## A LASTING MEMORY.

The night of my return I went to the Haymarket theatre. After my long wanderings
my arrival had disappointed me. It was a dull
November Saturday. I london was not full,
and I found scarcely any of the greetings I
had longed for and expected. My few relatives were absent; in the clubs I belonged to
I only found strangers. Time hung heavy on
my hands after the strange scenes of the past
five years. So I went to the Haymarket.

The little theatre had always been my

The little theatre had always been my fancy. I remembered it from very early youth —Farren, Webster, Buckstone, Howe, Hall, Mrs. Nisbet, Mrs. Glover, Julia Bennett, and Miss P. Horton. I lave never been a great theatre-goer or devotee of the drama, and my knowledge of theatrical history is pretty well confined to the Haymarket.

There was rathe r a long entracte, and my mind by instinct but mistily went over different occasions of play-going. Here I had been with A, and B, and C, in days when the been with A, and B, and C, in days when the end of the play was the beginning of the evening. Nearly opposite once existed a kind of hell upon earth called Bob Croft's, whither young men went merely because it was dis-

reputable.

Once or twice in early youth I had been taken there, and I had not fancied it, for rough amusements had neverfleen to my liking.

At Mr. Croft's an ordinary evening generally ended in a fight, and a not very extraordinary ended in a fight, and a not very extraordinary ended in a fight, and a not very extraordinary one in a police invasion. Here I had been kept from harm's way by Jock Campbell—since dead. Once—the remembrance followed quick—I had come to the theatre in a box with Jock Campbell and others. Among them was Ly dia Mainwaring. The play was the same as that now being acted—the "School for Keandal." I glanced at the box was had commissed. It was empty. The curtain we had occupied. It was empty. The curtain

Another ent. acte. The box was still empty. I sigh ed. My longed for return had been such a disappointment. I had almost expected to see some friend in the box. in a hox near it two hands in black ves are holding an opera-glass directed tobut with hard why sinews expressing power and strength. The next time I looked up, the hands and the glass are there no longer, and their owner has retired to the back of the

The play was over, and a well-known farce was about to commence. The stalls were half-emptied, when a well-known face came and greeted me. It was Sir Esme Egerton, once a school-fellow, then a clergya vocation he had renounced on succeeding to a baroneticy and a property. He

ceeding to a baronetry and a property. He was a kindly, dull man.

"Westerham," he said, "I had no idea you were in London."

"I have only just returned after nearly five years' wandering in the two Americas."

"I knew you were travelling somewhere, but no one ever heard from you." "I have so few people to write to," I answered, "and no one wrote to me. I have often been beyond the range of all news, public or private."

"Then, I daresay, you never heard of my marriage? Come up and make the acquaintance of my wife."

He took me to the box in which I had seen the black gloves.

"My dear, I don't think you ever knew my old friend Lord Westerham, though I believe you come from the same country and bear the same name. He has just returned

Lady Egerton bowed for a moment without a word. Then, as though to make reparation, she said: "I am always glad, Esme, to see your friends. Welcome home, I should say, Lord Westerham. I know you already from Esme and others." m South America.

It was the same voice and the same gestur is before—a mixture of defiance and submis-ions of resentment and fear. To Esme her searing was affectionate and caressing, almost

months, and nave seen no newspapers except in the last few weeks."

"Won't you ask the wanderer to dine tomorrow?" suggested the husband.

"I hope you will come, Lord Westerham,
Esme will long to hear your adventures;
and," she added more slowly, and with an
amphasia perceptible only to myself—"and emphasis perceptible only to myself—"and they will interest me too." She continued—
"I feel a little chilly, Esme, and I should like to be been a "

the to go nome."

He begged me to escort his wife down-airs while he looked out for the carriage.

When alone she said no word of recognition "You must have seen the play before, Lord Westerham."
"Once," I replied, "a long time ago, from the box next to this one."
"Then you will remember to morrow," she said as she entered the carriage, "I know your promises are sacred. Good night." II. les - or

My youth was most unhappy. My mother had married a second time a Welsh clergyman, who had speculated on her family. She was the sister, and later the heir-general, of Lord Westerham, who, having two boys and an encumbered estate, could do little for her, even if so inclined. The death of his two boys made but little change in his inclination, as it seemed to embitter his wife, a hard Scotch Puritan, toward those who were to specied to the inheritance of her sons. Nor Scotch Puritan, toward those who were to succeed to the inheritance of her sons. Nor did it improve the disposition toward me of my step-father. Small as were my prospects, they stood in the way of his son, my step-brother—an impulsive, choleric, sickly boy, who died before his father. But my early life and home were unhappy. My small patrimony was seized on by my step-father, who grudged me the food and shelter he gave me from my own money. Things could not last thus. At an early age I therefore found myself living in London with a distant on with a distant myself living in London with a distant coasin, a conveyancer, who gave me a latchkey, and allowed me to have my own way, under the guidance of another distant relative, a sporting man and a scapegrace. It was under his patronage that I became acquainted with the establishment of Mr. Robert Croft. With the establishment of Mr. Robert Croft, It is a wonder to me now that I was not ruined in purse and reputation before I reached the age of nineteen. Fortunately, I disliked the society into which I was initiated, and after the first flattering assurance that I was "seeing life," I backed out of Mr. Croft's infimate circle. Indeed I never entered into timate circle. Indeed I never entered into his establishment above two or three times oace with my cousin, who, having secured me the entry, allowed me alone to improve the occasion. It was on my third and last appearance that I made the acquaintance of Jock Campbell.

Jock Campbell.

After dining alone with the conveyancer, I left him to his work, went to the theatre, and sat in the stalls next Jock. I looked much rounger than my age, which was not more than seventeen. When I left the theatre I crossed the Haymarket and passed upthe little court which led to Croft's. I had engaged to meet my scapegrace cousin there. He had dazzled me with the promise of taking me to a scene of even greater bliss. At the door of Bob Croft's, waiting for it to be opened at the necessary signal, stood the tall, heavy, but well-proportioned form that had sat next me at the theatre. Looking at me as we entered, he said in a tone of compassion: "Hillo! young man, you are beginning early." I half resented his remarks, and with an air of superiority I asked the waiter if Mr. Alan M'Tavish had arrived.

"Alan M'Tavish!" Jock Campbell muryounger than my age, which was not more than seventeen. When I left the theatre I

"Alan M'Tavish !" Jock Campbell murmured to himself as, on learning that my cousin had not arrived, I walked into the

found the refuse of race-courses, and singing-halls, with a large sprinkling of young men of the upper and middle classes, guardamen, and

hers who, like myself, imagined they were Jock Campbell entered as a king, and was rapturously greeted by all the assembly.

