoroughbred Percheron Stallion,

"Clodius,"



Imported from France in April 1890, by the HARAS National of Montreal.

CLODIUS is five years old this Spring, is black grey in color and weighs 1,810 Lbs. and stands 17 hands high. Notwithstanding his great weight, his action is simply magnificent, his powerful limbs carrying him everywhere with the agility of a Blood horse.—Remarkably intelligent docile and tractable. He is the beau ideal of a Thoroughbred stock-getting heavy Draught horse.

The Pedigree of CLODIUS appears in the Government Stud Book of France and is filed with the Secretary-Treasurer of the Agricultural Society of Argenteuil.

CLODIUS took first prize at the Dominion Exhibition held at Ottawa in 1890 and was further awarded a special Diploma for high class merit.

☞ **The highest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.**

For further particulars,

Apply to

W. J. SIMPSON.
Curator.

Lachute, April 6th, 1892.

Paris Kid Glove Store.

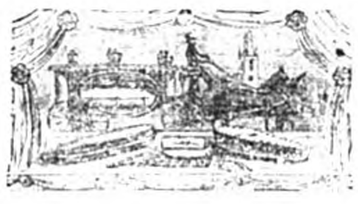
262 St. James St. Montreal.

The largest Importers of Kid Gloves in Canada. When you want Gloves of any kind write us for price list.

E. B. COOKE & Co.

33 6m

HEARSE.



The undersigned having purchased a well-equipped hearse, in Montreal is now prepared to attend funerals, and to enter more fully than heretofore into the

UNDERTAKING

Business in all its details.

Coffins and Caskets

of every description at fair

Attendance Day & Night.

SIMON McKIMMIE,

Funeral Director.

Lachute, Sept. 1891 4-6m

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Terrebonne. }

IN RE

JAMES FISH, Merchant, Lachute Que.,

Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that, on the 22nd day of February, 1892, by order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

W. J. SIMPSON,

Curator.

Lachute, March 14th, 1892.

NOTICE.

Just received, Sateens, Challice, Muslins, Veiling, Childrn's Hats and Caps, also Fancy Goods and Dress Trimmings.

Miss L. Whinfield,

Dressmaker.

East of Post Office Calumet. 33-1m

Shingles Shingles

The undersigned having made arrangements with

CALDER BROS.,

s prepared to accept orders through them for all kinds of sawn shingles, A first-class supply will always be kept on hand at the

Watchman Office,

Lachute

John Peet,

LAKEFIELD SAW MILLS

17-tf

WANTED!

SEWING BY THE DAY in private houses, able to make Mantles, Ladies' and Children's clothing. Apply by letter to

KATE A. CONWAY,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil Que

27-2in

NEW GOODS!

Just received, a large stock of Dry Goods consisting in part of American and English Prints, all beautiful patterns, Flannelletes, dark and light colors. Ginghams, Checked Cottons, Cottonades, Factory Cotton, White Muslins, all kinds.

TWEEDS.

We beg to advise our county customers and others, that any desiring to take advantage of our cheap Tweeds, can get them now in exchange for Wool in June or July.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large stock of Boots and Shoes, to select from of good quality and cheap. Call and see us. Butter, eggs, and all merchantable produce taken in exchange for goods.

BANFORD & McFAUL.

WEST END.

3a

LOOK OUT

FOR

A. ROBITAILLE,

THE



Carriage Maker & Blacksmith's

ADVERTISEMENT,

NEXT WEEK.

33

DRESS GOODS!!

Having completed our Spring purchases, we beg to call the attention of the LADIES to the unusually large Stock now in our Store, of

DRESS FABRICS.

Consisting of Novelties in Dress Goods, Dress Patterns, in Tweed Effects, Silk Warp Cashmeres, Plain Cashmeres in the Newest Shades, Serges very Cheap, All SHADES. A Fine line of Sateens very Dressy.

OUR PRINTS

Are very Special in value, being extra wide, Fine Cloth and Newest designs.

BEDFORD CORD DRESS GOODS,

in all the new shades

G. L. MEIKLE, & CO.,

31-tf Main Street, Lachute.

READ

A. MITCHELL & SON'S



ADVERTISEMENT,

NEXT WEEK.

FOR SALE.

A Choice lot of

House Plants,

56 POTS IN ALL.

Can be seen at any time at the corner of Foundry street and Barron Avenue,

LACHUTE, Que.,

32—3in.

Avis Public.

APPLICATION sera faitre a la prochaine session du Parlement du Canada pour un acte d'incorporation de la Compagnie du Chemin de fer, de la Valee d'Ottawa, avec pouvoir d'acheter cette portion du Chemin de fer Le Grand Nord, a l'ouest de Lachute, et le Chemin de fer Carillon and Grenville, de batir un pont sur la Riviere Ottawa entre Carillon and Grenville et de construire une ou des lignes de chemin de fer reliant le dit pont aux chemins de fer des deux cotes de la dite Riviere.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,

27-9in Pour Petitionnair e

PIANOS & ORGANS.



Cash or instalment plan

TERMS EASY.

Call and obtain prices.

CHAS. KENNIBURG,

Main Street.

14—tf. Lachute.

J G Davidson,



UNDERTAKER,

Main st. Lachute Que.

Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, everything complete in this line.

COFFINS FURNISHED,

Day or Night.

Scarfs and Gloves complete, for sale or to rent.

A first class new Hearse has just been purchased and is

FREE TO PATRONS.

I have been years in this branch of business in Aylmer Que., and guarantee satisfaction.

Lachute, Jan. 11th, 1891.

21-tf

FOR SALE.

6 Cows in calf,

Apply to

JAS. BOYD,

Earle's Mills, Lachute.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED pays highest prices in CASH for marketable HIDES.

A. MacGIBBON.

17 Lachute.

Properties for Sale Or To Let.

1st.—LOT No. 1548 with house and

OUT-BUILDINGS

thereon erected, situated upon

Milway Street,

LACHUTE.

House containing 5 rooms and extension kitchen, just being erected and will be ready for occupation about the first of October.

2nd—Lot No. 1122 with House and outbuildings erected thereon, situated upon the corner of Barron Avenue and Foundry Streets in the Town of Lachute, with Photo gallery, ready for use. and room suitable for a store on ground flat.

3rd—Lot No. 1527 with house erected thereon, situated upon Millway street, Lachute Town.

Also Lots Nos. 1474, 1618, 1527 and 1629 in the West Ward. Lachute Town.

For further information apply to

W. OWENS,

Proprietor,

Or to

W. J. SIMPSON,

Agent.

Lachute, P Q

ORGANS!!



The Doherty Organ leads the marke

Sewing Machines

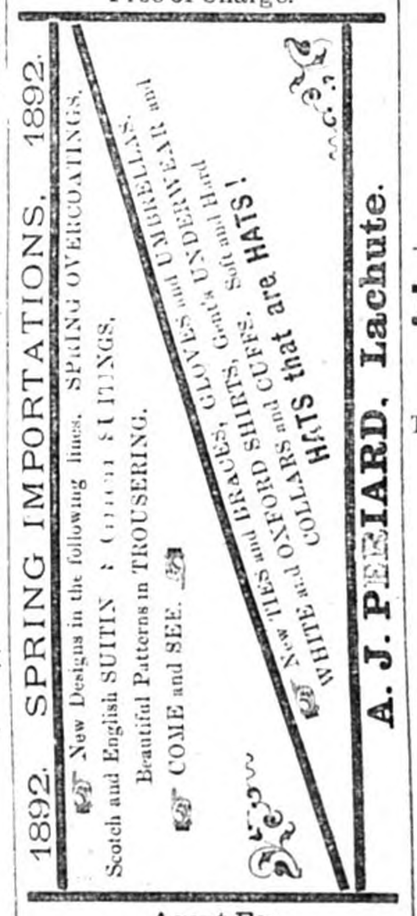
of the best makers, sold on instalment plan. Ten per cent discount for cash. Kip Long Boots $2 a pair; French Kid Bootees $1.75 a pair, at

J. A. BEDARD'S

Main st. Lachute.

(Sign of the Long Boot.) 14

Cloth Sold by the Yard, cut Free of Charge.



Agent For
Troy Steam Laundry and B.A. Dye Works.

BURDOCK PILLS

SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

D^R LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

MALCOLM SMITH,

Auctioneer,

BEECH RIDGE - - - Que.,

Will attend all Auction Sales of Farm Stock in this district, French and English, charges moderate.

Post Office address, Box 125,

Lachute, P. Q.,

OPENED AGAIN

—SELLING CHEAP.—

The undersigned having opened out their stock saved from the late fire in Roberigue's building, are now selling off at great reductions. Call and see bargains.

FRASER BROS.

Lachute, Jan. 21st 1892. 22-4m

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the **Bowels, Kidneys and Liver,** carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time **Correcting Acidity of the Stomach,** curing **Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility;** all these and many other similar Compiaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size $1.

For sale by all dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

W. J. SIMPSON

Agent,

FOR LEADING

Fire, Life And Accident,

Insurance Companies.

For Sale or To Let

THE UNDERSIGNED will sell the Brick House and lot situated just outside of Lachute Town, in the Township of Chatham, on very reasonable terms, or will let to a suitable tenant, for further particulars apply to the proprietor,

10 W. J. SIMPSON.

LUMBER.

The Lachute Lumber Company have constantly on hand, a large quantity of

Lumber,

DRESSED and UNDRESED

ORDERS may be sent to the

Brownsburg, or left with

W. J. SIMPSON.

"Watchman" Office.

REMOVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED having rented the Building formerly occupied as a store by Mr. John Bradford, has removed his

MEAT MARKET.

AND

Vegetable Shops

to this favorable stand. In thanking the public for past patronage, he still hopes to give better satisfaction in the new premisses opposite

FISH'S BRIDGE.

D. WILSON,

Butcher

DR. SABINE'S PATIENT.

CHAPTER III.

A GLIMMER OF HOPE.

Snow on the ground, white and dazzling; snow on the roofs, walls, doorsteps; snow on the bare, leafless trees and lawns of gardens—everywhere the white, ghostlike unreality of snow.

That was what a beautiful girlish face, with eyes overshadowed by an awful horror, looked out upon the morning of that Christmas-eve each time she came to the window in her restless walk to and fro—to and fro—the whole length of the spacious room, her fingers ceaselessly twining in and out each other.

"You said he would come early, doctor," she said, in a rapid apprehensive way—"you said he would come early, to be all Christmas."

"It is quite early yet, my dear," answered Dr. Sabine; "and he is quite sure to come to you, you know. I showed you his telegram from Dover, you remember, but it was too late to come here last night, of course."

"And you are sure he hasn't killed Albert? How like—like— Who was it that was murdered?" she said, so suddenly, and for the first time using the word, that even Sabine scarcely repressed a start.

"We won't talk of such a dreadful thing, my child," he said,

"Oh! yes, we will"—she put her hand to her forehead, then pushed it through the clustering locks of gold—"because this was me. Ah!"—with an impatient frown—"it's gone so—it's gone so. What is that?"

A light tap at the door, and a nurse's voice saying, quietly:

"You are wanted, please, sir."

"It is Albert!" cried Isabel, grasping the doctor's arm—"it is Albert!"

"If it is, my love, you shall see him very soon; but you must stay here for him, or I must call a nurse. Will you promise?"

"Yes—yes; I won't stir."

Dr. Sabine knew she would not disobey, and, with a nod and a smile, went out.

"Mr. Claremont has arrived, sir," whispered the nurse outside. "Shall I sit with Miss Guest?"

"No, thanks, not now."

And he went down quickly.

Warm was the greeting between the elder and younger man after these eighteen months; the latter had to hear that the beloved patient was certainly much better in health, and the brain plainly stronger, struggling against the shock; as she had just now shown, the elder had to learn Albert's odd meeting with Winton, and the possibility of a clue thus obtained.

There certainly was a man who, if he had not paid Guest, had an interest in his death.

"We'll talk it over later, dear boy," said the doctor. "I won't keep you now, and if Isabel asks you any questions, I can, I think, trust to your discretion. By the way, I should not wonder if the commissioners in lunacy make their visit to-day."

"What—to-day—Christmas-eve?"

"Yes; it was about their time last week. They should be here before Christmas—two of them and a secretary. Be off. If they come now they will see the other patients first and Isabel last."

"Do you know them? Have the same commissioners come before?"

"Yes, old Mr. Hampton and Mr. Grave; their old secretary has died since their last visitation, so there will be a new one this time. Now go up to Isabel."

Claremont knew the room well enough, and if he paused a moment at the door, it was to gather himself together as it were, it was such joy, yet bitter pain, to meet his betrothed again—such doubt, yet hope; but she would know him this time. He opened the door and entered softly.

"Albert! O, Albert!"

She sprang to her lover's open arms and flung herself upon his breast with that passionate cry.

"My darling—my own Isabel! There is thee to live for, come what may!" Albert said, pressing his lips to hers again and again, and then for minutes just held her to his throbbing heart in silence. She was so beautiful, she was so physically recovered and like her old self, that it was hard to believe the mental balance still was wanting, save for that look in the eyes that told such a sorrowful story:

Then he drew her to a sofa and sat down by her; but before he could speak, Isabel laid her soft cheek coaxingly against his, and whispered mysteriously, with a subdued eagerness that startled him.

"I want you to tell me something, dear, that I haven't asked even Dr. Sabine. I was afraid, because I slipped away and listened inside the big greenhouse. You won't be angry, will you?"

"With you, my heart—impossible! What is it?" tenderly caressing the gold head.

"Bend close then—so. Who was it that was murdered long ago? And who was it they said had done it?"

Claremont held his very breath for a second, so intensely was he internally startled.

"How do you mean, sweetheart? Tell me what you heard and I shall be able to answer your questions."

"I was in the hothouse, and the coachman and gardener were talking outside the door, which was ajar; I heard them say something about someone who," she shuddered, and the horror in her eyes deepened, "who was murdered, and a gentleman they said was——Ah, what is it, I mean?" she said, piteously, "it all goes—goes!"

"Accused—tried for it, dearest,' suggested her lover, trembling for the end of this.

"Yes, that was it. I knew you could tell, dear, because of the trouble in your face. O, the misery—the misery and horror of it all!" she cried, clinging, shuddering, to him.

Clearly memory was stirring the brain, rousing and connecting its buried knowledge with himself, but he folded her closer and soothed her agitation by tenderest words and touch that love can dictate, till presently she was listening eagerly to his tale of what he had done and seen abroad in his absence, and seemed to have forgotten her questions, which, in fact, he had not answered at all.

CHAPTER IV.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

Dr. Sabine's prognostication about the commissioners in lunacy was quicaly fulfilled by their arrival.

For obvious reasons it is the rule that these officers of law should not give notice to those in charge of insane patients, which are, therefore, unexpected by days, or even weeks, though of course something of the period when they may be calling gets to be known by experience; hence Dr. Sabine's remark, which had scarcely been uttered half an hour, when he was summoned to receive the two commissioners and their new secretary.

This gentleman was introduced as Mr. Mark Forrest, a fair man, well-looking, with bright, shrewd eyes, and close-trimmed moustache and beard that became him very well, as perhaps he knew, though his manner betrayed no vanity. On the contrary, during the visiting of the four patients, the doctor noticed that he was unassuming, quiet, and, notebook in hand, kept judiciously in the background as he took shorthand notes of questions, answers, or remarks, as his duty required.

Whilst the gentlemen were conversing with the last of these four patients, Mrs. Sabine entered the apartment where Isabel Guest and Albert still sat. He sprang up to meet her at once, as she exclaimed:

"My dearest boy, I should have come before, but I was so engaged, and I knew you had better company. Now, the doctor has sent me to say that the commissioners are here, and coming this way directly."

"And I must retreat then?" he asked.

"No, my dear. The doctor said not, unless you or Isabel wish it, or the gentlemen desire it."

"Don't leave me, Albert!" pleaded the girl, nervously. "He might kill you if you go away, you know."

"I will stay then, darling, if I may."

He turned to Mrs. Sabine again:

"Kindly ask the doctor not to introduce me by name; you understand why."

"Quite."

She left the room; and Claremont, too haughty to challenge notice from men who might shrink from him as a murderer, drew back into a position in which, as the visitors entered, he stood in shadow.

Isabel glanced wistfully in her lover's face, but said nothing. Either some curious working in her brain, or the mere intuition of the true woman's love, made her dimly conscious that he wished to be unnoticed.

She only resumed her seat, waiting. Then the visitors were heard in the corridor; but just outside the deep voice of Mr. Hamlin, the senior commissioner, exclaimed:

"How stupid of me! I have left my glasses somewhere! I do believe, in my ulster. Mr. Forrest, will you kindly step down to the hall, and look in the pockets?"

"Or perhaps in the dining-room," added Dr. Sabine. "Perhaps Mr. Forrest will look."

"Thank you, doctor, I will."

Someone went downstairs, and Dr. Sabine entered the room with the two barristers.

With graceful ease Isabel rose to receive them as they came forwards.

"I am glad to see you again," she said, with her sweet, pathetic smile. "I hope you are quite well, and wish you a happy Christmas."

"Thank you my dear Miss Guest; the same to you. What a pleasure to see you looking so well! Why, we shall find you gone, I expect; next time we come," said Mr. Hamlin, with a side glance towards the tall figure in the background, that made the doctor say quietly, en passant, as it were:

"A young friend of mine and my patient's, come for Christmas. I am very glad you find Isabel looking stronger."

"Oh, not the same being at all! And I suppose, Miss Isabel, as devoted to the doctor as ever, eh? Nothing to complain of?" smiling, as well he might, on so fair a face.

"Oh, how you will jest!"

"Well," said the other gentleman, Mr. Graves, "it is better to laugh than to cry. Isn't it, Miss Guest?"

Whilst they were speaking, just as Mr. Graves addressed her by name, the secretary quietly entered, unnoticed at the moment, save by the doctor, who was on that side of the room, and Claremont.

Forrest looked quickly towards Isabel as her name was spoken, doubtless struck by the perfect outline of profile presented as she faced the commissioners; then his glance caught sight of Albert's, gave him a second, more intent look, and lifted his brows a little in mildly-surprised recognition; then moving to a side-table, put on it the spectacle-case he had fetched, and said in a quiet undertone to Dr. Sabine:

"Pardon, but surely that gentleman is the same—such a marked face, and I was in court—who was tried——"

"Yes," said Sabine, shortly, vexed at the recognition: "and acquitted, remember."

"Ah, yes, of course, pardon me."

"That you, Forrest? Got my glasses?" said Mr. Hamlin, turning round a step towards him.

"Yes, Mr. Hamlin."

The secretary took them up, came forwards, and handed them to their owner with a bow.

As he moved from the gloom into the full light of both windows, Isabel turned, as one naturally does towards a moving thing, and her eyes rested on his face for one moment, with a wide, startled look, through all their habitual horror.

Three of those present saw her with bated breath—her lover, the doctor, and Mr. Graves. In the next second there swept over that young face such a change as no man could ever see in it again; for, suddenly, like a flash, the full noonday blaze of light burst through the awful veil of insanity, full reason glowed in that terrible gaze of recognition, quivered in every line of that beautiful, avenging face.

"At last!—at last!" she cried, pointing her right hand at the secretary. "There stands the man who murdered Rolf Guest! There stands the assassin of my brother! *I saw him do the deed!*"

"By Heaven! what I thought!" muttered Albert, instantly at her side.

But the man so suddenly, so terribly accused, staggered back as if a pistol shot had struck him, livid to the lips, struggling to speak, his starting eyes glaring at the woman, who stood there still pointing to him.

"Good Heavens! What does this mean?" burst out Mr. Hamlin, horrified and bewildered.

And with a desperate effort Forrest rallied.

"It means," he said, hoarsely, "that that poor creature is raving mad instead of better, as Dr. Sabine affirmed."

Somehow, by one common instinct of things, all those four other men present left the accuser, the murdered man's sister, to answer: each felt, each new that madness was passed away, and Truth revealed.

"It means," she said, and the low, stern tones vibrated through the room like a knell of doom to one at least—"it means that whereas I was driven mad by the awful sight of murder done, now I am made sane, in Heaven's justice, by the sight of the murderer, who all this time has suffered this guiltless man"—she laid her hand on her lover's now—"to bear the doom of his awful crime!"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the secretary, with some dignity, "if you are going to gravely listen to the unhappy ravings too plainly aroused by the sufferings real or not, of this lady's lover, permit me to retire, as I decline to be made their object."

But Claremont strode to the door, and set his back against it.

"Pardon me," he said, sternly, "you only pass out under arrest, Pierce Bovill."

It was a daring shot, sent in the assumption suggested by Winton's information, but it told, for the secretary stood for a moment as if paralyzed.

"You speak in a riddle, sir," he said, recovering himself; "my name is Forrest, and you, I am forced to suggest, have a distinct interest in trying to throw the onus of that crime on another person. Gentlemen, that man is Albert Claremont!"

Before anyone could speak Isabel Guest stepped forwards, and no one looking on the girl then could for a moment believe her to be still insane.

"I understand all now," she said, with a concentration and passion that belong only to sanity. "I see fully what I heard meant that Albert Claremont has been tried for the murder that man—your secretary gentlemen—committed—acquitted legally—cruelly condemned morally. I now stand forward as the accuser of the real assassin—whether his name be Forrest or any other. I witnessed the deed unseen myself. Hear me, and then say if I look or speak like Dr. Sabine's mad patient, or like a witness risen as it were from the dead."

Forrest drew back to a chair and sat down folding his arms close across him, but he said nothing—his lips were parched and livid.

"My brother," Isabel went on, steadily, "had refused Mr. Claremont's suit—wishing me to marry very wealthily; but," and now the soft cheek flushed, and her dark eyes glowed with noble pride in her love and lover, "I had given my heart and troth to Albert Claremont, and I knew he was coming that fatal day to tell Rolf—my brother—that he intended to wed me, whether he consented or no. I was in my boudoir above the library, where they were and I heard high words pass; then I saw Albert leave by the French window and walk rapidly away eastward towards the lodge. Shortly afterwards Rolf also stepped out, muttering angrily to himself, and strode away in the direction of the old copse near the fern-brake. Meaning to speak to him, to plead, and if that failed, tell him I meant to marry Albert as I had promised, I stole downstairs and followed Rolf."

She paused and pressed her hands against her breast.

"I stopped short behind a mass of bushes a little distance off, half afraid to go on just then, for he had paused, I saw, near the trees, and looked so angry: then he took out his pocket-book, looked at a paper he took from it," Claremont gave Dr. Sabine a look, "and stamped his foot with an oath. The next minute I saw—Heaven can I ever forget!—a man come out from the trees behind Rolf—that man before you. I saw every feature clearly as he drew a revolver and shot my brother in the back. I saw him fall on his face, saw that man take the pocketbook quickly from his victim's breast-pocket, abstract a paper, replace the book, and steal away. I stood frozen, paralyzed. I felt something going from me, and I remember no more, but I must have reached my room in the madness that the shock of that awful scene brought. What that paper was, or the motive of the crime, I do not know, but I swear to that man as Rolf Guest's murderer!"

"And I, gentlemen," said Claremont, "have a witness in London who can supply motive and identity—one George Winton, a jockey, who knew this *soi-disant* Mr. Forrest as Pierce Bovill, a betting man"—how the man had started—"who owed Mr. Guest a large sum of money for which he had given an I. O. U.—that was the paper taken—that the motive of the crime. Dr. Sabine, will you send for the police?"

* * *

It was not till all the necessary formalities of the secretary's arrest were over for that day, and they had returned from the police-station to the doctor's house again, that Claremont and Isabel were alone, and then even, folded to her lover's heart in a wild ecstasy of happiness, it was difficult to realize in fulness that she was no more what she had been since that terrible day of the murder; difficult to realize that the long-borne dread weight of such a deed was at last to be removed from his head to that of the real criminal; hard to believe that he might claim his darling as bride before the face of the whole world.

O! it was a happy Christmas indeed for all, even though chastened by the memories that could never die—when can memory whilst brain and heart throb?

And when, in the gloaming of Christmas-day, the doctor and his wife, and the two young people, sat round the blazing fire, Isabel would be told all that had passed with Albert, listening as she nestled within his arms, whilst the flickering shadows danced to and fro on the walls in the firelight.

"Oh! what you have suffered!" she whispered, shuddering.

But he answered, softly:

"It is all over and repaid now, my darling!"

"There is one puzzle," said Dr. Sabine, "how the fellow escaped, so quickly as both you and the gamekeeper arrived on the spot."

"He was sharp and daring," said Isabel. "I think the only way he could have escaped was by crouching in the fern till all were gone, and then walking quietly off across the country to the next station. You see, I know the country."

"He must have intended," said Albert, "to hide till night and watch for the chance that came after all in broad day. I wonder if I had been condemned if he would have still kept silent? I think he would, seeing what he is."

"H'm, yes! I hope your jockey will not fail to pick him out in the police-yard to-morrow, my dear boy."

"Winton was very positive, doctor; I no not fear he will fail myself," said Claremont.

Nor did George Winton fail, for—though the secretary was amongst a dozen others—he walked straight up to that one man and said, decisively:

"That is Pierce Bovill."

The day after that the prisoner was brought before the magistrate; he simply denied the charge of murder and identity, and reserved his defence, but finally he was committed for trial.

That was indeed a notable trial, and the Central Criminal Court was crowded. All the world remembered the trial of handsome Albert Claremont for that very same murder, and those who had believed him innocent crowed loudly over their astuteness as they listened to the weight of evidence piled up, which demolished the prisoners defence that the witness Miss Guest was mad, and that he was not Bovill.

The judge and jury thought otherwise, and with reason, and the grim verdict "Guilty" was recorded, and sentenced to death was passed on the wretched man.

In court he brazened it out to the last but three weeks later, the day before his execution, he confessed his guilt to the chaplain, and asked him to beg the forgiveness of Albert Claremont and his just-wedded wife, whom his deed had for so long made "DR. SABINE'S PATIENT."

[THE END.]

GIANT PINES.

Trees Which, Like a Majestic Procession, Stretch for Miles and Miles in the Australasian Forest.

[From the London Globe.]

The kauri pine is undisputed sovereign of the Australasian forest. No other tree can approach it in grandeur of proportion or in impressiveness, when, as one of a clan, it holds as its own stretches of country hundreds of miles in extent. Perhaps the sight which a kauri grove presents to the eye is unequalled in the whole realm of nature. As the traveller gazes around him in the recesses of the forest he is impressed even against his will.

To walk between those mighty pillars, smooth and dark as ebony, uniform in age and size, and buried in a perennial twilight and silence that the wildest storm only disturbs by the merest ripple of sound, awakens a feeling of awe.

Mile upon mile they stretch into distance, in a majestic procession that follows every irregularity of the land, like some colossal temple dedicated to night or melancholy, the sombre aisles full of an awful monotony and a solemn stillness.

Like the Egyptian sphinx, they ignore the lapse of time, preserving the same majestic calm and unvarying expression before the cataclysms which have altered the whole aspect of the globe, and before the social upheavals which have swept away civilizations as if they had never been.

If geologists be correct New Zealand is a fragment of a continent which sank beneath the waters as the new world rose. It is a relic of a bygone age.

The youth of the oldest kauri groves is therefore shrouded in the mists of the past. But that they are very ancient is beyond doubt. They were mere saplings when the Pharaohs adorned the land of Egypt with imperishable memorials of their power, and were still slight and graceful when Solomon filled the East with the fame of his glory; they stood in all the pride of maturity when Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Rome entered on her victorious career.

They have seen the splendid dawn of all the great empires of the world, and seen them set in gloom, when the canker of decay had sapped their very foundations.

But the kauri has now fallen upon evil days; its closing years are full of danger. It has survived to see the forms of life, long dead in the great masses of land, fade away before the vigorous fauna and flora of another order of things.

At no distant date it also, like the natives, the birds, the grasses, will have passed into the measureless oblivion from whence it came. In the presence of this venerable giant pine of Maroiland, the grandest representative of a primitive age, the colonial, a creature of yesterday, feels like a pygmy, as he gazes on the solemn files on every side.

As though ashamed of his own littleness and painful newness, he is possessed only with the passion of destruction.

The weirdness inseparable from the very nature of a kauri forest is intensified by the total absence of animal life. The contented droning of insects, hum of the bee, the glad singing of birds, so distinctive of the mixed bush, are never heard beneath the umbrageous canopy which excludes the radiant southern sun.

The kauri reigns supreme in its own domain. Nor is there the enchanting diversity of ordinary bush—the palms and the tree ferns, the shrubs and the prodigal wealth of beautiful parasites, whose bewildering variety is unrivalled even to the torrid zone.

With the exception of a living carpet of delicate maidenhair, which attained a height of from five to six feet, and the ropes of creeper ferns which swing from tree to tree like fairies in the castle of a giant, the forest is altogether bare of undergrowth. In the woods of recent growth, however, vegetation is more luxuriant.

The long tendrils of the clematis and rata connect trunk with trunk in garlands of white and scarlet boom, and at their base flourishes an infinite variety of ferns, while here and there a graceful tree-fern rears its silvery-lined crown.

It is a curious sight to English eyes to see a groupe of young kauris standing dark, tall and erect against the pale blue and gold of the sky and the lighter greens of the background of forest. Like all the species, the dome is out of all proportion to the height.

But their doom has been spoken. The axe of the lumberer and the whirr of the sawmill resounded in the land and the earth quivers with the shock of falling patriarchs.

With the recklessness of the spendthrift the New Zealander is spending his heritage, and before another 50 years have passed away this noble tree will be as extinct as the moa.

But to really bring home to the mind the stupendous size of the Colonial oak, as it has been called, it must be compared with the largest trees in the islands.

In England there are several elms 70 feet high and 30 feet in girth; oaks 80 feet high and with trunks 40 feet in girth, and in Scotland there is an ash 90 feet high and 19 feet in girth. But these are regarded as extraordinary and grow in solitary grandeur.

The average girth of trees in Britain is not more than 12 feet nor the average height above 50 feet. But in New Zealand there are miles of kauris whose average height is not less than 100 feet and whose girth is not less than 30 feet and 40 feet. The largest kauri yet discovered was 70 feet in girth, and the trunk was 200 feet high.

The Farmer of the Future.

"The only hope of the future farmer will be in his brain," says Gen. Rusk. "The sharp competitions between sections and countries which will be induced by increased facilities for transportation will stir the agriculturist up to his best efforts. His chances for fortune-making will be great, but he will have to be prepared to fight the battle of competition for them. He must be sufficiently well educated in science as far as it is applicable to agriculture, and he must be intelligent enough to study his surroundings and to apply his knowledge to the conditions about him. He will be able to meet his fellow-citizens on an equal footing, and his brains will command from his class in the industry which he represents, the respect and consideration which he deserves, and he will give other classes and other industries due respect in return. The farmer of the future will be a business-man, able not only to compel his soil to do its best in the matter of production, but to study the markets and know what will sell the best and what will command the highest price. This farmer will keep his accounts like any other businessman, so that he may know exactly where his profits are and where have been his losses. These are strong qualifications but they are essential to the farmer who would do his business on a broad plan and who would succeed. As to the question of his education, when you consider that he must have a knowledge of all the principles of animal and plant life, that he must understand the constituent elements of soils and fertilizers and that he must have some knowledge of meteorology, chemistry and the other sciences closely connected with crop raising, you will see that the ideal farmer of the future will have to be not only a brainy but a well-educated man."

