STANLEY.

Mr. Stanley's first appearance in public in England has more than equalled the general expectation, high as this ran here, at the meeting of the British Association. Soon after nine the great concert hall in Middle Street began to fill, and from this time until eleven, when the proceedings commenced, people poured in by the hundred, until every available seat was occupied, except a row of velvet chairs in front of and facing the platform, reserved for the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Prince Imperial and suite.

In the course of his address, Mr. Stanley gave the following account of his appointment to the relief expedition:—

While I was following my duties at Madrid, I received a telegram to come to Paris on important business. I went and found Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the younger, of the New York Herald —(cheers)—I found him in bed; I knocked at his door. He said, "Come in," and then demanded my name.

"My name is Stanley."

"Oh, you are the man I want. Do you know where Livingstone is?"

I said, "I declare to you I do not." (Laughter.)

"Do you suppose he is alive?"

"I really don't know."

"What do you think of it?"

I replied, "It passes all my comprehension." (Laughter.)

"Well, I think he is alive, and I want you to find him." (Laughter.)

I thought it was a most gigantic task; but I dared not say "no" to Mr. Bennett. I answered, "if you send me to Central Africa I shall go there." (Loud cheers.)

He said, "Well, go. I believe he is alive, and you can find him."

I said, "Mr. Bennett, have you the least idea how much that little journey will cost. (Laughter.) The Burton and Speke expedition cost between £2000 and £1000. Are you ready to incur that expense?"

Mr. Bennett responded, "Draw £1,000 and when that is finished, draw another £1,000, and when that is done draw another £1,000, and when you have got rid of that draw another and another." (Cheers.)

When I was in such a position what was I to do? I saw he was determined I should go and find Dr. Livingstone, and I went. He would take no apologies or excuses, so I said, "What is open to poor human nature to do. I will do—I bid you good night." (Laughter and cheers.)

Now ladies and gentlemen, I had never read any book on Central Africa, I thought Livingstone a myth. I knew books and newspapers had said much about him, and that all people gloried in him, yet I had a doubt about his being alive. Before starting on my mission I had to give a description of the opening of the Suez Canal, and then I had to visit the temple of Solomon underground. Mr. Stanley then mentioned other duties he had to discharge, which included journeys to the Dead Sea, Caucacus, Persia, Bagdad, the Euphrates Valley Railway and other places.

AT ZANZIBAR—THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE TASK.

When I reached Zanzibar I began to study books on Central Africa, and to draw up an estimate of the cost of my expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone. I first put it down at £3,000 but I had to increase it several times until it reached $20,000. Mr. Stanley then related the difficulty he had in learning the names of the currency among the natives in trading, and how he asked every Arab he met whether a white man had been seen in the country, and the conflicting information he had received on the subject. One said he saw one at Ujiji, and he was very fat and fond of rice. [Laughter.] Another said a white man had been wounded when he was engaged in hunting. When I got to Unyanyembe, the great central depot of the Arabs, I asked the Governor where the fat man was. He said he lived at Ujiji somewhere, and was a great eater of butter. [Laughter] I thought that was good news. I said, "Do you think he is alive?" Ah, great master; I don't say he is alive, because there has been war there." He said he had devined on the Koran and found Livingstone was dead. Now my next point was Ujiji, from Unyanyembe. I had never been in Africa before. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, no baloons, and there was a war raging in the country. First I must cut my way through this war country. We went on for two days, but on the third we made a most disgraceful retreat. [Laughter.] All my men deserted me. I made my way to the camp of the Arabs, and I said there is a war going on, and it is between the Arabs and the natives. I will find my own way to Livingstone. One of them said, "Oh, great master, you must not do that. I must write to the Sultan, and say that you are obstinate, and that you are going to get killed." "All right," said I; "there are jungles. If one way is closed, we can try another. If that way is closed we can try another, and so on. I want to go to Ujiji."

THE START INTO THE INTERIOR.

So on the 23rd September last year I started, and went directly south until I came to the frontier of the adjoining country, and when I came to the corner of it I found there was another war there, in fact I was going straight into it. I had to go up north now, and came to the salt pans of which Burton speaks. In crossing the river I had such little incidents as a crocodile eating one of my donkeys. [Laughter.] I came next to a land notorious for its robbers. I did not know this, and one night I called a council of my principal men. I told them I could not stand this tribute taking. They asked, "What will you do, master?" I said, "The thing is to go into the jungle and make direct west." At the dead of the night we went into the bamboo jungle, and on the fourth day we stood on the last hill. We had crossed the last stream; we had traversed the last plain, we had climbed the last mountain, and Ujiji lay embowered in the palms beneath us. [Cheers.] Now, it is customary in Africa to make your presence known by shouting and shooting guns. We fired our guns as only exuberant heroes can do. I said, "I suppose I shall not find the white man here. We must go on the Congo and away to the Atlantic Ocean, but we must find this white man." So we were firing away, shouting and blowing horns, beating drums. All the people came out and great Arabs from Muscat came out.