He was a splendid fellow—tall, at least six feet four, muscular, with great breadth of shoulders, powerful arms, and a handsome high-bred, fair-complexioned face, on which he wore a moustache—an ornament only known in those days to men who, like himself, were in the cavalry.

"Good night, Jock," the mob cried out.

"Good night," he responded cheerily; and notwithstanding the vile surroundings, his presence and his voice showed the good there was in the man.

presence and his voice showed the good there was in the man.

He was not more than four-and-twenty, and the days had not died out, now almost forgotten, when course debauchery was deemed the extreme of wit and good company. Springheeled Jacks wrenching off door-knockers, midnight surprises, fights in the street, attacks on the police—these were the pleasures of many young men of the world, now staid grand-fathers and lights in their generation. Jock Campbell had fallen into these ways from high spirite rather than from depravity. He was full of energy, strong, handsome, and beloved—beaming with sympathy, which was enlisted by his companions for the moment, whether they were innocent or the reverse. Belonging to a regiment in which such pursuits were the vogue, he plunged readily into them. But he was equally popular in ball-rooms with maiden aunts, or even little children, for he was only pleased with giving pleasure.

tiously for a glass of "pale white," the synonym for brandy-and-water in an unlicensed institution. An inner feeling seemed to tell me that Jock Campbell had his eye on me; and half resentful, yet half fascinated, I followed him up-stairs with my brandy-an-dwater in my hand up-stairs with my brandy-an-dwater in my hand. The room was much larger, as supper could be obtained there, and a table stood very nearly the whole length of the room, covered with a cloth spotted with gravy, beer, and strong drink. I sat down at an unoccupied corner of this, sipping my brandy-and-water, and smoking a cigar, a newly-acquired accomplishment. A man with a broken nose named Shepherd, a betting man, sat at the other end. The rest of the room was crowded; for it was known Jock Campbell, who had a beautiful voice would be asked to sing a song.

a song.

"Come, Jock—a song!" they all cried; and he trolled forth, in a rich, strong tenor, an Irish song with a rollicking chorus, in which

"I 'ope the song won't be so noisy captain," said Mr. Bob Croft, "acos of the peelers."

"All right," said Jock Campbell, as he took a puff of his cigar, looking me straight in the face; and leaning his chin on his hand, in the face; and leaning his chim on his hand, he sang in a minor key, and in a low tone, a pathetic Scotch song. The effect was extraordinary. The crowd was hushed while he sang; and when he ended, the lost, hardened women present were crying and sobbing like children.

On myself the effect was electrical. I had often heard the song in my home, and had always been told that it was unpublished, and related to an event in our family history. It

set me musing.

"Come, young man," said the brokennosed ruffian at the end offthe table; "Don't
you know it's your duty to stand the company with champagne round?"

I was quite dazed with the speech.

"If you go wool-gathering, young man," ntinued Shepherd, "I'll bring you to, soon contin enough."
"Don't be too hard on the youngster,
Tim Shepherd," said Jock Campbell,
"If he don't stand champagne, I'll knock
his head off," replied the bully.
"No, you won't, Tim," rejoined Jock. "A
big fellow like you can'thit a childlike that."
"No, you can't Tim," said the comments."

"No, you cant, Tim," said the company.
"We don't want no champagne."
"You shall have some, however," declared Jock Campbell; and he ordered half a dozen of Mr. Croft, who brought it up himself.
By this time Jock Campbell had come near

"Where do you live, my boy? You had

better go home."
"I am waiting for some one."
"Alan M'Tavish won't come here to-night. He has been taken to a sponging house. You had better leave this, as there is sure to be a row soon. Can I give you a lift?"

"I live in Baker street."
"What! with old Calvert M'Tavish? "What! with old Calvert M Tavish? It is not far out of my way to the barracks."
His brougham was standing at the door, and he took me home.
"Don't go any more to Bob Croft's" he said at parting. "Trust my word, it is not good for you, and my name is Jock Campbell. We shall meet soon."

TIT. Alan M Tavish was soon set free from the sponging-house. Calvert was rich, and his mission seemed to be the release of Alan from arrest. He was a quaint, kind-hearted, yet selfish old man, who had discovered the secret that immediate compliance saved a great deal of trouble. His only hobby was his profession, which had produced and was producing a good deal of money. To a great part of this his few relatives seemed welcome. Alan helped himself freely, and was only arrested when Calvert was out of town. I was far more humble and contented myself with my small means—ample enough, as Calvert would not hear of my paying for bed or board.

"Who is Jock Campbell?" I asked of Alan. Alan M'Tavish was soon set free from the

"Who is Jock Campbell?" I asked of Alan.
"As good a fellow as ever lived. A captain in the \_\_\_\_, and a kind of cousin of yours and mine. Did you ever hear the song of Lydia Mainwaring?"
"Yes, I have—often." Somehow or other
I did not like to tell the manner in which I

had last heard it.
"Well, since the loves of Lydia, and of "Well, since the loves of Lydia, and of Jock her lover, the names of Mainwaring and Campbell have been interwined in almost every generation. You—at least your mother is a Mainwaring. Lord Westerham has married a Campbell. But Lady Westerham has nearer Mainwaring relations than her husband. Jock Campbell is her nephew, and she has a girl living with her, half cousin, half deepudent, whose name is Lydia Mainhalf deepudent. half dependent, whose name is Lydia Mainwaring, and whose relationship to Lord Westerham is scarcely appreciable."
"I wish I knew my relations," I said with a sigh. "I have so few respectable acquaintances."

"Am I not sufficient?" asked Alan. "Well, "Am I not sufficient?" asked Alan. "Well, perhaps I am not respectable," he replied in his turn. "You know," he went on to say, "the difficulty, Lady Westerham has a crochet, and your step-father is a brute. But you certainly should know more people. It won't do for your acquaintance to be confined to Calvert and myself. I'll think it over. List lead was acquaint a forends."

Just lend me a couple of pounds. IV.

