

Rykert Redivivus.

How an M. P. Was Expelled from Parliament.

He Was Re-Nominated, but Was Afraid to Run.

Until Now, When Sir Charles Tupper Proclaims Upon Him to be a Candidate.

If Mr. John Charles Rykert had been content to stay out of politics, certain transactions which his name is connected with might well have been allowed to rest undisturbed. The Conservative party, has, however, chosen to undertake the task of rehabilitating him by accepting him as a candidate in Lincoln, and it therefore becomes necessary to remind the electors there and the country at large who Mr. Rykert is, and under what circumstances he last appeared in Parliament.

In the early part of 1896 a number of letters were written by Mr. Rykert in regard to a timber limit in the Cypress Hills appeared in the Globe. The correspondence showed that one John Adams, a tailor of Winnipeg, having conceived the idea that a heap of money could be made by securing on the easy terms that then prevailed in the Department of the Interior a block of timber lands in the country, coat was then being opened up by the construction of the C. P. R., chose Mr. Rykert, whom he had known at St. Catharines, as the partner with the necessary influence to help him in realizing his idea. Two of the early letters exchanged between the gentlemen afford a glimpse of the hatching of the plot and give the key to the whole subsequent proceedings. Mr. Adams wrote from Winnipeg, January, 1892, to his "dear Mr. Rykert": "I think I have got a good thing up here, and am told by a lumber agent that if I only apply to the Government I can get hold of it. Now, I do not know how to apply, and want you to help me, as I know you can if you like. Perhaps you can better yourself by helping me, as I will pay you well for all you do for me. Can I get up a company up here for limits? I can get good men to help me. I have made a good deal of money here, and hope to make more. To this Mr. Rykert replied to his "dear Adams": "I am delighted to hear you are making money. Nothing would please me better than to see you here again with a fortune. As regards the matter you spoke about, I shall be pleased to assist you and the company any way I can, and of course I would be glad to better myself in any way which is fair and honorable. It seems to me you ought to organize the company, with good men, as you suggest, and then apply to the Government. I expect to be in Ottawa in two weeks, when I can perhaps do you service. Keep me posted as to what you want. The matter went along until April, when it had reached a stage that seemed to call for a written bargain, and accordingly the two gentlemen entered into a memorandum of agreement made this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1892, between John Charles Rykert, of the City of Winnipeg of the first part, and Nannie Maria Rykert, of the City of St. Catharines of the second part. Whereas the above named John Adams has, through the intervention of John Charles Rykert, obtained certain limits in the Northwest Territories at or near the Cypress Hills, and has, in consideration of the services of the said Rykert voluntarily given him, agreed to and with the said party hereto of the second part to give to her one-half of the proceeds of the said limits after deducting all expenses connected therewith. "Witnesseth that the said party of the first part, in consideration of the sum of one dollar to him in hand paid by the said party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and in further consideration of the premises hath agreed and by these premises doth agree to assign and transfer to the said party of the second part one-half interest in the limits applied for and to be granted by the Government at or near the Cypress Hills, in the Northwest Territory, and to pay over and account to her for one-half of all the proceeds of the sale of all timber thereon or for the purchase money derived therefrom, after deducting all expenses and charges in connection therewith. "The document is signed by Adams, with the redoubtable Rykert himself as witness. It is certainly well worded, an attentive perusal. The phrase "voluntarily given him," in view of all the circumstances, is richly humorous. We will not weary our readers with the voluminous correspondence in which he detailed to Adams

