

THE EQUITY.

VOL. XIII, No. 51.

SHAWVILLE, CO. PONTIAC, P. Q., THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1896.

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THIS HOUSE is first-class in every respect, being roomy, neat, comfortable and equipped with every necessary convenience. Commercial men will find the accommodations for their business all that can be desired. Guests treated with courtesy and civility. Bar supplied with only best brands of liquors and cigars. Good livery, and free bus to and from all trains.

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Correspondence of local interest solicited from all parts of the country.

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Killed by an Electric Car.

Mrs. Alfred E. Hayter, of 351 Waverley street, Ottawa, and mother of Mr. Frederick Hayter, chief clerk in the Auditor General's Department, met an untimely death on Wednesday afternoon last about half past five o'clock, through an accident on Bank street.

After alighting from a south bound electric car, at the corner of James street, Mrs. Hayter went to cross over to the east side of Bank street, when a car coming from the opposite direction struck her, knocking her down and inflicting terrible injuries. Dr. Cormack was summoned and was promptly on the scene, but the injuries were of such a serious character that he immediately pronounced the lady's recovery to be impossible. It was found that the jaw was fractured and the neck dislocated.

The ambulance was sent for, and while the unfortunate lady was being conveyed in it to her home, she expired.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic heart disease. In 30 minutes speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. For sale at H. H. Knox's Drug Store.

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Gentlemen's lustre coats in black and grey at G. Fred Hodgins.

Mr. David Wilson and family, we learn, purpose returning to Shawville from Ottawa.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Curran presided at the sessions of the Court held in Bryson last week.

Burch's New Sensation show exhibited to a fairly large sized audience here on Wednesday evening.

Miss Martha Caldwell returned home on Friday evening from Montreal, where she had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Anderson.

Window glass, putty, nails, felts, galvanized iron, paints and everything required for building, cheap, at G. Fred Hodgins.

W. C. McGuire, D. V. S., of Carleton Place, arrived home on Saturday night and spent Sunday in town, returning to Carleton on Monday.

G. Fred Hodgins is showing a splendid range of men's and boys' straw hats this season. See his Yeddo hats at 50 cents, sold elsewhere at 75 cents; all other lines accordingly.

The next meeting of the Pontiac Teachers Assn. will be held in Knox's school, Sat., June 13th, at three p. m. Teachers and others who are interested in education are invited to attend.

Call and see A. Sniley's large stock of buggies and carts, and don't forget to see the wagons with the improved malleable skein which binds rocker and axle together. This is a grand improvement on the old plan.

One of our village swains, who spent an evening recently with a fair friend, is charged with having appropriated the hat of the proprietor of the house where the young lady resides, instead of taking his own. The good natured citizen, however, whose confidence was thus abused, took the rational view that the young gentleman was probably a little rattled, and hence he has decided not to bring the matter before the village justice of the peace. The young man it may be imagined congratulates himself on having had such a close shave from exposure.

The Arnprior Chronicle says:—A cheque for \$1,000 was on Friday last handed to Mr. Thos. Fetherston, Jr., the amount of his total disability claim on the I. O. F. Mr. Fetherston has long been ill with heart trouble and cannot recover. He is a member of Court Capital No 1115, Ottawa. Mr. Fetherston is the third person to thus benefit through membership in the Independent Order of Foresters.—Mr. M. Galvin has begun the erection of a block between the Arcade and Menzies' to replace the one destroyed by fire three years ago. This with the Craig Block and the post office will place John street well in the lead.

The Presbyterian Church, Bristol, was well filled on Wednesday evening, May 27, to listen to Miss Sinclair of Indore, India, who is at present on furlough, having spent 7 years in the work there.

She gave a lucid and comprehensive address on the mission in Central India. Miss S. is a fluent and fervent speaker, and impresses her audience as only a young woman of superior ability can. She held the attention of all present from the beginning to the end of her address, which occupied just one hour in the delivery. The Y. P. M. B., under the leadership of Mrs. Nelson, rendered choice selections of music and recitations of a missionary character. Mr. Robt. Stewart, of Rochester, N. Y., with his brother, the doctor, and Misses Jennie and Maggie McFarlane, Clarendon Front, sang two beautiful quartettes. The audience manifested its hearty appreciation by a handsome collection at the close, which goes into the fund of the W. M. F. S., under whose auspices the meeting was held.

Editor of EQUITY.

Dear Sir,—A few days ago a paragraph appeared in the Montreal Daily Star, stating that Dr. Lyon is fairly in the field as an independent candidate; that the contest now is between Dr. Gobourne and himself, and that Mr. W. J. Poupart had retired.

This news appears to have originated at Shawville, and is highly misleading, as Mr. Poupart has not, nor will not, retire—he's not the man to show the white feather and turn tail no matter who the rival or rivals may be—his ambition is made of sterner stuff.

It should be borne in mind that Mr. Poupart is the regular Conservative candidate duly chosen by the delegates in convention on the 14th of last February.

At that convention it may be remembered that there were some 100 delegates present; that Doctor Lyon only received 5 votes, Mr. McLean 5, and Mr. Poupart 90.

Now, in the face of these facts and figures, what infatuation impels Dr. Lyon to thus rush into this contest? He was, and I presume still is, president of the Conservative Association of this county. Would it not, then, be more dignified if our worthy friend would stand firm and support the regular nominee, Mr. W. J. Poupart, or if he feels he cannot do so, then by all means let him keep aloof and let Mr. Poupart and the other medico have it out between them. If so, the writer prophesies that Mr. Poupart will effectually purge the knight of the scalpel for all time, of all traces, or even the slightest symptoms of his political malady—in fact, to speak in medical parlance, effect a radical cure.

Shawville Produce Quotations.

Oats 22 to 25

Peas 48

Eggs 8½ to 9

Wool 18 to 20

Butter 12 to 14

Pork per lb 14.00 to 16.00

Hay per ton 9.00 to 10.00

Calfskins 25 to 35

Hides 2.00 to 3.00

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Dressmaking and Millinery Goods,
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Carpets and Floor Oilcloths,
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And Groceries.

REID BROS.,
-THE ARCADE-
Arnprior, Ont.

P. S.—Specials this week in Parasols, Gloves, Hosiery and Corsets.

Toronto at this time last year had 10,000 bicycles; it now has 30,000. Chicago is said to have 100,000. In Canada it is estimated that 200,000 would be sold this year, representing in round numbers two millions of dollars. That great sum of money must be taken from some other branch of business. Who is it that is suffering the loss?

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THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country
Great Britain, the United States, and
All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and
Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

The British warship Intrepid is at Halifax.

The Red River at Winnipeg has reached its highest point in years.

The next annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada will be held in Halifax.

Bayard Pitton, aged 7, of Hamilton, was given 7 years in the Industrial School for attempted larceny.

A project is on foot to build an electric road from Hamilton to Alberta, through Ancaster.

Dr. Wm. McN. Jones, principal medical officer of the quarantine station at Vancouver Island is dead.

Reports have been received at the Marine Department of a terrific storm on the north shore of Lake Superior.

Application will be made at the July session of Parliament to incorporate the Hudson Bay and Pacific Railway Company.

April deposits in the Government saving banks amounted to \$236,905, making \$17,865,259 on deposit at the end of the month.

Regulations respecting quarantine have been issued in revised form as amended by an order-in-Council passed on the 4th inst.

The by-law removing the government of the hospital from municipal politics to a board of governors was passed by the Hamilton City Council on Monday.

Michael Horn and Mark Tompkins have each been sentenced at Hamilton to 12 years in the penitentiary for waylaying and robbing Mayor Tucker's cashier.

Col. Stacey, owner of the St. Thomas Street Railway, has made an offer to electrify it, provided he is given an eight or ten year contract for street lighting.

Lieut.-Col. A. H. Macdonald, commanding the Guelph Garrison Battery, is about to retire after 25 years' service. He will be succeeded by Lieut.-Col. Nicoll.

It is denied here that the G. T. R. is dismissing men from the locomotive shops, or that the company has any intention of having their engines built in the United States.

Mr. Thomas Fred S. Kirkpatrick, brother of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who was in the Civil Service for the past twenty-three years, died in Ottawa on Thursday morning.

A mass meeting was held at St. John, N. B., to protest against the action of the Federal Government in omitting that port from the tenders for the fast Atlantic line.

The Montreal coroner's jury appointed to investigate the killing of the Belgian Rousseau by Pons, his French brother-in-law, returned a verdict that Pons had acted in self-defence, and the prisoner was set at liberty.

Mr. Fitzhugh, of Montreal, representing Mr. Hays, the general manager of the Grand Trunk railway, said that there was no truth in the report that men are being dismissed from the locomotive shops because the Grand Trunk in future intended having their engines built in the United States.

A Halifax evening paper announces that the scheme of coast defence which is being prepared for submission to the Canadian Government estimates that three fast cruisers, with quick-firing guns, would be necessary on the Atlantic to cover the Gulf of St. Lawrence and coast waters of Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Prince of Wales is going to pay a visit to Mr. William Waldorf Astor at Clivedon in June.

Owing to the block of Government business in the Imperial House of Commons it is almost certain that an autumn session will be called.

The Irish National party have decided to call a national convention of representative Irishmen from all parts of the world to meet in Dublin in September.

Sir John Russell Reynolds, physician-in-ordinary to the Queen's household and president of the Royal College of Physicians, is in a critical condition, and growing weaker.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, of London, at one time a well known newspaper man, has been offered the post of British Ambassador to Turkey in succession to Sir Phillip Currie.

According to the report of the British Board of Agriculture, five per cent. of the Danish butter submitted for analysis was found to be adulterated, while Canada's samples were all pure.

A manifesto signed by Mr. Henry Labouchere and eighteen other Radical members of the House of Commons has been issued, announcing the formation in the House of an advanced Radical section.

At a meeting of the anti-Parnellite members of the House of Commons on Wednesday, it was resolved to make earnest effort to bring about a reconciliation with the Parnellites, and to reconstruct a united Home Rule party.

Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, presided on Thursday night at the South African annual dinner. In his address he expressed regret at the small progress which had been made towards the reconciliation of the Dutch and English in South Africa.

UNITED STATES.

The carpenters of Buffalo are on strike for an eight-hour day.

The strike among the ship-builders at Cleveland, Ohio, has ended.

The Ohio river is dangerously high at St. Louis and continues to rise.

Eight persons lost their lives by cyclones in Oklahoma territory on Wednesday.

Specials from various points in Kansas bring details of disasters by cyclones on Tuesday night.

A terrific storm of wind, rain and hail passed over Washington on Tuesday, and broke up the Cabinet meeting in progress at the White House.

At Washington fire swept a whole block of commercial buildings opposite

the Smithsonian Institution. Four firemen were crushed to death by falling walls.

It is stated positively in Washington been settled, nor any indemnity been paid to Great Britain by the Venezuelan Government.

"Aunt" Sarah Haviland has been released from the state prison at Jackson, Mich., after serving a term of 80 years. She will visit her daughter who the despatch says "lives in Canada."

It is reported at St. Paul, Minn., that the private fortune of Archbishop Ireland, estimated at \$1,500,000, has been dissipated, owing to the depression of real estate in St. Paul.

The Corliss amendment to the United States immigration bill, which renders all contracts with aliens to perform labor in the United States null and void, was agreed to in the House of Representatives on Wednesday.

Congress on Wednesday agreed to the Corliss amendment to the United States Immigration Bill, which renders all contracts with aliens to perform labor in the United States null and void.

One of the most successful mining men of Colorado is said to be Count James Portales, a member of a famous old German noble family, who has been in the west about twelve years. He is a skilled metallurgist.

There is little, if any variation in the reports of the New York commercial agencies as to the condition of business in the United States during the week. We are assured that there is no reaction, though the movement is small and the "waiting" condition continues; in fact, trade is suffering from the between seasons' period, and few orders for immediate delivery are being placed. On the other hand, railroad earnings are 3.6 per cent, larger for the month than a year ago the tonnage movement eastward from Chicago is increasing, business failures show a marked decline, and the general tone among commercial men is one of confident and assured expectancy. The iron trade is rather an uncertain quantity just now; but the boot and shoe manufacturers are active, the factories are mostly running full time, and the leather market is firm, and the leather market is firm.

The most favourable reports are from Kansas City and the Pacific coast.

GENERAL.

Mark Twain has been lecturing to crowded houses at Johannesburg.

It is stated that the Mikado contemplates a tour of Europe and America.

The British warships Cordelia and Mohawk have arrived at Newfoundland.

The port of Antofagasta, Chili, was visited by a destructive cyclone on Sunday.

The report that the Cuban insurgents are using explosive bullets is confirmed.

A despatch from Cairo says that a death from cholera is reported among the Egyptian troops at Tourab.

Cairo, Egypt, had nine deaths and 11 fresh cases of cholera on Sunday, and Alexandria 20 deaths and 73 new cases.

Emperor William has prohibited the entry of the Cologne Gazette into his castles and residences. It criticizes Col. Nicoll.

The gnat at Pretoria, where the Johannesburg reform prisoners are confined, is in most unhealthy condition.

Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of Cape Colony, and Sir Graham Bower, Imperial Secretary, have sailed for England.

Emperor William has offended the clerical party in Germany by declaring that clergymen have no right to interfere in politics.

Warlike rumours are prevalent in Samoa, where the rebel chiefs have cordially received a German warship, causing uneasiness.

Two steamers will leave Hamburg next week for German South-West Africa, with 416 soldiers and 200 tons of war material.

Col. Liebert, of the Prussian service, has accepted the mission of organizing the Chinese army, and will leave for China next week.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has telegraphed to Cape Town saying that if he effects a junction with Capt. Napier the Matobele rebellion will be broken.

Advocate Cloete has been appointed British Diplomatic Agent at Pretoria in succession to Sir Jacobus De Wet, who resigned a few weeks ago.

