

Mrs. A. H. Sutherland

BADDECK TELEPHONE

Devoted to the interests of the Farmer, the Merchant and the Tourist. - - - - Strictly Non-Partisan.

VOL. 1.

BADDECK, C. B., AUGUST 3, 1898.

NO. 4

Public Invitation to Central Warehouse.

CAMPBELL BROTHERS request the pleasure of your company at their store every day in the year, Sundays excepted.

STOCK NOW COMPLETED,

COMPRISING

Dress Goods, Prints, Fancy Goods, Millinery, Tweeds, Ready-Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc., Etc.

ALSO

Provisions, Groceries, Hardware, Crockeryware, Patent Medicines, Etc. Etc.

Highest price paid for Country Produce.

Tea a Specialty.

P. O. Box 179, Baddeck, C. B.

1898

To the Publisher BADDECK TELEPHONE:

SIR:—Enclosed find _____ for _____ which please send the TELEPHONE for _____ from _____ to _____ Yours, _____

Kindly cut out the above and return to this office, with your subscription to this paper. _____ Address: _____ P. O. BOX 146 Baddeck C. B.

P. L. MacFARLANE, BUILDING CONTRACTOR.

Entire Contracts a Specialty.

Estimates Furnished for all kinds of Building on Application.

Shop—CAMPBELL'S WAREHOUSE PRINCE STREET.

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House and Land For Sale.

THE property of D. J. McRae, consisting of Dwelling House, with shop attached, situated at Chebucto Street, next the Court House, Baddeck, also 3 acres of land in connection therewith, right in the centre of the town, most desirable for building lots.

If not sold by October 1st will be let. Apply personally or by letter to D. J. McRAE, P. O. Box 155, Baddeck, C. B.

TEACHER WANTED.

For Lower Washabuck School Section—a grade D. Teacher—Catholic preferred. Apply to NEIL P. S. McLEAN, Sec'y to Trustees.

ROSS-SHIRE AND ITS PEOPLE.

By Rev. M. A. McKenzie, Middle River. [Written for the Telephone.] No. II.

Muir of Old Market.

Muir of Old is situated 3 miles from the town of Beatty, 6 from Dingwall and 14 from Inverness. It is a level surface averaging in area about 40 acres of land, and nestles down amidst the most charming scenery in Scotland. Surrounded by mountains, straths and sea its location has given it an advantage peculiar to itself as a site for a market-place, because accessible from every point and place of any importance by land and water. 30 years ago Muir of Old Market, second only to Falkirk in importance, had to be reckoned with and no dealer could trifle with the prices it quoted. Since then, auction sales at Dingwall and Inverness have ruined its influence to a certain extent, although even now some farmers prefer the market to those auction sales.

Three weeks before the market day preparations are made in Skye and Sutherlandshire to have their marketable cattle transported to Old. To-day the train takes them into the very heart of the market, but in former days when the iron horse uttered no shriek among those mountain fastnesses, the distance had to be tramped on foot, however hazardous, and the herds the unscrupulous drivers led were often the terror of the wayside farmers. These animals after descending the mountains into the plains below, having empty stomachs and but little energy, were made common cause of whatever came within their reach—herbage or grain—while the drivers, intent to such business looked on with indifference. Endless quarrels and sometimes fights emanated from these sources, especially if the wayside coo joined the herd and was driven with the others to market. These droves, gathering from all quarters enlivened the air with their lowing discords mingled with the hallooing of men and the incessant barking of dogs. The nearer we come to the place of rendezvous, the greater the din until it culminates on the Muir. There cattle, horses, swine, sheep, poultry, whiskey stalls, fountain tents, bank offices and candy stalls or tables, mix promiscuously together. The youth who visits such a buzzing scene for the first time can never forget it. His safety is momentarily jeopardized by the prancing horses, the infuriated bulls or by the wheels of rushing vehicles which sweep the roads to show the metal of their steeds.

The people who gather there are as heterogeneous and dissimilar as the cattle. There we find the eastern drover who makes a point of visiting every herd in the neighborhood early in the morning. He has a good idea from the number and quality of stock present how figures will be quoted during the day and if he thinks a bargain can be struck he presses his suit early. Consequently the entries to the market are nearly as busy as inside the gates. This also helps the seller as he escapes the dues collected at these gates.

Williamson the tinker is there with his shabby horses which he bought cheap and sells dear, his daughters with a burden of tinware enough to frighten Hercules thread their way through the crowd vociferating the value of their goods to single and collected men. It is pretty hard too to shake them off. They are ready to tell one's fortune, to keep the coo, to hae a glass, or sing a gipsy wedding sonnet and a for a "banbee".

Other notable characters present are Fraser, the pig dealer with a cartload of young porkers. "Drover na caileagan," the girls favorite, so called because he is so fond of amiable company and of course the market is imperfect without his stalwart figure. Fiddler Douglas is busy a little to the east, discouraging strathspeys, although in reality he acts a reel of some kind with fiddle and person. He is too—and often like himself the fiddle is flat. Further on we meet with the big-bellied Frigar, so called because of his tricks—and few there be who escape his trickery or his disadvantage. A little east yet and we encounter Forsyth in his water tent, presiding over the precious fluid so much needed on these days by man and beast. Half an hour in his tent and you never forget the occasion during your life. Meet him in his house, Forsyth is

kind and hospitable, but on the market day he thinks justice must be done and no matter how cheap water may be in the adjoining brook, when taken from his tent it must be paid for. Some one buys a bucket full for his horse and pays a shilling; immediately a crowd of thirsty boys are lapping the drops which trickle from the pipe. Forsyth sees it and avenges the injury sustained by pouring a bucket full over their heads, remarking at the time, "See, take that lads if you are dry." Whilst this is going on before the tent some robin avails himself of the dire opportunity to swallow a glass full standing on the counter. Forsyth, for the satisfaction of delivering one blow to the thief would leave his charge exposed to the rabble and pursue that lad for half an hour. Indeed poor Forsyth's market day was an incessant proclamation of war against the boys. But he has gone to his rest and here I meantime sever my connection with him and Muir of Old Market.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Of course young Pullman should get a commission. If any one is entitled to a good berth he is.—Chicago Chronicle.

Justin McCarthy is reported to be at Westgate, London, hard at work on his reminiscences, which it is said will be published by the Century Company in the fall. They may before finished run into a couple of volumes, and there is little doubt that they will prove unusually interesting. Mr. McCarthy has known many of the most eminent men of the many, and he can write of them and of great events from an inside point of view.

J. F. J. Archibald, the first American correspondent to be wounded in the war with Spain, will have an article in the August Scribner describing the fight near Cuba, where two companies of regulars were engaged. It is to be illustrated with his own sketches and with photographs by Dwight L. Elmendorf. Richard Harding Davis contributes to the same number an account of the "Landing of Shafter's Army" at Daiquiri.

The first monthly number of "The Critic" which will shortly make its appearance, will contain the eleventh in the new series of "Authors at Home." Mrs. Margaret Deland in her residence, in Mount Vernon Street, Boston, will be the subject of the sketch, which will be appropriately illustrated. There will be reproduction of a photograph of Mrs. Deland's library and a page from her book of poems, "The Old Garden," with Walter Crane's decorative drawing for it.

War Benefiting Canada.

OTTAWA, July 15.—Canada is benefiting by the Spanish-American war, so far as the mineral wealth of the country is concerned. Every year Canada exports from the eastern townships to the United States between 35,000 and 40,000 tons of copper pyrites. As the ore is sent over in its crude state, it contains a certain amount of sulphur, and this mineral when extracted is employed in the manufacture of gunpowder. Spain has lately supplied the United States with sulphur, but since hostilities began the Spaniards keep their sulphur to themselves. Thus Canada's mineral trade is rapidly increasing through the United States seeking Canadian sulphur for the manufacture of gunpowder.

