THE TELFORD PARTY IN THE FAR NORTH

An Interesting Account of the Journey to the Yukon.

Tagish Lake is a Terror—Thirty-Mile River Also Gave Them Some Trouble—Concealed Rocks Made a Hole in Their Scow—Some Fine Scenery—Weather Mixed.

Writing from Fort Selkirk, July 25, "Tommy" Minehan sends the following to his brother, Rev. Father Minehan. The Telford party has several Torontonians in it, and the description of the trip will be read with interest:

Dear Brother: We arrived here yesterday after a pretty good experience in sailing. You remember when I wrote you last, we were going to pull out from Lindeman. We left there July 3, got to the canyon at Bennett about noon the same day. We had our outfit portaged past the canyons and sent our scow down with two pilots. The pilots make quite a bit on this business; every scow they take down they get $6 for it, and for a row boat $3. Now, when we saw the canyon, we thought it pretty bad, but we did not see the White Horse then, of which I will try to illustrate to you later.

We left Bennett at 6 p. m. on the same day as we got there, and while on the lakes we travelled night and day. We took the twelve hours in three parts, three men on each watch. That left us four hours on and eight off, and the cook had the privilege of a whole night's rest. We don't have the same cook right along, one has to take it for a week, then the next, etc.

Tagish Lake.

After Bennett Lake, comes Mud Lake, but not of much importance, then Tagish Lake. I'm sure you must have heard of this notorious fellow. If you haven't, there are others who have reason to. It is a brute of a lake for storms, which may crop up at any moment. We stole into it without a ripple on it, and patted ourselves upon the back for hitting such luck, but that was only what they called the little arm. Next day we met and encountered Big Windy Arm. It was pretty rough and the waves caught us broadside, but we stayed and got to Tagish police post in good trim. It may not be out of place to allude to the scenery around Tagish Lake. The mountains on both sides are about three or four thousand feet above the lake. The wind comes through ravines and sometimes there are waves rolling forty feet high, but we didn't get it so bad.

Met an Old Man.

We stayed at Tagish for a day and while there an old man came along with a row boat. I think he was a Scotchman. He was a bit excited. Telford asked him what was wrong. "Well," he says, "I was coming through the lake and my boat rolled over to one side and I jumped out at the hother and the damn thing turned right over me," so the poor fellow had to dig out for the shore. At Tagish too, we saw four Indians who held up two men going down. They shot one and wounded the other. They are a miserable looking outfit. The police say they will be hung sure. I saw one of the tribe who helped to capture the murderers, and for his services the police gave him thirty pounds of flour. The fellow felt rather proud of himself and pulled on with the Indians just the same.

To Fifty-Mile River.

After this lake we met another; it wasn't of much importance. Then we got on to Fifty Mile River. This river has a current of from four to six miles, and is wooded to the water's edge. In the rush some good-for-nothing fellow set some of the bush on fire and burned the woodland for miles. It is a pity the police can't get hold of some of those cads they would make it hot for them. Before one gets to the end of Fifty Mile, they have to encounter Myles Canyon and White Horse Rapids; they both run four miles long. There is a tramway on each side working in opposition, but at high water; they don't get much to do and some poor fellows who haven't got money have to pack right through. They let their boat go at the head of the canyon and it goes scooting through in ten or fifteen minutes. These tramway fellows will take any freight through for one half a cent per pound. The canyon is a narrow gut of water walled in by two huge walls of rock, about twenty feet wide, with a current of fourteen miles per hour and two ugly bends. Between the canyon and rapids is a short piece of water with a slower current, when it bucks up again, and dashes through a narrow and rocky gut sending spray four or five feet high. The banks on either side are not high here, and boulders are along the bottom. We saw a few boats go through and it looked pretty good at a distance, but when you once watch it, it looks horrid. These pilots are pretty slick boys at the business. In low water it is a hard job to put a scow through; they use an oar each, one at the bow and one at the stern. It is wonderful how they can spin a boat around in a small space. The police don't let any person take a boat or scow through except those who run the rapids at low water. Five of our boys went through to pull the side oars when wanted.

At Lake Lebarge.