Lord and Lady Westerham came to town and Jock Campbell insisted on their asking me to dinner. Lord Westerham was a heavy me to dinner. Lord Westerham was a heavy, high-bred man, interested in agriculture, and deep in reviews and newspapers. Lady Westerham was the real figure round which was grouped the family history. Aged, with gray hair under a cap, dressed in a great deal of rich silk and old laces, she was in every respect the grande dame. Her manners at first were somewhat assuring; but there was a hardness in her well-cut features and a look were somewhat assuring; but there was a hardness in her well-cut features, and a look almost ferocious in her eyes, overhung by bushy eyebrows, which impressed you very soon with the feeling almost of cruelty. She seldom smiled, and never laughed; and her eye, with an expression of command and triumph, was constantly searching the looks and watching the movements of Lydia Mainwaring. It was impossible to see this girl without pitying her. She was very beautful, but never appeared happy. Her eyes wore a startled look, like that of a deer on the alert—sometimes almost a look of terror. It was easy to learn the secret. Lady Westerham never left her alone, never omitted some phrase that must cut her to the heart. If she spoke to Jock Campbell or myself, she was bidden to leave

campbell stone had Lady Westerham and her section. He was her nearest relation and her heir. It was principally on her income that Lord Westerham managed to keep up Castle Creasy, his house over the Scotch border.

Even Lady Westerham's hard nature yield-Even Lady Westerham's hard nature yielded to Jock's sunny presence. He seemed to have some dominating influence over her; which at times reduced her to silence in the middle of a cutting remark to Lydia. To him Lydia owed her few pleasures. Whon she went rarely to the theatre, it was with Jock and myself, under the chaperonage of Calvert M Tavish.

To myself Lady Westerham was very graoious.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Masters," she said with a slight Scotch accent, "for we are doubly cousins; and in Scotland more than elsewhere we hold the doctrine that blood is thicker than water. I am Campbell and Mainwaring, and nothing else. This girl is a Mainwaring, and her mother was a Campbell, and that's why she lives here, Mr. Masters."

"I suppose she is a cousin also?" I said, shaking hands with the poor girl, and rather glad to claim relationship with her.

"Yes, in a kind of way. Lydia, you had better of theoretics.

better go through the accounts."
Without a word Lydia left the room. A year or two after my acquaintance with the Westerhams my mother died, and I be-came the heir to the title and such estate as went with it. At the bidding of Lord Wester-ham, I assumed the name of Mainwaring, and

ham, I assumed the name of Mainwaring, and in the winter of the same year went with Jock Campbell to Castle Creasy.

"Theo," he said to me in the train, after smoking in silence, "I want to take you into confidence." The tone in which he spoke impressed me. It seemed as though some turning-point of my life was presenting itself.

"We'll talk business," he said. "I have been thinking over matters, and I find that, barring my little sister in the country and Lady Westerham, I have no nearer relation than you. Now, I am not going to live long. My heart is shaky, and I know it; and I have no one to whom, as much as to yourself, I can bequeath my confidences. My little sister is well provided for. She had exactly the same fortune as myself, and the acactly the same fortune as myself, and the ac-cumulations will be considerable when she comes of age. I, therefore, intend dividing ny own fortune into two parts-one I leave

I made some gesture of deprecation.

"Don't interrupt me, and don't think I shall leave you your share absolutely. I hope not to die just yet; but when I do, you will receive a letter making a charge or the more received. not to die just yet; but when I do, you will receive a letter making a charge on the money I leave you. This is what lawyers call a secret trust. It is not legally binding; but you, I know, will respect it. I do not even ask you to give me your word. You will know the letter to be genuine both from my handwriting and from two seals—this one I were an one of the program and another with the wear on my finger, and another with the initials 'L. M.'"

The communication was so saddening that I could not find a word of reply. Probably my silence pleased him more than phrases. I

Castle Creasy is a very lonely place. The house is built in granite, with a moat round it, now dry and grown in grass, The ghost of Lydia Mainwaring haunts one portion of it—a long corridor, with bachelors' rooms, and ending in a billiard-room. The house was more gloomy than necessary, owing to its half-tenantless state. It was rare that any visitors were admitted to the house, partly from the want of income, partly from the almost ascetic seclusion of its masters since the death of the two sons. One custom alone the death of the two sons. One custom alone partly relieved the oppressive character of the residence. Gas—not long introduced into country houses—was kept burning all night in different portions of the building. This was absolutely necessary in case of any night alarm, and made up for the small number of the servants. Jock and I walked through the large gloomy hall.

"There is the heroine of the song," he said.
I looked up, and either in imagination or

By this time Jock Campbell had come near "There is the heroine of the song," he said. I looked up, and either in imagination or reality as a striking likeness of the present said, "if only for the sake of my song, Do sign of recognition.

"I was surprised to hear of Sir Esme's "You must take a glass, youngster," he said, "if only for the sake of my song, Do you know it?"

"You must take a glass, youngster," he said. I looked up, and either in imagination or reality saw a striking likeness of the present Lydia Mainwaring. We went up an oaken you know it?"

"You must take a glass, youngster," he said. I looked up, and either in imagination or reality saw a striking likeness of the present Lydia Mainwaring. We went up an oaken when you know it?"

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"You must take a glass, youngster," he said. I looked up, and either in imagination or reality saw a striking likeness of the present Lydia Mainwaring. We went up an oaken when you know it?" struck me.

Lord Westerham received us in a kind but

somewhat reserved manner. Lady Wester-ham kissed Jock on the forehead. Then she turned to me and said:
"I must bid you welcome, Mr. Mainwaring, though you will enjoy the inheritance of

my sons."
Lydia shook hands with us with a look as though she feared a blow.

"Perhaps you will go to your rooms to dress," interposed Lady, Westerham. "They are in the bachelors' wing. Lydia, ring the bell."

Jock seemed half inclined to make some

Jock seemed half inclined to make some joking observation, but the whole atmosphere was too chilling and oppressive, and we followed the butler to our rooms.

The corridor in which they were situated was entered by a flight of four or five steps. Over the entrance there was a dim gas light. The same over the door of the billiard-room opposite. It contained twelve rooms, six on either side. These were furnished in the rough style with which bachelors used formerly to be treated.

There was a bed very little better than a ploughman's, with a dimity curtain. Patches of carpet were placed here and there. The wash-hand-stand was of common painted deal, and the dressing-table was covered with an unbleached cloth, on which stood a small plain looking-glass. The windows had shutters, but only two plain calico curtains; and a battered tin bath stood in one corner.

corner.
"My servant will look after Mr. Mainwaring," said Jock to the butler. "Which room would you like, Theo?" he continued. I mechanically took the first on the left. Jock took the next.

