

gether in a row boat, and were drawn by a strong current through a broken sluice in the dam. The bodies were seen once after passing through the rapids, but sank before anyone could reach them.

While J. Neil was digging in his cellar at Kingston, the embankment fell on him. He was under the earth fifteen minutes, but when rescued was all right.

A Maple Creek despatch to Winnipeg says Saul Pollock was shot and killed by an Indian horse thief on Wednesday. It is supposed Indians have been lurking in the vicinity for several days. Last night being stormy and dark, they entered the corral of Cheeseman Brothers at Fish Creek, near Calgary, and took twelve horses. Pollock's ranch is close at hand. They attempted to drive out the horses. Pollock hearing the noise ran out unarmed in his night clothes. A hand-so-hand tussel with an Indian followed and Pollock was shot in the shoulder and chest. He died in two hours. It is not known whether they are Canadian or American Indians.

### UNITED STATES.

The whole business portion of the village of Springfield, Pa., was burned on the 22nd inst.

Strong temperance resolutions have been passed by the Presbyterian General Assembly now in session in Saratoga, N. Y., urging the holding of temperance institutes and advising ministers to preach on the subject.

Telegrams received at Washington from the officer in command of the troops at the Oklahoma lands say the intruders who have been trying to force their way into the lands have made serious resistance. Thirty-five have been arrested. Many more are coming, and the officer feared he would be overpowered by numbers. He has asked for more troops.

There was a heavy thunderstorm north of Calais, Me., on last Saturday evening. Ten men on a raft on Grand Lake were knocked senseless by lightning, and several of them were seriously burned. A child was fatally hurt, and four others were injured while playing in an outbuilding which was struck.

At Ironton, O., on the 22nd inst. the forge department of the Kelly Nail and Iron Company was burned. Loss \$50,000.

At Elkton, Md., Mrs. Ruth Griest, aged 30, was found in bed the morning of May 23rd, with her skull crushed with an axe. Her husband, Hazel Griest, aged sixty, to whom she was married two months ago, is suspected.

John Moran, a barroom-keeper at Jersey City, N. J., was mortally wounded Saturday night in an altercation with his son James, who shot him. The son fled.

At Glenwood, Ia., in an altercation about property C. W. Wallis shot and killed Fred Clinger, his wife's grandson by a former husband. It is said Mrs. Wallis abetted the murder.

Michael Robin, a single man, aged 22 years, was drowned at Grand Rapids, Mich., while working on a boom. His remains were recovered after two hours' search and shipped to St. Thomas, Ont., accompanied by a brother.

### BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Colonel Middleton has been appointed to succeed General Luard in the command of the Canadian militia, and will sail for Canada in June.

A fire occurred in a coalpit at Porto Bello, near Edinburgh, Scotland, on May 24th. Twelve men were suffocated.

Several loaded cartridges were found on the 23rd inst. in the vicinity of the Great Northern railroad station at King's Cross, London.

The French Government has decided to introduce a bill for the taxation of imported cereals and cattle.

The Berlin police have interfered with a meeting of Socialists who had assembled to discuss the proposed change in Bourse taxes. Eleven arrests were made.

In consequence of the Porte absolutely insisting on the abolition of the favored nation clause, commercial negotiations between the powers have reached a deadlock. Russia and England especially insist that the clause be inserted in the convention.

Placards were posted on the 28th inst. in the city of Moscow and throughout the province, reminding the Czar of the Nihilist proposals of 1881, that in order to avert his father's fate he should grant constitutional amnesty to political offenders. Had the Czar

accepted these proposals, the placards says, the Nihilists would have ceased their propaganda. The Czar is now warned that the Nihilists will continue the agitation with their accustomed vigor.

### Tales and Sketches.

#### "A BOY'S POUND."

Morris sat on the roof of the old corn-crib, looking down on a load of wood to be cut and put away in the wood house. Beyond was the garden, overgrown with weeds, and close to the garden gate was the kitchen door.

From his high seat, Morris could look in at the open door, and see his mother, as she walked with quick step, back and forth, preparing supper for the harvest men.

"Mother must be warm and tired," he thought. He wondered if any other family in the country had as much trouble as his family? His father was ill,—there came the doctor round a turn in the road to see him; his brother Dick had broken his arm; Hannah, the housekeeper, was gone,—there was no one to help his mother now in the busy harvest time! If only his sister was home from school! Morris had never before wished so earnestly for a man's strength. "I could chop the wood and put the garden in order, and get things straight," he said. Then he looked at his feet and hands, and sighed to think that they were only a boy's feet and hands!

But wishes and sighs could do no good! He was tired of his high seat, and tired, too, of the sight of the lazy turkeys strutting up and down across the lawn. He scrambled down in some queer way, putting his hands in and out of the lattice-work, breaking the strips in one or two places, thus helping to make the general appearance more forlorn.

Morris ran by the kitchen, and jumped in through the window into the sitting-room. If he could not work he could read, and drive the thought of all those stupid things out of mind. He found just such a story as he liked. It was about the building of a ship. He read every word, how day after day the workmen were busy on the several parts; and how the time came, at last, when the noble thing was to be launched and to begin its work.

He read how the crowd began to gather. How great strength was put forth, and how everyone expected to see the ship pushed into the water.

But what was the trouble? Why was so much strength put on in vain? The vessel would not move! People wondered. Just then a boy came pushing through the crowd crying: "Let me try, captain; I am small, but I can push a pound, at least."

The people laughed at the boy. Some even tried to push him back. But he was a brave little fellow. He ran with all his might against the ship and lo! off it glided into the water.

Then there went up a shout of triumph. The men who had laughed at the boy a moment before, now praised him, and declared that it was his pound of help that was needed to launch the ship.

"He was only a boy!" exclaimed Morris. Then, quick as a flash, came the thought, "I am only a boy, too, but I might try to do something to help mother push our ship along."

He jumped out of the window, and ran round to the kitchen door. There he stopped for a moment to consider what he meant by "our ship."

"All the farm work, of course," he said. I might push with my might, and resolve to get some of this wood split and piled up, and some of those weeds out of the vegetable garden."

He looked in at the door just then, and nodded his head, and smiled and said:

"As there is no 'big sister' about, mother, would you like me to set up the chairs, and stir the fire, and bring in a few armfuls of wood?"

"Thank you, Morris," his mother said, a look of pleased surprise coming into her face.

"I do not feel as tired as I did a little while ago," she said, an hour afterward, when Morris had been going in and out, drawing water, and bringing in wood, humming meanwhile two or three of his Sunday school hymns.

"Why, Morris, dear, you are as helpful as a 'big sister,'" she added.

"O mother! I am glad! I see how foolish it was to waste time wishing that I were a man. It was just that ship story, though, that opened my eyes."