the herculean efforts he was employing to circumvent Mr. Laidlaw of Hamilton, who had put in a previous application for a portion of the limit which Messrs. Rykert and Adams coveted, and for overcoming the inertia or scruples of the officers of the Department of the Interior in registering the application and issuing the license. The means used to circumvent Mr. Laidlaw were denounced by that gentleman as fraudulent, and certainly the methods employed by the officers of the department gave grounds for the gravest suspicion. The limit was subsequently sold to one Sands for \$200,000, of which sum Mr. Rykert got \$74,000. In many of his letters Mr. Rykert boasted to his partner of the influence he possessed in various quarters. In one letter he says: "Poor Laidlaw! I am pleased he did not get the start of this child. He thought he was very smart and had all the influence of the country at his back. I think another time they will recognize the fact that J. C. R. is not very easily defeated at anything." In more than one of his letters he stated that he had procured the services of Stewart Tupper and Hugh John Macdonald to bring pressure to bear on their fathers. On February 12, 1892, Mr. Rykert, among other things, wrote: "John A.'s son, from Winnipeg, McArthur's partner, has just intended employing him to go for his father. I think if you had young Tupper here and paid him pretty well, it would help us matter." On March 5 he wrote: "I have brought Macdonald and Tupper from Winnipeg, and hope they will induce their fathers to act promptly in the matter." In reference to these statements Mr. Mulock took care to say in Parliament after the committee had investigated the matter, that there was a title of evidence that Mr. Macdonald had been in any way mixed up in the affair, and it was inferred that Mr. Rykert had wonton introduced his name in the correspondence for the purpose of magnifying the services he was performing for his fellow-operator. That he was not above a little thing like that was sufficiently evidenced by the fact that when, during a previous session of Parliament, he was charged with having an interest in the granting of a license for this limit inconsistent with his position as a member of Parliament, he solemnly declared that he had no further interest in it than was involved in his professional fees. The committee in reporting on the whole matter stamped this as an untruth, found that Mr. Rykert had been a party to the corruption of the timber agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway so as to induce him to make a false report, and in conclusion stated that Mr. Rykert had been a disreputable, corrupt and scandalous. Mr. Rykert resigned before the committee's report was presented, and thus saved himself from expulsion from the House. But it would seem that under Tupper he is to be reinstated as the partner with the Conservative party.—Toronto Globe.

For Boys and Girls

Mournful Jane and Happy Sue. Once on a time there were two twins. Whom everybody knew. And one of them was Mournful Jane And one was Happy Sue.

And Happy Sue would laugh and sing, And run about and play, But Mournful Jane would moan and groan, And cry all through the day.

A stranger coming to the town, Was struck by this and said To Sue: "What are you thinking of, That makes you laugh, my maid?"

And Susan smiled, and happily And gayly made reply, "I think of all the cakes and pies Tomorrow will supply."

And then the stranger turned to Jane And said, "My little one, What do you think of all the time That makes you sob and groan?"

Jane answered with a burst of tears And said, "I think of all the cakes and pies That are forever gone!"

Joe and Willie. It was a bright day in the spring. Joe Marchman had driven to the city in the family carriage with his parents, and had been deeply interested in the sights and the crowds of people.

In fact, he wished he could stay in the city. But now it was about the middle of the afternoon, and so his father said:

"It's time to go home, Joe. It will be almost dark by the time we get there, and we shall have all our chores to do yet."

"We could stay longer," murmured Joe, scowling a little.

"But we can't, Joe," said his father, decisively. "So bring Tom and the carriage around in front of the post-office, where you'll find your mother and me."

Joe did as he was told, but not in a very cheerful mood. As he and his parents drove along the crowded streets, with their tall buildings all stirring life, he looked longingly on the scenes, and his thoughts ran as follows:

"Oh, I wish I could stay in the city. There's so much to see. One could never get lonesome in a place like this. At night the streets are lighted up with electric lights, and it isn't dark and gloomy as it is out in the hateful old country; and then there are always so many places to go to in the city—concerts and shows and lectures and—everything."

The rural lad heaved sigh after sigh as the old carriage bowed along the paved streets.

"See that boy now!" his musings ran on. "I wish it was him Joe was not very thorough in his grammar. The boy referred to stood at the gate of a fairly pleasant home crowded in among hundreds of others almost like him. He was dressed up all the time like a gentleman, while I just tramp around over the farm in my old clothes looking like a beggar. O, dear, city boys have such a nice time!"

He looked back at the boy as long as he could see him, while the boy in turn looked after the carriage. Joe's discontented reflections continued:

"How can I bear to go back to the dull old country? Nothing going on anywhere anybody to see. I shall die of lonesomeness," he thought, getting almost into a desecrated mood.

"And then there are the horses and cows and pigs to feed, and tomorrow there will be the corn to plant, and the next day something else, and poor Joe felt his heart sink lower and lower as he thought of the humdrum round of work."

