Shoo, Fly

—To Tilda upon your head,
A naughty word is said,
As with a rap,
Adieu she flies,
You bang the spot
Where she was not.

He laughs, and rubs his canny wings,
He scratches head and legs, and sings;
He slyly grins,
And then thrills
Some relative new
At one to brew.

And just as you have grown serene,
Recovered of your sudden spleen,
With blistering buzz he boldly goes
Half up your nose.
You sneeze
And wheeze,
And spin to cuss,
When, bee! right in your ear
The rascal drives pell-mell;
And now you rage and fear, my friend;
You wish him evil without end;
You want him sent to—Well,
Most truly I
Do hate a fly.

CROSS PURPOSES.

I was wrought up to a desperate deed. In token whereof I had equipped myself in full armor—determined that the sacrifice I meditated should be accomplished in a becoming manner.

It gives one a comfortable sort of feeling, after all, this sense of self-immolation; and as I flitted down the stairs performed the rustling of my stiff white skirts was an agreeable sound. My looking-glass and I were usually on very good terms; but that evening I felt particularly pleased with what I had seen over my left shoulder just before I left the room.

Yes, I would put an end to it, this wretched wandering about ever since I could remember. Mamma should have a home, which she was so well calculated to adorn—and I would have a husband. To be sure, I did not want one, especially the one in prospect; but what matter, when there was so much to be considered, if I did not have a lover?

So I entered the parlor, fully prepared to accept Mr. Clinton's offer.

Mamma was very pretty and very gentle. She had been left a widow many years ago and my ideas of a father were rather vague and confused. We had a small property that enabled us to live respectably in places where living was comparatively inexpensive, but we frequently changed our residence, and while I was absent on a visit to a schoolmate, mamma wrote to me that she had taken the pretty cottage to which I was getting really attached. I came home to find a little earthly paradise in the midst of a beautiful country, where boating, fishing, driving and every practicable rural amusement drew every summer a crowd of pleasure-seekers, who gave quite a fashionable tone to the society. I was in my element and enjoyed that summer—every hour and minute of it.

I think a certain Frank Giddon, who is inseparably connected with moonlight rows on the lake, and bits of poetry and pressed flowers, had much to do with this. His sisters were "such nice girls," and they and their mother had called upon us at once and shown us every attention.

But mamma and I were quite the belles of the neighborhood—in a different way, of course, for every one said that mamma was so dignified and so much of a lady, and so handsome and young-looking to have a grown-up daughter; but she was not at all gay, and people saw at once that they must keep their distance with her. I was rather a harum-scarum concern, always ready for a frolic, and that was why I wondered that Mr. Clinton, with his learning and grand, haughty air, should have fancied me, except that people usually like their opposites.

Mr. Clinton's handsome house—just the kind I always hankered after—brown stone, with a grand entrance, and beautiful bay windows, to which delicate vines clung in graceful sprays, and which looked out on exquisitely kept gravel walks and thickets of rare shrubbery, velvet lawn and glowing masses of bloom, with a carriage house in the distance pretty enough for a small picturesque family to live in; and such horses! the very sight of those superb bays was enough to drive one wild with envy—this beautiful home had been without a mistress for years.

But people were very kind, and there was scarcely an unappropriated female for miles around who had not pitied Mr. Clinton's loneliness so much that she had done everything but make him a regular offer. It was the fashion to go and see him just as if he had been a lady—a fashion, however, mamma and I did not follow, because we were ladies.

People often have a perverse fashion of going where they are not sought; and when I returned from my visit I found Mr. Clinton established as a regular visitor at the cottage, on such a pleasant, friendly footing that it was impossible to treat him like a stranger.

When mamma said, "This is my daughter, Mr. Clinton, of whom you have so often heard me speak," the gentleman looked as if mamma, in my absence, had turned matchmaker, and landed me up until Mr. Clinton looked for an absolute piece of perfection.

I determined to undeceive him as soon as possible, and with this view rattled on in my wildest manner, hazarded two or three startling remarks, and conducted myself generally in a way that richly deserved a severe maternal reprimand. But dear mamma was not given to anything of the kind, and I heard her say on a subsequent occasion to Mr. Clinton:

"Dear Laura is a little wild, but she is really a most good and lovable child."

"I think I understand Miss Laura thoroughly," said a deep toned voice in reply. "She is a little spoiled with admiration and flattery, as is quite natural, but very charming, nevertheless. It would be a pleasant task to train such a mind as hers."

"Indeed!" I could not help exclaiming. Things were progressing rapidly, and the two conspirators seemed to have matters all arranged. It was not agreeable, this being disposed of solus volens. I did not choose to be "trained," and strong repugnance to my willful head rose up in rebellion.

