Literature

LEGENDS OF THE COUNTY OF CAVAN.

The elves of Fairyland have their abode even in the cold, bleak county of Cavan, which is six hundred feet, and in some parts eight hundred feet, above the level of the sea; and was considered so sterile a country that it was left almost entirely to its Irish inhabitants, at the time when most other parts of Ulster were divided among Scottish and English settlers.

It is true that many of the Protestant descendants of the settlers have made their way thither from the north, in course of time; but they have not influenced the folk-lore of Cavan as much as might be expected.

The fairy legends of the Celtic people in this county display a bolder and more vivid fancy than those related in Donegal, and while the Donegal legends carry the believer in Fairyland back into a distant past, those of Cavan deal with the present, or at least with a period not many years removed from our own day. The most poetical of such wild fancies relate to the loves of the elves for mortal youths and maidens, who are sometimes snatched away from their friends in the pride of their gaiety and beauty.

One pleasant summer day, about sixteen years ago, two lads set out to spend a holiday upon Virginia Lough, a beautiful large lake, covered with little islands, where birds build in the wild holly, hazel, and hawthorn thickets. As the boat neared the largest island, the boys observed a white duck swimming after them, and keeping very close to them.

Francis Lafferty, the elder of the two, Happening to have a thorn-branch in his hand, struck the duck with it, and she dived down, colouring the water for some yards round the boat with her blood. She soon rose again to the surface, and continued to follow the boat, though her snowy feathers were dabbled with blood.

The boys landed on Willow Island, and when they re-embarked, after an hour's birdnesting, the duck had disappeared. But Francis was soon reminded of the adventure.

Next day the trampling of a horse's hoofs was heard before his father's cottage, on the borders of the lake, and he ran to the door, followed by his parents and brothers and sisters. A man riding a tall grey horse stopped at the door.

"Where's Francis Lafferty?" he enquired.

"Here, sir."

"You did a dale o' mischief yesterday, Francis."

"Why, sir, what mischief did I do?"

"You struck a white duck that was swimmin' afther yer boat."

"Ay, surely, but what o' that?"

"Thon duck was a beautiful young lady, an' she fell in leve wid you, you foolitch gossoon, an' that was the reason she was swimmin' afther you. You've hurted her, an' you be to lay yer hand on her, an' cure her."

"I'll not go one foot," said the boy sturdily.

"He'll not get gowing wid you," said the father and mother.

"You be to come," repeated the man; "but I promise to bring you safely back again."

Francis was a trustful boy; and although he had some fears and misgivings, he relied upon the messenger's promise, jumped up behind him, and they rode down the field towards the lake.

The group at the cottage-door saw the horse swim gallantly for some yards, and then disappear beneath the waters.

Francis and his guide drew up at the gate of a splendid castle, and a servant answered the bell.

"I ought not to bid you welcome, but for all that I do," said he, looking hard at Francis. They went into the parlour, where a beautiful young lady, with a bleeding brow and a wound in her neck, lay upon the sofa.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," said Francis, gowing close to her. "Faix an' troth I didn't know thon duck was you, or I would not have hit it."

"You hurted me very much, Francis. I fell in love wid you when I was swimming after the boat, an' you hit me, an' now you must marry me."

"But I dont want to get married at-all, at-all," said the poor boy.

"You must marry me," persisted the young lady. "I'll send for you in a few days, an' if you don't come, you'll pine away an' die, an' your friends 'ill all die too."

Poor Francis did not know what to say to this. He mounted the grey horse again, and rode very sorrowfully home.

"I'll come for you in a few days," were the messenger's parting words.

There was dreadful grief in the cottage, when Francis told the result of his visit. Each day his mother wept, and declared she would not let him go; and he always repeated the beautiful lady's threats to destroy the whole family.

"You be to let me go, mother, for the sake of my father an' Grace an' Joe, Maggie, Thady, an' little Mary!" And as the poor woman looked at her husband and five other children, she wept, without knowing what to reply.

At length the grey horse and his rider appeared for the second time at Francis's door. The unfortunate young bridegroom took a tender leave of his friends, and mounted behind the messenger.

A chorus of wailing and lamentation followed them to the water's edge; they disappeared halfway between the shore and Willow Island, and all trace of Francis was lost for ever!

The Laffertys prospered in everything; no farm was so productive as theirs, no dairy so successful. The children grew up handsome and merry, and married well-to-do neighbours, and there were gay dances at their weddings; but the mother was sad in the midst of their mirth, for she could not forget her pretty, yellow-haired son, who was so differently married.

When she stood among the crowd in Virginia market, as the chapel bell rang the Angelus, and the devout people took off their hats, and murmured "Paternoster," she wondered whether the holy sound was able to penetrate the waters of the lake, and if the fairy wife ever permitted poor Francis to pray. To obtain one glimpse of her son, she would gladly have parted with everything she possessed; and she was wont to wander along the shore on summer evenings, when a handsome drake, accompanied by a snow-white duck, swam between Willow Island and the mainland. But they never came near enough to eat the bread she threw to them.