When they reached the country, he was so discontented and lonely that he could hardly hold back the tears, and he had to gulp a dozen times to

keep from breaking right down. All in vain for him did the song sparrows trill in the green hollows, and the bobolinks sing their rich, gurgling melody in the meadows, and the larks send up their warbling strains of melody from the clover fields. He never heard a note.

Meanwhile, the boy who stood at the gate in the city looking after the comfortable old carriage—the boy whose name was Willie Bond, and who was carrying on a train of thought, showing that he, too, was far from being contented with his lot. His name was Willie Bond. Listen to him as he mutters his complaint:

"Look at that boy in the carriage! He and his folks are going to their home in the country. How nice it must be! So different from the stuffy, crowded old city, where one can't get a breath of fresh air, or have any room to play! Why, that boy has acres to play on or tramp about, and I have only a little yard about six feet wide in the country, and hear the birds sing, and play in the meadows along the brook, and plow the mellow soil, and plant corn, and to make hay, and ride the horses to water, and hunt the hens in the grass and weeds and—pleasant things."

And Willie sighed heavily, and clasped his hands together to express his longing for rural life.

"Then one doesn't need to be dressed up all the time in the country," he continued wistfully. "One can put on the clothes one wants to wear about on the ground, or wade in the brook. O, O, how I wish I was that boy in the carriage! And he watched the old carriage until it vanished from his sight."

"The best time I ever had," he went on, "was the day I went to the city. I was Jerry Blodgett. How we try and bump and tumble! I felt like a bird let out of a cage. Dear, dear, the city's no place for a boy."

Thus, you see, each boy had his grievance, and for weeks each nursed his discontent, becoming more and more gloomy. At length, as chance would have it, they met one day on the street. Joe was shy of the city boy, but soon Willie showed himself so friendly that the two boys entered into a conversation.

"How nice it must be to live in the country," said Willie.

"I don't think it so very nice," returned Joe. "It's too lonesome."

"That's good, for you're not bothered with people around you all the time. You can play and play all you want to."

"Humph," coughed Joe, scornfully. "One has just a little time to run, too much work to do on a farm."

"But it must be fine to work out of doors."

"Very fine," scoffed Joe; "especially when the sun beats down hot enough to cook you."

Willie opened his eyes in surprise. "But you can see the birds sing all day long," he said.

"Hum! I never notice 'em. Too many other things to think about. Lying in the country isn't all roses, I can tell you that. There are droughts and floods and cinch bugs and grasshoppers and plenty of sickness too. Now, in the city you haven't anything to do."

"Haven't eh?" cried Willie. "That's where you're mistaken. I go to school nine months in the year, and help father in a stuffy office down town out of school hours, until I get so blind I can scarcely see."

"But you can walk out on the brightly lighted streets in the evening, and see so many things."

"Pooh! that's old. Besides, my parents don't let me run on the streets just as I please."

"Why not?"

"They're afraid I'll get into bad company."

"But you can go to concerts and shows whenever you want to."

"Ha, ha, but you're green one, and we don't have a mint at our house, not by a long way. And besides, that's my parents' thing that most of the shows are not the proper places for a boy to go to, and I guess they're about right."

It was now Joe's turn to look surprised and doubtful.

"O, I thought you city boys had nothing to do but to enjoy yourselves," he faltered.

"You couldn't be more mistaken," Willie declared. "Lying in the city isn't all roses, either."

Then both boys looked thoughtful for a few moments. Each had said something to open the other's eyes.

"Well, began Joe, after awhile, 'maybe I was mistaken. There are many pleasant things about country life, I must say, and I guess I'd better look on the bright side and be contented.'"

"Just what I was thinking about city life," said Willie, laughing. "There are both pleasures and trials in the country and in the city, and I suppose each of us ought to be contented with the life he is and do the best he can. At any rate, I'm going to stop my whining."

"So am I," announced Joe. "I'll tell you what," exclaimed Willie, his face brightening with a happy thought. "You come to visit me sometimes in the city, and I'll come to visit you in the country in that way each of us will get to see something of both kinds of life. What do you say?"

"It's a bargain," said Joe.

Joe and Willie became fast friends, and yet after that day neither envied the lot of the other.—New York Observer.

COMPLICATIONS WHICH FOLLOW KIDNEY DISEASE.

