The "Maritime Farmer,"

a Weekly Journal, devoted to AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, LITERATURE and NEWS, is published from the Office,

Corner Queen and Carleton Streets,

Directly opposite the Post Office,

FREDERICTON, N. B.,

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Subscription Price, - $1.00 per Year.

THE MARITIME FARMER having a larger circulation than any other paper published in Central New Brunswick, furnishes a most desirable medium for advertising.

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L. O. MACNUTT,
Editor and Proprietor,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICTON, N. B., August 12, 1885.

Tupper's Return.

The return of Sir Charles Tupper from England to Canada, has created a large ripple on the dog day placidity of Dominion politics. Next to the Premier himself, the movements of Sir Charles are watched with a critical and melancholy interest by the Grit politicans and press. It is certain that no public man in Canada, outside of Sir John Macdonald, occupies a larger place in public affairs than Tupper, and it is quite appropriate that his course should be closely scanned. It was Sir Charles who worked up the Conservative boom, that hurled the McKenzie Government from power in 1878; he is the father of the National Policy, and in and out of Parliament, he has without exception, been the most active public man in the country. Possessed of overshadowing ability, with an industry and perseverance that knows no surrender, Sir Charles is the ideal of a highly successful statesman.

His temporary retirement from the Commons to fill the important position of High Commissioner to England, was regretted by the whole Conservative party, who now rejoice in his return. There was no abler defender of the Government policy on the floors of Parliament than he, and his absence was severely felt by the Government party during the session just ended. During his residence in London, he has fulfilled many important and delicate duties, and doubtless his time and talents could have been profitably continued there, but he is yet too young a man to retire permanently from active political life. The eyes of the Conservative party are turned to him as the future Premier of Canada. Sir John Macdonald is growing old, though doubtless he will be able to serve the people for a time yet, and his natural successor is Sir Charles Tupper. There can be no doubt on that point, and Tupper's reentrance into Parliamentary life is probably an intimation, that so soon as the "grand old man," from the disabilities of age, lays down the sceptre, Tupper will be there to take it up.

Where Sir Charles will seek a constituency is not yet known. Cumberland, his old county, would welcome him back, but Cumberland is represented by a clever young man, Mr. Townshend, who will not likely be disturbed in his seat, when so many constituencies all over Canada would be glad to possess Tupper as a representative. Sir Charles never knew defeat in an election, and his early return to Parliament, either from St. John or some other equally influential constituency, may, we think, be counted upon as an event of the very near future.

Notable Funerals.

The funeral ceremonies attending the interment of General Grant at New York on Saturday, were the grandest ever witnessed on the continent, and possibly in the world. A million people watched the long cortege, and fifty thousand processionists were in line. The body was placed on an immense car drawn by twenty four black horses, each led by a colored groom. There was a great military and naval display, and Grant's most active enemies in the war of secession, united with his life-long friends, in morning the departure of the eminent soldier and statesman.

The event calls to the mind of the Boston *Advertiser*, other great funeral pageants of history, which, by comparison with Grant's, shrink into insignificance. Two long years were consumed in the formidable preparations for the funeral of Alexander the Great. Dying at Babylon, he directed that his body should be deposited in the Temple of Jupiter on an Egyptian oasis. The funeral car was drawn by sixty-four mules, chosen for their strength and size, splendidly caparisoned. The car itself was of surpassing magnificence, the spokes and naves of the wheels and the ends of the axles being covered with gold, the platform upholding a royal pavilion incrusted with gems, supporting a throne and a coffin, the latter of solid gold and filled with costly spices. But the body never reached its destination. Ptolemy arrested its progress, and buried it at Alexandria.

The circumstances of Julius Cæsar's death were so tragic, and such enormous crowds gathered to the ceremony, that they could not be formed into a procession, and the different classes of the people were accordingly asked to come together in the Field of Mars. The body of the great Roman was exposed lying upon a gilded bed, covered with scarlet and cloth of gold, and placed under a magnificent canopy in the form of a temple. After the funeral ceremonies were over, a question arose where they should burn the body, and the discussion was fast becoming a dispute, when two soldiers, with drawn swords and blazing torches in their hands, forced their way through the crowd and set fire to the bed. In a moment there was the wildest excitement. First the people brought fagots, and then benches from the neighboring porticos, and next any combustible material they could find, and at length, as the excitement grew, the soldiers threw in their arms, the musicians their instruments, while others stripped down and threw into the flames, the trappings of the funeral procession. So fierce was the fire that it spread to the neighboring houses, and was only with the greatest difficulty extinguished.