The next group of Cavan legends which we shall notice relates to people who are carried into Elfland, kept there some years, and at length are restored to their friends.

The inhabitants of Bailieborough got up one starlight frosty morning, and set out to attend the Christmas market at Shercock, some driving cows and donkeys, some carrying baskets, others jogging along in their carts, as well wrapped up as they could be to resist the cold.

When they had got about a mile out of Bailieborough they were electrified by hearing clapping of hands and laughter behind the hedge, and a sound like feet stamping upon a board, while many bright lights shone.

The drivers stood up in their carts to peep over the hedge, and those of the foot passengers who had courage enough looked through it; but nothing could be seen except the lights.

"The gentry! the good people!" cried the frightened travellers from Bailieborough. "Ha, ha, ha!" was shouted from behind the hedge.

"They'll do us no harm in life," said young Tim O'Brien, who was driving his master's cow.

"Good gossoon! Fine little fellow!" called the voices.

"Come on, son. I'm sore 'feared—come on fast!" said the lad's mother, trembling in every limb and clutching her son's arm.

"Bedad, mother, I must not drive the master's cow too hard, an' him trustin' me to take her to market."

Another man driving a cow passed them at this moment. His terror on hearing the clapping of hands and laughter was so great that he set off at a run, driving his unfortunate animal wildly up and down hill, until he reached Shercock market.

"The breath was nearly out o' her, an' she lost her sale," said the neighbours afterwards, telling the story. Tim transacted his business, and then he and his mother turned into a public-house to refresh themselves; and while they sat there one after another came hurrying in, laughing like mad people, and exclaiming; "Oh, we seen the fairies! We seen the fairies!"

"Don't be out your lane, or very late, Tim," said his mother that evening, as he turned into the Knockbride road, leading to his master's house.

"I be to do what me master bids me," replied the good gossoon, kissing her.

It was growing dusk as he parted from her, but he had light enough to see three sixpences shining on a stone on the road. Much surprised at such unhoped-for good luck, he took them up and put them into his pocket.

As he was going on, a little old woman touched him on the shoulder.

"Tim, me good gossoon," she said, "I've bought you, an' you be to come wid me."

"I'll not go one foot," replied he.

"I'll come for you on Friday evening. Good-by till Friday. You've been a good honest servant to your master, an' you'll be a good servant to me."

She disappeared, and poor Tim was frightened and bewildered. He hurried home, and told his master and mistress what had happened. "We'll not let her take you, if we can help it," said they.

On the dreaded Friday evening all Tim's friends and neighbours assembled in his master's kitchen, to help to tide him over the fatal hour. A bright fire blazed on the hearth. Beside Tim sat his mother, holding his hand in both of hers; around him and behind him were his master, mistress, and friends—a strong phalanx of protection. But they proved as powerless against the elfin mistress as they would have been against Grim Death himself, had he stretched forth his skeleton hand to grasp the lad.

In the midst of the talking, firing began outside the house: shots came raining down the chimney. Mocking laughter rang in peals, and while the elfin "Ha, ha, ha!" was echoing, Tim was gone. The terrified people looked round in amazement; he was gone, and no one had been seen to fetch him. The mother's grief was dreadful at the loss of her only son and chief support.

Weeks, months, years went by. At the end of six years, Tim awoke one morning opposite his mother's door; but the house was deserted—the hearth was cold.

Startled and sad, he made his way to the farmhouse at Knockbride. The farmer's wife was making stirabout at the fire.

"God bless us, is it you, Tim?" she cried, letting the spoon fall.

"It is, mistress. But where's my mother?"

"Yer mother, poor gossoon? She died, it'll be three year again Lammas."

"Three year, mistress? Three year! Why it was only last Christmas her an' me drove the master's cow to Shercock market."

"Oh Jack, come here!" called the puzzled woman. "Here's Tim come back, an' he's sayin' that he's only away since Christmas."

"Six year it was last Christmas that you were took from us, Tim," said the master, clasping his hands in wonder and gazing at the lad, who might have been stolen the day before, he looked so unchanged.

The neighbours soon assembled, and Tim saw many changes in them. The six years had streaked black hair with grey, had bent upright figures, had wrinkled smooth cheeks, and had made gaps in the familiar circle.

He gave as clear an account as he could of what had happened to him, but a kind of haze seemed to spread over his memory with regard to the fairy world. He said he had lived in splendid houses, warmed by large fires and lighted by many candles, and had had every imaginable delicacy to eat and drink; that his bed had been warm, and his work light and easy; that they danced, feasted, and caroused continually; and that he had made long excursions every night in company with his little masters; but he was not able to say how or why they had brought him back.