Jock took the next. "We must have a fire," Waters," said Jock Campbell to the butler. "My lady has said nothing about it," answered the latter. ""Well, Waters, I'll take the risk upon myself, and pay you for the coals in case of necessity."

myself, and pay you for the coals in case of necessity."

Jock spoke half in jest, but it was clear that the jest was half in earnest.

As our stay continued, it became no easier. Hitherto I had never shot, and Jock initiated me into the mysteries of the art, for which I had contracted a case of the contracted at the contracted of the the art, for which I had contracted a passion. I sometimes thought he seemed to tire himself to please me by staying out as long as possible, and more than once he seemed worn out on our return; but he was so unselfish that he appeared for my sake to be as greedy of the amusement as myself. One evening we were later than usual, and when we returned to dinner he was deadly pale. Lydia looked at him with an anxiety I had never before seen, and her gaze of terror intensified.

ly pale. Lydia looked at him with an anxiety I had never before seen, and her gaze of terror intensified.

We never sat up very late, and that night we were both tired.

"Good night, Theo, boy," said Jock cheerfully; sleep well, and God bless you."

I always had slept well, but at Castle Creasy I slept better than usual after all my exercise and out-of-door life.

But I was restless. Perhaps I had overstrained my nerves or had drunk too much whiskey, I slept, but not soundly—that kind of sleep in which the senses are very acute. It must have been about one o'clock when I started up in my bed. I had distinctly heard the entrance-door of the passage open. Then there were thuds as though some heavy substance was falling from step to step. Then I heard a heavy sigh and a weeping sound, as though the same heavy load was being dragged slowly along the passage, till it stopped for a moment. I could resist my feelings no longer. I leaped up from my bed and opened the door, and I saw Lydia Mainwaring, scared and wan, the perspiration streaming down her cheeks, dragging along the floor. opened the door, and I saw Lydia Mainwaring, scared and wan, the perspiration streaming down her cheeks, dragging along the floor
the dead body of Jock Campbell. He was
dressed in his evening waiscoat and trousers
with a lighter smoking-jacket I had often
seen. His smoking-cap had fallen off, and
lay near the steps. My eyes caught Lydia's.

She did not say a word, but lifting her hand with a meaning I never conceived a gesture could express, and gazing at me with a look of terror and entreaty, I felt I knew her prayer. I returned to my room.

The dragging noise still continued, till it came opposite Jock's room. I heard it in the room itself. Then there was a pause. Meanwhile I had not gone to bed again, but hastily putting on some clothes, I waited what was to come. In about a quarter of an hour my own door opened, and Lydia beckoned to me silently.

ow that, except for the silence round, it would have been inaudible.
"He died in my room," she said. This The next day Jock Campbell was found lying dead on his bed. Nothing in the room was disturbed. His eap lay near him. His clothes bore no trace of the ghastly journey. The authorities who investigated the matter reported that he "died by the visitation of God." It was a true verdict, as the heart-disease of which he had spoken to me had killed him.

killed him.

In the night before his funeral, at the hour of his death, I heard the door open once again. Again Lydia walked down the steps, and again came to my room. Together we went and prayed by the side of his coffin. came to my room. Together we went and prayed by the side of his coffin.

"Cousin Theo," said she to me, "you know that he loved you as we both loved him. I must never see you again if I can help it. Never seek me; and if we meet, let us do so as strangers. I ask you this favour on his coffin."

I pressed her hand and gave her the promise Then she kissed the coffin and glided noise lessly from the corridor. I did not see her

The next night Lady Westerham sent for me. She said to me hardly:—

"The grave has closed over Jock. He is gone. My sons are gone. Doubtless you will enjoy their inheritance. I do not love you, but I am not unjust. Let us never meet again." Again."
Next day I left the house. Calvert M'Tavish was Jock's executor, and his will was as he had announced it. But the letter never

reached me.

I was nearly twenty-one. and Calvert MTavish, my next friend, agreed to my travelling. I had always longed for adventure, and my first journey was to the deserted cities of Central America.

At Guatemala I had heard of the death of Lord Westerham, followed shortly after by that of his wife. The latter had left me her fortune, which was not very large, as her will expressed it, "out of pure justice." It was charged with an annuity for Lydia Mainwaring.

waring.

I knew I was well off, but nothing more.
Out of Jock Campbell's legacy I had put by one-half religiously as a reserve against the secret trust, which, as yet, had never been communicated to me.

VI. I dined, as invited, the next day with Sir Eamer and Lady Egerton.

There was but one guest beside myself. It was Jock Campbell's sister. She is now my wife. The day after our marriage Lady Egerton inclosed me a letter. It was the secret trust of Jock Campbell.

trust of Jock Campbell.

It ran thus:

"Dearset Theo:—This is my secret trust.

If Lydia Mainwaring is eyer in want of money, give her half my legacy to you. She is the one love of my life.

"If you die without heirs, bequeath the sum I left you so my sister. It is my dying wish that you should marry her. Good-bye, dear young cough.

dear young cousin.
Your affectionate cousin,
JOOK. FEMALE HEROISM.

Women.

In October, 1877, the brigantine Moorburg left Foochoo, in China, for Melbourne, carrying four seamen, captain, mate, and last, but by no means seast, the captain's wife, who was a little delicate woman, and her baby. They had not gone fay on their veyage ere the crew fell ack, and one after another died. The mate did not succumb entirely, but became reduced to a skeleton, and was incapable of doing much; while the

was incapable of doing much; while the captain himself was almost in as miserable a plight, his legs having swollen tremendously, and his body being a mass of sores. His wife alone held up under the terrible heat, although she had nursed the sick till they needed nursing no longer, had looked well to her baby's needs, and done duty at the wheel in regular watches, and taken her share of seaman's work beside. To make matters worse, the ship sprung a leak, which the captain luckily was able to stop, and eventually the Moorburg got into Brisbane harbour, half full of water, with two sick men on board as her crew, all told, and a woman at the helm, the gallant woman bringing not only the ship but her baby safe into port.

