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TERRY'S CHRISTMAS.



ARD as Terry's teeth first began to ache, he said nothing about it to anyone, but persisted stolidly, after the fashion of the children of the poor, in going out after school hours every day and trying to sell his papers. This sickness, however, took away his usual energy and cheeriness, and his small business commenced to dwindle. The teacher of the public school, detecting and pitying his unrelieved misery, sent him home one day during the session and told him not to come again till he was better.

He dragged his way to the fifth story of the tenement house, through a group of quarreling boys, past several rooms where clouds of steam arose—indicating that the occupants were washing—and up the steep, narrow, rickety stairs to the one room where he, his mother, his brother Cory, and his sister Eileen all lived.

Terry dimly remembered that a long time ago—before his father, who was a brakeman met his death on the railroad—he had enjoyed the freedom and luxury of two rooms; but now his mother found it hard to pay the rent for one. That one, however, though bare and poor, was not squallid, for Mrs. Martin abhorred dirt and kept it out of her domicile as well as she could. The two floors were well scrubbed, and the two windows brightly polished, and Terry was glad to sit by the small stove until his mother came.

She had a number of employers for whom she washed, ironed, cleaned, and swept six days in the week, and with what Terry earned by selling papers, they had not so far lacked food or fuel, and the rent was usually paid promptly. To be sure, three years ago—old Frank had neither shoes nor mittens, and that account had not been out to play on the sidewalk for a month; but the Christmas season was at hand, and Mrs. Martin hoped to have extra work at that time, the profits of which might serve to cover little Eileen's cold fingers and toes.

Two blue eyes had looked up anxiously at Terry as he entered the room. He managed to say, "Are yees, then, Eileen, maureverrun!" and then sunk into quiet. His teeth ached badly; his whole face ached, in fact; the pain seemed to rush up over his eyes and through his head, and a deadly sickness stole through him. The room was chilly, and but little fire smoldered in the stove; but he knew he ought not to add more coal. There was only a basketful on the landing outside, and perhaps his mother might not be able to get more very soon.

Eileen played silently with four clothespins behind the stove, where she crept for the warmth, and at intervals took a bite from a dry crust of bread which lay on the floor beside her. She looked inquiringly at her brother, to see if he, too, would not like some bread; but his head was bent and she did not disturb him. Terry felt drowsy, and in spite of the chilliness would have gone to sleep, had his pain not wakened him; but he was still awake when Mrs. Martin, tired from a long day's work, came heavily up the stairs and into the room.

She saw that Terry was sick, but an in-born habit of reticence prevented her from asking, or Terry from communicating, the details of his suffering. She only said, "Is it aye, yeer are?" and then set about brightening the fire. She made some weak tea, cut up a loaf of baker's bread, and added to the repeat half a pie which had been given to her by the lady for whom she had washed that day.

Cory, a little fellow of six, who could come home when his mother did, ate eagerly, as did Eileen; but Terry could only drink the tea, and then dropped into a troubled sleep, which became sounder toward morning.

He awoke with an enormously swelled cheek and jaw. An abscess had developed from the decaying and uncleaned teeth, and a week of misery followed.

Terry moped wretchedly through the long hours. Sometimes he sat over the little stove with his face in his hands; sometimes he wandered about the room. When the suffering was almost too great to bear, he sobbed and cried aloud—poor little Terry!

But as this latter course drew forth sympathetic wails from Eileen, he bore the pain as stoically as possible. No tender nursing was his, no physician's care. Mrs. Martin could not leave her work on which depended their food, their home, their very lives. So every morning in the cold and dusk she hurried away, leaving some warm tea for Terry and such food for the younger children as she could hastily prepare after working hours the previous evening. The industrious creature herself usually had a hot, wholesome, and plentiful dinner, provided by her employers, without which she could hardly have endured her laborious life.

But all things seem to an end; and so did Terry's abscess. It broke, and the cessation of pain seemed to him the most delicious sensation he had ever experienced.

The day after it broke was the 24th of December. Mrs. Martin came home from work earlier than usual. It was about the middle of the afternoon, and although not very cold for the season, it was a most un-

pleasant day with a cloudy sky, and streets filled ankle-deep with melting snow. Her work had not lasted as long as she anticipated, and she had not been able to buy Eileen's shoes. A pang ran through her, as she looked at the child's red and chilled toes and at Terry's pale and thin face. It was no use; they could not do without Terry's earnings any longer; so she tied up his face with a thick piece of old red flannel, crowded his old cap closely over it, and said briefly, "Go, get yer papers, and sell them."