GOOD NEWS.

Hearing we were from Zanzibar, and were friendly and brought news of their relatives, they welcomed us. And while we were travelling down that steep hill, down to this little town, I heard a voice saying "Good morning, sir." (Loud cheers and laughter.) I turned and said sharply "who the mischief are you?" "I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone, sir." I said, "What! is Dr. Livingstone here." "Yes, he is here. I saw him just now." I said, "Do you mean to say Dr. Livingstone is here?" "Sure." "Go and tell him I am coming." (Laughter and cheers.) Do you think it possible for me to describe my emotions as I walked down those few hundred yards?

THE MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE.

This man, David Livingstone, that I believed to be a myth, was in front of me a few yards. I confess to you that were it not for certain feelings of pride, I should have turned over a somersault. (Laughter.) But I was ineffably happy. I had found Livingstone; my work is ended. It is only a march home quick; carry the news to the first telegraph station, and so give the word to the world. (Cheers.) A great many people gathered around us. My attention was directed to where a group of Arabs were standing, and in the centre of this group a pale, careworn, grey bearded old man, dressed in a red shirt with a crimson joho, with a gold band round his cap, an old tweed pair of pants, his shoes looking the worse for wear. Who is this old man? I ask myself. Is it Livingstone? Yes, it is. No, it is not. Yes, it is. "Dr. Livingstone I presume." "Yes." (Loud cheers.) Now it would never have done in the presence of the grave Arabs, who stood there stroking their beards, for two white men to kick up their heels. No; the Arabs must be attended to. They would carry the story that we were children fools. So we walked side by side into the verandah. There we sat—the man, the myth, and I. This was the man; and what a woful tale of calamities that wrinkled face, those gray hairs in his beard, those silver lines on his head; what a woful tale they told! Now we begin to talk. I don't know about what. I know we talk, and by-and-by come plenty of presents from the Arabs. We eat and talk, and whether Livingstone eats most or I eat most I cannot tell. I tell him many things. He asks, "Do you know such and such a one?" "Yes." "How is he?" "Dead." "Oh, oh!" "And such a one?" "Alive and well." "Thanks be to God." "And what are they all doing in Europe now?" "Well, the French are kicking up a fuss; and Prussians are around Paris, and the world is turned topsy-turvy." It is all a matter of wonder for Livingstone. He soon turned in to read his letters. And who shall stand between his man and the outer world? I should like to say a great deal more to you, but I want to find out one thing, and that is—I want you to find out what this man Livingstone was—what was his character—that this man can stand the fatigues, brave the dangers and sufferings of Central Africa. What is there in him which makes him go on while others turn back? What is it in him who has discovered so many lakes and rivers and streams, passed over so many virgin countries, and through so many forests, that makes him say, "It is not enough?" That is what I want to know. I asked him if he had been up to Lake Tanganyika yet. There is a great deal said about that. He said the central line of drainage absorbed all his means. I proposed to him we should go there with my men and material, and make a pleasure party of it. He said, "I am your man." I said, "They think we should go there." "Very well; it shall be done to-morrow." And to-morrow we went. Now, it is about what Livingstone and myself discovered at the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, that the Royal Geographical Society has requested me to read you a formal paper on the subject. (Cheers.)

Mr. Stanley then read his paper descriptive of Lake Tanganyika.

LORD DUFFERIN AT QUEBEC.

(Correspondence Quebec Chronicle.)

Being accidently in Quebec yesterday, and seeing in the *Chronicle* that there was a reception at Government House, I took the liberty to leave my pasteboard. Four footmen, *en poudre*, were at the entrance, one in camp—who announced our names in the drawing room, and then all ceremony, red tape and tomfoolery ended. One of the most graceful and elegant women it has ever been my good fortune to meet rose from an easy and convenient chair near the head of the room—we bowed with sincere admiration, our enchantment was complete when she advanced and offered a lovely hand, free from ring's expressement—while the left adorned with two or three most elegant and rare. We then turned to right where an English gentleman in morning dress, hat and cane in hand gave us a hearty salutation and cordial grasp of the hand. We explained that we were strangers passing through the city in travellers rough costume—our excuse was accepted and a double welcome expressed when we said "from Ottawa."

Lord Dufferin is about thirty five, slight, graceful and active, full of kindly thoughtfulness and anxiety to please, the true secret of success, for neither birth nor education can make a man agreeable who is selfish or conceited. Lord Dufferin is certainly neither. While I have great respect for Lord Monck and Lord Lisgar, as men of business, painstaking officemen, I feel sure that every one must perceive the contrast in our reception. Instead of a group of Aide de Camps who stood like icy automata, with countenee worried and bored at every fresh arrival, signifying that the moment your presentation was over you must hasten into another apartment, from thence to make your exit as best you might unattended, and whose only glance of pleasure was on locking the door at eleven, regardless of the unfortunates left in the cold by the delay of a tardy coachman. Lord Dufferin is fortunate in having a staff who do all they can to make the guests feel at ease—they smile cordially, look pleased to see every one, find seats for the ladies, and usher one to the door with an air of regret—the manner of the whole party conveys the pleasant idea that they find Canada and Canadians much nicer than they expected.

