# WEEKLY SUN, ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 29, 1895.

#### FAIR CANADA.

Miss Clapper.

eye over and over again

the ravenous beast.

of the Hopkinses.

became the tyrant of fashion in her

own village. She read Shakespeare,

doted on Byron, and was subdued by

Sir Walter Scott's works. She lan-

guished and quoted poetry for nearly

forty years. In youth she scorned the

rustic beaux that kneeled at her

shrine; and, as years sped on, none "towed nor told their tale of love,"

until at length, Miss Die began seri-

ously to think of a visit to her bro-

thers, when the kind fates brought

him to the mercy of Cupid.

cause

day.

ladies

ear.

Mr. Micalf to the village and there left

The major (as he was familiarly

called) was rather short of stature

mcus for his good nature, intolerable

indolence and devotion to whiskey

ing asthmatic, he seldom had recourse

to any exertion- a long walk would

for a minute ere he could catch breath

to utter a word. Still Mr. Micalf found

treath enough to become a successful

wooer, and Miss Die persuaded her

swain to elope with her by moonlight,

as she could never survive the stare

of the plebians by the light of "gaudy

It ever remained a doubt in the vil-

lage what was the exact age of the

major. Many were of the opinion that

sixty winters had frosted his brow.

ber by a score as many years as his

bride. These latter, however, were th

Others asserted that he did not nu

him to puff and blow at least

punch and the noxious weed. Be

with an alderman's corpulency-fa

2

Fair Canada, fair Canada ! Land of the rowan, larch and pine ! Fair Canada, fair Canada ! No other skies so blue as thine ; The Southron boasts his summer land Where flowers through all the year expan But even there could we forget Thy mayflower and the violet ? Fair Canada, fair Canada!

Fair Canada, fair Canada ! other birds e'er sing like thine ! Fair Canada, fair Canada! breezes cheer like draughts of win ah, the music of thy rills ; wander down a thousand hills, ah, the songs of many lands, waves rehearse upon thy strands, Fair Canada, fair Canada ! Thy

Fair Canada, fair Canada ! autumn yields a bountcous store ; Fair Canada, fair Canada ' red of heaven forevermore ; untold wealth thy forests teem, silvery lake and murmuring str t of gold of sweet content--better gift to man was sent ; Fair Canada, fair Canada !

Fair Canada, fair Canada ! Thy noblest traits are yet untold ; Fair Canada, fair Canada ! Let someone sing thy hearts of gold ! Let someone sing thy hearts of gold — Their trust, their truth, their faith unfold, Their nostancy without a blot, Their loyalty that faiters not ; Fair Canada, fair Canada. —H. L. Spencer.



The moon shone serenely clear over hill and dale, her silver rays playing on the dull green earth with sportive fancy, while not a zephyr seemed upon the wing, and all nature slumbered in the stillness of a long summer eve wing, when, from one of the neat white cottages of the village of issued two figures, completely enveloped in cloaks, notwithstanding the thermometer stood at nearly 90. Not a word was spoken, but with stealthy steps they chased their shadows along the silent streets for a goodly half mile: although twice or thrice one of the figures paused and breathed convulsively, whether from lack of breath or agitation seemed doubtful. At length they stopped before a cottage, whose proximity to the church bespoke the parsonage; a light twinkled through the casement; the muf-fled fugitives rapped gently at the dccr; it was opened and they entered.

The old moss-grown clock had just preclaimed in solemn tones the hour of nine on the next morning when two ladies, whose looks bespoke them far upon the road of time-clad in black silk bonnet and mitts-came slowly down the street, shaded by the spread ing elms. These good gossips appeared deeply engaged in conversation, looking so intently into each other's face that sundry fowls, young pigs and small dogs miraculou isly escape a sudden and violent death.

'Can you believe it, Mrs. Potts ?" cried the lesser of the two ladies; "such a reflection upon our quiet village-good gracious and powers ! preserve us from such assurance." Thus saying, she rolled up the balls of her eyes, and clasped her hands together with pious fervor.

"Not only that, my dear Miss Clappa.; but such an example to the daughters of the place !" and Mrs. Potts sighed as she thought of her msels, who still remained in single blessedness, notwithstanding the many little manoeuvres, to which mammas will sometimes have recourse. "Yes, indeed, it behooves you, Mrs.

Potts, to keep a sharp lookout. Will you visit her-the good-for-naught ?" 'W-e-ll, what do you think about i? If we cut her all the village will.