A chandelier fell in an opera house in Paris on Wednesday night. In the panic that followed one woman was killed and several persons injured.

A despatch from Vladivostock says that quiet has been restored at Seoul, and that the King of Corea will return to his palace from the Russian Legation.

The British, French, and Russian Embassies at Constantinople have each received cheques for ten thousand pounds as indemnity for the outrages at Jeddah in May last.

The news from Crete is of the gravest character. The Turkish troops in the district of Spakia are surrounded by insurgents, and the latter are being aided by the inhabitants.

The daughter of General Hippolyte, lately deceased President of the Haytian Republic, is at present in Paris for the purpose of perfecting herself in the French language.

Several thousand persons took part in a demonstration in Paris on Sunday, near the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, demanding the establishment of a national flag in her honour.

Archduke Charles Louis of Austria, heir-presumptive to the thrones of Austria and Hungary, the eldest brother of Emperor Francis Joseph, is dead. He was sixty-three years of age.

Two of the liberated Johannesburg Prisoners were unable to pay their fines, and the Randers forthwith subscribed the amount, Mr. Barney Bartato, heading the list with a large amount.

A German military court has sentenced Count von Kotze to two years' imprisonment in a fortress as a punishment for his duel with Baron von Schrader, which resulted in the death of the latter.

It is stated that the filibustering steamer Laurada, bound for Cuba, has on board three cannons invented by Josef C. Perrault, of Montreal, which are of such a deadly character that they could annihilate an army in a few minutes.

Minnie Allen, now in prison at Waukesha, Wis., claims that she killed Montgomery Gibbs, a Buffalo lawyer, for which crime Sadie and Clarence Robin-

son are now suffering. Minnie Allen (nee Clarke) says she was born in Owen Sound, and passed part of her life in Toronto.

CORONATION CEREMONIES.

Graphic Pen-Pictures of the Gorgeous Entry Into Moscow—Sir Edwin Arnold's Vivid Account of the Scene in the Old Capital.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who went to Moscow on behalf of the London Daily Telegraph, in his despatch to that paper describing the scene at the Kremlin, exclaims:—"Why cannot one write in colours? There was never anything seen on any stage like that living kaleidoscope of fanciful attire, of fantastic hues and embellishments, visible around me, particularly in the Oriental element, and all the far Eastern nations. The officials from Khiva wore magenta-coloured velvet robes, gold embroidered, and sugar-loaf hats. Now China contributes a dazzling group with flowered satin frocks and vermilion buttoned hats. Now a bevy of magnates from Lake Baikal astound the eye with fur-trimmed brocade and long red boots. Now I recognize the grey surcoat and amber cap-strings of the Coreans."

"The Cossacks' guard were gloriously uniformed in scarlet and gold, riding little, weedy, Roman-nosed Ukraine nags, with only a snaffle and bridle, and with gold and black bandoliers, looking quite fit to pace in

front of the Czar."

"After these came upon the scene the chief interest for me personally, since I saw gravely and significantly riding along as the vassal friends of the great white Khan all the chiefs of the Central Asian kingdoms and provinces over which his eagles cast the shadow of their wings. But these and other parts of the pageant paled before the Grand Master of Ceremonies, borne haughtily onward in such a golden chariot as I thought existed only in heaven or in classical pictures, holding a wand of gold topped with an emerald as big as a walnut. I note that a Catholic Archbishop of America has been deprecating the abolition of war by arbitration. He would have been consoled by the spectacle I witnessed to-day in the Red square—a dazzling illustration of the pomp, pride, and circumstances of glorious war."

"But here at last comes the august object of this unparalleled manifestation—the successor and heir of Ivan the Terrible. His handsome and manly young countenance is pale with the prodigious sensation which such a scene must naturally excite, and he holds his gloved right hand almost perpetually to his regimental cap. He bends his head gently to this side and that to acknowledge the boundless welcome. Every man is bareheaded and every woman is waving a kerchief or shawl or violently crossing her loyal bosom in prayer for the little father."

The Czarina also sat all alone, dressed wholly in white, even the jewels, pearls, and diamonds seeming to mas-

ter by their color the effect of this pure apparel, which caused her to resemble a marble saint within a golden shrine.

Most unmistakable were the affection and loyalty of the crowd, and I saw more than one poor peasant woman's eyes fill with tears of sheer joy to behold this fair lady. One honest fellow fell upon his knees to say his prayers as though he had seen something divine, till a Cossack bundled him back into the crowd."

BURIED UNDER BRICKS.

COLLAPSE OF THE WESTERN UNION BUILDING IN BUFFALO.

Ten Persons Buried in the Ruins—Two Dead Bodies Recovered—Some of the Surrounding Houses Badly Damaged—Carpenters Were at Work in the Building at the time of the Accident.

A despatch from Buffalo, N. Y., says:—"A loud crash, the breaking of timbers, sound of falling brick, shrieks of men, united in startling people in the vicinity of Main and Seneca streets about 9.20 o'clock on Thursday morning. What seemed at first to be an awful calamity, involving great loss of human life, had taken place. A little later it was, however, learned that the loss of life was not so great as at first feared, but it was certain that several lives had been lost. The four-story brick building 8 and 10 Seneca street, part of it forming a portion of the Brown building, recently vacated by the Western Union, collapsed with scarcely a moment's warning while a large number of men were at work in the building, remodelling it. The falling walls went down upon a couple of smaller brick buildings adjoining on the east side, and practically demolished them."

FALL OF THE WALLS.

Schnert's barber shop, next door to the falling building, was crushed like an egg-shell. It was full of barbers and customers, and it was certain that all of them did not get out alive. Quickly responding to an alarm, a force of firemen were put at work clearing away the ruins. The men worked with feverish haste, hurling brick and broken iron and timber into the street, for they heard as they worked, the agonized cry of men beneath them. In the street, a terrible illustration of the disaster, flowed a stream of blood from those who had been stricken down in the middle of the street by the falling debris.

WORKING IN THE RUINS.

Like good, solid life-savers, the firemen turned to and worked as though their own lives depended on the struggle. A groan was heard from beneath the heaps of bricks and timbers, and the rescuers worked like Trojans. After twenty minutes' work they dragged a mangled piece of humanity from the pile. An ambulance bore him away. At 9.40 the gang of firemen working in the middle of the ruins over the sidewalk were noticed to suddenly redouble their efforts. Soon after the strong arms of three firemen pulled a young fellow from the debris. He was able to stand by himself and rub the mortar and dust from his eyes. He had been imprisoned under ten feet of brick. The great crowd began cheering when they first saw him. When they saw he was uninjured a loud, hearty cheer rose for his miraculous escape. He is Robert Castler a young steamfitter, who was in the cellar, and heard the first cracking warnings of the impending ruin. He looked up and saw the rafters and joists giving way. He sprang quickly into the part of the cellar that is under the sidewalk. A moment later the whole structure was about his ears. He was tightly penned in, although he could breathe easily. He said there were two steamfitters and two helpers in the cellar, and he did not see them as the building fell. He thinks they may have escaped injury, as they were in the rear part of the cellar.

THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

When the Western Union moved out of the Brown building, which is an old, decrepit structure of forty years' standing, their dynamos and engines were taken out of the basement, and contractors were employed to remodel and reconstruct the building. The immediate cause of the collapse was the removal of part of the foundation walls. There were but few tenants in the building, and they were advised that they need not be disturbed by the rehabilitation.

MURDER OF MISSIONARIES.

Details of the Brutal Killing of Dr. Leach and Family at Sfax.

A despatch from Paris says:—"Further particulars now received from Tunis show that the report of the murder of Doctor Leach and his family was, unhappily, only too true. The doctor, who was at the head of the North African Mission, had long been resident at Tunis. In the month of August, last year, he was removed by his society to Sfax; and in January he settled in his new home, a house with a large garden, situated about a mile from the town. Being a man of studious habits, he liked the solitude, which unfortunately enabled the murderers to perpetrate their crime unmolested. It was a terrible tragedy. Doctor Leach, his wife and their elder child, a little boy six years of age, fled from room to room as their assailants advanced, and the last stand was made in their bed chamber, the door of which had been broken down. When the victims were discovered by the Commissary of Police and the British Vice-Consul, the doctor was found lying dead on the floor, with ten ghastly wounds inflicted by a dagger and an axe. His wife had been stabbed in four places, and was also lifeless, while the little lad had sustained a fearful gash in the neck. Only the baby, which was still in its cradle, had been spared. With regard to the motive of the crime the utmost mystery prevails, as none of the valuables in the house had been touched. It has been suggested that the assassination may have been an act of vengeance; but Doctor Leach was a mild and amiable man, and was not known to have any enemies. He was thirty-five years of age, and had married just before he settled at Tunis. Besides his mission work, he looked after a dispensary for the Arabs. A very painful sensation has been created in Tunis by the affair. At first it was thought that the culprits might have been Europeans, but three natives have now been arrested on suspicion."

DANGERS OF THE GUM HABIT.

Miss de Sweet—"I'll never touch another chew of gum as long as I live."

Proud Mother—I am glad to hear you say so, my dear, but what

MAN'S BROTHERHOOD.

PROVED BY AN INHERENT TENDENCY
IN MEN TO SIN TOGETHER.

▲ Warning Against Bad Company, Because it is Contagious and Few There Be Who Escape the Moral Diseases Generated by the Wicked.

Washington, May 24.—Rev. Dr. Tallmage chose for his subject, "Bad Company," the text selected being Proverbs 15, "Walk not thou in the way with them."

Hardly any young man goes to a place of dissipation alone. Each one is accompanied. No man goes to ruin alone. He always takes some one else with him. "May it please the court," said a convicted criminal when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him—"may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessing of good parents, and in return, promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise I should have been saved this shame and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me like a vulture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. I, who once moved in the first circles of society and have been the guest of distinguished public men, am lost, and all through bad company."

This is but one of the thousand proofs that evil associations blast and destroy. It is the invariable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital, where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with moral distemper if shut up with iniquitous companions. In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that instead of being reformed by incarceration the day of liberation turned them out upon society beasts, not men.

We may, in our places of business, be compelled to talk and mingle with bad men, but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people is engaged in carrying on a courtship with a Delilah whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious is epidemic. I will let you look over the millions of people now inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man who, after one year, has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars' reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Go with the corrupt and you will become corrupt; clan with burglars, and you will become a burglar; go among the unclean, and you will become unclean. Many a young man has been destroyed by not appreciating this. He wakes up some morning in the great city and knows no one except the persons into whose employ he has entered. As he goes into the store all the clerks mark him, measure him and discuss him. The upright young men of the store wish well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction and even then have some delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young men of the store at the first opportunity approach and offer their services. They patronize him; they profess to know all about the town; they will take him anywhere he wishes to go—it will pay the expenses—for if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place where they ought not the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is paid for, or the champagne settled for, the bad young man feels around in his pockets and says: "I have forgotten my pocketbook."

In 48 hours after the young man has entered the store the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly and at his stupidity in taking certain allusions say: "My young friend, you will have to be broken in" and they immediately proceed to break him in. Young man, in the name of God I warn you to beware of how you let a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such a one slap you on the shoulder familiarly, turn round and give him a withering look until the wretch crouches in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightning of heaven in his own scabbard, and no human arm can wield them, but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers of city life will not wonder why I give warning to young men and say, "Beware of evil companions."

I warn you to shun the skeptic—the young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old-fashioned religion and turns over to some mystery of the Bible, and says, "Explain that, my pious friend; explain that." And who says "Nobody shall scare me. I am not afraid of the future. I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it. Yes, he has got over it, and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over it too. Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures destroy your respect for that religion which was the strength of your father in his declining years, and the pillow of your old mother when she lay a-dying."

Alas! a time will come when this blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash no splendor in the eyes of death, as he stands over the couch, waiting for his soul. Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow, and the dying man will say, "I cannot die—I cannot die." Death, standing ready beside the couch says, "You must die."

You have only half a minute to live. Let me have it right away—your soul?" "No" says the young infidel, "here are my good rings and these pictures. Take them all." "No," says Death. "What do I care for pictures? Your soul?" "Stand back!" says the dying infidel. "I will not stand back," says Death, "for you have only ten seconds now to live. I want your soul." The dying man says, "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. O God!" "Hush!" says Death, "You said there was no God." "Pray for me!" exclaims the expiring infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death. "But three more seconds to live, and will count them off—one—two—three." He has gone! Where? Where? Carry him out and bury him beside his father and mother who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died singing, but the young infidel only said: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room."

Again I urge you to shun the companionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store and office and shop who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are away and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea, that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with idlers.

Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out of him. He may have a very soft hand and very faultless apparel and have a high sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it, you will in his presence be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and afterward you will lose your place, and last of all, your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shoplifters and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit, they seldom go to look in at the busy carriage factory or behind the counter where diligent clerks are employed, but they go among the groups of idlers. The play is going on at the theatre, when suddenly there is a scuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in, and leaning over, has tapped on the shoulder a young man, saying, "I want you, sir." He has not worked during the day, but somehow has raked together a shilling or two to get into the top gallery. He is an idler. The man on his right hand is an idler, and the man on his left hand is an idler.

During the past few years there has been a great deal of dullness in business. Young men have complained that they have little to do. If they have nothing else to do, they can read and improve their minds and hearts. These times are not always to continue. Business is waking up, and the superior knowledge that in this interregnum of work you may obtain will be worth \$50,000 of capital. The large fortunes of the next 20 years are having their foundations laid now by the young men who are giving themselves to self-improvement. I went into a store in New York and saw five men, all Christians, sitting around, saying that they had nothing to do. It is an outrage for a Christian man to have nothing to do. Let him go out and visit the poor or distribute tracts, or go and read the Bible to the sick, or take out his New Testament and be making his eternal fortune. Let him go into the back office and pray.