Some miles distant from Knockbride is a large tanyard. Mr. Borland, the owner, is a prosperous man. He has won the fealty of his servants and workmen, and his wife is also very popular among them; but he would himself ascribe his success to a different cause. All the people about the tanyard have from time to time caught sight of a dwarfish man in a grey coat, who went backwards and forwards in the premises, setting things to rights—now peeping into a vat, now turning a skin. Jobs that the men had left unfinished at night were found to be completed when they came to their work next morning. Everybody knew that the master had a fairy friend who cared for his interests; and knowing also that such friends do not like to be spoken about, the workpeople were generally silent as to what they had seen. The fairies are, indeed, the ideal benefactors, who shrink from having their good actions known or praised. But Mr. Borland was far from ungrateful to the little grey man; he swept the kitchen-hearth carefully each night before going to bed, and left a clean pipe and a quantity of cut tobacco on a chair beside the fire. These were always gone in the morning when the master and mistress came downstairs. At length Mr. Borland became dangerously ill, and his wife, in great anxiety, sent a servant for the doctor.

The servant had gone about halfway, when he met the doctor coming to meet him.

"Oh, sir," said he, "I hope you are not hastening elsewhere, for I was sent to bring you to Mr. Borland of the tanyard."

"Why that's just where I'm going, my man. A little fellow in a grey coat came to me half an hour ago, and bade me hurry to see Mr. Borland, for he was very ill."

One day the servants were busied about their various employments in the kitchen of a gentleman's house in Cavan, when a man called Dan Gow came in and sat down by the fireside.

"God save all here," said he; and he crouched over the blaze, trembling and shivering.

"What ails you, Dan? What ails you, poor man, anyway?" asked the servants.

Then by degrees it came out that he had had an adventure the night before, and had been away with the fairies for eleven hours.

He was at first unwilling to describe his eerie experience, but all the labourers from the yard crowded into the kitchen, and the maids from above-stairs came hurrying down to listen, and by dint of judicious questions, they at length elicited the whole history.

"It was a clear, fine night, an' I was comin' home from the town wid my fiddle tinnder me arm," began Dan, "when, as I got alongside of the planting near Crocknahadden, someone come behint me, an' he run me wid a foot an' a slap, an' when I come to meself, I was lyin' me length on the grass, an' I was that sore an' bruised that I could hardly get on me feet again. There was a pain in me back, an' a pain in me shoulder, where I was hit."

"Save us! Poor Dan! Poor fellow! Musha, the crathur!" cried the audience, in various tones of sympathy. "Tell us what did they do on you?"

"They danced round an' round me, laughin' an' carousin', crowds o' the good wee people."

"Was it them knocked you down, Dan avick?"

"Troth, it was!"

"An' what did you do?"

"I jist played them tunes on the fiddle."

"Was it a castle they were in?"

"It was not."

"Was it a cave, or a fort?"

"No, it was on the grass, an' inunder the trees we were dancin', an' there was fires an' candles in plenty."

"Did you ate wid the gentry, Dan?"

"Is it ate? No, I did not ate wid them. There was an uncle o' mine there, an' he come behint me, an' whispered to me not to take bite or sup wid them, if I wished to get away again."

"Was your uncle there, Dan dear?"

"In troth he was, an' many an ould neighbour forbye."

A shudder ran through the whole assembly in the wide kitchen at this answer. Each person feared to ask the question trembling upon his lips. The question was this: "Did you see anyone belonging to me among the fairies?" Instead of asking this, they said: "Were the old neighbours content-like and happy, Dan? Were they anyway failed?"

"Yes, they were ill-like, an' greatly failed, an' they looked pale an' troubled. What way would drunkards an' bad-livin' people like them look, do you think?"

"Did you get speakin' to any o' them Dan darlin'?"

"I tried to stop them, but they kept drivin' past me in crowds; one crowd swept the other away. They were always movin', so I could not speak to one of them."

"Would you go back again?" asked the servants.

"No! not if you would give me the full of me hat of gold. Well was it for me that the day dawned, an' I got away!"

This story caused a good deal of discussion in the neighbourhood. Most of Dan Gow's neighbours believed that he really had spent eleven hours with the fairies, and that he could, if he chose, make surprising revelations about their enchanted realm; but they shrank from asking many questions as to the condition of former companions whom he had seen there.

Dan Gow was accredited with extraordinary powers, and was consulted by people from all parts of the country. If a farmer had a sick cow, he went to summon Dan. Dan lived alone in a tiny cottage; he pretended to be surrounded by invisible elfin acquaintances, and if the farmer's offer of reward for his services had not been liberal enough, he was wont to turn round and address an unseen audience.