Ho, For the Kankakee.

Ho, for the marshes, green with Spring,
Where the bitterns croak and the plovers pipe,
Where the gaunt old heron spreads his wing,
Above the haunt of rail and snipe;
For my gun is clean and my rod's in trim,
And the old, wild longing is roused in me;
Ho, for the bass-pools cool and dim!
Ho, for the swales of the Kankakee!

Is there other joy like the joy of a man
Free for a season with rod and gun,
With the sun to tan and the winds to fan,
And the waters to lull, and never a one
Of the cares of life to follow him,
Or to shadow his mind while he wander free!
Ho, for the currents slow and dim!
Ho, for the fens of the Kankakee!

A hut by the river, a light canoe,
My rod and my gun, and a sennight fair -
A wind from the South, and the wild fowl due
Be mine. All's well. Comes never a care.
A strain of the savage fires my blood,
And the zest of freedom is keen in me;
Ho, for the marsh and the lilied flood!
Ho, for the sloughs of the Kankakee!

Give me to stand where the swift current rush,
With my rod all astrain and a bass coming in,
Or give me the marsh, with the brown snipe aflush,
And my gun's sudden flashes and resonant din;
For I am tired of the desk, and tired of the town,
And I long to be out, and I long to be free;
Ho, for the marsh, with the birds whirling down!
Ho, for the pools of the Kankakee!

—[Maurice Thompson.

Spring Poetry.

There came a day of showers
Upon the shrinking snow;
The south wind sighed of flowers,
The softening skies hung low.
Midwinter for a space
Foreshadowing April's face,
The white world caught the fancy,
And would not let it go.

The reawakened courses
The brooks rejoiced the land;
We dreamed the spring's shy forces
Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred,
As if the sap had heard
The long-desired persuasion
Of April's soft command;

But antic time had cheated
With hope's elusive gleam;
The phantom spring, defeated,
Fled down the ways of dream.
And in the night the reign
Of winter came again,
With frost upon the forest
And stillness on the stream.

When morn, in rose and crocus,
Came up the bitter sky,
Celestial beams awoke us
To wondering ecstacy.
The wizard winter's spell
Had wrought so passing well
That earth was bathed in glory,
As though God's smile were nigh.

The silvered saplings, bending,
Flashed in a rain of gems;
The statlier trees attending
Blazed in their diadems,
White fire and amethyst
All common things had kissed,
And chrysolites and sapphires
Adorned the bramble stems.

In crystalline confusion
All beauty came to birth;
It was a kind illusion,
To comfort waiting earth—
To bid the buds forget
The spring so distant yet,
And hearts no more remember
The iron season's death.

—[Charles G. D. Roberts.

Three Doves.

Seaward, at morn, my doves flew free,
At eve they circled back to me.
The first was faith; the second, Hope;
The third—the whitest—Charity.

Above the plunging surge's play,
Dream-like they hovered, day by day,
At last they turned, and bore to me
Green signs of peace through nightful gray.

No shore forlorn, no loveliest land
Their gentle eyes had left unscanned,
'Mid hues of twilight heliotrope
Or daybreak fires by heaven-breath fanned.

Quick visions of celestial grace
Hither they waft, from earth's broad space,
Kind thoughts for all humanity,
They shine with radiance from God's face.

Ah, since my heart they choose for home,
Why loose them—forth again to roam?
Yet look; they rise! With loftier scope
The wheel in flight towards Heaven's pure dome.

Fly, messengers that find no rest
Save in such toil as makes man blest;
Your home is God's immensity;
We hold you but at his behest.

The Czar and the Kaiser.

A St. Petersburg correspondent says:—The following story reaches me from a good source, but I give it under all reserve:—After the German Emperor's late speech, a gentlemen who was present remarked that, whilst his Majesty was confident about coming glory, he should not forget that Russia was behind him. William II. retorted:—I will pulverize Russia." General Thovaloff heard this story, instituted inquiries, and, finding it was true, reported the matter to M. de Giers, who repeated it to the Czar. Alexander III. sent for General Schweinits, and said to him—"Tell your Kaiser, when he wants to begin pulverising, I will throw half a million men across the frontier with the greatest pleasure." There is nothing intrinsically improbable in this anecdote, which pretty accurately represents the present state of feeling. In reference to the statement that there are 300,000 mounted troops in Poland, I am inclined to believe the figures to be exaggerated, but there can be no doubt whatever that every available Cossack from a considerable number of cavalry divisions is now quartered within easy distance of the frontier.

Poetry Advancing in Price.

Alfred Tennyson, when a very young man, had a longing desire to visit the highly interesting churches in his native country of Lincolnshire, but to use his own words, "the eternal want of peace seemed to make the projected tour impossible." An elderly coachman, whom his father used to employ, being a man of resource, one day said:

"Why, Master Alfred, you are always writing poetry. Why don't you sell it?"

Pleased with the idea, Alfred consulted his brother Charles, also a poet, and the result was the first publication of anything written by the laureate in the book entitled "Poems by Two Brothers," each brother receiving for the copyright £10. The manuscript is now valued at more than £1000.

Irish Humor.

A provincial citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, a son of Hibernia was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes steadfastly on the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman why he stood in so singular and attitude, he answered:

"I am trying to read that sign."

HOW FALSE HAIR IS OBTAINED.

Much of it Comes From the Ash Barrels of Paris.

The best false hair comes from France, where it is sold by the gramme at prices which vary according to quality and color. The most expensive false hair is the silver white variety, which is in great demand and very difficult to find. This is due to the fact that men grow bald in a majority of cases before their hair reaches the silver white stage, and women, whether bald or not, are not disposed to sell their white hair at any price. They need it themselves.

Still women growing bald must have white hair to match the scant allowance advancing age has left them. The chemists, have taken the matter in hand and are able to produce by decloration of hair of any color a tolerable grade of white hair, which, however, has a bluish tint not at all approaching in beauty the silver softness of hair which has been bleached by nature.

False hair in the ordinary shades is obtained in two ways. The better and more expensive kind is cut directly from the heads of peasant women, who sell their silken tresses sometimes for a mere song and sometimes for a fair price, according as they have learned wisdom. Every year the whole territory of France is travelled over by men whose business it is to persuade village maidens, their mothers and aunts, to part with their hair for financial considerations.

These men are known as "cutters," and there are at least 500 of them in the country, always going from house to house, from farm to farm and through all the villages in all the departments, seeking subjects for their scissors. A good cutter averages from two to five heads of hair a day, and he pays from 2f. to 10f. for each. It is estimated that a single head of luxuriant hair weighs about a pound.

The false hair thus obtained—at the cost of the tears and regrets of many foolish maidens—is the finest in the market, and sells for an exaggerated price, which puts it beyond the reach of the ordinary purchaser. Besides, it is evident that the supply of genuine "cuttings" must fall far short of the demand for false hair. So the majority of this wavy merchandise is obtained—yes, ladies, I am exceedingly sorry, but it is the fact—from the rag-pickers. These busy searchers of the ash heaps and garbage barrels collect every day in the City of Paris alone at least a hundred pounds of hair which some hundreds of thousands of women have combed out of their heads during the preceeding twenty-four hours. This hair, all mixed together and soiled, one would think, beyond redemption, is sold to hair cleaners at from $1 to $1.50 a pound, which shows simply that the fair sex in one city alone throws away annually about 300,000f worth of hair, for which they afterward pay—and it is the same hair, mind—considerably over 1,000,000f.

The cleansing of this refuse hair is an operation which requires careful attention. After the hair has been freed from the dust and dirt and mud and other unpleasant things with which it has come in contact in gutters and slop buckets it is rubbed in sawdust until it shines once more with its pristine gloss, and then the process of sorting is begun. In the first place skillful hands fix the individual hairs in frame with the roots all pointing the same way, and then they are arranged according to color. Finally, when a sufficient number of hairs of one color have been obtained—nor is this number so immense as is generally supposed—they are made into the beautiful braids which are shown so seductively in the windows of fashionable coiffeurs. If, as the good book says, wisdom goes with the hair, she who places on her head one of these conglomerate braids might be said to receive a portion of the wisdom of hundreds or thousands of other women who had worn those hairs before her.

It is said that the "cutters" in France have plied their trade so industriously that at present it is hardly possible in the whole republic to find a women who will sell her hair. The business has been done to death and now the enterprising dealers in false hair are sending their representatives through Switzerland, Belgium and Norway, canvassing for unsophisticated lasses who will allow themselves to be robbed of their hair which is half their beauty, for a few pieces of silver.

A Terrible Weapon.

The following item from an English scientific journal is of interest as showing the awful destructive power attained by the marvellous progress in gun building during the last half of the nineteenth century: "The heaviest modern ordnance is the English 100-ton gun. Its charge is 760 pounds of best prismatic gunpowder, and the cylindrical steel shot weighs 1800 pounds. At last test this enormous shot penetrated entirely through compressed armour (steel-faced iron) 20 inches thick; then through iron backing five inches thick; then it pierced wholly through 20 feet of oak, five feet of granite, and 11 feet of hard concrete, finally tearing three feet into a brick wall. No existing fortress, much less armoured vessel could withstand such a shot."

The Sowing of Clover.

If clover seed is to be sown with spring grain, barley is much preferable to oats. It does not exhaust the soil as oats does, and though its leaf is much broader than the oat leaf the crop is cut and out of the way a week or more before oats can be harvested. If the barley ground is fall-plowed and the grain sown or drilled in without plowing in spring, the clover seed will catch better and make a better stand. The superiority of winter grain for a spring catch of either clover or grass seed is due to the fact that the seed falls on a surface mellowed and prepared by repeated freel, and thawing through the winter.

The Biggest Kite Ever Made.

The biggest kite in the world was made in Durham, Greene County, New York, about a year ago. It may be taken as the biggest kite ever made. The frame consisted of two main sticks 28 feet long, weighing each 100 pounds, and two cross sticks 21 feet long and weighing 75 pounds each; all of these sticks were 2x6 inches in dimensions. Over this frame work was stretched a great sheet of white duck 25x18 feet, and weighing 55 pounds. The tail of the kite alone weighed 50 pounds and contained 155 yards of muslin. Twenty-five hundred feet of half-inch rope served as "kite strings." This plaything cost $75, and when it mounted into the air it exerted a lifting power of 500 pounds. Six men once permitted it to ascend 1,000 feet.

Eight hundred men are on strike in the Michigan ore mines.

The puddlers and rollers of the Ohio Valley, to the number of 10,000 men, threaten to leave the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers and reorganize the Sons of Vulcan.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Curious Case of Ah-Top.

The giant-eyed maidens, when they spied
The cue of Ah-Top, gaily cried.
"It is some mandarin!"
The street-boys followed in a crowd;
No wonder that Ah-Top was proud
And wore a conscious grin!

But one day Ah-Top's heart grew sad.
My fate," he said, "is quite too bad!
My cue will hang behind me.
While others may its beauty know,
To me there's naught its grace to show,
And nothing to remind me."

At length he hit upon a plan,
Exclaiming, "I'm a clever man!
I know what I will do:
I'll simply wheel myself around,
And then the pigtail will be found
Where I can see it, too."

He spun himself upon his toes,
He almost fell upon his nose,
He grew red in the face.
But when Ah-Top could whirl no more,
He foun I the pigtail as before,
Resolved to keep its place.

"Aha!" he cried, "I turned too slow.
Next time, you see, I'll faster go.
Besides, I stopped too soon.
Now for a good one! Ah, but stay—
I'll turn myself the other way!"
He looked like a balloon!

So fast he whirled, his cue flew out
And carried Ah-Top round about.
An awful moment came—
The helpless spinner could not stop!
The poor man had become a top!
This gave the top its name.

THE EAGLE'S VISIT.

Once upon a time the eagle was the king of all the feathered world, and because he lived up so high on the mountains and occupied so exalted a position he grew to think very much of himself indeed. He imagined that he was ruler not only of birds, but of the whole created universe.

Now this is a very dangerous state of mind to be in. A very wise man said once that pride goes before a fall, and the eagle found this to be true.

He wasn't called the eagle in those days. He had a much more high-sounding name. It was magna avis, which means the great bird. And that, too, helped to make him conceited.

One day the dove met with an accident. She hurt her wing and was obliged to fly very near the ground. She could not reach her home at the top of the mountain, so she had to remain down in the valley for several days until she got strong.

When she was able to fly she hastened to the eagle with a wonderful story.

"Oh, great one," she cried excitedly, "I have made a discovery. Far down below the crags on which we live are the most wonderful creatures. There are great beasts many times larger than yourself. They walk on four feet, and instead of wearing feathers they are covered with hair, and there are other things more strange still, who are clad in something that does not grow on their bodies at all. They walk upon two feet, but they have no wings and they carry their heads very high. And when they meet each other they make queer sounds and bend themselves forward in the most peculiar manner."

The eagle smiled in a very superior way and replied:

"My daughter, you grew weary with your long journey, and I fancy you saw most of these things with your head under your wing."

"Indeed, sir," protested the dove, eagerly, "I was not dreaming. Pray stretch your great wings and go see for yourself. You will be convinced then."

She was so very earnest that it made the eagle think.

"I really ought to investigate this matter," he said to himself, "If there be any such wonderful things in the world I would like to know it. As yet I have discovered no animal as great as myself."

"None that you acknowledge to be so great, you mean," said a voice close by.

Turning about the eagle saw the condor perched on a crag above him. Now there has been for ages great strife among these birds as to which was the larger and stronger. But as the eagle was more beautiful than the condor and had a smoother tongue, he had held his position.

"I think," continued the condor, "that if you would consent to a fair measurement you would discover that there dwells very near you a bird larger than yourself."

"Look here, my friend," said the eagle loftily, "we will settle this dispute here and now. I heard that down in the valley below us dwell beasts who are able to vanquish us both. Now I am about to go and see if this be true. If it is, why then there is no longer any use for you and me to quarrel. If it is not true then, we will have a fair contest for the mastery. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," answered the condor.

Then the eagle called all the feathered tribes together and spoke to them. He first told the dove's story, and then of the compact between himself and the condor.

"And now," said he, "I'm going to find out about this thing. If there are any such creatures as the dove has told me about, and I meet them and they overpower me, and I never come back, why, then, you must choose for your king the one whom you think most worthy. And now I bid you good by," and spreading his wings the splendid bird shot down from the mountain.

There was a great flutter over the affair and the birds crowded around the dove to learn all about the matter. There never has been such excitement in the bird kingdom before.

They waited very anxiously for their ruler to come back, but day after day passed and the eagle did not return, nor did he send any tidings. At last they made up their minds that some evil had befallen him and a council was held, of which the condor was chief. After several plans had been discussed, the condor rose to make a speech.

"My friends," said he, "you all heard our king say what agreement we had made in case he did not come back. But I am resolved to take no advantage of his absence until I have gone to find out what fate has befallen him."

Before the affrighted birds could offer a protest the condor had disappeared over the cliffs on his way to the valley.

Meanwhile, where was the eagle?

He had found when he reached the valley that the dove had told him the truth. He saw the great animals of which the dove had spoken moving about. The eagle alighted upon a high stone wall that overlooked a great city, for this was in the old world, you know, hundreds of years before the new one was discovered, and this city was in China.

As the eagle sat there considering what was best to do next, a mandarin named Wang Tong saw him.

"What is that?" he cried. "A great bird and a strange one. Why, our chickens and sparrows are but mites beside him."

The more Wang Tong gazed the more his wonder grew. At last he decided that the eagle must be a god, and he fell on his knees before it. Then he ran and told all his friends about the wonderful winged god that sat on the wall, and all the mandarins come out and fell on their knees.

At last one of them said: "We must place this new god in a temple, where we can offer proper worship to him."

So they seized poor Magna, and before he knew it he was held captive by chains. He was terribly frightened and very much mortified, but not for a moment did he forget that he was a king. He could not understand one word of what the men said so he could not tell what they mant to do with him.

He thought he would speak to them.

"Most mighty sirs," he said, "I do not know or what you are but I am Magna Avis, King of the Birds. I came down here to see if such creatures as you did really live, and now that I have seen I would like to retnrn to my friends. I will not trouble you. I came with no evil intent—I beg you not to hurt me."

But of course they could not understand him and were preparing to shut him up in a splendid temple, where he would probably have died in a short time.

Suddenly there came a whir of wings, and the condor swooped down with such force upon the man who held the eagle that he let him go at once, and immediately he soared far above their reach and returned with the condor to their craggy home.

"Now," said Magna, "you have saved my life, and hereafter you shall be the king, for we will still hold our own dominion in spite of those who lives before us."

But the generous condor answered:

"No, no; I will have it so. You shall be the king now and always. Only that I think I have proved," he said, with a sly wink, "that I am the stronger."

"I admit it," said Magna; "and if it pleases you and the rest of the birds we will settle that way. You are the stronger, but I am King."

And that is how it happened that in the world or birds the eagle ranks above the condor, although the condor is so much larger.

The Car of Jugg ernath.

The Temple of Juggernath at Pooree Orissa, says the Rev. W. Miller in the *Missionary Herald*, with its surroundings, was completed as it now stands in 1198 A. D. Its erection occupied fourteen years, and cost a sum equal to half a million sterling. It stands in an enclosure, nearly in the form of a square, marked off by a massive stone wall, 20 feet high by 652 feet long and 630 broad. Within the enclosure are found some one hundred and twenty smaller temples dedicated to the principal objects of modern Hindu worship, so that each pilgrim, of whatever sect, finds his own favorite god or goddess represented. The high conical tower rising above the others, "like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf," one hundred and ninety-two feet high and surmounted by the mystic wheel of Vishnu, is the shrine of Juggernath, where he sits in jewelled state, with his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra. The images are rude logs, clumsily fashioned into the form of the human bust, from the waist up. On the occasion of the car and bathing festivals golden hands are fastened to the short stumps which project from the shoulders of the idols.

The next tower is the Hall of Audience, in which the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the images. The next structure is the Pillared Hall, appropriated to the musicians and dancing girls. Adjoining the above is the Hall of Offerings, where fruits, flowers, and various articles of food are deposited, preparatory to being offered to the idols and appropriated by two priests. The outer structure is the eastern and principal entrance to the enclosure, called Singa-dwara, or Lion's Gate. In front of this is a beautiful monolythic pillar which stood for centuries before the Temple of the Sun at Kanarak, twenty miles of north Puri. The structure, with a double roof resting on pillars, north of the Lion's Gate, is the Srian Mandugs, or Place of Bathing, where the idols

RECEIVE THEIR PUBLIC ABLUTIONS

before being repainted or decorated for the car festival. It is only at the bathing and car festivals that Juggernath appears in public. The Brahmins say that the reason for this is that people of the low castes, who are prohibited from entering the temple, may have a sight of Juggernath and be saved.

The open space in front of the Temple is a great place of concourse for the pilgrims. It has stalls and shops on each side and down the center for some distance. It is the commencement of the broad, sandy road, a mile in length, along which the cars are dragged to the Goondicha Temple, or Garden House, its terminus.

The day before the festival the cars, which are forty-five feet high and thirty-five feet square, supported on sixteen wheels, seven feet in diameter, are arranged in front of the Lion's Gate. The idols are brought out of the temple in a most ignominous way. Even Juggernath is pushed and rocked along to the car, a rope being fastened around his neck. What with pushing from below and hauling from above he is hoisted up and fastened to his seat op the car.

Seven Years Without a Birthday.

A Scottish clergyman who died nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Leishman of Kinross, used to tell that he had once been seven years without a birthday. The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that if he had been born on the 29th of February, he would have no birthday except in a leap-year. But leap-year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only; their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who in fact was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion. At the present time there can be very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the 29th of February at least ninety-six years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return; and indeed there are some readers of this page who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be very widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap-year and 1900 will not be. The February of the present year had twenty-nine days; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight.—[Rev. George McArthur, in April St. Nicholas.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides, when the moon is at the full, and when there is no more.

There are two methods by which God might prevent human suffering. He might every moment change the laws of nature of things to avoid the consequences of man's sufferings, or He might send an all-wise angel to each human being to take that person by the hand and lead him through life, as you lead your little child through a machine shop or over a narrow bridge. In either case, human progress, would be forever impossible.—[Rev. Dr. W. S. Crowe.

WHEN THE BIG SHAFT BREAKS.

A Story of a Mishap at Sea That Sometimes Calls for Heroic Work.

"Stand by your boats!"

This command was shouted from the bridge of the steamship Kansas of the Warren line on Nov. 4, 1891, by Capt. Alexander Fenton. A report like the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance had just been heard in the after part of the ship, and the great iron hull had been shaken from stem to stern. Immediately the screw had ceased to revolve, and the Kansas was as helpless in the arms of the ocean as a babe in the lap of its mother.

Capt. Fenton, with the true instincts of a veteran seaman, commanded the crew to stand by the small boats ready to face any emergency that might arise. The men responded with alacrity and in less time than it takes to tell it, everything was in readiness for a hasty departure from the ship if necessity demanded it. While those precautions were being taken the chief engineer emerged from below, and, going to where the Captain stood, informed him that the shaft had broken short off about twenty-five feet inboard. It can readily be understood what an accident of this nature means as the sail area of a modern steamship is hardly sufficient to give her steering headway even in a gale. It is on such occasions that the ingenuity and tact of the master of the ship is called in active play, and the Captain who can bring his ship into port

UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES,

and thereby save to his company the enormous sum that a tow would involve, is just the man for his position. That all this was successfully accomplished by Capt. Fenton will be shown by what follows:

The steamer Kansas sailed from Liverpool on the 28th of October with a general cargo of English merchandise. She was in splendid condition, having recently came off the dry dock in thorough repair. It was her ninety-third trip across the Atlantic, and, while not starting out to break her record, the Captain believed he would have a most successful passage. Everything worked smoothly until the afternoon of Nov. 4, when the accident occurred, and the ship took even chances of going to the bottom of the ocean.

There was a heavy sea on at the time, and the wind howled through the rigging with a force that threatened to wrench it from its fastenings. The log showed that the ship was just 811 miles off Fastnet when she received the shock that came very near ending her career. When it was learned that the shaft had parted, an examination showed that the trouble was in the stern tube, which is probably the most dangerous point on the whole length of the great shaft, as at this particular spot the packing is used to prevent the water working into the tunnel.

Here was an emergency that Capt. Fenton was quick to appreciate. It was shown that the ship was making over 200 tons of water per hour, and that the safety of the vessel and perhaps the lives of those on board depended on checking this flow. It was a perilous undertaking to go into the tunnel, as the water rushed in with the force of a Niagara.

"Who will volunteer to follow me?" said the Captain to his men.

All of the officers stepped forward and one brave seaman. While the Captain could have ordered any member of his crew into the tunnel, yet he felt he would not call upon them to go where he was not willing to lead the way.

Down into the black depths of the ship descended the men until the tunnel was reached. A hasty survey showed that it was half filled with water. Grasping their way along in murky darkness the stern box was finally reached. Here the water was nearly up to the armpits of the daring officers and of icy coldness. The danger of the undertaking was enhanced by the fact that any accident to the pumping engines and the tunnel would have become filled with water, rendering escape impossible. But the machinery worked all right for the time, and kept the flow partly under control while the repairing was going on. The officers had taken with them ropes, blankets, and any other material that could be used to advantage in diminishing

THE RUSH OF THE WATERS.

An attempt was made to chain or chuck up the broken end of the shaft, but in this only partial success was attained. The men remained at their labors for over four hours, and when they emerged it was with difficulty that their limbs were made to relax their rigidity.

The next morning it was observed that the water was gaining in the tunnel, and again the Captain called for volunteers to repeat the hazardous experience of the day before, and again the officers came forward. There was a renewal of the first experiments, and after being in the water for over three hours the men again came out. They were utterly exhausted, but under the careful treatment of the ship's doctor they ultimately regained their lost energy.

The Kansas is fitted with a half dozen powerful pumps of the very latest pattern, and by their continual use the water was kept under partial control. The wind at this time began to subside, a most fortunate circumstance, but the sea continued to run very high. One precaution was the opening of the tunnel so as to allow the water to pour into the engine room and stoke halls, and thus in a measure relieve the tunnel.

After this the Captain turned his attention to doing what he could to make port. First of all the sails were set, then the canvas on the small boats was hoisted, the covers were also put up to the breeze,

EVERY SPARE SAIL

was brought up and rigged so as to catch the puffs of wind; the cargo booms and derricks were also utilized, and thus decorated, the Kansas presented one of the most novel marine pictures which ever decorated the Atlantic.

Under the influence of the moderate breeze the steamer took up a sort of drifting course, or, as the sailors call it, she had a leeway of six points, and crept the water at the rate of 2½ knots per hour. Practically she went dead to leeward. The prospects of reaching shore were not very assuring, but all that human ingenuity could devise had been done.

On and on she drifted until it was believed she would ultimately reach the French coast. In the mean time the pumps began to cause trouble, as under constant use they became choked and worn, which necessitated stopping them from time to time to make repairs. During these times the water frequently rose to a height of seven feet in the ship. The ship rolled heavily, and a great part of the cargo became broken and the contents of barrels and boxes were a confused mass in the hold.

On the sixth day after the accident the British steamer Vondram sighted the Kansas and sent a boat off to see what assistance she could render. It was decided that the Vondram should tow the crippled ship into Liverpool, and arrangements to that end were immediately carried out. The Kansas was practically helpless, and the great strain that came upon the hawsers was more than they could stand. After the two ships had kept company about forty-five miles the ropes parted, and all subsequent attempts to renew the attachment of the two vessels failed, and the Vondram finally

STEAMED AWAY OUT OF SIGHT.

On the following day the steamer Iran bore down upon the Kansas and attempted to do what the Vondram had failed in. But the task was too great, and she, too, was compelled to abandon it. The thought of leaving his ship never entered the mind of Capt. Fenton or his officers. They had resolved to stand by her, sink or swim.

The vessel continued on her drifting course for ten days, and was nearing the Bay of Biscay when the wind suddenly shifted to southwest, which changed the course east-north-east. About this time the disabled screw began to thump and crash into the stern of the ship, and there was imminent danger that it would tear out the whole stern. But alarm from this source suddenly ceased, as one of the blades became wedged fast into the race of the vessel, as was shown when the repairs were being made in dry dock.

The Kansas held to her new course for an additional ten days, and gradually drew toward the coast of Ireland. On the morning of the 20th day after the accident Capt. Fenton located his ship about sixty miles off Queenstown, and concluded to communicate with the land if he could find a crew of volunteers who would undertake the task in a life-boat. The men were readily secured, and, under charge of the second officer, they put off for the shore. They had their orders to land, however, and, like good soldiers, they carried them out.

Before assistance arrived the ship had drifted within nine miles of Old Head Kinsale, and ultimately brought up four miles off the coast, where the waves tossed her about as if she were a birch canoe. Finally three powerful tugs put out to the assistance of the disabled ship, and she was towed into port.

A Strange Optical Illusion.

Well may Superior breed mysticism in the minds of savages, for it is given to startling tricks. The mirages that are seen upon it have bestowed upon it a peculiar and distinct fame. They are known to the people of the lake only as "reflections." I have heard many sailors describe the wonderful ones they have witnessed; I would give another journey out there to see one. Men have told me that they have seen Duluth when they were 185 miles away from it—upside down and in the sky, but distinctly Duluth. One sailor said that at one broad noonday he suddenly saw a beautiful pasture, replete with an apple-tree and a five-rail fence, shining green and cool before him, apparently close at hand. The effect the clear air produces by apparently magnifying objects seen upon the lake is most astonishing. To illustrate what I mean, let me tell what happened the very last time I saw the lake. I was on a tug-boat, and upon coming out of the cabin I saw ahead of me a tremendous white passenger steamship. The boats were approaching one another at right angles, and this new-comer loomed up like a leviathan among vessels, bigger than one of our new naval cruisers, high above the water as a house would look. I called attention to it, and a companion, familiar with the lake, replied,

"I wonder what boat it is; she's a whopping big one, isn't she?"

Something distracted my attention, and five minutes afterward, when I looked at the approaching vessel again, she had passed the mysterious point at which she was most exaggerated in apparent size, and had become an ordinarily large lake steamer. But that was not the end of the trick. She began to dwindle and shrink, growing smaller and smaller in size, until the phenomenon became ridiculous. In time the elastic boat had become a very small passenger propeller, and I found myself wondering whether she would be discernible at all by the time we were abreast of her. But at that the optical frolic ceased. A small screw steamer of the third class was what she proved to be.—[Harper's Magazine.

A Sioux Indian's Prayer.

The first recorded prayer of a Sioux Indian was made 1837. Walking-Bell-Ringer was not a Christian, according to Rev. S. W. Pond, his teacher, and his prayer had little reference to Christ. The Sioux had no word for forgive, but they asked God to forget their sins. The following prayer shows the earliest manner of worship, and it was offered in the Mission house at Lake Harriet, which stood a few rods beyond the park pavilion:—

"Great Spirit, my Father, I would worship You, but I do not know how. How I wish You would teach me. I want to understand Your Book. I have grown up in ignorance, and have worshipped stones and trees and everything, but I wish now to worship You alone. I want to throw away everything that is bad, and listen to You. If I hear evil conversation among men or women I will not listen to it, but leave the house. I wish my soul to be happy when I die. When the spirits of all the dead are assembled in judgement, and the bad are cast into the fire, I want to be saved with the good. I will not unite any more with the Indians in their idolatrous feasts. I want you to forget my sins. I want the Son of God to forget my sins. The Sioux are all ignorant and wicked. We have all grown up in ignorance and have done wrong. We have forgotten You and prayed to things that have no ears. I want You to pity all my relatives and take care of them. I want you to pity me."

Many a child of the Church would be put to shame by the pagan's prayer.

The Limit Reached.

Johnny—"Where you goin'?"

Tommy—"Home. Don't you hear maw a callin' me?"

"That's nothin'. She calledtwo or three times before."

"Yes; but she's out at the peach tree now, cuttin' of a ultimatum."

Among the most notable achievements of Emperor William since his accession to the throne, is his success in reconciling to the existing order of things the rulers deprived of their sovereignties, and of their dominions by Prussia, at the close of the war of 1866. It was in vain that Prince Bismarck extended to them the olive-branch while he was at the head of affairs. They refused to enter into any friendly communication with the Court of Berlin. Since, however, the young Emperor took the negotiations in hand they have entirely modified the original attitude, and at length proclaimed their adhesion to the German Empire as now constituted. The most important of them all, and the one who was the last to accept William's offers of friendship, was the Duke of Cumberland, ex-Crown Prince of Hanover, and sovereign de jure of the ancient Duchy of Brunswick.

A FIGHT WITH SEA-ROBBERS.

A New Version of an Old Story About Columbus.