In more modern times the funerals of Wellington and Napoleon were famous. The remains of Napoleon having been received by the French from the English nineteen years after his death, it was not so much a funeral as a vast triumphal procession that followed, during which all France resounded with booming cannon, tolling bells, and strains of martial music. The resources of funeral art were exhausted upon the pageant, and the imagination is unable to distinguish the details of a procession in which the catafalque, the central object of interest, was born on a moving mound of gold and velvet drawn by sixteen black horses and guarded and escorted, it is said, by an army of 150,000 soldiers. The Duke of Wellington, after lying in state five days at Chelsea Hospital, was born to his last resting place in St. Paul's, on a car drawn by twelve horses, accompanied by a vast military and civic concourse, the latter including Prince Albert, both Houses of Parliament, judges, nobles, public bodies, the mourning coaches of the Queen and royal family, and an innumerable throng of the people.

Though the last tribute of respect has been paid to the mortal remains of Grant, his name will live in the memory of his countrymen forever. Linked with that of Washington, "first in the hearts of his countrymen," the founder of the great Rupublic, and with that of Lincoln, the martyred, Grant's name will go down to posterity, as one of the greatest of America's sons, the man who saved the Union by his great military genius, who in the hour of victory knew how to be humane, and who is mourned as sincerely by the Southern, as by the Union soldier of the Rebellion.

The New Minister.

Mr. Thomas White, who has been sworn in Minister of the Interior in the Dominion Government, in place of Sir David Macpherson resigned, is singularly fitted for a prominent position in the Cabinet. Mr. White has been a long time in public life, and has a most intimate knowledge of the affairs of the country. He is possibly the cleverest journalist in Canada, his newspaper, the Montreal *Gazette*, being especially recognized as a valuable authority on matters of commercial and financial interest. Mr. White is a polished speaker, and his private character is blameless. He has long been regarded as a popular candidate for a cabinet position, and his elevation to place, is a just recognition of his ability, and of loyalty to the party which he has faithfully served.

Sir Charles Tupper arrived from England on Saturday and is now at Halifax.

The farmers have enjoyed a splendid haying season, and the crop generally, is good.

General Middleton has returned from the North West, being received at Toronto and Ottawa with great enthusiasm.

The members of the press association of the Upper Provinces are enjoying a trip to Boston, New York and the White Mountains. There ought to be such an organization in the Maritime Provinces.

Riel occupies himself all day in writing and praying. He is compiling a history of the last and previous rebellions, and expresses himself as confident that he will not be executed. Other people think otherwise.

Some of our city contemporaries are wrestling with the subject of hasty marriages. There are matters of public concern to which they might turn their attention, and with which they could deal much more intelligently. If a man and woman desire to be married hastily, or in any other way, we presume they will not consult the wishes of the newspaper fraternity.

Because Hon. William Kelly has accepted a temporary position as Customs officer at Grand Manan for the unificent salary of $25 per month, some of the Blair Government organs want his seat in the Legislative Council declared vacant. The Chatham *World* points out that Hon. D. Hannington, M. L. C., held the position of Collector of Customs at Shediac, yet he remained undisturbed in his seat in the Council. The organs have a grudge against Mr. Kelly because last winter he declined to follow the Local Government through all their illegal acts.

Two Dominion elections are pending in Ontario, and both are to take place during the present month. Let us see from these if there is a reaction against the Government. In Cardwell, the new Minister of the Interior, Hon. Thomas White, appeals for re-election, and in East Durham, the vacancy caused by the lamented death of Col. Williams is to be filled. The Grit party have not yet nominated an opponent to Mr. White, but in East Durham, they have brought out Mr. Preston, the Secretary of the Ontario Reform Association, to oppose the Conservative nominee, Mr. Ward, the Mayor of Port Hope.

There is to be an election in King's Ward in this city so we observe by an official notice in the *Reporter*. Formerly, such notices were published in all the city papers for general information, and there was just as much wisdom and economy at the Council as now, but under present management, the electors are supposed to grope their knowledge from an obscure paper which finds its way into very few families in this city. The FARMER is not actuated by a desire for civic printing; we get along nicely without it, thanks, but it is really distressing to contemplate the nigardliness of the Mayor and Council in the matter to which we refer.

The Salvation Army has extended its operations to Fredericton. The opening bombardment took place on Sunday, when a detachment under Staff Sergt. Morton and Capt. Maltby, opened fire in the Temperance hall. The meetings were well attended. The officers wear uniforms of black, with scarlet facings, and the principal dress of the Cadets is a scarlet jersey. There is apparently no excess of either oratorical or musical talent in the party, but they evidently mean business. They are aggressive, but treat other Christians with more deference than the Holiness brethren, but some of the doctrines they preach are quite as pernicious.

The visit of the Halifax Garrison Club to this city on Friday, ought to do much towards popularizing the game of cricket. Fredericton has had many a lively struggle with the "Regulars" at cricket in by-gone days and usually held her own. The tradition of Fredericton cricketers should be an incentive to the boys in their match on Friday, and we are confident that they will do their best to win. The Garrison team is a strong one, and if Fredericton can defeat the visitors, the victory will be considered in cricketing circles, one of the brightest they have yet achieved. Through the courtesy of Mr. E H. Wilmot, who has always shown a great interest in all legitimate sports, the match will be played on the University field adjoing the Odell's Grove. The home club will make every preparation for the accommodation of spectators, and a band will be on the ground during the afternoon.