Shrink back from idleness in yourself and in others if you would maintain a right position. Good old Ashbel Green at more than 80 years of age was found busy writing, and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." He answered, "I keep busy to keep out of mischief." No man is strong enough to be idle.

Are you fond of pictures? If so, I will show you one of the works of an old master. Here it is "I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth and thy want as an armed man." I don't know of another sentence in the Bible more explosive than that. It first hisses softly, like the fuse of a cannon, and at last bursts like a 54 pounder. The old proverb was right, "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil."

A young man came to a man of 90 years of age and said to him, "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and pointing to some large trees full of apples, said, "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind, and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure seeker. I believe in recreation and amusement. God would not have made us with the capacity to laugh if He had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. God hath hung in sky and set in wave and printed on grass many a roundelay, but he who chooses pleasure seeking for his life work does not understand for what God made him. Our amusements are intended to help us in some earnest mission. The thundercloud hath an edge exquisitely purpled, but with voice that jars the earth it declares, "I go to water the green fields." The wild flowers under the fence are gay, but they say: "We stand here to make room for the wheatfield and to refresh the husbandmen in their noonings." The stream sparkles and foams and

frolics and says, "I go to baptize the moss. I leave the spots on the trout. I slack the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill I reel in my crystal cradle muckshaw and water lily." And so while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and never works.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business it is to play ball, skate or go a-boating. All these sports are grand in their places, I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirits for our regular toil. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who make it their life occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have been overtaken from the yacht. There are men whose business fall through the ice of the skating pond and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the song of skates, in the soaring of a well struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands to catch it, and, so far from laying an injunction upon ball playing or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of church and state.

AVOID UNHEALTHY STIMULANTS.

This sin works ruin first by unhealthy stimulants. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his opium, the Persian by chewing hasheesh, the trapper in a buffalo hunt, the sailor in a squall, the inebriate in the bottle and the avaricious at the gaming table. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God given. But anything that first gratifies the appetite and hurls it back in a terrible reaction is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument. God never made man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement. No wonder if, after having failed in the game, men have begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the side of the table. The man was sharp enough when he started at the game, but a maniac at the close. At every gaming table sit on one side, ecstasy, enthusiasm, romance—the frenzy of joy; on the other side, fierceness, rage, tumult. The professional gamblers schools himself into apparent quietness. The keepers of gambling rooms are generally fat, rollicking and obese, but thorough and professional gamblers, in nine cases out of ten, are pale, thin, wheezy, tremulous and exhausted.

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property sits at the hazard tables and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime sweat and stakes it and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim—kicking him out a shivering fool, into the ditch, or sending him with the drunkard's hiccup, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice, or startling warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his head-long career. The internal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within, and though you may bind him with cables they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times round with chains they would snap like rusted wire, and though you piled up in his path heaven high, Bibles, tracts and sermons and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all, the gambler would leap like a roe over the rocks on his way to perdition.

A man used to reaping scores or hundreds of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say, "What is the use of my trying to make these \$50 in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at Billy's?" You never knew a confirmed gambler that was industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time, not actively engaged in the game, in idleness or intoxication or sleep or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the carpenter's saw and cut the band of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow and snt a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society. Any trade or occupation that is of use is ennobling. The street sweeper advances the interests of society by the cleanliness effected. The cat pays for the fragments it eats by cleaning the house of vermin. The fly that takes the sweetness from the dregs of the cup compensates by purifying the air and keeping back the pestilence. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes. I recall that sentence. He does make a return, but it is disgrace to the man he fleeces, despair to his heart, ruin to his business, anguish to his wife, shame to his children and eternal wasting away of his soul. He pays in tears and blood the agony and darkness and woe. What dull work is ploughing to the farmer when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest! Who will want to sell tape and measure nankeen and cut garments and weigh sugars when in a night's game he makes and loses and makes again and loses again the profits of a season? John Borack was sent as mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for \$87,000. It was found that he had lost in Lombard-street, London, \$9,000; in Foulton-street, New York, \$10,000 and in New Orleans \$3,000. He was imprisoned but afterward escaped and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comfort and immortal souls.

The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If men fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates, but where in the Bible or so-called the kernel of the dispute was as to the relative superiority of the disciples—their respective positions in the kingdom of heaven? From what tree of forest oozes there a balm that can soothe the gamester's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of his children are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness and to cool the heated brow of the laborer whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble, he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage, went back, put up his horses and carriage and town house and played. He threw and lost. He started for home, and on a side alley met a friend, from whom he borrowed ten guineas. He went back to the saloon and before a great while had won £20,000. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one! Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftentimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the pack. Experienced gamblers have their accomplices, and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platinum, so that doublets come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men who come into the play, and this accounts for the fact that 99 out of 100 who gamble, however wealthy when they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, haggard wrecks that would not now be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned.

In a gaming house in San Francisco a young man, having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace and won \$22,000. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard, until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul, foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols, and the uproar is silenced and the bank has won 95,000 dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it. But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds that are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling, with its needy hand, has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans, has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game, has written the counterfeit's signature, emptied the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is apalled. There is no warning of God that it will not care. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. Have nothing to do with gamblers, whether they gamble on large scale or small scale.

Cast out these men from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man accosted a Christian Quaker with, "Old chap, how did you make all your money?" The Quaker replied, "By dealing in an article that thou mayest deal in if thou wilt—civilty." Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Say "No," as if you meant it. Have it understood in store and shop and street that you will not stand in the companionship of the skeptic, the idler, the pleasure seeker, the gambler.

Rather than enter the companionship of such accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of heaven are the music. Clusters from the vineyards of God have been pressed into tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests, while standing at the banquet to fill the cups and divide the clusters and command the harps and welcome the guest is a daughter of God, on whose brow are the blossoms of paradise and in whose cheek is the flush of celestial summer. Her name is religion.

30. This verse extends the reward from this world, where it was to begin (verse 29), to the next world; and for its characterization our Lord uses the favorite old Jewish picture of a heavenly banquet, and he promised a special place of honor in the heavenly realm to each of those chosen faithful ones. We are not to take the promise of this verse literally. It is very suggestive that such a promise could be given at the moment when apparent failure was close at hand.

31. Simon, Simon. This warning, according to Matthew, Mark and Luke, was given to Peter after the Lord's Supper had been instituted. This is a mysterious verse. In place of "Satan hath desired to have you," it might be translated, "Satan obtained you by asking, that he might sift you." Bengal makes a comment here of startling force—"Not content with Judas." But are such appeals being constantly made against us in the spiritual world? How earnestly then should we pray to our Father to deliver us from the evil one!

32. But I have prayed for thee. Satan prayed for a great temptation. I prayed that thy faith fail not. See Job 1, 6-12; 2, 1-6; Zech. 3, 1-5, for scenes something like that in which our Lord seems to have participated. The word "you" is plural as if the chaff was to be separated from the wheat throughout the entire company of disciples. When thou art turned around; when the sifting process is over, and the wheat alone is left. Strengthen thy brethren. When one does his best in weakness he is made able to strengthen others. Do not make the mistake of explaining the word "convert" here in the technical sense in which it is elsewhere (in our prayer meetings, for example) properly used.

33. Such confident enthusiasm as this verse shows is rarely separated from weakness. The strongest men, morally as well as physically, do not usually advertise their strength. Nevertheless it was the resentment of a consciously honest soul that caused this exclamation.

34. I tell thee, Peter. One would understand from the narratives of Matthew and Mark that the boast of Peter and this prediction of his Master were made after the disciples had begun their walk toward Gethsemane, but Luke and John seem to place it earlier. Thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me. This prediction is one of the few statements of our Lord that are given by all four evangelists. Before this our Lord had said that he who denied him, he himself would deny before the angels of God. What an awful prophecy then was this!

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 24. There was also a strife among them. It has been supposed that this strife was a dispute as to their places at the supper table, which trifling as it would seem to some of

us, would be of very great importance in the ancient East; it is, indeed, of importance in all state banquets at the present time, especially in the monarchies of Europe. But the gist and kernel of the dispute was as to the relative superiority of the disciples—their respective positions in the kingdom of heaven. One answer to this strife was given in the incident described in John 13, 4-17; another answer follows this verse. That the strife was in some sense chronic may be seen by referring to Luke 9, 46; Matt. 18, 1; Mark 9, 34; Matt. 20, 23; Mark 10, 37. Which of them is very likely which of two or three. Accounted the greatest. For three years they had lived together most of the time, and all of them were enthusiastic supporters of their Master. Which had done the most for him? Which could be trusted with the largest responsibility? Which had stood before him and before the public as the best representative of the new movement?

25. The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them. They wield the power which you think I am now about to assume. The student may ask, But did not the early kings of the Jews exercise lordship over them? No, not those who lived up to the ideals of the theocracy. David, God's anointed, ruled God's people as God's vice-gerent; and so did the best of his successors. It was to establish the lordship of the Lord of hosts that their fortresses were built, and their armies organized, and their courts made centers of splendor. "Exercise lordship" would be better translated "lord it over them," as in 1 Peter 5, 3; it implies an exercise of authority in the interest of the rulers and not of the subjects—which is wrong. They that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. Literally so. Energetes, which means "Benefactor," was a title appropriated by several tyrants who were universally hated, and especially hated by the Jews.

26. Ye shall not be so. In the kingdom of heaven the greatest is the humblest; the King of kings is the servant of servants. He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger. In the Orient especially, and in all the monastic life of Western Christendom, special honor has been given to older men, and special work to younger. Notice the phrase "let him be" in this verse, and contrast it with the phrase "are called" in the last. The lords of the Gentiles pretend to be benefactors (that is, good-workers); you, members of the Church of Christ, are to be good-workers in deed and in truth. He that doth serve. The verb here has the same root as that from which our word deacon has come—"he that deacons."

27. Whether is greater, he that setteth at meat, or he that serveth. That is, in social

The Equity.

SHAWVILLE, JUNE 4, 1896.

The party under the able leadership of that grand old imperial statesman, Sir Charles Tupper, is going to win all along the lines. Let Pontiac keep up her record and give as large a majority for the party of progress as any county within this wide Dominion, and we may be sure our bridges will be kept in proper repair and our railway system will be completed.

Will shutting up a Canadian factory and buying from foreigners the goods it now produces put money in your purse? Will it cause your business to thrive? Will it help your home town? Will it promote the progress of your own country?

The "Free Trade as they have it in England" policy of Mr. Laurier, or the "tariff-for-revenue-only" policy of the Patrons, espoused by Dr. Lyon (although he doesn't say anything about it) you may rest assured will close up the factory if the goods it turns out can be supplied by a foreign country. "Tariff for revenue only" has done so before, and it will do so again. It is therefore of great importance to the electors to consider thoroughly and well the questions asked above.

Mr. Poupart has had many improvements made in the mail service in the way of increased facilities since last March. He hopes to shortly succeed in getting a tri-weekly service between Otter Lake and Creemore and Thornby and Bellmount, which we are sure will be greatly appreciated by the people served by these post offices. He counts neither time nor pains when there is something to do for the people of his native county. If it was to secure a long overdue school or road grant, his influence has been directed towards Quebec and in due time a favourable reply is received and the money handed to the proper parties. If it was case of emergency such as the fixing of the Portage or Bryson bridge he appears before the Ministers personally and urges immediate action. Who would think of going to Dr. Lyon or Dr. Gaboury for anything like that? Just think electors for a moment of the difference between the men. We are dealing with them in their capacity as public men. We have not a word to say against Dr. Lyon or Dr. Gaboury in their capacity as private gentlemen. They are good in their respective spheres, but publicly they are simply "not in it" compared with Mr. Poupart.

EVIDENCES OF THE OLD MALADY.

The recent Queen's birthday festivities, like all occasions of a similar character, have evidently had a harrowing effect up on the mental faculties of the editor of the Advance, judging from his effusion, (over a fictitious signature) relating to ourselves in his last issue. It can hardly be comprehended that it is rational moments our conferees would have the indecency, not to say indecency, of invading the sanctity of the domestic circle, to procure targets for his coarse, idiotic jest and insult.

As to our being particularly disturbed by the attitude of Dr. Lyon in the present contest, we can assure the Advance that it is laboring under a huge delusion. With all Conservatives, we must, however, admit great surprise that the Doctor should allow himself to be led off by double-dealing politicians of the James Thos. Pattison stamp. There will be no "hedging" so far as the Equity's course is concerned, if Dr. Lyon remains a candidate under the circumstances in which he has entered the field. While having the very highest regard for him personally and professionally, we disapprove of the Doctor's non-political attitude and will give him all the legitimate opposition which lies in our power. But where do we find the Advance, and more especially what policy is its editor, J. T. Pattison, pursuing under the peculiar circumstances that exist? While the Advance is belching forth the rabidest of Grit calumny, there appears in its editorial columns not a word in favor of the Grit candidate; and more amazing still, the editor is meanwhile engaged in personally boozing the "independent" man, who is understood to be ante-remedialist. This he does in Pontiac. But follow him into the next county (Wright) and do we not find him the right hand man and co-worker of Charlie Devlin, an avowed remedialist! Is this honesty, or rank duplicity, which?

It is beyond question that Ayers Cherry Pectoral heads the list of remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs.

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

The following letter, addressed to the Pontiac Advance, effectively disposes of another of the gross misstatements that are appearing in that journal from week to week:

"Bryson, June 1, 1896.

"Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 29th of May you make the following statement: "The government are making the most of the patronage which remains in their hands, they do not neglect even the few dollars paid to persons whose premises are used as polling places, instructions have been given not to use Town Halls or School Houses for this purpose, but to select private houses, and to see that the premises are those of friends of the Government."

