The Free Press.

Friday, April 12, 1878.

## VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

*Author of "Old Middleton's Money," "The Squire's Legacy," &c.*

He gave it, with a bland apology for adding her, and then sat down with the utmost ease in the prie parlor.

"There's no objection to your sheltering," said Dorcas, looking rather favorably upon him when she returned, but still evidently resenting some injury which she felt rankling; "but I thought you said you wanted that man next door. Shame it is, too, that he should be next door."

"Oh, no, I do not want him," smiled Jeffrey, pleasantly; "I only needed shelter; and, as I happened to know his name, I thought it better to ask him instead of troubling you."

"Never mind the trouble," muttered Dorcas, gruffly. "I suppose," she continued with intense acrimony, "he could have given you shelter, but I don't suppose there's anything else he could have given you."

"Poor, I understand," put in Jeffrey, in a tone of encouragement.

"Poor! Ugh, I've seen poor folks often enough to know them by sight, but that's not his disease. And, I can tell you, a half-mad miser, forever singing and making noises with Biblies and things; and laughing and knocking about, is not just the right sort of neighbor for a quiet, elderly woman."

"Indeed he is not," assented Jeffrey, readily, suppressing the smile which Dorcas's description warranted. "He must indeed be, as you say, half mad. I'm sorry for his child."

"Sorry for him!" echoed Dorcas, shrilly; "he's not the one to be sorry for. It's more natural to be sorry for those he worries and torments to death."

"I almost wonder that Sir Neil Athelston let Colonel Stuart have the cottage for them," said Jeffrey, with intense sympathy; "he might have thought how unpleasant it would be for you."

"He might have thought—yes," returned Dorcas, ritily, "but he did not. People like him don't think much. Thinking for others doesn't generally go with money."

Jeffrey had the face a little. His smile was irrepressible, but he would not let her see it.

"But your neighbor, on the contrary, has no money, and he does not seem to think for others either."

"Thinking for others doesn't generally go with miserliness," retorted Dorcas, stiffly.

A thought of Marjorie Castillain flashed into Jeffrey's mind—of Marjorie and of some others who were kind to this isolated woman—and an ironical thought followed, classing all gratitude with this gratitude. But no words escaped him but words of kindness and sympathy. He had let on gradually to tell him all she could of the life which these two passed in the neat cottage. Humphy he listened to all she said, but so easily that he only seemed to be enjoying her company, not what she told him. And Dorcas felt the charm of his presence, as others had felt it and often during the years of his manhood.

"And I've known ladies come to the cottage, too," she concluded, with a relish, "and one came in the dark and listened outside his door."

"Perhaps too bashful to go in and get her portrait taken for a few shillings," said Jeffrey, with a charitable smile, and a well-concealed eagerness in his voice.

Dorcas sniffed in scornful disdain.

"I was trying to drop asleep," she said, resenting even the retrospect. "But it was too good not try as try, with that fearful noise just through these thin walls; more like beggars than anything else, only worse. So I got up to look out of my room window. Then I saw her, though I dare say she thought herself hidden in the dark. There was a bit of light from his window, and I saw her."

"Young, I suppose," asked the tutor, pleasantly.

But Dorcas was lazy on this point, and did not choose to show that she was so she passed the question by with lofty unconcern.

"If I'd been down here," she resumed, "and if she'd gone into his house, which I don't think she had the honesty to do, I should have known what she wanted. The wall in that cupboard is thin enough for that, thin enough to give me the earache pretty often."

Under Jeffrey's white hand there lay a heap of periodicals on the little round-table. His eyes seemed to be turning the letters on the gilt paper covers; but no words printed there could have brought into them that sudden flash of satisfaction.

"I hope the thin walls do not belong to your usual sitting room?" he inquired, with anxious sympathy.

"Usual sitting-room or unusual sitting-room," retorted Dorcas, "the walls are thin, and that's enough to have turned me out of this home years ago, if I hadn't been determined to bear it."

If Jeffrey's thoughts had not been too much engrossed by other things, he might have fancied Dorcas rather at a loss to explain her reason for not being turned out by the thin walls.

"That is the chief, I fear," he said, pointing to a door opposite.

"Yes, that's it," replied Dorcas, with resignation; "and inside that chief I could hear, if I liked, every word of the nonsense those two talk."