Girls in the water.

(New York Journal.)

There is all the difference in the world in the manner in which girls bathe. A skilled observer can at a moment's glance tell from what a city a bather comes. The Philadelphia girl usually trots out demurely on the sands, looks at the water, shivers and smiles, and then gradually approaches the surf. First she dips her toes in the water, gives a little scream, retreats a step or two, and, again, with a look of desperation on her face, advances slowly towards the sea. She gets wet an inch at a time, and shivers twice for every inch. Should the crest of a wave slap her on the back familiarly, she screams lustily and looks appealingly at the young man. The Philadelphia girl has a penchant for losing her foot-hold, getting down under the ropes, and then having a good-looking young man extricate her from her predicament. She hugs close around her rescuer until she is firmly on her feet, then, slowly releasing her grasp, apologizes with downcast eyes.

The Boston girl makes her appearance on the sand in a picturesque and tight-fitting suit. She advances with a soldierly stride, pauses on the water's edge, strikes an attitude and acts as though the whole world stopped and gazed breathlessly at the vision of womanly grace and beauty. Then she wades out in the water and awaits events. Suddenly a big wave strikes her, doubles her up like a ball, ploughs her acquline nose in the sand like a road scraper, and lands her far up on the beach a shapeless mass of red hose, blue skirts, and culture. She arises, looks around in a dazed sort of way, and then goes up and dresses, and all day long she talks about her bath and says it was "just lovely."

The Baltimore girl always goes in the water with her "fellah." She glances around as though half afraid, and then wades boldly out after him. She clings closely and affectionately to George or Chollie, whatever his name is, and gazes up into his face with a glance of mingled love and faith in the strong arms about her. When the waves come George or Challie bobs up serenely to its top and all is well.

The Chicago girl is a boss girl in the surf. She never loses her feet—can't do it. She plunges and flounders boldly around. Suddenly she startles the entire shore by a series of unearthly yells. The bathing master runs to the assistance of the frantic girl. She emerges from the surf with a bound and falls breathless on the sand, and kicks. A man jumps over her foot, and near the southeast corner of it discovers a small crab clinging tenaciously. This usually concludes the Chicago girl's bathing for the summer.

The New York girl, however, is the best of all. She watches her chance, runs down to the water when no one is looking, dives headlong through a wave, and then suddenly appears on the surface a couple of rods from the shore. Then for a half hour she swims around like a mermaid, and has lots of fun all by herself, and when she emerges from the water, she looks pinker and prettier than ever.

The Girl at the Front Gate.

(St. Louis Magazine.)

Heaven bless the girl at the front gate with peach bloom on her cheeks and love light in her eyes. Men would shut her out of our literature, but I am not one of them. The girl at the front gate can never grow old to those who have been there with her. Years may come and go, but the music of the low voice at the front gate will not be stilled and the memory of the cherry lips we kissed at the front gate will hold out faithful to the end. What if the old gate does sag and its hinges rattle and its latch refuses to hold it shut? What if the posts are shaky and some of its pickets gone? We love the dear old relic still. We love it for the sake of the girl who used to stand out there by it with roses on her cheeks and nectar on her lips. We held the old gate up and counted the stars and bid goodby and then counted the stars again. How many times of a night was goodby said? How many times did lips meet over the dear old gate? The old gate knows, it will never tell. The old front gate may have counted the kisses, but I never did. And I am sure the girl with the peach bloom cheeks never did. And what of the girl with the peach bloom cheeks? Ah, me? She married another. She forgot her vows at the old front gate, and some girls will, and married a richer and handsomer man. And I? Well, I went off to another front gate where there were other peach bloom cheeks and other lips as sweet and just as many stars to count. And now I have a front gate of my own and a girl of my own with peach bloom cheeks who counts the stars with the boy of the girl whose vows made with me at the first front gate were broken. But he is a true, good boy, and my girl is a good, true girl, and Heaven bless them both as they stand to-night at the old front gate.

Lowering the Record.

(New York Herald.)

When Flora Temple trotted a mile in 2:19¾ the achievement astonished the world. This was in 1859. The mare was looked upon as a wonder. Few then believed that a mile would ever be made by any trotter in less than 2:15. It took eight years to lower the record of 1859, and down to 1874 the best time made was 2:17. In that year the record was reduced below 2:15 by Goldsmith Maid, who scored a mile in 2:14.

It was then generally thought that the limit of a trotter's speed would prove to be 2:10. But Maud S. had not yet made her appearance, nor had Jay-Eye-See. The former brought the record down to within a quarter of a second of 2:10 in 1881, and three years later the latter reduced it to 2:10. The prophets of the turf next made bold to predict a mile in 2:09, and even 2:08. Maud S. has rapidly lowered the record below the former figure, and now President Edwards, of the Cleveland Association, expresses his conviction that the wonderful mare can trot in 2:07 under favorable circumstances, and Mr. Bonner declares that it will not surprise him to see the prediction verified.