Her Excellency's drawing room is the east room in the officer's barracks, and Lord Dufferin has shown his taste in making an improvement at once elegant and inexpensive. French windows open on a gallery which connects the room with a splendid platform formed by planking over the nearest bastion on which a tent is erected for present use, which can be used as a ball room without injuring the fortifications, which some of us prefer to see thus used for peaceful enjoyment. The view cannot be surpassed, useless perhaps by Gibraltar; it is abolutely perfect—the matchless river is the fore ground, to which the precipice falls sheer from your feet; in the distance the Laurentian range with its endles variety of light and shade,—the Falls of Montmorenci can be clearly seen at full water—the Island of Orleans, the Chaudiere, above Point Levis the eye can cover fifty miles. Directy under you are the great Canadian ships—at present, the *Sarmatian*, Captain Wylie, the greatest steam palace that ever floated, and the best little captain alive. It was very rich when Lord Dufferin expressed his astonishment at the way these ships *are handled*. Amid our admiration of all this beauty, and the arrangement which enabled us to contemplate it, Ottawa was neither forgotten nor disparaged; but the heat and propriety of becomming acquainted with all our cities render an extended tour desirable and what season more appropriate than this, when all who can are away from home.

To Ottawa I foretell a more agreeable Court, better times, and a happier society than she has ever seen; and an influx of joyment. Of all the good gifts our glorious Queen has given us, I believe the Earl and Countess of Dufferin will prove the crowning blessing.

"And often in our grand old woods
We'll bless our noble Queen,
Who sent this true poetic type
Of what herself hath seen."

Quebec, Aug. 23, 1872.

CAUGHT IN A FOREST FIRE.

The Walla Walla *Statesman* gives an account of the narrow escape of a pleasure party in the mountains near that place:—"The party were camped in one of the canons in the mountains, and had been fortunate enough to find a very desirable location, but on the sixth day were forced to suddenly abandon their sylvan retreat, on account of the rapidly approaching fires which were gathering in on them from all quarters, but more particularly up from the mouth of the canon. This latter fire had started many miles below them, but owing to the funnel like draught of the canon, it came on with almost the rapidity of a race-horse, and before they had time to circumvent it or move to other quarters, it was upon them in all its fierceness. The ladies were first taken care of, although at a great risk, having to run through the fire where timber and underbrush were the thinnest, and so make their way to the rear of the burning forest. Here the heat was so intense that it was with great difficulty they could breathe, and there was not a drop of water to be had to quench their thirst. The gentlemen, after seeing the ladies in a place of safety, bethought them of their camp and its fixtures, and they started back through the fire and smoke to save whatever of value there might still remain. They reached there about the same time the fire did, but were fortunate enough to be able to carry everything of necessary value away, and only lost a few unimportant articles."

A NEW RELIGIOUS SECT.—A new religious community is now attracting considerable attention in Iowa, where its members, to the number of fifteen hundred, are settled. They have purchased about 30,000 acres of land on the Rock island and Pacific railroad, and have erected several mills and manufactories which they carry on themselves. They call themselves "Amanians" and are Germans without exception. All property is held in common, and the affairs of the society are managed by fifteen trustees, or fathers as they are called. Each person is allowed to draw a certain amount from the co-operative store yearly, and no member is given any wages or any money for personal expenses. Meetings are held every day for religious services. In addition to the thirty thousand acres of farming land already mentioned, the society own large flour and woolen mills on the Des Moines river. They manufacture a fine quality of yarns and flannel in colors, which stand high in the market. The Amanians are noted for their honest and fair dealing, and are much respected by their neighbors. Marriage is not encouraged, though it is not forbidden, and as the community is not receiving any new members, it will probably, in time, die out.

A TERRIBLE STORY.—This is the season, says the *Echo*, for water parties, and water parties are nothing without a little fun and frolic. But it is particularly needful when seated in a boat, to be both merry and wise, a fact of which we are reminded by a truly terrible story reported by the French papers as having occurred Saturday. Two young men, good oarsmen and swimmers, went out in a small boat on the Seine, taking with them a servant girl from a riverside inn. The girl became exceedingly afraid of the water, and began, to the great amusement of her companions, to scream and twist about in terror. To increase her fears and their own sport, the young men began to rock the frail barque from side to side, while the poor girl held on to the gunwale in agony. At length, seeing a little water come in, she gave such a start as to upset the boat and all went to the bottom. The young men instantly appeared on the surface of the water, but seeing that their companion had disappeared again dived to save her. The horrified spectators on shore saw one terrible minute elapse before one of the party reappeared. Finding himself alone, however, he instantly dived once more. Two minutes now passed, and nothing more was seen of the three unfortunate young people. Several men then pushed off in boats with boat-hooks, but it was too late. The three corpses were found in a mass of sunken boats near the village.—These victims to thoughtless playfulness, were all under twenty years of age.

