Miramichi and the North Shore, etc.

REMEMBER the bazaar and prize-drawing at Blackville on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next.

DON'T FORGET St. Luke's Church picnic and excursion to Doaktown on Wednesday next.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH SOCIAL, held in the Curling Rink, on Tuesday the 12th, was a success as usual.

ATTRACTIVE SALE:—Everyone should remember the attractive Guild sale in St. Mary's chapel grounds, Chatham, this afternoon and evening.

CREAMERIES and cheese factories are making progress in New Brunswick. The creamery at Kingsclear, York Co., is turning out about 300 pounds of butter daily.

SHAME:—The Advocate pretends to copy a Gleaner article on the "Robinson and O'Brien suits" in which it deliberately introduces matter which was not in the Gleaner at all. We observe that the World does the same thing.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH FESTIVAL, on Thursday evening last, in the Curling Rink, was well patronised and had an extra attraction in an orchestra of three pieces played by Messrs. E. McEachran, Sinnot and Dupuy.

BURNT HILL:—Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, and Dr. Swan, of Boston, passed through Fredericton on Saturday afternoon on their way to the Southwest Miramichi to join Mr. Joseph Jefferson's fishing party.

THE "MAGNA":—A Silloth despatch says that the Norwegian barque *Magna* from Miramichi, deal laden, grounded below Maryport on 2nd inst., but got off without damage and arrived all right.

BOOK-BINDING:—Persons having magazines, or other periodicals to bind, old books to be rebound, or any similar work, can have their orders attended to at the ADVANCE office, where information as to styles, prices, etc. may be obtained.

JOSEPH RIGLEY:—A Concord N. H. despatch of 18th says:—"Joseph Rigley, an employee in Harper's circus, injured by falling from a waggon between Penacook and Tilton on the night of June 30, died at the city hospital to-day. He belongs to New Brunswick, and is about 19 years old."

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Bartibog, picnic and excursion attracted quite a large number of patrons, notwithstanding the threatening weather and high wind of yesterday. Everything on the grounds was in excellent order and the whole management reflected great credit on all concerned.

DIED AT HER OLD HOME:—Much sympathy is felt by the friends of Miss Anastasia Foley, both here and in Portland, Me., over her death which took place at Nelson on Friday last. She had come to her old home, from Portland, hoping that the skill of Father Morrissy might prolong her life but only to learn that she was beyond mere human aid.

CAN'T STAY IN DORCHESTER:—Judge Hanington is in Kings county presiding at the July circuit court. Many persons will learn with regret that the government has declined to accede to the memorials signed by the bar of this and adjacent counties, that Mr. Hanington be permitted to remain in this county, and will insist on his removal to St. John or Fredericton.—[Sackville Post.

WOULDN'T GIVE HIS NAME.—Yesterday an old man brought three barrels of potatoes down to Pickford & Black's wharf and enquired where the relief ship was. On his enquiry being answered he handed over the potatoes to the proper authority. When asked his name he said, "Oh, never mind my name you take the potatoes to St. John's; that's all I want." He evidently was not bestowing charity for the sake of winning popular approval.—Halifax Chronicle.

MR. R. B. CROMBIE, manager of the Bank of Montreal at Pictou, has applied for membership in the new fire company. We have, says the local paper, frequently seen Mr. Crombie working on the brakes of the old hand fire engine and otherwise rendering good assistance at fires. He will be a valuable man in the new company. It is not often that bank managers take so active and personal an interest in similar affairs.—Monetary Times.

LIGHTNING'S WORK:—On Wednesday of last week Moffat's mill at Dalhousie was struck by lightning, which tore shingles from it, shattered some of the timbers, knocked men down who were working inside and caused an outside man to fall from a deal pile. The Inch Arran hotel at the same place was also struck, a chimney being injured and some shingles torn from the building. As lightning is said to never strike the same place twice, Moffat's mill and the Inch Arran hotel will be considered safe refuges in such storms hereafter.

THE N. B. MEDICAL SOCIETY has elected the following officers:—Dr. J. W. Daniel, president; Dr. J. C. Sharpe, Maryaville, 1st vice president. Dr. A. F. Emery, 2nd vice-president.

Dr. Foster MacFarlane was unanimously re-elected treasurer and Dr. Geo. A. Addy secretary. Dr. E. Reavely was elected corresponding secretary.

Doctors Geo. A. Hetherington, O. J. McCully and Murray Maclaren were elected trustees.