After leaving the rapids, the river empties itself into another lake, called Lebarge. We got through this well, but the wind bothered us somewhat. Had it not been for the wind being so favorable, we would have had a hard time geting through the lakes; but the wind went back on us in here, so we had to go ashore and wait for it. This is the last of the lakes, some of which I don't remember. If you had a map of the N.W.T. you would see all those lakes and the exact place they come in.

Thirty-Mile River.

Then Thirty Mile River stretches on in front of you. This river is the most notorious one of the lot; the current runs about six miles per hour, and even more in some places. It is full of rocks, some of them sticking up high, and more covered by some few inches of water. When down eight miles, we ran on to one of those fellows and it appears the rock was the stronger of the two. It punctured a hole in our old scow. The water began to come in fast and we swung the thing to shore and forked out our cargo a lot faster than we ever loaded it, you bet. When we got her to the bank, she broke the rope she was snubbed with, and we had a time before we had her made fast. Some of our grub got wet and we had to stay over a few days to dry the stuff. We started out a week later, not much worse of our break, but a little scared of the Thirty Mile. But we kept our eyes skinned for rocks and got through. In the Thirty Mile alone, fifty, between boats and scows, came to grief. There are quite a few people drowned on this river. It is not so easy as people think to get into this country.

Lewes River Full of Sandbars.

The next river is Lewes. This river is full of sand bars and shoal water. It is on this river that the Five Finger rapids are. These are pretty bad too. There are four guts or channels, and any boat that don't keep the right channel will come to grief sure. Only a couple of days ago a scow went to the bottom and five drowned. There are more lives lost than any person knows of, but thank God we came out pretty lucky. We are now within 105 miles of Stewart River and hope to get there in two days. We will start to-morrow.

Now, this is Wednesday 26th. We thought we would start out to-day, but some of our dried fruit was damp and we thought we would give it a bit of sun to make it keep. The weather is very mixed, some days are fine, then we have others wet, and a few days ago we had a thunder storm with hail a lot bigger than beans.

Fine Scenery.

The scenery along the river bank is very wild and pretty. In some parts of the woods, we saw some strawberry plants and fruit on them, but were not ripe. We met some raspberry bushes too, and some of what they call low bush cranberry. We haven't got any game yet except a couple of ducks and prairie chickens. In the rush, any game anywhere near the lakes or rivers that didn't get shot, got back as quick as the Lord would let them. I haven't seen a four legged wild beast of any kind except gopher, which is like a big rat. We didn't get any fish either, except a few. I feel very well satisfied to hear from home the first time, and from you too, but there's one thing I'd like, and that is to get more mail, both from you and from John. I only got three letters altogether and those three from you. I got none from Joe after writing him five or six, and why don't Michael write? If I don't get more letters from you fellows, I may not write so often, and then you would want to write me two for this long uninteresting letter. I've written Joe, although not got any mail from him. This paper you sent me I did not get. The best way is to cut any piece which will be interesting to me and slip it into a letter. The postage rate to here is 3 cents. A stamp will take a letter to any part of Canada which does not weigh more than an ounce. The address from now will be Stewart River, Yukon, N. W. T., (care Telford syndicate, wait till called for.)

All the boys you asked for, told me to thank you and send their best wishes. You said in your letter that I got, to be manly since I came to Canada, but I think there are plenty of manly fellows on the old sod too. My, don't I spoil quite a lot of paper in my straggling letters. I hope you will write home, or send this if you like and tell them that I don't forget them.

With best wishes to you Toronto blokes and those at home, I remain,

Truly yours,

Thomas.

WHAT SHAFTER SAYS

Bad Climate, Chances of Separation From Base of Supplies, Etc., Made Him Hasten Attack.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 15.—General Shafter's report of the campaign, which terminated in the fall of Santiago, has been made public. Referring to the attack on Santiago, General Shafter says:

"The preparations were far from what I desired them to be, but we were in a sickly climate; our supplies had to be brought forward by a narrow wagon road, which the rains might at any time render impassable; fear was entertained that a storm might drive the vessels containing our stores to sea, thus separating us from our base of supplies, and, lastly, it was reported that General Pando, with 8000 reinforcements for the enemy, was en route from Manzanillo and might be expected in a few days. Under these conditions I determined to give battle without delay."