Dr. H. P. Swein and family, from Santa Cruz, California, were in the city yesterday. The doctor had in his possession a large diamond, supposed to be of the first water, which he claims to be worth over $3,000,000. It was found by his boy at the mouth of a gulch in Santa Cruz County, over six years ago. The specimen is an irregularly rounded pebble, about the size of a large horse chestnut, covered with a thin, brown, opaque crust, and the weight is three and a half ounces. Two or three faces made by grinding off the outside coat, exhibit a brilliant transparency which to the unprofessional eye looked like rock crystal. It has been examined in San Francisco, where an offer of $10,000 was made to the owner. Mr. L. B. Hopkins compared it with other diamonds, and pronounced it the regular Simon pure stuff. The doctor goes to Boston to have it tested by the most skilful lapidaries of that city. Explorations have since been made in the canyon where the specimen was discovered, but the search has not been rewarded with success.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Good advice is this:

"If your neighbor's hens are troublesome,
And steal across the way,
Don't let your angry passions rise,
But fix 'em a place to lay."

And if their roosters should crow more than you need take the same philosophical way.

WHERE WAS SHE.—A gentleman who came up the Hudson on the *St. John*, the other day, tells this story:

'I noticed,' he said, 'a serious looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or book-keeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in his berth, the gentleman took it in his arms and carried it to and fro in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out loud enough for the father to hear, 'What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that baby for?'

The man only nestled the baby more quietly in his arms without saying a word. Then the baby sobbed again.

'Where is the confounded mother that she don't stop its noise?' continued the profame grumbler.

At this the father came up to the man and said: 'I'm sorry we disturb you, sir, but my dear baby's mother is in her coffin down in the baggage room. I'm taking her back to Albany where we used to live.'

'The hard hearted man,' says my friend, 'buried his face in shame, but in a moment, moved by the terrible rebuke, he was by the side of the grief-stricken father. They were both tending the baby.'—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

A most astonishing case of cruelty to animals was lately investigated at Rottingdean, near Brighton, England, by the Society for the Prevention, &c. Miss Mary Elizabeth Chantrell, a person of property, had a mania for collecting cats and dogs, so that she had under her roof no fewer than thirty of the former and forty-three of the latter. Last Spring she left her home and quadrupeds in charge of a couple of servant girls; but she forgot to leave any money for victualling the menagerie and the girls. The latter, as the tradesman refused credit, took their leave, and the unfortunate pets were shut up without food, in consequence of which some of them were forced to kill and eat their companions. The magistrate fined the neglectful mistress for her culpable neglect, and explained to her that those who keep cats and dogs must make suitable provision for their maintenance. Mrs. Chantrell was a short time ago prosecuted by the health officers on account of the nuisance to the village occasioned by the harboring of her numerous pets in uncleanly premises.

On the 10th of the present month the completion of the great breakwater at Portland, England, begun twenty-three years ago, was celebrated with imposing ceremonies, in which the Prince of Wales participated. This breakwater is a mile and a half long, is three hundred feet high. In its construction nearly six millions of tons of stone have been used. The line of wall is broken at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the shore where an opening, one hundred and fifty feet wide has been left for ships to pass out of the harbor without rounding the northwestern end of the work. Convict labour has been largely used in the construction of this great work, the result of which is an artificial harbor of refuge, fifteen hundred acres in extent, facing Cherbourg across the channel. There is yet to be completed a great fort at the sea end of the breakwater to serve as a protection to the harbor.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A gentleman residing on the Richmond Road, who has been married for many years and having no children, was recently visited at his house by a procession of his friends who had heard that at last he had been honoured with the birth of a daughter, the party carrying as presents a baby carriage, cradle, open work chair, teething rings, numerous small articles, the uses of which are known only to the initiated. The embarrassment of the visitors can be imagined, when they learned on reaching the house that there had been no increase in the population in that vicinity, and that the whole thing was a blunder on account of an advertisement in one of the city papers. —*Citizen.*

Mr. Wilmot, of Newcastle, Ontario, well-known in the work of artificial propagation of salmon and other fish in the Dominion, has arrived at St. John, N. B. for the purpose of selecting sites for the introduction of this new industry into that Province. The importance to be derived from an increased catch of salmon on the river and coast fisheries of the Maratime Provinces would be a great boon that would be equally felt by all in the production of a greater supply of food for the people, and in increasing the traffic in a very important article of commerce. Mr. Wilmot has gone to the upper St. John, with a view of ascertaining the adaptability of its tributaries for the work of artificial fish culture.