Perhaps this was why I lent a willing ear to Frank Giddon's ridiculous speeches and played the part of passenger in his pretty little yacht, while mamma and Mr. Clinton talked demurely on shore. He certainly behaved very well (Mr. Clinton, I mean) and displayed no feeling of pique at being pushed aside for a young admirer. He came and talked to me whenever Frank Giddon was out of the way, sensibly and composedly, as if he felt that he was ever so much older than I; recommended me books to read; criticised my drawing and piano playing, and even presumed to lecture me for exposing my unprotected shoulders to the night air.

I supposed this was part of the "training," and I felt indescribably amused. When matters reached the proper pitch, Mr. Clinton would probably say, in that faultlessly gentlemanly way of his, "You have been a very good girl, Laura, very proper and obedient, and I shall now reward you by making you my wife, when I can continue your education indefinitely."

There was something very winning though, in Mr. Clinton's deferential attentions to mamma. I could not but think he displayed considerable strategy in this. "Got on the mother's side" is an old adage; but I often laughed to myself as I thought that the two plotters little knew what I knew.

Frank Giddon was becoming troublesome, for I could scarcely make up my mind whether I loved him or not, and I rather dreaded being alone with him. His sisters, too, became desperately affectionate, and I was afraid that matters were really getting to be serious.

At this interesting juncture, mamma received an unwelcome letter communicating the loss of our title all; and it became evident that decided measures must speedily be taken. Our home would again be broken up; "The Vines," the scene of many pleasant hours, pass into other hands; and I sat and pondered over ways and means until a gigantic scheme of self-sacrifice presented itself.

"For myself," said dear mamma, with her usual unselfishness, "I do not care; but I feel sorry, dear child, that at some future day you will have to go penniless to the man you love."

I knew she was thinking of Mr. Clinton; and I resolved more determinedly than at first, to sacrifice myself. I became more attentive and less flighty in my manner toward Mr. Clinton, and he was evidently gratified at the change.

Mr. Clinton was not a bit lover-like. He lectured and advised me rather more than ever, and evidently regarded me from such an immense height that I wondered how in the world I should ever get in with him, and what he expected me to call him. I would almost fancy him saying, "Madame, my first wife was a Percy, and she would not have dared to take such liberty!"

I sighed considerably over Frank Giddon, for I had discovered that, if I did "feel it to be my duty" to marry Mr. Clinton, I should certainly love him. But dear mamma liked all beautiful and luxurious things, and I could place her in just such a home as she was fitted for. Frank had never told me that he loved me, except with his eyes; and he was only a young lawyer, who could not give mamma the luxury I coveted for her.

So, I adjusted my dress on that eventful evening with the calmness that resolution invariably gives; for Mr. Clinton had whispered to me in the afternoon that he had something to say to me alone—would I see him? I had given him my promise; and although I knew that Frank Giddon sat alone and dismal in his barque—the Fairy Queen—my mind was made up and descended to my fate.

I encountered mamma on the stairs, who hesitated when she saw me; perhaps she trembled for my happiness, for she must have read a stern resolve in my eye, and whispered timidly as she pressed my hand:

"Try not to hurt Mr. Clinton's feelings, darling, even if you are surprised at his communication. Do not let him see anything that will annoy him, for he is very sensitive; and remember, Laura, that I have endeavored to consult your true interests."

"I know you have, dear mamma," I replied, with a kiss; "but never fear that you will have any trouble from me—my only desire is to see you happy."

Mamma's face was fairly illuminated as she passed me, and with the consciousness that I had a great deal in my power, I entered the parlor where Mr. Clinton was waiting for me.

Of course I did not expect him to go down on his knees, as that would not have been at all in character, but I was not quite prepared for the benignant, fatherly style of address with which Mr. Clinton greeted me.

"My dear child," said he, taking my hand with a very composed sort of affection, "I suppose that your mother has prepared you—"

"Mamma has told me nothing!" I exclaimed, pettishly, for I felt provoked that he should want to get rid of the trouble by making me an offer. "I am here simply in answer to your request of this afternoon."

Not a bit of help should he get from me, and I quite enjoyed his surprise.

"At least," he continued, after a somewhat awkward pause, "you imagine the purport of my communication; for utter ignorance on the subject must be feigned."

My cheeks were blazing—never had I encountered so ridiculous, so humiliating an adventure. He evidently expected me to answer his question before he asked it, but I would stand this no longer, and rising hastily, I exclaimed:

"I do not understand enigmas, Mr. Clinton, and you will excuse me if I leave you until you have something definite to say."

"Something definite to say!" he repeated, with a smile. "What I have to say is 'definite' enough; but I feel a natural embarrassment at asking a beautiful, well-grown girl of nineteen to receive me as her father. But as your mother has consented to take me as her husband, I hope you will not be obdurate. Shall we seal the compact, Laura?"

And before I could realize this sudden change of base Mr. Clinton had me folded in his arms, and he bestowed a fatherly kiss upon me!

Dear, cowardly mamma! She could not face her grown up daughter with this confession, and had wisely left Mr. Clinton to break it.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" I exclaimed in a rapture; "I will love you dearly, and I am very, very glad for mamma—she needs some one to take care of her."