Some time in 1871 a woman named Theresa Maria, dwelling in the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on the way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and, directed by the lad, climbed to a high place, and looking eagerly around, descried the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey the boy shouted at it, and pelted it with stones, so infuriating the wolf that it left its meal unfinished and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror-stricken onlooker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone, she rushed on the beast and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undannted woman contrived to keep his throat closely enfolded by her left arm, while she battered his head with the stone, and at length killed him. Meanwhile, the villagers had been alarmed, and came hurrying to her aid, armed with guns, sticks, and stones, meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood from terrible wounds in her face, arms, and hands. They carried her to the hospital at Niza, where, pitiful to tell, she expired

belief, alas! for the shepherd-boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

Courageous in another way was a woman of the Commune, who during that terrible rising had worked day and night in the hospital, assisting a certain surgeon, whose services were freely rendered to men with whose cause he had no sympathy. When the insurrection was quelled, the doctor was arrested and marched off to be tried by drum-head court-martial. As he approached the door of the tribunal, he met his late female assistant coming out between two soldiers. "Why, Adèle!" he exclaimed, "how came you here?" Looking hard at him, with unrecognizing eyes, she replied:—"I don't know you, sir:" a denial he set down to a fear of acknowledging the acquaintance of a doomed man. Not a little to his surprise, he got off and was set at liberty, to learn that Adèle had been shot, and was on her way to death when she had repudiated all knowledge of him and forbore appealing for his aid, rather than compromise him, and render his chance a desperate one.

A poor servant girl of Noyon, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some planking; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men returning home from work stepped on the planks, which being frail and rotten gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before anyone became aware of what had happened; and when the people gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently, a fragile-looking girl of seventeen stepped to the front, and saidquietly:—"I'llgo down and try to save the poor fellows;" and creatures calling themselves men were not

ashamed to stand by and see Catharin Vasseur let down on her valiant but fearfu mission. Then ensued a few long minutes o anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing but uncon scious men were, with the gallantgirl, brough to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effor had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again regardless of the risk she ran. This second venture nearly proved fatal Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, and fastening a rope around one prostrate form Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, an fastening a rope around one prostrate form Catharine felt as though she were bein strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortu nately, the rope round her own waist had be come unfastened; and when, after gropin along the dripping, clammy wall, her han touched it, she had not strength sufficient t pull it down. Dazed as she was, she still ha her wits about her, and loosing her long hair twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up; and the horrifice crowd beheld the inanimate form of the bravyoung girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt ad ministration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she had failed in saving all, her bravendeavours had restored three of the bread

A TALE OF CAMPS AND COURTS.

endeavours had restored three of the bread winners to their families.—Chambers' Journa.

Graphic Pictures of His Experience News Correspondent Related by Archibald Forbes. Mr. Archibald Forbes, the English wa Mr. Archibald Forbes, the English war correspondent, delivered his lecture, "Royal People I Have Met," in Chickering Hall, New York, on Wednesday, it being his first appearance in America. Mr. Forbes is a much younger-looking man than he really is —he has turned into the forties. His features are English, and his accent unmistakably so. He talks as he rides—like a trooper on the

The Franco-Prussian war had begun in earnest, and the army of Prince Charles was in full march, when in the market-place of Saint Armand Mr. Forbes beheld the Emperor William, a square-shouldered man, keen of eye, sharp of speech, kind of feature, who for two long hours watched the German troops pass by. It was amusing to hear him reprimand a man here for being out of step, or another there for carrying his needle-gun on the wrong shoulder, Mr. Forbes graphically sketched the scene on the morning of the battle of Gravelotte, when the Emperor met his officers, and the plans of the day were briefly outlined, and each man was commissioned with his duties. The battle itself was given a line, and then the speaker moved forward to the capitulation of Sedan. On the morning after this event, Bismarck, fresh, hearty, clean-shaven, was astir early and morning after this event, Bismarck, freeh, hearty, clean-shaven, was astir early and rode out toward Sedan. A shabby-looking carriage, containing a leaden-coloured face, a man with dishevelled mustache, none other than the third and last Napoleon, drove along the dusty road to meet him. Bismarck dismounted, and with bared head met the fallen monarch. On a little bank a few paces from the road was a weaver's cottage. To it the two retired, and an hour was spent in conversation. Bismarck remounted and rode away. Napoleon began a moody promenade outside the cottage, smoking cigarette after cigarette. The sun was high in the heavens when Bismarck came back with a message cigarette. The sun was high in the heavens when Bismarck came back with a message from his royal master. Another long conference, and the capitulation at last was signed in the weaver's cottage. Then the Emperor of Germany came up and clasped hands with Napoleon, who buried his face in his hand-kerchief. The two entered the cottage, a conference of twenty minutes followed then kerchief. The two entered the cottage, a conference of twenty minutes followed, then the Emperor came out and rode sway among his troops. That night Napoleon occupied, as a prisoner, the room in which the night before the Emperor of Germany had slept.

An amusing account of the dirty but titled East Indian potentates who gathered to welcome the Prince of Wales; the story in outline of Alfonso's return to Spain, and then Mr. Forbes paid his respects to the Shah of Persia, whom he pronounced the shoddiest miscreant who ever imposed upon civilized people, adding: "He was the gauziest frand of this age of frands." At Brussels. Mr. Forbes first met this hook-nosed, hawk-eyed rascal, who had coolly spat upon the skirt of the Empress Augusta, and whose presence had at once been abandoned by that lady in deep disgust. He swaggered through El land, was entertained in princely style the Buckingham Palace, and that royal re-

the Buckingham Palace, and that royal residence was a sight to behold after the Shah and his filthy suite had left it. The Shah wore the most gorgeous suit that the English eye ever fell upon. He had his diamond coat, his ruby coat, his pearl coat, his amethyst coat. The fronts of each garment were besprinkled with the gems. They were the wonder of all beholders—they were made in Paris. (Great laughter.) Every movement of this accomplished Oriental was taken advantage of to advertise him and his mission to float a loan for the government he represented. Even rewards were offered for mission to float a loan for the government he represented. Even rewards were offered for the gems which he was said to have lost off his horse's tail at reviews. The jewellers of Paris and London remember him to this day, and they allude to him with anathemas only, as they speak of the bills which they have against him. One of his visits was to a cotton mill near Manchester. Five hundred English girls, not uncomely, either, gathered in the main room and sang an ode of welcome in the main room and sang an ode of welcom to the Shah of Persia. His evil eye roved from

English girls, not uncomely, either, gathered in the main room and sang an ode of welcome to the Shah of Persia. His evil eye roved from face to face, and turning to the proprietor of the mill, he coolly offered to buy the whole female stock. A horde of creditors hungered for him when it was announced that his mission had failed and he had returned to the land which produced him.