Communion Service at Little Narrows.

A friend who attended the Little Narrows Communion Services held there on the 16th writes to state how much he enjoyed the occasion, which was profitable to soul and body. Mr. McLeod was ably assisted by the local brethren and his good name-sake from the States, who thrilled his audience with his eloquent words of conviction and admonition. The Narrows people are taking on new life. The young have tastefully attended to the fences, gates and pasture land and the congregation are contemplating erecting a new church. We hope indeed they will do so in order to be an additional ornament to a place already grand by nature. The present church, although sufficiently large, is by no means modern and it is well to gratify the taste for things sublime especially when connected with the Lord's service.

Middle River Items.

Miss Mary A. McLennan, formerly a resident of Middle River, was married several days ago at Belfast, Maine, to a sea captain who at the present time sails between Belfast, Maine, and Boston, Mass.

Mr. Joseph Matheson and two brothers are visiting friends and relations at Middle River. They all hail from Marble Mountain, C. B. Mr. Joseph Matheson is "reading law" at Port Hood.

Miss Hanna J. McDonald, of Baddeck, was here last week visiting friends and former pupils, having taught school here for some time. Just before leaving she, accompanied by several others, paid a visit to the Gairloch Mountain Falls. A description of the falls and surrounding scenery is expected.

Mr. J. W. McPhail, pastor of Middle River church during the summer of '97, was among his old friends here during communion week.

Operations have been suspended at the Gairloch Mountain "Klondyke" on account of the drawing nigh of the hay-making season. They have channelled into the bowels of the earth for quite a distance—but the temperature still remains unaffected. There is every indication of gold in paying quantities to be found.

Messrs. Campbell, of Middle River, owners of the carding mill on the West Side, have put quite expensive repairs on the above-named building, and are now ready to take orders in the carding line.

Wagamatecock Lodge No. 56, I. O. G. T., is prospering finely, notwithstanding its small membership and numerous encumbrances. Doubtless it does its part in crushing the nefarious and diabolical traffic.

The residence of Mr. John McLean is in the process of completion. It is situated about a mile north of Middle River church.

The mill (steam) owned by Mr. Murdoch McRae, of Middle River, is to be removed to Upper Settlement, Middle River, lumber having given out at former situation.

American tourists are not as numerous as in former years around here. Doubtless the war with Spain is to blame, it causing a depression in pleasure as well as business of all kinds.

Crops of all kinds are in a much better condition than in former years. It really appears as if the "good times" are coming. Some far-seeing socialists among us say it is the beginning of the "Millennium." We all must admit our socialistic friends are very "bright."

Kenneth McQuarrie, wife and family, of Boston, Mass., having paid a visit of two weeks to the old homestead, returned to Massachusetts on Monday the 15th instant. Mr. McQuarrie is engaged in the telegraphic business.

In all probability the teacher in the West Side Section, for the coming term will be Miss Agnes McLennan of Nyanza; She holds a C certificate and is a graduate of the Normal school, Truro, Nova Scotia.

John A. Campbell, Esq., of West Middle River, has the honor of having the most peculiarly shaped vehicle in Victoria County. When viewed from a distance it has the appearance of a gun-carriage, but on a closer examination it develops into an object somewhat resembling the pictures of those war-chariots with scythe-armed axles used by the ancient Britons—but minus the scythe, and eventually into an imitation of a road cart. Doubtless it makes up in comfort what it lacks in style.

Mr. Alex McRae of West Middle River, has completed a new tram-cart. It really is a model specimen of artistic workmanship.

FELIX.

West Middle River, July 20th, 1898.

An old colored citizen who was trying to dissuade his son from enlisting in the army said:—"Now, lemme tell you somepin. Ef you makes up your min' ter go, on gits blowed up by one of dem Spanish torpedos, don't you come back here ter me—don't you show yo face heah no mo'! Mind that, now!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Subscribe for the TELEPHONE. Only \$1.00 a year.

Late Gossip of the Round World.

The Russian Minister of Education has issued a decree forbidding the wearing of corsets by young women attending high schools, universities and music and art schools.

Lancaster was the capital of the United States from September 27th, 1777, to September 30th, 1777. The national capital has also been located for a time at Baltimore, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton and New York.

At the recent sale of the library of Charles L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) a first edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with a manuscript poem by the author on the fly leaf, brought \$250; another copy, without the poem, sold for \$120, and "Through the Looking Glass" went for \$100.

The District Council of Holywell, Wales, and a religious body having great faith in the miraculous properties of St. Winifred's well, at that place, are at loggerheads over the ownership of the curative waters.

Bombay is said to be the most densely populated city in the world. In certain areas the number of inhabitants is 760 to the acre, and in these sections the street area only occupies one-fourth of the whole.

In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four lemons are sliced into the water and allowed to lie for half an hour, in order that the juice may be extracted.

The amount of money at the credit of depositors in the state savings banks of France in 1896, when the latest statistics were taken, was \$680,000,000, upon which a 1-4 per cent. interest is paid annually.

Miss Cisneros, the pretty Cuban girl who was married the other day to Lieut. Carbonel, entered into the matrimonial state more to be amiable than anything else.

The Iowa Health Bulletin publishes among many similar specimens of letters written by "doctors of medicine" in support of applications for pensions, the following: "February 30, 1897. Sir, I certify I treated the said soldier from 1888 to Date for his former his stumk tub was lined to his nervous system, but now it is repaired, of cosing grate expectoring and hard of breath. Your Obt. servent M. D."

The testimony in a contest to annul the will of a deceased Maryland farmer has developed the fact that the eccentric old fellow was in the habit of digging holes on his farm for the purpose of filling them with the water of the Atlantic, so that he might empty the ocean and enable farmers to plant potatoes on its dry bottom.

Geronimo, the noted Apache chief, who has caused the U. S. Government so much trouble in his time, is 90 years old. He is still physically active, and his favorite amusement is hunting, in which pastime he indulges whenever he can get permission to leave the reservation.

With the sale of the Earl of Ashburnham's library, the most remarkable English book sale of the century has come to an end. The printed books brought a total of \$305,410 for 4,075 lots, and it took twenty days to sell them.

A report that wild dogs are creating havoc among cattle and sheep along the border of Arizona and New Mexico is receiving a good deal of attention. It is corroborated by the under sheriff of Navajo county, who lately returned from an extended trip through the mountains along the border.

The Johannesburg, South Africa, Waterworks Company has made a most fortunate strike, which, it is said, will go far to settle the water difficulty in the Rand. In the course of their borings they came across immense caverns full of water, which are expected to yield a daily supply ranging up to 15,000,000 gallons.

In making treaties with China each foreign country has chosen its own name. England is Ying Kwo, the flour-ishing country; France is Fa Kwo, the law-abiding country; the United States Mei Kwo, the beautiful country; Germany, Je Kwo, the virtuous country; Italy, I Kwo, the country of justice; Japan is Ji Kwo, the land of the sun,

but prefers to be called Ji Pen, the land of the rising sun.

A remarkable exhibition of dolls was recently held at Neu Wied on the Rhine under the patronage of the Queen of Roumania. Dolls were sent from all parts of Europe to participate in the display, a large proportion of the collection having been contributed by the Queen of Italy, the Crown Princess of Sweden, the King of Serbia and other royal personages.

The laws of Mexico provide that a Mormon who wishes to take a second wife must present a certificate signed by his first helpmeet to the effect that she is willing, and he must also have the express consent of the second wife and her parents.