Well, the matchless animal has already done wonders. Her achievement of a mile in 2:08¾ on a "slow track" is marvellous, but still more marvellous is the fact that she flew over the third quarter at a 2:04 gait. She may yet fulfil the predictions of her most ardent admirers.

But what would have been thought twenty or even ten years ago of a man prophesying a 2:07 trotting record? And what is at last to be the utmost limit of the trotter's speed? Will a mile ever be made in two minutes? The turf history of the past few years is certainly encouraging to bold predictions.

A Terrible Death.

A CHOLERA STRICKEN PRIEST BURIED ALIVE.

A terrible episode of the cholera epidemic is reported from the stricken district in Spain. A devoted priest who had laboured zealously among the infected people was finally prostrated by the scourge himself. The disease passed through all its regular stages, and the priest, apparently, died. The frightened people who were about him made only a hasty examination of the body, and hurriedly placed it in a coffn, screwed down the lid and left it over night ready for burial in the morning. When the bearers came in the morning to remove the body a fearful sight presented itself. The coffin had been upset, and had fallen from the table to the floor. The body had twisted around and partially doubled, showing that is had been writhing in mortal agony. The face was appalling in its expression of hopeless horror. The hands were bleeding, and the finger nails had been torn off in the awful strugle. It was evident that the unfortunate priest had been coffined alive; that he had recovered conscionsness during the night and had made a long and fearful struggle to burst the walls of his ghastly prison, until he had become too weak to struggle longer and had then been slowly stifled. He was certainly dead when found in the morning, and was hastily interred. It is feared that many cases of premature burial may have occured during the past epidemic in consequence of the great fright among the people, which causes them to get rid of the dead at the earliest possible moment.

Sir Moses Montefiore's long life was only extraordinary because he was an extraordinary man, living in a land where extreme old age is very rarely found. We had in Canada in 1881, when the last census was taken, 209 persons who were more than one hundred years old. Ontario had a 100 of them, Quebec 50, Nova Scotia 34, New Brunswick 12, Prince Edward Island 8, Manitoba 2, and the Territories 1. So that a Sir Moses in Canada, though of course an object of veneration, would not be regarded as so tremendous a novelty as he was across the water. The Canadian climate, despite its severity, is conducive to old age. We had in 1881 166,000 people between the ages of sixty and seventy, 81,000 between seventy and eighty, 24,000 between eighty and ninety, and 2,790 between ninety and a hundred. Nobody need feel downright old here until he has seen a century of life.

The Smallest Living Horse.

BORN IN DETROIT AND NAMED AFTER ITS BIRTHPLACE—ITS MEASUREMENT.

One night last week there was a birth in Detroit which will find a place in historical records, according to the testimony of more than a score of expert horsemen who are up in equine lore. The birth in question occurred in Prof. Bartholomew's Equine Paradox car, at the Michigan Central Railroad depot, and the parents are respectively Pedro, a Brazilian pony, and LePetite, an East Indian pony. Pedro, the father, is 9 years old and weighs 315 pounds. Although he stands but 45 inches high he is proportioned like a thoroughbred, and has short, fine hair, with a light main and tail. In color he is a dark bay, with black points. La Petite, the maternal parent, is an East Indian of much finer grade than the Shetland pony, and weighs 300 pounds. She is 37 inches high, and from the tip of her nose to to end of "dock" of her tail measures 66 inches. Of the two horses above described it may be said that there are but very few Brazilian ponies outside of their native country, and they are protected by the Brazilian government because of the diminutive yet perfect proportions and exceptionally intelligent and gentle disposition. Of La Petite it is said that horses of her breed are also very rare in this country and that the East Indian pony is rated among importers as being in many points superior to the Shetland product.

With such parentage it is not strange that the tiny colt should be the dainty gem of equine perfection that it is. The color of La Petite is a very dark grey, while the colt is brown, with black points. Prof. Bartholomew has named the colt Detroit, in honor of its birthplace, and in order that a better estimate may be made of the Lilliputain proportions of the youngster, he has furnished the appended comparative table of the measurements of the mother and her offspring:—

Measurements.	La Petite.	Detroit.
Weight	300 lbs	22½ lbs
Height	37 in	20½ in
From nose to tail	66 in	30 in
Around the stifle	20 in	9 in
Around the fetlock	5½ in	4 in
Leugth of the back, hipbone to shoulder	10½ in	7 in
Length of neck, shoulder-bone to jowl	12 in	3 in
Collar	34 in	14½ in
Girth	45 in	10 in

A still better idea may be gained by saying that the length of Detroit's tail—dock and hair—is but 6 inches; that the length of his face, from poll to mouth is only 9 inches, and that the total length of the little thing, from shoulder to crupper, is but 18 inches, or 1½ feet. The figures above given are sufficient for believing that Detroit is not only the smallest specimen of the horse ever seen in this country, but that he is as small a horse as was ever born in any country.