AN EXAMPLE of Advocate rabies is furnished in the spectacle of its abusing a reputable merchant of Newcastle, Mr. Stables, who let a portion of his premises to a person who is said to have stored liquor therein. A person as prejudiced and ignorant as the Advocate brought a suit against Mr. Stables in the hope of connecting him with a violation of the Scott Act, but the case was dismissed by a magistrate who is well known to make convictions in such cases on the slightest incriminating evidence. Notwithstanding this fact, the Advocate continues to assail Mr. Stables, who has, of course, no protection from such blackguardism.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT occurred on Saturday morning at the Portage, about thirty miles from Fredericton on the Canada Eastern Railway. A young lad about 15 years of age, named Luke Craig, son of Wm. Craig, was picking berries in his father's field when a stallion belonging to a neighbor, and which was grazing in the field, ran up to the boy, seized him by the left arm, and inflicted several terrible gashes, breaking the bone in three places and literally tearing out the elbow. His breast was also badly bitten. The poor lad suffered agonizing pain for several hours till Dr. Crocket arrived, who dressed the wounds temporarily and had the boy conveyed by train to the Victoria Hospital, where, assisted by Drs. Coburn and T. C. Brown, he amputated the arm between the shoulder and elbow. The poor boy was in fair condition—considering his terrible injuries—at last accounts.

PERSONAL:—Hon. Mr. Foster left Ottawa for Dalhousie, last Friday afternoon.

Sir John Abbott has gone to Ste. Anne's for two or three days.

The Minister of Justice is to visit St. Andrew's, N. B., about the end of the month.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, accompanied by Rev. Father Broyderick, arrived at Halifax from Baltimore via Boston, last Friday evening. They were guests of Archbishop O'Brien and have gone to Prince Edward Island. The cardinal is travelling for his health.

Capt. Pepon, of H. M. S. Magicienne, which lay in St. John harbor last week, visited Fredericton on Friday and left on Saturday morning. He was shown the different points of interest by the mayor and visited St. Ann's Church to see the statue erected to the memory of his uncle, who was captain in the Royal Engineers, and was drowned in the Restigouche river while on active service in 1846.

Mr. John Sinclair, brother of Mr. Edward Sinclair, Bridgetown, arrived from California last night. As an old Miramichi boy, and coming from that irrepressible spot, Douglastown, he will find many to greet him warmly and help to make his home visit a pleasant one.

Mr. Chas. McLachlan of St. John, was in town this week.

Hon. Peter Mitchell has been visiting Newcastle and Chatham during the past week, and is warmly received by many old friends.

He was Found Out.

Rev. R. S. Crisp, who was noted for his reckless employment of offensive language towards those who treated him on his merits in Chatham, and who left the place before his real character was fully understood, is the subject of the following notice in St. John Progress:

"Whatever may have been said of Rev. R. S. Crisp, his strongest opponents must admit that he generously refrained from saying a great deal that he might have said in his farewell sermon in the Carleton methodist church, last Sunday night. The church has had "troubles," as is apt to be the case in a congregation where the pastor has kissing proclivities, and a good many people have been unduly critical of the "old English customs" favored by Mr. Crisp. They took the puritanical idea that it was no part of a minister's function to caress blooming damsels, or even to do such simple acts of kindness as putting on the rubbers of pretty choir girls. They made so much talk about it, in fact, that the minister was afraid his moral character might suffer, and the outside public began to share the belief. Finally at the last conference Mr. Crisp was drafted to another field of labor. He accidently referred to the troubles in his farewell sermon.

"He did not attach any blame to the congregation as a whole, but placed the responsibility on a few, through whose officious interference he had to go. Now, as everybody can understand, there was nothing to prevent his saying what he pleased about his opponents. He had the field all to himself and could fire as much hot shot as he pleased. He might have spoken of the disturbers as a raft of bleer-eyed, frowsey-headed blatherskites, drifting to an unmentionable region, but he did not. He might have called them the scum of a caldron of impurity, scalawags, scoundrels, or blue devils, but he did not. He refrained. He had a high regard for his position as a meek and moderate minister of the church. All that he did say was that "they had made the life of the minister's wife a veritable hell on the earth and that there were some members of the congregation, who, if exchanged for convicts from Dorchester penitentiary the church would get the best of the bargain."

"Considering the possibilities of the English language, Mr. Crisp might have said a great deal more than he did say."

When the ADVANCE rapped the reverend gentleman over the knuckles for his impertinences in Masonic Hall, by which he pleased some people who are as loose-tongued and vulgar-natured as himself, he was happy in having the latter pat him on the back. These will, no doubt, continue to think him a man after their own heart, loving him most, in all probability, for those things which have led to his leaving Carleton in even worse odor than he left Chatham. It has been our good or ill fortune to fall out with ministers of the Crisp kind, simply because we think that the prefix "reverend" to a man's name, when not honored by christian and gentlemanly conduct, ought to be no protection from merited rebuke or chastisement.

Marriage of Mr. Thos. G. Marquis, B. A.