"Mr. Donnelan offers me three shillin' to go wid him to cure his cow; can I go? 'No,' do you say? Well, would you's allow me to go wid him for five shillin'? 'Yes?' is it 'Yes' you're sayin'? Yes Misther Donnelan, they're willin' to let me go wid you for five shillin'. Where did I put my elf-bolt?" and he looked about the cabin for an arrow-head, which he declared he had caught, when thrown at him by the fairies, and which was a potent implement in all his cow-doctoring.

Dan is very proud of his skill in dancing, and likes to tell how he learned to dance the horn pipe. As he lay in bed one morning, his door opened, and a tiny man, dressed in bottle-green broadcloth, knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes, and cocked hat, appeared.

"Is this Dan Gow's?" he enquired.

"It is, your worship; I am Dan Gow."

"Well, Dan, I'm a dancing-master, an' if you'll play me a tune on your fiddle, I'll show you how to dance a hornpipe."

Dan drew his fiddle from behind him in the bed and played his very best, while the little stranger danced upon the old pig-sty-door which happened to be lying on the floor. He said a civil "Good-morning," thanked Dan for his music, and went away.

"Oh Dan, you missed it! you missed it!" exclaimed his neighbour, Biddy Lynch, running in from next door.

"What? Did you see him too?"

"Ay, surely. Why did you take yer eye off the Lepricaun before you asked something from him? You missed it, Dan; you missed it!"

The fairies of Cavan are sometimes heard without been seen.

Huey McDivitt had a farm near Cootehill, and in the midst of it, near his dwelling-house, was an old fort. While sauntering in the grazing-field one summer's evening, he heard the cry of a child somewhere near him.

"Whist, whist!" said a womans voice. "Stop crying, an' you'll get a drink when Huey McDivitt's old cow's a-milking."

The cry ceased immediately, and the farmer looked round, but no human being was to be seen. Presently the dairymaid appeared, and sat down in the field to milk the cow.

"Master, what'll I do? Old Brownie has kicked the pail over again, an' the milk's spilt," she said, half crying.

"You're not to milk Brownie any more," returned her master; "I'm going to leave her to them." And he nodded mysteriously and glanced round the farm.

So the old cow became the entire property of the fairies. But the farmer married in course of time; and the new mistress being a very thrifty housewife, could not bear to have a useless old cow about the place, and insisted that she should be sold. Her husband made many excuses; but she would not be satisfied, and, by dint of tormenting the poor man, at last got her own way. However, the day after Brownie's departure, Huey was only too glad to give back her price and bring her home again, for no one had been able to sleep in the farmhouse during the previous night, so piteous had been the crying and wailing of the fairies for the loss of their cow.

The Cavan people are now and then so clever that they succeed in baffling the fairies. Two lads were strolling in the fields on a warm June night, when it was just light enough to see figures, but too dusk to distinguish faces. As they approached a neighbour's house, they perceived two men standing close to his back window; and, stepping forwards, one of the lads whispered, "Who is it?"

There was no answer; but the men at the window disappeared. Before the speaker had got over his surprise at their sudden disappearance, the window was opened and a baby was handed out to him.

"I know what it manes now," said he to his companion. "Come on, an' we'll take the little gossoon to me mother, an' don't you be sayin' one word about it."

His mother was glad to take charge of the baby; she fed him and hushed him to sleep in her own bed. Next day the whole neighbourhood knew that McColgan's child was dead, and that the mother was well-nigh distracted with grief.

The little corpse was waked and buried with keening and mourning.

"Now," said Ned O'Donnel, who had rescued the baby, "give me a hoult o' thon little chap, mother, an' I'll carry him to poor Rosie."

It was the day after the funeral, and Rosie sat by her fire, idly rocking herself backwards and forwards, and crying quietly. Her overwhelming astonishment and joy, when her own living infant was laid upon her knee, would be very difficult to picture. Ned related his adventure; the little coffin was dug up, brought home to McColgan's and opened, when the wax-like corpse, so closely resembling the living child, was taken out and burned upon the hearth. The assembled neighbours could hardly believe their eyes when the flame sank down, leaving a black oak stick!

A freight train of the H. and N. W. railway was passing the platform at the Brant House recently, when a cow belonging to Mr. Campbell was on the line, and was caught by the cow-catcher. After being carried about fifty yards, the animal was thrown over an embankment 20 feet high, and strange to say, with the exception of a broken horn, no further external injury seemed to have been received.

THE LADIES' CORNER

THE LAUNDRY.