Terry stumbled out of the door, down the long stairs, and into the street. Oh, how the raw air bit him! how his feet and hands ached with the cold and tremors incessantly ran over his insufficiently clad body, now weakened by sickness.

When he reached the newspaper office, crowds of people were pouring in and out of it, as was usual at that hour, and he seemed to lack his usual facility for doing, for under the arm and around corners. He blundered against everybody; he was pushed, he was jostled.

After a while he found himself out on the street once more, and offering his wares to the passers-by; but with no earnestness, no vivacity, and purchases passed directly by him and bought, before his eyes, of his rivals.

He heard a car. "Globe, Mail, Empire," he murmured. No one looked up, and he dropped off. Another car came along. As he turned toward the step a newboy proceeded him and swung about, remarking to Terry: "Don't yer meddle with my trade, young fellow, unless yer want that red jaw of yer own smashed."

Terry retired, and then bethought him of a certain large grocery where he often sold papers to the salesmen. This he soon reached and entered. It was quite dark, and the store, large, airy, brightly lighted, and redolent of delightful flavors—Christmas flavors of spices, fruits, and savory herbs—seemed a haven of rest to Terry. But the salesmen were busy. The crowd dense, and Terry could not catch the eye of his usual customer. Christmas conversation sounded all around him.

"Send up a bushel of cranberries."

"The best quality. I always want the best raisins."

"Eight pounds of sugar, please. And have you got down the cocoa, cocoa, rice, citron? Well, that's all now."

"Can I have this turkey sent up with my groceries?"

"Then the customers among themselves, as you see, Martin, aren't they all right, and as long as it's Christmas—"

"Oh, I do hope Harry'll like his present!"

"It's only once a year, you know, and I couldn't disappoint the children."

"Well, I'll be sure to trim the tree, and be sure you don't forget to buy some more evergreens."

Terry at last was pushed into a nook which was almost solitary, between two cracker barrels. It was quite near the door, and the waiter rushed over him like a welcome. He felt sure he had no business there, but he slipped to the floor, and with his back against a box of canned goods, thought he would rest just a minute and let the waiter start again with his papers. Mother wanted him to bring back some money—Christmas—Cory—and Eileen's shoes—Terry was sound asleep between the cracker barrels.

He dreamed a confused dream. Eileen's little feet were dancing, and she was dancing for joy. Somebody had oranges—was it himself? And there was a phantasmagoria of new jackets, candy, and Christmas wreaths. He did not know that a salesman had passed in the act of slipping a coin into the cracker barrel, and had pushed his feet with his foot, and failed to wake him, had beckoned to a gentleman not far distant, who made his way promptly through the crowd, and the two looked at each other, and then at the man who had just slept and childhood could make Terry beautiful. He had curly hair, a snub nose, and a wide mouth; but his defenseless attitude, and the unmistakable signs of sickness and hardship, held a power which appealed to the sympathy of all men.

"You said you wanted worthy subjects for tickets," said the clerk, falling afoot of the crackers with redoubled haste, since he had wasted at least thirty seconds. "If you want them, I'll give you a couple, I think you might better drop a ticket into his pocket."

"I'll do better by him than that," replied Mr. Everel. "I'll stay here till he wakes up and see what all his face."

"Me tooth aches," muttered Terry.

"Well, let me see. Take of the bandage—ah, ye!" He heated the red flannel over the register, and bound up the thin, aching face skillfully. He took a card from his pocket, and wrote something on it. "Can you read it?" he asked as he wrote, without looking at Terry.

"Yisorr."

"Day after to-morrow—not to-morrow, mind—to-morrow's Christmas—take this card to the printed address, and the doctor will do something for your face that will cure it. If it isn't attended to, you're liable to another abscess every time you eat cold. But the doctor will make it all right, and it won't cost you anything if you give him the card. Will you go?"

"Yisorr," again said Terry, struggling between terror and gratitude.

The joy of ownership in a knife was not unknown to Terry. He had once picked up in the street a battered, broken-bladed weapon and treasured it as the apple of his eye; but this—oh, this!—this, it glittered—it had four blades! Terry's face widened with the broadest smile it had ever worn.

"Just suits, doesn't it?" asked Mr. Everel observing the child's transparent delight.

"Yisorr, thank ye, sorr; I'm much obliged to ye, sorr, were Terry's hurried thanks, spoken trippingly on the tongue, as his mother had taught him.