The Kingston, Ont., Daily News of 6th inst. comes to hand with the following notice of the marriage of Mr. Thos. G. Marquis, B. A., one of the talented young men of Chatham who are doing credit to themselves and the Miramichi away from their native province:—

"The first wedding in the restored St. George's cathedral took place this morning at 6 o'clock, when the Rev. M. M. Harding united Mr. Thomas Marquis, B. A., and Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. J. George King, in the bonds of matrimony. Only the relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom had been invited, but, even at that early hour, a number of others, showed their interest in the happy occasion by their presence in the Cathedral. As Miss King entered the sacred building, leaning on her father's arm, the organ, under the skillful direction of Miss Norma Tandy, pealed forth a bridal march. The bride looked very beautiful in her costume of white silk, with veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaid, Miss Bertha Hubbell, wore an artistic costume of pink silk. The groom was assisted by Dr. E. M. Morgan, as best man.

"A hymn was sung, and then the impressive service of the church was intoned; and surely the solemn words never sounded sweeter or more beautiful than in the chancel of the enlarged Cathedral, with the early morning sunlight streaming through the pictured windows.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony, as the bridal party retired from the building, Mendelssohn's wedding march flooded the edifice with its stately melody. The guests were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, West street, where an elegant breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Marquis then left by the steamer Persia for Montreal, Quebec, the Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay river. After the honeymoon they will take up their residence in Stratford, where Mr. Marquis occupies an important position as teacher in the High School. Kingstonians generally will extend their congratulations. Mr. Marquis is well known here, having spent a number of years in Queen's University. Mrs. Marquis is also very clever and accomplished, and her removal is a distinct loss to Kingston society.

Mr. Quilty's Death.

Mr. Pierce Quilty died at Barnaby River, N. B., on Monday last, July the 11th, 1892, in the eightieth of his age. Deceased was born in Waterford, Ireland, and came to this country at an early age, passing the greater part of his life at Richibucto. About thirteen years ago he settled in Barnaby River and was for some time in the employ of the I. C. R. His good judgment and sense of justice, but especially the obliging spirit which characterized Mr. Quilty obtained for him the respect and confidence of stranger and acquaintances. Since he lived in Barnaby River four of his sons have held for years positions of trust on the I. C. Railway. Mr. Quilty was a man of strong religious convictions and bore with christian courage the infirmities of his last years. On Wednesday many of his friends came to pay their last respects to the deceased. The principal mourners were his sons, Thomas, Hugh, and John, and his son-in-law, Mr. E. Cain. The pall-bearers were Messrs. E. Cain, R. Coggin, D. McCarthy, R. McDonald, L. Boudreau and I. Sullivan. Arriving at the church, High Mass was sung by Fr. Wallace, pastor of the parish, the choir singing in the sweet and solemn strains of Mass for the dead. After the Mass Fr. Murdock, pastor of Renous, preached a very good sermon. He reminded his hearers of the duty of loving and praying for one another in life and in death, and warned them not to merit the reproach contained in the words, "Out of sight, out of mind." He exhorted all to prepare for the inevitable summons to appear before the Great Tribunal, by a virtuous life, and strengthened his remarks by touching references to the ceremony in which they took part. After the sermon, Fr. Murdock performed the last ceremony at the interring of the deceased. COM.

CAMP ADAMS.

Salmon, Grilse and Trout Fishing.

Reports from the leading salmon rivers of Northern New Brunswick prove that the present season has been a disappointing one to the many old anglers who have visited their usual fishing grounds, as well as to new ones who have been attracted hither by the reputation of our rivers. There is one exception to this, however, in the record of Camp Adams, the famous salmon, grilse and trout resort on the Northwest Miramichi, which has been visited by quite a large number of fishermen from both abroad and home points, each of whom has been well rewarded for his trip. The salmon record at Camp Adams is not as good as that of average years, but the falling off in that inportant item is compensated by the fine showing in trout and grilse. The result of the season's fishing on the Northwest, so far, fully bears out what we have always claimed for it as one of the very best rivers in Canada, from the angler's standpoint; for while reports of comparative or absolute failure come from the other rivers along the North Shore, there is a certainty, even at this mid-season date, of the record of the Northwest for 1892 surpassing that of any previous year. It must be remembered that the July-August school of salmon is yet to contribute its quota to the Camp Adams score, and when that is in the river's showing will leave nothing to be desired. The writer was at Camp Adams last week and enjoyed a day's fishing. It was grilse-time—that is, between the two summer runs of salmon—and the pools in the region of the camp seemed to be full of those gamy young fish, which weigh from three to five pounds each. We found the record book faithfully kept, as usual, and made extracts from it, showing the names of those who have been at the camp, so far this season, together with the fish caught each day. Between the 16th and 28th June salmon and trout only were taken, most of the trout on the record being caught during that period. Grilse began to come along on 29th, the 4th of July being a great day for them. The record book shows that the following had visited the camp for long or short periods during the present season:—