HOAR CAN HAVE THE POST

Ambassadorship to Britain is Open to Him if He Will Accept It—Believed He Will Decline.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 15.—It is understood that the President has invited Senator Hoar, the senior Senator from Massachusetts, to accept the London mission to succeed Mr. Hay. While a definite response has not yet been received, it is gathered that the Senator probably will decline on the ground that he would be more serviceable to the country in his present position, while the delicate health of Mrs. Hoar renders a change of habit and climate inadvisable at her time of life.

Won Marion Stewart Scholarship.

Cornwall, Sept. 15.—(Special.)—Miss Annie L. McCrimmon of Alexandria, who wrote for matriculation at the recent midsummer examinations, has won the Marion Stewart Scholarship. Miss McCrimmon, like Frank H. McDougall, who won the MacLennon Scholarship, was a student of the Alexandria High School, and came within a few marks of Master McDougall. Miss McCrimmon will leave this fall to take a course in Queen's College, Kingston.

Clergyman Ordained.

Cornwall, Sept. 15.—(Special.)—The many friends of Rev. John Munroe, B.A., formerly of Maxville, extend warmest congratulations to that gentleman on his having graduated with honors from Manitoba College, Winnipeg, on the 1st inst. Mr. Munroe was licensed to preach in that city, and left immediately for Brooklyn, B.C., where he was ordained by the Presbytery of Kamloops on Wednesday of last week. He was for a number of years a student at Queen's University, Kingston, where he met with remarkable success.

Tobacco Factory Talked of.

Windsor, Ont., Sept. 15.—Messrs. Ferguson and the Goldstein Bros., tobacco manufacturers of Montreal, are here making an inspection of the tobacco fields in Essex and Kent counties. If they find that the land is capable of sufficient production they intend to start a factory for the manufacture of smoking and chewing tobacco. Essex and Kent counties are the greatest tobacco growing counties in the Dominion, with a '98 crop of eight million pounds. The parts of Quebec bordering on the Gulf come next in production, with some three million pounds this year. The product per acre is about three-fourths of a ton.

Amherstburg Hopes for a Boom.

Windsor, Ont., Sept. 15.—There is a prospect of an addition to the industries of Amherstburg. A tomato canning works, to employ about 75 people, is being projected by Michigan men. Tomatoes are grown by the thousands of bushels in that section and a great portion of them is never marketed. Then J. H. Bishop, the Wyandotte furrier, has decided upon Amherstburg as a site for a Canadian branch, and next, the Chicago Quarry Co., it is said, will soon take hold of the old quarry and give it a boom.

The Demon Dyspepsia.—In olden time it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ablent air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial. ed

HAMMOND PAID THE PENALTY

At 8.10 a.m. Yesterday the Drop Fell at Bracebridge.

Wretched Day Put in by the Condemned Man on Tuesday—Calm on Wednesday—Affecting Meeting With His Father—Hoped He Was Prepared to Die — Died Bravely and Quickly.

Bracebridge, Ont., Sept. 15.—(Telegram's Report.)—The tolling of the town bell this morning at five minutes to 8 o'clock announced to the citizens of Bracebridge that the first execution for murder in the judicial district of Muskoka was about to take place, and it warned William James Hammond that his last hour on earth had arrived.

The condemned man put in a wretched day on Tuesday. He paced his cell almost continuously. Yesterday he was calm and resigned, and wept a great deal. In expressing sympathy for his father, he said: "Is there anything that I can do which will add to your peace of mind?" The father said: "To know that you are prepared to die would be my greatest consolation."

The son expressed the hope that he was prepared to die. He said the Bible is full of promises. "I claim those promises," and clasping the Bible, he said: "I love this book."

The Rev. Mr. Leith attended him to the last. Hammond rested well last night, and had his breakfast this morning as usual. At 8 o'clock the sheriff and his assistant, Dr. Steele, jail physician, Dr. Bridgeland, M.L.A., Constable McFayden, Radcliffe and

W. J. Hammond.

Magistrates Boyer and Sword, entered the jail. The sheriff firmly adhered to his determination to exclude the representatives of the press.