Interview With a Sherbrooke Citizen Whose Case Bred the Best Physicians.

Few diseases of the system lead to more ugly complications than kidney trouble. This was impressed on the interviewer when, in conversation with Mr. D. J. Locke, of Sherbrooke, P. Q.

"Three years ago," he said, "I suffered considerable pain, and had become much alarmed by what physicians called a complicated case of kidney and bladder disease."

"Of course I was anxious to rid the system of the disease, and spent over \$100 for treatment in directions that were expected to produce a remedy."

"And did nothing come of the treatment?" was the inquiry.

"No," said Mr. Locke. "I was out my money, and the disease continued to fasten itself more firmly on the system."

"You are not a victim of kidney disease today," was remarked, by one man judge of physical conditions by appearances.

"I am not," said Mr. Locke, with a good deal of emphasis. "Dismissing the apparently incurable as was my case, I was completely cured by the use of South American Kidney Cure, and a friend of mine, who had been helped me wonderfully, and four bottles made me the healthy man that I am today."

"During the subject afterwards, I have learned that the use of pills and powders, as has been prescribed in my case, are of no avail. Only a liquid medicine, and one possessing the peculiar elements of South American Kidney Cure, will do any good. I am convinced that the uric acid and hard substances that gather in the system have got to be dissolved before a cure is possible."

With the Poets.

The Lesson of the Spring.

This is the lesson of the Spring. That all things change, that all things grow.

That out of death's most frozen voo Come life and joy and blossoming. That all things open and unfold. Toward the new, from out the old.

Till loss has gain for following. That life, renewing out of Death, Onward forever traveleth Toward its divine perfection— This is the lesson of the Spring.

—Frisella Leonard in the Outlook.

A Wheel Song.

O the ships have sails for the swelling gales. The falcon flies in the wake of the wind.

In the speed of the steed of the Be-douin breed. The blood leaps high to the hoof-beats' lead.

As the leagues are left behind. For the birds that fly. Or all the vessels that sail the sea; The blasts that blow. Till the trees bend low, Or the bars of Araby!

Nor wish I more for the wings he wore. The fleet-foot one, of the fables old! For the feathered rod of the messenger god.

Or the winged sandals wherein he trod. In the happy age of gold. For the days outworn, But these glad mornings are still divine!

Those flying feet. Where they half so fleet As the speed that springs from mine?

Then lo! for the wheel with its strength of steel. Yet blessed buoyance of sky-born things! And the heart bursts into song!

Sweet breath of the summer that sings in the ear. Like harps of a thousand strings! O wild and free. Is the joy to me. To breast the breezes and whirl along.

To skim the ground. Till the pulses bound, And the heart bursts into song!

—From the Looking-Glass.

The Gypsy Taint.

Father is a townsman, mother from the far Green hills, the Plaid. Wealthy pastures are: My kith and my kindred are prosperous and sleek.

Who have the wall and work well and thrive all the week.

But somewhere and sometime, many a year ago, There was a kypsy woman that right well I know.

A wild, dark woman from the moor and wold, Who bore me an ancestor in days of old.

They hushed up her memory, hid her name away, Though she had done with her forever and a day.

Yet hath she left a heritage that none else share. Whence my wandering feet have entered in.

For surely when the dead leaves scatter down the street, With a rush and a rustle like little flying feet.

Who the south-west wakens, and with scared looks askance The townsfolk hasten from the storm's advance.

My soul sickens with a fierce desire, Stress of sudden longing sets my blood on fire.

For the wind on the hill-top in a lonely place, And the soft rain drops falling on my face;

For the steep-hung hedges of the winding road, And the forest pathway by the stream overflown;

For the storm-swept heather where the blackcock whirs, And the salt wind whistles through the stunted firs;

For the brown wood water, and the brown field's smell, And the wild marshes where the curlews dwell;

For the moorland black against the last red light, And the sun's red breakers braving in the night.

Hide within your houses with your glaring gas! Mine shall be the peat smoke in the beech-roofed grass;

Come, your scold silver, tell your grimy gain— Mine shall be the treasures of the wind and rain!

—From the Spectator.

There Is No Need

of discarding your bloomers or sweaters, for Wool Soap will clean them as well as your face, and leave them soft and supple.