When removed from the person, clothing, if damp, should be dried to prevent mildew, and articles which are to be starched should be mended before being placed in the clothes basket. Monday is the washing day with all good housekeepers. The old fashioned programme for a washing is as follows: use good soft water, if it can be had; If not, soften a barrel-full of well water by pouring into it water in which half a peck or more of hard-wood ashes have been boiled, together with the ashes, themselves. When enough has been added to produce the desired effect the water takes on a curdled appearance, and soon settles perfectly clear. If milky, more ashes and lye must be added as before, care being taken not to add more than is necessary to clear the water, or it will affect the hands unpleasantly. On the other hand, if too little is put in, the clothes will turn yellow. Gather up all clothes which are ready on Saturday night, and the rest as they are taken off; separate the fine from the coarse, and the less soiled, from the dirtier. Scald all table linen and articles which have coffee, fruit, or other stains, which would be "set," with hot suds, by pouring over them hot water from the tea-kettle and allowing them to stand until cool. Have the water in the tub as warm as the hand will bear, but not too hot. (Dirty clothes should never be put into very hot clear water, as it "sets" the dirt; hot soap-suds, however, has the opposite effect, the water expanding the fibre of the fabric, while the alkali of the soap softens and removes the dirt.) Wash them, taking the cleanest and finest first, through two suds; then place in a boiler of cold water, with soap enough to make a good suds. (A handful of borax added to the water helps to whiten the clothes, and is used by many, especially by the Germans, who are famous for their snowy linen.) Let them boil not more then five or ten minutes, as too long boiling "yellows" the clothes. Remove to a tub, pour over them cold water slightly blued, and turn all garments, pillow-slips, stockings, etc. wrong-side out. If there are more to boil, take out part of the boiling suds, add cold water, and fill, not too full, of clothes. Repeat until all are boiled. The removal of part of the suds, and filling up with cold water, prevent the suds from "yellowing" the clothes. Wash vigorously in this water, wringing very dry by hand, or better with the wringer, as the clear appearance of the clothes depends largely on thorough wringing. Rinse in another tub of soft water, washing with the hands, *not* simply lifting them out of the water and then wringing, as is practised by some, because all suds must be rinsed out to make them clear and white. Wring out again from water pretty well blued, dipping only one article at a time, as the blue sometimes settles to the bottom, and thus spots the clothes. (This time well water may be used if soft water is difficult to obtain) wring out again and for the last time, placing the clothes which are to be starched in one basket and the rest, which may be hung out immediately, in another. Have the starch ready, as hot as the hand can bear; dip in the articles or parts of articles which need to be very stiff, first "clapping" the starch well in with the hands, especially in shirt bosoms, wristbands and collars, and then thin the starch for other articles which require less stiffening. When starched, hang out on the line to dry, first wiping the line with a cloth to remove all dirt and stains. Shake out each article until it is free from wrinkles, and fasten securely on the line, (with the old fashioned split clothes pins) being careful to hang sheets and table linen so that the selvage edges will be even. The line should be stretched in the airiest place in the yard, or in winter a large attic is a better place for the purpose. (Freezing injures the starch, and for that reason it is better in winter to hang clothes out unstarched until dry, then taking in, starching and drying indoors. When dry remove from line to clothes-basket; place clothes pins as removed in a basket kept for the purpose; take down and roll up the line, remove basket, line and pins to the house, and put the two latter into their proper places. Turn all garments right side out, shake out thoroughly, sprinkle, (restarching shirt bosoms, wristbands and collars, if necessary.) Shake out night dresses and under-garments so as to dampen them from creases, and if they are ruffled and embroidered, dip them into thin starch; pull out smoothly, fold first, and then beginning at the top of the garment, roll up each by itself in a very tight roll, and place in the basket. Fold sheets without sprinkling, having first snapped and stretched them, and lay on the rest. Over all spread the ironing blanket, and let them stand until next morning. We have our week's washing ready for ironing, and as it will not be ironed to-day we will take up this subject again next week.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Knuckle of Veal Boiled.—As this is a very small joint it is best to have a couple. Let them be sawn into two or three pieces and put in a stewpan, with about two pounds of streaked bacon or pickled pork, some onions, turnip, and carrot. Let all be well covered with water. Skim well, and as soon as it boils add a little salt and white pepper, and let it simmer gently for two hours. A teacupful of rice may be added, and a little chopped parsley. When done, lay the bacon or pork in the middle of the dish, place the pieces of knuckle round it, and the carrot and turnip round them. Serve up with melted butter and parsley, or a portion of the liquor. If the liquor be not used at the time, it will form a foundation for some excellent soup.

Cheap Pea-Soup.—To one gallon of water put a pint and a half of split peas (if the water be hard, add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda). Wash a head of celery, cut up small, and put it into the pot. Let this simmer without boiling till the peas are completely blended with the water. Cut a few onions into thin slices, and put them into a frying-pan, with two ounces of beef or mutton drippings; dredge or sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour over them, add a teacupful of the pea-liquor, and fry till the whole is nicely brown. Then pour all into the boiler; season with pepper and salt to taste, stir well, and let the whole boil for about five minutes, when it will be ready for us. A little common mint, dried and powdered, may be sprinkled over it, if agreeable.