About the Gopher.

The gopher is all about Manitoba and the North West, wherever the land is dry enough, says a correspondent of the Toronto *Globe*. He's about as big as our red squirrel and burrows in the pararie. He is about as ubiquitous as the mosquito, and feeds upon grass and is considered a nuisance. When grain is shocked up, before being drawn in, he eats out the centre of the shock. A few days ago I saw a company of returning Volunteers with a box of these gophers, going to take them down to Halifax. There's no accounting for tastes at all events, and these Volunteers have as much liberty in the gopher line as anyone else. But I tried to impress it upon them that they must not let these gophers loose, while passing through Ontario, which they promised not to do. Now, if these rodent pests were once let loose upon us, they would, I fear, become like the rabbits in Australia, for with us they would have far better times than at home. They would have more grain to eat with us, and besides that they could work longer in the fall, freezing as it does up here generally by the fifth of October. I would be exceedingly sorry to have these pests brought to Ontario, or any of their bulldog flies, or any additional mosquitoes, or rather the new variety of the small kind.

The Youngest Volunteer.

(The Manitoban.)

Winnipeg can still claim the honor of having placed the youngest volunteer in the field during the rebellion in the person of William Trimble, who joined Col. Smith's battalion on its organization, being then only thirteen years and ten months old. On presenting himself for enlistment, Dr. Orton at first refused to accept him, but finding him to be well-drilled, having been trained in the Dufferin school, Toronto, and of good physique, he finally passed him. Trimble accompanied the battalion as bugler to No. 4 Company, under Captain Carruthers, throughont the terribly severe marching, doing 108 miles in six days, marching along like the rest of the men, swimming streams, and ploughing through bush and muskeg with all the endurance of a veteran. This young soldier is the grandson of William Trimble, proprietor of the Fermanagh *Reporter*, Enniskillen, Ireland, and a relative by marriage of Captain Grahame, Dominion immigration agent in this city. He was born in Montreal, on May 1st, 1871, and is now 14 years and 2 months old, and is a credit to his Irish lineage.

Riel to Poundmaker.

The following is a copy of Riel's letter to Poundmaker and signed also by the rebel council:—

ST. ANTOINE, April, 1885.

"To the Metis and Indians at Battleford and vicinity:—

Since you last heard from us important things have happened. The police have attacked us. We encountered them. God has given us the victory. Thirty Halfbreeds and five Cree Indians met and combatted with one hundred and twenty men. After thirty or forty minutes' fighting the enemies deserted their field. Praise God for the success He has given us. Capture all the police you possibly can; preserve their arms; take Fort Battle, but save the provisions, munitions, and arms. Send a detachment to us of at least a hundred men. In the name and for the love of God and of His Son, and St. Joseph, and St. Jean Baptiste, we will be able to accomplish wonders."

This letter is the best possible proof that Riel incited the Indians to rebel.

The Permanent Force in the North West.

The following is a statement by Colonel Irvine, Commissioner of the Mounted Police, of the future disposition of the force:

One hundred men at Fort McLeod under command of Captain Cotton, who will be elevated to superintendent.

One hundred men at Calgary under command of Superintendedt Herchmer.

Two hundred men for Battleford, one hundred of whom will likely be kept at Fort Pitt. Inspector Dickens will be in command.

One hundred men at Prince Albert under Inspector Gagnon.

Fifty men at Maple Creek.

Fifty men at Medicine Hat.

Fifty men at Edmonton under Inspector Grisbois.

A detachment will also be kept at Wood Mountain under Inspector McDonald.

The balance of the force will be kept at Regina. It will be fully equipped and ready to send to any point on the shortest notice.

Major Crozier is assistant commissioner.

Maud S. has "beaten her record" by trotting an alleged mile over a so-called "slow course," in 2 minutes 8¾ seconds, or half a second less time than she or any other horse ever before did the same thing, and the fact is deemed of sufficient importance to be telegraphed all over the country to the Associated Press, and the details of the remarkable achievement are thought worthy of whole columns of cold type in "great metropolitan dailies," but after all, what is the good of such a performance except to gratify the vanity of the animal's owner? Who or what is benefited by it in any way? Even the poor foolishness usually urged in favor of horse racing, the nonsense about improving the breed of horses, will not apply here, for practically we might just as well have no horses at all in the country, as to have the breed improved up to the Maud S. model. The animal is merely a toy, a plaything of her owner, and one which he can't play with himself at that.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Vanderbilt's Staff.

Mr. Vanderbilt went to Saratoga recently. His advent was remarkable chiefly on account of his outfit, which included "Mrs. Vanderbilt, his only unmarried son, George Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Osgood, two maids, a valet, seven horses, four vehicles, two footmen, two coachmen, two stablemen, three dogs and fifteen trunks, making a grand total of forty-three."