"As the Returning Officers have the selection of the polling places I have to state that as returning officer for Pontiac, no such instructions were received by me, either directly or indirectly.

"Yours truly,

W. RIMER.

Canadian Eggs in England.

An export trade that shows great activity this season is that of shipping eggs to the United Kingdom. The current demand for Canadian eggs on British account surpasses that of any previous year. Several considerable cargoes have gone forward, most of them as consignments to commission houses, and all have met with prompt sales at prices that encourage our shippers to follow up the business with their usual keenness. There have also been direct orders from British provision dealers, and that is perhaps the most satisfactory feature of the trade. When the non-speculative English trader ventures upon the risk of buying and importing so perishable a commodity as eggs, he must have confidence in the source of supply—his experience of Canadian eggs must have been very favorable. Such a development in the trade, taken along with the increased quantity, would indicate that the business of exporting Canadian eggs to Great Britain is now completely through its experimental stage and is entering upon a period of rapid expansion. There is plenty of room to expand in, though, of course, in the free trade British market our shippers will have to elbow their way among a crowd of competitors. The main point we have to fix our minds on is, not who at present sells most to Britain, but how much she buys. That is large enough to afford us a share, and, better still, it is a quantity that increases by substantial additions one year after another. In 1889 Britain's total importation of eggs was 94,325,030 dozen. In an annual importation of nearly a hundred and twenty million dozen, Canada ought to be able to make a considerable displacement having first won a name for shipping prime stock in good marketable condition. From the reception her eggs now meet with in Great Britain it is very clear that she has won such a name.

The circumstances in which this vigorous and promising export trade originated are worth recalling. When the McKinley tariff came into operation in 1890 it put an end to the big egg sales we made every year to the United States. Its duty of 5c. a dozen on eggs was practically prohibitive of imports from Canada. The United States market having been lost, the Canadian Government at once took steps to effect a connection with the British. Before that time we had made no sales to speak of in the United Kingdom. To send eggs to buyers across the Atlantic during the shipping season, most of which is hot, hardly seemed to be a commercial possibility. When the Government undertook to bring that business within the sphere of practical trade, the Liberals ridiculed the idea. Exporting eggs to the British market could never, they declared, be made to pay. They condemned the efforts that were made to bring such a trade into existence, and censured as waste the expenditure of money in investigating the conditions of the British market and in providing facilities for shipping eggs to arrive in good condition. But the Government proceeded, and did the country the great service of planting an export egg trade in a new market, an egg trade that is already large and is bound to advance rapidly. Since the establishment of this trade by the Government the stiff duty on eggs imported into the United States has been lowered 40 per cent. The tariff on eggs was reduced by the Wilson bill from 5c. to 3c. a dozen. With that change our shipments to the United States recommended, but our shipments to the British market did not by any means stop. The good work done by the Government there was to be permanent. If it had not followed the course it did, the egg raising industry in Canada would have succumbed to the McKinley tariff, and certainly would not have been revived by the Wilson bill. The Liberal plan for meeting the situation created by the McKinley Act was, not to cultivate the British market, but to endeavor to appease the McKinleyites by abandoning our own tariff. That weak and ruinous course they undoubtedly would have followed, and have left egg-raising and every other agricultural industry in Canada to its fate. But under the more capable hands of those who administered the National Policy the egg trade has been not only saved, but it has also been greatly developed, and put on a far better and surer basis of progress. And the Government continues to give its fostering attention to that and kindred branches of the export trade. For this purpose it provides cold storage, and has voted a liberal indemnity to establish a fast steamship service. Money so laid out is wisely-invested capital, from which the country will derive splendid returns.

As to our being particularly disturbed by the attitude of Dr. Lyon in the present contest, we can assure the Advance that it is laboring under a huge delusion. With all Conservatives, we must, however, admit great surprise that the Doctor should allow himself to be led off by double-dealing politicians of the James Thos. Pattison stamp. There will be no "hedging" so far as the Equity's course is concerned, if Dr. Lyon remains a candidate under the circumstances in which he has entered the field. While having the very highest regard for him personally and professionally, we disapprove of the Doctor's non-political attitude and will give him all the legitimate opposition which lies in our power. But where do we find the Advance, and more especially what policy is its editor, J. T. Pattison, pursuing under the peculiar circumstances that exist?

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It is beyond question that Ayers Cherry Pectoral heads the list of remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs.

This Week we
are showing
a splendid
range of



Ladies' Gloves,
" Hosiery,
" Corsets,
" Undervests,
" Parasols, etc.

Gentlemen's Top Shirts,

" Underwear,
" Ties,
" Braces,
" Socks,
" Straw Hats.

WE LEAD
In assortment & Value.

NOTICE.—Our Store will
not be open May 25, (Queen's
birthday.)

G. FRED HODGINS.

Season of 1896.

PONTIAC
WOOLLEN
MILLS.

The above mills having been
thoroughly overhauled and re-
paired begin this season's work
on May 11th.

Carding, Spinning,
etc., etc.,
will be executed in the usual
prompt and satisfactory
manner.

Wool taken in exchange for
Cloth, Blankets, and Flannels.

The largest stock of
CLOTHS
ever shown in
Shawville.

The stock comprises English,
Worsted, Scotch Tweeds,
Canadian Tweeds,
Serges, etc.

Piles of Goods at all prices
to select from. Come and see.

A. HODGINS.

Shawville, May 4, '96.

E. HODGINS & SONS.

The Cash Store.

This week
We Offer

BLACK DRESS GOODS

in all the latest styles and
at prices to suit all.

SHIRTS.

Black, White Dress, Negligé in different styles, colours and prices.

Ties! Ties! Ties!

N.B.—Ask for samples of our
25c. Tea. Best in Town.

E. HODGINS & SONS.

VISIT
when in Arnprior
the headquarters
for superior
and cheap
DRY GOODS.

IMMENSE CHOICE OF ::

—DESS Goods, PRINTS, SATTEENS,
—LACE CURTAINS, EMBROIDERIES, PAR.
—AROLS, LACES, TABLE LINENS, TOWI
—ELS, TWEEDS, &c.,

{ One glance at these goods, and
{ the low prices open people's eyes.

You will see a display here in
Men's, Boys' & Ladies' Furnishings,
in every line, that will attract
right off

MEN'S, BOYS', LADIES' & MISSES'
HATS, (ALL NEW.)

Inspection Invited. —AT—

WM. ALLAN'S,
(Actual Leader in Low Prices)
Arnprior, Ont.

MR. MONTEITH, Manager.

WANTED

A Man to sell Canadian and
U. S. grown trees, berry plants, roses,
shrubs, hedges, ornamental trees, and
seed potatoes, for the only nursery having
testing orchards in Canada. We give you
the benefit of our experience, so your suc-
cess is guaranteed. If you are not earn-
ing \$50 per month and expenses, write us
at once for particulars. Liberal com-
missions paid part time men. Farmers sons
should look into this! It pays better than
working on the farm, and offers a chance
for promotion. Apply now and get choice
of territory.

E. P. BLACKFORD & CO.,
Toronto, Canada.

Catarrah Relieved in 10 to 60 Min-
utes—One short puff of the breath through
the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr.
Agnew's Catarrah Powder. Relieves this
powder over the surface of the nasal pas-
sages. Painless and delightful to use, it re-
lieves instantly, and permanently cures
catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore
throat, tonsillitis and deafness 60 cents at
Dr. H. H. Knox's Drug store.

Barbed Wire.

Rolled Oats.

ENSILAGE CORN.

J. H. SHAW.
Spring of 1896.

I am still to the fore by having every-
thing in readiness for the manufacture
and supply of all kinds of

Wheeled Rigs,

—such as—

Waggons, Buggies, Phaetons,
Road Carts, etc.

Thanking my customers for past favors
I shall be glad to cater to their future
wants by supplying anything in the above
line required.

J. A. BECKETT.

Sawville, April 13th, 1896.

A. J. JACKSON.

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

House & Sign Painter
Gilder Glazier Decorator.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP AND SAT-
ISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ORDERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE
COUNTY PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

If clerical interference in politics is to be condemned the Opposition will be sadly crippled. At Galt the other day a political parson pronounced divine vengeance upon Canada if the country did not go Grit. The gentleman in question, Rev. Dr. Dickson, expressed it as his conviction that "if the Government in power was returned again it was the Lord's intention to punish us for our unfaithfulness." To avert this calamity he is stamping in favor of the party of the Tartes, McShanes, and the worst dregs of the Mercier gang. More than this, Dr. Dickson said "he was not only speaking this way, but he was praying this way." What with his prayers and his threats this clergyman is mixing politics and religion with a vengeance.

A Curious Phenomenon.

In Chile, on the battlefield of Tarapaca, the bodies of the slain lie just as they fell in the battle between the Peruvians and Chilians, which took place before the annexation of Tarapaca, to Chile in 1883. Four thousand men, and one thousand horses were killed, on that occasion and left unburied. It never rains at Tarapaca, and the sun has dried the corpses, and the nitrate in the soil has preserved them. Upon the plateau, the mummified bodies lie in ghastly confusion just as they fell with the broken swords and bayonets as fresh looking as on the day of the memorable fight.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Good News for the Farmer.

"We, the undersigned citizens and electors of Gaspe county do hereby solemnly declare as follows:—

"That we were at Grand River in the county of Gaspe, on the 24th of August, 1895, and there attended a public meeting, whereat the Hon. Wilfred Laurier delivered an important speech to the electorate.

"That the leader of the Liberal party of Canada, in addressing the fishermen, who formed the bulk of the audience, stated that one of the best reasons why they should support his policy was his intention to remove the present duty on pork and flour upon his accession to power at Ottawa."—Affidavit of the Mayor of Pabos and six other merchants.

Mr. Laurier's Inaccuracy.

When Mr. Laurier told the people in Parliament that he was not a business man he clearly spoke the truth. In his speech delivered at Terrebonne, 12th May, he informed his that "when they spent fifteen cents in buying rice, they got eight cents worth of rice, and paid seven cents taxes." This is a specimen of misrepresentation current all through the Liberal platform; it is not ignorance, but an effort to pull the wool over electors' eyes, and is disreputable in the extreme. It argues badly for the commercial knowledge these men assume to possess. Rice ordinarily sold in the neighborhood of Terrebonne, if not throughout the country generally, costs the consumer five cents per pound, so that fifteen cents spent for rice would procure three pounds of that article, on which the import duty, as per customs tariff, is one and one-quarter cents upon three pounds purchased by the consumer; so that he actually gets eleven and one-quarter cents worth of rice, and pays only three and three-quarter cents tax or duty. It may be added that in Parliament Sir Richard Cartwright opposed the reduction of the duty on rice on the free trade theory that revenue would be raised chiefly on articles the people must import. The Conservative policy is to levy only a moderate duty on such articles, and raise the balance of the revenue on imports which take the place of Canadian products.

Murder of Missionaries.

DETAILS OF THE BRUTAL KILLING OF DR. LEACH AND FAMILY AT SFAX.

Paris, May 25.—Further particulars now received from Tunis show that the report of the murder of Doctor Leach and his family was, unhappily, only too true. The doctor, who was at the head of the North African Mission, had long been resident at Tunis. In the month of August, last year, he was removed by his society to Sfax; and in January he settled in his new home, a house with a large garden, situated about a mile from the town. Being a man of studious habits, he liked the solitude, which unfortunately enabled the murderers to perpetrate their crime unmolested. It was a terrible tragedy. Doctor Leach, his wife and their elder child, a little boy 6 years of age, fled from room to room as their assailants advanced, and the last stand was made at their bed chamber, the door of which had been broken down. When the victims were discovered by the Commissary of Police and the British Vice-Consul, the doctor was found lying dead on the floor, with ten ghastly wounds inflicted by a dagger and an axe. His wife had been stabbed in four places, and was also lifeless, while the little lad had sustained a fearful gash on the neck. Only the baby which was still in its cradle was spared. With regard to the motive of the crime the utmost mystery prevails as none of the valuables in the house had been touched. It has been suggested that the assassination may have been an act of vengeance; but Dr. Leach was a mild and amiable man, and was not known to have any enemies. He was thirty-five years of age, and had married just before he had settled at Tunis. Besides his mission work, he looked after a dispensary for the Arabs. A very painful sensation has been created in Tunis by the affair. At first it was thought that the culprits might have been Europeans, but three natives have now been arrested on suspicion.

NEW GROCERY AND LIQUOR STORE IN BRYSON.

Having given up the hotel business I desire to inform the inhabitants of Bryson and surrounding country that I have opened a grocery and liquor store in the old hotel stand, opposite Turpin's Hotel, Cobb St., where I have now on hand a...

Choice Stock of Staple Groceries and Liquors,

which I am prepared to sell at a small advance on cost.

LIQUORS SOLD BY WHOLESALE ONLY.

A Call Solicited.

P. McCORMACK.

If the assurances of support voluntarily offered from every section of the county to the Government candidate, Mr. Poupart, are any indication of the result of the election on the 23rd of June, then the Conservative majority should be considerably in excess of anything yet recorded in this county.

The Wina's Awful work.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE HILLED AT EAST ST. LOUIS AND NEIGHBORHOOD.

St. Louis, May 27.—Death and destruction marks the pathway of a tornado which passed over this city shortly after five o'clock this afternoon. The list of the dead cannot be estimated until alarming reports of loss of life in collapsed buildings can be confirmed. At least 40 lifeless bodies have been found up to 10 o'clock. It is reported that 200 girls are in the ruins of a cigarette factory and that many were killed in East St. Louis. The city is in a state of panic. Nearly all electric wires are down and the city is in darkness. To add to the confusion the tornado was followed by a deluge of rain, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. Telephone wires are useless and livery men refuse requests for conveyances on account of prostrate electric wires.