A Kingston exchange says that the Thousand Islands, more especially those lying between Gananoque and Clayton, are now literally covered with excurtionists, who are camping out and enjoying for a few days the fresh air, the piscatorial amusement beating the St. Lawrence is celebrated. One island, we are told is tenanted by as many as forty families; the green sward and mossy rocks are dotted in every direction with white tents and bunting, and so soon as one picturesque or prominent spot is vacated it is taken possession of by a new arrival, and thus this animated scene of life and jollity is constantly varying, but never loosing, rather increasing, in frolic and pleasure. "Would we were a fish" are words oft repeated by exhausted humanity in such hot weather as we have recently experienced.

The Swiss Times tells of a pastor who, determining for once to prevent his congregration from leaving before the end of the sermon, commenced his discourse as follows: "Brethren in Christ! my discourse contains two divisions; the first is for the godless, the second for the righteous. Let us begin with the first part." This was very brief, and concluded with the following apostrophe: "Now, ye stupid sinners, ye who blaspheme Christ and make a mock at his holy teaching, ye who are full of vice, and far from repentance, I have done with you Arise and take yourself off from the Lord's house, for the second part of my discourse is devoted to those amongst you who are of a clean heart!" The whole congregation remained; they valued their characters more than their time.

NOTICE.—Advertising is a blister which draws customers. Advertising is just like the celebrated magnetic stone, it draws everybody and his wife right up to the point. You might as well try to make a dead man swim up stream as try to keep people from buying from a liberal advertiser. So say our wise exchanges.

THROUGH THE SLIDES.

That our friends from Old England have enjoyed themselves since their advent to Ottawa no one can doubt; certainly an amount of eagerness has been shown on all sides to afford them every opportunity for amusement and pleasure. On the programme of their stay in Ottawa, we doubt if any event was more agreeable to them than the trip over the slides yesterday afternoon; R. S. Cassells, Esq., gave them this treat, for such it was. Two large cribs of timber belonging to Mr. Conroy were prepared by Mr. Merrill for the purpose; a platform was provided on the back part of each crib, more particularly intended for the ladies, and cedar boughs neatly arranged were fragrant and ornamental, while the "Union Jack" high hoisted, fluttered over the heads of our friends from the other side the Atlantic. Having partaken of an excellent lunch at the Russell House, the party set out in carriages at about 3 o'clock p.m., and in a few hours later the cribs were moving out in the channel with their precious freight on board. The following are the names of the ladies and gentlemen who made the trip:

Mrs. Cassells, Mrs. McNab, Mrs. Powell, Miss Cruice, Miss Fellowes, Miss Smith, Miss Himsworth, Miss Kingsford, Miss Staunton, Miss Powell, Miss Reiffenstein, the Misses Russell, Miss Thompson and Miss Fitzgibbon, the English Eleven gentlemen and Col's. Stewart and Maude, Messrs. Cassells, Clarke, Sherwood, Brodie, Burrowes, Morley, Young, Murray, Cruice, Loucks, Healy (60th Rifles), Grant, Howe and W. H. Nagle of the *Times*. W. McKay Wright, Esq., M. P. and Messrs, Devlin, McLachlin and Col. Fisher, proceeded the cribs in a shanty boat and made the run over the slides in splendid style. The several bridges over the slides were crowded with spectators who rent the air with cheers, which were returned by the gentlemen on the cribs as they passed down. The slides were in good condition with about the proper flow of water. Many ladies who had gone up to the Chaudiere with the intention of running the slides, had their courage dampened by a view of the water and positively refused to make the trip; and though the ladies who were possessed of the moral courage to hazard the adventure shrieked a little when the timber plunged into and under the water at the foot of each apron, nevertheless we confess they behaved themselves with amazonian pluck. The English gentlemen went through the feat with the coolness that characterizes a John Bull, and seemed anxious to repeat it. The whole party got off at Mr. Young's wharf, where carriages were in waiting, and drove back to town highly delighted with the adventure.—*Times.*

The Chicago police assert that almost every man arrested has concealed weapons.

The last discoveries in patent medicines are Dr. Perry's "Last Chance" and "Webfoot Pills."

It is just as impossible to get along without advertising, as it is for a cross-eyed men to borrow a gun.

"They fired two shots at him," wrote an Irish reporter. "The first shot killed him, but the second was not fatal."

John O'Keefe, a newsboy, has won, in a competitive examination at New York, the nomination for a cadetship at the Naval Academy.

A veteran shop-keeper says that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

Mr. B. H. Isabelle, of New Orleans, colored, has recovered $1,000, from the board of directors of a white school, because they refused to admit his children as pupils.

The farmers of Minnesota are securing their crops in excellent shape, and will have not less than 20,000,000 bushels of superior wheat to put in the market.