"If you had not told me this yourself," said Jeffrey, with great tact, "I should never have been able to believe it. Have you really never spoken to Sir Neil about it?"

"It is not often that Sir Neil Athelston troubles me with opportunities of speaking to him about anything," she answered, violently.

"I should like to mention it to him, if you would allow me," said Jeffrey, rising. "I do not ask you to show me the place, but—"

"Oh, you can see it," said Mrs. Cheere, a little mollified by the evident sympathy. "There's nothing secret in any of my cupboards."

With the door slant the cupboard would have been in darkness, but should not of course offer to shut it upon her visitor. He stood within for a few minutes, his head against the wall, stopped lightly and into the room again, and the lips that had been pressed together for that little time with cunning were parted smiling now.

"I think that no landlord should suffer such walls as those to be placed," he said, shaking his head sympathetically; "and if you will give me permission, I will remind Sir Neil of it. But I would not be should think you have been complaining, so I mention it casually, as if I had accidentally heard of or discovered it. You had better not speak of this visit at all—neither will I—to anyone. Miss Marjorie Castillain is fond of coming to see you, I know," he added, suavely. "Does she know how the sounds disturb your?"

"I've told her, but she's harum-scarum; and I don't believe she heeds it."

"She is young and giddy, true; and would have forgotten it, I dare say."

A generous excuse, truly, from his lips.

"And Miss Marjorie sometimes comes to see your next-door neighbor" he went on, with apparent indifference.

"Yes, sometimes; and she don't want her portrait, I know."

"Comes as a friend," murmured Jeffrey, with a hot rush of color to his face, though his cool and easy manliness did not forsake him. "You has a handsome book here," he went on turning over the leaves of the paper-covered books on the round-table. "History of England! I see, in monthly parts, and illustrated. How very nice."

"Yes, it's a handsome book," rejoined Dorcas, with stately pride, "and interesting. It's a handsome price, too—twelve shillings a month. I began to take it in when my little girl was a baby, and stopped when—she was lost, so I haven't got the end. I don't care about the end, unless she ever comes and wants it."

"Very nice—very nice," muttered Jeffrey, turning the pages over and over, and wondering how Dorcas had found its interest when none of the leaves had been cut; wondering whether anyone could be found who would wade through all that close print and dry matter; and wondering, too, whether the motive for issuing such an endless periodical must not have been to insure the author a life-annuity. "Of course, you never lend such a book as this?" he suggested, rather—

"Lend it! No, indeed!" cried Dorcas.

"But may I ask you," returned Jeffrey, going to the point at once, "to let me just drop in and look over a few pages? I will be very careful of the work—a handsome and valuable work, indeed—and be very much obliged to you for the privilege."

"Not to take it from this table," explained Dorcas.

"No, I will not; and it will never be but for a few minutes at a time."

"Oh, you're welcome to that," she said, relaxing a little of her normal rigidity; "but you'll take the chance of my being engaged in the kitchen."

Jeffrey's eyes brightened suddenly, and his words of acknowledgment were airy in their gladness.

To be Continued.

## TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY.

### The Electric Light in Use in Paris

Edward King's Letter to the Boston Journal.