At ten minutes after 8 o'clock the drop was heard by the crowd on the street, and at a signal from the sheriff the black flag was raised from the Town Hall.

Immediately thereafter the summonses were issued to the jurors, the hour for meeting being 9 o'clock.

On the scaffold Hammond said: "I am guilty in one sense and innocent in another." He walked firmly to the scaffold and behaved bravely.

Dr. Steele examined the body, and found that death was instantaneous.

Story of the Crime.

During the fall of 1895 Katie Tough left her home in Gravenhurst and went to Toronto to live, where William James Hammond, a Gravenhurst young man, was also living, he being employed in a law office. Soon after her arrival in the city Katie had her life insured in Hammond's favor. As soon as this was accomplished they both went to Buffalo, where they were married, Hammond dropping his surname and substituting "James" therefor. They both then made strenuous efforts to secure further insurance on her life, and did secure another risk for $3000.

One of the insurance men became suspicious of Hammond, and obtained a chance to let Katie know it, and advised her to pack her trunk and return to her Canadian home at the earliest opportunity. However, she had the fullest confidence in her husband, and remained with him.

Went to New York.

Hammond then went to New York, where he vainly endeavored to float a fraudulent insurance scheme. The New York men, with whom he had been corresponding, and subsequently interviewed personally, were too astute to be caught by this young man from Gravenhurst, and his scheme was a failure. Hammond's wife joined him in New York, and remained for a few days, when she returned to Toronto, and thence to Gravenhurst, reaching her parents' home early in the month of February, 1896.

The marriage had been kept a secret, but the mother of Katie suspected that the pair were married, and, on being asked about it, the girl made the admission.

On March 3 Hammond also returned to his home in Gravenhurst, and met his wife by appointment in the evening. He also met her the next evening and again the third evening, being that of her murder.

It was at 9 o'clock at this third meeting being March 6, when two girls, returning from the skating rink, found Katie Tough lying in the snow, dying.

Frequently Gave Her Medicine.

Up to this time Hammond had been laying his plans to get his wife's life heavily insured, and to bring about her death in a manner least likely to point suspicion towards himself. To this end he had been in the habit of prescribing harmless medicine for his wife in order to inspire her with confidence in him. On one occasion, in order to show his solicitude for her welfare, he wired her to stop taking a certain medicine with which he had supplied her.

And he did secure her confidence. The simple-minded girl, having so often taken harmless drugs supplied by her husband, was easily induced to take the fatal dose of prussic acid on the night of March 6. At 8 o'clock that evening the girl purchased some phosphoric acid at a drug store, and on her way home Hammond joined her. She went upstairs to her room and remained a short time, and then went out and joined Hammond.

After her death, phosphoric acid mixed with prussic acid was found in her room. It is thought Hammond put the prussic acid in the bottle with the phosphoric acid while on the way from the drug store, and asked her to take it to her room.

After her death he was particularly anxious that her room be searched for poison, and there is reason to believe he knew the poison was there. On the morning of March 6 Hammond purchased a sealed bottle of prussic acid at a drug store. He was never able to satisfactorily account for what he did with it. He said he threw it away. Had he said he threw the empty bottle away he would have told the truth, as the empty bottle was found.

The Trials of the Murderer.

That suspicion would point to Hammond was but natural. A few days after the murder had been committed he was placed under arrest, and at the close of the coroner's inquest and the magisterial examination his guilt was established, so far as public opinion was concerned. Hammond had three trials, which have cost the Province of Ontario a large sum of money. The murder was deliberately planned, and as deliberately carried out, and it required patient work on the part of the Crown to clearly bring home the guilt of Hammond.

The first trial was before Mr. Justice MacMahon in February, 1897. On this occasion the jury disagreed. It is understood that the disagreement was owing to a juror being unwilling to convict on circumstantial evidence. The second trial took place before Mr. Justice Meredith in December, 1897. This time the jurors were unanimous for "guilty" on the first ballot. Mr. Johnston secured a new trial on account of the admission of Hammond's evidence before the coroner's inquest. The third trial was held before Chief Justice Meredith in May last, when the jury again brought in a verdict of "guilty."