A BUDGET OF NEWS.

Culled, Clipped and Collected from Everywhere.

Mr. James Hannay, author of the "History of Acadie" is connected with the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Boston is to have a new court house, to cost $1,750,000, and to be located in Pemberton Square.

The French troops in Tonquin are suffering terribly from dysentery, the deaths averaging twelve per day.

A. B. Boyer, B. A., of Woodstock, a graduate of the University, has been appointed second master of the Union Baptist Seminary, St. John.

There is grumbling in London over the inefficiency of the fire brigade, and Capt. Shaw, the chief officer, is about to start on another visit to the United Stetes to seek points for improving the service.

In the International cricket match at Toronto last week, between representatives from Canada and the United States, the Canadians won by 39 runs. Geo. W. Jones of St. John was one of the victorious team.

Maine's blueberry crop is worth not less than $50,000 this year, says the Lewiston *Journal*. The yield is immense. Besides the thousands of bushels consumed fresh in Maine and Massachusetts markets, the canning factories are using large lots.

A gigantic devil fish, sixteen feet wide and fourteen feet long, weighing two tons, and having a mouth four feet wide, was caught in the Gulf of Mexico on Friday and conveyed to Galveston. The monster was one of a school which had been seen in the vicinity for several days.

The Berlin *Gazette* semi-officially announces that the Duke of Edinburgh is recognized by the King and Prince Bismark as the heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Saxe Gotha. A special to the *Mail* says besides a vast private fortune, Ernest II, the reigning Duke, has a civil list of over £15,000 a year.

The Dominion Government have decided to send a collection of lumber and minerals to the Colonial Exhibition in London, in addition to the collection exhibited at Antwerp. Prof. Selwyn has been entrusted with the task of selecting the mineral exhibit, and a practical man will be chosen to supervise the lumber collection.

Four hundred Northern Pacific cars are are now waiting at Tacoma to receive the 30,000 chests of tea due from Japan on the steamship Isabella. A great saving of time will be made by transportation to New York over the new route, and the completion of the Canadian Pacific will enable the journey to be made in even less time.

The most profitable newspaper in the world, the London *Times*, is valued at $25,000,000, and the most profitable in France, the *Petit Journal*, earns $600,000 a year net, although a few years ago it was insolvent. The London *Standard* is valued at $10,000,000 the *Daily News* at $6,000,000, and $5,000,000 would not buy the *Telegraph* it is said.

Gen. Gordon, of Georgia, who at Spotsylvania, Court House, Virginia, checked Gen. Hancock's advance through the captured salient on the 12th of May, 1864, and who commanded one wing of Gen. Lee's army and made the last assault on Gen. Grant's line at Appomattox, acted as aide to Gen. Hancock at the funeral ceremonies of General Grant.

Riel has retracted his declarations against the Church of Rome, which he made during the course of the rebellion, and has again submitted himself to its authority. He signed a written retractation which Rev. Father Fortier of St. Boniface cathedral, brought down with him to Regina. It is understood that he is preparing a more formal and lengthy retractation.

An address has been gotten up by the women of England, thanking the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the recent articles on London vice, praising the papers' course as a service in the cause of morality and social purity. The address has 450 signatures including those of Lady Ashburton, Lady Mount-Temple, and the Countess of Portsmouth. All the names are those of persons in good position.

The expenditure of Europe in armaments amounted last year to £183,519,997. Russia is easily first, with a total of more than £46,000,000. France is second, with more than £33,500,000; Great Britain third, with nearly £31,500,000, and Germany fourth, with over £22,500,000. France is first with a national debt of over £960,000,000; Great Britain second, with over £758,000,000; Russia third, with £603,000,000, and Spain fourth, with £501,000,000.

The New York *Commercial Bulletin* estimates the fire losses in the United States and Canada during July, at $9,000,00, an increase of one-third over the average July fire waste for the past ten years. It gives a list of 173 fires where the reported loss was $10,000 and upward. There were eighteen large fires in July, whose aggregates destructiveness was $3,600,000 or 40 per cent of the entire fire waste of the month. During the seven months of the present year the fire loss has been $60,000,000

The Salvation Army were mobbed at Belleville, Ontario, the other night. The army hold meetings every night on Market square. Some patent medicine man rented the square for the purpose of giving an entertainment and when they drove on the ground they found the army in posession of it. The salvationists refused to retire, when the crowd set upon them and forced them to retreat under a shower of rotten eggs. The army was followed to their barracks, where stones were thrown and windows broken.

The steamship City of Chicago arrived at Queenstown August 3rd, and reports that a lady passenger, who was the mother of five children, and who was coming to England with her husband, committed suicide during the voyage by casting herself into the sea. She had previously coaxed her husband to give her $500 in gold, and had the money sewn in bags and fastened to different parts of her dress when she jumped overboard. The weight of the coin caused her to sink at once and prevented all hope of saving her life or of recovering her body.