The latest wonder of the "gay capital" is the introduction of the electric light. Not a moment was lost by the Republican authorities, after they had seen the clever invention of M. Jablochkoff in adopting it for city purposes. Under the empire opinion was not so easily gained in favor of a revolution in anything. A method of lighting streets and ships, which was likely to drive gas out of the market, would have no chance in those days. But now telephones, phonographs, pneumatic dispatch, and electric light are freely welcomed. The result is that on Saturday evening last the Place de l'Opera was the most magnificent spot in the world at that moment. The intense white glow from the electric burners directly in front of the steps leading up to the opera's entrance, and scattered at intervals across the grand boulevard to the corner of the new avenue leading to the Comedie Francaise, made the spaces for hundreds of yards roundabout as light as day. One of the electric candles seems to give as much light as one hundred gas jets. Gas looks yellow, muddy, and petty beside this grand fire, which defies darkness. For a city lighted by the new process all the terrors of midnight would vanish. Burglars would find their occupation gone. The assassin would have to sell his stiletto. Vice of all kinds would either slink away, or, disgusted at the small rewards which it would obtain when it could no longer walk in darkness, would leave no chance in those days. But now telephones, phonographs, pneumatic dispatch, and electric light are freely welcomed. The result is that on Saturday evening last the Place de l'Opera was the most magnificent spot in the world at that moment. The intense white glow from the electric burners directly in front of the steps leading up to the opera's entrance, and scattered at intervals across the grand boulevard to the corner of the new avenue leading to the Comedie Francaise, made the spaces for hundreds of yards roundabout as light as day. One of the electric candles seems to give as much light as one hundred gas jets. Gas looks yellow, muddy, and petty beside this grand fire, which defies darkness. For a city lighted by the new process all the terrors of midnight would vanish. Burglars would find their occupation gone. The assassin would have to sell his stiletto. Vice of all kinds would either slink away, or, disgusted at the small rewards which it would obtain when it could no longer walk in darkness, would endeavor to reform. I looked in watching the masters entering the ball on Saturday night, that the unaccustomed glory seemed to bring with it a certain sense of shame to some M. the revelers. There was, for instance, a tall and very young man dressed in the costume of a gallant youth of Raleigh's time—sword, cloak, hose—crossing the square. He looked as if he seemed very ill at ease, glanced quickly from right to left at the long lines of people witnessing her progress, and I felt convinced that some sense of the humiliating absurdity of his costume came over him. If there had been only the semi-obscurity of the square lit by gas she would have made an *entree* gaily, and mayhap would have gamboled merrily as any of the mad spirits of carnival.

The illumination of the Place de l'Opera has now passed beyond experiment. It will be kept up steadily, and the authorities will introduce the electric light in all parts of the city as rapidly as they can.

## The Turkish Forces Around Constantinople.

By the retreat of the Roumelian army and the evacuation of the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, all that remains of the Turkish field force has gradually been moved down to the capital and its neighborhood, where it is now united with the garrison of Constantinople and most of the troops which had been collected to defend the lines of Tchataldja. According to the estimate of correspondents, this fighting force, garrisoned in and around the capital and in various places on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus and on the Sea of Marmora, amounts to rather over 60,000 men at the lowest figure, besides which there are some 25,000 concentrated at Salonica, and from 10,000 to 12,000 more about Gallipoli and the lines of Bulair.

After their hasty and disorderly retreat, and under the effects of defeat and humiliation, these troops, it is true, can scarcely be supposed to be in first-rate condition; but the material is good, and there has been time for them to recover, a process which goes on with Turkish soldiers far more rapidly than with others. Well clothed and fed, and with a few good officers to lead them, these troops still at the disposal of Turkey and for the most part concentrated around the capital, might, especially at first, exert a decisive influence on the course of events in a conflict between England and Russia; not to speak of the Turkish fleet, the cooperation of which, under able leaders on one or other side, would likewise not be despicable in a struggle primarily, of course, aiming at the possession of the Straits. Constantinople and the Black Sea.—*Times of London's Foreign Correspondence, March 26.*

## Diamond Field Notes.

The Port Stanley base ball club has organized with the following officers:—J. M. Wilson, President; James McCallum, Vice-President; John Wharry, Captain; F. W. Payne, Sec.-Treas.

The new St. Louis team will be composed of the following:—McGuire, c.; Simpson, p.; Sullivan or Dillon, c.; Houtz, 1b.; McGeary, 2nd b.; J. Glasser, 3rd b.; Pearce, s. s.; with Cuthbert and Little.

The Manager of the Forest City base ball club, of Cleveland, has at last succeeded in securing a lease of grounds, beautifully adapted, on the corner of Cedar avenue and Kennard street.

At a recent meeting of the Fearnought base ball club, of Brantford, it was resolved to change the name of the club to "Brantford." Weeks resigned his position as Secretary in favor of Mr. W. R. Chittenden. Executive Committee—Messrs. Rothwell, Chittenden, Rayner, Daily and McCarthy.

Bryce's Canadian Base Ball Guide for 1878," is issued to-day, and from the advance sheets we have been favored with a sight of, he was he truthfully said it is the most comprehensive book of the kind published in Canada. Indeed, the American Guides cannot begin to compare with it, either in the quantity or quality of the letter press or the completeness of the details relating to the game. In addition to the playing rules of the International and Canadian base ball associations, the "Guide" contains the proceedings of the International, Canadian, New England, New York State, and Pacific base ball associations, together with the schedule of International champions, the rules of the Canadian and International and Canadian champions, and much matter of absorbing interest to the lovers of the game, who should lose no time in procuring a copy. It is a book of 80 pages and retails at 10 cents.