It is one of those tales that illustrate the manners of this cruel age. The pirates had long been the scourge of the honest Venetian traders. Sometimes they would disguise themselves as merchant-men trading peacefully to Candia for wine, and then throwing off their disguises, would prey upon all around them. No mercy was shown in these fearful contests. Between the sea-robbers and the merchants there was a lasting and deadly hostility. It was to the pirate class that the Columbi belonged, and of all the corsairs of the day they were the most renowned. The elder Columbus had apparently lain in wait in vain for the rich fleet that sailed yearly to the north. But he had a son, known as Columbus Junior, who followed the same profession, and whose true name was Nicolo Griego, or Nicholas the Greek. He at last succeeded in the project which his father had so long essayed in vain. The prize was a tempting one to the bold buccaneers. The Flanders galleys with their freight were valued at two hundred thousand ducats—perhaps two million of dollars and would have proved an immense fortune to the captors could they have retained the spoil.

In 1483 the galleys were equipped with unusual care. We have the decree of the Senate under which they set sail. The Doge Giovanni Moncenigo appoints the noble Bartolomeo captain, with a salary of six hundred ducats. Four great galleys are provided, and to each captain a bounty of 3500 golden ducats is promised upon their safe return to Venice. This money was to be paid out of the tax on the Jews, and calls up anew Shakespeare's unreal picture; it is plain that the merchants of Venice were the true Shylocks of the time. A medical man was assigned to the fleet; his salary was only nine ducats a month. Minute rules are given for the conduct of the expedition. The freight is to be paid to the state. No deck-loads of tin or pewter ware are allowed, no currants nor molasses are to be stored in the hold. Two galleys were to go to London or the English ports, the rest to Sluys or Bruges. On their passage they might touch at Malaga and other ports in Spain; on their return a ship was detached to trade with the Mohammedans along the Barbary shore. The Venetians were too keen traders not to find profitable markets even in the lands of the infidel.

The Columbi or the Griegos were at last to seize their prize. They watched with seven ships—powerful, no doubt, and well equipped—off the Spanish coast to intercept the fleet of Bartolomeo Minio. The commander of the pirates was Nicolo Griego, the son, we are told, of the elder Columbus. His father had disappeared from sight. But with him in the pirate ships was another Columbus, the future discoverer and admiral of the Indies. In his "Life" Fernando Columbus boasts of his father's share in this famous engagement—famous because it led to the settlement of Columbus at Lisbon, his marriage, and his future exploits. He was now a man of at least fifty, hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure. What position he held in the pirate fleet, whether as commander or seamen, his son does not tell. We only know that he served under his relative, Columbus or Griego, and that he fought with desperate energy in the famous sea fight off Cape St. Vincent.

The corsairs or the Columbi approached their prey in the evening; they waited all night on the still Atlantic, and in the morning rushed upon the Venetians. It was seven, perhaps eight, ships against four. The galleys were heavy-laden and unmanageable, compared to their swift assailants. The Columbi had evidently resolved to make sure of their prey. They sailed under the French flag, and may have been fitted out in Genoa. It was the custom of the pirates, it seems, to assume false colors. But dreadful was the contest and fierce the fight that raged all day, as Columbus had told his son, on the tranquil sea—the scene, nearly four centuries later, of the battle of St. Vincent—and his narrative is confirmed by the Venetian archives. The four great galleys under Bartolomeo Minio defended themselves with unfailing courage. From the first to the twentieth hour they beat off their savage assailants. The ships grappled with each other, and fought hand to hand. They used we are told, artificial fire and the pirates fastened their ships to the galleys by hooks and iron chains. Then no doubt they boarded, and were at last successful. And then Fernando Colon relates the romantic incident that led, he thinks, to the dicovery of a new world. The ship in which his father fought was lashed by chains and hooks to a great Venetian galley. The Venetians seem to have set Columbus's ship on fire. The flames consumed both vessels. The only resource left to the survivors was to leap into the sea.

Columbus, an excellent swimmer, seized an oar that floated near him, and partly resting on it and partly swimming, sustained himself in the water. He knew that he was about six miles from the land, the coast of Portugal, and made his way toward it. Wearied, half inanimate, he was dashed upon the shore. He had much difficulty in reviving himself. But he was near Lisbon, and made his way, a shipwrecked, penniless seamen, to the Portuguese capital.—From "The Mystery of Columbus by" Eugene Lawrence, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

The Fisheries of Lake Superior.

At Port Arthur alone the figures of the fishing industry for the market are astonishing. In 1888 the fishermen there caught 500,000 pounds of white-fish, 360,000 pounds of lake trout, 48,000 pounds, of sturgeon, 90,000 pounds of pickerel, 30,000 pounds of other fish, or more than a million pounds in all. They did this with an investment of $3800 in boats and $10,000 in gill and pound nets. This yield nearly all went to a Chicago packing company, and it is in the main Chicago and Cleveland capital that is controlling the lake's fisheries. The white-fish is, in the opinion of most gourmets, the most delicious fish known to Americans. The lake trout are mere food. I am told that they are rather related to the char than to the salmon. They are peculiar to our inland waters. They average five to ten pounds in weight, and yet grow to weigh 120 pounds; but whatever their weight be, it is a mere pressure of hard dry flesh, calculated only to appease hunger.

The Duke of Richmond and other peers of Scotland are directly interested in the liquor traffic, either as distillers or owners of public houses. Among the principal offenders are the Dukes of Hamilton, Athole, Sutherland, and Fife; the Marquises of Bute, Ailsa, Breadalbane; the Earls of Rosebery, Aberdeen, Moray, Zetland, Haddington, Home, Elgin, Wemyss, Stair, and Galloway. Sir John Gladstone, the nephew of the "Grand Old Man," is oneof the most extensive whisky distillers n North Britain.

LIFE'S LIGHT AFFLICTIONS.

The pathos of life shows itself in many ways. Sometimes it can be seen in the pinched features and sad lips, or in the eyes humid with disappointment. It is not seldom expressed in words, or if it reaches the gates of speech it is too late to make itself heard. Dead faces tell the story oftenest, and the mourner, reading it written there, cries aloud:

"Oh, if I had only known! But I never thought of it."

A woman lies dying who has had one grievance all her life. It is such a simple one that the telling of it would provoke a smile, yet to her it was an intolerable suffering, mental as well as physical. But she had never spoken of it to anyone, least of all to him who was the one to remedy it.

They were young when he bought a gig such as people rode in fifty years ago, and it had no springs and very little back. In this they traveled long miles over bad roads, to church, to funerals and to christenings. At first he helped his little wife up into the high seat of the gig; then she jumped up; as the years went on, she climbed.

Sons and daughters came, and her husband bought a spring wagon still higher, to keep out of the mud, or the dust. The man never thought of its being a hardship for his wife to clamber over the wheel into that farm vehicle. Her neighbors considered her a fortun te woman to be able to ride. When it became too hard and her strength gave out, he would call on the tall, strapping boys to "give mother a boost," and mother couldn't have told which was hardest, the boost or the climb.

But at last she was unable to get in without a chair, and amid much good-natured, unfeeling raillery, mother was gotten up to her perch, where her feet touched nothing, and she could not lean back, and was in mortal terror of being jolted out, and nobody ever knew!

Now she lies dying in that darkened room from which she shall go forth to her last long rest, and she is talking wildly, deliriously of all the things of her life, and as she talks her husband looks perplexed and says to the neighbor who is taking care of her:

"Mother seems to be getting flighty."

But soon she addresses him:

"Don't put me up into the seat," she says wearily, "I'd rather go in underneath than sit dangling up there. It's broken my back and worn me out a-riden' in that uncomfortable way. I'd rather have walked a thousand times, if I'd only hed the strength."

"You never told me, mother, that the wagon was hard to get into afore," said the man in a troubled voice.

"No, I didn't want to vex ye," said the poor little woman, "but I dew hope if they come for me with the chariot of Israel it will be easier to get into than our farm wagon. If it ain't, I believe I'd rather walk."

It is not much of a story, but it is one of the hidden tragedies of a human heart, and it exemplifies what I was talking about—the pathos of life.

Another case is worthy of notice. A woman died recently whose husband was known in his neighborhood as a good provider. His wife had all that any reasonable woman in her walk of life could demand or expect; that is, she recieved clothes and board for a long life of labor. Sometimes she wanted a little money to expend for herself—perhaps to purchase some of the useless things that a man never buys. But when she asked her husband for money, he sprung a series of answers upon her that effectually silence her.

"Don't I provide well for ye Jenny? What do ye want that I hain't given ye? You know I ain't made of money."

So he carried the purse and provided liberally, gave everything but a chance for his wife to feel independent; she was really less in the household than a servant, since *she* would have her wage. But when the wife died, and the tide of remorse that comes with death had set in, the husband remembered that the one thing she had wanted all her life was a little money to spend as she pleased, and then his heart relented. He went to his money box and took thence some of the shining silver coin it held and placed them tenderly in the dead, cold hand of his wife."

There," he said, "she allus wanted ter have some money of her own, and mebbe she'll know that I've give it to her."

And it never entered into the sordid soul of the man that what he had done was everlastingly too late.

In great calamities we have the sympathy of our kind to help us bear them. It is the nagging pain that goes with us and takes all the sweetness out of life that we must bear alone. And because we must not reveal it to the world, but keep it unshared, it becomes to us at last a demon of unrest.

A man may wear a wooden arm and go through all his days with a smile, but there is not a moment day, or night, that it does not cause him pain and apprehension. When he is alone the smile becomes pitiful, it is so full of self-sympathy.

These light afflictions have not the dignity of misfortunes. They are the martyrdom of life without its crown.

Posture In Prayer.

The Bishop of Huron, in a recent sermon, had something to say to an Anglican audience respecting posture in prayer, which we suspect might with much propriety, be said in some Presbyterian churches also: "It was a painful thing to look over a congregation while prayers were being offered and to see the light part taken in the homage by many of those present. Many never condescended to bend the knee, but lounged back in sumptuous indifference, while at the close there came but a feeble and meaningless 'Amen.' It was not wealth nor any other temporal power which the Church needed so much as the deep, spiritual power of prayer. There were three positions in prayer: standing, which was scriptural and implied service; kneeling which betokened consciousness of sin; and another which was so popular among the elegant people of modern society. It was that of sitting and it implied equality. If in the presence of the Queen, they would know that they had no right to sit, and would never attempt it, and yet they do so in the presence of God. They apparently felt themselves the equal of Him. Although God's awful majesty was there, they assumed the right to sit. Strong, able-bodied men lolled back in their seats, and the occupants of pews cried out that they were miserable sinners, while the carpets in their richly furnished pews had never been touched by the bent knee."

The Countess of Zetland has made herself very popular in Ireland by appealing to Queen Victoria not to interrupt the Dublin season festivities on account of the general mourning. Victoria inclined a gracious ear, so business is good in Dublin and everybody is happy.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PRESBYTERIAN, HENRY'S CHURCH.

Rev. Wm. Forlong, Pastor. Service in the church at 11 a. m., Sunday School 2.30 p. m.. Dr. Christie M. P., Supt. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. John Mackie, Pastor. Service in Church at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m., J.W. McOuat B. A., Supt.

METHODIST.

Rev. Mr. Craig, Pastor, and Rev. M. Morrison, Assistant. Service 10-30 a. m. Class-meeting at close of service. Sunday School at 2:30, Mr. Murray Supt. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8, Strangers are welcome.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Rev. A. Derome, P. P., High Mass 10: Vespers 3 p. m.

ANGLICAN.

Rev. Rural Dean Sanders, Rector. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 2.30. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8.

BAPTIST.

Rev. John Higgins, Pastor. Service every Sabbath morning at 11 a. m., and 2 p. m. Sunday School 9.45. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 8.

BRETHERN.

Break Bread every Sabbath morning in their Hall, Hugh street at 11 a. m., and study the scriptures in the evening at 7. Prayer-meeting Tuesday evening at 7.

SALVATION ARMY.

Sunday services. Halleujah Breakfast at 7 a. m., regular services 11 a m, 3.30 p. m. and 8 p. m. Weekly meetings, on Monday, Thursday, Saturday nights, at 8 o'clock.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Y. P. C. Endeavor Society, John Jackson President. Meeting every Monday evening in Jas. W. Raitt's Hall, at 7.30. Young people are cordially invited to attend.

The Young People of the Methodist Church meet every Friday evening in the above church, at 7.30. All are welcome.

The W C T Union, meets every month in their rooms opposite the Medical Hall. Mrs. Massiah, President.

Band of Hope meets in the W C T U's Rooms every Saturday. Mrs J G Davidson Supt.

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by T. CHRISTIE JR.

WANTED

A GOOD GIRL. Farmer's Daughter preferred. No cows or washing, wages $6.

Apply to
MRS. W. BARCLAY,
29 St. Andrews, East Que

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next session of the parliament of Canada for an act to incorporate the Ottawa Valley Railway Company, with powers to purchase the portion of the Great Northern Railway, west of Lachute, and the Carillon and Grenville Railway and to build a bridge across the river Ottawa at a point between Carillon and Grenville and to build a line or lines of Railway to connect said bridge with the Railways on either side of said river.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,
27-9in For Applicants.

A. G. Stackhouse,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

MAIN STREET, Lachute, P. Q.,

Sporting Goods!

A good Stock of SPORTING GOODS, including Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Fishing Tackles etc. etc, will in a short time be added to my present stock.

MINNIE P. BOA,
Kenniburgh's Block.
16 Lachute.

Stationery.

LETTER HEADS,
ENVELOPES,
WRITING PAPER,
BILL HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
MOURNING PAPER.

For Sale Cheap at

Watchman Office.

$3,500 IN REWARDS.

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Fall Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of the letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTRIST." Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st Grand Reward.....$500 in Gold
2nd " " Grand Piano, valued at $500.
3rd " " .....$250 in Gold
4th " " .....Organ valued at $150
5th " " .....$100 in Gold
6th " " Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th " " .....$50 in Gold
9th " " .....$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each.....$100
Next 20 prizes.—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes. 50 Silver Dessert Sets, warranted heavy plate.
Next 100 prizes.—100 Silver Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettles Butter, Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Buscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, etc., etc., all fully warranted, making a total of 680 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3,500.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from the letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. In the body of the book, none of the supplement to be used.
2. The words must be written in rotation and number 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.
3. Letters cannot appear oftenner than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "g" in the three words.
4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more tie, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.
5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: J. G. Macdonald, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and Commodore Calcutt, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION. "Got $1,000 prize all right."—M. M. Brandon, Vancouver, B. C. "Thanks for $500 prize."—G W Cunningham, Donald B. C. "Prize received O. K." J. D. Baptie, West Superior, Wis., "$300 prize received. Thanks."—G. V Robertson, Toronto; and 300 others in United States and Canada.

This is NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST in the past is ample guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Canada. 16

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeny, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat; Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Soldby T. CHRISTIE.

FARMS FOR SALE.

The "George Bradford" and the one adjoining, being Nos. 292 and 579 situated in the Township of Chatham, between St. Philippe and Lachute. being some of the best farming land in, the county.

Tenders will be received for the same, separately, up to 31st March, 1892. The highest, or any tender, not necessarily accepted.

R. G. Meikle,
Lachute.
22

For Sale.

A GOOD Farm containing 200 on the 6th range and 70 acres on the 8th range of the Townshib of Chatham, the latter being a wood lot.

The Farm has good buildings, is well watered and has about 3000 maple trees.

For further particulars apply to
WM. HEATLIE,
Stonefield, or at the Watchman Office.

LOST.

ON JAN. 9th, between J. G. Davidson's Lachute and Lake View post office, one Grey Goat Robe. Finder can be rewarded by leaving same at either of above named places. 49-1m

REWARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Great Winter Competition of The Ladies' Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the following words first appear in the Old Testament: "KNOWLEDGE," "WIFE," and "LOVE?" Where does the following words first appear in the New Testament: "JUDEA," "FAME," and "KING?"

WEEKLY PRIZES—Every week throughout this great competition, prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received at the office of the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week) will receive $2 0; the second correct answer, $1 0; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver, service; fifth, five o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $2. Every fifth correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will receive a special prize.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by $1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Canada) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Money should be sent by post office order or registered letter. Address, THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send your address and we will mail you a sample bottle, **FREE**. DR. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER N.Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St. W., TORONTO, CANADA.

IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE

Keep constantly on hand a full stock
ROLLER——————
GRUBBERS——————
ARUNDLE HARROWS——————
PLOUGHS (Wilkinson and other makes.)
SEEDERS. FANNING MILLS, (the old standard "Mackenzie Mill" and the "Chatham Fanning Mill" the best Mill in Canada, as can be proved by hundreds of testimonials.) STEEL HARROWS, LUMBER WAGGONS, BUGGIES, &c.

—ALSO—

Parts for any kind of machines or goods sold by me. The goods sold by me are from the best manufacturers in Canada.

T. STUART,

LACHUTE March 30th 1888 30 t

Insolvent Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owing to the Insolvent Estate James Fish Lachute, are required to pay the same to the undersigned at once.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute March 24th, 1892.
31

Insolvent Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owing to the Insolvent Estate Peter Campbell Lachute are required to pay the same to the under signed at once.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute March 24th 1892.
31

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } No. 51,
District of Terrebonne.

CHARLES CHARLEBOIS,
of Lachute Town, district of Terrebonne, Founder.

Insolvent.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the creditors of the Insolvent in this cause will be held before a Judge of this Court in the Court House, Ste. Scholastique, or in the absence of said Judge, before the Prothonotary for this district on the ELEVENTH day of APRIL next, 1892 at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to give their advice touching the appointment of a Curator and Inspectors to the said estate and in such other matters as may be submitted to them.

Dated at Ste. Scholastique, this 31s, day of March, 1892.

CHAS. De MONTIGNY, P.S.C.

Hotel For Sale

At Ste. Scholastique.

The undersigned offers for sale the well known "POIRIER HOUSE" at Ste. Scholastique, at a low price and reasonable terms. The stand is a good one and has been well patronized by those attending the courts.

Apply to
MRS. CHAS. POIRIER,
Ste. Scholastique, Que.
25—1m

Picture Framing.

Now is your time to leave your orders for picture frames with the undersigned, who has on hand from 20 to 30 different kinds of mouldings, at very moderate prices. Please call, see samples and examine workmanship.

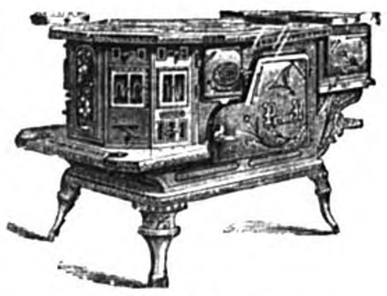
JOS. CAMPBELL,
4 Lachute Mills Que.

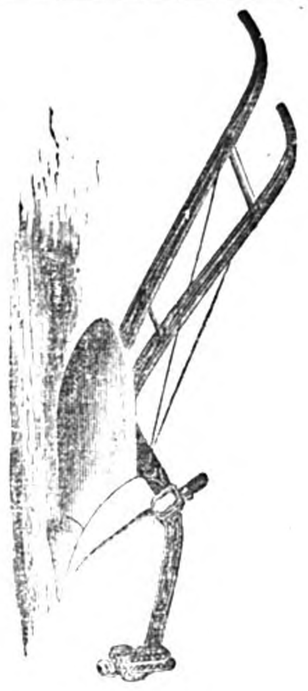
PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given to the ratepayers and others of the town of Lachute, to fix their sidewalks in the said town without delay. Timber to be used, Hemlock or Spruce 2x6 in size, according to Town By-law, if not attended to within a week, will be built by the town at their own expense.

By Order,
J. A. BEDARD,
Chairman, Road Committee.

STOVES!





STOVES!!
Cooking Stoves,
Hall Stoves,
Parlor Sotves,
Furnaces,
Ranges etc.

PLOUGHS.

ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY MADE AND REPAIRED.
CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN BRASS OR IRON

McOUAT & McRAE. Lachute.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

JUST RECEIVED a car load of our which will be sold at the lowest prices.

A Large and complete stock of TEAS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES CANNED GOODS, CROCKERY ETC., always kept on hand.

All kinds of farm Produce taken in exchange.

P. CARRIERE & SON.
ST. PHILIPPE.

2—1yr.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

FARMERS, When you want

HARDWARE.

You can save money by buying from me. My Stock is large and varied, in FORKS, AXES, SHOVELS, etc. A Large assortment of Hollow ware, POTS, KETTLES and PANS, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, SHEEP SHEARS, TIN-WARE, CARRIAGE BOLTS, from one inch to ten inches, OILS, PAINTS, and VARNISHES. Also a fiirsr-class Stock of Leather on hand. Mink, Muskrat Skins etc, wanted,

Blacksmithing done and Satisfaction given.

A Blacksmith Wanted.

JAMES DENSMORE,
Stonefield, Que.,

41—3m.

HOUSE TO LET

The residence next the Baptist Church, lately occupied by Mrs Leggo, will be rented from May 1st with ground adjoining. Rent very low to a desirable tenant.

Apply to

FRANK WEIR.

Standard Building
Montreal.

NOTICE

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith and Horse Farrier, would respectfully announce to the people of Argenteuil that he is now prepared to attend all troubles in Horse and Cattle (Castrating Colts as a specialty.) He is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it.

While thanking my many patrons for their past patronage, I would request those owing me for a settlement of their accounts this month.

Wanted at once a good Blacksmith, one accustomed to horse-shoeing preferred.

W. ARMSTRONG,
Farrer

R. G. MEIKLE,

BANKER.
Lachute, Que.

—Money received on Deposit—
—Money lent on good Joint Notes—
—Collections promptly attended to

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Lachute, Oct, 15th, 1889. 7-1yr

Valuable Town Property For Sale.

The property known as "Lochinvar" or the "Henry Property" in the East Ward of Lachute Town within five minutes walk of the Railway Station. Post office, Churches, Stores etc., containing about 60 arpents of land with two Sugar Bushes of about 300 trees each. Stone house and other buildings thereon, beautifully situated on the South side of the North River having a pretty little lake in front and a commanding and pleasant view of the Laurentian Range of Hills to the North. The locality is one of the prettiest and most healthy in the Town, and is being rapidly built with a superior class of houses. This property can be conveniently subdivided into Town or Villa Lots, and will be sold *en bloc* or in lots to suit purchasers and would form a desirable residence for any person wishing to engage in agricultural operations on a small scale. Title perfect. For further particulars,

Apply to,
WILLIAM HENRY on the premises, or
THOMAS BARRON, Lachu

VILLE MARIE BANK.

LACHUTE.

W. WEIR, President — W. GARAND, Cashier

Capital, $500,000.

INTEREST paid on Deposits. Money can be withdrawn without notice or other delay.

DRAFTS issued on any point in Canada and the United States, on favorable terms.

EXCHANGE on any part of Europe.

COLLECTIONS promptly made, at lowest rates.

Hours, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays, 10 a. m. to 1. p. m.

H. FROST,
Manager.

NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having formed a partnership will continue the business formerly carried on by A. G. McARTHUR & Co., at the West End

BUTCHER. SHOP.

There will always be on hand the best supply of Hams, Bacon, Fish, Vegetables, and Canned Goods of all kinds. Orders delivered as usual. Cash paid for hides, beef, pork etc. In thanking his customers for their patronage during the past 12 years Mr. McArthur solicits their continued support for the firm of

BENNETT & McARTHUR.
1-tf

Valuable Property For Sale.

THE PROPERTY known as the Mile End Grove Farm, Chatham, within half a mile from Hamelin & Ayer's factory and the town of Lachute, 6 acres distant from Earle's Mills. It can be purchased with farming implements and stock thereon, or without. also a

BUSH LOT

on the West Gore Road, within three and a half miles of Lachute. For further particulars apply to

JAMES BOYD,
24-3m Lachute, Que.

LACHUTE Grist & Saw Mills

HAVING leased these Mills to P. McRAE & CO., of Ottawa, the undersigned, while continuing the management, solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage he has always enjoyed, for this enterprising firm which proposes to conduct the business on a more extensive scale,

SPOT CASH

will be paid at fair market price, for Oats, Barley, Corn and Buckwheat.

A full line of the different Brands of Ogilvie's Flour, such as Hungarian Patent, Strong Bakers, Family Flour, and other favorite brands will be supplied at rates and quantities which will defy competition either in price or quality.

First prize at all exhibitions is the record for all these brands. This flour has a Pedigree and dont you forget it.

P. CAMPBELL
Manager.
Lachute Mills 7th Oct. 1891.

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
District of Terrebonne. }

IN RE

PETER CAMPBELL, Miller,
Owner, Lachute Que.

Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that, on the 22nd day of Feb., 1892, by the order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the Estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

W J Simpson,
Curator.
Lachute March 14th, 1892.
31

Lachute Bakery.

The Old Reliable Stand and the only place where you can get a good loaf of Bread, this is undisputed. We have some imitators but no equals. Plain and Fancy Bread of all kinds. Buns, Rolls, Scons and the usual variety of choice cake found at a first class confectioner's establishment.

Candies of the purest and best. Fruits in season.

JOHN HOPE

Baker & Confectioner
LACHUTE.

APRIL 22 1892

MISSING

A Gallery 12 July 90

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XV. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1892. NO. 36.

THE "WATCHMAN"

—AND—

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

...hove paper is printed and published ...RY FRIDAY MORNING ...As I...ute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by CALDER BROS.

...a in a ...s dar...OF SUBSCRIPTION:—ONE DOLLAR, ...paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CE...TS at the end of the year.

Announcements or Notices of a personal or business nature, in the Editorial, Local or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of situations Wanted, Fifty cents the first insertion, and Twenty-fiive cents each subsequent insertion.

Special arrangements of an advantageous character made with merchants for the Year, Half Year or Quarter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us, confidentially, their name and address, but not necessarity for publication.

A. BERTHELOT.

NOTARY PUBLIC, LACHUTE QUE.,

J. E. VALOIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Money to Loan on Security.

Office over Central Flour Depot.

LACHUTE, QUE.,

P. F. Ernest Petit

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner Superior Court.

ST. JEROME, P. Q,

J. D. LEDUC, L.L.B.

Ste. Scholastique, P. Q.

Advocate, attorney for the District of Terrebonne, for the Inland Revenue of the Province of Quebec. 30—1y.

Abbotts Campbell & Meredith,

ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, &c.,

11 HOSPITAL ST.

MONTTEAL.

HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, Q.C., C. S. CAMPBELL
J. B. ABBOTT, F. E. MEREDITH,
H. ABBOTT, J. R., Q.C. H. J. HAGUE,

R. P. de LARONDE

Advocate,

Has opened an office at the WATCHMAN Building, Lachute, which will be in charge of G. F. Calder. All collections promptly attended to.

Geo. E. Bampton, B. C. L.

Advocate, Counsellor at Law, etc. Revising Barrister for Argenteuil. Office over Meikle's Banking House. Residence E. S. Lachute College,

Attorney for Legal and Commercial Exchange of Canada Associate Attorney for Wilbers' Moreantile Agency and others Collections and Legal Business of every description promptly executed. Attenall Provincial Courts. Capias, Attaenments and seizures made. Ejectment and Real Estates actions brought, Institutes Insolvency proceedings fyles claims and attends Creditors' meetings, winding up and distribution of assests. Suits for damages for personal wrongs or damages to property entered. Examines titles, searches Mortgage records, Personal and Real. Sues for maintenance and support between parents and children and ascendants. Separation of property and otherwise between consorts obtained. Pauper and Lunacy laws invoked Prosecutes and defends in criminal cases in all stages before Justices, Magistrates, and the high Courts. Takes extrajudical declarations and affidavits any where. Draws Marriage contracts, Wills Leases, Mortgages, Bills of Sales, etc., etc. Attends and closes up Probate matters and Successions. Manages Estates for heirs, Collects rents, Insurance claims, etc. Furnishes Legal opinions on matters in any state or Country and provides Counsel there Draws Petitions, Private Bills, Incorporating Acts for Municipalities or Corporations and appears before Legislative Committees, Bills Notes, Drafts, I, O- U's and Mercantile papers realized upon. Municipal cases a specialty.

40—1—y

J. B. MENZIES M. D.

Graduate of McGill University, Montreal.

Office (Day and Night.)

IN

FISH'S BUILDING,

Opposite

Curry's Hotel. - - - - LACHUTE.

C. P. R. HOTEL,

St. Philippe Station, Que.,

H. PAQUIN, & CO., PROP'S.

(LATE OF MONTREAL.)

First class accommodation and Liquors at low rates. Sample Rooms. Boarding and Livery Stables. 22—1y

J. G. DAVIDSON'S

REMOVAL NOTICE.

Having leased the Store lately occupied by A. BOA, as Hardware Merchant, and moved our entire Stock to these Premises, now is the time to look out for Bargains in all Lines. New Goods in every Department.

Bargains in new Prints & Cloths

Bargains in new Dress Goods.
Bargains in new Boots & Shoes.
Bargains in new Ready-made Clothing. Our own manufacture. A choice Stock of new Groceries, cheap.

New Spring Millinery,

NEW SPRING MILLINERY.
NEW SPRING MILLINERY.

MISS CAMERON,

OF MONTREAL

Will have charge of this Department.

A Large and Select Stock of new Felt Hats, in Men's and Boys' Latest Styles, at Lowest Prices.

TAILORING.

TAILORING! TAILORING!!

A Fine Line of new Goods for Spring, consisting of Fancy Suiting, Black Worsted Fancy Panting, etc, etc.

A First-class man has been employed to take charge of this Department.

WANTED.—New Maple Syrup and Sugar, in exchange for Goods. Also Butter, Eggs, etc, etc.

J. G. DAVIDSON,

A. BOA'S [Old Stand,]
Main St. Lachute.

31-tf.

New Store & Boarding House.

The undersigned will open on the first of May, on the premises lately occupied by

F. X. BERTRAND,

West Ward, Lachute Town, a General Store and Boarding House.

GENERAL STORE.

A general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, Candies, Confectionery, etc., will always be kept on hand and disposed of at a small advance on cost price.

BOARDING HOUSE.

The interior of the house has been lately fitted up with new furniture, and parlor, rooms, etc, are in first-class order. As Mrs. Allen has been in this business so long and so well known that her past record will suffice as to the nature of the board.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

F. W. ALLEN,

Bertrand's Old Stand,
West End, Lachute.

34-

Lime! Lime!

Just Received, a car load of fresh burned Lime. Will also keep for sale Hull Cement, Portland Cement, Plaster of Paris etc. Parties taking large quantities can have it at reduced prices.

JAMES W. COTTINGHAM,

Lachute, Que

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Tenders Wanted—P Rodrigue
Notice—T os. Dibble
Pain-Killer—
Locals—W. Banfords
Notice—Leandre Belanger
Auction sale—McGibbon Bros
Change in Business—M Lecaire
Superior Court—Lafontaine & Prevost
Superior Court—J. E. C. Ethier

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Stackhouse will be in Lachute every Saturday.

Now is the time to advertise.

Mrs R G Meikle is improving.

Go to J R McOuat's for new wall papers, Scotch Holland window shades.

100 Bush. Seed Oats, for Sale at WM. BANFORD'S.

G. L. Meikle & Co. is the proper place for Prints and Sateens.

Mr P. R. Lariviere from Montreal, has been in Lachute for two days.

See W. Bamford's tweeds. Some low prices among them.

If you want Timothy, Clover and other field seeds, Go to G. L. Meikle & Co.

If you want cheap Tweeds and nice patterns See stock G L Meikle & Co.

500 Calfskins wanted at once.
W. Banford.

If in want of Ginghams & Flanellettes just look over G. L Meikle & Co's. immense stock.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for steel nails. (all sizes). Brown and tarred felt for building purposes.