A Delicate Omelette.—Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped eschalots, one of chopped parsley, half ditto of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three good tablespoonfuls of cream; beat them well together, then put two ounces of butter in an omelette pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and as soon as the butter is hot pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set, then shake the pan round, leave it a moment to colour the omelette, hold the pan in a slanting position, just tap it upon the stove to bring the omelette to a proper shape, and roll the flap over the spoon; turn it upon your dish, and serve as soon as done. Take care not to do it too much.

The Galt *Reporter* is sorry to hear many farmers complaining that their wheat has changed greatly in appearance since the severe frosts of last week. Many fields have assumed a bluish black appearance which is anything but satisfactory; and those who have examined the plant carefully say that the stem appears to be filled with water. These unpleasant appearances, says our contemporary, may of course pass away, and it is hoped they will; but at present it would appear as if the injury inflicted on this crop by the frost was far more severe than was at first anticipated.

CANADIAN.

There have been a number of fatal cases of diphtheria at Windsor, Nova Scotia.

The Cardwell *Sentinel* says that Mr. Hendrie will commence the building of the North Simcoe railway in June and finish it in September.

It is stated that diphtheria has been and still is prevalent in the county of Pictou, Nova Scotia, and that many children have fallen victims.

Mr. James Young, M.P., who has for many years had a seat on the Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association, as representative from the Galt Mechanics' Institute, has lately been ousted from the position, Mayor Blain having been elected on a vote of 7 to 3. Significant of Mr. Young's coming defeat for the Commons!

The Mitchell *Advocate* says that recently two young women of respectable parentage were arrested while waiting at the station there for a train to carry them out of danger. On examining their valises it was found they had in their possession goods procured under false pretentions. The parents, however, settled the bills and no action was taken. The parents are, in reality, deserving objects of sympathy and pity.

The Prescott *Plaindealer* says:—"A prominent member of one of our churches and a life-long teetotaller accepted, on behalf of the temperance party, Mr. Wiser's promise to support a prohibitory liquor law in the event of such being introduced by the present Government." And Mr. Wiser runs the biggest distillery and is therefore the worst "rum-fiend" in Eastern Canada! O! Father Mathew and General Neal Dow, what a temperance candidate! Yes, and what a temperance party!

Messrs. S. Anable and son, frog and ice merchants, of Carlton Place, left that village on Wednesday week in a small boat on a frogging expedition, and returned on Monday evening (20th inst.) having one hundred and sixty pounds of the rear quarters of this delicious amphibious reptile. The *Central Canadian* says they came up as far as Arnprior, spearing in all the favourite haunts of the frogs all the way from Carleton Place to that village. They sell the hams of the frogs in New York at fifty cents per pound.

The *Grand River Sachem* publishes the following caution:—"The parties who thought it a good joke to put on volunteer uniforms, and with rifle and bayonet, proceed to wake up at night sundry volunteers, assuring them that they were wanted immediately by the commanding officers to parade, at the drill shed, were not perhaps, aware that their proceedings, instead of being a joke was a grave criminal offence; and we are authorized to inform them, that in the event of anything of the kind occuring again, the law will be enforced with the utmost rigor."

A St. John, N. B., paper says that a quantity of anthracite from the Lepreaux mines was recently sent to that city, and distributed among the directors. Mr. Lewin pronounced the combustion of it as highly satisfactory. The shaft is to be continued fifty feet lower, when it is expected that the natural coal bed will be reached. Progress is made at about the rate of twenty feet per week. The company are in hopes to supply the market with a superior article of coal, at a considerably reduced rate on present prices, during the present summer.

Montreal Gazette:—"Over 100 French Canadians from the vicinity of Montreal and Quebec, Canada, have arrived at Barrington, R.I., where they are to be employed during the summer in brick-making for the Nayatt Brick Company, in their brickyard near Nayatt Point. Thirty-six others arrived last Saturday. And yet the Government continues annually to expend thousands of dollars to induce emigration to this country, while persisting in a fiscal policy which has compelled our own people to seek employment abroad which they cannot obtain at home."

Says the Mitchell *Advocate*:—"It will be remembered that a few weeks ago Mr. D. D. Hay's liberality got the better of his judgment and he offered the town of Listowel three acres of land for a public park. As an election is near at hand, the offer was generally looked upon as a wholesale bribe for the vote of Listowel, but the council, very properly, refused to accept any such gift. We commend their conduct in this matter. D. D. Hay is not above supporting the "salary grab" question, or taking illegal mileage as a member of the county council, two matters that will be brought to his notice during the approaching campaign."

This is what the Newmarket *Era* (Reform) says about the Grit candidate in London:—"We don't wonder at the strong and uncompromising opposition of Reformers of London to Mr. Carling; but we are amazed to see that men professing an abhorrence of corruption and jobbery—professing a love of purity in elections—should for a moment countenance an admitted and disfranchised briber. If ever two extremes met, we have an instance in the Reform party proffering support to a man who, at the last election, did not scruple to violate the law of the land in order to gratify his ambition. Mr, Mackenzie don't want the help of such men as Major Walker."

