

BUILDING OF A BRIDGE

Some Historic Records of the Erection of Fifth St. Bridge—Its Cost.

The Journal of the House of Assembly, when that legislative body used to meet at Kingston, was found in Harrison Hall the other day. The year is 1843, and the old Journal contains an account of the building of the first Fifth St. bridge by the Government. The original cost of the bridge was £1,518 15s 1d. The expense since incurred, owing to defects in the construction, was £2211, 14s, 11-2d. There was a great deficit in the construction of the bridge at first, it being too short and too steep in the ascent; the cost of lengthening was great, over \$1150. The drawbridge has been much injured by hauling ship timber over it, owing in some degree to its bad construction, the rise in it being three feet on six feet. It requires an hour or an hour and a half to open and shut it.

Considerable expense has been incurred by the accumulation of flood-wood above the bridge, causing the river to overflow and injure it. It is not well placed and would have been far better lower down the river, where it might have been built at one-half the expense.

In 1841 the bridge was leased for 1175 pounds, in 1842 for 164 pounds, and in 1843 for 210 pounds.

CHOPPED OFF HAND THAT OFFENDED HIM

In obedience to the Biblical command, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," Charles Newstrom, in Minneapolis, Minn., the other night severed the offending member with an axe. He is now in the city hospital in a precarious condition.

Newstrom is a laborer, and among his acquaintances was asked for his religious zeal as it was his custom to do everything in strict conformity with his interpretation of the Bible. About eleven o'clock Sunday night he went outside of his home and found the axe.

He then located a block used for splitting wood on which he placed his right hand. Grasping the axe in his left hand, he drove through the bones and cords of his right wrist, leaving the hand hanging by a few shreds of skin.

He was discovered by other inmates of the house shortly afterward, and an effort was made to stop the flow of blood until the arrival of a doctor.

At first Newstrom refused to give an explanation of what had occurred, and it was supposed the deed was done accidentally. Later Newstrom gave out the information that his hand had broken the law of God, and was therefore worthless as a hand.

He then repeated the above quotation, and was ready to argue with the physicians that it was the proper thing to do, as he much preferred to lose one hand rather than his soul.

The doctors think Newstrom will recover, although he was very weak on account of the loss of blood. His religious enthusiasm never wavered, and he is firmly convinced that his action was wise.

HER OPINION

A pretty girl whose chapeaus are the admiration of her friends says that when she makes or buys a hat and it does not sit well on her head or have the expected effect she pulls it all to pieces and makes it up again. "I find," she says, "that it generally happens that the hat is built wrong. It's a fault in the architecture and you can't make it better by twisting or pulling. It has to be started fresh or the architectural faults will remain just the same."—Chicago News.

Wm. George, of Tupperville, was in London last Saturday, selling the cheese for the Tupperville and Camden Companies. He received 9 3-4c.



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UNTIMELY DISCOVERY

"Have they killed the snake yet?" feebly asked the sufferer lying on the rude couch.

"Yes, sir!" joyfully exclaimed the man who had just returned from the thicket at the edge of the clearing. "We have. And it wasn't a rattlesnake at all. It was only a big black snake. You needn't be scared a bit. You're all right."

"You needn't have been in such a blamed hurry about it," muttered the sufferer.

For through the dirty window of the log cabin he could see the boy who had been sent to the roadhouse, half a mile away, hastening toward him with the whiskey.—Chicago Tribune.

INSULTED HIM

The London, England, Mail recalls a supper party given two or three years ago in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Amy Sherwin, on whose menu card the late Phil May made an exquisite little drawing. This was seen by a wealthy woman present, who sent the waiter with a \$50 note to the artist, asking him to do a similar drawing for her. Mr. May, disgusted at the woman's impudence, took a good look at her and then made an appallingly truthful caricature of her features on the back of the bank note, which he returned.

VERSES ON LITERARY TOPICS.

Do the various illustrations Of the illustrious illustrate? Do the pictures that he pictures The writer's writing explicate? So that the reader, reading Will find the illustrations illustrations give him light?

The dictionary is full of words; A vast vocabulary of birds Which fly in all directions when Somebody shoots them with a pen. A helter-skelter flock, they fly And flutter for a while, then die; Except a few which join in song To help the world to move along.—The Reader.

SATCHEL OF THE SATELLITE...

I guess the Shamrock III. is a good laser.

A pretty modelled yacht isn't in it with a racing machine.

It looks to me as if the Shamrock III. was under canvassed.

I perceive that the Shamrock III. was just good enough to be beaten.

Perhaps it was the staysail that kept the Shamrock III. from winning.

Reported missing—The ex-regimental band from the Park Wednesday night.

It may have been the Shamrock III. but it looked to me like Shamrock second.