Come to G. L. Meikle & Co., for your Dress Goods, ladies. Some beautiful things to select from.

Eggs—and Butter in tubs—you can't bring too much of. W. Banford.

Wall Paper!! Wall Paper!!! Big stock for this season. All new designs to be found only at G. L. Meikle & Co.,

If you want Kalsomine and Mixed Paints this Spring—Big stock always on hand at G. L. Meikle & Co.,

30 Men's suits (Tweed and Black Diagonal) all sizes—from No. 36 to 42.
W. Banford.

Go to J R McOuat's for hay seed, clover seed, field seeds, garden seeds, seed oats, western corn for seed, (white or yellow).

Just received, finest and biggest stock of Felt Hats, Hard and Soft, and something for the Boys, at G L Meikle & Co.,

WANTED—5000lbs. Wool in exchange for Tweeds and Flannels at W. Banford's

The Annual Spring Show of stallions will be held on Tuesday, May 3rd on the Agricultural Permanent Buildings Society's Ground Lachute.—See posters.

When you are coming, look up what you need in Boots, we have them. WM. BANFORD.

G. L. Meikle & Co., are to the front with Novelties in Oiled Holland Curtains and self-acting Pole. See them.

Fine line of little Boy's suits, all sizes in Serge and Tweed, at the old reliable, G. L. Meikle & Co.,

The Millinery establishment of J. G Davidson is doing a good business, if you want spring hats, call and examine.

Any one not a subscriber to the WATCHMAN can have it for a year, by leaving at this office 1 gallon maple syrup

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Alabastine, for tinting and decorating walls, in all the newest shades, guaranteed superior to any other preparation heretofore offered.

To-morrow (Saturday) Mr. Kerr will sell by Auction the balance of the things in his house adjoing the telephone office not sold in September last. Sale in the evening at 8 o'clock. For particulars see small bills.

It was announced in our death notices a few weeks ago, of the death of Mrs. Thos. Bedard, at Vancouver, B. C. The report is not true, as news have been received that she still lives and in fairly good health.

Mr. P. Roderigue has commenced to build his stable on the property lately burned, and will commence to build the main building in the course of a month. He is waiting on the brick which is being made at Hume's Hill.

Mrs T. Cummings, of Grenville, went to Montreal yesterday, to consult with Drs. Alloway and Gardiner in regard to having an operation performed. Mrs. Cummings has been suffering from a tumor.

Prothonatry De Montigny was in town on Monday.

Mr W. J. Simpson, M. P. P, left on Monday evening for Quebec, to attend to his Parliamentary duties.

The Rev Mr Given preaches his first sermon next Sunday, as the pastor of St. Simion's church.

Mr. D. Kerr is about to erect a neat verandah to the front of his house in Centre Ward, which will add greatly to its appearance.

Mrs. Veitch and daughter Jennie, left for Menominee, Michigan, on Wednesday last, where they intend remaining during the summer with her sons.

Several pieces of plank walk have been repaired during the past few days. Fish's Bridge is in a very unsafe condition, and should be looked after immediately.

LAKEFIELD.

The compositor or the "devil" seems to have determined to make "pi" of my budget last week, It was full of "typo" errors.

A gentleman entering a store not a hundred miles from here was struck by seeing several notices "Please do not sit on the counter," and is trying earnestly to solve the mysterious request, and may probably in a future issue publish the result of his cogitation *pace tua. Verbum sat sapienti.*

Several of the residents of this place have been suffering with what is apparantly an attack of influenza or "la grippe" No serious results are anticipated.

The ice has not all disappeared from the lake yet. However it is rapidly breaking up.

The Methodist people will hold their quarterly sacramental service next Sunday, and the business meeting the following Monday, so the paster announced last Sabbath. It was also announced the Rev. R.Calvert, the smallest Methodist preacher in Canada, and popular lecturer of the west, will be here early in May. Now remember!

We are pleased to learn that Rev. Mr. Irwin is not leaving Lakefield. He is a good preacher, and his place would be hard to fill.

The roads in this section are very long in drying up. Some people have been heard to observe, "the roads have not been so bad in many years." They may say so again next spring. Why?

With the improved roads the mail 'car' is making better time, but it is not yet up to the schedule time, viz. 2 p.m. Why cannot we have a Money Order department in connection with the P. O. here It is a great inconvenience to many in remitting money.

It is no sign of progress that Lachute and Lakefield have no Telephone connection. Who will make the first move?

ROVER.

An adjourned Easter Vestry meeting was held in Trinity Church, Lakefield, on Monday the 25th of April, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year—Incumbent's Warden, Mr. Geo. Moore; Peoples Warden, Mr. Thomas Copeland; Lay deligates to Synod, Hon. Judge Davidson of Montreal, and Mr. Wm. Strong; Sidesmen, Messrs. Wm. Strong, Thomas Moore, Robert Evans and Geo. S. Rogers.

The finances were in a satisfactory state, collections being larger than for several years previous.

The Incumbent, Rev. R. D. Irwin, was in the chair.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Over the mountains blue and cold
March winds are sweeping, fiercely and bold;
But down in the valleys, lowly and still,
Spring life is working with patient will.

Delicate lines of green are thrown
Up from the furrows rough and brown:
While under the forests' rich dark mould
Are weaving bright colors many old.

From leafless branches the blue bird sings,
There is promise and rest in its folded wings,
The bright harbinger of spring's blossoms and
After a winter silent and long. [song.

Nor yet can the woods hold a flower for me,
Too early for white star or anemone, [place,
But I seek in the garden a warm, sheltered
Where the pale crocus stands in its own timid grace.

And more than I seek there I find by the wall
Of the old fashioned garden, 'neath the rose-tree tall,
A lowly bent snow-drop has tinkled its bell,
Into the silence that all 'round it feel.

One gay yellow cowslip is lifting its head
From the light green nest by the border outspread,
And one light violet, shy and discreet,
Is betrayed by its perfume subtly sweet.

I know of a life that is darkened and sad—
What if these spring flowers make one hour glad?
I shall gather them, far away friend, all for thee,
Will you listen to what they will tell you of me.

Do you care to know what with them they bring—
My first and my best of the blosoms of spring
A regard pure and fresh and a friendship as strong
As the earliest of flowers or the blue bells' clear song.

My violet, rest full with loyalty rare;
My cowslip for gladness, my snow-drop a prayer,
My crocus for up-springing life on the wing;
The Easter o'er all—the awakening.

"Indigestion."—You have tried everything for it and found no help. We are no doctors, but can offer a prescription that has cured very many, and it might cure you as well; it will cost but quarter dollar, and can be had at any Druggist.—Ask for Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. The New Big 25c. size.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for felt hats, ties, collars, white shirts, regatta and Flannelette shirts, worsted coatings, tweeds, suits made to order, a perfect fit guaranteed.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

Good blood will show its quality. So will bad blood, the one in a healthy body and ruddy complexion, the other in ill health, blotches, pimples, boiles and sores, and frequently in intenser forms as ulcers, abscesses, erysipelas, scrofulous diseases, salt rheum, etc. Every organ of the body depends upon the blood for force and vitality, and is but scantily served when the blood is impure. No remedy is so potent as a blood purifier or more rapidly produces new and healthy blood than Burdock Blood Bitters, which neutralizes the various poisons and restores the vitalizing power of this all important fluid. As an instance of this read what Mr. J. S. Neff, of Algoma Mills, Ont., says in a recent letter:

SIRS,—A year ago I was troubled with spots breaking three different doctors, who gave me medicine but did not cure me. I was advised to try B B.B. and after using two bottles I noticed the spots getting less. I continued the use of B.BB., which entirely cured me, giving me also a splendid appetite. Since then I would use no other medicine.

Mr. J. E. Humphrey, 46 Bond Street, Toronto, says Burdock Blood Bitters wrought a complete cure of dyspepsia in his case after all else had failed.

Nothing creates more disease, discomfort and distress than constipation of bowels. In B B. B. we have a remedy sure to remove and cure it.

"Was troubled with continual headache and loss of appetite but before I had taken many doses of B.B B appetite and health returned,"

J. B. Thompson, Bethesda, Ont.

Mrs. Jane Vansickle, Alberton, Ont., was cured of liver complaint, after years of suffering, by using five bottless of B. B. B. She recommends it.

Bad blood breeds divers distressing disease, Burdock Blood Bitters banishes boils and blotches, with every other sympton arising from bad blood.

WANTED.

50 Pasturers Wanted, for three farms near Lachute.

P. LANE.

April 13th, 1892. 34-1m

Superior Court.

CANADA,

Province of Quebec,

DISTRICT OF TERRBONNE.

In Re

CHARLES CHARLEBOIS, of Lachute, Que, Founder.

Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 11th day of April instant 1892, by order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a judicial abandonment of all his assetts for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

G. J. Walker,

Curator.

Lachute April 14th, 1892.

D RAITT, JR.,

Watchmaker and



ALL REPAIRING DONE ON THE PREMISES.

Jeweller.

Main St Lachute.

Fine Watches and Clocks carefully cleaned and repaired.

JEWELLERY.

Repaired at lowest rates. Always on hand a full assortment of Watches, Clocks and Silver Plated Ware.

Spectacles to suit all sights.

To reliable parties, a special inducement is offered on Watches etc.

Waterbury Clocks are all the rage,
For "Time" they "beat Creation;
In OFFICE, HOME, CHURCH or the STAGE,
They save all botheration!

Waterbury Clocks are much the best,
Their Factories are the greatest,
Just buy and put them to the test,
Be sure to get "The Latest,"
At Raitt's the Jeweller,

10-3m

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

S. CARSLEY'S

NEWS.

BAZAAR CONTINUED!

The Mantle Bazaar has been such a grand success that we have decided to continue it for

ANOTHER WEEK,

S. CARSLEY.

Children's Dresses.

NEW SPRING STOCK JUST RECEIVED.

Every Novelty in Children's and Misses Dresses.

Tweed Costumes for Children.
Tweed Costumes for Misses.
All Sizes,
For Children of 1 to 15 years of age,
Plain Tweed Dresses.
Fancy Tweed Dresses.
For Spring and Summer Wear.
As Tweed Dresses are the latest style for children, we have ventured to lay in a very extensive stock. Everything new in Dresses at

S. CARSLEY,

SILK BLOUSES.

RECENTLY RECEIVED,

An extensive stock of new season's Silk Blouses, in all the newest shades also in Black.

New Smocked Blouses.
New Pleated Blouses.
New Puffed Blouses.
Blouses suitable for every occasion.

NEW JERSEYS.

The new Blouse Shaped Jersey in Navy, Cardinal, Seal and Black, just put into stock. Everything new in Jerseys at

S. CARSLEY.

NEW COSTUMES.

Tweed Travelling Costumes.
Tweed Touring Costumes.
Latest Styles.
For Spring and Summer.
New Cloth Costumes.
New Serge Costumes.
Handsomely Trimmed
Tailor-made Costumes.
Perfect Fitting Gowns.
Tweed Dress Skirts,
With Material for Bodice.
Cloth Costume Skirts,
With material for Bodice.
Serge Costume Skirts,
With Material for Bodice.

S. CARSLEY,

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON

Always use Clapperton's Thread.
Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market.

S. CARSLEY.

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771,

1773, 1775, 1777.

Notre Dame Street

MONTREAL;

TELEPHONES

THE SEALS OF ALASKA.

Some of the Methods by Which a Remarkable Industry is Carried on.

If the temporary agreement for protecting the seals of Alaska, known as the "modus vivendi," is not renewed the whole fleet of sealers will enter Behring sea next July and make war upon the Pribylov herd. To make this crusade appreciated it is necessary to explain the astonishingly scientific system of slaughter adopted by the pelagic sealers. Suppose that there were a single great herd of 1,000,000 valuable fur-bearing beasts which traveled continually over a kite-shaped track many thousands of miles in circuit on the great plains of the west. Imagine that these animals devoted eight months in every year to travering this route, never varying from it, so that their entire company was always sure to be at a given point on the road at a certain date, though halting together in an isolated spot for four months annually to breed and rear their young. How long would it be before the greedy hunters would have wiped them all out? If the latter were permitted to surround them at their breeding place a single season would suffice for their extermination.

The herd—there is only one—leaves the Pribylov Islands about November 10 each year to spend the winter in warmer waters. Passing southward through the Aleutian chain and out of Bering sea the animals swim in a southeasterly direction toward Santa Barbara, about 400 miles south of San Francisco, on the Pacific coast. There they turn and go northward—nearly a million strong hugging the coast into Bering sea, reaching the Pribylov Islands again by July 10. Upon those lonely rocks they breed and nurse their young for four months, at the end of which time the pups are weaned and big enough to accompany the annual migration. The track they follow is never varied from and each week in the year finds them at the same stage of their route, so that no difficulty in discovering the herd is experienced by the hunters who pursue the poor beasts relentlessly month after month, killing, killing, killing, until they get back into Bering sea again and are safe for a while. No present project for putting a stop to this is entertained. The "modus vivendi" and the seizures of vessels have merely related to the exclusion of the pelagic sealers from Bering sea itself, where they are anxious to go and wipe out the whole breeding herd while it is assembled on two small islands, thus making an end of the species at once and "for good."

Before explaining in detail the remarkably effective method by which this result would be accomplished some very interesting points may be mentioned respecting the extraordinary business of pelagic sealing. For the pursuit of this industry small schooners of from forty to sixty tons are equipped. Each such vessel starts out on a voyage with three or four months' provisions a quantity of salt, a supply of repeating rifles and fifteen or twenty men. Usually the crew includes a few Indians from Vancouver's Island and Neeah bay, Washington. The schooner sails out into the path of the herd of seals. She has no trouble in discovering when the right point is reached by the popping up on all sides in the water of the animals' heads. Then she lies to, unless the weather is too rough, and lowers into the sea a number of small dories.

Each boat is occupied by two men. One of them sits in the bow, with a Winchester rifle or fowling piece loaded with buckshot across his lap, while the other rows. The effort is to extend from the vessel a line of from seven to ten dories, which shall be within hail of each other, so that they can find their way back in case of a fog or storm. Having taken their positions, they wait for the chance of a seal's head popping up within range. The animals, while traveling, only appear on the surface at the intervals necessary for breathing, take a quick and cautious look around and immediately dive again to swim and fish. They do all their swimming and fishing under water.

When the hunter sees a head pop up, if he is quick enough, he may have time to aim and fire before the seal has taken an instantaneous survey of him and dived. Usually, when the animal comes up close alongside the boat, its fright is so great that it disappears too suddenly for a shot, but if it pops up at a distance of fifty or one hundred yards perhaps it may pause for two or three seconds and afford an opportunity to the marksman. At best the aim is necessarily very uncertain. Inasmuch as both boat and seal are tossing about in the lumpy water.

No matter whether it is hit or not the seal disappears instantly. If killed outright it sinks, but if the marksman by keeping his eye on the spot where the carcass went under can so direct the boat as to get there quickly enough he may be able to see the body of the animal going down in the crystal-clear water. In that case he whips out his gaff pole and fishes it up. To succeed in this however, he must arrive in time at the exact point where the game sank, since it is only from just above that it will be visible through the choppy waves, which show not a bubble for a guide. A dead seal will sink from six to ten feet while a skiff is rowed fifty yards. There is more skill in finding the prey after it is hit than in shooting it. Supposing that the seal is slightly or mortally wounded it dives or swims away, in most cases to perish later. If merely stunned, it flounders about on the surface and is easily taken; but that seldom occurs. From this brief description some notion can be formed of the enormous waste of life in this kind of hunting, which according to the testimony of the dealers themselves, destroys fifteen animals for every one secured.

After a few days the herd thus intercepted by the schooner will have passed by. This is discovered from the fact that no more heads of seals are seen popping up in the water. Have the unfortunate beasts at length made their escape from this predatory vessel? By no means. She simply spreads her canvas to the breeze, sails 60 or 100 miles, overhauls the animals and proceeds as before. So it continues week after week, month after month, until they have been pursued to Bering Sea, into which some bold poachers follow them, lying off the Pribylov Islands in the fog which hardly ever lifts and shooting the breeding mothers that venture out into the ocean In 1886 there were seven vessels engaged in the sealing industry on the northwest coast. There were twenty-two in 1887, thirty-three in 1889, forty-five in 1890, and one hundred and ten last summer. This year there will be about 125 schooners in the business. All of these craft and more than 2,000 Canadian, American Japanese and Indian hunters are devoted to the indiscriminate slaughter of this herd of valuable creatures, which are to-day almost 90 per cent females. They are at this writing passing up the coast by Vancouver's Island. Of those which are now being killed 80 per cent. are heavy with unborn young.

By July 10 the entire herd will be on the two islands in Bering sea, breeding and nursing their young. The pups are all born by July 20, and up to November 10 the mother seals are constantly going out to the ocean fishing banks for food. They nurse their offspring at intervals of from one to four days, and travel in search of fish 50 to 300 miles away from the islands. The fleet entering Bering sea in July, would draw a cordon around the islands, practically annihilate all the mothers before the helpless young are weaned in November, and leave the infant seals to starve by myriads on the rocks. While not literally extermining the species the result of this, it is argued, would be to destroy the sealing industry forever. True, the pelagic sealers would ruin their own business, but they belong to a class of people who care only for to-day and do not look forward to the morrow.

The Indian hunters carried by the sailing vessels take an important part in the chase. They are turned loose on days when calm weather has succeeded a storm. At such times the seals, which have been so tossed about in the water as to have had no sleep for a considerable period, indulge in the luxury of sound naps on the ocean billows, lying on their backs at the surface with only their noses and "heels" showing. Thus rocked in the cradle of the deep they peacefully repose, doubtlessly enjoying pleasan dreams, while the savage in his canoe approaches silently from the leeward. When within striking distance the hunter drives a toggle-headed spear into the unconscious animal, drags the prey up to the boat and knocks it on the head. This method of slaughter, though not less indiscriminate than that adopted by the white men, has the advantage that no seal that is struck is lost.

The pelagic sealers have asserted that the breed of seals hunted off the Straits of Fuca and Vancouver's Island is not the same as that of the Pribylov Islands, and that the Alaskan seals frequent more or less the Russian seal islands on the other side of Bering sea, seals from the latter, known as the Commander Islands, sometimes joining the Pribylov herd. As a matter of fact, every seal which journeys through the eastern waters of the north Pacific was born and bred on the Pribylov Islands. Never within historic times have the animals composing the Pribylov herd "hauled out" to breed anywhere else then on these islands, which they doubtless selected because they were uninhabited, not being discovered until 1786, while the mainland and the islands of the Aleutian chain were overrun very anciently by savage man. That no Russian seal was ever taken on the Pribylov Islands, or vice versa, is proved by the records of market sales of the skins in London. The Russian pelts are readily distinguishable from the Alaskan, being much lighter in color. Presumably the warmer water about the Commander Islands, temperature being about ten degrees higher, has made the difference in the course of generations. The Russian skins are only worth about half as much as the Alaskan.

The herd which breeds upon the Commander Islands is about as large numerically as the Pribylov herd at present, comprising somewhat less than 1,000,000 individuals. It spends the winter in the Japan sea and in the neighborhood of the Kurile Islands. Thus far it has not been attacked to any extent by pelagic sealers, simply because their attention has been centered upon the more valuable Alaskan animals. However, as soon as the Pribylov herd has been wiped out, the Russian seals will be attacked. Russia claims no jurisdiction over Bering sea beyond three miles from shore, and she can only save her seals by joining the United States and Great Britain in the international agreement which constitutes the only hope for the preservation of these useful creatures. If a ten-mile or thirty-mile zone of protection can be established, there is no reason why a zone of 300 or 500 miles should not be maintained. Such an agreement once made, the seals would be saved. Some notion of the rapidity with which they are being exterminated can be got from the report of United States Commissioner Elliott, who in 1874 counted 3,000,000 seals on the Pribylov Islands. In 1890 he found there only 959,000 old and young. In 1874 there were 1,200,000 "bachelor seals"—males under six years old, which are not allowed by the bulls to come upon the breeding-rocks. A liberal estimate in 1890 placed the number of bachelors at 100,000.

The life of a seal hunter is as dangerous and exposed a calling as human ingenuity has ever devised. In the north Pacific the skies are nearly always overcast and gales blow continually. Fogs settle down without a moment's warning, not to rise again, perhaps, for days or weeks. Yet from the deck of a schooner two men will launch a small dory, with only a keg of water and a bag of hard tack, and pull out to windward into the ocean waste, so as to be just in sight of the vessel or within hailing distance of a boat between themselves and the vessel, taking their chance of getting back safely. Very often they are lost. Death in its most frightful form—from thirst is the fate always to be looked forward to as more than possible by the pelagic sealer. The fog suddenly descends like a curtain, damp and impenetrable to the strained vision; the answering hail comes not. It is the old story, so oft repeated. Two human beings adrift in a skiff, lost in a desert of stormy waters. No hope that is worth mentioning exists for them. What use to row when all is blindness and there is no guide to steer by. Days of agony on short allowance of water, then madness and finally——.

But why pursue the horror further. No one who has never sailed upon those wind-swept seas nor stared into those frightful fogs can realize the risks which are taken every day of their lives by these hunters or understand, in view of the small reward they receive, why they pursue such an occupation. The gunner is paid for the skins he gets from $2.50 to $5 a piece, according to size and quality. The boat puller is paid from 40 cents to $1 a skin, though sometimes he works for $30 a month. Ten skins make a very big day's catch, and to get so many the hunter will usually expend from 150 to 200 cartridges. That would signify about $40 for the hunter, whose labor is highly skilled, and $4 for the puller. The owner of the vessel provides ammunition. Indians have their own spears and canoes. They get the same prices for skins as the white men, but do not secure so many.

When the skins have been fetched aboard they are rubbed with plenty of salt to preserve them. Enough of the fat is left upon them to hold the salt. This fat has an extraordinarily offensive odor. The smell is not only disagreeable, but it has a certain sickening quality which turns the stomach of any one who is not accustomed to it. When officers board a sailing schooner their first proceeding is almost invariably to go to the rail of the vessel and relinquish whatever they have eaten recently with an abandon which appears to signify that they have no further use for it whatever.

Great excitement has been caused among the lower classes in Delhi by rumours circulated by religious fanatics that the British Government had appointed secret agents to kidnap seven boys who are to be offered as a sacrifice to the water deity upon the site of the projected reservoir. The authorities are taking all precautions to prevent an outbreak.

DEEMING AND HIS LAST VICTIM.

Evidence that His Wife Had Decided to Leave Him Before She was Murdered.

A despatch from Melbourne says that evidence has been discovered going to show that the murdered Mrs. Deeming, formerly Miss Mather, intended to leave her husband just before she was murdered and go back to England. Mr. McHail, an owner of property in Melbourne, says that a week before Christmas a lady who had a gentle and refined manner applied to him for a furnished cottage, which she proposed to occupy. She explained that she was unable to give any references, as she had only arrived from England in the Kaiser Wilhelm II. a few days before, and was a perfect stranger in the colony. Since her arrival she had quarrelled with her husband, and had determined to return to England, but she wished to take advantage of the opportunity to see Melbourne, as she had saved enough money to make a short stay and pay her passage home.

Being very favorably impressed with the woman's manner and appearance, Mr. McHail agreed to dispense with references, and expressed his willingness to let the cottage. The lady left, promising to write to him in a day or two. But this she failed to do, and shortly after Mr. McHail met her walking alone, and looking very downcast, in Swanton street, the street in which the jail is situated, and from which, no doubt, the prisoner took his latest alias. Mr. McHail stopped her and inquired whether she had decided to take the house. She replied in the affirmative, but while they were conversing a man wearing an angry scowl approached and beckoned to the lady, who started nervously and went away with him.

Mr. McHail was so struck with this incident that he took particular notice of the new-comer, and observed especially that he had very cruel-looking eyes. When he saw Deeming's picture he at once declared that he had no difficulty in identifying it as that of the man in question. The description of the lady which he has furnished to the police also corresponds with that of Mrs. Deeming. Mr. McHail never saw her again, but he saw the man on two subsequent occasions—once alone and once walking with a tall woman.

A telegram from Halifax says:—Deeming was in Halifax a few years ago on alleged gold mining business. He showed a gentleman whom he met here a letter he had received from Kate Edowes, one of the women who was subsequently murdered in Whitechapel. The letter revealed a motive for the murder of the girl. Deeming went under two or more aliases in Canada, one of which was Ruel. He impressed those he met as being a thoroughly conscienceless wretch, and some of the stories told by him showed that he was capable of perpetrating any deviltry.

The Smallest Human Being.

The most remarkable atom of humanity that has ever attained his or her majority bore the poetic name of Lucia Zarate, and hailed from Mexico. She was born in the above named country January 2, 1863; died January 28, 1890, at Truckee, Cal. When on exhibition in this country from 1883 to 1885 and again from 1887 to the time of her death, she weighed, according to the most reliable estimates between eight and nine pounds; generally advertised as weighing but four pounds and nine ounces. Lucia, like most Mexican girls of good family, was betrothed while still in her cradle. As her affianced grew to be a strapping fellow of 180 pounds, Lucia's parents watched over their midget offspring, reluctantly admitting to each other that sooner or later the unequal match must be declared "off" forever. It is said by those in position to know that years after, when the big Mexican and the midget wonder had given up all hopes of ever being joined by the hymenial ties, the heroic lover corresponded with the little freak and helped to relieve the tedium of many of the long hours when she was on the stage in a strange land. While on exhibition here in Philadelphia, Lucia thought she saw the face of her lover in the throng which daily crowded around her. This mistake caused her many days of sorrow. Her time off the stage for two weeks after the little episode was spent in bemoaning her fate and praying to be allowed the stature and avoirdupois of other girls of her age.

After her tour of the principal American cities she returned to her home in Mexico, and for two years enjoyed the semi-oriental climate of her native city on a scale as grand as her abbreviated proportions would admit.

Witnin a year and a half she returned to the United States to finish her harvest of dollars; caught cold while crossing the mountains from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Coast, and died at Truckee, Cal., after a short illness, aged 27 years and 26 days. Taken all in all she was the most wonderful specimen of humanity known since the dawn of history.

The Beautiful Side of Life.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all that makes it "beautiful to be alive" consists in cup-offerings of water. Not an hour of life's journey but is rendered easier by their freshening or harder by their absence. Why? Because most of us are burden-bearers of one sort or another; because to most of us a large part of the journey is a dull and trivial trudge; because there is much dust upon the road, and not so many bad places as probably we think, yet many common places; and it is load and dust and stretches of the common place that make one thirsty. If the feeling on our shoulders were of wings instead of load; if on Mondays, "in some good cause not our own," we were marching singing to a battle, and on Saturdays were coming back victorious, then the greetings on the way would make less difference to us. But, as it is, we crave the roadside recognitions which give praise for the good deed attempted, pity for the hard luck and the fall, a hand-lift now and then to ease the burden's chafe, and now and then a word of sympathy in the step-step-stepping that takes us through the dust. And this is all that most of us wait to give, for we, too, are here on business. You cannot step my journey for me, cannot carry me on your back, cannot do me great service; but it makes a world of difference to me whether I do my part in the world with or without these little helps which fellow-travellers exchange. "I am busy, Johnnie, and can't help it," said the father, writing away, when the little fellow hurt his finger. "Yes, you could—you might have said "Oh!" sobbed Johnnie. There's a Johnnie in tears inside all of us upon occasions. The old Quaker was right: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do to my fellow-beings, let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once."

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.—[Phillips Brooks.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

Its Value and Weight and the Jewels it Contains.

The crown of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, made in 1838 by Rundell & Bridge, has been estimated to be of the value of £300,000. It weighs nearly two pounds, and comprises more than 3,000 precious stones, of which five sixths are diamonds. The lower part of the band is a row of 129 pearls, the upper part of 112.

Between them, in front, is a large sapphire. Behind is a smaller sapphire, with six others and eight emeralds. Between the two great sapphires are ornaments containing 286 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds and eight festoons containing 160 diamonds. In the front of the crown is the ruby given to the Black Prince by Pedro, King of Castile. This is set in a Maltese cross, and forming the cross are 75 large diamonds.

Three other crosses, containing 386 diamonds, are round the upper part of the crown. Between the four crosses are four ornaments with four rubies in their center, and containing respectively 84, 85, 86, and 87 diamonds. From the Maltese crosses rise four arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves containing 723 diamonds. The 32 acorns are each of a single pearl, and are set in cups made of 54 diamonds. Above the arches stands the mound containing 548 diamonds, and above the mound is the cross, containing a very large sapphire, four very large and 108 smaller diamonds. All the stones are genuine, and not, as in some other European crowns, colored glass, which has replaced the genuine stones.

Beware.

Perhaps, although it does not always follow that because a young couple are madly in love with each other that they will be happy in a cottage or on humble fare. Nevertheless, the story in view will illustrate the fact.

Edward Hollinsworth, then only a young clerk, married a banker's daughter against her father's wishes and took her home to the poor little furnished rooms he was able to hire.

For a time everything seemed to go happily until the husband received a small legacy, which was expended in furniture too elegant for their condition and in dresses too fine for a clerk's wife. They began to compete with much richer families, and the young wife little knew of the debts into which they were plunging.

One night the husband returned home to find his wife in tears.

She said a crazy person had called that day and insisted that their pier glasses were not paid for, and when ordered out of the house became abusive. She asked to know what it all meant.

"That he was crazy, as you say, dearest."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said foolish little Rosa, smiling. "I thought there might be something at the bottom of his talk; and since it isn't so, you will give me that new garnet velvet dress I spoke of, and a pearl spray for my hair—pearls become me so well. You'll let me have it to-morrow, Edward, in time for Mrs. Rushland's dinner?"

"If I can, Rosa," said Edward; "but what would you say if I were to ask you to wear your old dresses this winter?"

"What a joke!" cried Rosa. "But you told grandpa I should never want for anything. You can't be growing stingy, love?"

"You shall have the money, Rosa," said Edward.

His face had turned very white, but she did not see it. After awhile he rose and put on his coat.

"I must go out awhile," he said. "I have business to attend to." And she saw him unconsciously take from his bosom the keys of his office desk.

"Going to the office to-night?" she asked.

"No, no. Why should you think so?" he said, and turned fiery-red.

Rose felt frightened. She could not tell why. She went to the door with her husband, and watched him down the street. Then she went back to the parlor and picked up the daily paper. The first paragraph her eyes fell upon was the account of the arrest of a confidential clerk.

"He was honest until extravagant women made him their prey," added the writer. "Extravagance is the road to ruin."

The paper fell from Rosa's fingers. Suddenly a flood of light seemed to illuminate the darkness of her life.

"I am an extravagant woman," she said. "I am driving my dear husband to ruin. To-night he may do something to supply my foolish wants that will cover him with infamy and part us forever. I will follow him."

A great waterproof cloak with a hood lay upon a chair near by. Rosa seized it and wrapped it about her and flew into the street.

She turned her steps as by instinct towards her husband's place of business. It was a large building, and the janitor stood at the door.

"My husband is in his office is he not?" she asked. "I'm to meet him here."