In the early part of the Russo-Turkish war Mr. Forbes saw the Emperor of the Russias, a tall, well-set-up man of 55 years, who could be courteous when he pleased, but who affected a soldierly bluffness. Gen. Ignatieff gave Mr. Forbes the hint which sent him to the Shipka Pass with courier-like speed. Having satisfied himself that the Russian troops meant fight, and the Russian Generals meant to lead them, Mr. Forbes started upon his return to the telegraph office at Bucharest, 170 miles away. Without waiting for rest he started upon his return, and by riding all that night, wearying relay after relay of horses, he entered Bucharest the following morning. Ignatieff was almost the first man he met. The Russian was startled. "Why, you've beaten our orderlies by hours," exclaimed he, "You must see the Emperor by all means, and at once," In a dismantled Turkish residence, with mud walls and floors, he found the Emperor, who shook his hands warmly and complimented him on his celerity. The man was gaunt, wan, and worn, and intense anxiety was stamped on his features. Ignatieff went for paper and pencils. The two were alone together. There was, said the speaker, a strange, troubled expression that hung over the man's face. It said almost as plainly as words that the thought had flashed through his mind, "what a chance for this man to kill me." It disappeared with the entrance of Ignatieff with writing materials, and the correspondent was then busted in drawing plans and answering the Emperor's many questions.

Theebaw, the King of Burmah, had not yet begun to slaughter his relatives when, in 1878, Mr. Forbes crossed the Bay of Bengal and foun

humorous manner that caused repeated out-bursts of laughter. Mr. Forbes closed his interesting lecture by a description of members of the British royal family.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them."—Rochester Evening Repress on Hop Bitters.

## THE FARM.

Communications invited from practical farmers on agricultural topics.

Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only, and address G. B. Bradley, Editor WERKLY MAIL.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"B. C." writes from Picton:—"I enclose a pod gathered from a tree in this vicinity. Will you kindly tell me its name, etc. Is it a tropical tree?" The seed pod received is upwards of a foot in length, of a rich brown colour, and possesses a fragrant smell. It resembles Gledis-

chia Tricauthas (Honey Locust), which is used for making hedges by keeping it pruned. There is also a tree which attains the height of an elm with seed pods exactly the same. We could have told better had our correspondent sent a piece of foliage with the pod. -EDITOR WEEKLY MAIL.] AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS IN QUEBEC.

THE agricultural progress of Quebec pro vince during the past two years has been

remarkable. Take the county of Chambly as affording an indication of the advancement. Five butter factories have been established. Two cheese factories are in operation. The culture of vegetables and green fodder had received an impulse, and was rapidly extending. As to cattle, the main source of agricultural prosperity, they were better in quality and more numerous than ever before. By the permanent and central market which had been established in the county, the farmers, according to Mr. Benoit, M.P., had saved \$50,000 charge.
The Franco-Prussian war had begun annually in travelling expenses, besides the convenience of having a near outlet for their crops. Never, in fact, had the prospects of the farming community been so encouraging. The phosphate industry throughout the province is being rapidly developed, while the farmers are extering with spirit into the best farmers are entering with spirit into the beet-sugar industry. So soon as capital and en-terprise are brought to bear on the applica-tion of phosphates to the exhausted lands, the agricultural capabilities of Quebec will be

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION. The Ontario Agricultural Commissioners will conclude their labours in a few days, the duty of compiling the evidence into a report being probably entrusted to the secretary. The success which has attended the enquiry is largely due to the prompt attendance of farmers, who frankly gave their testimony on the various departments of agriculture. This circumstance was due to the straightforward manner in which the proceedings were conducted, a desire being manifested to obtain facts for future reference and guidance rather than for political purposes. If the facts gathered were condensed into some small handbook, emigrants and others could there obtain an excellent idea of the agricultural capabilities of this province. This is, indeed, essential to the completeness of the task undertaken by the Commission. The testimony taken must prove encouraging to our farmers. It showed unmistakably that this province is admirably unmistakably that this province is admirably adapted for general farming, stock raising, dairying, and fruit-growing; that the farmers, while finding a better home market, are enlarging their operations and shipping to England and abroad. The Commission will have done good service if it should be the means of leading our breeders to improve their stock and our farmers to reduce their grain fields and enter more largely into other hypoches. and enter more largely into other branches which exhaust the land less and return even larger profits to the husbandman.

CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY. England is being fed from the West instead former years. This change in the course of trade is having an extraordinary effect, for while Liverpool is crowded with grain-laden ships from Canada and the United States, and is weekly receiving enormous consignand is weekly receiving enormous consignments of beef, the Eastern seaports are no longer crowded as in previous years with vessels laden with Russian wheat. The exportation of cereals from the Czar's dominions has practically ceased; and the cattle trade between England and the Continent has much diminished, the supply of beeves being little more than sufficient to meet the demands of the countries now possessing the demands of the countries now possessing them. The truth is that every year the Continental grain surplus is diminishing, and the same remark applies to cattle, the inevitable consequence being that the Mother Country will become increasingly dependent on this continent. In 1877 Russia sold fifty million dollars worth of grain to England. This year an American cargo has been sent to St.

FARMING UNDER PROTECTION.

which the Cobden Club is flooding the United States through its New York friends-to the great detriment, by the way, of Hancock's chances of election—is a work by Graham McAdam, entitled "The Protective System; what it costs the American Farmer." The writer takes the usual position of the freetraders, that the amount of the tariff, no matter how high, represents the figure which the consumers have to pay for the benefit of the manufacturers. The Springfield Republican, a journal which favours tariff revision, disposes of this argument in short order. The assumption of Mr. McAdam that because a duty of 86 per cent. is collected from foreign blankets, paying into the treasury only \$1,233 last year, and because the consumption of blankets amounts to \$20,000,000 a ybar, that therefore \$17,000,000 of that amount is "a tribute to the dozen manufacturers of Massachusetts and Rhode Island," is characterized as "one of those gross projections of theory off from fact which damages the free trade argument."