The Mussen-White race must be finished within a four hour time limit.

Why didn't they take my advice and let Admiral Jarvis sail the Shamrock III.?

I am not a Hicks, but I predict real warm weather in October and September.

I wish I could funk my financial obligations as easily as the City Council does theirs.

It's a matter of some doubt as to whether Sir Thomas' faith in his boat is shaken or not.

Mose Robinson says Detroit is well called the City of the Straits. He got in the straits.

I only wish I had the same confidence in Shamrock III. now that Sir

the old town.—Hamilton Spectator. If you can't get rid of them get the police to re-call their tickets of leave.

There were two skippers in the yacht race, Captain Barr and the Reliance. And, let's see, I believe there was a man named Wringe who was in some way associated with the race.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and Sir Lip.—New York Press. I reckon there's many a Shamrock yet between Sir Lipion and the cup so long as Wringe sails and Fife designs.

These foot racers are just as bad as pugilists. They blow about what they can do and how bad they can beat their opponents, but there is nothing doing. A little action, please, gentlemen.

Why should a dentist make a good poker player? That's easy. When he draws he fills.

If there is anything you think we don't know about poker we'd like you to ask us.

A gentleman named Perdue has been appointed chief justice of Manitoba. Being a lawyer, he was probably lying perdu somewhere.—Toronto Star.

He's not in it with our Doc Perdu. The latter can tell a story or two.

HANDS OFF.

This, from the Algoma Conservative, Gore Bay, seems to be warm: "That he—R. R. Gamay—should be glorified by his fellow townsmen indicates that the moral sense of that section, at least, of this province, is numb."—Don in Saturday Night.

Twenty-five thousand people cheered R. R. Gamay at a great demonstration at Toronto, Hanlan's Island

ANCIENT RECIPE

A manuscript cook book of the year 1724 contains this recipe for "a frickaise": "Take ye fowls, cut them in pieces and clean them, season with pepper & salt a little mace nutmeg cloves some parsley, a little bit of onion. Let them lay 2 hours then flour them very well, fry in sweet butter & make ye butter hott before you put them in. Fry a fine brown. Wash ye pan & put them in a gain with a pint of gravy. Let them swim in ye gravy. Take the yolks of 3 eggs with a little grated nutmeg & a little juice of lemon & 2 spoonfulls of wine. Shake it over the fire till it is as thick as cream, pour over ye frickaise and so serve it to ye table hott."

A QUEER OASE

Prof. Jabez Burkes, of Pottsville, Pa., who in a moment of eccentricity and out of a spirit of fun, started a "crazy society," has become unbalanced by the success of the venture. Burkes advertised his scheme extensively in newspapers and received many applications for membership. The wide notoriety he attained in a few weeks completely turned his head and he insisted on making speeches, singing songs and dancing at inopportune times and places. Owing to these peculiar eccentricities the police have been obliged to arrest him and he is now in the county jail.

FORGOTTEN.

Belinda soon will be a bride; Her gown is white, writes she; A crepe de chine of finest kind, And fits entrancingly.

The bodice has two hundred tucks And fifty yards of lace, Put round the yoke and down the front And every other place.

The skirt is shirred all round the top And flares out at the feet; The whole thing, so Belinda says, Is just too simply sweet.

Belinda writes me pages ten, And all are much the same; She's told me everything except The happy bridegroom's name.

—Washington Post.

WAIL OF THE POET

Some Lines Suggested By Some Sight, Sounds and Scenes of a Summer Night in Chatham.

O, smell the sweet scent of the swine As it sails o'er the soft summer air, Ascending from Jonas Hogg's pig sty, And pervading the world everywhere; Which the people inhale it in passing, And are powerful apt for to swear.

O, list to the chant of the "City" Just coming in late from the Straits, Where the ladies have added on fatness And put on a deal to their weights, And are trying to skin past the Customs, Who's sleeping on guard at the gates.

O, hark to the song of our dog As it bursts on the still summer night; He has questioned some other dog's passport; He's inviting him out for a fight; He's three times as big as the other, So he'll soon be laid up with a bite.

O, go the glad giggle of Gertie, Who's just coming home with her beau; A library chuck full of volumes Wouldn't hold all that she doesn't know; Yet the fellow imagines she's pretty, And thinks that her brains are "just so!"

The farmer sleeps, out in the country Lulled to rest by the song of the cow, Yet here we are tossing and cussing And can't get to sleep anyhow; For the world is just full of girls giggling, Barking dogs, and the scent of the sow.

A curse on the scent of the porker! A curse on the girl and the dog! O, Lord! that an earthquake might happen, And embezzle the sty and the hog! Or a thunderbolt—fresh from the heavens— Give the canine a quieting jog!—METEOR.