"Yes. Walk up, ma'am," said the old man, and Rosa flew upstairs. She opened the door. The gas had been lit, and its rays fell over the head of her husband as he sat at his desk. She crept up behind him and peeped over his shoulder. An empty check lay before him, and opposite stood a paper bearing the signature of his employer, which he with careful strokes was copying letter by letter.

"Edward!" shrieked Rosa and her white hand descended upon the paper. "Edward!"

The man started to his feet.

"God led me here, Edward," sobbed his wife. "Oh! Edward, is this the first time?"

"The very first, Rosa," said the man.

"It is my fault," said Rosa. "My extravagance had maddened you. Burn that paper and come away."

In a moment more the check was a little heap of ashes and Rosa sat upon her husband's knee, hiding her head on his shoulder.

"We will sell all the furniture—all that we own. The rest we will give back. My jewels shall go. I will wear calico. We will be honest and forget our vanity," she said, "and I will be a true helpmeet to you, instead of being your bane and curse, as I have been."

Then they went home together.

Neither ever forgot that evening. And though people pitied the banker's daughter for her humble surroundings, she was happier than she had ever been in her life.

There is nothing like pinning faith to a wrong idea and being scatched by the pin.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance o it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands, and what is true of the deity is equally true of His revelation.—[Ruskin.

We sometimes meet an original gentleman who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.

MOUNT ETNA.

The Terror of the Ancients and the Modes of the Moderns.

Mount Etna, the most remakable volcano of the earth, is an isolated elevation separated from the surrounding heights partly by the rivers Alcantara and Simeto, and partly by the sea. The base of the mountain is nearly round, but somewhat longer from north to south than from east to west, and covers an area of more than 1,500 square kilometers. The highest point is nearly in the middle, and is 3,304 meters high, Etna has been celebrated throughout the whole historic period. The mariners of Phœnicia, Carthage, Greece, and Rome, recognized it as an important guide on their voyages. It was the most imposing signal of antiquity, the light-house of the Mediterranean Sea, which the poets of the age surrounded with the nimbus of myth.

THE GIANT FORCES

of nature inspired them with awe for the imaginary demons who directed them. The mountain was the workshop of the smith Hephastos, the dwelling place of Cyclops, and of Polyphemus. Pindar and others have delineated the mountain in graphic word-pictures and consecrated it in song.

As a volcano it must early have attracted the attention of historians, as is evidenced by the numerous accounts of its eruptions which have been handed down to us. There are eighty historical accounts of eruptions, eleven of which occurred before the birth of Christ. The most terrible eruptions occurred in 1169, 1284, 1537, and 1669. In this latter year, the lava flood rolled down to Catania, destroying a great part of the town and coming to a stand only at the walls of the old convent of St. Nicolo, where it solidified without injuring the walls of the convent. The years 1693, 1818, and 1832, were equally sad pages in the history of Etna. A very interesting account of the outbreaks of 1818 and 1832 has been left us by Signor Gamellaro. The outbreak of October 31, 1832, was especially remarkable. The volcano opened in two places, the one was at the foot of the cone towards the southeast, at an elevation of 3,050 meters. The lava stream of 1787 constituted a dam against the melted lava and diverted its course. Far more terrible was the other eruption near Mt. Lepre, westward from the crater and approximately 2,000 meters above the sea-level. Here the mountain belched forth its glowing masses of lava, and

CLOUDS OF ASHES

from five throats, which, on the 11th of November were united into one. From the highest opening rose a pillar of flame to a height of forty meters, which, arching over, formed a second pillar in its descent. Not less active were the four other throats. The most voluminous and dangerous lava stream flowed from the lowest of them, advancing at the rate of upwards of a mile a day. It first threatened the Maletta forest and then wheeled round towards Bronte, covering 20 miles in 16 days. Large areas of cultivated land were rendered waste, and, at length, the inhabitants of Bronte saw the advancing lava stream within fifteen hundred yards of the town and waited for its destruction with characteristic Oriental fatalism. The majority fled, a few, however, more intelligent than their fellows, remained behind and hastily threw up a stone dam to divert the flow of lava from the town. But at that point the lava came to a stand, the eruption was over on the 21st of November, and the town spared.

The surface of Etna is broken by no ridges; it has no plateaus nor terraces, and indeed, no valleys or streams. In its quiet periods it is a much admired and much frequented spot, offering numerous attractions to the tourist, and commanding a prospect equaled only by the Peaks of Teneriffe and of Klutschevskaja Sopka on the peninsula of Kamschatka and a few other extra-European sites. Tourists generally start from Catania. From there to Nicolosi, the way lies through beautiful gardens and

PROSPEROUS-LOOKING VILLAGES;

reaching Nicolosi, guides and mules are engaged. The scenery of the cultivated girdle is charming; wheat and barley and cotton fields, alternating with vineyards and olive and almond and orange groves, render it a very paradise. The night is usually spent in Nicolosi or the adjoining cloister at an elevation of about 2,500 feet. Leaving Nicolosi behind, the road passes through the forest belt which extends to an elevation of about 6,500 feet. Rye is still cultivated by the villagers who are mostly woodcutters and herdsmen. As one ascends the forest vegetation changes, oaks and chestnuts gradually give way to beech, and these in turn to birch and fir trees; cultivation disappears, the villages are remote from each other, but swine and goats are herded up to and beyond the confines of the forest. Beyond this the lava rock lies bare; there is no sign of the rich flora of Alpine regions elsewhere; there is no soil for its support. Eight miles below the crater, lies the grotto of Castelluccio. Thence the ascent becomes more difficult. Two miles below the Bicorn, as the highest crater is called, is the Casa Inglesa, where the mules are generally left behind, the ascent being finished on foot.

Arrived at the summit, and perhaps many times in the ascent, the traveler turns to take in the glorious prospect which, from the highest peaks, is so magnificent and beautiful as to baffle all description in

THE CLEAR ATMOSPHERE

of this cloudless region, the eye wanders uninterrupted over Southern Italy and the greater part of Sicily, and away over the Liparian Isles, lying like a handful of gems on the blue waters. Toward the East the Adriatic looks like a narrow strait; and, on the opposite side, the eye wanders over the mountain peaks of Calabria to the ocean beyond. In very clear weather, even the coasts of Africa are visible.

Here the lover of nature revels in the grandeur and magnificence of the scene. In the secret rumbling of the subterranean thunder, he hears the voices which appealed to the imagination of an earlier race, and which awaken a responsive echo in his own breast, touching a chord which will evermore vibrate at memory's call.

A Snake Story.

The wife of a settler near Melbourne was recently bitten on the finger by a snake. To prevent the poison entering her system she placed the finger on a block and asked her husband to cut it off, which he did with an axe. He then drove his wife 17 miles to the nearest town. On arrival she was in a state of collapse but the strychnine remedy was applied with success, and the woman is now out of danger.

Cheering Words.

If any little word of mine
Can make some life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make some heart the lighter,
God help me speak that little word,
And take the song I'm singing
And bear it to some lonely dale
To set the echoes ringing;
Echoes that thrill in joyous tone,
To some one comfort bringing.

MISSISSIPPI'S GREAT FLOOD.

The Tombigbee River Becomes Ten Miles Wide.

More Than a Hundred Negroes Drowned—Great Destruction of Live Stock—The Total Loss Estimated at $2,000,000.

A Jackson, Miss. despatch says: The first through train of the Illinois C[illegible] for a week passed here to-day. All [illegible]aks are represented to have been [illegible]red. Northeastern Mississippi is in a [illegible]rible condition. So great is the devastation that citizens have appealed to Congressman Allen for aid from the general Government. Hundreds of negroes are homeless and without anything to eat. Along the river bottom all the work they have done toward putting in a crop has been swept away, together with fences and much stock. Seventy-five negroes are known to have been drowned, and many more will be found dead when the waters subside. The greatest loss of life and injury to property is along the line of the Tombigbee River. It is not large enough in the dry season to float a small steamboat but to-day it is ten miles wide.

Later advices from the lowlands just south of Columbus indicate that more than 100 negroes have been drowned in this county. It will be weeks before anything like a correct estimate of the loss of cattle can be obtained. The bodies of horses, mules, and cows are constantly floating down the Tombigbee. For miles on both sides of the river there remain nothing but poverty and desolation. Dr. J. D. Hutcherson, one of the largest planters in this State, has just returned from one of his plantations in the northern portion of the country, and reports great destitution from the overflow of the Butahatchie. He lost seventy-five head of cattle and one of his laborers. A. K. Keith living a few miles south, saved his mules and cattle by putting them in the dining room and parlor, where the water was only two feet deep. His family and fifty negroes were in the same story of the residence, The waters have receded about seven feet, and continued to fall slowly last night. Most of the county bridges have been swept away, and it will be weeks before ordinary traffic will be regularly resumed. A cold rain has fallen almost constantly since Sunday night. No mail has been received here since Thursday. Only one body has been recovered.

The loss of life across the Mississippi State line grows more appalling and the death list is constantly increasing. Water now covers the land for seventy miles south of here. Scores of houses, bodies of men, women, and children, together with those of dumb beasts, are floating on the muddy waters. More than 1,200 people are homeless. The flood is caused by the sudden rising of sixteen rivers, which form a network over north Mississippi. Rafts, small boats and canoes were built by the score and stocked with provisions. Rescuers have started out to carry aid to the sufferers. Sixty-one bodies have been recovered so far. The flood is beginning to recede slowly. It is estimated that the damage will amount to more than $2,000,000.

A Wonderful Time-piece.

A wonderful piece of mechanism, consisting of a watch dial of unique construction, has been finished and put on exhibition by one of the deft-fingered artists belonging to one of the large watch factories at Waltham, Mass. It contains, instead of the usual numerals, twelve small but distinct silhouette figures, beginning with a woman with a very small child in her arms. At 1 o'clock the little mother and her miniature baby are clearly depicted, the infant being in "long clothes." At 2 o'clock the same figure appears, but the child has perceptably grown. At 3 o'clock the little mother is still the same, but the baby is in "short clothes." At 4 the child again appears, and so on up to 8 o'clock when he goes to school for the first time. At 9 he is seen in college gown, standing beside the now elderly mother. At 10 o'clock the deathbed is brought to view, the young man taking leave of his loved parent. At 11 o'clock he is aged with the snows of many Winters. At 12 he makes his final appearance, an old and decrepit specimen of humanity, praying for the end. During the next 12 hours the same scenes are again enacted. The little machine is a wonder all around.

Modes of Burial in all Countries.

The Mohammedans always, whether in their own country or in one of adoption, bury without coffin or casket of any kind.

During the time of the Old Roman Empire the dead bodies of all except suicides were burned.

The Greeks sometimes buried their dead in the ground, but more generally cremated them in imitation of the Romans.

In India up till within the last few years, the wife, either according to her wishes or otherwise, was cremated on the same funeral pyre that converted her dead husband's remains into ashes. When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned in regard to this peculiar superstition they will only answer: "A dog can find his way anywhere."

The natives of Australia tie the hands of their dead together, and pull out their nails; this for fear that the corpse may scratch its way out of the grave and become a vampire.

The primitive Russians place a certificate of characters in the dead person's hands, which is to be given to St. Peter at the gates of Heaven.

A Superfluous Son.

Mrs. Portly Pompous (to daughter, in presence of visitor)—Do we know the Hoggs, Clara?

"Really I don't think we do."

Billy Pompous (who has a good memory)—Oh, ma, what a fib. Didn't papa say he owed Mr. Hogg $5,000 and he didn't know where in the world the money to pay him was to come from.

He Wanted Quince Pie.

A 'longshoreman entered a coffee and cake saloon in Barclay street on Friday, and, after eating a plate of fish cakes, called for "a cup of coffee an' pace ov poi."

Vot kind of by?" asked the German attendant.

"Quinz poi."

"Minz?"

"No, quinz, ye thick-headed Dutchman, Do I look like a man that 'ud ate mate on Friday?

He Had Been Tried.

A Texas gentleman applied to a friend for information in regard to a certain man whom he wished to employ on his ranch.

"Is he honest and reliable?"

"I should say so. He is tried and trusty. He has been tried four times for stealing horses and he got clear every time," was the reply.

Uncomfortable Lodgings.

To be lost in an unknown country with a storm coming on is a dangerous and uncomfortable situation. Only a hunter familiar with woodland craft, and possessed of courage and hardihood, can hope to escape death or serious misfortune. A hunter who had lived for many years among the Indians went out on a beaver hunt and got separated from his companions. The snow fell thick and the wind blew violently when he tried to find his way back to camp, and he was soon compelled to admit to himself that return was impossible.

As I had only a bow, arrows, and tomahawk with me, and no way to strike fire, I was in a dismal situation; and as the air was dark with snow I had little more prospect of steering my course than I should have had in the night.

At length I came to a hollow tree, with a hole at one side that I could get into. I went in, and found the place not only dry, but about three feet in diameter and high enough for me to stand in, while a considerable quantity of soft, rotten wood lay at the bottom.

I concluded to lodge here for the night. With my tomahawk I chopped off the branches of a fallen tree and set them against the opening, until I had it several feet thick all round, with the exception of a space left to creep in at. Then I prepared a block that I could pull in after me to stop this hole.

When I went in I took my tomahawk and cut down all the dry, rotten wood I could get and beat it small. With this I made a bed like a goose-nest, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was dark.

I took off my moccasins and danced in the centre of my bed for about half an hour, till my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed.

The snow in the meanwhile had stopped all the holes so the place was dark as a dungeon; though I knew it could not yet be dark out of doors. I coiled up in my blanket and had a fair night's rest. When I awoke all was dark. I could hear the storm still raging, and concluded I would remain where I was.

After a while I tried to find the door, and as I had nothing but the sense of feeling to guide me, the operation took some time. At last I found the block, but it was heavy, and so much snow had fallen on it that I could not move it.

I was terrified. Of all the hardships I had ever endured, this seemed the worst. I worked desperately, and at length, after what seemed hours of effort, I made my way out of the den.

The only guide I had by which to steer my way was the trees; as the moss generally grows on the northwest side of them, if they are straight. I went on slowly, and toward night came in sight af camp.

Peculiar Business Methods.

The amateur photographer is, even at this late day, a source of wonderment to some simple minds. Just why he should be going about taking pictures, if not for hire, is something beyond their comprehension. The author of the recollections entitled "Across England in a Dog Cart" says that he once photographed a mill in a country village, and sent a copy of the picture to the miller.

Next year, on going that way again, he met the miller's man, who expressed his surprise that so much trouble had been taken without charge.

The photographer, expecting his joke to be understood, said, smilingly, in explanation, "It is only because our business is so very large. We take so many photographs that we can afford to do them for nothing."

A look of blank astonishment overspread the man's face, and then, after apparently turning the subject over and over in his mind, he exclaimed:

"Maister, Oi've a mind to have some more pictures took of mysel' and t' old missus!"

This was more than the joker had bargained for, and he hurried away without asking his subjects to sit.

At another time, while he was photographing an inn, a man came up to him and asked, "How much do them likenesses cost? Oi should like my house took."

"Well," said the photographer, entering into the spirit of the occasion, that depends on the size of the picture."

"As large as you can take 'em!"

"Well, then, the price will be a shilling."

But upon this the would-be customer began to bargain. A shilling was too much he thought, but he would give sixpence.

"But mind ye," said he, "Oi won't pay till Oi gets ther picture; Oi doan't trust yer phograffer fellows, Oi doan't!"

He must have been surprised when, some weeks later, he received a photograph of his cottage, neatly framed by one of those "phograffer fellows," and all for nothing. Perhaps he thought it was only by accident that the little bill for sixpence was not enclosed.

No Wonder.

Why should it be to often repeated that It is the surest, promptness, best remedy, when doctors are surprised at its effects.—Lawrence, Kans., U. S. A., "George Patterson fell from a second story window striking a fence. I found him using St. Jacobs Oil. He used it freely all over his hurts, and I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots finally disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

A Smart Little Boy.

Inquisitive city people in the country sometimes find small satisfaction in catechising little country boys about their names and affairs. A "Summer boarder" once said to a small boy dressed in a broad straw hat, a gingham waist, long trousers and bare feet:

"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as pa's," said the boy.

"What's your pa's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't nuvver call me to breakfust."

"Why don't they?"

"Cause I ailuz git there the fust one!"

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right,

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

Restores Harmony

to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

They Spoke Right On.

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will you fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchin.

"Right. Now tell me—did you ever, in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon door waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the unabashed youngsters.

Revenge is Sweet.

"I got even with my sister Phœbe with a vengeance."

"How?"

"Why, the little hussy cut me out with my fellow and married him. So, to get even, I made love to her husband's father who was a widower, and I landed him. Now, you see, I'm my sister's mother-in-law, and see if I don't make it hot for her."

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

What He Had Been Trying to Explain.

The professor had talked to the class an hour and a half on the question of the tariff.

"There is one little point still unsettled in my mind, professor," said one of the pupils, a thoughtful young man, whose intelligent face and close attention had greatly pleased the instructor. "It is this: Who finally pays the tariff on imported goods—the foreign manufacturer, the importer or the consumer?"

The professor sat down profoundly discouraged. That was the precise point he had been trying to explain.

A Considerate Youth.

The other evening Mr. McBain's eldest boy was puzzling over a French exercise which formed one of his home lessons, when his mother, who has some knowledge of that language, asked him how he was progressing with his task. "Not at all, ma," said he. "I wish you would help me to get it right." The good lady proceeded to help him to the best of her ability, and between them they managed to finish the exercise in a way. "Were there many mistakes in your French exercise?" she asked, when the boy came home from school next day. "Oh, yes, a good many," was the reply. "I thought there would, it was so difficult," said she. "Did the master ask if you had help? she queried. "Yes," replied the boy, "and I told him pa helped me." "Why did you tell him that?" asked the amazed mother. "Well, ma," replied the young hopeful, "I didn't want the master to know that you didn't know French better than that."

Matter for Meditation.

"For I have kept the ways of the Lord and have not wickedly departed from my God. * * * I was upright before Him and kept myself from mine iniquity. Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in His eyesight. With the merciful Thou wilt show Thyself merciful; with an upright man Thou wilt show Thyself upright: with the pure Thou wilt show Thyself pure, and with the froward Thou wilt show Thyself froward."—Psalm xviii., 21-26.

It was the constant habit of the Hebrew poets to make their personal experiences serve as inspiration for their psalms of hope or their songs of gratitude. They would look back upon some terrible sorrow from which they had been delivered, and they would give glory to Him who heard the cry of His children in their distresses and drew them up out of a horrible pit and set their feet upon a rock and put glad songs into their mouths. And it is largely, perhaps, because these psalms and hymns grew out of such varied experiences, and were not born of dreams and fancies and passing emotions, that they have lived so long, and have taken so fast a hold upon the world's best thought. Nay, one may go even a little further than this. Men in olden times got a good deal of what we call their "theology" from their deepest personal experiences. As they reviewed the course of their lives and thought of all God's "dealings" with them, they were apt to form their conceptions of God from what God had been in their lives. Theology of this kind was exceedingly simple, and not very likely to be misleading. For example, a man looked back upon his life and said: "God has not dealt with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to my iniquity." It required very little logic for him to conclude that "the Lord God is merciful and gracious," years of safe guidance, were the best of all proofs that God was a safe, wise, faithful guide. The more carefully we study the Old Testament scriptures, especially those portions where psalmist and saint and seer are dealing with the way in which God's hand has led them, the more we shall be impressed with the truth that God's "dealings" with men present faithful and suggestive pictures of God's character, and the more carefully we study them the better we shall understand Him. A very solemn question presents itself in the psalm from which we have quoted. The psalmist says in effect that God deals with men in some measure as they deal with him. "The Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness." That was David's experience, from which he goes on to suggest that this law of dealing is God's method. With the merciful He is merciful, with the upright, upright; with the pure, pure; with the froward, froward. Here then is a solemn question worth thinking about all the day long: "Will God deal with me as I deal with Him and with my fellows?" This is a large and serious question, but a question fairly springing out of this psalm. The very same thing is hinted in the Lord's prayer, when we ask God to forgive our tresspasses as we forgive others. If this be so, can we complain? If we forget will He forget us? If we are unmindful of what is due to Him, will He be ever unmindful of our deepest needs? If we neglect His words will he hold back from us its priceless influences and blessings? This is an age of question-asking. Here is a question of universal, of eternal importance, worth long, careful, prayerful study.

An Important Warning.

To the Editor:—

DEAR SIR,—The following paragraph, which recently appeared in the legal reports of the Toronto newspapers, is of vital importance to the people of Canada:

Q. B. and C. P. DIVISIONS.

Before Street, J.

FULFORD v. HOWE.—Hoyles, Q. C., for the plaintiff, George Taylor Fulford, of the town of Brockville, Druggist, moved for an injunction restraining the defendants, S. L. Howe and W. A. Howe, from selling pills in imitation of those sold by the plaintiff under the name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," and thereby infringing the plaintiff's trade mark for such pills registered under that name which the plaintiff alleges, by reason of his extensive advertising, is well known throughout Canada. Judgment granted for a perpetual injunction.

An old adage has it that "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," but when imitation takes the form of palming off upon the public worthless, perhaps positively harmful drugs, in imitation of a popular remedy, it is quite time the public is aroused to a sense of the injustice done them. There is no other proprietary remedy in Canada to-day that approaches Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the esteem and confidence with which it is regarded by the people. And justly so, as this remedy has to its credit cures in cases where even the most eminent men in the ranks of medical science had pronounced the patients incurable. These cases have been thoroughly investigated by such leading newspapers as the Toronto Globe, Hamilton Times, Spectator and Herald, Halifax Herald, Detroit News, Albany Journal, LeMonde, Montreal, and others, and their accuracy vouched for. Thus Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a continental reputation, with the result that we find dealers here and there imposing upon the public by selling, in their stead, for the sake of extra profit, worthless imitations. These imitations are sometimes given names somewhat approaching the original, while in other cases the dealer, while not openly offering an imitation, imposes upon the customer by declaring that he can give him something "just as good." In still other cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are openly imitated in size, color and shape, and are sold in loose form by the dozen or hundred as the genuine Pink Pills. Against all these imitations the public should be constantly on their guard. There is absolutely no other pill, or no other remedy, that can take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a nerve tonic and blood builder. To purchase any imitation, any substitute, or any remedy said to be "just as good" is a worse than useless expenditure of money. The public can protect themselves against all imitations of this great remedy if they will remember that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred. They are always put up in neat round boxes about two and a half inches in length, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink, and bears the trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If offered to you in any other form depend upon it they are worthless imitations and should be rejected as such. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not let him persuade you to take any substitute he may say is "just as good" Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. or Morristown, N. Y.,

Sir William Bowman, Bart., M. D., is dead in London.

Those who school others oft should school themselves.—[Shakespeare.

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No book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.—[Carlyle.

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A. P. 603

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The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1892.

THE NEW SPEAKER.

Mr. Leblanc, who has been elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, is a comparatively young man to fill so high a post, being only in his 39th year. He has, however, had a good deal of experience in public life. It is ten years since he was first elected for Laval, whose allegiance to him has been unfaltering. While his party was in Oppositon he developed a good deal of capacity as a fighter, and led in some of the sharpest tussels of the Conservatives with the late administration. The office of Speaker calls for somewhat different qualities, but those who know Mr. Leblanc will have no fear of his failure to discharge his duties in perfect fairness between old friend and former opponent.

LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature met yesterday under circumstances markedly different from those which attended the beginning of the session of 1890. Then, Mr. Mercier, in the zenith of his power, with a majority fresh from the country at his back, was about to enter upon the most extensive and boldest of the financial transactions that ended in the overthrow of his Government. A year and a half ago the public knew nothing of the Baie des Chaleurs, the Langlais, the railroad subsidy, or any of the jobs, the unveiling of which startled the whole country. It did know Mr. Mercier was in power, that his administration was an extravagant one, and that things were whispered about it, the publication of which would render the author liable to imprisonment. To-day only two of the men who were his colleagues hold seats in the Assembly; his party is in a ridiculous minority; over his head hangs a criminal prosecution. The year 1891 saw more history made in Quebec than any ten of its predecessors. The debauch is ended; but the effects are not worn off. The new ministry has a hard task before it, It will have to ask its supporters as well as the province to make a good many sacrifices. Quebec's expenditure cost will have to be cut according to its financial cloth, and, while that may provide a fairly serviceable garment, there will be nothing to spare for fancy trimings. On the readiness with which the Legislature recognizes and the loyalty with which it supports the Government in adapting its circumstances to its means will depend not alone the success of the administration, but the good name of the province.

THE LEGISLATURE OPENED.

MR. LEBLANC MADE SPEAKER

After Eulogistic Speeches From Both Sides of the House—Is Mr. G. W. Stephens the Opposition Leader?

QUEBEC, April 26.—The formal opening of the Legislature took place this afternoon with the usual pomp and ceremony, but the attendance of citizens was naturally rather slim as all that was to be done was merely to call the members of the Assembly and tell them to elect a Speaker.

The members of the Legislative assembly having been summoned by the gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, His Honor informed them, through the president of the Legislative council, that they should elect their Speaker and he would read the speech from the throne to-morrow.

In the Legislative assembly the only business was the election of Speaker, which, in view of the enormous majority of the Government, was a foregone conclusion. Hon. Mr. Taillon, as leader of the House, moved that P. E. Leblanc be appointed Speaker. He said that as Mr Leblanc had long been one of their most valiant fighters it might be out of place to eulogize his abilities, but now that he was being taken out of politics to a higher seat, which might be called a magisterial one, for as Speaker, Mr Leblanc would be called upon to adjudge upon many points of order and constitutional law, he would say that that gentleman was eminently fitted to fill the position with credit to himself and satisfaction to both sides of the House.

Hon. Mr Hall said he had much pleasure in seconding the motion. He was confident that Mr Leblanc, from his length of service and parliamentary experience, was well qualified to decide any point laid before him. He had been one of their staunchest supporters, and would fill the higher position with honor and credit to himself and to the House.

Mr Stephens rose from his place in the front row of the Opposition benches and seeing empty seats all the way down, said it was embarassing to see so many empty seats Even if they were inclined to oppose the motion it would be futile, and, at any rate, he felt pleasure in supporting the nomination of Mr Leblanc He hoped that in this Parliament they would hear less about party interests and more about the interests of the province. The Government had a splendid opportunity now, being so strong, to conduct the affairs of the province in a business like way and remedy the errors of former administrations He knew that Mr Leblanc would do his best to do justice to both sides.

Mr Dechene congratulated Mr Leblanc sincerely on the honor done him and expressed full confidence in him.

Hon Mr Flynn also complimented Mr Leblanc on his elevation.

Hon Mr Beaubien added his quota of praise and took occasion to joke G W Stephens about being leader of the Oppositon, but the latter shook his head.

Mr Leblanc was escorted to the Speaker's chair by Hon Messrs Taillon and Hall, and made a short speech in both languages, returning his sincere thanks for the honor conferred on him. He promised to fulfil the duties of the position with impartiality and would always endeavor to deserve the confidence reposed in him.

The House then adjourned.

AN OPPOSITION CAUCUS.

Immediately after adjournment a caucus of the opposition members was held, at which the following Independent members were present: Messrs Stephens, Lussier, Fitzpatrick, Bourbannais and Caron. There were twenty-two members present, Mr Ste Marie having gone to Montreal and Hon Mr Marchand not having yet arrived Mr Bernatchez presided and explained the object of the caucus, which was to elect a leader of the Opposition. The general feeling was in favor of Mr Marchand, and it was decided to adjourn until to-morrow to see whether he would accept. In case of his refusal the leadership will probably be offered to Mr Fitzpatrick.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

By the Rev. John King, of Dalesville.

Indeed a kinder people I could not wish to be among of the Campells, and McLeans, I shall ever have a grateful remembrance. As the church in Clarence was in a disorganised State Mr. Edwards after his return from Britain, organized one at Lochaber bay, where he dispensed the Lord's Supper. They met a few times and attended to the ordinance. But for some reason or other the thing did not continue. After acting the Domini for about three months, a Proposal was made to me that I should until Chrismas spend my time in Preaching between Lochaber bay, and Petite Nation. As the work of Preaching the gospel was more congenial to my mind than teaching School, I consented. As the distance between the two Places was about 15 miles with the North Nation to cross, it was that I should spend week about in each place. In Petite Nation, or as it is now called Papineauville there was at that time, a small Baptist Church. Instead of the handsome Chapel in which they now meet. They then meet in the school house, which was occupied between them and the Methodists, Sabbath about, in what is now called the village At that time there were very few houses, and only one store. Now there are several houses, a town hall, a large Roman Catholic Chapel, and one for the church of England, and a Baptist Chapel, There are also a few good stores, and four places where intoxicating drinks are sold which not only empoverish those who indulge in them, but has a pernicious effect upon the morals of the people. The inhabitants of Papineauville are chiefly French Canadians, and Roman Catholics, the few English speaking people and Protestants, are of Irish, and American descent, with a few Scotch and English Settlers in the neighbourhood, The first Baptists in Petite Nation were Stephen Tucker and his wife, they came from Brandon in the State of Vermont, Mr. Tucker opened a Store and also engaged in the lumber trade He prospered in business, and being of a benevolent disposition, and a lover of the Souls of men, did much with his means to advance the cause of Christ, not only in his own locality but elsewhere When I came first to Papineauville the Church had no pastor, and only attended to the Lord's supper when an ordained minister came their way, and these visits were few and far between In travelling between Lochaber and Petite Nation I found it rather a laborious undertaking on account of the state of the Roads, the only part of the Road that was anything like good, was from the Nation to Papineauville, from the Nation to Lochaber, in the Spring and fall, it was little better than a quagmire, sometimes I would get a ride from Papineauville to the Nation, and walk the remainder of the road when I would be half up to the knees in mud, sometimes indeed I did get a horse at Lochaber bay, but to get a saddle was another thing. Horses were plentiful enough, but saddles were few and far between, and as for a Buffalo robe in sleighing time that was out of the question, the only robes they used were the quilts of their beds When I had the honor to ride on horseback my usual saddle was a bag filled with hay or straw fastened unto the horse with a Rope the ends of which did for stirrups. This kind of saddle did very well as long as it remained in the right place. But I recollect one day in going down a clay gully my horse slipped when instead of being on his back, it turned under his belly and I found myself pitched into a pile of brush that lay on the Road side. The only hurt I received was a large tare in my coat, which took me back five miles to get it mended, after which I resumed my journey When I travelled that road there was no Thurso, no mill, at the Blanch, it is not so now, great changes have taken place at Lochaber Bay, they have got good roads, good houses, saddles, and vehicles both for summer and winter use. The last time I visited the place, after the lapse of years the old School house was still standing in which I had the pleasure of preaching to the people. But many with whom I had been acquainted were gone, good old James Lamb, and his wife, Donald Lamond, and the woman I Baptised had all crossed the Jordan. Those who were strong and active were getting old, and the young children had become men and women, and some had removed to other places, such are the changes constantly taking place in every part of the world, and such they will continue to be until time shall be no longer. At length the summer and fall passed away, the trees became stripped of their foliage, the Canadian winter with its biting frosts, and drifting snows had set in, the river and lakes were frozen, people began to turn out in their sleighs and the sound of the bells attached to the horses produced a fine effect as they drove along Of the Canadian winter I had been warned, and taught to except something truly awful, the depredations of Jack Frost were epresented in a way calculated to excite the fears of a new comer; true he did make an attempt to take me by the nose while riding in a sleigh on the Ottawa against a north east wind. But a little snow applied by the hand soon obliterated the marks of his fingers on that organ, with that exception I found the Canadian winter pleasant and found I could stand the cold well. Better in fact than many who had been born in the country. This was owing perhaps to my Scotch Blood not having lost the effects of the pure air inhaled from the Mountains of ancient Caledonia. As the time for entering the Baptist college had arrived, and as Mr. Tucker had occasion to visit Montreal about that time I got a ride from him, in his sleigh We left Papineauville between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and after travelling on the ice on the Bay, and through a part of Grenville, we crossed the River Rouge at its mouth and arrived at the head between nine, and ten o'clock, where we passed the night at Fraser's tavern. Next morning we started for Montreal, where we arrived on the evening of that day, and was kindly received by Dr. Davis and the students in the Baptist College.