He trotted on air as he went home. The outer door was open, and Mrs. Martin was anxiously looking for him.

"Ye teeth did be achin', I'm thinkin'?" she asked solicitously, as he appeared in sight.

"Coom in till I tell yees all about it," replied Terry; and he mounted the stairs with a run, very different from the lagging step with which he had descended them a few hours before.

"There's ty for yees, Terry, dear; an' Eileen would kape a slice of her bread—the darlint," continued Mrs. Martin.

"At it yer self, Eileen, an' she," said Terry, with a little sister's rough hug.

"Sure it's the faine upper lip he's had wid a noble gentleman!"

He drew from his pocket the new knife and mittens, flourishing them in Cory's astonished face. They listened with wonder and delight, as to a fairy tale, while he recounted his adventures; they sympathized unfeignedly with both bad fortune and good. Terry omitted not the smallest point, for here, in the bosom of his family, his erstwhile lumbering tongue became loquacious, and he told the tale of his mingling of real Irish wit and pathos.

He had been furnished with a bag of candy, apples, and oranges, which Mrs. Martin, Cory, and Eileen gathered around the stove, and while listening to his story, the money from the sale of his papers Mrs. Martin expended, before she slept, on a pair of shoes and beautiful red-and-green striped stockings, which lay on little Eileen's pillow next morning.

Her glee at the discovery of the gift helped to make it a very merry Christmas for all concerned, and when Mr. Everel in the course of the day made a short, friendly call, and engaged Mrs. Martin for certain services in the way of cleaning offices, Terry and his mother both said that their cup of bliss indeed ran over.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered From Various Points From Atlantic to the Pacific.

Rensselaire more light.
Orillia is to have a curling rink.
Winnipeg's new court house is open.
The Acton fire company has disbanded.
Ottawa will have its carnival January 21-26.
A large bear was shot at Hawkestone last week.
Snow plows were out in London last week.
Ingersoll's pork factory kills 1,200 hogs daily.
Tulury wants stage connection with Comber.
All the Harry Sound mills are closed for the season.
A Philharmonic society has been formed in London.
Sunday delivery of milk in Belleville is to be stopped.
Brookville will have three hockey clubs this winter.
Athens village is to have a skating rink this winter.
The Salvation Army people at Essex have been robbed.
Rev. J. G. Scott, Galt, shot 250 ducks at Mitchell Bay.
In four weeks Thorold harbored fifty-seven wrecks.
The G. T. R. may protest; but another station in Galt.
Mrs. Margaret Hepburn died at Stratford aged 98 years.
"Bonnet socials" are now in vogue in some Ontario towns.
Mrs. George Awrey, an old resident of Mimosa, is dead.
It costs \$50,000 a year to take Lake Simcoe ice to Toronto.
Hawkestone has shipped large quantities of cheese this season.
Peel's boot and shoefactory is to be moved from Drayton to Eira.
A number of nets have been seized at Lake Simcoe for illegal fishing.
Rev. C. H. Tucker will soon be rector of Christ Church, Orillia.
Anti-toxine is to be sent to health officers in many parts of Ontario.
Saltford's young men shoot squirrels on Sunday and steal goat robes.
A bridge is to be built over the Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat.
It is changed that in Adjla the council pays \$5 for inspecting a \$3 job.
There are 25 applications for three vacancies on the London police force.
A movement is on foot to reorganize the Kent County Medical Society.
Medicine Hat's building improvements for the past year foot up to \$44,905.
The firebogs of Chatham township are putting more threatening notices.
Two Park hillporters bagged forty-one squirrels in one afternoon last week.
The Brockville and Westport railway gives a half-rate fare every Tuesday.
Thomas Cruikshank, of Morris, grows turnips which weigh 35 pounds each.
The Presbyterian manse at Comber was recently robbed of money and stamps.
Mr. Henderson, Goodwood, is chosen principal of the Zephyr Public school.
Miss Bella Weatont, of Exeter, has a chrysanthemum containing 513 flowers.
More mission work was done in the Algoma district last year than ever before.
A writ is issued to set aside the will of J. O. Cunningham, Wardsville, who left \$30,000.
Newmarket has snook thieves who take the periodicals from the Mechanics' Institute.
Large shipments of horses are being made from various parts of Huron to Britain every week.
J. D. Larke, Dominion Commissioner at the World's Fair, has published an 80-page report.
Conductor Terry, of the C.P.R. met with an accident at Field which he lost a foot.
It is said that \$500,000 would build and equip an electric railway from Kingston to Ottawa.
A Vanderford farmer lost a horse by inflammation for which he refused \$110 the day previous.
At Brookville, recently, James Quigg, aged 70, was mortally wounded by a horse.
Wm. Trent, a well-known rancher, near Welsh Station on the C.P.R. died suddenly last week.
Rev. J. Strampfer pastor of the Lutheran church, Zurich, has accepted a call from Toledo, Ohio.
Last week, on Sunday, the St. Thomas police raided a gambling den and made a great haul.
Mr. Geo. H. McDonald, B. A., has been appointed teacher at the Collegiate Institute in Ingersoll.
Mr. Oppenhauer, Smith, fell fifty feet from a tower on Berlin's hospital and was fatally hurt.
A by-law is in force in Walkerton prohibiting coasting on the sidewalks and hanging on to sleighs.
Stratford Masons have donated \$75 to the Stratford hospital for the purpose of furnishing a Masonic room.
Mr. George Keshaw of Deerpark has