What say you ?' "To be sure, to be sure, that's true; her place in society depends upon us, forth and harnessed to whatever ve-my dear. She gives such pleasant hicle their masters could boast of pos-

tombstone, if I can help it," muttered was but scandal, however. Nevertheless, the major enjoyed seven pipes and five tumblers of punch without Faithfully did these village circulars perform their agreeable task. Be once hearing the sound of Die's voice; fore the sun sank to rest every indiluxury which, in the warmth of his feelings, he solemnly whispered to vidual, from the lady of the member Potts, had not been permitted him of the legislature to the shoeblack of the inn, had heard the news, and had since his midnight trip. The hours sped onward-the merry formed dreams of the coming event The bride and bride cake, beaus and laugh that rang so loud and clear belles, had been reviewed in the mind's from the midst of a group of young folks who were playing "hunt When a young man Mr. Hopkins arslipper, "my lady's toilet." etc., caused the heads of the matrons to rived upon the spot where now stands the village of —, with his bundle upon his stick, his sole fortune. He turn from each other in high displea-sure at the interruption of some tale

became what may be termed a squatof scandal. ter. It was then a dreary waste of girdled trees and patches covered with est-the hour arrived-the guests deblack stumps. But his untiring perparted, and the mistress of the fairy scene began to wonder what had beseverance, and systematic industry were rewarded in time by beholding, some of her lord. Looking through from his cottage door the fields of the empty rooms, peering in every corner by the aid of a feeble light, waving corn and golden wheat where once lurked the savage and prowled and almost suffocated by the vapor of candle snuff, she was startled by in course of time the place became the sonorous notes from her husband's settled; the present village sprang into existence; Mr. Hopkins "grew nasal organ. "I do believe the ass has gone to bed," she mentally ejaculated. with its growth and strengthened with Rushing into the room, she beheld the head of the major, with his blue and its strength": in short. Mr. Hopkins became a rich man, and consequently white nightcap snugly resting upon her fine linen day pillowcases. Jerk-Mrs. Hopkins (poor good soul) died ing the pillows from under the offend-

ing head, she screamed: "Major ! why, Micalf, you are sleephusband in accumulating. She left one daughter, christened Dinah, and ing upon my beautiful cases with real thread-lace borders !" "Bless me, what is the matter ? Is two sons. Upon the death of the "old the house on fire ? Oh, Lord, I smell man" the sons moved to a strange

land (that is, about a hundred miles smoke-fire ! fire !" "Do be quiet and don't make a fool from their native dale). Miss Dinah, of yourself; it's only the pillow I or rather Diana, as she chose to be called, after the immortal Di Vernon, wanted."

"Oh, Die, is that you? You have remained upon the "old place," to uphold, as she properly said, the dignity frightened the very life out of me. Give me something to put under my Thus years wore away. Miss Die head; my neck is almost broke."

"There, my dear, is the night pillow. Now, never presume to go to bed again until the cover is turned down and the day cases removed, and-bless me, how you have tossed the bed ! Why, major, major, are you asleep already? "What is it for heaven's sake ? Am

I never to know what rest is again ?' 'But, my dear major, I say, shall I

tuck you up snugly ?" "No! the devil! I don't want to be reminded of my coffin every night by being tucked up," and away went the clothes from foot and side. "Oh, how clothes from foot and side. wish"-groaned the major, as Mrs. Micalf again patiently smoothed them down. The wish died upon his tongue, but it was embodied in his dreams. Once more he was the quiet possessor of the snug little room, and no less snug little bed, at the "Full Moon," atmosphere dense with tobacco the smoke and the vapor of whiskey punch regaling his nose-when the shrill, sharp voice of his helpmeet, at dawn of day, dispelled the illusion, and, with the sun, he arose with the comfortable thought that he was not the only being who had sold peace and happiness for gold. And, ere the honeymoon had expired, Mr. and Mrs. Micalf began to perceive that they had made a great mistake in their moonlight flitting .- Boston Post.

MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

The following letter received by Rev. R. P. McKim, the new rector of Thursday arrived-and, after a weary St Luke's church, from a personal watching from many a beaming eye, the sun at length disappeared behind friend and missionary in China, will be read with interest: the distant mountains, and twilight

Foochow, March 14, 1895. gertly threw over the glowing sky its mantle of scmbre gray. Lights flitted My Dear Mr. McKim-Many thanks for your letter. I was delighted to to and fro through the houses; an unusual bustle hummed through the learn that your Church Missionary quiet streets; the horses, disturbed association is actually organized. We after a day of labor, to be brought have prayed so often about this, knowalready. ing your difficulties, and hoping hope that they would one by a little sleep at night, sometimes n one give way, and now finding that they have is good news indeed. My wife wrote by return to the treasurer to bed. acknowledging the remittance, and telling him, I have no doubt, something of our affairs. You will, I am sure, hear from him. We are passing through what may turn out to be a crisis in the history of this ancient nation. The attention of the government being taken up with outside affairs it gives an opportunity to the lawless to do as they choose. A sect known as the Vegitarians have suddenly sprung into power, winning to their side the lower orders and disaffected of every kind. They laid their plans cleverly. First they tried to sleep. pick a quarrel with our converts in a place where a large number of peoevere. ple were joining us. They assaulted them, cut down and carried off their rice, and committed a number of cruel acts. However, as we are but weak body, the quarrel was all on one side. We would not retaliate and have not in any way obtained redress. The Chinese authorities, never very friendly to Christianity, took sides against us, and thus they failed to bring about a disturbance of any account. Next they acted in the same manner towards some heathen, and on the mandarin (or magistrate) making his appearance they openly and grossly insulted him. This could not be passed over. Four of them were seized and lodged in

wall will protect them, but our houses being outside the city it won't do much for us. In some places, I grieve to say, some of whom we had hopes are yielding to the pressure and are falling away. A very sad case has just been reported to me. Two men once held rather a prominent position among the converts of this place have actually joined the Vegitarians. "They went out from us, for they were not of us." From another place a poor the man came in recently to tell me of the prosecution in his village. One of our little day schools which you are befriending has been broken up and the parents forbidden to allow their The happiest moments, still the fleet- children to come. He told me how the water had been turned off his fields, (without water you know the rice will not grow), and other wrongs, and that now there remained in that village only three men brave enough to openly confess Christ. "What shall I do for you?" I asked him. "The authorities have no power; it is useless appealing to them. I have no power: what can I do?" He answered, teacher, you can pray, I beg you to pray. I pass that request on to you, dear friend, and to those you can influence.

I beg you to pray, then all will be well. You tell me you remember me by name every Sunday morning. It was that that made me feel I owed you a big debt, more than a gift of money. I hasten, therefore, to writ and thank you. Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT W. STEWART.

THE CONCEALED WORKMAN.

First, imagine a hill or mountain 3,000 feet high. Next, imagine a man 165lbs. in weight climbing to the top of it in one day. You will say he would be pretty well fagged out by the time he reached the summit. How his back and legs would ache, and he would be lucky if he didn't feel sore and "pounded" for a week after. Yet in lifting his body that height

his legs would only have done the same amount of work his heart does every day in pumping his blood, and that without the least sign of fatigue. It sends out about three gallons a minute, and keeps going night and day from birth to death. Still, we seldon feel it or think of it. What a workman it is, down there in your breast in the dark.

It is only when something interferes with it that this faithful servant asserts itself. and makes us anxious. As, for example; in the case of Mrs. Lizzie Evans, who says that at one time her heart thumped and throbbed until she could scarcely bear it. "On one occasion." she says. "the pain was so bad that I screamed for three hours." Probably Mrs. Evans is mistaken in thinking the pain was in the heart itself, as the heart is a dull thing as to feeling, having but few nerves. Still, she felt pain enough, in the keen nerves of sensation that surround the heart. The important question is, What caused all this alarming commotion? We may conjecture after having heard her ac count, which runs as follows:-

"In March, 1884," she says, "it seemed as if I had no life or energy left, in I was weary, languid, tired, without being able to tell why. I had a sour taste in the mouth, and spit up a bitter fluid. I had a poor appetite, pain after eating, and a constant sense of being sick and faint. My head was mazy and whirled round until I could not see. Then there was a sensation at the pit of the stomach that I cannot describe; it was like that of a weight or burden bearing me down. Here she speaks of her heart; we have quoted her words on that point

struggle was renewed in another part After that she goes on to say, "I got



instructions for the detail of part of the son preferred a charge against the the Pacific squadron for a patrol fleet other, so they were charged with dis-orderly conduct. They will be arraignin these waters. In accordance with the instructions word was sent to the ed in the Marlborough street police Canadian officials to furnish the list of ships to the ambassador at Wash-Lord Dougas banged his father's ington head with an umbrella during the

As soon as Sir Julian received the conflict and loudly asked whether despatches today he telegraphed to ly called for referred to the naval the Marquis of Queensbury intended to cease writing objectionable letters ships, and these were desired at the earliest moment. In view of the adriving upon the scene, Lord Douglas miralty office's instructions there is excitedly repeated this accusation of no further doubt that the patrol will persecution, which he said had occurbe maintained, and all uneasiness of ed since he had gone bail of Oscar the department on this score has been "That's removed. The conference with Sir my own business. I'll fight him any-Julian was very satisfactory and put where for £10,000." The police at first a more favorable aspect on the Behallowed the disputants to go, but the ring Sea question.