There were several young men at that time in the College studying for the Christian ministry, some of these young men have since become able Ministers of the gospel and pastors of Churches, while others turned out a failure either for the want of ability, or some defect in their moral character. Among these young men, was Mr. Gilles who settled in Eaton in the eastern townships and has been very useful in the Vinyard of the Lord. Titus Merriman who became pastor of a Church in Poton. The two McLeans, Allen, and Hector, Allen went to Michigan in the United States, and Hector to Canada West, Archibald H. Campbell, who became pastor of a Church in Chatham C. W. and Peter McDonald, a man of good parts, and an excellent Preacher who has been settled in different Churches since leaving College. There was also Aarion Slaght pastor of a Church in Waterford C. W. and a young man of the name of Leach, who after Preaching a short time fell a victim to consumption, leaving behind him a young widow, and child. Then there was Davidson, now Dr. Davidson of C. W. and Lorimer A. M. at one time pastor of a Church in the City of Kingston and editor of a little paper called the "Freeman." But since dead. There was also a man of the name of Klutze, or Close, he was a German and had been a sailor, poor Klutze, he was a strange compound, after preaching a few years destined to give up preaching, his character having got under a cloud, along with him was one Porterfield who after struggling a while as a Baptist minister, but not finding it a very lucrative employment, made up his mind to become a free Church Minister, after receiving an education with Baptist money became by his conduct, an enemy to the Baptist cause, Then there was a man of the name of Smith he was paralyzed on one side. He was a good man, and while he lived was the means of doing good. He had not been long in the work of the ministry when he died. Allen McDougall was a pious man and though he studied for some time, did not enter upon the work. There was also another McDougall, though he completed his studies and attempted to Preach for some cause or other he gave it up. Along with him was one Hewison he had been a Methodist Preacher, and became a Baptist. He was a smart man, and a good Preacher, after being Pastor of a Baptist Church for some years, the poor man fell into the snare of the Devil, which put an end to his career as a Baptist Minister. There were other young men in this College some before me, and some after, such as John McLaurn since dead, Peter Wilson, John Dempsy now in Port Hope, and W. K. Anderson now in Breadalbane, men whose Praise are in all the Churches. The young men connected with this College lived and boarded within the building, and as the most of them were possesed of very little means they received their board and tuition free. The professor was paid by a society in England, we had Matron, a widow lady of the name of Mrs, Curren, who took charge of the house.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The annual Sunday School Convention will be held this year in Lachute, on June 29th and 30th. The Rev. Mr. Bourne of St. Andrews and Mr Muirhead, passed through here yesterday on their way to Montreal, for the purpose of arranging for speakers etc They expect to procure the servics of Rev. E. I. Rexford for part of the convention, and will deliver an address to the teachers on their work. Several other talented gentlemen will be present and help to make the services a success. The programme will be printed in the course of a few days.

I. O. O. F. SOCIAL.

The members of the Argenteuil Lodge of Independent Order of Oddfellows, gave a Social on Tuesday evening in Olivet Hall. Quite a number of invitations were issued, and when the hour of eight o'clock had arrived, a number of members and invited guests were present. Many are ignorant of the inner workings of this order, but if they would only attend a social gathering like this, they would soon learn that this Society is building on a good foundation the "brotherhood of man," if they carry out all their platform, or even attain to a part of what they hold, (for their standard is high) they would indeed be a noble band, in strenghtening the weak and helping the poor.

The table groaned under the good things provided by the wives and daughters of the initiated. The Orchestra were present and rendered valuable assistance in making the social a success. Addresses were given by Messrs. Kerr and McRae, the latter speaking at some length, on the start and growth of the Order, in short, Mr. McRae made a very neat speech, his sentences being short and to the point.

A Scotch reading entitled, "Always taking the Huff" was well rendered by Mr Thos Dobbie, and elicited a storm of applause Mr Cowan of Montreal, the Grand Warden of Quebec, rendered several choice pieces, displaying his great skill as a mimic, which elicited several encores. After singing the closing ode, and the benediction being pronounced the meeting broke up.

LACROSS CLUB.

The annual meeting of the St. Andrews Lacross Club was held in the Reading Room on Thursday 21st, and was fairly well attended.

After the meeting was called to order, Mr. G. Simpson, who occupied the chair, addressed the meeting, stating that they had come together for the purpose of reorganizing the club on a firm basis, and of electing officers in the place of those who wished to retire.

The new officers elected were Mr. H. Barclay, Secretary-Treasurer, and Mr. T. Simpson, President,

Three fixed days were then chosen for practising, and a committee consisting of Messrs. W. Simpson, W. McAdam, A. Dewar, O. Leroy, and R. Neil, was appointed to work up the club.

The meeting was then adjourned until the following Thursday.

S. WAINWRIGHT,
ex Sec't'y, St. L. C

CUSHING

A Lecture will be given in the Methodist Church, Cushing, on Monday, May 2nd, by the Rev. R. Calvert.

Mr. Calvert's lecture to us last winter was so intensely interesting that we are delighted to have him lecture again before going West.

Admission 20cts., Couple 30cts,

Subject—J. B. Gough, the American Wit and Orator. This character will be most interesting, having been saved from drunkenness to become one of the greatest temperance lecturers of his day.

Mr. Calvert will also preach on Sunday May 1st.

DIED.

At Grenville, Que., April 12th, 1892, after a long and painful illness, Samuel Dodd, aged 27 years 9 month and 10 days.

Just in the morning of his life,
The messenger has called away,
A gentle brother and loving son,
To share the joys of endless days.

The angel cried come home come home,
This weary earth's no place for thee,
The echo was I come, I come,
Dear friends farewell weep not for me.

JUST OUT!

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

THE BIG BOTTLE

PAIN-KILLER



Old Popular 25c. Price.

FIERI FACIAS DE BONIS ET TERRIS.

Superior Court.

District of Terrebonne. Ste. Scholastique, to wit: No. 92. } JOHN J. WEBSTER, tailor, of the parish of Saint Andre, in the county of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff; against ANGUS D. LOYNACHAN, farmer, of the same place, Defendant, to wit:

A lot of land situate in the parish of Saint Andre d'Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne, known and designated on the official plan and in the book of reference under number seven hundred and seventeen [717]—with buildings thereon erected.

To be sold at the Catholic church door of the village of Saint Andre, said district, on the SEVENTH day of MAY next, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon. The said writ returnable on the sixteenth day of May next.

Signed,
LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriff's Office, Sheriff
Sainte Scholastique, 2nd March, 1892

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

THE Undersigned begs leave to inform the public, that he has purchased the Hotel occupied by the late J. B. Daoust, St. Philippe, d'Argenteuil, Que. All travellers will receive due attention. The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Free Buss to and from all trains. Livery Stable on the Premises.

M. LECLAIRE, Proprietor.
Argenteuil Hotel, St. Philippe.
36—1m

Paris Kid Glove Store.

262 St. James St.
Montreal.

The largest Importers of Kid Gloves in Canada. When you want Gloves of any kind write us for price list.

E. B. COOKE & Co.
33 6m

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the Brownsburg Saw and Grist Mills, on

TUESDAY, MAY 10TH, 1892.

The following effects:

HORSES.—2 Brood Mares, one with Foal, 2 Working Horses, 6 yrs. old, 1 Filly, 3 yrs old, 2 Colts, 2 yrs old, 2 Colts 1 yr. old.

COWS.—12 good Milch Cows, 3 Heiffers, 2 yrs. old, 4 Heiffers 1 yr. old. Several Grade Holstein Calves.

SHEEP.—20 Ewes with Lambs from pedigree Shropshire Ram, formerly the property of Wm. Nichol, Staynerville, 1 pure bred Shropshire Ram, of Abbott's stock.

PIGS.—2 Pigs, 3 Sows with young pigs.

IMPLEMENTS.—1 Noxon Seeder, 1 Toronto Mower, 1 Daisy Reaper, 3 Plows in good order, 1 pair Iron Harrows, 1 Spring Cart, 1 Lumber Waggon, 1 set Light cart Harness, 1 Set heavy Double Harness. Collars and other Harness. A quantity of Potatoes, a quantity of American Banner Oats. Quantity of 2 rowed Barley, 1 Farmer's Boiler, 1 Cook Stove, 1 double Stove, Tables, Bedsteads, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

As we are about disolving partnership, the whole will be sold without reserve. All outstanding accounts must be settled immediately.

The Farm also comprising about 300 acres, about half in good state of cultivation, remainder, pasturage and sugar bush, will also be offered by private sale, if not disposed of prior to day of sale.

SALE AT TEN A. M.

TERMS:

$5.00 and under, cash. Over that amount, Ten months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

McGIBBON BROS.,
Proprietors,
M. SMITH,
Auctioneer.

VILLE MARIE BANK, LACHUTE.

W. WEIR, President — W. GARAND, Cashier

Capital, $500,000.

INTEREST paid on Deposits. Money can be withdrawn without notice or other delay.

DRAFTS issued on any point in Canada and the United States, on favorable terms.

EXCHANGE on any part of Europe.

COLLECTIONS promptly made, at lowest rates.

Hours, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays, 10 a. m. to 1. p. m.

H. FROST,
Manager.

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS will be received from Saturday, April 30th, up to May 12th, for the erection of new Hotel on the property lately destroyed by fire.

Lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted. Plans may be had by applying to the proprietor.

P. RODRIGUE,
Proprietor, Lachute.

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Terrebonne. } No. 254,

SOLOMON J. McMAHON,
Plaintiff.
vs.
WILLIAM McMAHON, et al,
Defendant.

It is ordered to William McMahon, Albert McMahon, Robert McMahon, Frank McMahon, and Esther McMahon, widow of the late Andrew Newman, defendants in this case, to appear within two months from the date of the last publication thereof.

Ste. Scholastique, 22nd April, 1892,

J. A. C. ETHIER,
Dep'ty P.S.C.

GEO. E. BAMPTON,
Plaintiff's Att'y.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have accepted under benefit of Inventory, the Estate of the late Leandre Belanger, in his lifetime of the town of Terrebonne, Carriage-maker, their father.

Terrebonne, 14th April, 1892.

Olivine Belanger, wife of Florence Barero, Alexandrine Belanger, wife of Louis Beauchamp, Josephine Belanger, wife of Gilbert Dugnay, Emelie Belanger, wife of Adelard Lauthier, Marie Louise Belanger, wife of Edmond Bastien, Joseph Belanger, Rosanna Belanger, Adelard Lauthier, Tutor to Fredevales Belanger.

NOTICE.

Just received, Sateens, Challiee, Muslins, Veiling, Childrn's Hats and Caps, also Fancy Goods and Dress Trimmings.

Miss L. Whinfield,
Dressmaker.
East of Post Office Calumet. 33-1m

HEARSE.



The undersigned having purchased a well-equipped hearse, in Montreal is now prepared to attend funerals, and to enter more fully than heretofore into the

UNDERTAKING

Business in all its details.

Coffins and Caskets

of every description at fair

Attendance Day & Night.

SIMON McKIMMIE,
Funeral Director.
Lachute, Sept. 1891 4-6m

FOR SALE.

A Choice lot of

House Plants,

56 POTS IN ALL.

Can be seen at any time at the corner of Foundry street and Barron Avenue,

LACHUTE, QUE.,

33—3in.

Avis Public.

APPLICATION sera faitre a la prochaine session du Parlement du Canada pour un acte d'incorporation de la Compagnie du Chemin de fer, de la Valee d'Ottawa, avec pouvoir d'acheter cette portion du Chemin de fer Le Grand Nord, a l'ouest de Lachute, et le Chemin de fer Carillon and Grenville, de batir un pont sur la Riviere Ottawa entre Carillon and Grenville et de construire une ou des lignes de chemin de fer reliant le dit pont aux chemins de fer des deux cotes de la dite Riviere.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,
27-9in Pour Petitionnaire

NOTICE

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith and Horse Farrier, would respectfully announce to the people of Argenteuil that he is now prepared to attend all troubles in Horse and Cattle (Castrating Colts a specialty.) He is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it.

While thanking my many patrons for their past patronage, I would request those owing me for a settlement of their accounts this month.

Wanted at once a good Blacksmith, one accustomed to horse-shoeing preferred.

W. ARMSTRONG,
Farrer

PUBLIC NOTICE.

All monies owed to Campbell & Dobbie, for services of "Clodius", are now payable to

Thomas Dobbie,
Lachute, Que.
April 22nd, 1892. 35-3in

To be Disposed of.

A Beautiful Black

HORSE & CUTTER

Stands 16½ hands high, weighs 1300 lbs. Tickets, 75 cents.

The person drawing the number corresponding with the one put aside, is the winner of the horse and cutter, and the one holding such number will know that he is the succesful individual when he sees it appear in the advertisement in the "WATCHMAN," which will appear the first week in May.

D. V. CAMERON, PROP.
34—tf.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

Just received, a large stock of Dry Goods consisting in part of American and English Prints, all beautiful patterns, Flannelletes, dark and light colors. Ginghams, Checked Cottons, Cottonades, Factory Cotton, White Muslins, all kinds.

TWEEDS.

We beg to advise our county customers and others, that any desiring to take advantage of our cheap Tweeds, can get them now in exchange for Wool in June or July.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large stock of Boots and Shoes, to select from of good quality and cheap. Call and see us. Butter, eggs, and all merchantable produce taken in exchange for goods.

BANFORD & McFAUL.
WEST END.
3a

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!!



A. ROBITAILLE,

Carriage Maker & Blacksmith,

Foundry Street, Lachute.

Has always on hand a complete assortment of Carriages, Single and Double. Repairs done at reasonable rates.

BLACKSMITHING.

Has an experienced Blacksmith on hand, who can execute all orders with promptness' and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Horse Shoeing a specialty.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

33

DRESS GOODS!!

Having completed our Spring purchases, we beg to call the attention of the LADIES to the unusually large Stock now in our Store, of

DRESS FABRICS,

Consisting of Novelties in Dress Goods, Dress Patterns, in Tweed Effects, Silk Warp Cashmeres, Plain Cashmeres in the Newest Shades, Serges very Cheap, All SHADES. A Fine line of Sateens very Dressy.

OUR PRINTS

Are very Special in value, being extra wide, Fine Cloth and Newest designs.

BEDFORD CORD DRESS GOODS,

in all the new shades·

G. L. MEIKLE, & CO.,
31-tf Main Street, Lachute.

READ

A. MITCHELL & SON'S



ADVERTISEMENT,

NEXT WEEK.

CARRIAGE FACTORY!

St. Philippe, Que.,

My Spring Stock of Buggies is just being set up in the

SHOW-ROOMS.

Farmers intending purchasing a Buggy or other Vehicles should come and examine my stock, which is large. Buggies, Carts, Express Waggons, etc, cheap for cash or on time. Repairing always done.

A large stock of Harness on hand of every description. Give me a call and examine for yourself.

T. LAFRAMBOISE, Prop.

PIANOS & ORGANS.



Cash or instalment plan

TERMS EASY.

Call and obtain prices.

CHAS. KENNIBURG,
Main Street.
14—tf. Lachute.

J G Davidson,



UNDERTAKER,

Main st. Lachute Que.

Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, everything complete in this line.

COFFINS FURNISHED,

Day or Night.

Scarfs and Gloves complete, for sale or to rent.

A first class new Hearse has just been purchased and is

FREE TO PATRONS.

I have been years in this branch of business in Aylmer Que., and guarantee satisfaction.
Lachute, Jan. 14th, 1891.
21—tf

Properties for Sale Or To Let.

1st.—LOT No. 1548 with house and

OUT-BUILDINGS

thereon erected, situated upon

Milway Street,

LACHUTE.

House containing 5 rooms and extension kitchen, just being erected and will be ready for occupation about the first of October.

2nd—Lot No. 1122 with House and outbuildings erected thereon, situated upon the corner of Barron Avenue and Foundry Streets in the Town of Lachute, with Photo gallery, ready for use, and room suitable for a store on ground flat.

3rd—Lot No 1527 with house erected thereon, situated upon Millway street, Lachute Town.

Also Lots Nos. 1474, 1618, 1527 and 1629 in the West Ward. Lachute Town.

For further information apply to

W. OWENS,
Proprietor,

Or to

W. J. SIMPSON,
Agent.
Lachute, P Q

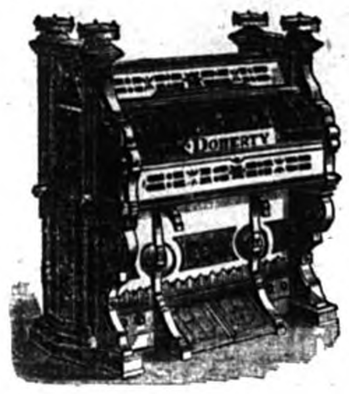
HOUSE TO LET.

The residence next the Baptist Church, lately occupied by Mrs Legro, will be rented from May 1st with ground adjoining. Rent very low to a desirable tenant.

Apply to

FRANK WEIR.
Standard Building
Montreal.

ORGANS!!



The Doherty Organ leads the marke

Sewing Machines

of the best makers, sold on instalment plan. Ten per cent discount for cash. Kip Long Boots $2 a pair; French Kid Bootees $1.75 a pair, at

J. A. BEDARD'S
Main st. Lachute,
(Sign of the Long Boot.) 14

Oloth Sold by the Yard, cut Free of Charge.



Agent For
Troy Steam Laundry and B.A. Dye Works.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Auctioneer,

BEECH RIDGE - - Que.,

Will attend all Auction Sales of Farm Stock in this district, French and English, charges moderate.

Post Office address, Box 125,
Lachute, P. Q.,

OPENED AGAIN

—SELLING CHEAP.—

The undersigned having opened out their stock saved from the late fire in Rodrigue's building, are now selling off at great reductions. Call and see bargains.

FRASER BROS.
Lachute, Jan. 21st 1892. 22-4m

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Terrebonne.

IN RE

JAMES FISH, Merchant, Lachute Que.,

Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that, on the 22nd day of February, 1892, by order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute, March 14th, 1892.

W. J. SIMPSON

Agent,

FOR LEADING

Fire, Life And Accident, Insurance Companies.

For Sale or To Let

THE UNDERSIGNED will sell the Brick House and lot situated just outside of Lachute Town, in the Township of Chatham, on very reasonable terms, or will let to a suitable tenant, for further particulars apply to the proprietor,

10 W. J. SIMPSON.

LUMBER.

The Lachute Lumber Company have constantly on hand, a large quantity of

Lumber,

DRESSED and UNDRESED

ORDERS may be sent to the

Brownsburg
or left with

W. J. SIMPSON.
"Watchman" Office.

REMOVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED having rented the Building formerly occupied as a store by Mr. John Bradford, has removed his

MEAT MARKET,

AND

Vegetable Shops

to this favorable stand. In thanking the public for past patronage, he still hopes to give better satisfaction in the new premisses opposite

FISH'S BRIDGE.

D. WILSON,
Butcher



The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes described
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood—
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so high and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs;
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night
We'll put them forever out of sight
In the small dark room upstairs."

But quick she answered, "Father, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away;
The boys come back and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checked blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny comes back from the billows deep;
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep
To say good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose playtime is o'er
And comes to rest at my knee.

'So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

SAFE NO. 27.

It was some time in the early eighties, I was appointed agent for Rawlin's Bank, at least for the branch of it located in the busy seaport town of Keppelwade, on the Yorkshire coast. I was graciously informed by my superiors, the Rawlin Brothers, principals of the Bank, that my trustworthiness and punctuality had induced them to promote me to this post at an earlier age than bank clerks usually blossom out into inspectors or agents. I thanked them deferentially, but adhered to my own previous private opinion, which was, that I was indebted for it partly to the influence of my uncle, Sir Gilbert Varcomb of Kepplewade, and partly to the adventure which I am now about to relate.

The agent under whom I had qualified for my present position was John Seaton, a canny old Scotchman, slow as the tortoise, but of exceeding kindness and faithfulness of heart. To know him was to love him. He and I both lived in the Bank House, just above the business premises, which were large and commodious. It was a substantial and imposing mansion, built of red brick, with stone facings, and polished granite pillers. The whole of the ground floor was required for business purposes, besides a large portion of the cellarage. A side entrance as handsome as the other led up to the first floor, where the agent lived. On a higher story I had my bedroom and sitting-room; and I lived contentedly on the premises, finding plenty of healthy amusement and variety in fishing, shooting, even occasionally riding after the hounds, when my uncle, Sir Gilbert, gave me a good mount, and various dinner and evening engagements in their season.

There was a beautiful little place belonging to my uncle called 'The Cedars,' within a mile of the town. It was tenanted by a retired Indian officer, Colonel Gower, his wife, and daughter, Miss Eleanor Gower, a very handsome girl, but cold and stately in manner. Shortly after they took possession of the Cedars, about a twelve-month before my story begins, Colonel Gower and his daughter drove into town, and stopped at the Bank, they both alighted and entered, the Colonel bearing in his hand a large brown leather bag. I went with them to the manager's room, as Mr. Seaton was out, and Colonel Gower opened his business to me without any hesitation.

"I have here," he said, laying his hand on the bag "many thousand pounds' worth of jewels. My daughter's godmother, Mrs. Haseldine, a very wealthy and eccentric woman, died recently, and bequeathed all her jewels to Eleanor—more trinkets than a reasonably sane woman could wear in a lifetime. We have brought them to you for safe keeping." He set down the bag on the table with a heavy thud.

I explained to them quietly the precautions we took for the defence of such valuables.

"I will give Miss Gower a written code or cipher that will be known only to her and me—and of course, Mr. Seaton. She must give an order in her own handwriting to any messenger—even you, Colonel Gower, bearing the half of this cipher on its face before any of the jewels are delivered. The key of the safe in which they are kept"——

"One moment, please," interrupted Miss Gower. "I will retain only one key—that of the leather jewel-case inside the iron box."

"As you please," I assented. "If you let me see them now, I will catalogue them, and make a copy-inventory for you to retain."

I looked into the front office to tell the clerks that no one was to be admitted to the manager's room except Mr. Seaton if he returned; then I locked the door and sat down to my task. The Colonel opened the bag and disclosed a strong-box with iron clamps, marked with a large "H," in brass-headed nails, on the top. Miss Gower handed him a key, and he opened this also. Inside was a strong leather jewel-case, and of that, too, Miss Gower gave him the key.

We had many beautiful and valuable family jewels; but anything like these now revealed I had never seen. Rubies of rich intoxicating lustre; flawless pearls, opals, emeralds; but the diamonds were the especial glory of the collection, filling the dull room with fairy sparkles of light, like the ripples on a sunlit bay. Starry clusters of diamonds for the breast, pendants, brooches, clasps, lockets, eardrops, without number! And besides all these in their rich settings, a little chamois bag under the lowest tray, lying beside a set of magnificent and very ugly cameos, held a number of unset and smaller diamonds. I worked rapidly, aying each article when catalogued on a velvet-lined tray. When the long list was finished I read it over, the Colonel replacing each piece in case as I named it; then, before taking a copy, I put my list carefully into a secret drawer of the desk and locked it.

"Now we will put this iron box away first, for it is not safe to leave the gems even for a moment. Come this way, please."

I left the agent's room by a door that gave on the corridor, and they followed me to the strong-room, a separate building, burglar and fire proof, lit by electric light. This strong-room had been designed by a celebrated engineer; none but skilled artisans, with time and appliance, and noise, could break through from without or from below. The lock of iron door was a special patent, opened by only one key, and that key never left Mr. Seaton's possession, or, when he was absent mine. I explained all this to Miss Gower as we entered the vault, where light burned day and night, and strong safes held priceless deposits.

"This will do—Safe No. 27," I said, stopping before one. I opened it with the key on my bunch that bore the corresponding number, and placed the iron box inside, taking out the key of the box.

"Now," I explained, "I shall connect an alarm with this safe that will ring both in my room and Mr. Seaton's if it is tampered with, so your treasures are quite secure, Miss Gower."

After that day the jewels lay undisturbed for months, except that Miss Gower occasionally brought a friend to admire them, when John Seaton or I brought the iron-clamped box to the manager's room, and remained beside the gems until they were restored to their stronghold.

The winter wore uneventfully away, the spring passed, and then a slight stir came to Keppelwade, for the two or three hotels began to fill with summer visitors, who were finding out the beauty of our secluded hamlet and its sunny bay. Among others came a young Anglo-German, who brought letters of introduction to Colonel Gower from various old friends abroad and at home. He told us he needed rest and quiet, and Keppelwade had been recommended to him for its salubrious air and seclusion He was a handsome man, of brilliant parts, with a wonderful fascination of manner. Colonel Gower did not invite him to stay at the Cedars; he took rooms at the *Windsor Hotel*, and made himself free of the whole town, captivating all and sundry by his good looks and his kindly affable manners.

A polished, widely-travelled man of the world was John Hessel, and he could converse with equal ease and brilliance on literature, science up to date, ethics, or metaphysics. In a week or two he was as much at home in Keppelwade as if he had been born amongst us, and his face became as familiar at the Bank as that of old John Seaton himself.

Mr Hessel was a profound believer in mesmerism, and told us some strange tales of "subjects" he had seen abroad, in Paris and at the German seats of learning, where at that time "metal baths" and mesmerism were the prevalent craze. He told us with a laugh one evening at Sir Gilbert's, that when all other means of living failed him, he could become a Professor of Phrenology and a mesmerist.' Gilbert proposed a "mesmeric entertainment," but Mr. Hessel rather haughtily refused.

I dreaded the influence he might establish over Eleanor Gower; but when I saw no special preference on either side, I became content to wait, patiently and quietly as before, until time or circumstance favoured my own suit. I thought my case was not hopeless. I was heir-presumptive to Sir Gilbert Varcomb, and had a good allowance, besides my salary; and I had no expensive tastes; so I thought it was not unreasonable to hope that I might win Eleanor Gower for my wife some day. Meanwhile, the months passed; other visitors came and went—John Hessel remained.

One evening I was dining with him at the Windsor, and our conversation had had turned, as it often did, upon mesmerism. He seemed to like to talk of his own powers, and he reiterated his often expressed belief that I was one who would fall a ready victim to his will-power. I knew he was mistaken, for many "professors" to whom I had freely offered myself as a "subject" had given me up as impracticable and quite unmanageable; but when Hessel still persisted in his opinion, I agreed carelessly to a trial of his skill. I could do no less when he—my host—was so evidently in earnest, and seemed even a little nettled at my unbelief.

I sat in an easy-chair, and fixed my eyes on his face. He made gentle passes before me with his hands—strange rhythmic movements that, but for fear of annoying him, would have made me laugh outright. Suddenly, with an inward laugh, I resolved to feign the mesmeric sleep; I thought of nothing beyond the passing fun of the moment, and I would turn the tables on him when he began to boast of his power, or gift as he called it. Again, I say, I thought of nothing beyond this. I allowed my eyes, under his steadfast gaze, to become narrower and milder, then the lids drooped slowly, and I fell back limply in the chair and breathed gently and regularly. There was perfect stillness for a few moments, and then I heard a muttered "That's well!" uttered with an intensity that filled me with curiosity. About five minutes passed, and then he said gently: "Varcomb, can you hear me?"

"Yes," I replied, in a dull mechanical way.

"Where are Miss Gower's jewels kept?" he asked in a low eager tone.

It was a wonder I did not leap to my feet in my great astonishment, and a good thing that I did not. I found voice enough to say in the same dull manner: "Safe No. 27."

"Can you obtain access to it—to them?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"John Seaton holds the keys."

"How is the vault protected?"

"Night watchman, big dog, iron door, electric alarm."

A very unorthodox execration broke from him; and there was a lengthy pause, during which I dare not move a single eyelid.

"How shall I obtain access to Safe No. 27?" he asked at last.

"You must have a written order from Miss Gower, headed by a code or cipher, known only to her and Mr. Seaton."

Again a baffled ejaculation, and he rose and walked about the room, muttering angrily.

I sat motionless, ruminating deeply on my idiotic answers. Some ready-witted men could have coined misleading answers to Hessel's questions without hesitation; I was not one of those who cannot be taken by surprise. I had been taken by surprise. How I longed to be alone, to think this well over. A few minutes more, and I felt that he was making rapid passes before my face again.

"Wake up," he said sharply; and I started up quickly, rubbing my eyes, and looking, I dare say, dazed and stupid enough. He was looking at me earnestly.

"You don't make a very good subject, Varcomb," he said lightly. "Confess, now, that you have been half awake all the time, laughing at the ridiculous questions I asked."

"You are quite mistaken," I replied truthfully, and with a great yawn. "I was not even half awake! That I should live to say it, who never believed in mesmerism, except among a parcel of weak nervous women!"

"Come out for a stroll along the shore," he said quietly. "It is a pleasant evening."

We went out together. It was a gray, quiet evening; gray clouds cast leaden shadows on a slate-coloured sea.

We strolled along the breakwater, and met an officer of the coastguard, who gave us the interesting information that a bottle-nosed whale had been seen in the offing. We stood talking with the man—I was determined not to hurry—and then we turned back with him, discussing the probable capture of the doomed whale.

Hessel asked jestingly if I would not go out to cast a harpoon with the fishermen, and I replied with a laugh: "Yes, if he would insure me against the fate of Jonah!"

I passed a sleepless night, thinking over the whole situation. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that some danger menaced Miss Gower's jewels, yet it was at present so intangible, that I could not make up my mind to take any one into my confidence. I was not afraid of an attack upon the vault; it was too strongly guarded. I could only think of one plan by which I could insure the safety of the jewels, and to follow out that plan might place myself in an awkward predicament. I resolved upon it, however, and waited my opportunity. The first time old John Seaton went away for a few hours, leaving the keys with me, as usual, I went to the vault, straight to Safe No. 27. I took out the iron clamped box, opened it, and removed the leather jewel-case, of which Miss Gower alone held the key. I put a small letter-weight or two in the box, and filled it up with copies of old deeds, receipts, and such worthless documents. I replaced the box in safe 27, and locked it carefully. The leather case I took up to the second floor, to my own room, deposited it in a strong little box of my own, and *that* in the bottom of my wardrobe, which was always locked securely. The event proved that I was right; but I positively tremble still to think how easily I might have been arraigned as a thief, had the jewels been found in my wardrobe.