A box containing a black bear was received at an express office in San Francisco the other day; outside was this inscription: "Black Bare, ef yew don't want to get bit kepe your fingers out of the crux."

At Westport, Mass., as the menagerie was going through the streets, a fierce canine made an assault on the elephant. An "eye witness" says that the dog in about one minute was "spread over several yards of ground to about the thickness of sheet iron."

A large black spider in a grist mill at Manchester, N. H., caught a small mouse and raised it about two inches from the floor. The mouse was alive when found, but was unable to extricate itself from the silken network which the spider had woven around its body.

The varieties of wood produced in different parts of the world, are far more numerous than most persons are aware of. At the Paris Exposition in 1867 there were from 45 different countries no less than 3769 different kinds of wood exhibited, 395 coming from Europe, 252 from Africa, 858 from Asia, 96 from Oceanica, and 1298 from America.

The value of the recently invented canal-towing machine may be inferred from the fact that in New York alone there are now employed on the canals 6719 boats, having an aggregate capacity of 1,325,000 tons, and valued at a little over twenty million dollars. The invention doubles the speed without additional cost—thus doubling the capacity of the canal.

The new postal card just adopted by the United States Post Office Department will be of a light amber color, five inches by three and one-eighth in size, and will weigh about 1½ drachms. On one side will be a head of the goddess of Liberty, with the legend "United States Postal Card." This side also contains the direction: Write the superscription on this side and the communication on the other."

A few days ago, a train of cars near Philadelphia struck a negro, threw him 20 feet into the air, and tore his clothing all to shreds. The train was stopped, and the horrified spectators went back to find him on his feet again resuming his line of march upon the track. He proved to be deaf, and seems to look upon the affair as a common incident of travel. He did not know what they were talking about or seemed to care, when questioned.

An Irishman, ready-witted, who always had a word for everybody, let it be whichever way it might, went into a grocery store one day to buy eggs. "How are eggs to-day," he asked of the clerk, who was one of those over-smart fellows, by the way. "Eggs are eggs, to-day, Paddy," replied the clerk, looking triumphantly upon two or three young lady customers who happened to be in the store. "Faith, I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Paddy, "the last ones I got have been chickens."

PURE AIR.—We take the following extract upon this important subject, from a work lately published, entitled *Ten Laws of Health*.

The supreme importance of good, pure lung food for all human beings—the tender infant, the delicate daughter, the robust man, and the old, bowed down with years—cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind. Pure air is not only the best of all purifiers, but it is the best preserver against ill effects of other impurities, and the best of all tonics for weak lungs. The idea, deeply fixed upon the popular mind, that the only way for the weak to gain strength is through eating and drinking, leads to the invention of an endless variety of tempting and over-nutritious dishes, and to the drenching of the stomach with wine and bitters. The practice is a most disastrous one.—Thousands to-day are suffering in this way, or by having their lungs both starved and poisoned, while the stomach is stimulated to its utmost, and gorged with rich aliments day and night.—Little by little, and day by day, should out-door exercise be increased until the body becomes pure enough to take care of itself.

If the uniform half starving of the lungs be long continued, even though the stomach be well supplied, the body gradually becomes weaker and weaker, and paler and paler, in spite of all the stimulants, all the tempting dishes, and all the care which art can devise and affection bestow. And so, in this way, a regular decline in health is established, or consumption developed, all on account of the unfortunate mistake in thinking that colds, weakness, and consumption can only be prevented by careful housing and rich feeding.

Perhaps the supreme importance of giving the lungs, day and night, an unlimited supply of pure air, cannot be better impressed on some minds than by stating that after more than twenty years' observation of the causes which produce consumption, and a familiarity with the opinions of the best physicians of the day, I am firmly of the conviction that no one need have any fear of this disease if his lungs are only nourished on good air during every hour of life.—The breathing of a pure air a few hours each day will not keep off the terrible destroyer, but the lungs must have this kind of air as often as nature requires it and this, at the least, is sixteen times every minute.

We endorse the following clipped from one of our exchanges: We emphatically believe there is no institution in the Dominion of Canada better adapted to impart a thorough and practical business education to the young men of the land than the Ottawa Business College. We have visited the College, examined its course of study, seen the students going through the various branches there taught, and have come away with the firm and honest conviction that it is simply impossible for a student to go through the College course without making a thorough business man of himself; he cannot help it, he must make a business man if there are any business tactics about him. We asked Mr. Musgrove, the proprietor why he did not advertise more extensively. The answer we thought significant. "Because," said he, "my students are by far the best advertisement I can make. The institution that cannot live but by puffing and blowing its own merits must sooner or later go down."