The scene in East St. Louis is appalling. The tornado struck that city with terrible effect and it is now estimated that 300 persons are dead in that place alone as a result of the wind, flood and flames. The tornado was followed by an outbreak of fire, caused by lightning and before the flames were gotten under control, property to the value of nearly \$300,000 was destroyed. The tornado passed in an easterly direction and it is reported that Vandalia and Caseyville, in Illinois suffered severely. One report states that the railroad depot in Vandalia was blown away and 30 people were killed. There were really two cyclones. One came from the westward and the other from the east. Both met on the Illinois shore of the Mississippi river and joined in a whirling cloud of death and destruction. The list of dead in St. Louis is beyond present computation. Alarming reports are received of great loss of life in the southern portion of St. Louis from the railroad tracks to Carondelet. The steamer, St. Paul, with 30 passengers, left for Alton at four o'clock and is believed to be wrecked. The levee is packed with people groping through the darkness and eagerly imploring information of loved ones on the river. Destruction to property in this city will not be learned until daylight.

The storm struck a train on the Eads bridge and turned the cars over on their sides. The iron spans and trusses held the cars from toppling into the river 100 feet below. The passengers were thrown into a confused mass.

Relief in 6 Hours—Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in removing pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages, in male or female. It relieves irritation of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and immediate this is your remedy. For sale at Dr. H. H. KNOX's Drug Store, Shawville.

Engine and Boiler For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a first class 35 horse power engine and boiler complete—lately in use in the Portage du Fort Roller Mills. For further particulars apply to

G. H. BRABAZON.
Portage du Fort, May 18th, '96.

THE PONTIAC TELEPHONE CO., (LIMITED.)

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a special general meeting of the stockholders of this company will be held at Fort Coulonge on the 18th of June next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

This meeting is called for the purpose of ratifying a by-law passed by the Board of Directors increasing the capital stock of the Company to ten million dollars, so as to enable the Company to extend its lines to the different points as authorized by its letters patent, and also to deal with such other business as may be brought before said meeting.

A. F. COTE,
Sec.-Treas. and Manager.

HOW LAURIER CHOPS AND CHANGES

On the Trade Question as on Other Issues, He is Never Twice in the Same Place—His Inconsistencies Shown Up.

WH CANADIANS ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE Deceived by the Irresponsible Opinions and Promises of a Man Whose Object is Votes at Any Cost?

There is no cause for wonder at the downspiritness of the Liberals. They know that more than ever before the country is with the Government. They have no confidence in their leader. John Charlton, a leading Grit M.P., is on record as saying: "With a French-Canadian leader, and under the manipulation of such unscrupulous machine politicians as J. D. Edgar et al. I have not the utmost confidence in the immediate future of the Reform party."

The country, as in years gone by, holds just the same views. It is known that Mr. Laurier has no fixed opinion on anything, except that he wants to get into office. He began life as an out-and-out Protectionist. But he soon fell into error, and became a Free Trader. Then Mr. Blake was forced out of parliament by the Anti-Canadian policy of Sir Richard, and Mr. Laurier became a shouter for unrestricted reciprocity—in other words, for handing Canada over to the Americans. He believed in protection against Great Britain and in reciprocity with the United States. A nice patriot!

SHOUTING FOR THE UNITED STATES.

In Toronto Mr. Laurier said—amid a chilling silence, it may be remarked: "The Liberal party, so long as I have anything to do with it, will remain true to the cause of unrestricted reciprocity until that cause is successful. I will not expect to win in a day, but I am prepared to remain in the cool shades of Opposition until the cause has triumphed."

Now, assuming Mr. Laurier to be a truthful man, we must believe that he and his faithful lieutenants—and even the unfaithful ones, like Charlton and Cartwright—still "remain true to the cause of unrestricted reciprocity until that cause is successful."

But, only a year ago, in Winnipeg, Mr. Laurier forgot his pledge, and came out as a Free Trader. He preached his new gospel in these words: "We shall give you Free Trade, and although it will be a hard fight, we shall not give in one inch or retrace one step until we have reached the goal, and that goal is the same policy of Free Trade as exists in England to-day."

Well, that was his belief for a time—or he pretended it was. Soon he had a change of heart. The Liberal leader went to the Eastern Townships, and there he said: "We will tax for revenue, but not a cent for protection. When we are in power we will relieve the people of protection, which is a fraud, a delusion and a robbery." Where was unrestricted reciprocity? Where was Free Trade? Gone, lost, forgotten! The revenue tariff string was being twanged.

But Mr. Laurier went to Montreal. There he had to talk to the working classes. His statement there was very clear. Protection was not to be abandoned. Robbery was not to be abolished.

On the contrary, duties were to be removed from raw materials, and the fraud and delusion as regards the finished products were to be continued. It stands to reason that it is impossible "to relieve the people of protection," as promised in the Eastern Township speech, and at the same time to continue protection as promised at Montreal. It is also impossible to have a tariff for revenue only with not a cent for protection, and, concurringly with it, a tariff exempting from duty the raw material which would necessarily be taxed under a revenue tariff and retaining the duties upon manufactured articles which made as they are, in the country, yield no revenue.

TO THE RIGHT ABOUT AGAIN.

Yet another change. He harked back towards reciprocity. In Valleyfield, Que., April 12, he came out for a treaty of reciprocity with the United States. He knows well, as every man who reads newspapers knows, that the United States will never agree to reciprocity unless we impose a discriminating tariff on British goods. Hon. G. W. Ross, a member of the Liberal Government of Ontario, has denounced reciprocity "because it will not be loyal to England." But that is not a consideration with Mr. Laurier. What he wants is Votes, Votes, Votes. And it matters not to him how he fractures the truth, how he oversteps the bounds of consistency, so long as he gets them.

Let us examine what this vacillating politician has pronounced in favor of:—He has advocated Protection.

He has been a shouter for unrestricted reciprocity.

He has pledged himself to bring about Commercial Union. (Political union would follow fast in its footsteps, according to Ed. Farrar, the writer of Grit campaign pamphlets.)

He has promised Free Trade in Winnipeg.

He has declared in favor of a revenue tariff in the Eastern Townships.

He has pledged himself to continue protection in Montreal.

And, to crown matters, he went to Quebec, May 6, and told the Quebecers that he wanted preferential trade with England. "By that," said he, "we shall have Quebec regain its pristine prosperity."

Mr. Laurier has a new trade doctrine for every town he visits. He forgets that the people of Canada read the newspapers. On the night of June 28 he will find that they have not been deceived by him, the political whirligig.

Some Small Kingdoms.
Monaco is probably the smallest kingdom in Europe. It has an area of only

eight square miles and a permanent population of 13,000 people. It boasts a "sovereign prince" named Albert, but is more noted for the famous gambling den at Monte Carlo than for anything else. Liechtenstein, between the Tyrol and Switzerland, is another tiny European kingdom. Its area is sixty-one miles and its population about 10,000. The state owes a tremendous debt of \$5,250. But could pay its debt off any time, as its revenue amounts to \$1,000 a year. San Marino is a tiny republic of thirty-three square miles—about a quarter the size of London—up in the hills near Rimini, on the east coast of Italy. The population is 8,000 and most of the men are dukes or generals in the army.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer has restored gray hair to its original color and prevent baldness in thousands of cases. It will do so to you.

NOTICE.—Special bargains in J. W. Mann Seeders, Bissell Disc Harrows, Gillies' Steel Harrows. Also, all kinds of farming implements manufactured by Frost & Wood. Buggies, etc., sold by FRED W. THOMAS, Shawville, Que.

McGuire's Suits

are the best.

Try them.

FREE! FREE!

TO KIDNEY SUFFERERS.

If you suffer from Kidney Disease, Lame Back, Diabetes, Bright's Disease or any ailment caused by improper action of the kidneys or urinary organs this offer should attract you. Being convinced that no other remedy for kidney complaints equals Doan's Kidney Pills, as evidenced by an undeniable testimony received every day in letters from sufferers who have escaped from the tortures of Lame Back, Kidney trouble and never ceasing pains by means of these wonderful pills, we do not hesitate to make this offer, for while we lose the box we give you, we make a friend that assists in the sale of many boxes.

72 Full Boxes

Of Doan's Kidney Pills will be given away free. Any person suffering from kidney ailments can get a box at the undersigned address, until the supply is exhausted. First come, first served, and only this one chance offered. Remember this is not a sample box, but a regular full sized box of Doan's Kidney Pills, which retails at 50 cents.

THE DOAN KIDNEY PHIL CO.,

TORONTO, ONT.

Remember—Free distribution 1 day only

at—

G. F. HODGINS', SHAWVILLE,

—on—

SATURDAY, JUNE 6TH.

Province of Quebec, }

District of Pontiac, }



Thomas A. Johns.

CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned.—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Simcoe, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

SHAWVILLE DRUG STORE.

Prescriptions carefully filled.

A well assorted stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, and Patent Medicines.

H. H. KNOX, M.D.

SHAWVILLE

Hair Dressing Parlor

SILAS YOUNG - PROP.

Hair-cutting, Shaving, Shampooing done in first-class style.

ACALL SOLICITED.

Shears and Scissors sharpened at reasonable prices by means of a new patent machine which does the work perfectly.

Dec 15, 1895.

LIVERY,

R. HOEBS, PROP.,

SHAWVILLE, - QUE.

One of the best equipped Liveries in the District.

CHARGES MODERATE.

WOMEN IN DOUBT SHOULD TAKE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

AFTER MANY DAYS.

CHAPTER VII.

It was not till the early spring that Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair returned to England. They had spent the winter in Rome, where Gilbert had found some congenial friends, and where their time had been occupied in one perpetual round of gayety and dissipation. Constance had shown a great taste for pleasure since her marriage. She seemed to know no weariness of visiting and being visited, and people who remembered her in her girlish days were surprised to find what a thorough woman of the world she had become. Nor was Gilbert displeased that it should be so. He liked to see his wife occupy a prominent position in society, and having no taste himself for the pleasures of the domestic hearth, he was neither surprised nor vexed by Constance's indifference to her home. Of course it would all be different at Davenant Park; there would be plenty of home life there—a little too much, perhaps, Gilbert thought, with a yawn.

They had been married nearly four months, and there had not been the shadow of disagreement between them. Constance's manner to her husband was amiability itself. She treated him a little de haut en bas it is true, made her own plans for the most part without reference to him, and graciously informed him of her arrangements after they were completed. But then, on the other hand, she never objected to his disposal of his time, was never exacting, or jealous, or capricious, as Clara Walsingham had been. She was always agreeable to his friends, and was eminently popular with all of them: so Gilbert Sinclair was, upon the whole, perfectly satisfied with the result of his marriage, and had no fear of evil days in the future. What James Wyatt had said of him was perfectly true. He was not gifted with very fine feelings, and that sense of something wanting in such a union, which would have disturbed the mind of a nobler man, did not trouble him.

They returned to England early in February, and went at once to Davenant, which had been furnished in the modern mediaeval style by a West End upholsterer. The staff of servants had been provided by Lady Clanyarde, who had bestowed much pains and labor upon the task of selection, bitterly bewailing the degeneracy of the race she had to deal with during the performance of this difficult service. All was ready when Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair arrived. A pompous housekeeper simpered and courted in the hall; an accomplished cook hovered tenderly over the roasts and the stew-pans in the great kitchen; house-maids in smart caps flitted about the passages and poked the fires in bedrooms and dressing-rooms, bathrooms and morning-room, eager to get an early look at their new lady; a butler of the usual clerical appearance ushered the way to the lamp-lit drawing room, while two ponderous footmen conveyed the rugs and newspapers and morocco bags from the carriage, leaving all the heavier luggage to the care of unknown underlings attached to the stable department. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair dined alone upon this first evening of their return, under the inspection of the clerical butler and the two ponderous footmen. They talked chiefly about the house, which rooms were most successful in their new arrangement, and so on; a little about what they had been doing in Rome; and a little about their plans for the next month, what guests were to be invited, and what rooms they were to occupy. It was all the most matter-of-fact conventional talk, but the three men retired with the impression that Gilbert Sinclair and his wife were a very happy couple, and reported to that effect in the housekeeper's room and the servants' hall.

Before the week had ended the great house was full of company. That feverish desire for gayety and change which had seemed part of Constance's nature since her marriage, in no way subsided on her arrival at Davenant. She appeared to exist for pleasure and pleasure only, and her guests declared her the most charming hostess that ever reigned over a country-house. Lavish as he was, Mr. Sinclair opened his eyes to their wildest extent when he perceived his wife's capacity for spending money.

"It's rather lucky for you that you didn't marry a poor man, Constance," he said, with a boastful laugh.

She looked at him for a moment with a strange expression, and then turned very pale. "I should not have been afraid to face poverty," she said, "if it had been my fate to do so."

"If you could have faced it with the man you liked, eh, Constance? That's about what you mean, isn't it?"

"Is this intended for a complaint, Gilbert?" his wife asked, in her coldest tones. "Have I been spending too much money?"

"No, no, I didn't mean that. I was only congratulating you upon your fitness for the position of a rich man's wife."

This was the first little outbreak of jealousy of which Gilbert Sinclair had been guilty. He knew that his wife did not love him, that his conquest had been achieved through the influence of her family, and he was almost angry with himself for being so fond of her. He could not forget those vague hints that had been dropped about Sir Cyprian Davenant, and was tormented by the idea that James Wyatt knew a great deal more than he had revealed on this point. This hidden jealousy had been at the bottom of his purchase of the Davenant estate. He took a savage pride in reigning over the little kingdom from which his rival had been deposed.