About a week after I had tranferred the leather case to my own keeping, John Hessel came into the Bank, fresh and smiling as usual. After his pleasant and courteous greetings, he presented to old John Seaton an order written in Miss Gower's firm handwriting, bearing on its face the half of the secret code, and requesting that the iron box containing Miss Gower's jewels be given to bearer—they would be returned next day. I saw Mr. Seaton referring to his private ledger to verify the code, smiling the while at an amusing episode Hessel was relating in his gayest manner. I could scarcely contain my uneasiness. What if Hessel had the key of the leather case, and should wish to open it there? What it all were being done in good faith, and he should really convey the box safely to Miss Gower!

After a short absence, Mr. Seaton returned, bearing the iron box, which he wrapped up in brown paper, passing a strap round it for easy carrying. He detached the key from his own ring and handed it also to Hessel.

"See you at Sir Gilbert's to night, Varcomb," called out Hessel gaily as he was passing out with his prize. I only nodded in response; in truth, I was almost incapable of speech without betraying my deep anxiety. The torture compressed into the next two hours was indescribable; kind old Mr. Seaton told me to go up-stairs and rest—he was sure my head was aching badly. I only shook my head, and worked on desperately, for I must be on the spot when Colonel Gower and his daughter would come in to denounce the thief who had stolen the Haseldine jewels! I did not even go up to lunch, but made old Martha our housekeeper bring me some biscuits and cheese and a glass of milk. When three hours had passed without any alarm being given, I went to the other extreme of feeling, and could have capered like a madman in my joy and relief, for I was pretty sure that my vague surmises had proved correct. When we put up our shutters for the day, the strain on my nerves had really brought on a violent headache, and, after partaking of some tea and a strip of toast, I was glad to lie down in my room and sleep, which I did soundly for two hours. I awoke refreshed and thankful, dressed for dinner, and set out for Sir Gilbert's with a light heart. I would allow the affair to develop naturally now when I knew the jewels were safe.

The kind old manager smiled and nodded to me as I was passing out, and told me to enjoy myself.

Colonel Gower and his daughter had arrived before me. I found both in my aunt's drawing-room when I entered.

"Have you seen Mr. Hessel, Bert?" asked Lady Varcomb "We are waiting for him."

"Not since morning," I replied. "He come to the Bank at eleven o'clock on business."

I made my way to Miss Gower, as I generally contrived to do within five minutes of entering any room where she was present.

"Did you show Mr Hessel my jewels today?" she asked, after our greetings were over. "He wished particularly to see those large ugly cameos, in their old-fashioned gold setting."

"Mr. Seaton gave him the iron box, after reading your order, and he carried it off with all its contents," I replied quickly.

She slightly raised her eyebrows, more in amused surprised than alarm. "He had not my authority for such a proceeding," she said quietly; "nor had Mr. Seaton."

"In what terms did you couch your order, Miss Gower? Mr. Seaton is rigidly exact."

"Not quite in this case," she pointedly persisted. "I asked Mr. Seaton to show Mr. Hessel all my jewels; and I enclosed the key of the leather case, to be returned to me immediately. You showed them to my aunt, Mrs. Gower of Hardwicke, a few months ago, when I could not go with her at the time, and you brought me back the key yourself, Mr. Varcomb."

"Very true; but I heard nothing of a key this morning; and Mr. Seaton is so precise and correct that I am certain he has not exceeded his instructions, as he understood them. I assure you, Miss Gower, that"——

I was interrupted by a movement of the company towards the door; and after a confirmatory nod from Lady Varcomb, in response to my inquiring glance, I offered my arm to Miss Gower, and we joined the procession, of which Mr. John Hessel did not form a part.

"How does this matter strike you, Mr. Varcomb?" asked Miss Gower in a low tone, when we were surrounded by a subdued hum of voices at table.

"Well—I can scarcely offer an opinion as yet," I answered; "but I think it should be looked into, straight in the face, at once, Miss Gower."

We did not again allude to the subject; but when we were all once more in the drawing-room, I saw that she contrived to have a few moments' speech with her father, and I saw him glance towards me with a look of uneasy perplexity. He approached me a little later, and whispered under cover of a noisy duet on the painoforte: "Try to leave when we do, Varcomb; I must speak with you."

Truly, the repose and self-control that "stamp the caste of Vere de Vere" are beautiful and admirable in themselves! This father and daughter knew that the fate of a large fortune hung trembling in the balance, yet they smiled, conversed, enjoyed, with high-bred ease and unmoved composure. They left early, and I accompanied them. We drove straight to the Bank, and told John Seaton, who in great surprise and consternation, sent me down to the cold empty offices for Miss Gower's order, which I found filed with others in the manager's room. He read it aloud, and then handed it without comment to Miss Gower, who looked astonished.

"It is my own handwriting," she said; "and yet I never wrote that! I never mentioned either 'to-night' or 'to-morrow' in my note."

"You see that I acted only on what I believed to be your instructions, Miss Gower," said John Seaton. "I cannot yet believe that an actual robbery has been committed.—Varcomb, will you not go up to the *Windsor*—it is not quite eleven—and ask for Mr. Hessel?"

"And I'll go to the Cedars," cried Colonel Gower. "We may have left the box at our house since we left there. I, too, feel unwilling to believe that John Hessel has really taken the jewels—appropriated them—stolen them, in fact."

I sped away to the Windsor Hotel, hoping Miss Gower would remain with John Seaton until my return—hoping, also, that the fretful invalid mother might not appear on the scene, to precipitate my confession with her jeremiads. As I expected, they had not seen Mr. Hessel at the Windsor since the early forenoon, and he had paid his bill, as he did punctually every week, the evening before. I went back with this news to the Bank House. Miss Gower was still there; and within a few minutes of my return her father came in triumphantly brandishing a letter. "This came for you, Eleanor, by the evening post. I have no doubt Mr. Hessel explains all satisfactorily."

Eleanor took the letter with some eagerness, and read aloud:

DEAR MISS GOWER—I have at last attained the object to which I have devoted months of patient waiting—the Haseldine jewels. They are mine by right, not yours; for I am John Haseldine. I am sorry to deprive you of them, but they are certainly mine.

JOHN HASELDINE.

The others turned bewildered looks on each other; but I, with the knowledge of that leather jewel-case safe in my wardrobe up-stairs, pictured the cool scoundrel's collapse on opening and searching the iron box, and laughed aloud. John Seaton looked at me reproachfully; visions of Scotland Yard detectives on the trail, commotion among the Rawlin magnates in the City, possible reprimands and severities, were evidently passing before his mind.

Colonel Gower was intensely angry, and no wonder, at the cool manner in which we had all been hoodwinked.

Miss Gower looked coldly and proudly at me, as if my laugh had hurt her.

"What will he deserve at your hands, Colonel Gower," I asked, "who will restore all the jewels, without one amissing? Would you let him name his own reward?"

The Colonel looked at me grimly from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Yes; I would let him name it," he replied with emphasis.

"And if he named that which was promised to Schiller's Diver?" I presisted boldly, though my face had grown very hot.

He looked at me still more grimly, but with a twinkle in his eye, which I interpreted favourably. Miss Gower and John Seaton were talking together, and had not heard us. "I should say," he answered deliberately, "that he had better ask the princess herself."

"So he will," I said gladly. "Listen, then, to my small story, Mr. Seaton.—Sit here, Miss Gower; I have something to tell you. We all know how John Hessel believed in himself as a mesmerist. His power was real, but his mistake was in being so sure that he could influence all and sundry. I knew he could not hypnotise me; but he was so eager to try, so determined to succeed that, for fun, I feigned the coma, and made him think I was wholly overcome. All his questions related to Miss Gower's jewels. He had hoped to get them directly from me and when he found how strongly they were guarded, he was angry. I acted so well that he never found me out; and, Mr. Seaton, the day you went to Harper Henge last week, I took the leather case out of the iron box, filled up the box with one or two paper-weights, and bundles of old balance-sheets and receipts.—Your jewels are quite safe, Miss Gower, in a box in the bottom of my wardrobe upstairs.—Take my keys, Mr. Seaton, and see for yourself."

In a moment John Seaton, and Colonel Gower were bounding up, three steps at a time. I stayed Miss Gower when she would have followed: "Miss Gower—Eleanor, I am quite content to owe your father's consent to his gratitude, but—what do you owe me? Not gratitude, I hope. Love is worth love."

I will not record her answer; it was satisfactory.

The lock of the leather case had to be forced, but the jewels were intact; not one was misplaced.

We have neither seen nor heard of John Haseldine since then; but Eleanor and I often say we should like to have seen his face when he examined the contents of the iron box so long and carefully kept in safe No. 27!

Electrical Notes.

Thomas A. Edison is at present in New Jersey looking after the possible development of mining property by the introduction of his magnetic ore separator.

The employment of celluloid in place of lead for storage battery plates is a new departure, which, with other advantages, will make a great saving of weight in the accumulators.

A new system of duplex telegraphy has recently been devised which is both duplex and diplex in its nature.

The latest novelties brought out by the Edison Company are a street-car controlling switch embodying new features, and a generator whose field-coils can be removed in spools for repair.

The City Council of St. Etienne, France, has decided to equip the 18,000 silk and ribbon looms of the place with electric motor power.

The root of the rice plant has been discovered to be a satisfactory substance of incandescent lamp filaments.

That there still is a field for invention in life-saving fenders for electric cars is evidenced by the fact that C. M. Ryan, a young boy in Boston, was recently crushed and killed under one of these so-called "life savers."

Two new styles of arc lamps have been put on the market during the past week which are intended specially for use in rooms with low ceilings and in other places where the height of the old style has proved inconvient.

In Dresden an electric fire engine, using a power of 5,000 volts, has been constructed, whose pump is capable of throwing 180 cubic feet of water per second. With a three-quarter-inch-nozzle it gives a height of throw of 100 feet.

No principal is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is illegal for boys under sixteen years of age to be on the streets of Sellersburg, Ind., after seven o'clock p.m.

In a shaving contest in Truckee, Nevada, the successful barber cleanly scraped his patron in forty-five seconds, without drawing blood.

One of fashion's devotees suggests that the Government ought to print an assortment of postage stamps with a black border, for the use of people in mourning.

A trade journal states that grease spots can be readily removed from carpets by the application of a mixture consisting of equal portions of chloroform and ether.

During the present year many of the patriotic women of Poland wear mourning to commemorate the centenary of the loss of Poland's independence as a nation.

A watchmaker in Nuremburg, Bavaria, has invented a device which displays on the face of a clock, one hour before it is about to run down, the warning word, "Wind."

Dramatists in France get twelve per cent. of the gross receipts of each play, and are allowed tickets to the value of one hundred francs for every performance of such plays as they have written.

There is a demand in England for a coin of the value of £1. Sir Henry Bessemer suggests that it be made of aluminium, which is a very light metal—less than one-seventh the weight of gold. It is so light that counterfeiters could not find any preparation with which to make spurious aluminium coins.

The Japanese are fond of bathing. In the city of Tokio there are over eight hundred public bath-houses, in which a person can take a bath, hot or cold, for a sum equal to one cent. Most of the Japanese perfer warm baths, and very likely this is the reason why their complexions are usually clear, smooth, and spotless.

Mrs. J. Wilson, of Warsaw, Ind., was thought to be dead, and just as her body was tenderly placed in the coffin, she raised her hands and clutched the fingers of the undertaker's assistant. Restoratives were applied, and she soon became conscious, and is likely to thoroughly recover. For three days she had been in a trance.

Intense excitement prevailed near National City, California, when the discovery was made that a dead body had been used for smuggling purposes. A corpse was brought from Mexico, and reverently conveyed across the line, ostensibly for shipment to relatives in San Francisco. A curious citizen who had had his suspicions aroused, secretly followed the corpse after its arrival in National City, and saw it conveyed to a lone habitation in the mountains at Otay Mesa. Peeping through the window, he saw the sad mourners engaged in a rather unusual proceeding. They had opened the coffin, and from the interior of the corpse they were taking small tin boxes of opium.

Admirers of the fair sex, who are always ready to give full credit to woman for her influence and achievements, say that Columbus received a "tip" from his wife regarding the existence of a new world. She was a beauty of Lisbon, the daughter of a distinguished Italian navigator named Perestrello. One day, so the story runs, while Dona Felipa was examining some of her father's papers, she discovered one containing a chart of a new path to the Indies. She showed it to her beloved Christopher, and as the Genoese sailor was as wise as he was venturesome, he knew the value of the chart and soon after decided to utilize it. The hint embraced in this chart, thanks to his wife, led to the discovery which will be ever memorable in the land of Columbia.

Spring Games in Early Times.

Since the most ancient days mankind has been accustomed to hail the appearance of spring with intense satisfaction and delight, because of its being the natural commencement of the year. The ancient Romans on April 28 and five following days celebrated certain festivities called ludi florales, or the floral games. These were held annually in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers and vegetation. Prayers were offered to this divinity asking her to smile upon the flowers, trees, grass and other products of the earth during the year.

The Greeks also indulged in festive games, accompanied with many ceremonies appropriate to the season.

In later days the Germans commemorated the return of spring with great ceremony and display of an allegorical character, to which they gave the name of Der Sommersgewinn, or the acquisition of summer. At Eisenach, in Saxony, the inhabitants at one time celebrated it in the following manner:

They divided themselves into two parties, one of which carried a straw figure, representing Winter, without the limits of the town, thus symbolically banishing the frosty old fellow from their district. The other party assembled on the outskirts of the village and at a given signal marched in, bearing aloft a figure of Spring, bedecked with cypress and hawthorn. Meeting the others they joined forces and formed a triumphal procession. The peasants paraded about the fields, singing and dancing and otherwise expressing their joy at the return of the spring.

As time progressed the straw figures were discarded, and the two seasons were represented by appropriately dressed human beings. These individuals engaged in a mock combat, in which, as a matter of course, Spring came off the victor and was triumphantly led into the town, amid the rejoicings of the assembled crowds. Winter's representative, on the other hand, was unceremoniously stripped of his emblematical garb and ignominiously dismissed. The name given to this festival was the "Dead Sunday," in allusion to the resemblance which the still repose of winter allegorically bears to the sleep of death.

Gradually the custom died away, and now no vestige remains of what was once a gala day among the fun loving inhabitants of Eisenach.

Artificial Heat.

A lady who lives on Austin avenue sent her colored servant Matildy to the grocery store to get a loaf of bread for breakfast, which was ready. Matildy got back pretty soon with the bread, and as the lady of the house took it, she remarked:

"This is nice, fresh bread. It is warm yet from the oven."

"Dat ain't what makes it hot," interrupted Matildy.

"What does make it warm?"

"I put de bread under my arm, and run de whole way from de bakery. Dat's what warmed it up so."

"The bread got cool before the lady did, when she heard this explanation."

Whoever lends a greedy ear to a slanderous report is either himself of a radically bad disposition or a mere child in sense.

Looking for flowers without thorns is one of the best ways in the world for fooling your time away.

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

In Bondage.

Not long ago I lightly swore
To live a bachelor forever,
I'd known a dozen girls or more.
Some sweet and dull, some plain and clever.
But all their wiles and witching charms
I'd met with such serene resistence
That even when with open arms
They stood, I kept a proper distance.

I joined a club, and settled down
To blissful dreams and novels stupid.
I smoked until I'd colored brown
A meerschaum saddled by a Cupid.
I thought myself exempt from care
That crosses the domestic table,
When suddenly, quite unaware,
My narrow path was crossed by Mabel.

To be near her, to hear her speak,
And drink the music of her laughter;
To see the smiles slip o'er her cheek,
And watch the dimples chasing after—
But hold! you know as well as I
What auguries such praises carry;
I bade the bachelors good-by,
And in the autumn I shall marry.

Golden Thoughts For Every Day.

Monday—

The happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Savior leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Who now accuses them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done,
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
—[Thomas Hawels.

Tuesday—The English people are satisfied that to the great the consolations of religion are as necessary as its instructions. They, too, are among the unhappy. They feel personal pain and domestic sorrow. In these they have no privilege, but are subject to pay their full contributions levied on mortality. They want this sovercign balm under their gnawing cares and anxieties, which, being less conversant about the limited wants of animal life, range without limit and are diversified by infinite combinations in the wild and unbounded regions of imagination.—[Burke.

Wednesday—

Yet, every day has its dawn,
Its noontide and its eve;
Live while we live, giving God thanks—
He will not let us grieve.
—[Dinah Maria Craik.

Thursday—Worldly pleasure, like the rose is sweet, but it has its thorn. Like the bee it gives some honey, but it carries its sting. Like Judas, it gives the kiss, but it is that of the betrayer. Pleasure is good for sauce, but not for food; it may do for digestion, but not for dinner—those who get most of it are most deceived.—[C. Leach.

Friday—

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod!
What though my flesh and heart decay!
Thee shall I love in endless day.
—[C. Wesley.

Saturday—Have you not all sometimes watched the sea-gulls as, uttering their plaintive wail, as, with the slow waft of their white wings, they hover above the surge? Or, have you seen the gannet hurling itself down like a thunderbolt from its perpendicular height to strike some fish which its keen eye sees glittering deep under the waves? Or, if, pent up in these stifling cities with their smoke poisoned air, we cannot see these, we need not go very far to learn a lesson from the pigeons, with a luster as of amethyst bathed in emerald on their shining necks, as they seek the food which man's kindness gives them; or, at any rate, the numberless city sparrows, humblest and most despised of God's creatures, very street Arabs among the birds, of which yet not one falleth to the ground without our Father's will. Did Jesus, then, point to the birds of the air as though they set you an example of greedy dependence or of lazy sloth? Nay, not so. "That which he giveth them they gather; he openeth his hand, and they," unanxious about the morrow, guided by unreflecting instinct, toiling for what God gives, "are filled with good."
—[John Howe.

Notice to Office Bores.

Walk right in, and if you don't see what you want, reach for it.

Take all the latest exchanges before the editor has had a chance at them. They are made to look at. Trim your nails with his scissors and write your letters on his desk, not forgetting to leave the pen in the mucilage bottle.

Don't shut the door if you should happen to leave. The editor needs all the sight draughts he can get.

Ask him ten times a day why he has not published your sketch. Yours is the only sketch he has received in six months, and it should have appeared long ago.

In short, walk right in and take charge of things. You are a natural born editor, and should never have spent your life in loafing around. Get in the editorial chair, kick the editor out and show the people how to run a newspaper.

Needless Alarm.

Dangerous things look safe, and safe things look dangerous. The trouble is all in the beholder's eye, as the common expression is. An Englishman was on a voyage to Spain.

Ships were flying by, of varying shape, rig and color. One, the Englishman noticed was bearing slowly down towards him, with her cargo piled on deck half-way up the masts! What could she be? How could she hope laden in this way, to live out the faintest suspicion of a gale?

The English traveller was considerably exercised about her. Something surely ought to be done to make such rascally "deck-loading" illegal and impossible. He scanned the vessel with his glass. The breeze was light, but she rode buoyantly. At last a sailor cleared up the mystery.

"Why, sir," he said, bluntly, "she's only a coaster loaded with cork."

Quote it Correctly.

"A mistake that is very generally made, said Gen. Rosecrans at Willards's last evening, "is in the popular phrase 'Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.' Now, this is entirely wrong. It should read, 'Everything is lovely and the goose honks high.' This saying originated away up in the northern states, where in rainy, foggy or stormy weather, it is a well-known fact that the geese fly low—skimming along over the very house tops. In fine and pleasant weather you will remember that they fly in long strings so high in the heavens that their peculiar cry, 'Honk, honk,' can scarcely be heard on the earth below, hence the old saying that everything is lovely when 'the goose' 'honks' high,' and not 'hangs high,' which is the most nonsensical perversion of the original old New England saying."

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

The bicycle has been introduced into Central Africa.

Two Englishmen arrived at Tabora a few weeks ago with two of the latest improved bicycles. They had travelled a large part of the way from the coast, more than 300 miles on the machines, and they say they worked finely along the well-trodden native paths.

Aluminum water bottles in the German army have failed on account of corrsion. They would stand water, but not brandy.

The sole personal effects of a man who died in Auburn, Me., recently, were a Bible and a pack of cards.

Bergen, Norway, has a church made of paper. It has a seating capacity for about 1,000 persons. It is rendered water-proof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk, and white of eggs.

A large contract for steel rails has been placed in Belgium in connection with the new Turkish railway to Salonica. This is thought to be an outcome of the recent coal troubles in England.

The largest German sailing vessel is a four masted bark, built at Geestemunde. She measures 2,780 tons net and has a carrying capacity of 4,420 tons.

A single gold brick was recently shipped to San Francisco from Yuma, the value of which was estimated at from $80,000 to 90,000.

It is said that, of the total working expenses of the railroads, over 60 per cent. goes in various ways to the wage earners.

Mail matter is now sent from Paris to Berlin in pneumatic tubes, and is sometimes delivered within thirty-five minutes.

Among the exports to England from Portland lately have been hundreds of sticks of yellow birch, fifteen to twenty feet long and from two to three feet square, that are to be manufactured into veneers and furniture.

The largest band-sawing machine in the world has recently been completed in England and sent to Tasmania. The machine can saw through a maximum depth of 75 inches and the carriage will accommodate logs 50 feet long and weighing about 50 tons. It is asserted that this saw cuts even faster than a circular saw, while wasting 75 per cent less wood.

A lifeboat of aluminum has recently been built at Stralsund. It is a matter of considerable curiosity to see how this boat will answer when thoroughly tested, as it is thought to be more than likely that its obvious good points will be more than counterbalanced by various disadvantages.

The new regulations of the Suez Canal have necessitated the building of vessels for carrying oil in bulk. A syndicate has been formed for this purpose, and the type of steamer differs materially from anything thus far afloat.

Prof. Heim of Zurich says that the most agreeable death is by falling. He has talked with a great many people who have escaped death by falling by a hair's breadth only, and reports that those who have experienced such accidents suffer no pain and no terror.

Baron Hirsch has ordered the sale of his estate of St. Johann and all his property in Austria-Hungary on account of his treatment by the Vienna Jockey Club.

During the last year the official reports from Russia show that 109,515 Russian Jews embarked at the ports of Stettin, Bremen, and Hamburg for the United States and South Africa.

A man was guillotined in Switzerland two weeks ago for assaulting and murdering a school teacher. It was the first execution in Switzerland for twenty-five years, capital punishment having been abolished in 1867, and that method of inflicting punishment having been resumed only recently.

An epidemic of scarlet fever is causing great troubled and alarm in Palouse, Washington, and in an effort to cope with it the Mayor has issued an edict making it mandatory on all parents to keep their children close at home and off the public streets until further notice.

The physcian who dissected the body of Schneider, the strangler executed in Vienna, reports the brain as abnormally developed, with evidence of having been affected from childhood with hydrocephalus, so that the brain power was diminished and the moral sense rendered almost non-existent.

In St. Petersburg the news from Mongolia that "Bogdi Khan" will be dethroned and will be succeeded by "Irsana, the immortal descendant of Zingis Khan," is interpreted to mean that the Emperor of China will be dethroned, and that the days of the present dynasty are numbered, as the Mongolian title of the Emperor is Bogdi Khan.

The work of installing the Jewish immigrants in the Argentine Republic is being actively carried on. A branch railway has been constructed to what is known as the Mauricie Colony, where the Hebrews are being established, and 200 families are already comfortably settled and engaged in the cultivation of the soil.

A new solution of the wage problem has been brought forward in Belfast, Me. A shopkeeper hired a clerk and paid him $4 for the first week. At the end of the second week the clerk was surprised when he received only $3, and he asked the reason of the cut down. "Why," responded the shopkeeper, "you know more about the business now, and the work must come easier to you." The clerk, fearing a continued application of that unique theory, resigned.

The Arabs who used to catch thousands of slaves in the Bahr el Ghazel country, where Dr. Junker worked so long, extended their ravages hundreds of miles westward, where they met the forces of the Congo Free State, that inflicted overwhelming defeat upon them. Capt. Ponthier, commander of the state forces, reports that he has destroyed the chief Arab strongholds and has set hundreds of slaves at liberty. The Arabs were wasting the whole country with fire and sword, and the natives were powerless to resist them.

Two hardy women from Los Angeles appeared at the land office in Santa Fe, N. M., a couple of weeks ago, and filed upon homesteads which they had located. The land is on the eastern slope of the Zuni Mountains, and in order to reach the place the women had to travel eighteen miles from the railroad station, walking much of the time, because of the bad roads, and often wading through two feet of snow. A number of men were waiting at the railroad settlement for the snow to thaw, so that they could locate claims, but the women said they had no time to wait, and they waded through the snow. A Michigan syndicate had bought 200,000 acres of railroad land in that region, planned improvements, and projected lumber mills, and as the indications were that three or four hundred people were planning to found a colony there, the women thought they saw a big future and they put in their homestead claims. A number of similar instances of women miners, women ranchers, and women homesteaders have come to notice lately in the great West.

The Trans-Andine Railway is so nearly completed that a gap of only about fifty-five miles remains between the present termini; and the entire distance between Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, 882 miles, can be traversed now in seventy-two hours, including necessary delays. The old route by way of the Straits of Magellan occupied twelve days.

The employment of plaster in the manipulation of wines is still quite general throughout the South of France. A recent law has decreed that the maximum amount of sulphate or potassium per litre in merchantable wines shall be two grams, and therefore the wine trade has made a demand for the reduction of the amount of sulphate wines on hand to the legal limit.

The Dinner Table.

Very few young housekeepers know how to economize. It is an easy thing to have a nice dinner when you have everything at hand; by just sending to the butchers for a roast and its accompanying vegetables. Then all you do is cook the food. Now it is quite a different thing to prepare a nice meal from the remains of a roast of beef or mutton which stands in your larder. Do not give up, it can be accomplished, as easily as many other things of every day occurrence, by a little display of culinary art. Never mind if discouragment does meet your first attempt, by some fussy member of the family, if the dish is well served, no one need complain. Beginning with the commonest of all:

HASH.—Take any cold meat, beef or mutton preferred, chop fine, first removing all bone, gristle, etc. To two cupfuls of this meat add one cupful of mashed potatoes, mixing thoroughly. Season with salt, pepper and herbs. Heat almost a cupful of gravy in the frying pan, then put in your meat and potato stirring it until the gravy is well absorbed. A pretty way to serve this dish is with a garniture of parsley and dice of tracted bread. If you have any left, mould it into croquettes or rolls with the addition of a little flour, and fry in boiling lard; this must be daintily served, and tastefully garnished.

FRENCH DISH.—Take about two cupfuls each of chopped veal and ham; soak two cupfuls of bread crumbs in one cupful of boiling milk; season and mix together with two well beaten eggs; put into a well buttered mold or dish and bake for half an hour, not allowing the crust to become hard; turn on a platter and serve hot.

POTATO PIE.—Cut any cold meat in inch square pieces, lay in a pie dish with any cold gravy, or, if there is no gravy, add a sprinkle of corn starch and a little cold water; cover the whole with a thick layer of mashed potatoes as a crust and bake a rich brown.

BRAISED BEEF.—Take a piece of rump steak an inch thick; fry it slightly in butter on both sides; add enough hot stock to just cover the steak; season with pepper and salt and a sprinkle of herb; add also a carrot and sliced onion; let it simmer slowly an hour and a half or two hours; put some butter and flour in another saucepan; add the gravy in which the steak was stewed and a little tomato catsup; lay the steak in a platter, arranging the carrot neatly around it; pour over it the hot sauce.

DEVILLED MUTTON.—Melt in a clean frying pan two tablespoonfuls of butter, and one of red currant jelly; when it simmers put into it slices of the cold mutton, cut evenly, and not too fat; heat slowly, turning several times, until they are hot, but not until they begin to crisp; serve the slices on a hot platter; cover and set over hot water; to the remaining liquor add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and small quantity of made mustard and a pinch of salt; let it boil up, and pour it over the meat on the platter.

TURKEY SCOLLOP—(or chicken); pick the meat from the bones of cold turkey and chop fine; put a layer of bread crumbs on the bottom of a buttered dish, moisten with a little milk; then add a layer of turkey, with bits of dressing and a small piece of butter on top, sprinkle with salt and pepper; then another layer of bread crumbs, and so on till the dish is nearly full; add a little boiling water to the gravy left over and pour it on the turkey; then for the top crust beat two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one of melted butter, a little salt and cracker crumbs sufficient to make thick enough to spread on with a knife; put pieces of butter on the top and bake three-quarters of an hour, with a tin plate over it; about 10 minutes before serving remove plate and brown.

BEEF KIDNEY STEW.—Wash, remove all bits of skin and fat, cut into small pieces and soak in salt and water for an hour or more; brown a lump of butter in a stew pan; drain the kidney and put it in a stew pan; nearly cover it with water and allow it to cook slowly for two hours; thicken with a little flour and butter; serve hot on toast.

FRIED SPRING CHICKEN.—Clean, joint and soak in salt and water for two hours; put in a frying pan equal quantities of lard and butter, in all enough to cover the chicken; dip each piece in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs and drop in the boiling fat; fry till brown on both sides; serve on a hot platter garnished with parsley; pour the most of the fat from the frying pan, and thicken the remainder with browned flour, adding to it one cupful of boiling water.

CHICKEN PATES.—Chop meat of cold chicken fine; season with salt; make a large cupful of rich drawn butter, and while on the fire add two hard boiled eggs minced fine, a little chopped parsley, and the meat of a chicken; let this mixture almost boil; have ready some pate pans of good rich paste; remove the covers with edge of knife; fill in with the mixture, and arrange on a hot platter; in baking the crust it is a good plan to fill in with a square of stale bread, which is easily removed as soon as it comes from the oven. This keeps the crust from falling flat, as it would otherwise do without the chicken mixture.

How Relics are Made.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, writing on the fall of Sedan, tells a curious little story which shows the dubious origin of historical relics. After all was over, and General Wimpfen had signed the capitulation, Mr. Forbes and a companion found shelter for the night in the very room where the capitulation was drawn up. While he sat writing to his newspaper, his friend gnawed a ham bone, there being nothing left to eat. At last the man threw the ham-bone carelessly upon the table, and it upset Mr. Forbes's ink-bottle. Some time after, Mr. Forbes revisited the scene, and the guide showed him the table marked by a huge ink-stain, which Wimpfen had caused by overturning the ink-bottle in the agitation of his shame and grief. Great sums had been offered for the table with the historic ink-stain, but the owner valued it too much to part with it.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

How London The Great is Governed—A Model System.

The most remarkable experiment ever made in the way of municipal administration is now going on among the vast conglomeration of human beings which De Quincey called the "nation" of London. The scope, powers, and organization of the new London County Council and the programmes of its leaders are discussed at length in the April number of the Review of Reviews. What is known as the Metropolitan Police District covers an area defined by a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, and comprises several hundred square miles. It comprehends a population of nearly 6,000,000. Outside of the small inner nucleus bearing the historical title of the City of London, which at present has only about 30,000 residents, the huge British metropolis was up to 1889 split into a number of irregular small divisions and governed by parish vestries and district boards. There was no unified municipal spirit, and there was universal apathy and ignorance with regard to the methods and doings of the parish vestries. Four years ago a man might have walked the streets of London ten hours a day for a month, buttonholing every intelligent citizen he met, and the chances were that he would not in that time have found a solitary person who could have explained to him how London was governed. It is true that for the main drainage system and some of the most important street improvements, together with a few other purposes of general concern, there was established some twenty years ago a so-called "Metropolitan Board of Works," made up of delegates from the local district boards and parish vestries. This body, having no direct accountability to anybody, was neither efficient nor well constituted.