## Curious Electrical Phenomena.

On January 22, shortly after noon, the belfry of Tooey (Yonne) was struck by lightning and set on fire. According to Mr. Roche (who describes the case), the wind was blowing from the northwest, and a dense, low cloud had begun to cover the ground with large hailstones. A few minutes after a single and prolonged thunder peal was heard, and the cross on the belfry was then seen to be surrounded by a luminous meteor. Persons in the houses near the church saw coming from the base of the belfry two fire-balls of from one foot to fifteen inches diameter, and about a foot and one-half apart. They rolled on the steps of the building about twenty yards and disappeared. A woman in a room about fifteen yards from the belfry was carried to the end of the room; a young man who was passing was thrown on the ground, and several other persons were more or less shaken. Immediately after the thunder peal the hail ceased and was replaced by a snow storm which lasted three quarters of an hour. It was afterward found that the belfry was fired at two points—one at the upper part of the northwest side, the other at the lower part of the southeast side, probably the points of entrance and exit of the electric fluid. Tooey stands in the middle of a narrow valley, running northwest, and is rarely visited by thunderstorms, which pass nearly always to the right or left.—Nature.

PRESBYTERY OF LONDON.—A meeting of the Presbytery of London was held at Stratford during the sitting of the Synod—Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Sarnia, Moderator. Rev. Mr. Munro accepted the call to New Glasgow, and his induction was fixed to take place on the first Tuesday of May. Rev. John Anderson was appointed to preach, Rev. Mr. Munro to preside and address the minister, and Rev. Lachlin Campbell to address the people. Rev. D. F. Sage resigned the pastoral charge of Parkhill, to take effect on the 21st inst.—Adjourned.

DIED.—The death is announced of Mr. Alex. Morrison, at his residence, West Williams. Deceased was one of the pioneers of the county, having emigrated here in 1829. He was one of the first settlers in West Williams, and was widely known and very much respected.

## EXTRAORDINARY RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

### Colored Clergymen of Richmond, Va., Pourtraying Future Torments.

**Strange and Ludicrous Results of Sudden Conversions, and Miraculous Visions.**

Richmond, Va., April 9.—An unprecedented revival of religion has commenced here among the colored people. Hundreds of colored men and women are to be seen proclaiming with the peculiar Ethiopian unction their conversion. All the colored churches are in full blast, and morning, noon and night the ministers are thundering into the ears of their listeners the torments of hell. Brother John Jasper has, for the while, given up preaching that the sun moves, and has gone back to "hell." Nothing could exceed the vividness with which he pictured, this evening, the torments of eternal punishment, and he scathingly denounced Beecher and those other preachers who attempt to show that there is no hell. Some of his congregation grovelled upon the floor in very agony, when he told that "same as a head of cabbage in biling pot will de sinner be for everlasin in hell." "The pot will keep biling, and de cabbage will burn, but not be burn up. You all will be like dat cabbage if you don't repent." There were 600 mourners at Mount Zion to-night, 450 at Ebenezer, 500 at Brook's Church, 230 at Memorial Church, and about the same number in the other churches in Richmond and Manchester. Yesterday the revival spread to such an extent among the hands in some tobacco factories, that they deliberately gave up work and went to shouting and mourning, and members had to be discharged. This evening a boy of colored parents on Franklin street, Richmond boulevard, stripped and shock hands with the gay throng of kid-gloved belles and beaux of the aristocratic West End. Even the gay throng of kid-gloved belles and beaux of the aristocratic West End. Even the gay throng of kid-gloved belles and beaux of the aristocratic West End. Even the waiter, suddenly became converted as he was entering the dining room with a load of stewed oysters, and, slinging the dish and contents to the floor, he raised his hands and began to tell how he was converted on the spot, and to proclaim the visions of glory that had been revealed to him and were passing before him. At Ebenezer Church to-day, a little girl, eight years old, stood up and told the congregation of a vision which she had seen last night, and that she saw the moon bathed in blood, and the Angel Gabriel came out of the clouds and told her that this meant that the world was coming to an end right away. This has caused a profound sensation. Such a revival has never been known here.