June 10 John McKane (Mchts. B. of H.) Newcastle N B
" R. H. Armstrong, " "
" M. Adams, M. P., " "
" Master Clay Adams, " "
June 19 Joseph Guild, Boston, Mass.
" C. P. Baker, " "
June 24 Jas. O Fish, Newcastle, N. B.
July 3 W. S. Skillings, Boston, Mass.
" Jas. H Lunge, " "
" Master Frank Dalton, Newcastle, N. B.
July 7 Gen. Stephen M. Weld, Boston, Mass.
" Walter Hunnewell, " "
July 14 D. G. Smith, Chatham, N. B.
July 15 J. R. Lawlor, Newcastle, N. B.
" R. H. Gremley, " "

Amongst the visitors still expected are Wm. Crawford, John J. Adams and Messrs. Hill & Pippitt of New York, Richard Hutchison of Douglastown, Dr. Morrissy of Brooklyn and two friends of Gen. Weld, from Boston.

The salmon and grilse record, by dates, giving the fish lost, as well as those landed, is interesting, for lost fish are those which are hooked and played for a longer or short er period, as distinguished from those which rise and are either struck without being hooked, or missed altogether. The following shows each fishing day's salmon and grilse work:—

	Salmon.		Grilse.	
Date.	Caught.	Lost.	Caught.	Lost.
June 16	2	1		
" 17	2	1		
" 18	2			
" 19	1	1		
" 20	5	2		
" 22	1	1		
" 23	2	1		
" 24	1			
" 25	2	1		
" 27	2			
" 28	1			
" 29			1	
July 1	2		1	
" 2	1		4	4
" 4			12	2
" 5			3	1
" 6	3	3	7	3
" 8			4	
" 9			6	
" 11		2	9	6
" 12	2		10	3
" 13 & 14			40	9
" 15	1		10	4
" 16			7	1
Skilling & Lunge on down-river trip of 7th	2		23	
Weld & Hunnewell on down-river trip of 16th	2		6	
Totals,	35	13	142	33

The foregoing ought to be considered pretty fair fishing for twenty-five days. It shows a total of 177 salmon (adults and grilse) caught, to which must be added the trout killed. Of these account was taken, only of the fish weighing three lbs. and more, and they numbered 75, making a grand total of 252 caught, or at the average of a little over ten fish per day. An average of nearly two per day were lost. Putting the weight of salmon at an average of 11 lbs., of grilse at 4 lbs. and trout at 3½ lbs., the average daily weight caught was over 48 lbs. We may mention that of the 40 grilse killed 13th and 14th inst. 19 were killed by Gen. Weld and 14 by Mr. Hunne well on a run up-river between the camp and Square Rock Pool, the other seven by parties at the camp. If any other "camp" can show a better record, we would be interested in hearing of it. Meantime, we assume that our favorite fishing resort leads them all and bids fair to give better results each succeeding year, instead of retrograding as some of them do.

The Scott Act Controversy.

To the Editor of the Advance:—

SIR:—Your issue of 14th inst., contains a letter signed G. C. Crabbe, which pretends to be a reply to a letter of mine in a former issue of the ADVANCE on the working of the Scott Act. I suppose there are but few of your readers who have any idea who this little crab is. Well, sir, he is an innocent, harmless-looking little fellow, who made his appearance here some thing more than a year ago, and announced that he would preach in the Baptist church. I, with a few others, went to hear the boy, when he told us a rather pitiful story (with great pathos and a few tears) how he had been to school some, that his father and mother were dead, and that he had come here to convert souls. The good-hearted Baptist folks here took pity on him and took him in. I went a number of times to hear the boy until I made up my mind that he had mistaken his calling. He would have been more suitable in a gymnasium, or as a member of an amateur theatrical company, in either of which he might have been more successful. He remained here until about a week ago, when he said that he wanted to go to school again. Whether it was for the purpose of getting the three letters "rev." before his name or to acquire the title of professor of gymnastics, I am not prepared to say, but he states in his communication that he had read several letters which unmasked me; he therefore concluded to leave before the ADVANCE came to hand.

Now Sir, I would not notice this little crab's hash of falsehoods and misrepresentations, were it not for a few remarks that call for explanations.—He refers to my statement that many of the temperance men gave me encouragement and assistance for a time. Yes, they did, until they found that liquors could be imported into the County, the government collecting the duty, railroads collecting freight, truckmen boldly carting it from the station to the importer's premises, in the face and defiance of the inspector. People then asked, Is this what you call the Scott Act? Is this what we were asked to vote for as a prohibitory liquor law? If so, we are done with it. Give us back our old license law, which gives us some protection, while this C. T. A. is a delusion and a farce—a burlesque on a prohibitory law.