Among the visitors from London appeared Mr. Wyatt, always unobtrusive and always useful. He contrived to ingratiate himself very rapidly in Mrs. Sinclair's favor, and established

himself as a kind of adjutant in her household corps, always ready with advice upon every social subject, from the costumes in a tableau vivant to the composition of the menu for a dinner-party. Constance did not particularly like him; but she lived in a world in which it is not necessary to have a very sincere regard for one's acquaintance, and she considered him an agreeable person, much to be preferred to the generality of her husband's chosen companions, who were men without a thought beyond the hunting field and the race-course.

Mr. Wyatt, on his part, was a little surprised to see the manner in which Lord Clanyarde's daughter filled her new position, the unfailing vivacity which she displayed in the performance of her duties as a hostess, and the excellent terms upon which she appeared to live with her husband. He was astounded, however, to look below the surface of things, and by the time he had been a fortnight at Davenant he had discovered that all this brightness and gayety on the part of the wife indicated an artificial state of being, which was very far from real happiness, and that there was a growing sense of disappointment on the part of the husband.

He was not in the habit of standing upon much ceremony in his intercourse with Gilbert Sinclair, and on the first convenient occasion questioned him with blunt directness upon the subject of his marriage.

"I hope the alliance has brought you all the happiness you anticipated!" he said.

"Oh, yes, Jim," Mr. Sinclair answered, rather moodily, "my wife suits me pretty well. We get on very well together. She's a little too fond of playing the woman of fashion; but she'll get tired of that in time, I dare say. I'm fond of society myself, you know, couldn't lead a solitary life for any woman in Christendom; but I should like a wife who seemed to care a little more for my company, and was not always occupied with other people. I don't think we have dined alone three times since we were married."

It was within a few days of this conversation that Mr. Wyatt gratified himself with the performance of a little experiment which he had devised in the comfortable retirement of his bachelor room at Davenant. He had come into Mrs. Sinclair's morning-room after breakfast to consult her upon details of an amateur dramatic performance that was to take place shortly, and had, for a wonder, found the husband and wife alone together.

"Perhaps we'd better discuss the business at some other time," he said. "I know Sinclair doesn't care much about this sort of thing."

"Is that your theatrical rubbish?" asked Gilbert. "You'd better say what you've got to say about it. You needn't mind me. I can absorb myself in the study of 'Bell's Life' for a quarter of an hour or so."

He withdrew to one of the windows, and occupied himself with his newspaper, while James Wyatt showed Constance the books of some farces that had just come to him by post, and discussed the fitness of each for drawing-room representation.

"Every amateur in polite society believes himself able to play Charles Matthews' business," he said, laughing. "It is a fixed delusion of the human mind. Of course we shall set them all by the ears, do what we may. Perhaps it would be better to let them draw lots for the characters, or we might put the light comedy parts up to auction, and send the proceeds to the poor-box."

He ran on in this strain gayly enough, writing lists of the characters and pieces, and putting down the names of the guests with a rapid pen as he talked, until Gilbert Sinclair threw down his newspaper and came over to the fire-place, politely requesting his friend to "stop that row."

It was a hopelessly wet morning, and the master of Davenant was sorely at a loss for amusement and occupation. He had come to his wife's room in rather a defiant spirit, determined that she should favor him with a little more of her society than it was her habit to give him, and he had found her writing letters, which she declared were imperative, and had sat by the fire waiting for her correspondence to be finished, in a very sulky mood.

"What's the last news, Wyatt?" he asked, poking the fire savagely; "any thing stirring in London?"

"Nothing—in London. There is some news of an old friend of mine who's far away from London—news I don't altogether like."

"Some client who has bolted in order to swindle you out of a long bill of costs, I suppose," answered Gilbert indifferently.

"No; the friend I am talking of is a gentleman we all know—the late owner of this place."

"Sir Cyprian Davenant!" cried Gilbert.

Constance looked up from her writing.

"Sir Cyprian Davenant," repeated James Wyatt.

"Has anything happened to him?"

"About the last and worst thing that can happen to any man, I fear," answered the lawyer. "For some time since there have been no reports of Captain Harcourt's expedition; and that in a negative way, was about as bad as it could be. But in a letter I received this morning, from a member of the Geographical Society, there is worse news. My friend tells me there is a very general belief that Harcourt and his party have been made away with by the natives. Of course this is only club gossip as yet, and I trust that it may turn out a false alarm."

Constance had dropped her pen, making a great blot upon the page. She was very pale, and her hands were clasped nervously upon the table before her. Gilbert watched her with eager, angry eyes. It was just such an opportunity as he had wished for. He wanted above all things to satisfy his doubts about that man.

"I don't see that it much matters whether the report is true or false," he said, "as far as Davenant is concerned. The fellow was a scamp, and only left England because he had spent his last sixpence in dissipation."

"I beg your pardon, Sinclair," remonstrated Mr. Wyatt, "the Davenant property was impoverished by Cyprian's father and grandfather. I don't say that he was not extravagant himself at one period of his life, but he had reformed long before he left England."

"Reformed—yes, when he had no more money to spend. That's a common kind of reform. However, I suppose you've profited so much by his ruin that you can afford to praise him."

"Hadn't you better ring the bell?" asked James Wyatt, very quietly; "I think Mrs. Sinclair has fainted."

He was right; Constance Sinclair's head had fallen back upon the cushion of her chair, and her eyes were closed. Gilbert ran across to her and seized her hand. It was deadly cold.

"Yes," he said, "she has fainted. Sir Cyprian was an old friend of hers. You know that better than I do, though you have never chosen to tell me the truth. And now I suppose you have trumped up this story in order to let me see what a fool I have been."

"It is not a trumped-up story," returned the other. "It is the common talk among men who know the travelers and their line of country."

"Then for your friend's sake it is to be hoped it's true."

"Why so?"

"Because if he has escaped those black fellows to come my way, it will be so much the worse for both of us; for as sure as there is a sky above us, if he and I meet I shall kill him."

"Bah," muttered Mr. Wyatt, contemptuously, "we don't live in the world for that sort of thing. Here comes your wife's maid; I'll get out of the way. Pray apologize to Mrs. Sinclair for my indiscretion in forgetting that Sir Cyprian was a friend of her family. It was only natural that she should be affected by the news."

The lawyer went away as the maid came into the room. His face was brightened by a satisfied smile as he walked slowly along the corridor leading to the billiard-room.

"Othello was a fool to him in the matter of jealousy," he said to himself. "I think I've fired the train. If the news I heard is true, and Davenant is on his way home, there'll be nice work for and by."

CHAPTER VIII.

Gilbert Sinclair said very little to his wife about the fainting fit. She was herself perfectly candid upon the subject. Sir Cyprian was an old friend, a friend whom she had known and liked ever since her childhood—and Mr. Wyatt's news had quite overcome her. She did not seem to consider it necessary to apologize for her emotion.

"I have been overreaching myself a little lately, or I should scarcely have fainted, however sorry I felt," she said, quietly, and Gilbert wondered at her self-possession, but was not less convinced that she had loved—that she still did love—Cyprian Davenant. He watched her closely after this to see if he could detect any signs of hidden grief, but her manner in society had lost none of its brightness, and when the Harcourt expedition was next spoken of she bore her part in the conversation with perfect ease.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair left Davenant early in May for a charming house in Park Lane, furnished throughout in delicate tints of white and green, like a daisy-sprinkled meadow in early spring, a style in which the upholsterer had allowed full scope to the sentimentality of his own nature, bearing in mind that the house was to be occupied by a newly married couple. Mrs. Sinclair declared herself perfectly satisfied with the house, and Mrs. Sinclair's friends were in raptures with it. She instituted a Thursday evening supper after the opera, which was an immense success, and enjoyed a popularity that excited some envy on the part of unmarried beauties. Mrs. Walsingham heard of the Thursday evening parties, and saw her beautiful rival very often at the opera; but she heard from James Wyatt that Gilbert Sinclair spent a great deal of time at his club, and made a point of attending all the race meetings, habits that did not augur very well for his domestic happiness.

"He will grow tired of her, as he did of me," thought Clara Walsingham. But Gilbert was in no way weary of his wife. He loved her as passionately as he had loved her at the first; with an exacting selfish passion, it is true, but with all the intensity of which his nature was capable. If he had lived in the good old feudal days he would have shut her up in some lonely turret chamber, where no one but himself could approach her. He knew that she did not love him; and with his own affection for her there was always mingled an angry sense of her coldness and ingratitude.

The London season came to an end once more, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair went back to Davenant. Nothing had been heard of Sir Cyprian or his companions throughout the summer, and Gilbert had ceased to trouble himself about his absent rival. The man was dead in all probability, and it was something more than folly to waste a thought upon him. So things went on pleasantly enough, until the early spring gave a baby daughter to the master of Davenant, much to his disappointment, as he ardently desired a son and heir.

The birth of this infant brought a new sense of joy to the mind of Constance Sinclair. She had not thought it possible that the child could give her so much happiness. She devoted herself to her baby with a tenderness which was at first very pleasing to her husband, but which became by and by distasteful to him. He grew jealous of the child's power to absorb so much affection from one who had never given him the love he longed for. The existence of his daughter seemed to bring him no nearer to his wife. The time and attention which she had given to society she now gave to her child; but her husband was no more to her than he had ever been, a little less, perhaps, as he told himself angrily, in the course of his gloomy meditations.

Mrs. Walsingham read the announcement of the infant's birth in extreme bitterness of spirit, and when James Wyatt next called upon her she asked him what had become of his promise that those two should be parted by his agency. The lawyer shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "I did not tell you that the parting should take place within any given time," he said; "but it shall go hard with me if I do not keep my promise sooner or later."

He had indeed not been idle. The wicked work which he had set himself to do had progressed considerably. It was he who always contrived, in a subtle manner, to remind Gilbert Sinclair of his wife's coldness toward himself, and to hint at her affection for another, while seeming to praise and defend her. Throughout their acquaintance his wealthy client had treated him with a selfish indifference and a cool, unconscious insolence that had galled him to the quick, and he took

a malicious pleasure in the discomfiture which Sinclair had brought upon himself by his marriage. When the Sinclairs returned to London, some months after the birth of the child, James Wyatt contrived to make himself more than ever necessary to Gilbert, who had taken to play higher than of old, and who now spent four evenings out of the six lawful days at a notorious whist club, sitting at the card-table till the morning sun shone through the chinks in the shutters. Mr. Wyatt was a member of the same club, but too cautious a player for the set which Gilbert now affected.

"That fellow is going to the bad in every way," the lawyer said to himself. "If Clara Walsingham wants to see him ruined she is likely to have her wish without any direct interference of mine."

The state of affairs in Park Lane was indeed far from satisfactory. Gilbert had grown tired of playing the indulgent husband, and the inherent brutality of his nature had on more than one occasion displayed itself in angry disputes with his wife, whose he now seemed to take pleasure in thwarting, even in trifles. He complained of her present extravagance, with insolent reference to the poverty of her girlhood, and asked savagely if she thought his fortune could stand forever against her, expensive follies.

(To be Continued.)

THRILLING STORY OF WAR.

The Captain's Walk Among the Sentinels
—Found Dead on the Battlefield.

A correspondent recalls this incident of the war of the rebellion between the North and South, in 1861-5:

One night, when the sentinels had been warned to be unusually alert, as the enemy were in force only a mile away, the soldier on post No. 4, which was directly in front of a small clearing in the forest, suddenly called out for the corporal of the guard. The order was to avoid firing if possible, as the men behind the breastworks were worn out with marching. There was a full moon, and she threw such a light down into the clearing that the smallest object could be distinguished by the sentinel. As he looked and listened a Confederate in the uniform of a captain stepped into the clearing in full view. The sentinel lifted his musket and opened his lips to cry out, believing that the enemy was moving down on our lines, but something in the demeanor of the lone figure made him pause. After a moment he simply called for the corporal of the guard.

It was a strange sight we saw—three or four of us as we stood on post No. 4. The Confederate came walking slowly down upon us, an open letter in his left hand, his right carelessly swinging. We knew him for a sleep-walker the instant we got eyes on him. His movements seemed to be made by machinery, and the carriage of head and shoulders was not that of a man awake. He came straight down upon us, head erect and eyes wide open, but looking neither to the right nor to the left. We stood aside to let him pass, and his left hand touched a bush and the letter was torn from his fingers and picked up by the corporal. It was a wife's letter to her husband—a wife's letter to her soldier-captain in the field. The man before us belonged to the Tenth Alabama, and the letter was written from an Alabama plantation.

"Don't touch him," whispered the corporal, as we fell in behind the somnambulist.

He walked down our left front the width of two regiments, and back again. One of our party went ahead to whisper to the sentinels, and they stood in awe as the midnight visitor passed down and returned. His gaze was always the same—straight before him, and he neither increased nor slackened his pace. By and by he came back to post No. 4, and there he stopped for five minutes and seemed to be thinking. We stood close to him, but no man made a sound. We noted the color of hair and eyes, the fresh scar on his cheek, a finger missing from his left hand. Of a sudden the man started up and walked on, straight for the Confederate lines. We stood and watched across the glade and into the darkness of the wood and then turned away.

"I feel that God will bring you home to me again," said the letter which the bush had torn from his hand.

At 9 o'clock next morning we were fiercely attacked, but after a bloody conflict the enemy were driven back. When we went out to succor the wounded and bury the dead we found the captain almost the first of the dead. Three bullets had struck him in the breast as he dashed forward at the head of his company. In his breast pocket we placed the letter which a loving hand had traced, and we gave him a grave of his own and marked it that his friends might know the spot when war was no more. Better for the loving wife had we made him prisoner as he came walking among us that night, but had we done so he might not have died a soldier's death.

ROYAL EARLY RISERS.

With the exception of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, all the royalties of Europe are in the habit of rising early. The German Emperor is generally dressed at five in the morning, much to the sorrow of the Berlin barracks. The Queen Regent of Spain is ready for the day's business at seven sharp. King Humbert of Italy rises at six, as do also the King of Sweden and King Charles of Roumania. The late Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, when in Europe, was in the habit of rising at three, and calling on his friends at the unusual hours of four and five in the morning. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria takes her bath at 4 a.m., and then starts out on long walks. Queen Victoria, never rises before eight, and while breakfast at Sandringham and Marlborough House is rarely paraded before ten.