The orchid craze has struck Japan, and it threatens to unrival the famous tulip craze which prevailed in Holland several centuries ago. One variety of orchid, owned jointly by three gardeners, has but eleven leaves, and its cultivators demand the fabulous price of 10,000 yens (about \$5,000) per leaf for specimens. Other varieties of more frequent occurrence bring 500 yens per leaf, and sales at this figure are frequently recorded.

The Three Famed Blacks

Of the world are Diamond Dye Fast Black for Wool, Diamond Dye Fast Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods, and Diamond Dye Fast Black for Silk and Feathers. The results that each of these Blacks produce are marvellous and pleasing. Your faded and dingy dresses, jackets, capes, coats, pants, vests, hose, etc., that are now so useless and repulsive looking, can be made like new garments with the Diamond Dye Blacks. Your faded, rusty and dead looking silks and feathers are made new creations by using Diamond Dye Fast Black for Silk and Feathers.

Do not be deceived by bulky packages dyes adulterated with grease and other foreign substances; insist upon your dealer giving you the Diamond Dyes, one package of which will dye as much as three packets of any other make.

Bradstreet's on Trade.

Canadian trade is of a seasonable volume. Toronto reports a better demand for dry goods, and that the recent frosts did little damage except to vegetables. Wool is rather flat, and prices show a declining tendency as a result of the absence of an outlet to the United States. Cotton and woolen mills are busy, and grain and stocks are the smallest held in years. Cool weather has interfered slightly with the distribution of seasonable goods at Montreal. Teas are firm. Crop prospects are promising, and exports of dairy products continue heavy. Midsummer dulness is reported at Halifax, but the apple and hay crop prospects are very good. St. John, N. B., reports lumber shipments heavy, while Victoria and Vancouver report a good business doing. Business failures in the Dominion number 25 last week, against 16 the previous week, 38 in the corresponding week a year ago, 33 in 1896 and 29 in 1895. Canadian bank clearings aggregate \$27,641,627; a fraction of 1 per cent. larger than the previous week, and 21 per cent. larger than last year.

AGONIZING PAINS

Endured by Those Who Suffer From Sciatica—A Victim Tells How to Obtain Relief.

Probably no trouble that afflicts mankind causes more intense agony than sciatica. Frequently the victim is utterly helpless, the least movement causing the most agonizing pains. Those who are suffering from this malady the following statement from Mr. John Hayes, of Hayesville, York Co., N. B., will point the road to relief and cure. Mr. Hayes says: "For upward of twenty years I have suffered from weakness or pain in the back. Some four years ago my trouble was intensified by Sciatica settling in my right leg. What I suffered seems almost beyond description. I employed three doctors but all to no purpose: I had to give up work entirely, and almost despaired of life. This continued for two years—years filled with misery. At this time I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using six boxes both the sciatica and the weakness in the back which had troubled me so long, were gone. I was again a well man and feeling fifteen years younger than before I began the pills. Nearly two years has passed since I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in that time no symptom of the trouble has shown itself. Under God I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me."

Mr. Hayes voluntarily testifies to the truth of the above statement before Edward Whosead, Esq., J. P., and his statements are further vouched for by Rev. J. N. Barnes, of Stanley, N. B.

Borax as a Washing Powder. In Belgium and Holland, where the washwomen are famous for the snow-iness of their linen, borax is used a great deal. It is a natural salt, and is not injurious to the most delicate fabric. It should be used in the proportion of a handful to ten gallons of water.

A Seventh Rate European Power. Since it costs so much to fight a seventh rate European power—we wonder what it would have cost two or three years ago to have fought Great Britain about their boundary line of a little piece of wild land away down in Venezuela, South America.—Our Dumb Animals, Boston.

No woman who thinks she is homely will consent to have her picture taken in a group.

Men and Women Repaired.

A machine that is constantly and incessantly working needs repairs at certain intervals.

The human frame, worn by mental and physical toil and subjected to the worries and cares of our modern life, has need of repairs and building up. In the hot summer weather nervous energy is at a low ebb, and as a consequence, nervous debility, terrible headaches, dyspepsia and a run-down condition make life a burden for thousands.

Paine's Celery Compound is the great restorer and builder when weakness and sickness prevail. This great medicine has the power of rapidly repairing the tissues and purifying the blood. It bestows the proper nutriment to all the weakened tissues, bringing strength and true vigor, thus averting breakdown and collapse.

Thousands of lives are now fast wearing out that can be prolonged and made happy by the present use of Paine's Celery Compound. Its use to-day will save months of sickness, misery and suffering. Take no substitute; get only "Paine's," the kind that cures.

THE TIGER ENJOYED IT

How a Fearless Cossack Sponged a Fierce Animal.

A Cossack, ignorant of the French language and equally ignorant of fear, was recently hired at Moscow by the lion tamer Pezon to clean the cages of his wild beasts. Says La France Du Nord: Their understanding, or misunderstanding, was arranged by means of gestures and dumb show, and Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do. The next morning the Tartar began his new duties by entering with bucket, sponge and broom, not the cage of the tame beast, as his master had done, but of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep on the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and, untrifled, to rub down the tiger as if he had been a horse or a dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, and, purring, offered every part of its body to the Cossack, who washed it as completely as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage beast from the desert had not Pezon drawn him off with difficulty.

Beware of Ointments For Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

True Friendship

"What! Have you given up going to the theatre?" "Oh! no; only we are afraid just while these bomb outrages are about. So we have placed our box at the disposal of some friends of ours."

"QUICKCURE"

For Whitlows or Swellings, Cold Sores, Ulcers, Gum Boils, Toothache.

She Wanted it Prepared. Mrs. Newlywed (to poultry dealer)—I'll take this turkey, but I wish you would remove the bones. Dealer—I beg pardon? You said—Mrs. Newlywed—I said remove the bones. I want a boned turkey or none at all.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Gladstone's Works. Gladstone had 20,000 books in his library three years ago. He has given most of them away, chiefly to the general library at Hawarden Church. He claimed to be able to pack more books in a given space than any man he knew.

Dear Sirs,—Within the past year I know of three fatty tumors on the head having been removed by the application of Minard's Liniment without any surgical operation, and there is no indication of a return. Capt. W. A. Pitt, Clifton, N. B. Gondola Ferry.

Washington Widows.

There is one widow to every sixteen and a half of the population of Washington, D. C.; the whole number of widows, it appears by the recent census report, is 15,000. The excessive proportion is accounted for by the fact that employment in many branches of the Government service has been found for the widows of soldiers.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

TEA AND INSANITY. When Badly Brewed the Beverage is Very Harmful.

A report upon insanity in Ireland, which has recently been issued, enumerates, among the causes of mental failure, the innutritious dietary of the poorer population, tending to produce anaemia and constitutional weakness, which favor the development of scrofulous and neurotic disease, and the immoderate use of certain nervous stimulants, particularly tea and tobacco.

While the moderate use of properly prepared tea, the report adds, "is regarded as innocuous, or even beneficial in its action on the nervous system, its ill-effects when decocted or over-infused, on persons who make it their staple article of dietary are dwelt on by almost all the resident medical superintendents in their several reports. Undoubtedly the method of preparation adopted, and the excessive use of this article of diet, now so general among our poorer population, tends to the production of dyspepsia, which in its turn leads to states of mental depression highly favorable to the production of various forms of neurotic disturbance. The excessive use of tobacco, also, especially among the young, whether by smoking or chewing, in the opinion of certain of our medical superintendents, acts, though perhaps in a minor degree, injuriously on the nervous centres."

In many parts of Ireland it has been found that bread and tea have been substituted for porridge and milk, and for potatoes also; that the tea used is generally of an inferior quality, and the method of preparation is to put a quantity in the teapot early in the morning and to allow it to stew during the day, water being added as required.—Invention.