## About a Brick.

To the Editors of the New York Evening Post.

A well-known citizen, living not many blocks from Union Square, relates an incident somewhat in this wise:—

One bright morning in the month of November, some years ago, I was preparing to go down town, when the servant informed me that a man was waiting at the front door to see me. "Tell him I'll be down in a moment," said I. On going to the door a man of full stature and robust appearance, calling me by name, requested assistance, saying that he had a large family, a wife in delicate health, and no means to procure food for them. "You appear to be strong and healthy, sir," said I; "you are able to work." "Simply, sir, for the reason that I cannot procure work." "If I could find work I would give him. I thought I would test the sincerity of his statement. "If I gave you a brick, what do you want?" "Anything, sir, you choose to give me, so long as I can obtain food for my suffering family." "Very well," said I. "I will give you 25 cents an hour if you will take a brick on your arm around the block for five hours without stopping." "Thank you sir, I will do it." After hunting for what I found a brick, placed it on the man's arm, started him on his walk, and then went down town to my business.

Not having the least faith in the man's promises, I thought but little more of it, yet, as I knew I should be back within five hours, I determined to see if he performed his work. My business kept me away rather later than I expected, so I had to forego my usual walk home, and took a Fourth avenue car to be back within the five hours.

As I approached the corner of the street where I reside, I found a great crowd of persons gathered—two fire-engines, a hose-cart, and a hook-and-ladder truck. Upon inquiring where the fire was, I was informed that it was a false alarm, and that what brought the people together and occasioned the agitation was the appearance of a man with a brick for his right arm. The neighbors were looking at him from the windows and doors as he passed along; some thought he was crazy, but when spoken to his answer was:—"Don't stop me; it's all right, I'm a Methodist preacher, with no one, he was allowed to walk on undisturbed. "Where is the man now?" I asked. "Yonder, you can see him at the other end of th block, walking with his hand down," was the answer.

He was just about turning the corner, and I waited till he had performed the circuit, then, taking him quietly by the arm, I marched him to my house, followed by a lot of boys. In the meantime, the crowd had dispersed, and hose-cart rattled off. The man was thoroughly tired out when I took him into my hall and seated him on a chair, while my servant went for a little wine and something to eat. I paid him the stipulated dollar and a half. He informed me that, while making one of his turns, a lady came out of a house and inquired why he was carrying that brick, and on his giving her the reasons he received a dollar. The object soon became known, for as he passed the houses small sums were given him by different persons, and he was well satisfied with his day's work. "But," said he, "what shall I do to-morrow?" "Why," I replied, "go early in the morning to the house from which you received the dollar, ask for work, and no doubt you will find some one who will put you in the way of getting it; then report to me." The following afternoon he informed me that he had been sent to a place where "he kept a pork establishment in Third avenue, and who wanted a clerk to keep the books, and he was to receive $5 a week if his work proved satisfactory, and his duties began on the following day. Before leaving he asked for the brick which had brought him such good luck, and I gave it to him. Within the year I ascertained that the man had been transferred to a larger establishment of the same kind, with a salary of $1,000.

Three or four years after this I was riding in a direct-car, when a well-dressed man accosted me with a smile, and asked me if I knew him. Seeing me hesitate, he said, "Don't you recollect the man who carried the brick?"

He then informed me that he was doing a prosperous business on his own account, had laid up money, and expected soon to build himself a house up-town.

"What became of the brick?" I inquired.

"That brick, sir, has always occupied a place on our mantelpiece, and we value it as the most precious of our little possessions. It has made our fortune."

## New Bridge Over the Thames.

### THE SUCCESSFUL CONTRACTOR.

Yesterday the Joint Committees of the Counties of Elgin and Middlesex met at the County Council office, to reconsider the offers received for the erection of the piers for the McIntosh bridge across the River Thames. Present—Messrs. Lane, Campbell, Osborne, Griffith, and Nixon, of Middlesex; and Messrs. Hagler, McLaws, McBride, and Wallis, of Elgin. Mr. Lane chairman; Mr. McKay, secretary.