The Guelph papers have issued the following challenge:—"Dougall McLarty, son of Mr. Donald McLarty, of Puslinch, is remarkable for his extraordinary height. The second of September last was his fourteenth birthday, and he now measures in his stockings a little over six feet. For the past few years he has been stretching at the rate of about seven inches a year. In reference to this case two important questions may be asked. 1st. What height will he reach at twenty-five years if he continues growing at the same rate? 2nd. Where in Canada is there one to surpass his height at his age? So much for Puslinch"

A person who recently went to Manitoba, intending to take up land there, writes from Emerson to a relative in Sutton, as follows:—"Wheat is selling in Emerson, Manitoba, at 60 cents per bushel, and at Pembina U. S., at 85 cents, the two places being situated only two miles apart, and the people tell me that that difference in price always exists, and everything is cheaper in Dakota than in Manitoba. 50,000 acres of land have been taken up by Canadians in Dakota, in preference to Manitoba, on account of this difference in the price of grain." This is one more instance of the fact that Canada requires a protective policy.—*Sutton (Georgina) Times.*

In 1877 the various municipalities of the county of Huron expended in the relief of indigent persons the total sum of $4,305,-41. Commenting on this the Goderich *Signal* says:—"The number of patients (78) who could be placed in a poor house, here reported, is larger than the county of Wellington has now in its poor house, and doubtless if the institution was established the majority of those municipalities reporting no indigents would speedily find some whom they would be glad to get off their hands. The total amount expended as above is such as to convince thinking men that the proposition is a very important one, as much from an economical as a charitable point of view.

At a meeting which he held lately in Chatham, the London lawyer McMahon, Grit candidate in Kent, challenged Mr. Stephenson to come and meet him. Mr. Stephenson accepted the challenge, and faced the noisy bully at Wallaceburg on Thursday evening last. There was a large meeting, at which the Grits refused to listen to some of the Opposition speakers. Mr. Stephenson called for a division of the house, when at least four-fifths of those present showed that they were in favour of their old friend and present member. The Q. C. will find himself at the foot of the poll, so far down that he will hardly recognize himself, on the evening of election day.

The London *Free Press* has the following letter from John Brandis, dated Omaha, Nebraska, May 22nd:—"The latest account hereabouts is that a man by the name of Adam McKenzie, from London, Canada, and several others were killed recently. I met him at Lafayette, Indiana, and we beat our way to Omaha, Neb. He told me that he had a wife and three children at London, Canada. I wanted him to stay at Omaha, but he said that he was going to the Black Hills to make some money. The last account I heard about him is that he was killed near Deadwood, Black Hills. I, as a friend of Mac's write this, thinking that it will let his family and friends know what became of him."

This is the way the Kingston *British Whig* puts it:—

"Last evening the workingmen's demonstration to Mr. Mackenzie took place in Adelaide street rink, Toronto, and it was an ovation which had no parallel in the history of the Queen City. The attendance was unprecedented, and the enthusiasm was beyond description."

The man who wrote these lines was certainly not at the meeting. It is simply ridiculous to call it an ovation unparalleled in Toronto, or an ovation at all. The attendance was large, certainly, but the greater number were Conservatives. And as for the "enthusiasm"—well, perhaps it is as well not to say much about that, for there was at least as much on one side as the other.

We understand that for some weeks past there has been great competition in the hide market. On Thursday a prominent butcher from the county of Haldimand arrived at the James street market with a load of hides. This gentleman has been dealing with a well known hide dealer in Hamilton for many years past, and when these two met on Thursday, (May 23rd) the butcher said he had been offered a certain price by another person, who has been trying to force his way on the market for some time past. The old hide dealer at once said, "Sell your hides to the man who has offered that price, I don't want them." The butcher at once went in search of the high-price man, but he was not to be found. The result was, the butcher returned to his old friend and said, "You had better take them."—*Hamilton Spectator.*

"From Thunder Bay to Selkirk, a little over 400 miles, was nearly completed." Thus spoke Mr. Mackenzie at Sarnia. It is really pitiable to find a man in Mr. Mackenzie's position, and making such loud professions of morality to boot, so given over to mendacity. Why, of the distance between Thunder Bay and Selkirk there is one section—the middle section—of some 180 miles in length, on which the contract has not yet been given out. Mr. Mackenzie has committed the Dominion to an expenditure of $15,000,000 on Pacific railway account, and under his wretched policy of bits and scraps we shall not be able to reach Red River in ten years from now. He gives no hope himself, speaking in Parliament, that the connection will be completed in less than five years, and yet speaking away up in Sarnia he declares that the whole line is nearly completed!