The little crab's insinuations about pecuniary blessings, etc., are in keeping with his other imaginings, falsehoods and misrepresentations. He states that I told him that I would not prosecute hotel proprietors, as they had a place to keep their drunkards. I would like to know how many persons there are in the county who believe that I ever was so silly as to make such a statement? Well known facts give the lie to this statement, as I more than once prosecuted each hotel proprietor of Newcastle and collected fines from them. His attempt at sarcasm is like his preaching, a miserable failure, and as to his remarks respecting my ignorance in relation to the workings of the Scott Act, I can only say that I would like to meet the little preaching crab at public meetings throughout the country and discuss the working of this Scott Act before the electors, and that too before election day, and allow the electors to judge who would display the most ignorance of the subject.

So far as my statement to the Council in January is concerned, it was perfectly correct, as when I was appointed inspector very many persons had their little bar-rooms rigged up where they sold the liquors, but they soon found that it was the fitted up bar-room that condemned them; they cleared out the fittings and kept perhaps a few glasses and a tray on a table, which, according to the law, does not constitute a bar-room. For instance, I was told by a discharged employee that a certain person kept liquor for sale, and if I would look in a certain place I would find two kegs. I visited the house, prepared to search. My first object was to find what the law told me would justify my seizing the liquor. I could only find a few glasses and a tray with a pitcher of water on a table. I therefore kept clear of the two kegs, knowing that I had no legal right to interfere with them, and often, when attempting a search I have been asked by the proprietor to find a bar-room if I could, and at the end of the year I did not know of an open bar room in the county and so reported to the Council. Now, crabbie, where is the lie and who has perpetrated it? To find out I refer you to a looking-glass.

Now, sir, this little crab attempts to show what a license law is good for. I would ask—are we any better off or are we anything like as well off under this great farce of a C.T. A. as we were under a license law? Have we not now three or four places where the worst kind of poisonous liquors can be obtained for the one place that sold under a license law? It has, sir, driven liquor from many respectable hotels to those dens where those who drink will follow, there is no restriction on them as to what kind of liquor they shall keep, as the law says they shall not sell. Does the Scott Act not furnish its full quota of drunkards, suicides and murderers? Was it a license law that caused the suicide of a respectable man a few months ago on his way from here to Halifax? Halifax is not a Scott Act city, and no doubt if this unfortunate man had remained there at home, he would have been living with his wife and children now, but he came to a Scott Act town, and as I had business with him and was frequently with him in his bedroom, I know whereof I speak when I say that the hotel proprietor did not give or sell him a glass of liquor, but he would go out at night and visit the lowest and vilest places in town where gallons of liquid poison were manufactured from a few cents' worth of chemicals. I found, one evening, four bottles of this poison in his bedroom. With great difficulty I finally got him sober enough to transact his business and got him started towards his home, which he never reached. Maddened by poison, filled with remorse, he could not get up courage enough to meet his wife and children, and ended his existence within a few miles of the happy home that he had left a couple of weeks before. Had we been working under a license law then, would not this little crab have twisted himself into all sorts of gymnastic attitudes and screamed out that license law killed him.

Was it a license law that caused a poor drunken sailor to walk off the ferry slip here a few days ago, where his dead body was found the following morning? And, sir, I am informed that the hotel proprietors did not sell or furnish him with a glass of liquor; he got it at a place where it was manufactured at a cost of five to ten cents per gallon.

These are only a few of the instances that are occuring continually among us, and in much greater numbers than in counties where the license law is in force.

I say, by all means, for the benefit of our county, sweep this curse out of existence and give us a wholesome license law. Give license only to respectable hotel proprietors. Put them under heavy bonds and restrict the hours wherein liquors may be sold; prescribe what kinds of liquors, their quality etc. Lay a heavy fine on any person importing, keeping, purchasing or selling liquor without license. Give an inspector, or as they are more properly called, a marshall, authority to enter into any and all places without any other authority than the display of his badge of office. Let the presence of an intoxicated person in any house or place be prima facie evidence that they have been getting intoxicants there. Give him the power of immediately imprisoning such persons, and you will have a law that will be far preferable to any Scott Act or other burlesque of prohibition.

Poor little crab, sir, preaches of a license law that manufactures widows, orphans, &c. Maine has a prohibitory law. Yes sir, and it has its full number of drunkards, murderers and suicides. It has a prohibitory law under which every man can get all the liquor he may want, if he can pay for it, and here I would state that Neal Dow, the father of the Maine law, in a public speech some time ago, referring to the Maine law, said "My life's greatest energies were devoted to the institution of this law and now, in my old age, taking a retrospective view of my work in this cause, I am led to doubt very seriously whether the law has ever been of any benefit to my State."

People must become voluntarily prohibitionists before prohibition will become a success.