The tenders received since last meeting were opened and read as follows:—

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|---|---|
| Geore Middlemas | $2,140 |
| Isaac Crowse | 1,100 |
| James Finney | 2,543 |
| John Beatty & Bro | 3,500 |
| John Ellison | 2,455 |

On motion of Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. McLaws, the tender of Mr. Middlemas was accepted.

On motion of Mr. McBride, seconded by Mr. Nixon, the time fixed for the completion of the work was fixed at the 15th of July next.

Mr. Middlemas being present, the specifications and contracts were read and signed by him.

The committee then adjourned till call by chairman.

Madame Adelina Patti has sung the "Sonnambula" twice at the Scala, at Milan, and has diminished her prestige sadly, because she lowered the Rondo finale a whole tone. The theatre has been badly attended, and the managers have lost thousands of francs nightly, having to pay 10,000 francs for each performance to Madame Patti and Signor Nicolini.

## WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE

### BRANTFORD.

Ted Sims, now Capt. Sims, son of Mr. E. Sims Brantford, has been promoted to the head of the Mechanical department, North West Mounted Police. When a boy he accompanied an expedition to Fort Garry to quell the first insurrection.

"Kingston Mag" on her appearance in the city began by committing an assault on the baggage master at the G. T. R. station. Her husband was arrested and white held in custody a witness came from Listowel saying she was "wanted" on a charge of robbery.

Harvey Partington, an American, and the inventor of the present cheese making system of Ontario, has rented the Dominion factory at New Durham. This is the sixth factory owned or rented by himself or sons.

### EXETER.

The Quadrille Association have presented Miss Maggie McPhillips with a handsome set of jewellery, which cost $40. The recipient of the gift had played the piano for the Quadrille Association during the winter, and it was to show their appreciation of her unselfish services that the members made the presentation.

Mr. John Manning, of Exeter, owns a calf which weighed 192 pounds before it parted with the instant field. Mr. Manning weighed the animal again when it was ten days old, and it weighed 150 pounds.

Constable Gill is endeavoring to get hold of the dickb into Lake Huron's in large numbers.

The *Times* says Mr. George Sanwell has got his photograph enlarged by a London artist in a remarkably accurate manner.

### GRANTON.

A cricket club has been organized in this place with the following officers:—Jas. Lamp, President; T. Cubbon, Vice do.; T. D. Stanley, Secretary; T. Blackwell, Treasurer; A. Wicket, Field Captain.

The farmers in this section are busy putting in their spring grain.

### SARNIA.

Mr. Wm. Askins, who for the last three years has occupied the position of purser on the steamer Gazelle, of the Beatty Line, has been promoted to the position of purser on the Lake Superior, which is a very vessel drawing more feet of water can come in and load, or bring in a load.

### STRATFORD.

On Tuesday evening Messrs. Pearson, Dullaway and Bailey, foreman of Water Pressure Hose, Guelph, instituted a new lodge of Premiere Boys in this town. The lodge starts with a membership of 32, and is chiefly composed of employees of the Grand Trunk Car Shops. The officers were elected and installed as follows:—Chief, Wm. Murray; Assistant Chief, John Murray; Treasurer, Wm. Weight; Sec. Rec. Sec., Thos. Weight; Fin. Sec., Meniah, Jas. Conn., James Holmes, 3rd Conn.; Guard, Jas. Cox; Trustees, Geo. Gray, Jas. Dow, Thos. Turnbull, M. of C., James Lamb, I.T., Geo. Harlow, O.T.; Robert Gibson, Chief; Robert Dew, Asst. Sec. The lodge is called Hackett Lodge, No. 3, and is the sixth lodge in the membership, and bids fair to become one of the best in the Dominion.

**Synod of Hamilton and London—Second Day.**

Stratford, April 11, 1878.

Resolutions were passed, expressing thankfulness that Sabbath desecration was on the decrease, and that the Synod would memorialize the committee to seek a further amendment of Sabbath observance, and counselled ministers to refuse to perform marriages on the Sabbath day. The report of the synod and appendix of the Hamilton Presbytery was adopted. The Hamilton Presbytery recommended the Synod to memorialize the Ontario Model School Grit Session, which has resolved to abolish the use of the Hymnal in schools. The question of introducing additional hymns, were brought up and after discussion the protest was dropped, were dismissed, and the Presbytery sustained.

Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Mitchell, reported from the committee on the Sabbath School Society, which showed a most encouraging and numerically flourishing condition.

The report was adjourned at 10 o'clock last night, resumed this morning at 9 o'clock.

Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of the West Toronto congregation for translation from the London Synod, Presbytery was forwarded to the Synod Assembly for consideration. It was decided that the Synod should meet in London, at Dundas street Church, on the second Tuesday in October, and that the Presbytery remain in session during the Synod, and transact the usual yearly keys.

Questions scone and were discussed upon the questions of temperance and Sunday School, and it was resolved to hold a Conference.

The Synod then adjourned to meet on the second Tuesday of April, 1878, in London.

MUNICIPAL.

The question respecting taxes will probably lay over for instruction from the Council on the ground that it is too late for the present tide. The strictures upon the assessment roll appear to be the system (that the man of making assessments, whereby the law allows large tracts of land to be held for speculative purposes, and assessing it as farm property, and consequently at a ridiculously low rate, while the law requires the assessing property, low, and from which the law allows farmers, and no organization exists to see that every is placed on the roll at a legitimate value. Of course, when the Court of Revision comes to and passes the assessor's roll, the assessor's responsibility ceases, and it is the want of a proper system on the part of ratepayers generally that leads to such difficulties as for the time being, place municipal affairs into a state of chaos.

## Free Press Correspondence.

### APPRECIATIVE STRATFORDITES.

To the Editor of the London FREE PRESS.

SIR,—The thanks of this community are certainly due, through you, to your able correspondent "Stratford" for his letter, which so far as I can remember, have his premonitions proved true. This morning you correspondent was read with intense interest, "as the text case referred to, was, as an act of justice, decided in its favor, and his property released from tax seizure, and the tax roll declared out of conformity with the statute in such case made and provided.

Who are to blame?—our Assessor, Clerk, or our Council as a body. It is certainly based opportune that the matter should have been unveiled in the critical state of our municipal progression. May not other municipalities be placed in the same position, and no enquiry have cause to thank your Stratford correspondent.

Yours truly, ATLIGUS.

Stratford, April 9th, 1878.

To the Editor of the FREE PRESS.

DEAR SIR,—I read with great pleasure an article in you issue of the 9th current, about the Town Council of Stratford, their doings, and the remarks about Commissioner of the Board who are not qualified. The remarks of your correspondent were good and well deserved. I trust the people of Stratford, now that the ball is set rolling, will see that the Council is purged of all those who are not qualified. The town debt is heavy, taxes are heavy, many improvements are needed, and unless our Council is a good one, and economical, we will soon be in a poor condition. Reckless expenditure must be stopped, expenses brought within the income, and the only way to do it is for the citizens to keep working till they get the best men, irrespective of party, into the Council.

It would be well when a resolution is moved in the Council again, as one was at last meeting, asking the Town Solicitor's advice on qualification, to have the Solicitor would not then be going it blind, and be in a position that his report is useless.

I see the Collector's roll is imperfect also; the collector has not collected have got paid taxes yet; certain sales illegal. It might be well to see that assessment rolls also are correct. Perhaps the best way would be to consolidate offices, if at all possible, and pay the best men good salaries; it might be cheapest in the end.

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April 10.

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Mr. Wm. Hall, who left the city under circumstances reflecting no great credit on himself, and who was a member of the Society, was expelled.

It having been resolved to hold the annual dinner on the 23rd inst., the following committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements:—Messrs. Rawlins, John and Jas. Pritchard, E. Lee, Thornton, Brown, Geo. Phillips, J. H. Barrow, and Mr. J. B. Cox, secretary.

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Mr. Wm. Dyson said he had been called upon by the majority of the Society to propose the President with a token of their esteem and esteem of his ability as head of the Society. About two years ago, some had said they were making a bad choice in adopting Mr. Heaman, but events had since taken back that statement and he was glad of it, and had said they never could get a better one. They never had a President who had done more for the Society than Mr. Heaman, as had been evidenced by his securing such a large accession to their life membership, and by his handsome yearly donations. Mr. Dyson then, amidst applause, invested the President, with a handsome gold medal, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Thomas Heaman, Esq., President of the St. George's Society, 1878."