PREVENT A COLD IN ONE DAY

The Luxative Broun Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A Privileged Peer.

Lord Forester, who has, says the Leeds Express, just restored at his own expense the historic church of Much Wenlock, Shropshire, whose foundation dates so far back as 690, is one of the two peers who have the privilege of wearing their hats in the presence of the Sovereign. His Lordship is rector of a quiet little parish in Nottinghamshire, and is chancellor and canon residentiary of York Minster.

Have You Neuralgia?

If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy, we want you to try Nerville. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous. Nerville is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

The Fly in the Ointment.

Author (to his wife)—Rejoice, oh! wife of my bosom! I have gained a prize of 500 marks for my latest effort.

Wife—What article was it? Author—Oh! that essay of mine, "The Defects of a Wife; a Study From Nature."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Havana cigars nowadays don't seem to Havana tobacco in them.

A FORTUNE IN OLD STAMPS.

LOOK UP YOUR OLD LETTERS. Do you know that the stamps contained on all correspondence between the years 1847 and 1860 are likely to be valuable, especially on letters from Canada, United States, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, and Prince Edward Island? The Canada 12 Pence Black I will give \$200 for. Look up your old letters and collections and correspond with a cash purchaser.

C. A. NEEDHAM.

654 Main street east, Hamilton, Ont.

FITS PERMANENTLY CURED BY Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Send to 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., for treatise and free \$2 trial bottle. For sale by J. A. Harte 1780 Notre Dame street Montreal, Que.

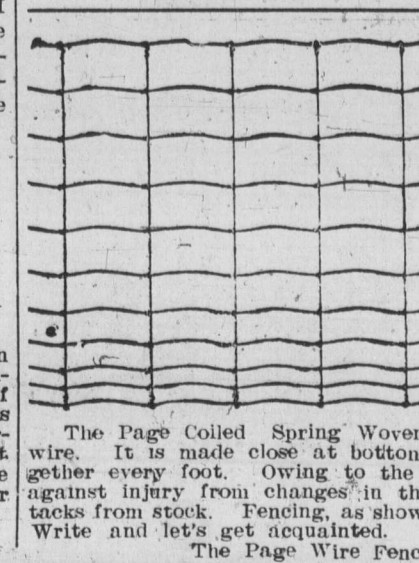
FOR SALE

10,000 acres good farming lands in Arenac, Isoco Osgoaw and Crawford Counties, Michigan. Title perfect. On M. C. Ry. Detroit, Macomb and Leoni Lake Ry. At prices ranging from \$2 to \$5 per acre. These lands are close to enterprising new towns, churches, schools, etc., and will be sold on most favorable terms. Apply to R. M. Pierce, West Bay City, Mich., or J. W. Curtis, Whittemore, Mich.

Ask Your Dealer for BOECKH'S

BRUSHES AND BROOMS.

For Sale by all Leading Houses. CHAR. BOECKH & SONS, Manufacturers TORONTO, ONT.



Consumption

Will SCOTT'S EMULSION cure consumption? Yes and no. Will it cure every case? No. What cases will it cure then? Those in their earlier stages, especially in young people. We make no exaggerated claims, but we have positive evidence that the early use of

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda in these cases results in a positive cure to a large number. In advanced cases, however, where a cure is impossible, this well-known remedy should be relied upon to prolong life surprisingly.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, And Ontario Conservatory of Music. Whitby, Ontario. THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED COLLEGE FOR WOMEN IN CANADA. In every respect a live and progressive institution, combining the best facilities for a sound education in literature, music, oratory, art, commercial, and domestic science, with the most pleasant, healthful and cultured home influences. Now gymnasium, steam heating, electric lighting, modern sanitation, etc. Magnificent site overlooking Lake Ontario. Will reopen September 8th. Apply for calendar to REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

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THE BADDECK TELEPHONE

BADDECK, C. B., AUG. 3, 1898.

Comments on the War.

The sooner peace negotiations between Spain and the United States are ratified the better for the former. Spain evidently holds out as long as possible hoping that the powers will interfere, but this hope is nearly vanished. The Imparcial, Madrid, says: "Although we are fighting the battles of Europe against America, Europe has left us altogether in the lurch. England has placed herself openly by the side of the United States, France looks on unconcernedly, Germany remains in the shadow, Russia only tries to make a cat's paw of Spain for the purpose of her new diplomacy. Under these circumstances it is not possible for Spain to accept European mediation. Perhaps it would be better to treat with the enemy direct, especially as the Americans have shown that they can appreciate brave resistance."

Lord Salisbury certainly does not hold out the hope to Spain that Great Britain will interfere on her behalf. Germany never indicated that she would assist Spain, whatever she may do for her own sake when the war is over. France never thought Spain strong enough to warrant interference on her behalf. Hence the poor Spaniards get nothing from anybody but the barren advice to end the war at once.

The Weser Zeitung Bremen says: "Is there any hope for Spain? We see no signs of any. Not only is she likely to lose the whole or the half of her colonial empire, but her dynasty is in danger. The revolution threatens on one side, the Carlists on the other; and all this while State bankruptcy is not far off. Honest friends of Spain must wish that the war may end in speedy defeat to prevent utter exhaustion." This wish seems near fulfilment—nothing can prevent the loss of the Antilles.

There are proposals of a South American Union to resist the hegemony over the entire continent which some papers claim as the United States birthright. The Spaniards are working for this scheme, as the following from the Correo Espanol, Madrid, shows: "When Spain has been driven from the continent she created, the possessions of other nations still holding colonies there will soon be disposed of. The dreams of the North American politicians will be realized. Mexico, already mutilated by the amputation of Texas and California, will fall an easy prey. Venezuela will next come under the talons of the American vulture. Brazil, Chili, Argentina, and the other South American republics would be succulent for the Anglo-American alliance. It is not only the Antilles that are threatened; the nations of Central and South America will also disappear before an Anglo-Yankee invasion more terrible than that of the Vandals and Goths." In principle no one could object to the Latin-Americans combining if necessary for their mutual safety against aggressive attack, but a federation of the nations indicated ought not to be contemplated unless under circumstances more conclusive than any actually apparent, as its very creation would interpose an element of serious friction between the northern and southern divisions of the American continent.

A. A. Haliburton, Esq., has our thanks for late Nfld papers, from which we learn that there is some dissatisfaction with Contractor Reid. Party feelings run high in the ancient colony as elsewhere, and some statements should be received "cum grano salis." So far as one can gather the supposed trouble appears to be in giving Mr. Reid too much of the colony. It cannot be denied that he has largely extended the railway system, done much to develop Newfoundland's resources, put on a first class steamship to facilitate trade with the provinces; and for this Mr. Reid has acquired large territorial rights. Now what is he going to do with the mineral resources, timber areas and agricultural lands thus obtained? Does any one suppose he will put them in his vest pocket and take them away? We think it is a pity Newfoundland had not more such men at an earlier period of its history.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Pall Mall Gazette, of London, recently asked its readers for a list of the twenty best books for children. The Academy also asked the leading booksellers for a list of the six children's books which are in the greatest demand. It is evident from the verdict obtained by both the Pall Mall Gazette and the Academy that the books read by children of the present day are free from that deleterious element that formerly characterized them. "Robinson Crusoe" preserves its popularity, but ranks below "Alice in Wonderland." Anderson and Grimm's fairy tales are among the twenty favorites. "Treasure Island," "The Jungle Books," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Uncle Remus," "The Palisman," "Ivanhoe," "Helen's Babies," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," are all included in the Pall Mall Gazette list. These books are read by adults with as much pleasure as by children and there is no doubt that the average parent when he buys them looks forward to the pleasure of reading them himself. Among the list sent to the Pall Mall Gazette by children there is one from a girl of thirteen whose taste is certainly eclectic. She likes "The Tempest," "Mr. Crockett's 'Sir Teedy Lion,'" and the "Encyclopedia Britannica." If the latter ever becomes a really popular "juvenile" parent of moderate means will find it difficult to present a complete copy to each child at Christmas. It is a healthful sign that the children never mention Miss Austin's works.