Issuing large and flaming circulars, making promises that will never be fulfilled, and holding out inducements which must lead to nothing but disappointment is not the way to advance a business college in the public estimation, or gain the public confidence, but give the student the worth of his money, and make him feel that he is able to hold the situation he may obtain, and give him such a knowledge of that which he has come to study that he will be enabled with confidence to face the difficulties which may beset his path, knowing that he is well able to ride safely among the breakers ahead. If this course is followed a college will never go down

We think Mr. Musgrove is right, and as long as he takes such a rule for his guide he is sure to meet with the same success in the future as in the past.

Everything necessary for a complete business education is here thoroughly taught, including bookkeeping by single and double entry. The student goes right into business, becomes a real merchant, discounts his notes, deposits his money in the bank, and,—but if we told half what is done, we would fill this paper, so will just run over a little of what we saw taught. There is commission; the student becomes a regular commission merchant, receiving consignments for others to sell; he make out his account sales, averages the time of the net proceeds being due, &c., &c., &c. Then there is Foreign Exchange, dealing with England, the United States, and other countries; this branch is worth the whole tuition fee. There is steamboating, so taught, that you could go straight from the college and take charge of a steamboat set of books. Then there is changing single to double entry, manufacturing, lumbering, expressing, &c., but it is no use to particularize further, so we would close this article with this remark: You cannot, if you look the Dominion over, find an institution superior to the Ottawa Business College, and you will go a long way before you will find its equal.

We would strongly advise all who think of going to a commercial college to be sure and go to the Ottawa Business College.

The manufacture of iron on a large scale is by no means of modern date.—Long ago, in India, its manufacture was carried on upon a scale so stupendous as to rival the largest steam hammer forges in Europe at the present day. A wrought-iron pillar at the principal gate of the ancient mosque of the Kutub, near Delhi, is as large as the screw shaft of a first-class steamer. It is slightly spindleshaped, and is surmounted by a capital of elaborate Indian design, carved by the chisel in the solid iron.—The entire length is about sixty feet. Its diameter near the surface is sixteen inches; it contains about eighty cubic feet of metal, and weighs upward of seventeen tons. Near its middle is an inscription of six lines in Sanscrit, from which its age has been assigned to the third or fourth century of the Christian era.

The following epistle is from a fond mother:—

MR. TEACHER.—If my gal gits contrerry and don't behaiv respecterbal and don't lern fast, and don't git into gogerafry, take the hide clean of ov her if she is 16 & kicks up a fuss.

I didn't write this. I ain't much eddicated. It is rote by very truly yours POLLY PETERSON.

I sue to have her grow up like Yankee folks.

A decision of some importance to publishers and advertisers was recently obtained in England. A publishing company being directed to insert in one of the publications a half-page advertisement, requested again and again that copy be furnished; when it was no longer possible to wait for the electrotype block, which the advertisers wished to appear, the advertisement was published in typographic imitation. The advertisers refused to pay, but the court gave judgment against them for the full amount claimed.

On Friday the city marshal of Kalamazoo was taking two female prisoners to the state prison at Jackson, on the express train of the Michigan Central Railroad. When about three miles from Jackson, one of the women started, as she said, to get a drink of water, but went out of the door and jumped from the train, which at that time was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The train was stopped, and the woman found lying beside the track, with one leg broken and her hip and shoulder dislocated.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—D. G. Godfrey grocer, corner Pike-street, stabbed his wife a dozen times yesterday, and then cut his own throat. Jealousy was the cause. The woman may recover.

"Albany has four hundred dwelling houses, and two thousand four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the streets." So it was printed in a school geography not long ago.

BIRTHS.

In Wilberforce, on the 14th ult., the wife of Mr. Evan Edwards, of a son.

At Stafford, on August 19th, the wife of Wm. Dobson, of a son.

MARRIED.

At St. James, Church, Perth, on the 22nd instant, by the Rev. R. L. Stephenson, A.M., Rector, Guy Aylwin Gamsby, Esq., to Catherine Amelia, fourth daughter of the late Thomas Radenburst, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Q. C., all of Perth.

DIED

At Wilton, on the 26th of August, George Stuart, aged 25 years.

In Wilberforce, at the residence of Edward Greer, Esq., Lake Dorie, on the 17th ult., Mr. James Greer aged about 70 years. His end was peace.

OTTAWA MARKET.

Beef, $5.75 to $7 per 100 lbs.
Mutton, 10c per lb.
Fowls, 60 to 70c per couple.
Turkeys, $1.25 to $1.50 each.
Geese, 65 ta 75c each.
Ducks, 40 to 60c per couple.
Feathers, 50 to 55c per lb.
Eggs, 18 to 20c per dozen.
Butter, 17 to 19c per lb.
In prints, 18 to 20c.
Lard, 12 to 15c per lb.
Honey, 15 to 20c do.
Potatoes, 35 to 50c per bushel.
Swedish Turnips, 20c.
Carrots, 25c.
Parsnips, 50c.
Onions, $1.50 to $1.75 do.
Celery, 40c per dozen.
Cabbages, 5 to 10c each.
Beets, 25 to 30c per bushel.
Apples, per barrel, $6.50.
Home spun yarn, 90c per lb.
Wool, 50 to 60c per lb.
Hay, $14 per ton.
Rye straw, $5.
Oat straw, $5 to $6.50

PORK.
Mess Pork, $16.
Farmers Mess, $14.50.
Prime Mess, $13.00.
Hams, smoked, $12 to $14 per 100 lbs.
Do, green, $10.
Bacon, do. $9 to $12.
Bacon, dry salted, $8 to $9.