Mr. Heaman, in reply, said he believed all would give him credit that he had done all with the sole motive of securing the advancement of the Society, and not with a view of receiving such an expression of their appreciation as he now had. He felt the great value of the present did not lie in the medal, but in the free open-heartedness which had prompted it. He felt proud of the confidence of the Society, and was sure they attached more importance to his services than they should, for he had always been ably assisted in whatever had been undertaken by the officers and members. He would work in the future as in the past for the welfare of the Society, and, proud as he was of this handsome medal, he would endeavor to wear it with credit to himself and the Society, and in such a way as to retain that confidence which it was an expression of.

The meeting then adjourned.

—A tomb in Westminster Abbey is despoiled, on the personal prejudices of the Dean. Byron's body, and even a bust of him by Thorwaldsen, were denied admission, although an inscription is allowed to stand.

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and Gwin, a freethinker, was interred in the same fane, and had the burial service of the Church of England read over him by Dean Stanley, of Westminster.

### WATERLOO.

Constable Kippert arrested a man named Amos Fortner in Waterloo on Wednesday morning, charged with having stolen a pair of kids and gloves from Spiers' store. Mr. William Spiers. It appears that they were taking stock at Mr. Spiers', and when they came to the box of gloves the proprietor thought that a pair was missing. On telling his fears to his clerks, he was informed that a man had been at them on Saturday night, giving a description of the man. Mr. Spiers at once informed the police, and the result is, Amos in the hands of his friends. He was brought before Mayor Kranz, pleaded guilty to the charge, and was sent up for trial to a higher court.

## Western Ontario Currency.

### Gleaned from Despatches and Exchanges

Galt has ten shoe shops.

Mr. John Shields, of Tillsonville, has been appointed postmaster at Tempo.

The fishermen of Port Franks are busy catching white fish, trout, herring and pickerel in Lake Huron.

The formation of an artillery battery in connection with the Agricultural College at Guelph has been authorized.

Mr. Thos. Ballantyne is erecting a very large cheese factory right alongside of the P. D. & L. R. Railway track at Tavistock.

Sturgeon, black bass, and mullets are coming up out of the Saugeen, through the Canada Company ditch into Lake Burwell in large numbers.

Under the new regulations in Welland the free animal imposed between Canada and the United States will be immediately after decorating a shirt.

Matilda Hunt, one of Miss Rye's little orphans, was sentenced to five months' imprisonment at the Stratford Assizes for setting fire to a barn and stock at Bright, on the 1st inst.

A late Mazeppa mail was delayed by the unusual amount of spring freshets, the coaches being forced to take refuge on an island for 11 days, until the next mail party came along and rescued them.

## Free Press Correspondence.

### APPRECIATIVE STRATFORDITES.

To the Editor of the London FREE PRESS.

SIR,—The thanks of this community are certainly due, through you, to your able correspondent "Stratford" for his letter, which so far as I can remember, have his premonitions proved true. This morning you correspondence was read with intense interest, "as the test case referred to, was, as an act of justice, decided in its favor, and his property released from tax seizure, and the tax roll declared out of conformity with the statute in such case made and provided.

Who are to blame?—our Assessor, Clerk, or our Council as a body. It is certainly based opportune that the matter should have been unveiled in the critical state of our municipal progression. May not other municipalities be placed in the same position, and no enquiry have cause to thank your Stratford correspondent.

Yours truly, ATLIGUS.

Stratford, April 9th, 1878.

To the Editor of the FREE PRESS.

DEAR SIR,—I read with great pleasure an article in you issue of the 9th current, about the Town Council of Stratford, their doings, and the remarks about Commissioner of the Board who are not qualified. The remarks of your correspondent were good and well deserved. I trust the people of Stratford, now that the ball is set rolling, will see that the Council is purged of all those who are not qualified. The town debt is heavy, taxes are heavy, many improvements are needed, and unless our Council is a good one, and economical, we will soon be in a poor condition. Reckless expenditure must be stopped, expenses brought within the income, and the only way to do it is for the citizens to keep working till they get the best men, irrespective of party, into the Council.

It would be well when a resolution is moved in the Council again, as one was at last meeting, asking the Town Solicitor's advice on qualification, to have the Solicitor would not then be going it blind, and be in a position that his report is useless.

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HOTELS.

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RANKIN HO