"The Art of Taxidermy," by John Rowley, chief of the department of taxidermy in the American Museum of Natural History is a most fascinating book. Taxidermy means more to-day as an art than it ever did before. It takes the dead bird, an animal, a fish or a reptile and restores the living form, the characteristic pose and attitude and so far as externals go, it presents an appearance as perfect as the skill of the operator permits. Mr. Rowley takes his readers off on a collecting trip and the story is invested with all the charms of the wild camping out life of the woods. The processes and methods of trapping are faithfully portrayed, and the subjects put through all the necessary stages of preparation and the value of careful study is apparent. The mounting of large mammals constitutes the most difficult part of taxidermy. Plaster casts, made from the carcasses of the animal are used as models in constructing the figure, on which the skin is finally to be stretched. The reader is taken in easy and interesting stages successfully through the complex work of mounting the different varieties of specimens. There seems to be a growing tendency on every hand toward amusements of a scientific nature and to all those interested in this direction this book will be most useful.

Y. L. C.

A curious discovery is announced. At Adria, not far from Venice, between the lagoons and the marshland, there is a small village, Donada by name. Last year, in digging the foundation for a pottery, a large number of objects having to do with ships, as rings, bolts and rivets were found, and finally a small vessel in good preservation was unearthed. As the ground was peaty, the hull was in fair preservation. The commission sent to examine and report declared it to be a vessel of the early part of the fifteenth century. The hull is to be carefully worked over, and is to be carried to the Arsenal in Venice. If not considered too much of a curiosity, an Italian paper suggests, the purchase of this ship by the Spanish government for active service.

Those unfortunate people who write in Russia, authors of journalists, are having an uncommonly hard time of it. The screws have come down with such a pressure, as applied by the censors, that the Society of Russian Authors has prepared a special draft of complaint. This is said to be the new practice of the Russian literary police. It is an order that when a publisher or an editor is not liked by the censor, or deemed "undesirable," he shall be at once dismissed, and that another publisher or editor shall be taken from a list furnished by the police. The nice make-believe is that the new man or the new men shall occupy their positions only as "temporary substitutes" until another editor or writer or publisher is selected, but then the new hands never satisfy the Government, and once the police elects have their places they are never moved.

In Japan the industrious reporter makes from \$10 to \$15 a month, and an editor as much as \$25. For a historical novel, say of 200,000 words or more, the liberal Tokio publisher will give 50 yen, but part is paid in books, which you must peddle yourself. Literature says that the Napoleonic craze has reached Japan, and that the Corsican is in fashion. Bismark is also in demand, the Japanese understanding at once what "blood and iron" means.

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CAPE BRETONIANS ABROAD.

A Letter From Mr. Kidston.

DEAR TELEPHONE:—
You can't think how pleased I have been to get the first two numbers of this very promising new Baddeck paper. If you care to have my opinion of it, I think it capital and if it can be kept up in the style in which it has started out, it should and doubtless will receive a very liberal patronage.

I have just come east from a visit of something over a year to California and at another time may write of some of the noteworthy things I observed while there, as relating to government, social life, climate, etc., etc. At present I will only say that this country has been greatly over-boomed in its best days and that the California of to-day and of thirty years ago are vastly different.

While out there, I met lots of Nova Scotians and not a few Cape Bretonians, this last goes without saying for where is the spot of earth that you don't find them! and it is well for the world that it is so. We have every reason to expect that when Peary reaches the pole he will meet them and be welcomed with the old familiar "Ge mar a tha sibh an diugh!"

Some of those that I have met here, in bygone years have been known to many of your readers, and if I just mention their names I think it will be interesting to many.

Samuel McKeen, brother of Thomas McKeen, came out here some years ago and has been in the employ of the Southern Pacific R. R. C. ever since his arrival. He has a very nice property in Oakland and is quite comfortable. Two of his daughters got married since they came out, one to the captain of a ship, the other to a Mr. Munro, a man with a nice property, he is on the Yukon just now. The other daughter (Cassie) lives with her father.

John McLean, son of Big Philip, who used to own the property that is now Mr. Blanchard's, has been for twenty years on the San Francisco police force, where he is known as "Big John." His pay is \$1200 a year. I suggested that it would be safe to put down \$500 more for "tips." John is not emotional; he can't accumulate enough emotion to go all over him at once. However at my remark on "tips" he looked very stern and said I was mistaken, mistaken entirely: "Why," said he, "you could no more corrupt one of our men than you could a police court judge, a supervisor or a senator." That settled the matter. I guess John's income is about \$1700. I saw Mrs. Atwater several times and was pleased to see her looking so very well. She is staying with her daughter Mary, (Mrs. Matheson).

These are all the Baddeckers I met except my own sons. One of them (Earnest the youngest) has been in Klondike for a year. Men who came out this spring said that he could have come out with \$20,000 at one time, but wasn't satisfied, speculated and lost, and is now working up again. Another son, John, went in this spring. Another is an officer with his brother, Capt. Kidston, on the S. S. Roanoke; this is the finest ship in the North Pacific fleet. She is 2354 tons. My son met another Baddeck boy in Seattle, a son of McKay, the tailor. He was mate of a ship. He also saw a McNeil, of Watchabuck, a son of Michael Ewen—I think also a mate or a captain.

Yours truly,
WM. KIDSTON.
Hudson, Mass., July 28, 1898.

We are glad to note the arrival of Neil McNeil, Esq., of Boston, on Saturday last to spend some time at his summer residence. Besides doing much to beautify the town architecturally and otherwise, Mr. McNeil takes a great interest in local industry. He is one of Cape Breton's energetic and successful sons of whom every citizen is justly proud, and possesses those personal qualities that in private life make him respected by all.

MARRIED

On the 12th inst. at St. John's Newfoundland, by the Rev. Andrew Robertson, John Syme, to Lizzie, only daughter of the late Thos. A. MacKeen, of Baddeck, C. B.

On the 12th inst. at the above place by the Rev. Andrew Robertson, Anderson McKeen, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. M. Mallally.

DIED

At Baddeck River July 28th, Mr. Thomas Rice in the 92nd year of his age. The funeral took place on Saturday, when his remains were interred in the Forks Church Cemetery.

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Leaves Sydney 7, North Sydney 8 a. m., Wednesdays, for Big Bras d'Or, New Campbellton, Boularderie, Baddeck, Little Narrows and Whyocomagh. Leaves Whyocomagh Thursdays at 7 a. m., and Saturdays at noon for the Sydneys.

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INTERNATIONAL COMMISSIONERS.

Men Who Will Seek to Adjust Dominion-U. S. Differences.

Washington report: Hon. George W. Foster, who has been rusticated at his cottage on Lake Ontario, returned to-day and held a conference with Hon. John A. Kasson, one of his associates on the Canadian commission, regarding the coming session of that body. The American members will meet in this city within a few weeks, as soon as Senator Gray is through with the trial of his colleague at Wilmington, Del., although Representative Dingley may not come down, but proceed direct to Quebec from his Maine home. Mr. Kasson will take a brief respite before entering upon the labors of the commission, which are expected to begin the 1st of August. Baron Herschell, the English commissioner, who will doubtless be President of the body, will sail tomorrow from Liverpool for New York.

speech in Congress was upon "Protection to American Shipping," and he has always done much to further legislation to develop American shipping and fishery interests. As a member of the Ways and Means Committee he helped to frame the McKinley tariff law of 1890, and was an active and obstinate opponent of the Wilson law of 1894. It was but natural that Speaker Reed should choose him Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the LVth Congress, and that the present tariff law should be framed by him.