Wool Soap

and they will come out bright and fresh as new.

Never Shrinks, Never Fades.

The only soap in the market which can be relied on to wash all manner of woolen goods, and leave them soft and supple, and the colors in the most delicate silks, satins, organizes and all wash goods.

Made by RAWORTH, SCHODDE & CO., CHICAGO, 63 Leonard St., New York. 3 Chatham St., Boston.

HARRY YATES

Ice Cream AND Lemonade Shakes

MARKET BAZAR

Remember these Directions for using Cottolene

For shortening never use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would of lard. When frying with Cottolene always put it in a cold pan, heating it with the pan. Cottolene produces the best results when very hot, but as it reaches the cooking point much sooner than lard, care should be taken not to let it burn—when hot enough, it will delicately brown a bit of bread in half a minute. Follow these directions in using Cottolene and lard will never again be permitted in your kitchen or in your food. Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere in tins with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and "steer's head in cotton-plant wreath"—on every tin.

THE T. E. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington & Ann Sts., Montreal.

Hobbs Mfg. Company

CUT GLASS CIGAR SIGNS, BAKING SODA TABLETS, PATENT MEDICINE ADS,

IN COLORED GLASS

Gold Lettered Glass Signs for Windows,

Glass Paper Weights, Mirrors of Every Description.

TRY ME

I can make your Spring Suit almost while you wait. Open evenings.

W. SLATER, OPPOSITE V

PURE ICE

Having secured ice from the water approved of by the health department, we are in a position to supply our customers with an article of the best.

Phone 991. A. STANTON

Office—Parkinson & Kenny, 351 Talbot St.

Parnell & Brighton's Bread

IS THE BEST

Only 5c Per Loaf.

Delivered to any part of city.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE!

A Happy, Fruitful MARRIAGE!

EVERY MAN who would KNOW the GRAND FACTS; the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, should write for our wonderful little book, called "PERFECT MANHOOD."

Many earnest men will mail one copy Entirely Free, in plain sealed cover. "A refuge from the quacks." Address

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Navigation and Railways

CANADA'S FAVORITE TRIP.

THE LIGHTHOUSE SUPPLY

STR. ACADIA

LEAVES—

TORONTO AND HAMILTON

—ON OR ABOUT—

MONDAY, JULY 5th.

New York—Southampton (London)—Paris.

Twin screw U. S. mail steamships.

Sailing at 10 a.m. and Superior, giving tourists ample time to view the places of interest.

25 DAYS FOR \$55

The steamer is newly furnished and lighted throughout with electricity.

For further particulars apply to R. O. & A. B. MACKAY, Hamilton.

L. E. & D. R. R.

Semi-Weekly Excursions

TO PORT STANLEY

Commencing Saturday, May 16th, Thereafter Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week during the season.

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP 30 CENTS

Trains leave London 10:05 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., returning leave Port Stanley 4:45 and 10 p.m.

STEAMERS PERSIA & OCEAN

TORONTO to MONTREAL \$6

RETURN, - \$10

(Including meals and berths. These special low rates are in effect only from May 1 to June 30, and after Sept. 1. Steamers leave Toronto Tuesdays and Saturdays, 3 p.m. For tickets and to secure berths apply

FRANK B. CLARKE, Sole agent, 416 Richmond street, next "Advertiser" Office.

AMERICAN LINE.

New York—Southampton (London)—Paris.

Twin screw U. S. mail steamships.

Sailing at 10 a.m. and Superior, giving tourists ample time to view the places of interest.

25 DAYS FOR \$55

The steamer is newly furnished and lighted throughout with electricity.

For further particulars apply to R. O. & A. B. MACKAY, Hamilton.

L. E. & D. R. R.

Semi-Weekly Excursions

TO PORT STANLEY

Commencing Saturday, May 16th, Thereafter Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week during the season.

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP 30 CENTS

Trains leave London 10:05 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., returning leave Port Stanley 4:45 and 10 p.m.

STEAMERS PERSIA & OCEAN

TORONTO to MONTREAL \$6

RETURN, - \$10

(Including meals and berths. These special low rates are in effect only from May 1 to June 30, and after Sept. 1. Steamers leave Toronto Tuesdays and Saturdays, 3 p.m. For tickets and to secure berths apply