COULD SUPPLY THE WORLD.

The Canadian Nickel Mines—A Large and Steady Increase in the Use of Nickel.

According to a writer in the Engineering Magazine the Canadian nickel mines could, single-handed, easily supply the world's present nickel requirements were they called upon to do so. There is a large and steady increase in the production and use of nickel, mainly due to the introduction of the metal into material designs for war purposes. There is diversity of opinion about the quantities produced in recent years, but what is considered a good authority places the yearly production of the world for the years 1890, 1891 and 1892 at 2,550, 5,161 and 6,077 metric tons respectively. The two most important deposits of nickel ore at present known are found in the province of Ontario and the island of New Caledonia. Deposits of less importance are to be found in the provinces of Quebec, British Columbia and New Brunswick. The mines of New Caledonia supply nearly all the nickel used in commerce at the present time, though a trifle is being mined in different parts of northern Europe, and ore bodies more or less extensive are known to exist in several States of the American Union, but not mined or developed now. While the value of nickel, especially when combined with steel liable to be subjected to sudden and excessive strains, is demonstrated beyond question the demand is still very limited, and barely sufficient to present to absorb the present production. It is said that the Canadian ore is accompanied by a large percentage of copper, a useful metal of itself, but the metallurgical separation of the metals has always been attended with considerable difficulty, and so much expense that its present cost bars it from the free use to which its unique utility and material value entitles it. In process of time it is reasonable to expect that improved methods of mining and reduction will reduce the cost of production, and admit of its general use in a measure compatible with its intrinsic worth. Then, but not till then, may we reasonably look forward to a realization of the natural wealth we have in this embryonic industry alone.

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

In Railways and in Shipping Canada is Ahead of the United States.

A few Canadians have got into the habit of looking away from home for enterprise and development. They belittle their own country, and point to what they consider the greater enterprise of other countries. The United States is generally the country referred to as the embodiment of advancement. If these people were acquainted with the actual facts they would have little reason for such comparisons to the disadvantage of their own country. The fact is, that in an honest comparison of the two countries, Canada is by no means at a disadvantage, but rather the contrary is the case. The only true comparison is one of population. Canada has increased in population more rapidly than the United States, notwithstanding that our population is small as compared with the republic. In railways and in shipping we are clean out of sight in advance of our neighbors, and in education and actual prosperity of the masses, we are certainly ahead of the United States. Following is a comparative statement of the railway mileage of the countries, compiled from recent official reports.

In the United States there were added 2,630 miles of railway last year, an increase less than two per cent. during the year, as against 1,764 miles in Canada, equal to an increase of 13 per cent. The number of miles in operation at the close of 1893 was in the United States 145,809 and 17,332 in Canada. There is a mileage of 150,000 to population equal to the railway mileage in Canada, the United States should be able to show 35,000 miles more than that country possesses, according to the official returns quoted from, so that at the present rate of progress Canada is comparatively speaking 15 years ahead of her neighbor in railway development. This is only one comparison of many which can be made to the advantage of this country. It is all very well for our neighbors to boast of their great achievements, but enterprise and advancement on this continent does not remain entirely with them, notwithstanding that some few Canadians seem to be willing to admit that it does. The republic has certainly made great progress in some respects, and we may add that this has been largely possible through the investment of British capital in the country.

CENTRAL PRISON GUARD KILLED.