"I think," replied my papa elect, "that a young gentleman who shall be nameless has the same opinion respecting you."

I ran to my room and threw myself on my bed literally shaking with laughter. Was ever anything so ridiculous perpetrated before? I had worked myself up to sacrifice pitch, and, lo and behold! I was "not the person wanted!" I must confess to feeling a little humiliated—but, one comfort, no one knew it; and I resolved to keep my own counsel to the best of my ability.

"I am so glad," said mamma, brightly, when we talked matters over, "that you received it as you did, Laura. Mr. Clinton was very much pleased, and I had almost feared that you did not like him. He was amused, though, at your perfect unconsciousness," she continued, laughing; "and I really wonder that you did not suspect when you saw him here so often."

How could I confess that in my vanity I had appropriated these visits to myself? I bent lower over my work to hide a smile at my own blindness, and mamma went on:

"Your governess scheme, of which you have sometimes talked since our misfortunes, will have to be given up, Laura, for I am quite sure that Mr. Clinton would never allow it. He has been very generous, very noble, but I could not bear to speak to you of him—grown-up daughters do not always look favorably upon a mother's forming new ties—"

I stopped her mouth with a kiss and I felt so happy to think that I had not got to marry Mr. Clinton myself that I almost danced upon air.

The next evening Frank Giddon cornered me somewhere among the vines and told me a hackneyed old story, but which has the peculiarity of appearing new every time it is told, and I was silly enough to be very much interested in it. As Mr. Clinton did not want to marry me—having the good taste to prefer my more attractive mamma—I was obliged to take up with Frank.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

Big Bear Will See About Signing the Treaty When He Sees the Money.

OTTAWA, Ontario.—A correspondent, writing to the *Citizen* from Fort Walsh, reports that all the chiefs excepting "Big Bear" have signed the treaty. He says Big Bear, the Mountain Cree chief, who has been more or less of a nuisance for sometime past, had more than one interview with Mr. Dewdney. Of course he wanted more than any other chief had got. He argued and talked a good deal, and finally said he would see about signing the treaty when he saw the money. All the Crees who were with him gave their adherence to the treaty, and left Big Bear out in the cold. There is but little doubt that Big Bear is a bad Indian, and had he only sufficient following might prove troublesome. He is a wretched specimen of an Indian—small and cadaverous-looking, and has the reputation of being a first class liar. A Cree Indian brought the news in a few days ago that Big Bear had gone to Sitting Bull's camp and asked the Sioux to help him to fight the British soldiers. Sitting Bull, with a large camp, was south of the line at the time. He gave no reply to the Cree chief, but some of the young men—one in particular, a son of Crazy Horse—said they also wanted to fight, and in ten days would move camp and go to Fort Walsh. It is said that the Department contemplates increasing the Mounted Police force.

Death of Julia Holman.

The London *Free Press* says—"We regret to record that Miss Julia Holman, second daughter of Mr. George Holman, expired last evening at her father's residence, after a painful and lingering illness of nine weeks' duration. The announcement, we feel sure, will be received with general regret, not only in this city, where the young lady was so well known and the family so much respected, but everywhere that the Holmans have appeared professionally. In public Miss Julia was an ever-welcome favorite on account of her general excellence and great vivacity as an *artiste*, in private she reckoned many sincere friends. During her illness a kindly interest was felt throughout the city and many hopes indulged that she would recover. But the physicians in attendance gave no encouragement and the unfortunate young lady gradually sank, becoming insensible about noon yesterday and remaining in that state until her death at half-past eight o'clock. The family have the sympathy of all in their bereavement." The kind-hearted Mrs. Wavell, of this city (known to the theatrical world as Lillie Lonsdale), has been in London since Friday and was at the death-bed of her young friend.

Provincial Appointments.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:—

Dr. Charles A. Jones, of Mount Forest, to be an Associate Coroner for the County of Wellington.

D. B. Dingwall, of Listowel; William Boston Towers, of St. Catharines; Charles S. McMain, of Brougham; and Charles A. Everitt, of the village of Prince Arthur's Landing, to be Notaries Public in and for the Province of Ontario.

John Donald McDonald, of Renfrew, to be a Commissioner, *per dedimus potestatem*, in and for the County of Renfrew.

John P. Featherstone, of Ottawa, to be Clerk of the County Court of Carleton, and Deputy Clerk of the Crown, in the room and stead of James Fraser, deceased.

REMARKABLE CASE OF POISONING.—Several days ago Mr. Obadiah Cannom, of London, had occasion to remove a few roots of Poison Ivy from the farm of Mr. Complin, on the Hamilton Road, which he thoughtlessly did with his naked hands. Not long afterwards he was seized with an almost unbearable itching over the entire body, followed by swelling and inflammation. By the third or fourth morning his head was swelled so that he was unable to open his eyes, and the extremities were correspondingly large. To make the affection still more disagreeable the skin became dry and pealed off in large scales, imparting a peculiar appearance to the entire surface, and especially to the face and hands. Under medical care, however, Mr. Cannom is rapidly recovering.