WILL BROOK NO DELAY.

Admirals at Candia Are Determined to Disarm Turkish Troops.

Canea, Island of Crete, Sept. 15.—The admirals of the international fleet at Candia have rejected the request of the Turkish authorities for an extension of the time in which to comply with the ultimatum to Edhem Pasha, Turkish Military Governor of Crete, demanding that within 48 hours he should deliver up the ringleaders of the recent outbreak and massacre, surrender the forts and ramparts commanding the town, and disarm the Mussulman troops. It is reported that Mr. Riddle, secretary of the American Legation at Constantinople, is coming here in connection with the American demand for compensation for the destruction of the American Consulate.

CLIMBED MOUNT ILLIMANI.

Sir William Martin Conway, Celebrated Explorer, Did the Trick.

London, Sept. 15.—The Daily Chronicle this morning says it has received a despatch from Sir William Martin Conway, the celebrated explorer, dated at Lapaz, Bolivia, announcing his successful ascent of Mount Illimani, one of the loftiest mountains of the Bolivian Andes, East Cordillera, about 25 miles east of La Paz. Sir Williamasserts that the ascent of 22,500 feet occupied five days. On the fourth day the Indians employed to carry the expedition's baggage bolted.

The party suffered great weakness during the last hour they were on the summit, but no actual illness. Sir William Conway describes the view from the top as "astounding."

WRECK AND RESCUE.

Norwegian Lumber Ship From Quebec for Greenock Went Down.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 15.—The Norwegian ship America, Captain Dahl, from Quebec for Greenock, Scotland, with a large cargo of lumber, was wrecked in mid-ocean by a hurricane on Sept. 4, her crew of 18 men being rescued by the British steamer Mar-engo, and landed here this afternoon. The America left Quebec on Aug. 19.

The Queen's Cup.

The following new books are at the Public Library: Tout, The Empire and the Papacy, 918-1273; Allen & McClure, History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1698-1898; Totten, The Key of History; Gardner, Dante's Ten Heavens; Tollemache, Talks With Mr. Gladstone; Prentiss, The Great Polar Current; Freeman, Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman; Rogers, Folk Stories of the Northern Border; David Hume, By Henry Caldeerwood (Famous Scots); Edward Spencer Mott, A Mingled Yarn, Autobiography; David Brown, Memoir, by William G. Blaikie; Women Poets of the 19th Century, edited by A. H. Miles; Conan Doyle, Songs of Action; Hambben, The General Manager's Story; Oliphant, A Widow's Tale; Crouch, Senorita Montenar; Wilkins, Silence and other stories; Howells, Story of a Play; Walford, Leddy Marget; Henty, The Queen's Cup.

Poisoned Royalty Getting Better.

Yokohama, Sept. 15.—Further advices received here from Seoul, the capital of Corea, say that the King of Corea, who, with the Crown Prince, became ill on Sunday last, the supposition being that they were poisoned, is recovering. The Crown Prince, however, is still quite ill. It is now believed the poisoner was a lady of the household, but doubts are expressed as to whether she was actuated by jealousy or political motives.

The Queen Signs the Protocol.

Madrid, Sept. 15.—The Queen Regent signed the protocol bill last evening. The Cortes will be next convoked to ratify the final treaty of peace.

A CARRIAGE MAKER

Suffered ten years from weak heart action and nervousness.

Cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

No trade or profession is exempt from disease or derangement of the heart and nerves. The pressure of work and the mental worry are bound to produce serious consequences sooner or later.

"Mr. Donald Campbell, the well-known carriage maker of Harriston, Ont., giving an account of his sickness and restoration to health, spoke as follows: "I have been troubled off and on for ten years with weak action of my heart and nervousness. Frequently my heart would palpitate and flutter with great violence, alarming me exceedingly. Often I had sharp pains in my heart and could not sleep well at night. I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and from them derived almost immediate benefit. They restored vigor to my nerves and strengthened my entire system, removing every symptom of nerve or heart trouble, and enabling me to get restful, healthy sleep."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, throbbing, skip beats, dizzy and faint spells, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, female troubles, after effects of grippe and all conditions arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. Price 50c. a box or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia. They do not gripe, sicken or weaken. Every pill acts perfectly.