Now, Mr. Editor, in conclusion I would state that the more calmly, truthfully and dignifiedly this great public question is discussed, the better. I claim, sir, that a large number of the electors did not thoroughly understand what this Scott Act was when they voted for its institution. I claim that we have given it a fair trial and the more we work at it the more unsatisfactory it becomes, and I claim that we, like nearly every county in the upper provinces have done, will repeal it at our first chance. And sir I claim, also, that such vulgar slang, palpable falsehoods and misrepresentation as have emanated from our little emigrant and migrating crab, will not do his lost cause any good. I would say to him, do not attempt to falsify your true position by connecting yourself with our ministers, but join the traveling minstrels and gymnasts and let preaching alone.

Respectfully yours,
W. S. BROWN,
Ex-Scott Act Inspector.

Lobster Hatching.

An Ottawa despatch says the fisheries department has received from Superintendent Ogden reports of the success of the Picton lobster hatchery for the present season. The hatchery has produced this season 65,000,000 young lobsters, which have been distributed along the Northumberland straits. It is doubtful if any of the experiments made in Newfoundland by the Norwegian expert have been more successful.

The Department has issued bulletin No. 2 on the use of the floating incubators for hatching the ova of the lobster. It is admitted by everyone connected with the Canadian lobster industry that the general destruction of female lobsters carrying ova has been one of the most important factors in the depletion of the fishery. Various observations are agreed that an average sized adult female lobster carries between 20,000 and 25,000 ova. If these are collected and hatched out artificially the fishery will soon improve. Artificial hatching has been successfully carried out by Mr. Neilson, the superintendent of fisheries for Newfoundland, and the model of incubator adopted in Canada is in outline similar to the Neilson one, but modified by the addition of an inner trough, an improvement designed by Mr. Wilmot, the superintendent of fish culture for the Dominion. Some valuable hints are given in the bulletin.

Up River Notes.

We have been visited by several very heavy thunder storms.

Mr. Wm. Nowlen's barn, on the Northwest Miramichi, was struck by lightning on the afternoon of the 12th inst. and badly broken up. It caught fire, but Mrs. Nowlen, in the absence of her husband, bravely poured a few buckets of water on it and put it out. A horse of Mr. Nowlen's that was in the barn at the time was also struck by lightning and killed.

On the afternoon of the following day, Mr. Anthony Kane's barn was struck by lightning and considerably damaged.

We have had very timely showers and the crops on the Northwest are looking very well.

The presbyterians of Red Bank had a social a few days ago and cleared seventy dollars.

The Baptists of Little South West held a supper and concert on the evening of the 7th inst., and realized about ninety dollars.

Whose Clock Was it?

Some amusing mistakes are made by newspaper men as well as by others more liable to error. Only a few weeks ago, Sir John Thompson illustrated the effects of a Washington Journal being posted on a Canadian subject from Toronto by citing the term "Bed Parlor" being used for "Red Parlor". A similar transformation comes to us this week in the Gleaner, which tries to be severe on the editor of the ADVANCE by refering to "McCullough's Clock". Besides the orthographical error contained in the reference, it is rather rough on the McCullough's, who have sufficient Irish in them to prevent any of the name from sequestrating a clock in order to finaly "sing" it from the family estates. But as the Gleaner never has anything right, it may, probably, be acquitted of a deliberate intention of hitting at the innocent McCullough's and thus permitting the real culprit to escape.

Farmers!

When a man has something of sterling value to offer his customers we like to help him along. Mr. Alex. Robinson of the Chatham carriage and sleigh works, whose agricultural machine and implement department is a very important branch of his business, is a man in that position just now, and as the haying season is on it will pay our farming friends to give him a call. He doesn't have any third hand commissions to pay, so he sells at rock bottom prices, on terms that meet all requirements. The latest addition to his stock is the Harris-Massey mower the most recently improved machine made. Its guards are only 2½ inches apart so that it thrusts aside obstructions which enter the cutters of other machines. He has a new patent spring attachment and adjustable draw gear. In fact, its a dandy and daisy combined. Call and see it.

"Their Customary Attitude."

Our esteemed shiretown contemporary, the Advocate, is still out of temper and calling people ugly names in the interest of what it calls the temperance cause. It calls us "the paid advocate of the rum business" and abuses us for asking it to keep cool and discuss the Scott Act on its merits. We assure our irritable friend that we have no personal feeling and very little interest in the matter. Believing that the liquor traffic under the Scott Act is quite as large and much more disreputable and demoralising than it would be under the control which the license system will afford we have so stated. Those who differ from us and hold a contrary view do so honestly, no doubt, and we should feel that it would be an outrage on common decency to say of them that they were the paid advocates of the dens that exist and are encouraged by the Scott Act. Yet that is the line of argument which the Advocate and its friends seem to think the most effective. They mix such blackguardism up with blasphemy about "God and home and native land" and imagine they are thereby commending their conduct to those who really reverence God and respect themselves and their homes. They do not appear to realise how much they have to learn and how much to unlearn before they can even approach the plane above them upon which those whom they abuse stand.