My Mariner.

Oh, he goes away, singing,
Singing over the sea!
Oh, he comes again, bringing
Joy and blessing to me!
Down through the rosemary hollow
And up the wet beach I ran,
My heart in a flutter to follow
The flight of my sailor-man.

Fie on a husband sitting
Still in the house at home!
Give me a mariner, flitting
And flashing over the foam!
Give me a voice resounding
The songs of the breezy main!
Give me a free heart bounding
Evermore hither again!

Coming is better than going;
But never was queen so grand
As I, while I watch him blowing
Away from the hazy land.
I have wedded an ocean-rover,
And with him I own the sea;
Yet over the waves come over,
And anchor, my lad, by me.

Hark to his billowy laughter,
Blithe on the homeward tide!
Hark to it, heart! up and after;
Off to the harbor-side;
Down through the rosemary hollow
And over the sand-hills, light
And swift as a sea-bird, follow;
And ho! for a sail in sight!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Notes on Orchard and Garden Work.

Harvesting the maturing crops and weed-killing are the chief occupations of the month. The killing of weeds is of as much importance now as earlier in the season and is mentioned with special emphasis, for the reason that it is so often neglected. The orchard, nursery rows and garden are often well tilled during the spring and early summer, but when August comes the weeds too often have it all their own way. This is partly due to the pressure of other work, but frequently to negligence. Too often, as soon as the crop is well on its way, the hoe and rake are hung up and the weeds take possession of the ground and ripen their seeds in abundance for the next season's trouble. Clean culture is not possible unless the weeds are persistently killed throughout the whole season.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

Early apples, pears, etc., will be ready for market, and we wish that every one who sends fruit to distant markets could visit the places to which his produce goes. He would there learn by observation many things which he cannot otherwise find out. It would not take the watchful producer long to see the importance of carefully sorting his fruit—he would learn that it is to his profit to have in no case packages of least three grades, namely, "Extra," "No. 1," and a third sort, unfit to send to market, and only to be used for feeding out at home. In seasons of scarcity a third grade may be marketed near home, but usually it does not pay.

Over ripe Fruit.—The visitor at the markets will learn the importance of picking his fruit before it begins to soften. This is especially to be guarded against with early sorts, both the character of the fruit and the weather prevent "dead ripe" fruit from keeping any length of time.

Packages.—While barrels are the most convenient packages for late apples, choice early apples sell better in half bushel, crates and baskets. The preferences of the market should be consulted in this respect. Much depends upon the size and shape of the package as regards the care fruit will meet in handling during transporiation. Use care in picking the fruit and putting it in the package to avoid bruising; the little extra time expended here will pay a large interest. Whatever the package used, be it half barrel or crate, it should be so filled that considerable pressure is required to bring the cover into place. This is necessary to hold the fruit firmly, thus avoiding the bruising which would otherwise follow from shaking.

Early pears require still greater care, as they ripen and decay so rapidly. They should be picked before they are at all mellow. Early pears, like the late sorts, are better if ripened in the house.

Pack Honestly.—The success of a fruit grower depends upon solid reputation for honesty. Let every package be as represented, and like every other of its grade. This will insure the confidence of the commission merchants, the esteem of the consumers, a ready sale of the fruit, and an inward satisfaction.

Careful Pickers.—Let no one pick fruit who has no thought for the life of the tree, and the seasons that are to follow. We have seen orchards that looked, after the picking, as if a hail storm had visited it, the limbs were so torn and broken.

Insects—Feed all the wind falls containing the Codling Moth "worms" to the hogs, or let these have an occasional run in the orchard. The hands to catch the worms should be looked to every week, and the worms killed. Borers should be probed and killed with a wire. Some bark lice and other plant lice can be killed by a wash of strong soft soap.

Budding should be done as soon as the bark of the stock will raise easily, and the buds are woody and well matured. A keen, flat knife and the best or inner bark of the basswood are all that are necessary for the work. In the application of the ties see that the bud fits closely to the stock. An expert will put in 3,000 buds in a day.

Bearing of fruit trees, especially evergreens, require shading. If no other shade has been prepared, stick small leafy branches among them.

Young Trees.—A mulch will be of great value to newly set trees in this, the most trying month.

Fences around the nursery and orchard should be kept in good order; stray cattle may cause much destruction when they once get among the young trees, or even older ones when loaded with fruit.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.

Blackberries.—For home use the fruit should be fully ripe before picking, but for market pick earlier while firm. After fruiting clear out all old canes, and leave four of the strongest new ones for the next year, and keep these at six feet in height by pinching off the tips.

Raspberries.—Cut out the old canes, and pinch the new growth when it is about four feet high.

Grapes.—If mildew makes its appearance give the vines a thorough dusting of sulphur. Cut out any bunches affected with the "black rot." Hand-pick beetles and caterpillars.