JOHN A. KASSON.

John Adam Kasson was born in Burlington, Vt., in 1822. He was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1842. He studied law and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, but soon removed to St. Louis, and later to Des Moines, Iowa.



THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONERS.

SENATOR CHAS. W. FAIRBANKS.
Charles Warren Fairbanks was born in 1852, of Welsh and Scotch ancestry. He was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1872. Two years later he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Ohio, and in 1874 he removed to Indianapolis, where he has since practised his profession. He never held a public office prior to his election to the United States Senate as a Republican, January 20th, 1897. He is Chairman of the Committee on Immigration, and a member of several other committees, including those on the Census and on Claims.

SENATOR GEORGE GRAY.

George Gray was born in 1840, and was graduated at Princeton in 1859. He studied law with his father at Newcastle, Del., and at Harvard College. He was admitted to the bar in 1863, and has practised his profession with distinguished success. He was appointed Attorney-General of Delaware in 1879, and again in 1884. In 1885 he was elected to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Thomas F. Bayard as Secretary of State. He was re-elected in 1887 and again in 1893. Senator Gray was always an earnest champion

of Lincoln for the Presidency, and was by him nominated Assistant Postmaster-General. Since then he has been constantly in public life. In 1863 he was a commissioner to the First International Postal Congress, held in Paris; he was a Member of Congress, 1863-'67, 1873-'77, and 1881-'85; he served as Minister to Austria, 1877-'81, and to Germany, 1884-'85; he was special envoy to the International Samoan Congress at Berlin in 1889, and in 1897 he was chairman of the commission to promote reciprocity between this and other countries.

JOHN W. FOSTER.

John Wilson Foster was born in Indiana in 1836. He was graduated from the Indiana State University in 1855, studied law at Harvard, and began the practice of law at Evansville, Ind. On the breaking out of the Civil War he entered the army as major of volunteers. At the end of the war he was a brigadier-general by brevet. From army life he turned to edit the Evansville Daily Journal. In 1873 General Grant appointed him Minister to Mexico, and he was reappointed by President Hayes. In 1880 he went as Minis-



THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS.

of Grover Cleveland. He is a tariff reformer, a sound-money man, and a friend of Civil Service reform. He is a member of several committees, including those on the Civil Service, Foreign Relations, and the Judiciary.

REPRESENTATIVE DINGLEY.

Nelson Dingley, Jun., the leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives, was born in Maine in 1832. He entered Waterville College (now Colby University) in 1851, but was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1855. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but has never practised that profession, but took up journalism. He purchased the Lewiston Journal in 1856, and began the publication of a daily edition in 1861. It has ever since been distinguished for its vigorous advocacy of Republicanism.

After serving several terms in the State House of Representatives he was elected Governor of Maine in 1873, and again in 1874 by an increased majority, but after his second term declined re-election. He was elected to Congress at a special election on Sept. 12th, 1881, and has been re-elected every term since. His first

ter to Russia; in 1883 he went to Spain in the same capacity. Since his return from Spain he has practised law in Washington. In November, 1890, he was engaged as a special agent of the State Department to assist the President and Secretary Blaine in the negotiation of reciprocity treaties, and in this task he was particularly successful. General Foster also rendered efficient aid in the settlement of the Chilian affair, and in the Behring Sea controversy he was named as the agent to prepare and conduct the arbitration tribunal. On the death of James G. Blaine he was appointed Secretary of State, and in 1894 he aided the Chinese Government in its negotiations for peace with Japan.

Boston Again.

Browning Bean, Jun.—My paternal ancestor is extremely desirous of a reduction in the linear dimensions of my capillary appendages, and requires me to ascertain previous to the performance the limit of the extortion, as I have only conveyed from our residence a quarter of the present money standard in legal tender,

INDIAN OUTLAWS CAUGHT.

Blood-Curdling Story of Murder From Port Arthur.

SIX WHITE MEN VICTIMS.

Port Arthur despatch: When the eastern express arrived last night Provincial Constable James Whalen and Officers Connors and Dodds alighted and conducted four swartly-faced prisoners to the jail on the hill top. The captives are Indians, all brothers, and their names are—Mohawk Moses, Joseph Moses, Lewis Moses and Antoine Moses. These men are charged with the assassination of not less than eight people within the last four years. Since the commencement of their murderous work the Ontario Government detectives, as well as the local sleuth hounds, have attempted to capture them, but without success. They lived in a remote spot along the Pic River, were each armed to the teeth, and their war front seems to have terrorized not only the surrounding inhabitants, but the officers of the law as well. Yesterday afternoon the Heron Bay Indians were paid their annual treaty allowance. The Moses brothers emerged from their hiding place to collect the Government stipend. They had scarcely entered Indian Agent Hodder's office when three constables pounced on them and there was an exciting flash of revolvers and handcuffs.

FIVE SECTIONMEN MURDERED.

About four years ago the Moses brothers started their blood-curdling career. One bright morning, in company with five C. P. R. sectionmen, they went on a cruise along Pic River. The railroaders had just received their wages the day before. Their foreman, a man named Mundle, had a considerable sum of money on his person at the time, and his stock of valuables, including a silver watch. When one of the four Indians suspected Mundle's watch was in his vest pocket. The sectionmen sailed out to sea with the quartette of natives and they never returned. The Heron Bay people organized search parties, and there was great excitement in the little place for several days. Then the inhabitants concluded that the Indians had killed the white men for their money. There was universal indignation, and if the residents of the settlement could have caught the Moses brothers just then they would have been strung up, but the Indians secreted themselves in the backwoods, erected a small fortification and prepared to shoot the first intruder. Their old father brought them food regularly, and the five natives formulated a system of communication, at a distance, with flags of various colors.

TWO RELATIVES DISPOSED OF.

Not long after the disappearance of the sectionmen the Moses brothers were visited in their seclusion by their two consins, who had just concluded a successful hunt and were weighed down with some valuable skins. The four dusky scoundrels fell upon their relatives and killed them in cold blood. It is said that they stoned their victims to death in this case. The dead bodies were carried to the nearest railroad track, and here they were found by the C. P. R. employees.

The last murder that the authorities have heard about is the alleged killing of a fur trader, who, it seems, had been buying in the vicinity of the Indians' lair. The Heron Bay people are inclined to believe that the murderers realized considerable on this villainous transaction.

CAPTURE OF THE INDIANS.

Provincial Constable Whalen and Officers Dodds and Connors deserve infinite praise for the way in which they made prisoners of the four outlaws. Mr. Whalen and Crown Attorney Gephart had been discussing the case for a long time, and the Provincial constables came to the conclusion that it was about time to make an attack on the bandits. When Indian Agent Hodder was leaving for Heron Bay the other day the scheme of arrest was planned. The three policemen were on hand when the four alleged murderers, accompanied by their aged father, stepped into the agent's office to get their money. The tables in the centre of the room were covered with bills and silver, and the eyes of the natives were glued on the shekels, when Constable Whalen sprang to Mohawk's side and grabbed his wrists. In a jiffy the two other officers had each a man, and Indian Agent Hodder and his assistant, W. H. Arnold, were prompt with their revolvers. Officer Dodds stood at the door with a cocked pistol in hand, and Officer Connors had his weapon levelled too. W. H. Arnold jumped on the table and threatened to riddle the first man that moved an inch from his position. The Indians showed some resistance at first, but were soon cowed into submission and loaded on the next train.