GRANTON MAN SPEAKS OUT

To Let the Public Know Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

John Fletcher had Lumbago and Kidney Disease and Could Get No Relief Till He Tried the Great Kidney Remedy.

Granton, Ont., Aug. 23.—(Special).— "I am glad to let the public know that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Lumbago, and I am now perfectly sound."

These are the words of John Fletcher, a well known resident of this village, and similar tributes to the great Canadian Kidney remedy can be heard on every side.

"I had been troubled for a year with Lumbago and Kidney troubles," Mr. Fletcher continued, when asked for particulars. "My urine was of a very bad color and I could get nothing to help me. I consulted the best doctors in Granton and St. Mary's, but got no relief. Finally I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and commenced taking them. They helped me almost from the first, and I was soon completely cured."

It is curious of this kind that have given Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. You can't find a neighborhood in Canada where Dodd's Kidney Pills are not known by their cures. If the disease is of the kidneys or from the kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure it.

The name of Stanley R. Wilkie appears as a provincial director of the Belleville Portland Cement Company, which has just been incorporated under provincial charter, with a capital of \$2,500,000.—Blenheim Tribune.

County Commissioner John Vester has lived on the Communication road two miles south of Blenheim for over 40 years. In December, 1862, Mr. Vester purchased 50 acres of woods at \$8 per acre. All the time there was nothing but bush from the Rice place to Blenheim, except two small clearings. Mr. Vester paid \$1,800 for the second 50 acres he purchased. It was all woods, too. He now owns 217 acres and has one of the finest farms in the county.—Ridgetown Dominion.

Thomas had before the race. Speaking of the additional coal piles to be placed at Erieau, things look black for that part of the bar.

Mebbe the reason the race was lost was because Sir Thomas didn't have enough Reliance in the Shamrock.

Even the children have changed that time honored game of "Follow the Leader" to "Follow the Reliance."

Shamrock III. might take a few lessons in getting away at the start from J. W. White, the king of speedsters.

I imagine the aldermen don't care "two bits" for the regiment since they refused the promised quarter dollar a day.

There are three leaves in the Shamrock. Probably that's why they each made it a point to leave the cup behind.

When election day comes I think I see the aldermen busy explaining why they turned the regiment young men down.

A well known dentist says that if Dr. Mussen and Lawyer White don't do something soon he will make them both Russell.

I can't yet see the reason for the raise in price of raw eggs since the contestants in the Mussen-White race went into training.

Having got rid of the Shamrock-Reliance race, we are now ready to handle with our complete and special bulletin service the Mussen-White race.

—on the 12th inst., some days after Don had thrown the above bouquet at the people of Gore Bay. We are sorry for Don; he evidently spoke too soon.

"Moral sense" is a good phrase, but at no time should it ever be associated with the name of Don. There are good phrases that get sullied by contamination. When you speak of the Don think of graves and worms, of drunkenness and debauchery, of deceit and villany, of the house of prostitution of the graves of deceived families. Think of rib-stabbers and traitors who greedily and secretly swallow the price of their perdition, but for heaven's sake never mention the name of Don and "moral sense" in the same paragraph. Yes, we do not mind being lectured on "moral sense," but we would prefer it to be done by some one who has some slight reputation for moral decency.

HOW HE BENEFITTED THE CLUB. Mr. D. A. Glassey, of the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute, was presented by the St. Mary's Rod and Gun Club, of which he was secretary-treasurer, with a handsome fishing rod, basket, reel and line, in recognition of his services to the club on his removal from St. Mary's to Guelph.—London Free Press.

DAM-AGES "Yes," remarked the Fifth Avenue business man as he gazed on the pile of refuse and bricks left by the pavement contractors. "We might expect damages since that's about the length of time that the refuse has been left there."

For the great Toronto Fair, which is better this year than ever, W. E. Rispin, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 115 King street, will issue return tickets to Toronto August 29th to September 15th at \$5.50, and Sept. 1st and 7th at \$3.50, all tickets good to return until Sept. 15th.

Miss Winnie McEachren, Chatham, has been the guest of Miss Frankie Lee the past week.—Tilbury Times.

T. L. Pardo, M. P. P. for West Kent, and daughter, Mrs. Wilkie, of Blenheim, were here a few days this week to see ex-reve Mickle, of Malden. They returned last (Thursday) evening.—Amherstburg Echo.

Rev. Mr. Hayeen, of Dresden, occupied the pulpit in the Baptist church on Sunday, in absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gunton, who is holidaying. Mr. Hayeen is a very clever speaker, but is perhaps better known to residents of Wallaceburg as one of the best players upon the Chatham lacrosse team.—Wallaceburg Herald.

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