Health, Strength and Vigor

CAN BE OBTAINED BY THE USE OF

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt.

To men suffering from Sexual Weakness I have a little book which is sent sealed, Free. Every young, middle-aged and old man should read it. Address:

Dr. C. T. Sanden,

140 Yonge St., Toronto; 132 St. James St., Montreal.

OWNER OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE

James H. Hubbard, Brother of the Alderman and English Millionaire,

In Town—He Has Had a Wonderful Career and Now Counts His Lands by the Square Mile—Born in Toronto, He Made His Money in England.

"Young man, make it a rule to go to bed every night a little richer than you were when you got up in the morning. Keep! Save your first $50 or $100 and then make it work for you. That is the secret of what success in life I have attained to."

It is an old story. Every fellow's father has drummed it into his ears. It was only a new way of putting it, that was all. But this is the advice of one who has battled with fortune where wealth is most congested and therefore hardest to acquire in the multiplicity of competition, and has bested her to the extent of becoming a millionaire and a "£" millionaire at that.

James H. Hubbard, for 'tis he who is quoted, did not settle sud grow up in a new country to get rich by the development of its resources.

"That's easy. Anyone can do that," he said, and added with pardonable variety, "but for a Canadian and a Torontonian to go to England—to beard as it were the lion in his den—and there become one of the largest landed proprietors in the County of Sussex! Well, it's quite a trick. And I wouldn't want to have to do it again."

A Brother of Ald. Hubbard.

Mr. Hubbard is a brother of the alderman, but born here 52 years ago. His relationship could be guessed at sight by those who know the familiar features of the Controller. He has the same broad nose and slightly receding chin, but a narrower forehead, with the ready speech. But his voice is huskier and he has the suspicion of a Cockney accent. Add to this a flashing black, brown and white checked tweed suit and you will observe that he has acquired more than English good while away. Taken on the whole, he is a much handsomer man than his brother.

Born and Bred Here.

He was schooled here until 18 years of age, when he went west. He struck Winnipeg in the boom times of 1881 and 1882 and grew up with it and the then infant C. P. R. He held the position of C. P. R. auctioneer there for some years, but in his leisure moments his instincts led him to the life of a naturalist. He haunted and hunted during those two years the Manitoba prairies and accumulated a splendid variety of Canadian game.

This changed the whole tenor of his life. He took his natural history exhibit to the great Indian and Colonial Exhibition at London, where his contribution was acknowledged as the greatest collection of Canadian animals ever shown. His assiduity and zeal was recognized in 1887 when he was appointed general manager of the Royal Yorkshire Jubilee Exhibition.

He Acquires the Devil's Dyke.

"It was here," said he, "that I acquired the science of attracting the populace. It stood me in good stead when in 1890, in company with a syndicate which I have since bought out, I secured the 'Devil's Dyke,' a resort 5 miles out of Brighton. Here upwards of 1,000,000 people come every year, from the British Isles, from the Continent and from America. The "Dyke" is a huge embankment 1000 feet high. It is the most picturesque vantage ground in the world. From its summit you look into eight counties; you can see 74 churches. Sixty-six miles away through the misty haze you can see from the Weald of Sussex the battlements, the towers, of Windsor Castle. Out in the Channel and 44 miles distant you see the Isle of Wight—all as from the eye of a bird. It is the most beautiful piece of scenery in the world. If I owned this Island I could make it the most handsome boulevard in the world, too."

What the Dyke Is.

And to look at the gleam in the eye of this short, thick-set mass of nervous energy was to believe; to allow nothing even for enthusiasm. There was a lot of little legendary folk-lore connected with the Dyke, but Mr. Hubbard, you will readily understand, has not time for little sentimentalities. He simply poohpoohed this idea; his own being that the "Dyke" once served Julius Caesar as a camp site when he landed in Britain. In the good old county, Sussex, the hero of this little interview owns some 800 acres. He owns jointly with Mr. David Ward, of Ward's Island, whose guest and life-long friend he is, some 6000 acres in Manitoba. He owns the Grand Opera House, Swiss Gardens, Shoreham. The Brighton Railway terminates at his house. On his estate there is a pyramidal railway, a bicycle railway modelled after that at Chicago, and a grade railway to the next village. Mr. Hubbard has a "staff" of some 104 employes, doing personal and semi-public duties. Thousands of sheep graze on his lands.