Strawberries.—Plants struck in pots and set this month will bear the next season. Old beds should be well manured and kept clear of weeds.

KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDEN.

It is now that the well planted and kept kitchen garden makes its value felt in abundant supplies of vegetables for the table. Though most vegetables are beyond serious injury from weeds, the various weeding implements should be kept at work in the garden. A weed going to seed now, means many hundred-fold of its kind for next year. If there is nothing on a strip where an early crop has been removed, let the cultivator run over it every few days, but it is better to sow such places, and keep all the ground in cultivation. Spinach may be sown, and turnips sown now will make a good crop.

Asparagus.—But little can be done now except to keep the bed free from weeds pulled out.

Beans should not be hoed when the vines are wet, as it is said to make them rust. Plant Refugee for late crop, especially for pickling. Pinch the stems of Limas off when they reach the top of the pole.

Beets.—Keep hoeing and thinning, using the young plants for greens.

Cabbages and Cauliflowers.—Set now for late use. Destroy the "worms" by catching the butterfly; hand picking, by brine sprinkled over the plants, or by the use of water heated to 180°.

Carrots must have clean culture. When too large to hoe, pull out large weeds that show themselves.

Celery.—If not set, should be put out at once; it will yet make a crop in well manured moist soil.

Corn.—The late crop should be cultivated and clear of weeds, and the soil kept open and mellow.

Cucumbers.—Cultivate the soil as long as the vines will allow it, and hand-pull the weeds afterwards. Gather for pickles when of the desired size. Some like them of the size of the forefinger, and others prefer them even smaller, but the yield will of course be less if picked of that size.

Egg Plants.—Keep well cultivated, and place straw beneath the fruit to keep it from the ground.

Endive.—Set plants for late crop. Tie up the leaves when ready to blanch.

Herbs should be cut while in early flower, made into bunches and dried slowly in the shade.

Melons.—Those which set too late to ripen should be picked off. If the ground is mulched with straw just as the vines are beginning to run it will save hoeing and keep the fruit from the ground. If the fruit is occasionally turned it will ripen better. Musk melons are ripe when the stem separates from the fruit. A ripe water melon is known by the peculiar and characteristic sound when thumped; easier remembered than described.

Onions.—Harvest as soon as ripe, and when well dried store in an airy place. Onion "sets" should be kept where they will not heat and decay.

Potatoes.—Dig the early crop as soon as the vines wither and die down. Burn the vines, as they may contain the potato rot fungus. Market at once.

Seeds.—As a general thing it is cheaper and more convenient to get seeds of the regular seedsman than to save them. But if any are saved, let them always be of the earliest, fairest and best specimens.

Squashes.—Watch the vines for injurious insects. Pull out the weeds when you cannot hoe any longer.

Sweet Potatoes.—Do not let the vines root at the joints, as numerous small potatoes will form there at the expense of large ones.

Tomatoes.—Destroy the large green worms by hand-picking. Provide a cheap frame of stakes and poles, or place straw under the vines, to keep the fruit up from the ground. Trim off the late branches and flower clusters, and thus throw all the nourishment into the fruit that is sure to ripen.

FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN.

If the weather is dry, watering in the flower garden will be a necessity. This can be done with most effect and comfort towards sundown. The weeds will always grow, and must be kept out with hoe and rake. Once is the watchword of the month. The beds should be kept in order by picking and trimming, especially if they are of the so called foliage plants, and represent formal designs.

Bulbs of spring flowers should now be taken up.

Dahlias are to be secured to stout stakes firmly set in the ground. Cut off the old flowers as fast as they have faded away. Pick off grasshoppers.

Gladiolusses will need stakes to the flower stalks.

Lawns and Edgings should be kept closely cut. Lawn mowers are so perfect now, that there is no excuse for not having a well kept lawn. Large weeds can be taken out with an old chisel fixed to a handle. Keep the drives clean by frequent raking, and occasionally use the hoe along the edges.

GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW PLANTS.

This should be the time for getting the greenhouse in good order for the incoming plants. Look well to the heating apparatus, that no trouble may arise here when the cold snaps of autumn come. Wash the woodwork, and do the necessary painting. Get in a supply of pots, potting material, labels, and all other needful articles, before the busy time of autumn comes. It should be a general cleaning up time. Fumigate if it is necessary.

A NOVA SCOTIA TRAGEDY.

A Laboring Man Murders his Wife with a Hatchet—Then Commits Suicide by Drowning.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—Some particulars of the tragedy at Margaretville, Annapolis County, yesterday morning, have been received here. David Gates, a laborer, forty-five years of age, brutally murdered his wife by striking her on the head with a hatchet, and then completed the tragedy by rushing to the wharf and throwing himself into the water. Gates had always been looked upon as a hard working, industrious man. He had been married twenty-three years, and leaves a family of nine children. For nearly a year he has been considered by many intimate friends as somewhat deranged, but was thought to be harmless. Early yesterday morning the children were aroused from their sleep by the screams of their mother, and, on going downstairs, they found her lying on the floor covered with blood, and their father beating her over the head with a hatchet. The children in some cases had narrowly escaped, as the father attempted to chase them.