# LANDING

The One Hun Anniversa

Fleet Arrived in and h

Some Particulars countered by

When the sp Carleton exerte to hasten the ists, but the w gressed slowly, scarcity of tra the time spen settling their a few worldly pos ship. The emb enough attende but was not ca and regulation rendezvous was ships of war the fleet as con placed in char manifest of the Couset Wilson Dibblee, attorn Conn,. was the in existence. I took in her con Huntington, Lo ation began April, and was day, the 16th. men, 35 women servants, makir with their good placed on board ceeded through York, where an sumed in gettin together, but a the 26th day of twenty vessels one or more B from Sandy Ho precious freight their prows no sails gleaming flag of Britain head. The cou well out to sea, mouth of the I of fog coming their bells and fleed fired a gu the ships toge lady who kept from New York the queer effec appearance of as they were s the weird sour all around her which she gaze disappeared, to were in sight. S ed, the passen fishing, and at of expedients the time, but v was wearisom modations wer the vessels we lady just referr "We bear with the day, but as one child cries another. I thin crazy. There they were as would a great r are so thronged myself about a able for nobod In addition to demics, such as some of the shi

der at the sati

lady diarist wh

the words: "Ou now we should

before morning

St. John's Riv

see that place.

I am so utterl

ship, though

tain as ever n

sail after we

dear. She gives such pleasant parties, such excellent soft waffles, and then one meets sometimes such agreeable people from the city there, which gives the girls a chance, you know (winking knowingly), that it would be a pity to throw her off."

'I agree with you, my dear Miss Clapper-and-after all, she's honestly merried, although she stole away like a thief in the night."

"Suppose we just stop and ask Katy few questions. May be they wish to keep it a secret. Here we are by the house-shall we stop ?"

"I have no objections, my dear; but you'll get nothing out of that piece of sourkrout."

"I'll pump her: leave me alone for

'Accordingly the two loving neighboily gossips rapped at the door of white cottage, from whence had the stolen forth the fugitives the night previous.

The loud knock announced the aristocracy of the village; the door opened, and the sharp, bluish features of Katy filled up the aperture. Her small gray eyes blinked for a moment when she beheld the visitors: the next Katy stood the personification of gravity.

'Well, Katy," cried Miss Clapper, in her most dulcet tones, "how do you do this fine morn? All well, I hope," making an effort to open wider the dcor

Why, yes, miss, a very fine morning, and we are all well, thanks be to goodness," answered Katy, holding the door still closer, and protruding her nose still farther, so that the sudden slam of the door would have de-prived that venerable spinster of the he who hates walking so. Why, I most conspicuous of all features, a thought it would al red nose. "Sorry I can't ask you both him to walk so far." in-but nobody's home."

"Ah ! so then it's true, what we grccm, who had entered unperceived, heard this morning ?" said Miss Potts.

know what you might have heard." "Oh, only that your mistress ran off wheugh ! But Die would not be mar-

this morning in the village hack," almost screamed Miss Clapper. of. "And so my mistress is married, and

I know some that would like to be in her shoes, if they could but get the chance

"Well, well, Katy, no offence meant," cried Mrs. Potts. "When will the bride be home ?

"She bade me tell you, marm, and Miss Clapper (and she wants you to tell the village) that on Thursday evening the doors will be thrown open inward passions. and the candles lighted, cake and good Thus saying she gently closed wire.' the door

"So it's no secret after all," cried Mrs. Potts; "Katy made no bones at confession.