"Does any one," asks the Republican, "suppose that the same blankets would have been furnished to the people in the absence of protection for \$3,000,000, either foreign or domestic, which have been furnished to the people from domestic sources for \$20,000,000." The American free-traders have a hard road to travel, and it cannot be macadamized in this ter how high, represents the figure which the travel, and it cannot be macadamized in this

BEET-ROOT SUGAR IN ENGLAND. English sugar refiners are in danger of be-

ing deprived of their home market under the free trade system. The new French sugar law, which came into operation on the 1st inst., creates for the first time a bounty of upwards of 2s. 6d. per cwt. upon the export of moist refined sugar of all descriptions. Hitherto in France the bounty has been obtainable only upon loaf sugar, and the moist refined only upon loaf sugar, and the moist refined sugars of British manufacturers have been exempt from direct competition with similar products exported under bounty. The new law reduces the French bounties on loaf sugar nearly one-half, but more than counterbalances any approach to equality on this score by the excessive bounty upon the export of moist refined sugar. An exchange says that samples of this new bounty beet sugar are already on the sugar markets of Great Britain, and have caused much consternation amongst the manuthe sugar markets of Great Britain, and have caused much consternation amongst the manufacturers and operatives engaged in the refining industry of that country, whose only remaining branch of the British sugar industry is now so seriously threatened. If other Continental nations were to adopt the bounty system, the English workingman might obtain the necessaries of life at an extremely low

price, but might be deprived of employment, the articles being supplied by foreigners. With the markets of the world slowly closing against her, England will before long be compelled to have a protective tariff. At present foreign nations can send their goods to the United Kingdom at nominal duties, or free, but her manufactured products are subjected to heavy tariffs. Such is English free trade in practice.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Peterboro' Review makes a good hit. Referring to the gratuitous circulation throughout England of Mr. Blake's speech decrying the North-West and extolling Texas, it points out that Mr. Blake's position as leader of the Opposition implies the possibility of his becoming at some future day the Premier of the Dominion. Is it quite satisfactory mier of the Dominion. Is it quite satisfactory to reflect, asks the Review. that we might have a Prime Minister of Canada, one of whose brightest triumphs consists in his suc-cessful advocacy of a foreign country for setlement in preference to his own?

Nova Scotia is making extraordinary progress in agricultural matters. An exchange reports that for many miles clearings have een made, and new houses have been erected. Improvements are noticed on all hands. Large spaces of land, swampy or otherwise, are being drained and cultivated, and make the best hay land that can be found. Grist and cloth mills are rushed with orders, and the latter especially are enlarging their pre-mises, a fact which shows that home manufactures are becoming more highly appreciated—a result of the fostering care of the

In noticing the bountiful wheat harvest enjoyed in portions of Nova Scotia, the Halifax Mail states that many years ago the cultivation of wheat was wholly abandoned in that province owing to the ravages of the weevil. In the western section of Nova Scotia the pest has not made its appearance, and in some counties more wheat has been raised than will supply the local demand. In some of the eastern districts the weevil has re-appeared, and the average yield is about half a crop. The Mail suggests that scientists should investigate the habits of this parasite, with a view to its suppression. Hitherto the farmers have been left to their own resources in the matter, and no doubt their efforts could be rendered more effective were they directed by scientific research.

Interesting experiments are in progress with the object of ascertaining whether the unemployed can be satisfactorily settled on the land. The New York city Y. M. C. A. has a farm where applicants for situations may spend a short time and learn agricultural may spend a short time and learn agricultural work. According to a recent account in the New York Herald, that experiment is a failure. In Canada, however, a similar experiment made by the St. John Relief and Aid Society has been mist encouraging. The latest reports from the settlers whom the association helped to locate in Clarendon and in Johnville, Knowlesville, and other up river settlements are exceedingly estification. settlements, are exceedingly satisfactory. Of the 45 or 50 families, numbering in all about 240 or 250 persons, only one man has not turned out well. The others have made homes for themselves and are doing well, and would not return to the city on any account. They are, in fact, on the road to independence. A gathering which would have attracted

more attention had it not taken place during the heat of a presidential campaign assembled in Chicago last week. Some three hundred farmers of Illinois and other Western States met to protest against railroad monopolies, and to organize a National Farmers' Alliance to combat the evils of the present transporta-tion system. Resolutions were adopted fa-vouring Government control of the railroads, and the enactment of laws protecting the producer against extortion, and pledging the producer against extortion, and pledging the association not to support for office men who had favoured railroads in the past. The movement appears to be following very closely in the lines of the Granger agitation, with which they expressed their sympathy. They seem to have profitted by experience in contemplating national rather than State interference. The Granger legislation, passed in several States, was insufficient to cope with the evil, as no State could control the action of corporations outside its own boundaries. The general Government is alone competent to deal with railroad systems which span the entire continent. Opposition leaders carefully avoid playing

during the recess that unpatriotic role which they adopt at Ottawa. At Watford Mr. Mackenzie assured his auditors that, notwithstanding the highly-coloured report of success attending settlement in the Western States, we have nothing to fear from them. Now, Mr. Mackenzie himself always has Now, Mr. Mackenzie himself always has been a grave offender in presenting highlycoloured pictures of the Western States as compared with Canadian provinces. His advocacy of the claims of Kansas—where Canadian emigrants are now starving—will not be forgotten. Mr. Mackenzie also touched upon the North-West, and said visitors to Manitoba are highly gratified at the improvements noticeable there, and delighted at the success of Ontario emigrants. During the last Parliamentary session this hon, gentleman enunciated a different view. He read a score of extracts to show that our North-West was comparatively valueless, North-West was comparatively valueless, that all the good land available was taken up, and that Ontario people could not prosper. As Sir Richard Cartwright presented the silver side of the shield to English capitalists when he sought to obtain a loan, so Mr. Mackenzie acts when he desires to retain the favour of his political friends, who would shrink from sanctioning an unpatriotic policy.

## HOME NOTES.

By Telegraph and Mail, Cape Breton has the potato rot. Staten Island is suffering greatly from long-Ripe raspberries were picked in the town-ship of Caradoc one day last week in the open field.

field.

The epizootic has broken out to an alarm-

The epizootic has appeared in Halifax, several cases of horses being attacked with it being reported. It has also broken out in Queen's county.

On Friday Is

On Friday James Taylor sold by auction 150 acres belonging to the Hearn estate, near Hespeler, to the executors of the Checkley Eight car-loads of cheese were shipped on Saturday from Belleville for the English market, via Montreal.

The forest fires about Madison and South Amboy, N. J., were extinguished by showers on Friday night. Ten dwellings have been A ladies' land league was organized at New

York on Friday night with a membership of sixty, comprising many well-known philan-It is estimated that there will be thirty thousand barrels of apples shipped out of Prince Edward County this fall, all the pro-

luct of the county. Prof. J. P. Sheldon and Mr. Jesse Sparrow agricultural delegates from England, have visited Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and will leave to-morrow for Eng-

Over 200,000 bushels of barley has been delivered in Brampton this season, being far in excess of any former year. This speaks in glowing terms for Brampton as a grain mar-

Mr. John Cole, near Iona, has sold his farm of 197 acres, and leaves next week for Ne-braska, where he has purchased \$40 acres of land. Mr. Cole sold 75 acres of his property to James Galbraith for \$3,800, 72 acres to

to Wm. C. Brown for \$2,300. A party of English gentlemen, who as to Ottawa Wednesday, have gone to on. They have a fine pack of hounds

othy Parsons, of Como, C Mr. Tin has cultivated sugar cane on his this year, from which he has made ex-

Woodcock seem to be plentiful in the vi
of Liverpool Market. Messrs. Prestor
Alliston recently bagged seventeen of
and a half between the hours of thre
half-past six o'clock.