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctors' prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure *everything*.

Everybody, now and then, feels "run down," "played out" They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequaled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers *if taken in time*. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of *weariness* and *weakness*. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

Selling Dangerous Weapons to Boys.

The provisions of the new criminal code with respect to the sale of firearms to minors are far more severe than most people imagine. One clause says:

Everyone is guilty of an offence, and liable, on summary conviction, to a penalty not exceeding $50, who sells or gives any pistol or air gun, or any ammunition therefor, to a minor under the age of 16 years, unless he establishes to the satisfaction of the justice before whom he is charged that he used reasonable diligence in endeavoring to ascertain the age of the minor before making such sale or gift, and that he had good reason to believe that such minor was not under the age of 16.

2. Everyone is guilty of an offence, and liable, on summary conviction, to a penalty not exceeding $25, who sells any pistol or air gun without keeping a record of such sale, the date thereof, and the name of the purchaser, and of the maker's name or other mark by which such arms may be indentied.

News and Notes.

A GOOD IDEA.

Here's an idea for bank clerks and other young men similarly situated—The N. Y. World states that the bank clerks of Denver jointly own a cottage in the Rockies, fifty miles away, where they all pass their vacation, occupying it in detachments during the summer.

PROGRESS.

On the occasion of the Dominion Day celebration at Magog, Que., one of the decorations was a banner stretched across the main street bearing the following sentence: "1882, Magog Village, Population, 400; 1892, Magog Town, Population, 2,200."

TWO FOOLS.

"Jack" Allan and Mrs. H. Y. Hebden, who eloped from Montreal in May last, have been identified at San Francisco in a fashionable private hotel. They registered June 2nd as Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Adams, of Quebec. They mixed very little with the other guests, and might have escaped detection for months if it had not been for the arrival of a Montreal man who used to know Allan well.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Mr. C. Archibald Sharpe—Newpop's little boy is dead.

Mrs. S.—I didn't know he had a boy.

"He hasn't. I tell you the boy is dead."

I mean I didn't know he had the boy before he died.

"Who in thunder said he was dead? It was the boy that died, stupid!"

HON. MR. BLAKE.

Referring to the election of Edward Blake in Longford The London Daily News says: "Seldom, if ever, since the days of Grattan has such a distinguished stranger as Blake entered the House of Commons. His presence will perhaps induce Mr. Chamberlain to fight more shy of Canadian analogies which have led him through ignorance into many scrapes."

CHANGED HIS OPINION.

MONTREAL, July 15.—John McQueen, one of the British farmers' delegates to Canada, whose report to the Dominion Government was withheld from publication, arrived in the city to-day from the North-west. He states that, although he has condemned the maritime provinces as a field for British emigration, he will urge upon his fellow-countrymen the advantages of Manitoba as an agricultural country. He states that Great Britain is the natural market for Manitoba, while the United States is the natural market for the maritime provinces. Mr. McQueen has purchased 2,000 acres in the Souris valley, and will settle here next year.

A SAD CASE.

The death of John Belyea an old resident of Wickham, Queens county, was a sad affair. He was above sixty years and lived on his farm with his wife, who had been a cripple for years and unable to leave her arm chair without assistance. Mr. Belyea last Saturday was about as usual and in the afternoon went to the corner, about half a mile, to a store and purchased some groceries. That was the last time he was seen out alive. On Sunday morning a neighbor who happened to be passing near the house, heard a knocking on the window and went in to enquire the cause. He found Mrs. Belyea sitting in her chair unable to leave it and her husband's corpse in another chair in the same room. The old man had died the previous evening, and his wife had been compelled to remain alone with the corpse all night.

A HIGH-TONED MURDERER.

[Boston Herald.]

The sentencing of Col. Henry Clay King of Memphis to be hanged for the murder of David Poston, who had been employed to prosecute a suit for slander against King is occasioning a great sensation in the South. Col. King has been the proud possessor of a fortune and a high social standing in Tennessee. He has been a lawyer, prominent in his profession, the author of several law books; for twelve years had been attorney general of Tennessee, and was distinguished as a soldier, having been the gallant leader of King's cavalry during the war. It is more than a year since the murder, which was committed, Col. King claims, in defence of his wife's honor. Public feeling in Memphis is said to be strongly against the murderer, and it is reported that the Governor will not interfere in the matter. If he does not, Col. King will be the most distinguished victim of the gallows in this country since Dr. Webster paid the penalty of his crime.

MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION.