A "chameleon flower" has been introduced into Europe from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The blossoms of this newly discovered plant are white in the morning, changing to red at noon, and again to blue in the evening.

EVA'S WHISTLING LARYNX.

THE WONDERFUL NATURAL MIMICRY OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Peculiar Musical Equipment of a Little New Haven Girl—She Can Whistle With Her Mouth Closed.

One of the most remarkable instances of peculiar anatomical development known to

THOUGHT OF THE DUTCHMAN.

The Mourne's Crew When They Saw the Abandoned Julie Sailing Along.

Two weeks ago in midocean the crew of the British steamer Mourne, which has just arrived at Baltimore, were aroused by the sight of a bark whose appearance excited their suspicions. The suggestion that it was the famed Flying Dutchman spread quickly among them. Nobody could be seen upon the strange vessel when she was first sighted a few hundred miles off the coast of Ireland, yet the fore and maintopsails were both set, the main-yard was squared, and the vessel was moving at the rate of two knots an hour. This was just like the Flying Dutchman.

Leaving over the bulwarks the sailors discussed the strange visitor, while the officers on the bridge above pointed their glasses at her and tried to learn more of her. The suggestion that the vessel was the Flying Dutchman far out of its southern latitude increased their curiosity, and when the Mourne had drawn near enough Capt. Aiken sent Chief Officer Smiley and a boat's crew to investigate the mysterious craft.

When Mr. Smiley boarded the bark the silence was awesome, and the only noise that broke the stillness was the creaking of the gear high above. In the cabin the officer found that the vessel was the Norwegian bark Julie of Larvig, and that she had been abandoned the same day Mr. Smiley boarded her. The ship's papers also showed that the Julie was bound from Miln Bridge, Wales, with sand ballast for West Bay, New Brunswick. The hold was nearly filled with water, but with this unusual load the Julie was sailing along serenely, without a human being to direct her movements and guide her into a safe haven. Mr. Smiley, after some study of her movements, came to the conclusion that she was simply drifting with the currents, with possibly some aid from the wind.

As she was directly in the path usually followed by ocean vessels, Mr. Smiley determined to burn her. His men spread oil around the cabin and set the bark on fire. After this had been done his boat returned to the Mourne, and the latter started once more for Baltimore.

As the deserted craft disappeared behind the horizon the flames had not made great headway, and she was still gliding along on the ocean waves with the same mysterious, lonesome air which first attracted the attention of the Mourne's crew.

REPAIRING WOMEN.

There are few things about the human frame that a Viennese surgeon does not know. If man had not been created as he has been, he would have been eventually made by a Viennese doctor. The faculty in the Austrian capital think nothing of doing him over, or, one should say, of doing her over. It seems that women in Vienna can go and be done up fresh, and especially retrimmed to look better than before. Several physicians make a specialty of woman-culture. One of them, a doctor, Robert Fischer, says that his day is not long enough for this practice. Continues this frank speaker: "Numbers of mothers put their daughters through a whole course of beautification when they are in the marriage market. That's the time when the most elaborate preparations of the human form are ordered and undertaken. I have a great deal more to do in the spring and fall than for the most fashionable balls of the year."

SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.
What are the sweetest things of earth? Lips that can praise a rival's worth; A fragrant rose that hides no thorn; Riches of gold untouched by scorn;

A happy little child asleep; Eyes that can smile though they may weep;

A brother's cheer; a father's praise; The minstrelsy of summer days;

A heart where anger never burns; A gift that looks for no returns. Wrong's overthrow, pain's quick release; Dark footsteps guided into peace;

The light of love in lover's eyes; Age that is young as well as wise; A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth— These are the sweetest things on earth.

Women are acknowledged to be really braver than men. The anticipated peril of pain they shrink from is feminine timidity, but if they are plunged into the midst of a great danger you seldom find one that is not brave and helpful. The woman who has hysterics at sight of a mouse will be the last one to leave a sinking ship, or will, with dogged courage, defend her home against burglars, her child against the fury of a mad dog.

Always

Taking cold, is a common complaint. It is due to impure and deficient blood and it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood.

"I am not very strong and sometimes need a tonic to help me battle against sickness. I find that two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what I need. I have taken it occasionally for several years and do not have any doctors' bills to pay." MISS JANIE HIGGINS, 55 Beauchain St., Charleston, S. C. Remember

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URED OF SCIATICA.

The Experience of a Bruce Co. Farmer.

Suffered So Severely That He Became Almost a Helpless Cripple—Is Again Able to be About His Work as Well as Ever. From the Walkerton Telescope.

During the past five years the Telescope has published many statements giving the particulars of cures from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were all so well authenticated as to leave no doubt as to their complete truthfulness, but had, any doubt remained in its last vistage would have been removed by a cure which has recently come under our personal observation. It is the case of Mr. John Allen, a prominent young farmer of the township of Greenock. Mr. Allen is so well known in Walkerton and the vicinity adjoining it, that a brief account of his really remarkable recovery from what seemed an incurable disease will be of interest to our readers. During the early part of the summer of 1895, while working in the bush, Mr. Allen was seized with what appeared to him to be rheumatic pains in the back and shoulders. At first he regarded it as a passing attack, and thought that it would disappear in a day or two. On the contrary, however, he daily continued to grow worse, and it was not long before he



had to give up work altogether. From the back the pains shifted to his right leg and hip where they finally settled and so completely helpless did he become, that he was unable to do more than walk across the room and then only with the aid of crutches. Of course he consulted the doctors, but none of them seemed able to do him any good. People in speaking of his case, always spoke pityingly, it being generally thought that he had passed from the world of activity, and that he was doomed to live and die a cripple. We are free to confess that this was our own view of the matter, and our surprise, therefore, can be readily imagined when some few weeks ago, we saw this self-same John Allen driving through the town on the top of a large load of grain. Great however, as was our surprise at first, it became still greater when on arriving at the grist mill, he proceeded to jump nimbly from the load, and then with the greatest apparent ease began to unload the heavy bags of grain. Curious to know what it was that had brought this wonderful change, we took the first convenient opportunity to ask him. "Well," said he in reply, "I am as well a man as I ever was, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to nothing else." Mr. Allen then gave us a very frank manner, the whole story of his sickness, and his cure, the chief points of which we have set forth above. After consulting two physicians and finding no relief, he settled down to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. He lost confidence in medicines, and when it was suggested that he should give Pink Pills a trial, he at first absolutely refused. However, his friends persisted and finally he agreed to give them a trial. The effect was beyond his most sanguine expectations, as the Pink Pills have driven away every trace of his pains and he is able to go about his work as usual. As might be expected Mr. Allen is loud in his praise of Pink Pills, and was quite willing that the facts of his case should be given publicity, hoping that it might catch the eye of someone who was similarly afflicted.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

To be proud and inaccessible is to be timid and weak.—Massillon.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOL- LARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Heart Disease Exiled—Over Fifty Members of the House of Commons Tell of the Virtues of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The name of Dr. Agnew is one that deserves to rank with Jenner, Pasteur and Rontgen in the good done humanity. Dreaded as it is by everyone heart disease has no terror where Dr. Agnew's Cure has become known. Mrs. Roadhouse, of Wilscoft, Ont., has said—"Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face so intense were the attacks of heart disease. I tried many remedies but my life seemed fatal until Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart became known to me and to-day I know nothing of the terrors of this trouble." It relieves instantly, and saves many lives daily.

It has been said that everyone in Canada suffers, to some extent, from catarrh. Whether the trouble is in the air, or where, it is satisfaction to know that in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the medicine that gives relief in ten minutes, and has cured some of the worst cases, where deafness and other troubles have followed the disease. Geo. E. Casey, Michael Adams, Donald W. Davis, A. Fairbairn, C. F. Ferguson, W. H. Bennett, and all told some fifty members of the House of Commons have borne testimony to the effectiveness of this remedy.

Ask your druggist for Agnew's remedies, and see that you get them and not worthless imitations.

There is no malice like the malice of the renegade.—Macaulay.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.
Positive Cure for Rheumatism and Paralysis.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, County of Wentworth, }
To Wit:

I, Ann Caffery, wife of Owen Caffery, of the City of Hamilton, in the County of Wentworth, Province of Ontario, do solemnly declare that I am forty one years of age and live at No. 227 Ferrie street east, in said city.

Three years ago I was afflicted with severe pain in my head. So great was this pain that I thought I would lose my reason. I also became very despondent, my general health was poor, and I was tired when I awoke in the morning as when I went to bed. About a year and a half ago my left side became paralyzed which caused it to be numb and cold. Everything was done to bring back warmth and circulation, but all was in vain until I began taking Mr. Ryckman's Kootenay Cure in April, 1895, of which I have now used two and one half bottles, and have recovered my health. My side is free from Paralysis, the numbness has left me, and I feel like a new woman, I cannot speak too highly of the medicine.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath, and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act.

Taken and acknowledged before me at the City of Hamilton, in the County of Wentworth, this 13th day of December, 1895. (Signed), Ann Caffery. (Signed), W. Fred Walker.

A Commissioner for taking affidavits and Notary Public.

W.P.C. 817.

You
Can't Do Without Soap! Why Not Get The Best?

Sunlight SOAP... HAS NO EQUAL... For purity For cleansing power For taking out dirt For dissolving grease For saving clothes For preserving hands These are some of the reasons why... "SUNLIGHT"
Soap has the largest sale in the world, and has been awarded 27 Gold Medals and other honors.

WEST SHORE THROUGH SLEEPING CAR TO NEW YORK.

One of the handsomest sleeping cars that had ever been turned out of the factory is now running from Toronto to New York without change via the popular West shore route. It is a buffet car, and refreshments can be obtained en route, if desired. This car leaves Union Station, Toronto, every day except Sunday, at 4:55 p. m., reaching New York next morning at 10:10 a. m. On Sundays the sleeper runs from Hamilton only, connecting with the through train from Toronto. Call at any Grand Trunk office in Toronto for information or space in sleeping car. Reservations can be made in advance if desired.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

An Australian paper contains an advertisement of an enterprising tradesman, who at the end of it announces: Ministers supplied with goods at cost price, if they agree to mention the fact to their congregations.

Recipe—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract..... one bottle Fleischmann's Yeast..... half a cake Sugar..... two pounds Lukewarm Water..... two gallons Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 15 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

BICYCLES—THE SUN, A Strictly High Grade Wheel, at a Moderate Price. Send for catalogue.

G. T. FENDRITH, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Iron Fencing,

Office & Communion Railings,
and all kinds of

IRON AND WIRE WORK.

TORONTO FENCE AND ORNAMENTAL WORKS

TORONTO, CAN.

MACHINERY

NEW & SECOND-HAND.

H. W. PETRIE,

Toronto, Can. Adjoining New Union Station

CAT-A-LOG FOR ASKING.

Many Women

DON'T BELIEVE

In quack medicines.

YOU DO BELIEVE

that you are weak and ill.

DO YOU KNOW

that you can easily re-

gain health, strength

and vigor?

MILES' (San.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND

and Miles' Sanative Wash

for sale by all Druggists at 75c and 25c, impart

great energy and make the life of the

mother both strong and

explanatory pamphlet, "Woman's Triumph,"

sent free on application.

All Orders filled promptly from the laboratory

"A. M. C." MEDICINE CO.,

578 St. Paul St., Montreal.

HAVE YOU TASTED "SALADA"

IT IS DELICIOUS. Sold Only in Lead Packets.

AGENTS wanted everywhere to handle a New Preparation. Stamp for particulars.

R. W. HANNAH, TORONTO.

ALL THE LEADING BAKERS USE OUR "SALADA" FOR SAVING MONEY. It is the best saving machine. G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

ONE MINUTE HEADACHE CURE 10¢

WHO WOULD SUFFER

The excruciating pain of RHEUMATISM OR NEURALGIA

When you can buy a bottle of Babb's Rhumatatole For 25 cents and have immediate relief.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS,

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

THE MONEY-MAKER KNITTING MACHINE

ONLY \$10 ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c.

THIS GOOD FOR \$200 SEND TO CREELMAN BROS. M'RS. GEORGETOWN, ONT.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

Subscribed Capital..... \$ 5,000,000

Paid-up Capital..... 2,500,000

Assets, over..... 12,000,000

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

DENTISTRY.

DR. STACKHOUSE, Sr., Dentist, will visit the undermentioned places on the dates named:

Quyon, Tuesday, June 9th.

Shawville, Wednesday, June 10th.

Campbell's Bay, Thursday, June 11th.

Painless extraction. All work reduced 25 per cent and guaranteed. Parties will oblige by calling early.

ECHOES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Dr. Gaboury and his first lieutenant, D. R. Barry, recently visited the Baie des Peres district and from reports received from that quarter, they succeeded in doing just as much as two light weights like them might be expected to do—nothing. Very unexpectedly to them, Mr. Poupore had a few representatives present, who ably defended him by refuting every slander enticingly placed before the voters against him, and by completely exposing the false arguments and mis-statements about the Conservative party. Mr. Barry challenged Mr. Levesque's right to appear on behalf of Mr. Poupore, and went so far as to say that Mr. Levesque was self-appointed and had no right on the platform. Mr. Levesque sized up his man and gave him lots of rope so Mr. Barry pitched into him without mercy. After this wonderful political stumper had poured out his vehement indignation at the idea of a man attempting to represent the Conservative candidate without authority, Mr. Levesque quietly arose to his feet and read a long letter of instructions from Mr. Poupore, which completely silenced the Liberal candidates' orator, and afforded a lot of amusement for the elector's present. Then Mr. Levesque proceeded to dress down Mr. Barry in a most effectual manner, and what was intended as a Liberal meeting was thus transformed into a conservative rally. Reports from the most reliable men in Baie des Peres say that not one vote was changed by the visit of these gentlemen. Tamiscaminge is solid for the friend of Pontiac, Mr. W. J. Poupore.