A shipment of cattle for England has
made by Major M. Coughlin and J. Mo
ald. of St. John. It comprised 161 head
will be shipped in the steamer Lake W
peg from Quebec, for Liverpool.

Shipments of apples from Montreal to Shipments of apples from Montreal to Britain this season are the largest ever kn Last week the quantity was 1,300 ba and this week it will be double that, i

nment from Ontario arrives in tir Agents are now going through the O country purchasing butter for Eng at Osgoode station for immediate ship. The prices paid are about 18 to 20 cents THE farmers of Arthabaskaville have

a contract with the new French Sugar pany which is about to commence operati the Eastern Townships to furnish it wit crop off eleven hundred arpents of be gar manufacturing purposes. weighed with a man buried therein, the ustanding being that the amount obtain the dishonest trick should be spent in wh

The farmer, however, pocketed the proceeds of the load and his confedera proceeds of the load nosed the game. The Whitby Free Press says :- Mr. Campbell, of the Bay, lost two valuable in the fore part of the week. Mr. J. has two that are very sick, and Mr. Ho has lost the use of her limbs. Miss Les cow has been sick for some days.

Three men, Jacob Stewart, James Ri and John Dennis, all belonging near Lead threshed 161 bushels of wheat in one They also threshed 95 bushels in 30 min This work was done with one of Glas McPherson's End Shake machines,

At present it is the farming classes Eastern States who are emigrating West. A train has passed through Mo with two hundred American far who were bound for Illinois and Minn amongst the party from the State of and were also going west.

The new abattoirs so long required for treal are about to be got under way. half the capital, \$200,000, has been scribed, and the projectors have gives contracts for making approaches to the in the east end. Building will be commimmediately. The butchers of the city opposed the scheme at first, are not operating in this great multic improvement. rating in this great public improvem A law suit has just been concluded at ance, the result of which should be bor mind by our farmers until another three

time comes round. The suit was brough damages on account of plaintiff's horse frightened by a steam thresher and reno useless by injuries received while rur away. The jury has given him a verdic \$135, and the costs, which will be fixed by index will add \$200 mess. judge, will add \$300 more. The apple shipments from Port Wil station, N.B., are large and important. Friday and Saturday last E. E. Dick Canard, loaded seven cars; A. & W Chase, two cars; J. E. Lockwood, Ca one car, and C. R. H. Starr and Ca Geo. Johnson, one car. The Star reekon bbls. to a car, and makes the total

bbls., which is quite a large shipme are all for the English market. The Ontario Agricultural Commission on Monday at Belleville, the commiss present being Messrs. J. B. Aylesworth A. H. Dymond. Mr. J. W. Johnson, P pal of the Ontario Business College, was amined as to farm book-keeping, and sented a system which was favourably ceived by the commissioners. Mr Graham testified on the subjects of ag ture and dairying, as did also Mr. P. R. Prof. Bell, of Albert College, was exan on the subject of agricultural education.

A leading land dealer in Stratford there is an increasing inquiry for purch as investments. Mortgage securities is scarcer and less profitable, capitalists seek other investments. He has been proached by the agent of an Old Cou loan company for the purchase of 500 of wild land at \$8 an acre in Elma Grey, where they are buying 2,000 a with a view to improving and colonizin They have also purchased 50,000 acre Manitoba for colonising Old Country

grants.

The Barrie Advance says Messrs. L and Graham, of Barrie, have returned their duck-shooting trip to Black Riv tributary of the Severn, after having enj four weeks of unvarying luck and unall fun. They bagged—and ate—at the ratwelve birds a day, and could have had a greater slaughter had they felt so dispo Mr. S. Lount secured a fine otter, a nur of which were in the vicinity. A coup Americans were encountered—one of a son of Rev. H. W. Beecher—at the rand they, too, enjoyed excellent sport. they, too, enjoyed excellent sport. Our Montreal correspondent telegraph A rumour has been spread here by

establishment of the company in Pari manufacturing sugar from beet root in province. From a good authority I ascertained that these reports are unfoun and I am assured the factories will be elished in all the districts where farmers agreed to raise the required quantity of b Mr. Lavallee, the agent of the company, gone to Paris to report the success of mission among the farmers of the province During the early part of the season n appeared to be scarce in these woods for miles around, and several hunting expedi

appeared to be scarce in these woods for n miles around, and several hunting expedit did not get a horn or hoof; some others, said, took horns, but nary a hoof. Since last report, however, the McCabes, of Gr field, captured quite a fine animal. John Cope, Indian, shot five in the woods so east of Riversdale, last week. One of t was sold to a merchant in Upper Stewia and we believe others found their way to city. Rumour says that a party of whunters from the city purchased one of the Two men at Upper East River, Pictou, one a few days ago, the meat of which sold in New Glasgow.—Truro Sun.

The Pictou Standard devotes a portion its space to reporting the "fruits of the son." Following are a few instances:—McDonald, Brookland, West River, pla last spring one and one quarter bushels Nation wheat. The yield was just 25 bus Allan A. Ferguson sowed 4½ bushels Allan A. Ferguson sowed 4½ bushels Fern wheat last spring, and had a yiel 66 bushels. Donald Grant, Hardwood

66 bushels. Donald Grant, Hardwood sowed eleven grains of oats four years ag new and unknown variety, picked up Provincial Exhibition. That harves saved the grain, planting it the folke spring. This he continued doing, and his sult this fall was 43 stooks. The oats we 46 lbs. to the bushel—the common without 28 to 34 lbs.—were cut as early as gust 14th, were perfect in shape and co gust 14th, were perfect in shape and c and yielded 20 bushels for each bushel A friend in Elderslie informs the Charles that quite a number of far have recently located at the peninsula, land can be had at 75 cents an acre. Paper says:—"Mr. Simpson Hepburn, broof Mrs. Catto, Elderslie, for 25 years a dent of the township of Minto, sold his about two years ago. About a month at and his eldest son went up to the penin where they located several hundred acre land. Since then Mr. Hepburn and far