FLOUR—Retail prices.
Double extra, $7.50 to $7.75 per bbl.
Extra, $7.25 to $7.50.
No. 1, $6.50 to $6.75.
Oatmeal, $5.25.
Cornmeal, $3.25 to $3.50.
Cracked Wheat, $7.00.
Wheat meal, $7.00.
Provender, $1.50 per 100 lbs.
Bran, 70 cts.

GRAIN.
Buckwheat, 60 to 65c per bush.
Oats, 37c.
Peas, 55 to 60c.
Beans, $1.50 to $1.75.
Barley, 50c.
Fall wheat, $1.45 to $1.50.
Spring wheat, $1.35 to $1.40.
Common do., 50 to 70c.
—*Times*, 2nd.

PEMBROKE MARKETS.

Flour—No. 1 Super. bbls	$7.50 to 8.00
do. in bags	6.25 to 6.75
2nd quality	
Grain—Fall Wheat No. 1	1 40 to 1.50
Spring "	1.30 to 1.50
Rye	00 to 00
Peas	1.00 to 1.20
Beans	2.00 to 2.50
Oats	65 to 70
Pork, Mess, per bbl	18.00 to 19.00
Prime Mess	15 00 to 16.00
Hay, per ton	18.00 to 19.00
Butter per lb	15 to 17
Hides, per 100 lbs	6.00 to 6.50

CUTTERS & SLEIGHS FOR SALE.—The undersigned in returning thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him since he commenced business in Carleton Place, would inform all those wanting good Cutters and Sleighs that he is now manufacturing a splendid lot, which will be ready by first of sleighing, of all kinds. Send in your orders in time. Horse shoeing and general jobbing, both in wood and iron, attended to on shortest notice. An Apprentice wanted immediately to learn the Blacksmithing trade. None but a good, stout, steady young man need apply.
WM. M. GLOVER.
Carleton Place, Sept. 3, 1872. 48

DRY GOODS.

FALL GOODS arriving, very choice patterns and good material, PRICES LOW.

BOOTS AND SHOES, a large selection and selling cheap.

TEA.—My Japan Pekoe Tea takes the lead. 5 lbs. for $3.00.

A select general assortment of goods always on hand.

48 ALEX. H. TAIT.

CARDING MILL FOR SALE.—The subscriber wishes to sell his Carding Mill, at Fitzroy Harbor, or machinery belonging thereto, consisting of a carding machine and Picker, made by J. Forsythe, of Dundas; also two looms, one spinning, fulling and pressing machine, &c.
D. S. BAIRD.
Fitzroy Harbor, Aug. 26, 1872. 48-cf

NOTICE. The Municipal Council of Beckwith will meet at the Town Hall, for the despatch of public business, on Tuesday, the 17th day of September instant, at ten o'clock a. m. Pathmasters are hereby required to send in their Statute Labor Returns, at or previous to the said meeting. All others interested are requested to take notice and attend. (By order.)
EZRA McKWEN, Town Clerk.
Dated 2nd Sept., 1872. 49-3

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE NORTH RIDING OF LANARK.

GENTLEMEN: I have to thank you for having placed me in my present responsible position of being your representative in the Local Legislature, and although there are many of you whom I should thank personally for the very active interest taken by you on my behalf, I trust you will nevertheless accept now my cordial and hearty thanks through the medium of the press.

To those who were opposed to me during the late contest, I have only to say that I am likewise *your representative*, that I hope all feeling excited during the election campaign may now be forgotton, and that you will look upon me now as one who will consider it his duty always to do *justice* to your respective interests.

To the electors generally, *friends and opponents*, I have to say that, as your representative in the Local Legislature, your interests are *alike* dear to me now; and forgetting the excitement and annoyance of the election, my duty now is, so far as I individually can, to further the developing and improving of our county, and thereby promote your *individual* prosperity.

Gentlemen, I most sincerely hope that if spared to take any active part in politics, my acts will be such as will recommend me to all of you as one whose chief aim is to work for the good of *all*, so that at the end of my service on your behalf, I may return to you proudly knowing that I have acted only as became your representative.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
W. C. CALDWELL.

CLERK WANTED. A young man with some experience preferred. Apply to ALEX. H. TAIT, Carleton Place.
September 2, 1872. 48tf

[L.S.]

IN THE SURROGATE COURT OF THE COUNT