Found Lying Unconscious Beside the Railway Track With a Fractured Skull—No Hope of His Recovery Entered.

A despatch from Toronto says—James Hume, 126 Lisgar-street, was struck by a locomotive about 150 yards west of the Strachan-avenue railway crossing about 6 o'clock on Monday evening, and sustained injuries from which it is thought he cannot recover.

Hume is a guard at the Central Prison, and was to have reported for night duty at 6 o'clock but when he did not appear at the usual hour nothing was thought of it. About 6:30 he was found by some teamster hands, lying beside the railway in an unconscious condition. He had apparently been crossing the tracks by way of a foot path frequently used by the employes at the prison in going to and from their homes.

When carried into the Central Prison, Drs. Atkins and Riordan were called, and they discovered that he had, in addition to a severe scalp wound sustained a fracture at the base of the skull. The ambulance was called and the injured man removed to the General Hospital, where a second examination was made, but no hopes could be given for his recovery. Hume is a married man with a wife and three small children. He is in his 38th year, and was one of the most powerful men on the prison force.

Frightened to Death.

There are several well authenticated cases where fright was the cause of death. An English surgeon tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half-asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and he was too much for his nerves, and he died.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper, and, doubling her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the White Lady, whose ghost was believed to invariably appear when the death of a member of the Royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever, and died in six weeks.

But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter Pontenau, who lived in the 17th century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some skulls and bones for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by the bones dancing around him and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing together. In a fit of horror he threw himself out of the window. Though he sustained no serious injury, and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused a commotion among the hostly surroundings, he died of nervous tremor.

STRUCK BY ALUNATIC.

Dr. Vallee, of Beauport Asylum, Was a Narrow Escape from Death.

A despatch from Quebec says—Dr. Vallee, medical superintendent of Beauport lunatic asylum, and son-in-law of the late Premier Chateau, narrowly escaped being murdered by a lunatic yesterday, and is still in a most critical condition. A big burly lunatic named Barque, from Beauport, struck him from behind with a piece of iron piping over the head. The doctor would have been brained upon the spot but for the action of a prop who jumped upon the madman in time to break part of the force of the blow. The cut upon the head is serious, but the skull is not fractured. The doctor has recovered consciousness and also the use of his tongue, which was first paralyzed, but his physicians will not permit his removal to his home.

A Compliment.

He—"You are a poem."
She—"Sir! Do you mean that I am intelligent?"
He—"Oh, don't mean a vulgar poem."

FIRE D TWO SHOTS.

James McGinn, Late of the Central Prison, Tried to Kill his Brother.

A despatch from Toronto says—Nearly a thousand people were attracted to the corner of York and Richmond streets about 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening by the rapidly circulated rumor that a murder had been committed in the cigar store of McGinn Bros. which is on the south-west corner.

The rumor was founded on the fact that during a big row which had been in progress in the store for a considerable time two shots had been fired, and a female had lustily screamed "murder."

ONLY A DRUNKEN ROW.

Acting Detective Forrest and Policeman Hamilton were notified of the occurrence, and lost no time in sifting the matter to the bottom. They entered the store, which gave ample evidence of a big disturbance therein, and found Frank McGinn, one of the brothers, lying on a couch with a slight bullet wound in his hand. Frank told the police that his brother James had come into the store in an intoxicated condition, and had immediately commenced to make things lively for him (Frank) and his wife. During the row which ensued James had drawn a loaded revolver, he said, and fired two shots. One of the shots flew wide of its mark, but

LORD ROSEBERY.

Assiduous in His Attentions to Lady Angela Erskine—In Touch With the High Tory Set.

A despatch from London says—Society is actively discussing Lord Rosebery's marked attention to Lady Angela Erskine, the only unmarried sister of the Countess of Warwick. The Prime Minister has just concluded a series of country house visits, in every case meeting Lady Angela, with her mother. Society gossip declares that Lady Angela does not encourage his attentions, her affections being pre-occupied. But her relatives are exerting every influence to arrange a marriage which would be a great coup. She is very handsome, bright, and clever, with a strong literary taste and capacity, and is independent in her opinions. This association brings her into close contact with the high Tory set, a fact which excites disaffected comment among his political friends.

Matrimony.

O matrimonial intentions.

Oh this it's a to be had.
The ideal wife or husband
Is the one you never get.

A Norwegian law prohibits a person from spending more than five cents at one visit to a public house. Therefore, when a man decides that it is time for a spree, he must hustle from house to house.