While canvassing along the front of Clarendon the other day, no less than seven men—leading representative men in that district—on being told that their names were on the Patron requisition papers asking Dr. Lyon to become their candidate, declared that they had never affixed their signatures to it and added: "We are going to support Mr. Poupore against all comers. Dr. Lyon is our good friend personally, and we like his pills when we are sick, but we fear he is now in the hands of the Philistines as he has committed his political destiny to such men as J. T. Tom. Pattison, et al."

Mr. Poupore dropped out to Alleyn and Cawood on Tuesday morning of last week for the purpose of getting up a little organization meeting at that place and to his great surprise, he met Dr. Lyon, who told him he was going to hold a public meeting and invited him to be present. Mr. Poupore of course very readily accepted. The Doctor made a little speech, not exactly defining where he stood with regard to the two great political parties now in battle array before the country, but to assure the electors that he was going to the polls, and read a letter from the late lamented Mr. John Bryson, the point of which was that future developments would decide the course that would be pursued. Just what connection this letter had with the Dr.'s present attitude the electors were left in doubt. After a few remarks from the popular candidate, Mr. Poupore, in which he averred that he did not consider the Doctor's candidature a very serious one, there was a very unanimous manifestation on the part of the electors present in favor of the Government candidate. Alleyn will display a solid front to the enemy on polling day. The people say they do not want so called Independents to represent them. They only understand that there are two parties and ONE policy, and they, very wisely, are going to record their votes for the party with the policy.

The Liberal candidate and his friends must have been very hard up for political stock-in-trade when they had to unearth the mouldering dust of the Metis leader, Riel, to do duty in their behalf in the Tamiscaminge district, but such is the fact, so a resident of that locality informs us. What will not these hungry seekers after office descend to in order to attain their ends?

The reports which came in for submission to the weekly assemblies of Dr. Lyon's chief supporters, are invariably of the most flattering nature; but like a great many other reports which have been

set afloat since the campaign began, they lack the one great essential of accuracy. For instance, on Saturday, it is stated from one source of intelligence that only three men in Bristol had been met with who were not in favor of the Doctor's candidature. This report is like that circulated in the rear of Clarendon by canvassers of the Lyon movement, that Mr. Poupore would only get one vote in Shawville. Comment is unnecessary.

Late advices from Sheen indicate that the candidature of Dr. Gaboury is meeting with but very meagre encouragement, indeed, in that township. In fact it is related, that the Liberal nominee and his political auxiliary, Mr. Barry, became convinced before they were many hours in the municipality, that it was only idle work attempting to kick against the inevitable, and therefore useless to further prolong their mission. Sheen will be for Poupore on the 23rd.

This week the Patron-Independent candidate is holding a series of meetings at points in this section of the county. His first gun was fired at the town hall, Bristol, on Monday afternoon, in presence of a goodly number of the electors of Maple Ridge and vicinity. Mr. Poupore, who has decided to attend the several meetings so convened, was present. After the appointment of Mr. A. Grant to the chair, the Dr. devoted his remarks entirely to explaining why he came before the people as a candidate at this juncture. Primarily his reason was that he had been presented by the Patrons of Industry with a largely signed requisition, asking him to run as an independent candidate, and secondly the stand he took was prompted by the failure of the Government to carry out certain pledges made by the late Sir John Macdonald to himself and the late member, Mr. Bryson, in respect to the relief of the county bonus. The doctor avowed that he had no personal dislike or illwill to Mr. Poupore, but that his opposition in this instance was entirely directed against the Government, for its failure to do that which had been promised by Sir John, and on the strength of which he had consented to be a petitioner against Mr. Murray. He also disclaimed having any interest in sympathy or connection with the mass meeting, at which Mr. Poupore received the Conservative nomination,—had protested against presiding at the same, and had only done so through courtesy. In the course of the Doctor's remarks, which were wholly non-political, he dealt somewhat with the litigation that had taken place in connection with the county bonus, and claimed that he had been the only man at the County Council board who had stood up and opposed going to law about the matter, from the conviction that he believed it was a hopeless case. He also referred to Mr. Poupore's refusal to sign the bonds, and plainly insinuated that because of that action the county had been put in for \$100,000 costs. He also charged that Mr. Poupore was responsible for the first break in the Conservative Association, when in 1882, he ran as an Independent. After further remarks with reference to association the Doctor resumed his seat.

Mr. Poupore, in reply said that he had to confess to the awkwardness of the position in which he found himself in reference to the Doctor on the present occasion. Having so long side by side with the doctor fought the battles of the Conservative party, it was rather a novelty in politics to find that gentleman now occupying a different groove.

In controversy of the rumor that the government had forced his candidature upon the electors, Mr. Poupore then detailed the circumstances which followed the death of Mr. Bryson. Friends of the Government in Ottawa had approached him asking if nothing would induce him to become a candidate in Pontiac, and he had replied that nothing would unless the people of the county manifested a desire that they wanted him. Mr. Bryson's death left many things in connection with the county to be looked after, and it was deemed necessary for some one to do this. It was not thought advisable to hold a bye election—but as that matter lay entirely in the hands of Mr. Laurier, the Government deemed it necessary to have a candidate in sight in case the Liberals demanded that a bye election should be held.

He had therefore come into the county with the object of bringing the friends of the Conservative party together that a candidate might be chosen. But during his trip through the county on that occasion he had never asked a man to vote for him. He himself had attended that mass meeting simply as an elector, and was prepared—and stated so on that occasion—to give his hearty support to any man whom the meeting chose to bring out.

Disposing of Dr. Lyon's "independent" attitude in a few words, Mr. Poupore went on to state that the pledges and promises the Doctor talked about, were all Greek to him. He thought the Doctor surely knew as much about the non fulfilment of those pledges on the day of the mass meeting as he did two or three weeks ago, and such being the case, it was then he should have stated his grievances. But now

at the 11th hour, after he (Poupore) had spent three months in the country, the doctor comes out as his opponent, and allows himself to be tampered with by a class of men who could not be looked upon as very staunch Conservatives. To say the least of it, he thought this very unbecoming on the Doctor's part. Mr. Poupore then devoted the balance of the time accorded him to the trade and school questions, making some good points in defence of the national policy, and scoring Laurier and his followers for their hypocrisy in regard to the school issue.

Mr. J. T. Pattison was the next speaker. Although he was presumably the supporter of Dr. Lyon, what he had to say was much more in furtherance of the Liberal cause, than in the Doctor's interest. He remarked upon the great feeling of unrest which he alleged existed in the country, and attributed to that the rise of Patronism. He eulogized Mr. Laurier to the extreme zenith of political excellence, and claimed that his plan only was the way in which to settle the school question. He also contended that the remedial bill, as lately introduced, gave a great deal more than was accorded to the minorities in Quebec and Manitoba.

Mr. Poupore then devoted a few moments in replying to certain insinuations made by Mr. Pattison regarding his connection with sundry contracts, after which Dr. Lyon closed the meeting in a short speech in the course of which he again dealt with the matter of Mr. Poupore's refusal to sign the bonds. Both candidates got a good hearing.

In the evening a very large and intelligent meeting of the electors took place in the Temperance Hall, Bristol Corners. On motion the chair was taken by Mr. David Russell, who showed by his opening remarks that there still exists in his system notwithstanding his declarations of independence—somewhat of the dregs of the gall of Grit bitterness. But after delivering himself of a portion of this bile, he settled down to making rather a dignified chairman, and the proceedings that ensued under his presidency were most orderly and decorous throughout.

Dr. Lyon, who was first called upon to address the meeting, spoke on almost the identical lines that he followed at the afternoon meeting, in explanation of the fact that he was before the people as a candidate, and stated that it was his intention to remain in the field till the last vote was recorded.

Mr. Poupore, who had not the opportunity at the afternoon meeting of replying to the charge that he had saddled the county with \$100,000 costs by his action in refusing to sign the bonds, went very fully and explicitly into the circumstances connected with that transaction. After detailing what took place in connection with the defeat of the first, and the carrying of the second by-law, Mr. Poupore stated that prior to his going to Montreal to sign the bonds, he had held a conference with the late Thomas Bryson and the Hon. George Bryson, sr., and learned that the most absolute proof existed that the P. P. J. Company intended crossing their road at Portage du Fort instead of at Lepassee, as intimated by the vice-president of the company in a letter to the Advance, and on the strength of which the second by-law carried. When he met the late Mr. Church in Montreal the latter asked him if he was ready to sign the bonds and he replied that he was providing he (Mr. Church) gave him a guarantee that the road would be built as far as Lepassee in accordance with the Vice President's letter. Mr. Church would not do so and confided that he (Poupore) had no right to exact such a condition, and further, that the Vice President had no authority to give the pledge contained in his letter. Mr. Poupore then declared that he would not sign, whereupon Mr. Church said he would make him do so. Mr. Poupore told him to go ahead. On his way home he received a telegram at Ottawa of Mr. Thomas Bryson's death. After the funeral he immediately called a special meeting of the county council at which he explained what had occurred in Montreal. The Council disapproved of his action, however, and invited him to resign the wardenship, which he did, and they appointed Mr. McNally in his stead and the bonds were signed by him. Had the council upheld him in his action he (Mr. Poupore) believed the county would have escaped the bonus altogether and the people would have had as good a road as they had to day. The speaker then went on to show how his attitude in this connection had led up to his becoming an independent Conservative candidate, and how subsequently after the first suit had gone against the county in the Superior Court at Aylmer he had advised that a settlement be sought for.

The brief time accorded to Mr. Poupore gave him little chance to take up the live issues of the day and he was obliged to dispose of them by merely a passing allusion. Before closing, he took occasion to advise Dr. Lyon in future to deal less with matters of ancient history and go more fully into modern politics.

SHAWVILLE SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

McCREDIE & HODGINS, Proprietors.

Sashes, Doors,
Mouldings, Blinds,
etc., etc.,
manufactured.



All kinds of
Plaining and
Matching
executed.

Building Contracts taken and Estimates Furnished.

LUMBER ALWAYS ON HAND.

Robt. McCredie.

Telephone communication.

R. G. Hodgins.

Dr. Lyon closed the meeting with a short speech in which he endeavored to justify his "independent" attitude and to attach a certain amount of party infidelity to Mr. Poupore. He also declared his opposition to the remedial bill.

From the applause which greeted his remarks and the good feeling towards him that was manifest it is evident Mr. Poupore will poll a good substantial vote in Bristol.

Dr. Lyon's advertised series of meetings will conclude at Shawville on Thursday evening, when it is expected there will be a large attendance, as it is understood all three candidates will be present.

Notice to Debtors.

THE book accounts of the late firm of R. McCredie & Son have been placed in my hands for collection, and must be settled by cash or notes within thirty days.

W. W. IRELAND, B.S.C.

Shawville, June 1, 1896.

Signed by order,

Shawville, May 9th, 1896.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS. IROQUOIS DIVISION.

Notice to Contractors.

THE time for receiving tenders for the Iroquois Division of the St. Lawrence Canals has been postponed to Friday, 20th June, 1896, and the time for the exhibition of plans till Monday, 1st June, 1896.

By order,

J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 22nd May, 1896.

Signed by order,

Shawville, May 9th, 1896.

Leave Norway Bay at 8 a.m., connect with train going east at 9.21. Leave Sand Point on arrival of train.

Leave Norway Bay at 12.15, in time to connect with trains going east at 1.26 p.m., and west at 3.33 p.m. Leave Sand Point on arrival of trains.

Leave Norway Bay at 5 p.m., in time to connect with train going west at 6.42 p.m.

Stabling furnished if Required.

JOHN MCARA.

EVERYBODY TALKS

of the neat-fitting, well made Garments turned out at the establishment of

J. S. LANE,

Fashionable Tailor,

Shawville.

No need of going to the city for a first class job, when it can be got right at home, and at a much lower figure.

A trial will convince that what we say is true.

J. S. LANE,

Shop over G. F. Hodgins' Store.

Wanted—An Idea who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, then bring you wealth. JOHN WEDDEBURN & CO., Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,000 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOTICE!

I desire to inform the public that I am no longer connected with the Portage du Fort Roller Mills, but, as I have a considerable stock on hand, I have opened

Flour and Feed Store

in the premises on Mill Street, lately occupied by Mr. A. C. McNab, where I shall be most happy to supply that useful article—the choicest brand of Flour.

at Bottom Prices.

I also wish to thank my friends who patronized the mill during my tenancy, and hope I may have the pleasure and advantage of continuing to do business with them.

G. H. BRABAZON.

Portage du Fort, May 18, 1896.

New Arrivals

MILLINERY GOODS

Miss Annie McRae's,

Shawville, Q.

A select stock of Ladies', Childrens' and Babies'

HATS

now open for inspection.

Also a choice selection of Ribbons, etc.

J. A. MCLEAN,

THE LEADING

Painter and Decorator,

QUYON, QUE.

House Sign, and Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging done at rock bottom rates.

Estimates furnished, and mail orders promptly attended to.

REMOVED!

The undersigned gives notice that he has removed his blacksmith shop from Morrison's stand to the premises of R. J. Black, Main St., (near the Academy) where he is prepared to execute anything in his line in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

Any kind of Wheeled Conveyance, either of home or foreign manufacture, furnished on reasonably short notice.

Now is the time to leave your order.

Special attention given to HORSE-SHOEING.

Prices for all lines of work reduced below anything heretofore offered.

A Call Solicited.

JOHN LESTER,
SHAWVILLE.