An inquest was held on Mrs. Gates' body to-day, which disclosed the fact that four contused wounds had been made, each of which produced a fracture of the skull. While the inquest was being held word was sent to the coroner that the body of the murderer, David Gates, had been found at the dock. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to her death by blows on the head, inflicted by her husband, David Gates, while laboring under insanity.

An inquest was then held on the body of Gates, when it was shown that after committing the deed he had made his escape from the house by going upstairs and getting out of a window by means of a ladder which he had placed there the evening before. When found he had a piece of fishing line wound six times around his neck and tied as tightly as possible, and a contused wound on the side of his head, probably produced by striking the beach when jumping from the end of the wharf, which is about forty feet high.

COUNCIL OF THE GRAND MASONIC CHAPTER.

The Annual Assembly at Guelph Yesterday.

GUELPH, Ontario.—The Grand Chapter have refused to amend the constitution so as to allow an ordinary member to fill the chair of First Principal without having filled the chair of a Blue Lodge. The Grand Chapter decided to hold the annual convention on the Friday after Grand Lodge and at the same place. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:—Daniel Spry, Toronto, Grand First Principal E; Donald Ross, Picton, Grand Second Principal H; Judge McPherson, Owen Sound, Grand Third Principal J; D. McLellan, Hamilton, Grand Scribe E; John Fisher, Bellington, Grand Scribe N; W. Bryden, Toronto, Grand Principal Sojourner; Edward Mitchell, Hamilton, Grand Treasurer; J. McLaren, Mount Forest, Grand Registrar; W. W. Summers, Hamilton, Grand J.

The following is a complete list of the Grand Superintendents for the various districts: London District, Dr. St. George Caldfield, Wilson Disher and C. L. Beard; Wellington District, H. K. Maitland, Guelph; Hamilton District, J. M. Meakins, Hamilton; Huron District, Isaac Toms; Niagara District, George Walker, Mount Moriah Chapter, St. Catharines, Beamsville P. O.; Toronto District, J. B. Nixon, Toronto; Ontario District, C. Doebler, Port Hope; Victoria and District, B. M. Conger, Picton; Central District, Thomas Gordon, Kingston; New Brunswick District, Jas. McIntosh, jun.; Manitoba District, W. Kennedy.

The Grand Committees are Companions Thomas Sargeant, Toronto; Henry Robertson, Collingwood; W. Carey and J. J. Mason, Hamilton, and W Forbes, Grimsby. The elections of Companion Spry as Grand First Principal was unanimous, and gives the greatest satisfaction to the members of the Grand Chapter. Appointed by Grand Z.:—James Wilson, Toronto; Robert Lewis, London; W. Gibson, Hamilton; T. C. Macnab, Chatham; J. G. Burns, Toronto.

The Formation of Coal.

M. Fremy has recently tried to elucidate this subject. In a series of careful researches he has sought to know exactly the elements which form the tissues of plants, then the chemical characters by which wood, peat, lignites, coal and anthracite can be distinguished from each other. Next he attempted, and with success, to imitate the natural coaly transformation, employing the agencies of heat and pressure. Various interesting facts are brought to light in these researches, which have been described to the Paris Academy. M. Fremy's conclusions are, briefly, as follows: 1. Coal is not an organized substance. 2. The plant impression is presente (so well studied by Brongniart and his successors) have been produced in it as in schists or any other mineral substance; the coal was a bituminous and plastic matter, on which the exterior parts of vegetables readily left their form. 3. When a piece of coal shows such prints, the subjacent parts may not be the result of alteration of tissues which were covered by the external membranes the form of which has been preserved. 4. The principal substances found in plant cells, acted on by heat and pressure, give products which have a great likeness to coal. 5. It is the same with simic acids which exist in peat and those prepared artificially. 6. The coloring, resinous, and fatty matters which can be extracted from leaves are changed by action of heat and pressure into bodies similar to bitumens. 7. It may be inferred from the experiments that the plants which have become coal have first undergone a peaty fermentation, which has destroyed all vegetable organization, and that it is by a secondary action—viz. by heat and pressure—the coal has been formed at the expense of the peat.

A boy named James Orr and Miss Anna Flishing, passengers on the steamer Steinhoff, which burned at the dock, Detroit, on Wednesday morning, are missing ever since. It is now believed that they perished in the flames.

The Count de Sampigny shot his wife, at Brussels, because she had deserted him and gone to live with her coachman. She begged, before dying, that her husband might not be punished.

Mr. B. Suite, of the Library Department, is busy writing a paper on steam navigation, in which he will endeavor to show that to Canada belongs the honor of having first navigated the Atlantic by steam.