The Yorkville Loop Line Railway Company, of which Mr. Frank Turner is President, proposes to build a line from a point near the Carlton station of the Grand Trunk direct to a point on the Grand Trunk above Scarboro' Heights, a distance of ten miles. The advantages to be derived from this link are, as set out by the promoters, that while the Grand Trunk is now compelled to take its cars from the west from Carlton up the Heights by way of the Esplanade, and from the west from the Heights up the heavy grade to Carlton, a distance of 13 miles, the loop line will save them three miles and give them an almost level road to boot, beside leaving them the Union station and Esplanade clear for their passenger traffic. By thus avoiding the heavy grades of the present route, they will be able to increase each through train by two cars. The loop will also benefit the Northern and Credit Valley roads in the same way by tapping them near Carlton and taking their freight for the Grand Trunk east. Mr. Turner proposes to build a passenger station in Yorkville so that persons living in the northern sections of the city can take the cars for the east or west Grand Trunk and the Northern and Credit Valley without having to journey as at present to the Esplanade. The estimated cost of the undertaking is $500,000. Doubtless the railways to be benefited as well as the citizens of Yorkville and northern Toronto will give the enterprise a helping hand.

Mitchell's Beladonna Improved India Rubber Porous Plaster.

Sceptical persons will be perfectly amazed by trying them, to see the great benefit derived. Even headache is quickly cured by wearing one just below the breast bone; and for the hysterics, relief is found at once by the application of one over the navel. DYSENTERY, and all affections of the bowels, to the worst cases of CHRONIC COSTIVENESS, cured by wearing a Porous Plaster over the bowels.

Weakness and fatigue are invariably cured at once by their use. Doctors of all classes, both in this and in foreign countries, are daily recommending them for all local pains. I am constantly having large orders from the various hospitals of our country, as well as from foreign countries, for my Celebrated Porous Plasters; and on each order they comment on the great virtue of the Porous Plasters, and the great blessings they are to the human race, and are continually telling me of my being a public benefactor,

You can hardly believe your own convictions of their wonderful effects. Although powerful and quick in their action, you can rely on their safety for the most delicate person to wear, as they are free from lead and other poisonous material commonly used in the manufacture of ordinary plasters. One trial is a sufficient guarantee of their merits, and one plaster will sell hundreds to your friends.

In this changeable climate they should be worn between the shoulders and on the breast, or over the kidneys, especially by those who take cold easily. The Porous is easy to wear, and puts new life into persons who feel dull and morbid.

Experience has proved to the most sceptical that MITCHELL'S POROUS PLASTER is a great blessing to the consumptive.

Be sure and ask for MITCHELL'S POROUS PLASTER, and see that *his name* is on them, as there are many worthless imitations; take none but MITCHELL'S.

Prepared by GEO. E. MITCHELL, Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES acts like magic, rapidly restoring the strength and appetite, promoting sound and refreshing sleep, and imparting Tone, Vigour and Energy to the whole system. For Consumption, Weak Lungs and Chest, and Throat Diseases, it is the best and surest remedy known. For sale by all dealers.

THERE are thirty thousand gods in the Chinese religion, and not one of them is worth as much as Hagyard's Yellow Oil. For burns, bruises, sprains, cuts, wounds, etc., the Yellow Oil is without a rival. For horses it is wonderfully curative in galls, scratches, spavins, etc., and is the best friend of both man and beast. For sale by all dealers at 25 cents per bottle. Milburn, Bentley & Pearson, proprietors, Toronto.

EPP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us, ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Sold only in packets labelled "JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

CANADIAN.

The Welland *Tribune* has commenced an editorial news column.

John Silver, Esq., has resigned the Chairmanship of the Board of School Commissioners for the city of Halifax

The Norfolk Teachers' Association will meet about the third week in June. An interesting programme is being prepared.

School section No. 3, Woodhouse, has erected one of the most commodious and handsome school houses in the county (Norfolk).

Twelve pupils of the Kingston Collegiate Institute go to Napanee on the 1st June to accept the challenge of the pupils of that place to an athletic contest.

The Elora *Lightning Express* wishes that the Wellington County Council would divide the county into High School Districts, and thus equalize the amounts paid for the higher education of its young population.

The West Huron Teachers' Association will meet at Goderich on the 13th, 14th, and 15th June. Inspector Miller, Mr. H. J. Strong, B.A., Mr. George Baird, and others will take part, and a very interesting meeting is anticipated.

The North Huron Teachers' Institute had a very pleasant session of two days recently at Brussels. The Inspector, Mr. Dewar, delivered an excellent address, and many others contributed to the enjoyment and instruction of the fifty or sixty teachers assembled.

The Barrie *Examiner* says that the by-law to raise $6,000 for the purpose of erecting a new High School-house was submitted to the ratepayers on the 20th instant, and was carried by a majority of 25. The proposed building will be erected on the same site as that now in use.

The Minister of Education has issued an explanation of the law relating to the use of the Bible in public schools. It may not be expounded, but the meaning of the