Belongs to Exclusive Corps.

As a landowner, he got the entree to the Duke of Cambridge's most exclusive Hussars. "As a member of this troop" said he, "I had the pleasure of escorting the Prince of Wales before the injury to his knee-cap—but then I must not talk on this subject of the royal family, forbidden to us as Hussars. I am under sealed orders, don't you know."

Equally mysterious if less startling was he about his Masonic connection.

Mr. Hubbard is said to have Parliamentary aspirations and is spoken of as a likely "M. P." for one of the divisions of Sussex at the next general election.

Renewing, Not Paying.

"I am surprised at Toronto's progress. You have been over-speculating here. Look at that big city hall—remember you are not paying off your debentures in England, you are only renewing them." His brother, among others, might bear in mind this jerky little expression of opinion about the Queen City.

Going West to Hunt.

Mr. Hubbard brings with him a Londoner, David Barnard, who is favorably impressed with his first visit here. The twain pick up Mr. Ward here and leave to-night for Manitoba for a hunt. They will return to Toronto by the middle of October.

As a sort of afterthought it might be mentioned that true to his naturalistic instincts Mr. Hubbard has acquired the elks which did the diving turn at the late Exhibition. They finish their contract under the present management in November, after which they will be seen at the Royal Aquarium, London.

Eligible for Briefs.

At Osgoode Hall Tuesday the following law students were called to the bar: F E Perrin, A R Hassard, O E Culbert, W S Davidson, F N Devine, G H Draper, W Finlayson, R R Griffin, J R Graham, G W Hart, C E Hollinrake, S A Hutcheson, H G Kingstone, T J Murray, J D McMurrich, J L Paterson, J Stratton, H H Shaver, L F Stevens, D M Stewart, B W Thompson and N Williams.

Off to the West.

Mr. Hugo Ross of Fox & Ross has gone to British Columbia in the interests of his firm, it being his intention to visit all the mining camps of note, and report progress by wire whenever necessary. In all probability he will be away five or six weeks, and expects to be fully posted as to mining matters relative to the western market upon his return, which will be of benefit to the clientage of the above firm in many ways.

Died in Colorado.

Cornwall, Sept. 15.—(Special.)—Angus R. McDonald of St. Raphael's has received from Ouray, Col., a telegram announcing the death of his brother, Finlay McDonald, who for a number of years had been absent from Glengarry. Deceased was 41 years of age. He was married to Bella M., daughter of John McGillis, of St. Raphael's. Mrs. McDonald and two children survive him.

At Park Munro.

By permission of Lieut.-Col. Mason and officers, the Royal Grenadiers' Band will play the following program this (Friday) evening at Munro Park:

March—National Unity.....Leyton
Fantasia—Elmdale.....J. Waldron
Valse—Dearie.....Bonheur
Cornet Solo—Culver Polka.....Mr. Savage
Fantasia—Ups and Downs.....J. Waldron
Chinese Sketch—Hop Sing.....Katzenstein
Two-Step—Off to Camp.....Silberberg
Fantasia—Rosedale.....J. Waldron
Negro Sketch—Darktown Parade.....Fischer

Not Abandoned, But Postponed.

The Conservatives of North Essex have not abandoned their attempt to unseat W. J. McKee, M. L. A., but have postponed their action till a decision is given on the Constables Act appeal.

DANGEROUS DYSENTERY.

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It is appalling how many people in the course of a year are hurried into untimely graves by an attack of dysentery.

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TENDERS.

TENDERS.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned for the carpenter and brick work for a cold storage building, to be constructed on Bathurst-street, London, Ontario, will be received up to the 20th September instant, at 4.30 p.m.

Plans and specifications with GEORGE C. ZIMMERMAN, Room "8," Hunt's Block, 301 Richmond-street, London.

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