The Toronto *Globe* apparently favors an attempt to rescue Riel. It informs persons who may feel inclined to enter upon such an undertaking that Regina is quite close to the frontier, that Riel's prison is a mere shanty that could be knocked to shivers without much trouble, and that a comparatively small number of resolute men could make short work of the guards (*i. e.*, could easily murder them.) Surely the respectable army of the Reform party must shrink with loathing from the blood-thirsty suggestion of the evidently demented organ.—*Toronto Mail.*

Col. Taylor is expected to arrive at Winnipeg, from Ottawa, in a few days, to enter upon the duties of the new Infantry School to be established there. It has been decided to utilize Fort Osborne for the school, and it is intended to renovate the huts which have become very much dilapidated since their occupation by Gen. Wolseley, in order to properley accommodate the 100 cadets intended to be instructed there. Fifty horses will be kept for the use of the school, as the corps is to be mounted infantry. Major Buchan has been appointed second in command and Dr. Codd, Surgeon.

Under the English Admiralty directions, an extraordinary experiment is to be made at Portsmouth, and the results are anticipated with remarkable interest. Targets coated with india rubber sheets are to be fixed on sides of armor clad resistance, and they will be subjected to progressive gunnery tests, commencing with a six-pounder quick firing gun and increasing, if possible, up to a six inch nine ton breechloader. Should the trials be attended with success, as is expected by some experts, the arming of men-of-war will be almost revolutionized, india rubber sheets, specially prepared, being largely substituted for armor plates.

The Presidential election in the African colored colony, Liberia, is just over. The result has been the election of Prof. Johnson (Republican) over Prof. Blyden (R-form) by a majority of five hundred. Prof. Johnson's success is due to the fact that he remained at home during the contest, and carried on his hair-cutting business as usual, thus setting a fine example of industry and perseverance to the rising generation. Prof. Blyden, on the other hand, abandoned his ordinary occupation, and stumped the colony, making seven hour speeches and declaring that he had become a candidate in the interests of reform, much against his own will and at great financial loss and personal inconvenience.

It Never Fails.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery Colic, Sick Stomach or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous; a few doses cure when other remedies fail

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Newsy Notes and Notions of Everything.

Paris has fifty thousand Hebrews.

Men cannot be great in all things. Gen. Grant was a poor swearer.

Vanderbilt's annual income, if paid in gold, would weigh ten tons.

General Booth says his Salvation Army will number 20,000,000 in 1900.

Though in over thirty hard-fought battles Gen. Grant never received a wound.

The Duke of Westminster is going to give $100,000 of his fortune to the church.

There are in Paris 150 tradesman who do nothing but deal in old postage stamps.

The son-in-law crop of 1885 is admittedly the poorest ever harvested in Kentucky.

The new contracts require that mail trains in England must average a speed of forty-six miles an hour.

It is estimated that 750,000 people go into London by rail every day to earn their living, and leave it again every night.

It is considered probable that the ex-Empress Eugenie will leave the bulk of her fortune to the Princess Beatrice.

The English was-ship Resistance is to be coated with india-rubber to a considerable thickness, to see how that material will repel projectiles.

A Chicago physician produces evidence to prove that the use of tobacco is injurious to the eyesight and is frequently the cause of colour-blindness.

Ex-President Arthur has been particularly lucky in his fishing on the Restigouche. His catch in one week amounted to 98 salmon averaging twenty-four pounds each.

Sir George Wombwell, to whom the Pall Mall *Gazette* disclosures have given new notoriety, was conspicuous for bravery at Inkerman and Alma, and rode in the famous charge of the Light Brigade.

The last time General Grant signed his name was a few days before his death, when he put it on the back of a cheque for $1,000 whic he had received from the Century Publishing Company four or five days before.

The late Colonel Fred Burnaby prided himself on his descent from Edward I., and when reminded that that was a tyrant would say: "No doubt. But I would sooner be descended from those who dared oppress the people than belong to the people who are cowardly enough to submit to oppression."

Said one dry-goods merchant to another: "I shall take the 4.40 boat" "I will bet you $20 you don't," said the other. "Done," replied the other. They went together, and, sure enough, the 4 40 boat took them, but neither took the boat, finding it utterly impossible. Twenty dollars changed hands a few minutes later.

It is said of the Rev. Sam Jones that in one place, where he had been holding revival services for some weeks, a purse of $1,500 was put into his hands. He took $200 and handed the remaining $1,300 to the committee, with the request that it be to help the families of saloon keepers who had been converted, and had thus been thrown out of business.

Two of the bride cakes presented to Princess Beatrice were designed by the head of the confectionery department of the Queen's kitchen, and were made at Windsor. They stood six feet high on gold dishes, elaborately ornamented, and with the exception of orange blossoms and a few green leaves were pure white. They were in process of construction for nearly five months.