ROME, July 14.—The eruption of Mount Etna is rapidly increasing in violence. Immense streams of lava are pouring down the northern side, and it appears certain that several villages and a number of dwellings in the path of the lava seems destined to be destroyed. All the craters are active. One is ejecting a stream of lava several yards deep and very wide. This stream presents the appearance of a river of fire, and is very beautiful to look at, though it is bound to ruin much property. Another of the craters is spouting large incandescent rocks to an immense height, while the edges of the third crater appear to be crumbling.

Mount Etna has 18 openings, nine of which are active. The lava is flowing in the direction of Nicolosi at the rate of 50 yards an hour. It has already passed the lava deposits formed by the violent eruption of 1886. The flow of lava towards Pedara is less rapid.

The subterranean rumblings, and the loud and startling explosions continue. The alarm among the inhabitants of the various villages in the vicinity of Mount Etna is increasing, and the people fear that phenomena of a more dangerous character than that which has already occurred are yet to be experienced.

THE GREAT SLIDE AND WATER-BURST.

PARIS, July 14.—One of the visitors at the watering place who was located in a portion of the St. Gervais Les Bains baths which escaped destruction by the landslide has given an account of the catastrophe, describing various exciting events which came under his personal observation. He says: "About eighty ladies and gentlemen who were taking the waters met at the table d'hote. The staff of the hotel was probably composed of twenty-five persons. I retired to bed in the evening feeling much fatigued from a long excursion I had made during the day. At about 10.30 p. m., I was aroused from the sound sleep into which I had fallen by a terrific shock, which appeared to shake the hotel's foundations. The concussion was simply awful, the walls of my room being partly destroyed and the furniture displaced and thrown about the apartment in confusion. I rushed to the shattered window of my room, and looking out to ascertain the cause of the shock, I saw a huge volume of water tearing with irresistible force through the court yard of the hotel, sweeping down everything before it, the immense foaming stream carrying with it huge blocks of stone, some of which were actually the size of cottages. The roaring and crashing caused by the mighty volume of water was indescribable, and produced a feeling of great terror.

"To my utter dismay I saw that three wings of the hotel which I occupied had been totally destroyed, and that the fourth wing had been partially swept away.

The frightened guests and employes, rudely aroused from their slumbers to find the building wrecked, were in a state of absolute bewilderment and fright. Nobody knew which way to turn to escape, the hurried examinations showing that all the exits had been blocked by the falling debris and that the people were penned up in what appeared to their excited imagination to be a place of death. Presently, however, one of the more level-headed of the visitors thought of a plan to escape from the hotel, and immediately began to carry his ideas into execution. Making a rope from several bed sheets which he twisted and tied together, he fastened it securely inside, and then proceeded to slide down to the ground. He reached the bottom in safety, and started in the semi-darkness to ascend the wooden path leading to the village of St. Gervais for the purpose of securing assistance. Reaching the village he gave the alarm, and the villagers responded to his calls for help, organized rescuing parties and hurried to the scene of the disaster. When the rescuers eventually arrived at the place where the landslip had occurred they were obliged to wade through a stream of rushing water breast high. The bridge over the Bon Nant was standing, but was found to be unsafe for the passage of vehicles."

A force of gendarmes, armed with long poles and hooks, has been posted along the banks of the Arve to catch the bodies of the victims as they float by. The deep and rapid stream, usually muddy from the melting of the snow, is now perfectly black with mud. Hundreds of persons are watching the scene from the bridges and other points of vantage. Gangs of men are trying to form a dam so as to divert the water from its course in order to assist in the work of recovering articles of value from the debris. Most of the visitors at the wrecked hotel belonged in Geneva. Among those who escaped is the wife of the director of the Compagnie Transatlantique of Paris. It is reported in Geneva that 200 lives were lost.

LONDON, July 14.—A special from Sallanches, a town near the scene of the St. Gervais disaster, says: The passage of the flood occupied only three minutes. In one house a family of five persons were found dead in their beds, having been suffocated by slime.

DIED.

At Nelson, on the 15th inst., Miss Anastasia Foley, of Portland, Me., daughter of the late Peter Foley, of Nelson, aged 21 years and 10 months.

At Lower Newcastle, on the 6th of July, Margaret James, aged 82 years and three months. She was a daughter of James and Elizabeth Innes and granddaughter of John and Janet Murdock of Scotland, who emigrated to this country in 1874.

SHIP NEWS.

Port of Chatham.

ARRIVED.

July 14—Bk Fanaglia S, 799, Schiaffino, Genoa, bal W. Richards

July 15—Bk Maria Casabona, 624, Pace, Trieste, bal W. Richards.

CLEARED.

July 13—Bk Ariel, 984, Pettersen, Cardiff, deals, W. Richards.

15—Bk Europa, 1111, Fermane, Cardiff, deals, J. B. Sn