"No, the old she-devil ! How I hate that creature-she always Miss-es one She shan't read it on my miss !

sessing, hung down their heads, with siow and measured steps patiently submitting to the yoke of bondage. The sudden glare of lights that streamed through the casements of the white cottage over the gravel walks announced that preparations had ceased, and that visitors were momentarily expected. There was the bride, her tall, gaunt

figure arrayed in white, flitting from rcom to room, not knowing where to station herself to make the best impression, and inwardly chafing at the perfume of tobacco that met her olfactory nerves, and the loss of her reticule, wherein were the keys of sundry closets and so forth, when the door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. and the four Misses Potts, with Miss Clapper, beheld the bride upon her knees and hands, looking under an old-fashioned settee for her lost treasure. Mrs. Micalf looked up, sprang to her feet, uttered a faint scream, and for a moment hid her face-then yielded her cheek to the salutation of the six ladies, and with much coyness permitted Mr. Potts to touch the tip of her

"Well, I declare, I think you served us a pretty trick. Mrs Micalf-a lady of your years to make moonlight flitting-oh, fie !" cried Miss Clapper in a querulous voice. spare me, dear friends: I feel "Oh.

the full force of the imprudence of the But be this my excuse, I've step. prison in the city here. Now they had scanned the actions of his daily life, their chance. Messengers in all direc and flatter myself that I have secured tions soon brought in crowds of their hapriness. sympathizers. The Tamir, the official

residence of the Mandarin, was assaulted, and after many hours uproar thought it would almost have killed the Mandarin yielded to their de "You are right, old lady," cried the

mands, handing over his secretary to be publicly beaten and turned out of office, this, to the Chinese eyes, being and slapping Miss Clapper on the "Can't say, indeed, marm, as I don't shoulder; "I can't belileve if yet. I equivalent to being beaten and turned out of office himself, and the pris haven't drawn a long breath since oners were at once liberated and sent home in sedan chairs and state. last night and was married, and went ried any other way, though I told her

From that day numbers daily flock we were making a couple of old fools ed to their standard. Anyone having a lawsuit, or difficulty, or debt, joins ourselves-wheugh-u-u. Never mind, Die, don't be cast down at being them, pays a small fee, and is enrollcalled old-we all know you were young once! ha! ha!-wheugh-u! ed on their books, and is promised in return that they will back him up Come, Potts, let's go and drink good luck to midnight walks."

and carry him through the trouble. "Mr. Micalf is so boisterous when The officials do not dare to arrest Vegitarian. They tried that once, he is in good spirits, and he does so they did not try it again. Since last love to plague me !" cried the bride, November they have enlisted no fewthe quivering of her nostrils and uper than some 3,000 recruits in this per lip expressing the workings of the one district.

Of course this state of things can-Knock succeeded knock, and the innot last. The respectable people among flux of visitors, with the oft-repeated the heathen are in great fear of a "wish you joy, wish you joy," soon sudden rising. To meet this they have restored harmony to the spirits of the bride, who was in ecstacies at the crowd that had gathered around her. subscribed large sums of money to rebuild our city wall and repair She quoted poetry right and left; forgates. This is a good proof of the

state of anxiety they are in, for got, for the moment, that tobacco and so-never calls me anything but miss ! punch existed; and some assert that a Chinaman never parts with his even the major was forgotten ! That money if he can possibly help it. The

at all, and in the morning I would wake up more tired than when I went As the time went on I got weaker and weaker, until I could barely walk about. For over five years was in this way, and what I suffered is past description. During this time I lived in London, and consulted three doctors in Islington, but was none the better for what they did for me. also attended as an out patient at St. Bartholomew's hospital, but never de rived any benefit from their treatment. "In July, 1889, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and began to take it. In two weeks I could eat better, and got some refreshment from As my food digested I felt lighter, and the heart trouble was less After that I kept taking the Syrup and gradually gained strength Inasmuch as I had been running down for five years it took me some time to get back to where I was when I first began to fail. I am in good health now, and whenever I feel any sign of my old complaint I take a dose of the Syrup, which soon sets me right. In hope of being useful to other sufferers I give you permission to publish this statement. Yours truly (Signed) Mrs Lizzie Evans, 1 Camberia Square, Al bert Road, Oswestry, January 25, 1893. By way of comment on Mrs. Evans's interesting letter we have only to say that palpitation is very rarely a sign of disease of the heart. The cause is an irritation of the nerves brough about by impurity of the blood. In her case it was uric acid-the same poison that produces gout and rheumatism-arising from acute indigestion and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's

Curative Syrup had corrected the digestion and expelled the poison from the blood, the heart, like the other organs, did its work quietly. But what a wonder is the human body, and how well the old German

(Mother Seigel) nurse knew its se crets, both in health and in disease.

Bark Athena, at Delaware Breakwater from Juantan'amo, split spanker on the passage.