An ounce of peach kernels contains a grain of prussic acid, which is a fatal quantity. Ammonia is the best antidote.

Mayor Dawson, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., has been re-elected by a majority of 79 over ex-Mayor Deshiens.

Condensed Telegraphic News

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—During a thunder storm which passed over certain portions of Cape Breton on the night of the 7th inst., a young man named McDonald, while driving along the road near Glencoe, Inverness county, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. When found the poor fellow was sitting in his cart, the reins in one hand and the whip in the other. The horse was also dead.

During the same day a young woman while hay making at her home in Middle River, Cape Breton, was also struck by lightning and instantly killed.

On the same evening a boy about two years old, son of D. McVarish, of Sydney, was struck by lightning and rendered insensible for sometime. He was remained unclose for a number of hours. He is now all right.

At Hurney three men were drowned by the upsetting of a fishing boat during the squall. They were John Beers, his adopted son, and a young man named Slavin. They were seen by men in another boat before the squall struck, but were not seen after. Beers was a man about sixty years, and was highly respected. He leaves a wife and family. The other men were unmarried.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dargie were driving into Annapolis from their residence at Dalhousie when the horse started and Mrs. Dargie was thrown from the carriage into a pile of rocks, when her shoulder was broken and other severe injuries received. It is doubtful if she will recover.

The wife of Rev. Andrew Markel, rector of Chester, was so badly burned yesterday that her life is despaired of. She was riding in a carriage with her husband who was smoking a cigar, a spark from which ignited Mrs. Markel's clothing, and before it could be extinguished her body was badly burned.

London, Ontario.—The whiskey informer Donaldson and his wife are making it warm for the liquor dealers. The pair have been three or four months here, operating under the direction of the local License Inspector. Some persons they have caught three or four times in that period on various pretenses of selling liquor contrary to law. No summonses were issued till the whole ground was worked over and over again. Donaldson testified that he had been a paid informer in Montreal, but had been whiskey informer in Toronto and Hamilton. He says he got a fee of $5 for each case from the Inspector, whether proven or not.

Montreal, Quebec.—At Hemmingford yesterday, while the train was just coming out with a load of lumber, three men employed by Johnson's lumber yard, who seated on several logs, drove along the road towards the track. The engine whistled, and the bell rang all the time, but the men listlessly drove on, and when on the track looked up in surprise to see the engine but a few yards from them. Becoming excited and not knowing what to do, they stopped the horses, and the next moment the engine struck the waggon, shattering it and throwing the men a fearful distance into the air. One of them was on one side of the track and the other two upon the opposite side. All of them have sustained very severe injuries, though none of them have received totally as yet. They were all French Canadians.

From a full examination of South African advices, the *Times* draws the conclusion that King Cetewayo risked all on the battle of Ulundi and that the end of the war has been reached.

Experiments with the Krupp cannon at Essen have had a most important result, which, if maintained, may show that the whole English ordnance system requires reform. Krupp cannon have proved to be equal in penetration to Woolwich guns of twice their weight. In one case, at 2,700 yards, the horizontal deviation of shot was only two feet and ten inches and vertical deviation 9½ inches.

Grinsell, the engineer who went to France before the issue of a warrant of the Speaker of the House of Commons for his arrest for offering to control by bribery a decision in the Private Bills Committee relative to a bridge, has surrendered to the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House.

MADRID, Spain.—It is expected that the Cortes will reassemble at the end of October, when the marriage of King Alfonso with the Archduchess Marie of Austria will be discussed, and after an adjournment for the wedding, the Chambers will discuss the reforms in Cuba.

PARIS, France.—The Correctional Tribunal of the Seine has acquitted the *Republique Française* and the *Gaulois* of the charge of libelling Don Carlos.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The *Star* contains an account of an alleged interview between Tilden and Representative Springer, in which Tilden said the success of Democracy was very important next year. "If Democracy can ride into power on the wave of prosperity—which, I think, is certainly coming—it will remain in power indefinitely. Should the Republicans retain power, they are liable to hold on for a generation to come. Whichever party wins will get the credit of a better condition of affairs, which surely is coming."

BOSTON, Mass.—Wendell Phillips has just written a letter on the finances of the country. He arraigns the entire conduct of the Republican leaders for the past ten years. He thinks his prophecy in regard to Hayes' Southern policy has been fulfilled, and that the party is now in its decadence. He says the country is bankrupt, and if called upon to pay the National, State and other debt, the property of the country, at prices to which Republican folly has reduced it, would not sell for enough to pay them. He says the nation only keeps its credit by selling to foreign nations at cost, and sends its products abroad because its people are too poor to buy them at home. This means a loss of prosperity.

PORTSMOUTH, New Hampshire.—In some towns hereabouts an apparently new disease has, it is said, appeared among cattle, which as yet baffles all attempts to allay it.

KINGSTON, Ontario.—A man named Brooks committed suicide last night in the police station by hanging himself with his suspenders.