Ottawa, July 21.—The Moses brothers of the Pic band of Indians, whose arrest has taken place at Heron Bay on the charge of murder, have been the subject of correspondence between Mr. J. F. Hodder, the Indian Agent at Port Arthur, and the Department of Indian Affairs here. For a long time these desperadoes have been terrorizing the people of the Pic reserve and the neighborhood, but last April, upon returning from the annual winter's hunt, they settled down upon the reserve and gave promise of mending their ways. Constable Morrisseau, of the Pic reserve, reported to the Indian Agent at Port Arthur at that time, that they were working industriously and leading objectionable lives. They did not long, however, deserve the good opinion of the constable, for, according to the officer, on June 17th last Louis Moses seized his rifle and fired four shots at John Desmoulin and Joseph Goodchild, who, with their wives, were on a timber raft, about three or four hundred yards distant, at the junction of the Black and Pic Rivers. Morrisseau and his family, as well as other Indians, heard the first

two shots fired, and Mr. Gagnon and his daughter saw one of the last two shots fired. The bullets, while not hitting any of the persons on the raft, went dangerously near the mark, one of them lodging in the skiff tied to the raft. Desmoulin and Goodchild immediately landed and asked Moses what he meant by shooting at them. The explanation was that the shooting was accidental. Morrisseau said that the people should be aroused.

TO COVER UP A MURDER.

There is another story which is told as the real explanation of the Indians' murderous attack upon the men on the raft. Antoine and Mohawk, the younger brothers of the family, went out in a small boat one day, taking a boy named Lemay with them. The Lemay boy was never heard of afterwards. He was said to have been drowned, but it was subsequently reported that he had been saved and taken inland by Antoine and Mohawk, and that fearing to bring him back to the reserve again, one of the Moses brothers, said to be Louis Moses, killed him last winter. Joseph Goodchild was understood to know something of the circumstances of the alleged crime, and Morrisseau believes that Louis Moses, knowing this, attempted to close his mouth forever by murdering him.

The question as to whether the elder Moses brothers should be prosecuted on the charge of having murdered the Davils in 1887 has been under consideration by the Indian Department for some time, and definite action was only deferred pending a report on the conduct of these men, subsequent to their return to the Pic reserve. If it was found that the report justified a prosecution it was decided that the attention of the Attorney-General of Ontario should be called to the matter. On June 29th, Mr. Hodder was advised that the outrage on the part of Louis Moses, and the rumor that the boy Lemay had been made away with, left no other course open than to have all the brothers, against whom there might be sufficient evidence to implicate them in either of these crimes, arrested and tried.

DANGER IN ARRESTING THEM.

The dangerous character of these Indians is shown by the suggestion made by Mr. Hodder to the department a month ago that it would be well to arrest the four brothers when the bounty was paid; for if they were not all arrested, those who had acted in the matter would probably be jeopardized, meaning that the members of the family who were allowed to remain at large would seek the first opportunity of avenging those of their brothers who had been taken into custody. The opinion was also expressed that a great deal of evidence would be given that otherwise would not be available if these men were placed safely in jail, the inference being that as long as they were at large people would be afraid to tell what they knew.

THE NEW ELEMENT.

Details Concerning Krypton, Which Exists in Air.

Further details are now obtainable concerning the new element, krypton, the discovery of which was announced recently in "The Record." Professor Ramsay exhibited the spectrum of this newly-eliminated gaseous constituent of the atmosphere at the Royal Society conversation last week. It has been named Krypton, or "concealed," and is obtained by evaporation of large quantities of liquid air. The residue is a hitherto unknown transparent gas, heavier than argon, and like that element inactive. Krypton, or crypton (both spellings are given in the latest reports), is present in the atmosphere in the proportion of 1 to 20,000 parts. The chief lines of its spectrum are green and yellow, the yellow being nearly coincident with the helium line. This element appears to belong to the helium rather than the argon group.

The separation of the element was as follows: "Professor Ramsay and Morris W. Travers slowly evaporated 750 cubic centimetres of liquid air until there was but 10 cubic centimetres left. This residue furnished the unknown gas. The gas was first deprived of its oxygen by the help of metallic copper, and then of its nitrogen by the action of the electric spark, and of oxygen after that by a mixture of magnesium and pure lime. This operation effected, there remained 26 cubic centimetres of a gas, which, besides the weakly defined spectrum of argon, showed an additional spectrum until then unknown. It appeared characterized by two exceedingly brilliant lines, one being almost identical with "D3," and the other green may be compared in intensity with the green line of helium. The wave length of the gas is given as 5,556.3, another measurement giving 5,557.3. The density of the gas is approximately 22.5, that of oxygen being 16. The wave length of sound in the gas was determined by the same method that was pursued in the case of argon. This gave measurements from which it was easy to calculate that the gas was monatomic, and, therefore, constituted an element. These facts go to prove that the atmosphere contains a hitherto unknown gas, heavier than argon, and having a characteristic spectrum. The position of the new element in the periodic tables has not been assigned. It is conjectured, however, that the pure gas has a density of 40 and an atomic weight of 80, and that it will probably be classed with the helium group. The announcement of the discovery of the new gas was made to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. Berthelot, the distinguished French chemist. M. Berthelot was supplied with a small quantity of the gas in a Fluckyer tube, and independently verified the existence of the new lines by means of the spectroscopy. There is, therefore, now absolutely no reason to doubt the existence of a fifth constituent of the atmosphere.—Philadelphia Record.

He that climbs not above himself shall never sit in heaven.—Morgan Lloyd

EXPLODED A POWDER MAGAZINE.

To Escape Arrest a Chinaman Kills Himself and Six Others.

THE MEN BLOWN INTO SPACE.

Oakland, Cal., report: The works of the Western Fuse and Explosive Company were blown up by a murderous Chinaman at 5.20 this morning. Five deputy sheriffs and constables, who were trying to arrest the murderer, the murderer himself and a woman were killed. The dead are: Deputy Sheriff Charles White, son of Sheriff White, George Woodsum, D. C. Cameron, Constables Gus Koch, J. Leary, Mrs. Hill, Goon Ng Chung. The Chinaman had fortified himself in the magazine and blew it up when the attempt to arrest him was made.

The celestial, who was employed in the works and who caused the awful explosion, had killed a fellow countryman yesterday afternoon in a quarrel over a Chinese lottery ticket. He then defied the officers of the law who went to arrest him. The murderer fled into the magazine, which contained five tons of giant powder, barricaded himself, and threatened to blow up the magazine if any one came to arrest him. Deputy Sheriff Charles White, son of Sheriff White, in charge of a posse, was on the scene of the shooting yesterday shortly after the murder, and kept guard over the Chinaman within his stronghold. All the officers were armed with rifles. After repeated demands to surrender had been made, to all of which the same reply came, "If you come in here, I will blow up the magazine," the officers retired for the night. This morning at 5 o'clock Deputy Sheriff White, after a consultation with the others, determined to break down the barricade, not believing the Chinaman would fulfill his threat. Accordingly the entire posse headed for the door. True to his word, the Chinaman fired the giant powder, and in an instant a terrific explosion occurred, killing the five officers and blowing the Chinaman to atoms so small that but one piece has been found. White's body was fearfully mangled. It was found nearly 500 yards away. Mrs. Hill was visiting a Mrs. Fride, who lived across the way. She was killed in the falling debris. All the buildings took fire. Engines were soon fighting the flames, but to no avail. The works are completely wrecked. Four houses also are blown down and about 40 partially wrecked. Deputy Sheriff Fred Sherill and Deputy Ed. White escaped, but are painfully wounded.