The grasshoppers recently became so numerous on W. H. Prouty's ranch, below Ione City, Cal., that he offered Indians one cent per pound for all they would kill. The Indians proceeded to the task, and in a very short time succeeded in driving into a pond of water, capturing, and drying about 3000 pounds. When presented, the Indians' bill was quite an eye opener to Mr. Prouty.

The popularity of cricket for girls, says Mr. Yates in London *World*, is evidently increasing. In the account of a recently played match I read that "Miss Leslie spanked Miss Hibbert hard for 2." It shows a great deal for Miss Hibbert's forbearance that, after this outrageous offence, the game was allowed to proceed peacefully. "Leg-before" is not recognized, I am told, by cricketesses. It is called "frock-before-wicket," and its consequences are speedily dealt with by the umpire."

Following the London style the young girls of New York go about with their shoulders raised, throwing one leg over the other to get the true Piccadilly swing. This rolling gait has taken the place of the Alexandria limp. Some years ago all the English fashionables walked with a slight hitch-trip in imitation of the Princess of Wales. Now they walk with a regular on-deck swing. A troublesome corn on a royal toe in England will change the gait of every society idiot in New York.

The prominent featnres of pickeral are a tremendous mouth and an appetite to match. To give him an opening in which to insert his dinner nature has thoughtfully slit him nearly half way to his tail, and garnished the aperature with about 27 rows of teeth. He is long and wiry, green back and a black belly, and looks like a consumptive in the last stages. This is due entirely to the deceit with which he is loaded from tail to muzzle, for the only last stages a pickerel ever get into are those of depravity.

The fact that the bow oar of the Bowdoin crew at the Worcester race this year was awarded the prize for the best writen commencement part, and also the first prize for extemporaneous composition suggest, says the New York *Post*, the desirability of a careful compilation of the statistics regarding the scholarship of collegians who are prominent in athletic sports. Such a case as this will long be celebrated among the students, while the dropping of another oarsman for poor scholarship will attact the attention of parents and guardians.

The artificial eye is made from a bulb of glass blown, having a slight ovality, on the end of a rod of glass about the size of a pencil. From the sphere thus blown a segment is cut which is flattened out at the place for the iris and pupil and a circular patch of black pigment in the centre forms the pupil. The painting of the iris is done with very delicate enamel colours, and when this zone is coloured a bulb of clear crystal glass is placed over it to form the cornea, and is fastened by fusing the edge of the main shell with the blowpipe. The red veius are traced with fine films of red glass laid on and fused.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, writing to the promoters of a meeting on the subject of Funeral Reform, says that the lesson has yet to be learned that excess in mourning apparel, in flowers, in entertainments, and the funeral furniture is no real indication of affection or respect. The tyranny of public opinion still drives persons to spend on funerals sums out of all proportion to their circumstances. The custom still obtains of keeping the body too long, and this even in densely-populated districts. Bodies are still placed in imperishable coffins to be preserved in a half decomposed state, a practice dishonouring to the dead and injurious to the living. The Society has, therefore, still much to do.

Among the ladies at Long Branh this summer, one of the wealthiest, most "diamonded," and most gorgeously apparelled is the wife of a New York barber who has made his fortune in stock speculation. Her husband still scrapes chins, notwithstanding the fact that his wife has "society" aspirations. Most of his customers are brokers and railroad men, He picks up valuable "points" from them, and for that reason insists on remaining in business. Another woman who wears splendid toilets and jewels is the wife of a Brooklyn baker. Her husband, starting in like as a journeyman kneader of dough, hit upon a kind of bread that pleased New York's palate, and now he is a millionaire, lives in great style, and maintains one of the handsomest turnouts on the coast.

An extraordinary passenger has just arrived in Liverpool by the royal mail steamer from Africa in the shape of a magnificent male lion of such enormous dimensions as are now rarely found in zoological gardens, where lions are generally bred for generations in captivity, and are for the most part small in size and partly deformed. As the monarch of the wilderness is still in his younger years, and is likely to grow considerably yet, he promises to be the largest and most beautiful lion ever seen in England. Although so very strong and powerful, the noble beast is as gentle as a lamb, and was the pet of the whole ship from the captain down to the cabin boy. He hails from Central Africa, and was brought over in a cave of the size of a large room. His food on the passage consisted of twenty-four sheep and twelve goats. It is twenty-four years since an animal of this sort was landed in Liverpool.

April 15th.

Carpets.

John J. Weddall's

Retail DRY GOODS trade having grown to such proportions that it is necessary he should have MORE ROOM for the successful carrying out of his plans, he has therefore decided to go OUT of the CARPET TRADE for the present.

THE WHOLE STOCK

OF

CARPETS,

will be sold at such prices

FOR CASH!

DURING THE

Months of April & May,

as cannot be touched by any HOUSE continuing in the trade.

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