The great change which has taken place is not the outcome of any vehement agitation in London itself, but an incidental result of the County Council act applied to the whole of England in 1889. By that measure the larger part of the parishes which had come to be known as the metropolis, were erected into a separate county, and provision was made for a County Council, which was, in fact, to be a great Municipal Parliament, elected by the people of London. The districts of the metropolis, from each of which two Councillors are chosen, are for the present identical with the fifty-nine electoral divisions from which members are sent to Parliament. The old City of London is thus far permitted to retain its separate government, and it is allowed representation in the County Council as one of the districts constituting the larger municipality. We should add that the 118 Councilmen elected add to their number by choosing nineteen citizens to sit and act with them under the title of Aldermen. They are presided over by one of their members, who is chosen Chairman, and who exercises some of the functions which in other cities pertain to the office of Mayor. It should be mentioned that the county of London, imposing as it is, is not so large as it soon will be. It is by no means conterminous with the Metropolitan Police District. It has an area of only about 120 square miles, and the population under the jurisdiction of its Council scarcely exceeds four millions and a half. One of the extensions of power which will probably be demanded by the Progressives, who control the Council recently elected by a majority of some 3 to 1, is the concession of control over the Metropolitan Police. When that demand is granted, the area governed by the Council will coincide with that of the Metropolitan Police District, and will embrace a population of about 6,000,000.

As yet, however, the London County Council is only the framework of a great municipal government which future acts of Parliament are expected to fill in and complete. For the moment its authority is comparatively limited. It took over all the powers that had been vested in the old Metropolitan Board of Works, and various other powers were conferred by the statute creating it. But many matters of municipal concern were left under the management of local districts and parishes; and its water supply, its markets, its gas works, its tramways, and its docks remain in the hands of private owners. The programme of the Progressives, who are now the unchallenged masters of the London County Council, contemplates a vast expansion of its powers, and there is no doubt that their wishes will be heeded if the Gladstonians are dominant in the next House of Commons. Among the demands in which all the Progressives are agreed are the following: First that taxation reform shall make the great landlords and holders of ground rents pay their share of municipal revenue; secondly, that the rights of the eight private water companies shall be transferred to the municipality; and thirdly, that trenchant measures shall be taken for an amelioration of the housing conditions of the poor. Not included in the official programme, but urgently pressed by the representatives of workingmen to whom the recent victory of the Progressives is mainly due, are demands for an equalization of taxes throughout the metropolis, for trade union wages and an eight-hour day in the case of all persons employed by the Council, and for the substitution of public for private ownership and management, not only as regards the water supply, but as regards the gas works, tramways, markets, and docks. The workingmen insist, moreover, that the people of London ought, through their County Council, to manage their police and all their parks and open spaces, and it is probable that this demand will be backed by a large majority of the newly elected Councilmen.

The London Councillors serve without any compensation. As to the fidelity with which they apply themselves to their duties we have the testimony of Mr. W. T. Stead. He tells us that besides the dozen men who may be said to live in committee rooms and in the supervision of the municipal service, there are at least fifty men who give half their time to the government of London. The remaining sixty probably do not give more than one day in the week. On an average, it appears that each Councillor devotes two days a week to the service of the town. A more incorruptible body of men never assembled for the government of a great city. From Lord Rosebery, Lord Compton, Lord Lingen, Lord Hobhouse, and Sir John Lubbock at the top, to Mr. John Burns, the Socialist, at the bottom, there is not one of the 137 members who has even been suspected of corruption or of abusing a trust. A new broom sweeps clean, and how long this exemplary state of things will continue to exist is of course open to question; but that it is the present outcome of the London municipal experiment is acknowledged on all hands.

Verily, the race of fools has not yet died out. Thousands still think it profitable to gain the world and lose their own souls.

The modesty of certain ambitious persons consists in becoming great without making too much noise; it may be said that they advance in the world on tiptoe

HOUSEHOLD.

One of the Joys of Living.

One of the joys of living, one of the gladdest things,
It is to see the sun come out and flood the earth with gold,
After the weary raining that spring so often brings,
With skies of gray, and meadows dank, and dreary days and cold.

For then the cheery crocus its pretty buds unfolds
And shows its bloom in purple dyed and gayest yellow, too,
And with a fragrant welcome the hyacinth beholds
Beside it shyly blossoming the scilla brightly blue.

Then smile the sweet-breathed jonquil and jaunty daffodil,
And waves the crown-imperial its leaves of glossy green.
As pushing upward, upward, it never stops until
It wears the richest diadem in garden ever seen.

Then soft the grasses whisper, "Soon, daisies, you may grow."
And from the boughs of maple trees burst tender sprays of red,
And down the hills the rippling rills with pleasant murmurs flow,
And life springs up anew where late was left the winter's dead.

Ay! after the weary raining that spring so often brings,
With skies of gray and meadows dank, and dreary days and cold,
'Tis one of the joys of living, one of the gladdest things,
To see the sun come out again and flood the earth with gold.

—[Margaret Eytinge.

Good Rules for the Mistress.

When engaging a servant be careful to explain her work to her, and let her understand that the work must be done in your way and not in the way of any former mistress she may have had, and this explanation must be made so that it shall not reflect upon the routine of any other household.

Try and arrange the housework so that each servant may have an opportunity to attend church on Sunday.

When your servants do well encourage them to do better by a few words of praise.

Do not allow them to have visitors until after certain hours in the evening.

Give your orders for the day to the cook as early in the morning as possible.

Insist upon being informed when anything is broken or lost.

See that the chambermaid wears a clean apron while making the beds, and that she knocks at the bedroom doors before entering.

Order the maid who opens the door not to leave visitors standing in the hall, nor to give parcels to strangers without previous instruction.

When you reprove, do so firmly and decidedly.

Only allow your rules to be broken once; let dismissal, with customary notice, follow the second offence.

Retain your temper under all circumstances.

Insist upon the punctuality of the family as well as upon the punctuality of the cook.

Be kind to your servants when they are ill, and thoughtful of them always; in nine cases out of ten the considerate mistress will be rewarded by faithful service.

Pay your servants' wages regularly. Do not allow them to go out without first obtaining your permission.

Paper Your Walls.

Wall paper may be bought for so trifling a sum that if it is put up by the practical member of the family (and there is almost always sure to be one), rooms may be papered and made to look sweet and fresh which otherwise would have to wait until more necessary things were disposed of. If the wall has been whitewashed, a solution of vinegar and water, in about equal proportions, will place the wall in a condition to hold the glue. Scraping top, bottom and angles, when the lime is flaky, and going over the place so scraped with "sizing" or glue water, is all that is necessary. Wall paper will never loosen in the middle, if properly put on, but at the top and bottom. Soak a half pound of No. 1 glue in cold water for an hour, place it on the fire, pour hot water over it and stir, to keep from burning, until it is thin. It must not be too strong or it will "scale"; test it between your thumb and forefinger by pressing together. If too strong add more water. This will cover a room 12x16 feet; apply with a brush. The object in sizing is to prevent suction; i. e., drawing the paste from the paper into the wall, so that there is nothing to hold the paper tight. One pound of wheat flour made into paste will hang six double rolls of paper and border. Use to one pound of flour a quarter of a pound of powdered alum.

Cut the paper the length required and place on a table (usually a long kitchen one is best, which must be a little wider than the paper), and apply the paste to the paper with an ordinary house paintbrush. Make a smooth, even coat of it, and see that no place is skipped; then take a quarter of the length of paper and double it to the middle making the selvages meet exactly, turn up the other end in the same way so that the pasted back is entirely inside. Then with a very sharp knife, and a perfectly straight ruler cut the selvages off. In this way the extra paste is disposed of as well as the useless edge of paper. Loosen one of the double ends, and take the paper up, holding with both hands the right side of the paper toward you. Stick the tops of the paper to the wall, and be very sure you get the first piece straight. For this a plumbline is useful. Then with a soft, flat bristle-brush nine or ten inches wide (a new whitewash brush will answer) brush your paper to the wall with long even stretches, first to one side, then the other, always stroking downwards from the centre of the strip of paper. If it should wrinkle pull the strips from the wall as high up as the wrinkles extend, and start brushing down again. Fit the next piece to the wall, making the pattern join neatly before cutting off the strip from the roll; then proceed as before. The border is sometimes a little awkward for an amateur to manage in long strips; so it would be better to put it up in yard lengths. These directions were followed by a girl who papered her own room quite successfully—her first effort, too.

An Easter Dish.

Ham and bacon are as much a canonical Easter dish as eggs. They were eaten in the by-gone days of Christendom in derision of the Jews, when the children ran about the streets on Easter morning with shouts that

"Christ has risen! Christ has risen!
All the Jews must go to prison."

Ham and good smoked bacon have always been considered the proper accompaniment of eggs. There is no meat in our markets in which there is so much choice as in ham. A salt ham is not a particularly good dish, but a properly sugar-cured ham, well boiled, is a dish for a gourmand. Fortunately there are a number of brands of good sugar-cured ham and bacon in market, which can be obtained at almost any trustworthy grocer's or butcher's. Select a small ham for boiling. One weighing not over seven or eight pounds is best for this purpose. Scrape it well. Scrub it with a brush and put it to soak in abundance of cold water, so that it will be thoroughly covered up. Let it remain for twenty-four hours. Some cooks make the mistake of soaking their hams over night only. This is not long enough. When the ham has been thoroughly freshened in this way, scrape it again and wipe it off. Put it in a large soup-kettle. It is not necessary to have a special vessel for the boiling ham, if the stock-pot is large enough. A soup "digester" holding three gallons is ample enough to cook an eight-pound ham; and in such a vessel it cooks at the slow, even temperature necessary to bring it to perfection. When the ham is in the kettle, cover it completely with cold water. Put on the air-tight cover, if it is a "digester"; the valve prevents its bursting. Bring the water slowly to the boiling point. Then put the kettle back where it will merely simmer slowly for five hours. When it is done remove the kettle and its contents to some place where it will cool off as quickly as possible. Take the ham out of the liquor the next morning; remove the skin, scatter breadcrumbs over it, sprinkle it with a pinch of sugar and a little pepper and set it in the oven to become brown. When it is cooled off it is ready to serve as cold ham. If you wish it served hot it must be removed from the liquor as soon as it is boiled. It may be skinned and served as it is, with any sauce you fancy, or it may be skinned, sprinkled at once with breadcrumbs, a little sugar and pepper, as described, put in the oven to roast for fifteen minutes, and served with champagne sauce. This sauce is simply a pint of good Espagnol sauce flavored with a glass of champagne and simmered for ten or fifteen minutes after the wine is added.

Canadian Apples.

The production of fruit, as well as of many other articles of food, has become in this and in other countries a constant struggle between man and various parasitic pests. The only way in which the parasites can be successfully met and beaten is through the use of mechanical contrivances and the application of poisons. The use of anything of a poisonous nature, even in accomplishing most desirable ends, always meets with opposition from some quarters. Some are quite sincere in their opposition, though misinformed; others are selfish, and hope by their objection to divert trade towards their own little sources of supply. The production of potatoes would be very uncertain if not absolutely impossible in this country were it not for the scientific investigations resulting in the present universal use of Paris green. The American vineyards are now being saved from blights and "rot" by the careful application of various poisonous mixtures. Then the cry went up that the grapes were poisoned, and tons were condemned in some of the city markets, to be followed by the cry that the ground upon which the vines were growing would become poisoned and sterile because of copper accumulations. These discouraging and damaging cries were examined and proved to be groundless. A little accurate information as to the nature of these mixtures, their methods of application and their effects will give the grape growers the mastery of their difficulty and settle the fears of the consumers.

Along this line we have one of the strongest recommendations for the producer having a knowledge of the elements of botany, entomology and chemistry. The latest sensation refers to the spraying of our fruit trees with Paris green and London purple and the consequent effects upon the fruit. Before the committee of the Legislative Assembly the other day Mr. James Fletcher, Dominion entomologist, gave evidence in which he referred to this scare as follows:—

"With regard to spraying it may not be amiss to draw the attention to the false statements of the English press that our apples are poisoned from their absorbing arsenic. The statement is absurd. The physiology of the plant renders such a thing impossible. The same thing used to be said of potatoes, though before the fruit of the potato could be injured the poison had to go through the leaves. This was long since proved to be absurd. It is the same with the pistil of the apple. It cannot absorb arsenic or any other poison. It is very important for us always to be on guard in the matter. The same charges were made some time ago and refuted. They ceased for a time, but have been now recommenced. The object of the cry is simply to get a little cheap advertisment out of the cry of 'poison in American apples,' because we are spraying with Paris green. If we could only get our farmers to spray more we would have better fruit crops."

The fair-mindedness of our English contemporaries and the diffusion of scientific knowledge in England leads us to believe that the refutation will have as wide a circulation as the false cry.

Colors and the Eye of Man.

Science gives us many interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The most ancient written documents attest that in times most remote only two colors were known, black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye could perceive yellow, and a still longer time before green could be distinguished. It is remarkable that in the most ancient languages the term used to designate yellow insensibly passed to the signification of green. The Greeks had, according to the generally received opinion, the color faculty very highly developed and yet authors of the highest repute tell us that in the time of Alexander the Great, the Greek painters knew but four colors, viz: white black, red and yellow. The ancients had no words to designate the colors of blue and violet, therefore they always referred to them as gray and black. It is thus that the colors of the rainbow were only distinguished gradually; the great Aristotle knowing only four of them. It is a well-known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed there remains outside the limit of the blue and the violet (in the spectrum) a distinct impression which our eyes do not recognise as a color. Physiologists tell us that it is reasonable to suppose that as the color organ in the human species become more highly developed, and even before the eye becomes what the opticians would consider "perfect," this outside band will resolve into a color perfectly discernible Only one speculation remains: When the educated eye of the year 2500 has discerned and named this now indistinct color, will another shadowy band appear to be classified among the colors 500 or 1000 years later on?

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

Put camphor-gum with your new silverware, and it will never tarnish so long as the gum is there.

Gone With the Pins.

Where is the thrill of last night's fear?
Where is the stain of last week's tear?
Where is the tooth that ached last year?
Gone where the lost pins go to;
For last night's riddle is all made plain,
The sunshine laughs at the long-past rain
And the tooth that ached hath lost its pain!
That's what our troubles grow to.

Where are the clothes that we used to wear?
Where are the burdens we used to bear?
Where is the bald-head's curling hair?
Gone where the pins disappear to;
For the style has changed and the clothes are new,
The skys are wearing a brighter blue,
The hair doesn't snarl as it used to do,
And the parting has grown more clear, too,

Where are the bills that our peace distressed?
Where is the pin that the baby blessed?
Where are the doves in last year's nest?
Where have the pins all gone to?
On the old bills paid are the new ones thrown,
The baby's at school with her pins outgrown,
And the squabs are running a nest of their own
You can't bring 'em back if you want to.

We can stand the smart of yesterday,
To-day's worse ills we can drive away!
What's was and is brings no dismay
For past and present sorrow;
But the burdens that make us groan and sweat,
The troubles that make us fume and fret,
Are the things that haven't happened yet!
The pins that we'll find to-morrow.

—[Robert J. Burdette.

THE HIGHEST IN THE WORLD.

Great Timber Bridge Made Entirely of Wood—Its Dimensions.

The *Engineering News* says that Two Medicine bridge, on the St. Paul, Minnesota & Manitoba railway, is a structure which ranks among the very highest timber trestles ever erected, is 751 feet long and 211 feet from rail to water. It consists of one span of 120 feet, four spans of 40 feet, and all the rest of 16 feet. The great Portage bridge, now no more, was only 234 feet above water, and stood on 31-foot piers.

The posts are made continuous from the foundation to the cap, packed at every story with a plank 4 inches by 12 inches, 6 feet long. The stories are made 7½ feet in height so as to permit the use of 18-foot lengths in posts, and also to avoid using too long pieces in the longitudinal and sway bracing. Good timber is not plenty in Montana in long lengths. The inside posts have a batter in order to afford a better system of sway bracing for the lower stories than could be had with plumb posts, and also to make better spacing on the foundations. Additional posts are inserted as the height increases.

An additional batter post is placed on the outside when the height has reached such a point that it is needed on account of wind pressure. The assembling of the various parts is made in such a way that the trestle is easily raised piece by piece, and any piece of post, cap, wale, girder or brace can be removed without disturbing other parts of the bridge. For heights under 100 feet trestle bents with 16 feet spans are used. The foundations are cribs, solid rock and stone piers, and for the lighter bents, piling or mudsills.

One other feature needs mention, and that is, why a wooden bridge was built instead of an iron one. The reason was that the probable delay of track laying would not permit of waiting for an iron structure. The bridge contains about 750,000 feet of timber.

The floor of this bridge is pretty solid, as it well might be for such a structure; 6 by 8 ties laid flat and spaced 12 inches between centers or 4 inches in the clear, inside guard rails and outside guard timbers, well notched down and bolted, make a tolerably safe floor.

The Order of Creation.

"Church Bells" (England) has the following:—"The best answer we have yet seen to Professor Huxley in his attempt to shew that the order of creative events, as related in Genesis, does not correspond with that laid down by science, is contained in an admirable letter, written a few days ago, by the Rev. Brownlow Maitland, who says: "The inspired cosmogony, which is ideal and poetic, and the scientific cosmogony, which is actual and prosaic, need not have any relation or correspondence with each other. Imagine the inspired seer hymning the creation according to his mental conception of its order, and the structure of Genesis i. is the natural result. First, the light breaking forth on the dark chaos, whereby the development becomes visible; next, the division of the lower waters from the upper, and of the land from the water, to provide the floor for the emerging world, and the roofing it over with the firmament. Then the clothing of the floor with all kinds of vegetation, and the appointment of the heavenly bodies to rule the seasons, on which seed-time and harvest depend. Then the peopling of the scene with animal inhabitants; first, with the denizens of the water, as the most remote from contact with man; next, with the fowls of the air, as somewhat nearer to him, breathing the same element; and, lastly, with the tribes of the land, as closest to him, treading the same soil. And when all is thus prepared, man is placed in possession as lord of all. There is the order of the poetic conception as the seer pictures the scenic development from the gloom of chaos to the glory of the cosmos, built up, stage by stage, for the man fashioned in the Divine image. Why disturb this magnificent psalm by trying to force it into the mould of prosaic science? Why indeed? Surely the days when some discrepancy in the account of the creation of the world as related by the Bible, and as presumed by science, could worry unstable minds, have utterly gone by."

About the Garden of Eden.

"Papa, where was the Garden of Eden?"

"Well, Maud, it is supposed to have been somewhere in Asia."

"I knew it couldn't have been in Oregon."

"Why so?"

"Well, you know they say it rains out there thirteen months in the year!"

"Yes."

"Well, Adam was made out of dust, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then, if he had been made in Oregon, his name wouldn't have been Adam."

"Why not?"

"Because it would have been 'mud.'"

"Oh!"—[Philadelphia Press.

Style Wanted

Little Mabel was saying her prayers the other night, and had concluded the usual petitions for earthly blessings for herself and family, when she suddenly paused and looking up into her mother's face, said:

"There is one thing more I want to ask for, mamma; can I?"

"Certainly, if it is nothing wicked," was the reply.

At this the little one proceeded: "And make all our folks stylish, amen!"

Cheese-toasters are a part of the necessary equipage of midnight suppers and alfresco entertainments among families.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PRESBYTERIAN, HENRY'S CHURCH.

Rev. Wm. Forlong, Pastor. Service in the church at 11 a. m., Sunday School 2.30 p. m.. Dr. Christie M. P., Supt. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. John Mackie, Pastor. Service in Church at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m., J.W. McOuat B. A., Supt.

METHODIST.

Rev. Mr. Craig, Pastor, and Rev. M. Morrison, Assistant. Service 10:30 a. m. Class-meeting at close of service. Sunday School at 2:30, Mr. Murray Supt. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8, Strangers are welcome.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Rev. A. Derome, P. P., High Mass 10: Vespers 3 p. m.

ANGLICAN.

Rev. Rural Dean Sanders, Rector. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 2.30. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 8.

BAPTIST.

Rev. John Higgins, Pastor. Service every Sabbath morning at 11 a. m., and 2 p. m. Sunday School 9 45. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 8.

BRETHERN.

Break Bread every Sabbath morning in their Hall, Hugh street at 11 a. m., and study the scriptures in the evening at 7. Prayer-meeting Tuesday evening at 7.

SALVATION ARMY.

Sunday services. Halleujah Breakfast at 7 a. m., regular services 11 a m, 3.30 p. m. and 8 p. m. Weekly meetings on Monday, Thursday, Saturday nights, at 8 o'clock.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Y. P. C. Endeavor Society, John Jackson President. Meeting every Monday evening in Jas. W. Raitt's Hall, at 7.30. Young people are cordially invited to attend.

The Young People of the Methodist Church meet every Friday evening in the above church, at 7.30. All are welcome.

The W C T Union, meets every month in their rooms opposite the Medical Hall. Mrs. Massiah, President.

Band of Hope meets in the W C T U's Rooms every Saturday. Mrs J G Davidson Supt.

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by T. CHRISTIE JR.

WANTED

A GOOD GIRL. Farmer's Daughter preferred. No cows or washing, wages $6.

Apply to
MRS. W. BARCLAY,
St. Andrews, East Que

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next session of the parliament of Canada for an act to incorporate the Ottawa Valley Railway Company, with powers to purchase the portion of the Great Northern Railway, west of Lachute, and the Carillon and Grenville Railway and to build a bridge across the river Ottawa at a point between Carillon and Grenville and to build a line or lines of Railway to connect said bridge with the Railways on either side of said river.

C. N. ARMSTRONG,
27-9in For Applicants.

A. G. Stackhouse,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

MAIN STREET, Lachute, P. Q.,

Sporting Goods!

A good Stock of SPORTING GOODS, including Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Fishing Tackles etc. etc., will in a short time be added to my present stock.

MINNIE P. BOA,
Kenniburgh's Block.
16 Lachute.

Stationery.

LETTER HEADS,
ENVELOPES,
WRITING PAPER,
BILL HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
MOURNING PAPER.

For Sale Cheap at

Watchman Office.

$3,500 IN REWARD.

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Fall Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of the letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." ☞ Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st Grand Reward.....$500 in Gold
2nd " " Grand Piano, valued at $500.
3rd " " .....$250 in Gold
4th " " .....Organ valued at $200
5th " " .....$100 in Gold
6th " " Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th " " .....$50 in Gold
9th " " .....$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each.....$ 00
Next 20 prizes,—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes, 50 Silver Desert Sets, warranted heavy plate.
Next 100 prizes,—100 Silver Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettles, Butter, Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Buscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, etc., etc, all fully warranted, making a total of 689 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3500.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from the letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in the body of the book, none of the supplement to be used.
2. The words must be written in rotation and number 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.
3. Letters cannot appear oftenner than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "g" in the three words.
4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more tie, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.
5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: J. G. Macdonald, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and Commodore Calcutt, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION. "Got $1,000 prize all right."—M. M. Brandon, Vancouver, B. C. "Thanks for $500 prize."—G W Cunningham, Donald B. C. "Prize received O. K." J. D. Baptie, West Superior, Wis. "$300 prize received. Thanks."—G. V Robertson, Toronto; and 300 others in United States and Canada.

This is NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST in the past is ample guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Canada. 16

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeny, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat; Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Soldby T. CHRISTIE.

For Sale.

A GOOD Farm containing 200 on the 6th range and 70 acres on the 8th range of the Townshib of Chatham, the latter being a wood lot.

The Farm has good buildings, is well watered and has about 3000 maple trees.

For further particulars
apply to
WM. HEATLIE,
Stonefield, or at the Watchman Office.

REWARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Great Winter Competition of The Ladies' Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the following words first appear in the Old Testament: "KNOWLEDGE," "WIFE," and "LOVE?" Where does the following words first appear in the New Testament: "JUDEA," "FAME," and "KING?"

WEEKLY PRIZES—Every week throughout this great competition, prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received at the office of the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week) will receive $2 0; the second correct answer, $1 0; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver, service; fifth, five o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $2. Every fifth correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will receive a special prize.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by $1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Canada) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Money should be sent by post office order or registered letter. Address, THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

"Watchman" Clubing Rates.

WATCHMAN & *Witness*.	.....	$1.50
" " Daily do.	.....	3.00
" " Weekly *Star*	.....	1.60
" " Daily do.	.....	3.40
" " " *Gazette* [new.]	...	5.50

R. G. MEIKLE,

BANKER.
Lachute, Que.

—Money received on Deposit—
—Money lent on good Joint Notes—
—Collections promptly attended to
Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.
Lachute, Oct, 15th, 1889. 7-1yr

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send your address and we will mail you a sample bottle, FREE. DR. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER, N.Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St. W., TORONTO, CANADA.

IMPLEMENT WAREHOUSE

Keep constantly on hand a full stock
ROLLER
GRUBBERS
ARUNDLE HARROWS
PLOUGHS (Wilkinson and other makes.)
SEEDERS, FANNING MILLS, (the old standard "Mackenzie Mill" and the "Chatham Fanning Mill" the best Mill in Canada, as can be proved by hundreds of testimonials.) STEEL HARROWS, LUMBER WAGGONS, BUGGIES, &c.

—ALSO—

Parts for any kind of machines or goods sold by me. The goods sold by me are from the best manufacturers in Canada.

T. TUART,

LACHUTE March 30th 1888 46

Insolvent Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owing to the Insolvent Estate James Fish Lachute, are required to pay the same to the undersigned at once.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute March 24th, 1892.
31

Insolvent Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owing to the Insolvent Estate Peter Campbell Lachute are required to pay the same to the undersigned at once.

W. J. SIMPSON,
Curator.
Lachute March 24th 1892.
31

Hotel For Sle

At Ste. Scholastique.

The undersigned offers for sale the well known "POIRIER HOUSE" at Ste. Scholastique, at a low price and reasonable terms. The stand is a good one and has been well patronized by those attending the courts.

Apply to
MRS. CHAS. POIRIER,
Ste. Scholastique, Que.
25—1m

Picture Framing.

Now is your time to leave your orders for picture frames with the undersigned, who has on hand from 20 to 30 different kinds of mouldings, at very moderate prices. Please call, see samples and examine workmanship.

JOS. CAMPBELL,
4 Lachute Mills Que.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given to the rate-payers and others of the town of Lachute, to fix their sidewalks in the said town without delay. Timber to be used, Hemlock or Spruce 2x6 in size, according to Town By-law, if not attended to within a week, will be built by the town at their own expense.

By Order,
J. A. BEDARD,
Chairman, Road Committee.

LOST WILL.

Any person having knowledge of the existence of a will or testamentary paper of the late James Harland Hird who died at St. Andrews Que., on the 24th of January last, is requested to communicate with the undersigned respecting the same without delay.

Alex. Cross,
Soliciter.
11 Place d'Armes
Montreal 29th March 1892.
34-3in

STOVES!





STOVES!
Cooking Stoves,
Hall Stoves,
Parlor Sotves,
Furnaces,
Ranges etc.

PLOUGHS.

ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY MADE AND REPAIRED.
CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN BRASS OR IRON

McOUAT & McRAE. Lachute.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

JUST RECEIVED a car load of our which will be sold at the lowest prices.

A Large and complete stock of TEAS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES CANNED GOODS, CROCKERY ETC., always kept on hand.

☞ All kinds of farm Produce taken in exchange.

P. CARRIERE & SON,
ST. PHILIPPE.

2—1yr.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

FARMERS, When you want

HARDWARE.

You can save money by buying from me. My Stock is large and varied, in FORKS, AXES, SHOVELS, etc. A Large assortment of Hollow ware, POTS, KETTLES and PANS, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, SHEEP SHEARS, TIN-WARE, CARRIAGE BOLTS, from one inch to ten inches, OILS, PAINTS, and VARNISHES. Also a fiirst-class Stock of Leather on hand. Mink, Muskrat Skins etc, wanted.

Blacksmithing done and Satisfaction given.

A Blacksmith Wanted.

JAMES DENSMORE,
Stonefield, Que.,

41—3m.

BBB BBB BBB

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

THE GUIDING STAR TO HEALTH.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA,	SCROFULA,	BILIOUSNESS,
CONSTIPATION,	BAD BLOOD,	RHEUMATISM,
HEADACHE.	FOUL HUMORS,	JAUNDICE,

and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the

STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS AND BLOOD.

B.B.B. acts on all the organs of the body to produce regular action, to strengthen, purify and tone, and to remove all impure accumulations of morbid matter from a Common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

Thousands of reliable men and women testify to its good effects in the above diseases. Is it not worth at least a trial in your case? Price $1 per bottle, 6 for $5, or less than 1c. a dose.

B B B B B B

NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having formed a partnership will continue the business formerly carried on by A. G. McARTHUR & Co., at the West End

BUTCHER. SHOP.

There will always be on hand the best supply of Hams, Bacon, Fish, Vegetables, and Canned Goods of all kinds. Orders delivered as usual. Cash paid for hides, beef, pork etc. In thanking his customers for their patronage during the past 12 years Mr. McArthur solicits their continued support for the firm of

BENNETT & McARTHUR.
15-1y

Valuable Property For Sale.

THE PROPERTY known as the Mile End Grove Farm, Chatham, within half a mile from Hamelin & Ayer's factory and the town of Lachute, 6 acres distant from Earle's Mills. It can be purchased with farming implements and stock thereon, or without. also a

BUSH LOT

on the West Gore Road, within three and a half miles of Lachute. For further particulars apply to

JAMES BOYD,
24-3m Lachute, Que.

LACHUTE Grist & Saw Mills

HAVING leased these Mills to P. McRAE & CO., of Ottawa, the undersigned, while continuing the management, solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage he has always enjoyed, for this enterprising firm which proposes to conduct the business on a more extensive scale,

SPOT CASH

will be paid at fair market price, for Oats, Barley, Corn and Buckwheat.

A full line of the different Brands of Ogilvie's Flour, such as Hungarian Patent, Strong Bakers, Family Flour, and other favorite brands will be supplied at rates and quantities which will defy competition either in price or quality.

First prize at all exhibitions is the record for all these brands. This flour has a Pedigree and dont you forget it.

P. CAMPBLL
Manager.
Lachute Mills 7th Oct. 1891.

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
District of Terrebonne.

IN RE

PETER CAMPBELL, Mill-Owner, Lachute Que.

Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that, on the 22nd day of Feb., 1892, by the order of the Court, I was appointed Curator to the Estate of the above named Insolvent, who has made a judicial abandonment of all his assets for the benefit of his creditors.

Claims must be filed at my office within one month.

W J Simpson,
Curator.
Lachute March 14th, 1892.
31

Lachute Bakery.

The Old Reliable Stand and the only place where you can get a good loaf of Bread, this is undisputed. We have some imitators but no equals. Plain and Fancy Bread of all kinds. Buns, Rolls, Scons and the usual variety of choice cake found at a first class confectioner's establishment. Candies of the purest and best. Fruits in season.

JOHN HOPE
Baker & Confectioner
LACHUTE.