TORONTO, Ontario.—This morning the driver of a coal cart belonging to Mr. Bailey had a narrow escape of being run over by a Great Western Railway train on the Esplanade. He had driven over the track in front of the 7.10 passenger train which was moving forwards, when his horse commenced backing up. He was unable to check the animal until the cart was backed against the locomotive. The engineer whistled for the brakes and shut off the steam, and the train was thus brought to a stand still. The coal was thrown over the roadway and the driver precipitated to the ground, but he received only minor injuries.

An inquest is to be held this evening at Deer Park on the body of Sarah Lavell, aged nineteen, who died very suddenly on Tuesday afternoon. Dr. Armstrong, who was called to see the girl on Tuesday afternoon, thought the circumstances connected with her death somewhat suspicious, and advised a *post mortem* examination. This was held yesterday, and the result will be made known at the inquest.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—Yesterday morning about one o'clock David Gates, of Morgareville, Annapolis Co., murdered his wife and immediately after committed suicide by drowning himself off a wharf. Temporary insanity was the cause.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A woman on board the steamer Bristol, which left here for Fall River last night, drank a bottle of champagne, gave a diamond necklace, watch and note directed to a Philadelphia gentleman to the purser of the boat, and then jumped overboard and was drowned. Her name was Roche. The note was addressed "Jos. Langfeldt, 507 Arch street, Philadelphia," stating she could not live longer without him and she hoped he would not feel unkindly towards her. Deceased was apparently twenty-five or thirty years old.

TITUSVILLE, Pennsylvania.—The fire which occurred on Thursday morning at Parker's Landing from lightning proves more destructive than was at first supposed. The efforts to extinguish the burning oil thus far have been ineffectual. Five tanks, containing 85,000 barrels, have been burned. Another tank caught at eleven this morning and burst with terrific force, the concussion shattering every pane of glass on River avenue and knocking several people senseless. The burning oil rushed into the river, which became a sheet of flame. The greatest consternation prevailed, every one fleeing to the hills for safety. The wind suddenly changing the town was saved, and the flames are now confined to the tanks.

The death of Mrs. Sartoris, daughter of ex President Grant, occurred on the 6th inst. at Waresah House, Lychfield, Hampshire. Her death was sudden.

It is stated that Albert Fell and Clare Sewall Read, both members of Parliament, who are going to America in connection with the Commission appointed to enquire into causes of the agricultural depression in England, will start immediately, in order to take cognizance of the present harvest.

NAPLES, Italy.—Two streams of lava flowed from Mount Vesuvius on Friday as far as the base of the cone, but there was no eruption on Saturday.

GIBRALTAR.—Six twenty-ton Armstrong guns to be landed here are being towed in lighters to Tangier for the new batteries. This matter has recently been bitterly commented upon by the Spanish newspapers.

St. Petersburg, Russia.—The Golos announces that last night the police seized several carts conveying boxes, gunpowder, grenades and other explosives to a small chandler's shop here. A large piece of explosives was also found in the shop, and its proprietor was arrested. It is not yet ascertained where the powder was obtained, or how it was to be employed.

PARIS, France.—A van in which eight persons were riding overturned to-day at Nogent-sur-Marne, and all the occupants were killed.

Perron, a lieutenant of Hussars, and Riviere, editor of *Progrès de Lyon*, yesterday fought a duel with swords at Lyons. The latter was wounded in the lungs.

A PRETTY SCANDAL.

An Ex-Governor Threatens to Shoot a Senator—A Beautiful Wife the Cause of the Trouble.

NEW YORK City.—A Narragansett Pier special reports that the trouble at ex Governor Sprague's residence was not between Sprague and his German teacher, but between Sprague and Senator Conkling, who was visiting at Sprague's. Sprague, on Friday, drove to the rear of the house, having his gun with him, and in an excited condition went to the piazza, where Conkling was conversing with Mrs. Sprague, who was at the window. Sprague said then—"Conkling, are you armed, sir?" Conkling replied, "No, I am not." "Then," said Sprague, "I give you five minutes to get off these premises. If you are not away by that time I will fire at you." Sprague is said then to have made use of some further exasperating language. Conkling, seeming much surprised, rose and walked a few steps away, while Mrs. Sprague came out of the house and stood between them. Conkling finally entered a carriage and went down to the pier. Sprague followed him and another exchange of words took place. There was an excited and threatening colloquy between the two at the most public spot in the whole place, and thus it came to pass that the most exaggerated rumors were set in motion.

NARRAGANSET PIER, Rhode Island.—The reported hostile meeting between ex Governor Sprague and Senator Conkling is the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and there are several stories as to the cause of the recontre. It is stated that the ex-Governor had been absent from home for a few days, and on his return found Conkling a guest at his house, he having been there for several days without the Governor's knowledge or consent, that angry words followed, and the Senator was ordered to leave the house, but he refused to go, and Sprague then rushed upstairs for a revolver, and when he returned Conkling had departed. It appears that