COUGHS, CROUP, CONGESTION, Readily cured by the use of **Baird's** 

Balsam of

John F. Munn of Harbor Grace., Nfid., Standard in the City. John F. Munn of the Harbor Grace, Nfid., Standard is one of the journalists in that colony who have not followed the traditions in respect to poli-

Picadilly and they were arrested.

a black eye. Neither the father nor

to Lord Douglas' wife. The police ar

Wilde. The marquis retorted:

court tomorrow.

for the benefit of his health, and will spend a fortnight in this city. He is a confederate, as are the majority of the people in his town and district, and he is of the opinion that union with Canada is bound to come sooner or later. Most of the able public men in the colony are in favor of confederation though there is a great body of opinion and interest in St. Johns, opposed to it. Some of the business men are afraid of competition on even terms with Canadians, who are now excluded by local tariffs, and there still remains a feeling among some classes that union with Canada would be a sort of sale of the colony.

Yet in Mr. Munn's view confederation would be of great benefit to the fishermen, who constitute the bulk of the population. At present they pay a duty on salt and on their whole outfit, in which respect they are worse off than the Canadian fishermen. Some business men in St .Johns are confederates.

Mr. Monroe , whose lamented death occurred last week and who was the largest employer of labor in Newfoundland, was one of these. Mr. Monroe who was one of the last men with whom Mr. Munn talked with before he sailed from St. Johns, will be greatly missed in the community.

THE MAINE LOBSTER DEALER'S VIEW.

"The lobster arrivals are only about half as large this year as last year at this time," says C. W. Marston. 'I think the cold weather prevents the lobster from crawling well. The falling off is as much in the provincial as in the Maine supply. They have in the provinces a six months' close ime; but that seems to make no difference in the supply this year. When our ten-and-a-half-inch, all-the-yearround law comes into effect, July 1st next, I think it will lead to an increase of supply. A nine-inch lobster will not breed. The new law will be a great benefit to all."-(Portland Press.

## THE IRISH FORCES.

Horehound London, May 23 .- The Chronicle announces that Lord Roberts of Kand-

Take nothing, new or old, said to be ahar has accepted the succession to Lord Wolseley in command of the just as good, but get the old established BAIRD'S BALSAM. At all dealers. forces in Ireland.

**BIG METHODIST UNIVERSITY** HE IS A CONFEDERATE.

New Members Added to the Board of Trustees.

Washington, May .2.-The trustees of the American University, the big Methodist educational institution to tical abuse. Mr. Munn is on a tour be located in the suburbs of Washington, held a meeting at the Arlington hotel today, at which over \$150,000 was subscribed for building the historical hall and library.

Besides some re-elections, the following new members were added to the board of trustees: John Fritz, Bethlehem, Pa.; William Connell, Scranton, Pa.; Hon. John Patton, Burwensville, Pa.; John G. Holmes, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn, Illinois, and John E. Herrell, Washington, D. C.

The execlutive committee was authorized to appoint a building committee to secure competitive plans from different architects for the hall and li-

orary, to be approved by the board of trustees at a meeting to be called in the early fall. Work on the building will be begun as soon as the contracts can be closed.

### LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

#### Sir William Vernon Harcourt on the Government's Policy.

London, May 22 .- At the lord mayor banquet at the Mansion house tonight, the remarks of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the house of commons, were in part directed to the currency question. He said that many of the important interests of the country had been greatly distressed and none more so than that of husbandry, but he believed that there was symptoms of improvement. He had seen waves of depression before, and had een the country recover from them. He placed great reliance, he said, up the recuperative powers of the on country and upon the principles of finance and currency which have been current in Great Britain for the past fifty years. The government, would abide by the fiscal and ded, monetary principles which had made the United Kingdom.

### AN ADMIRAL DEAD.

London, May 22 .- The Times this morning allounces the death of Hon. Sir Charles Gilbert John Brydon Elliot, K. C. B., admiral of the fleet. Sir Charles Elliot was born in 1818 and his title dates from 1881. He was an uncle of the present Earl of Hinto.

Little did th fortnight's se uncomfortable grand-children the journey hours, with al ury of a palac Those of ou curious to lear age their ance on their first be enabled to following reco kept by Benja burne, in the May 1st, calm at night May 2nd, Fr west. May 3rd,Sat from northwe May 4th, Su from northwes May 5th, Me erly: moderat May 6th, Tu erly, changing May 7th, V southeasterly May 8th, Th erly. May 9th, F erly. May 10th, S and at times erly. May 11th, plenty of rai changes to fe wind south showers. Evidently of May, the l the outlook right lay the with shrubs. so rough and loyalist set Hazen and V applying for worth even only amounte The Indians there; they guashe. Many and handed down of lovalists a rugged shore mother of on ard Tilley, that upon