One of the most thrilling stories of the fatality is that told by Sherill, whose escape was simply marvellous. He said: "With the other deputy sheriffs we kept as close to the powder house as we thought advisable. Occasionally one of us would go toward the door and assure the Chinaman that we would not hurt him if he came out. The fellow invariably replied that he would blow up the place if we attempted to take him. Late last night he repeated his threat so often that the people around there thought he would do it, and many moved out of their homes. Had they not done so many would be dead, for their houses are strewn over many acres. We hung around all night, and just at daybreak Charley White urged a Chinaman to tell the fellow to come out. He would not do so, but shortly after 5 o'clock told us that he would walk out and give us no more trouble. As soon as the fellow made his appearance at the door of the place Charley White and Koch walked toward him to make the arrest. Ed. White and I followed them about 80 feet behind. They were almost at the door when Goon closed it with a bang. Less than a second later I was being carried with a cloud of debris and earth swiftly over the ground. My face was cut and my clothing torn, and I cannot understand how it was that Ed. White and myself were not killed, as some of those killed were further away than we were. I have no doubt that as soon as the door was closed Goon fired his pistol into the powder. Five minutes after the explosion everything was on fire, including a train of box cars."

Canada's Military Strength.

Following is the establishment of the Canadian military forces, permanent and active militia, as shown in the list just issued by the Militia Department:

Permanent Force.		Men. Horses.	
Cavalry, all ranks	151	101	
Artillery, all ranks	385	98	
Infantry, all ranks	329	4	
Total permanent force	867	203	
Active Militia.		Men. Horses.	
Cavalry, all ranks	2,546	2,248	
Artillery, all ranks	4,112	875	
Engineers, all ranks	212		
Mounted rifles, all ranks	46	46	
Infantry, all ranks	28,516	343	
Bearer Co., all ranks	64		
Total active militia	35,406	3,512	
Grand total	36,271	3,715	

Spread of the English Tongue.

While there are 125,000,000 people at the present time whose everyday language is English, there are only 80,000,000 who speak Russian, 75,000,000 who speak German, 55,000,000 who speak French, 45,000,000 who speak Spanish and 35,000,000 who speak Italian. This marvelous growth of the English tongue is directly due to the rapid development of the United States, aided, of course, by the Anglo-Saxon's natural colonizing spirit. In this country there are less than 80,000,000 people, and greatly less than that number in the whole of the United Kingdom. This estimate indicates the spread of the language into all parts of the world.—St. Louis Republic.

Easily Broken.

"Some of these summer young men," remarked Miss Cayenne, pensively, "reminde me of Dresden china."
"Because they are beautiful?"

OUT OF DARKNESS — INTO THE SUNLIGHT.

The doctor caught up a candlestick and dropped on one knee beside the fresh horror. While the light of the bull's-eye was again brought to bear, and mingled with the wan, yellow rays that struggled in through the panes.

"Good God, gentlemen!" gasped the butler, "it's Charles."

The horribly distorted features were, indeed, those of the footman, and the mystery of the death-chamber began to grow lighter, for it was evident that for some reason he had entered the room in the night—for no good reason, certainly—a short whitebone-handled life-preserver hanging by a twisted thong from his wrist.

The hideous stains upon the koorkee were clearly enough explained by the sight of a terrible gash in the man's throat, and one of his hands was crimsoned and smeared—the one that had left its print upon the quilt, as in his death struggle, he had rolled beneath the bed.

"No one else there, gentlemen," said the constable, looking beneath the bed, and making his lantern play there and about the curtains, while as it shed its keen light across the calm, sleeping face of the colonel, the man involuntarily took off his helmet and stepped back on tiptoe.

"Dead some hours," said the doctor, rising.

"It is clear enough," said Mr. Girtle in the midst of the painful silence. "This poor Hindoo was the faithful old servant of my deceased friend, and he died in defence of his master's property."

"Yes, yes," cried the old butler, excitedly. "Charles used to talk about master's money and diamonds in the servants' hall. I used to reprove him and say that talking about such things was tempting yourself."

"Never asked you to be in it, of course?" said the constable, going close up to him.

"Oh, no; never, sir; but you are quite sure both him and Mr. Ramo are dead?"

"Quite," said the constable. "There, you can say what you like, but it's my duty to tell you that I shall take down anything you say, and it may be used in evidence against you."

"Against me?" cried the butler.

"Yes, against you."

But there was no occasion for the note-book, for Preenham closed his lips and did not speak again.

"I think I will satisfy myself, constable, that all is safe here," said Girtle. "Gentlemen, will you come with me?"

He crossed the room, drew back the curtain over the portal, and taking out his keys unlocked and pushed back the door, descending with the others into the vault-like chamber, and examining the massive iron structure in the middle.

"It is quite safe," he said, as the constable made the light of his lantern play here and there.

"But you have not looked in the safe," said Artis, quickly.

"There is no need, sir. No one could have opened it, even with the keys, but Ramo or myself. Nothing has been touched."

The policeman drew a long breath, and they returned to the death-chamber, Mr. Girtle carefully locking the iron door.

"I don't think we shall want any detectives here, gentlemen," said the constable; "I shall stay on the premises, but perhaps you will let the butler—no, I think one of you, perhaps, will be good enough to send in the first constable you see."

"I am going back," said the doctor. "I can do no more now, policeman. I will send a man to you."

"Thank ye, sir, if you will."

"Of course you will give notice to the coroner, and there will be a post-mortem?"

"You leave that to me, sir; only send me one of your men."

They were stealing out on tiptoe, when Capel went back and drew the heavy curtains right across the bed, to shut from the old warrior the horrors that lay in the middle of the room. The constable, too, stepped softly across to fasten the window. Then, following the others out, he closed and locked the door, turning and involuntarily attempting to draw his truncheon, as he raised his left arm to ward off a blow.

"Bah!" he ejaculated. "Why, it's a statue! Looked just as if it was going to knock me down."

CHAPTER XI.

The Treasure.

A week of horror and anxiety, during which the customary legal processes had been gone through.

A jury had visited the Dark House and been conducted through the two rooms, to go away disappointed at not seeing the inside of the great iron safe. Then, after the evidence had been given by the various witnesses at the inquest, including that of the two doctors who had performed the post-mortem examination, a verdict was returned which charged Charles Pillar with wilful murder, and stated that the Indian had committed justifiable homicide.

The doctors had differed—as is proverbially said that they will—Dr. Heston, the young medical man, who had been called in first, telling the jury that he was not satisfied that the blows given had caused the death, and drawing attention to the peculiar odor he had noticed. But the coroner, an old medical man, sided with the colleagues, who pool-pooled the idea, and the verdict was given.

The coroner was a good deal exercised in his mind whether some proceedings ought not to have been taken in respect to the remains of the late colonel, but he obtained no legal support, and the terrible murder and attempted robbery at No. 9a Albemarle Square, with the history of the embalming and the mysterious inner

chamber, were public property for the usual nine days, when something fresh occurred, and the interest died away.

Then once more there was the old peace in the Dark House where the remains of Colonel Capel lay in state in the mystery-haunted room.

The servants were very reticent, and consequently but little was heard of the proceedings in Albemarle Square. A good many loiterers had stopped to stare at the darkened windows of the great mansion; but as two coffins had been borne from the place, it was forgotten outside that another still remained. What might have been some busybody's business became no one's, and the horrible tragedy tended towards the simplification of the dead man's instructions.

"It is nine days now since the colonel's commands should have been fulfilled," said Mr. Girtle, as they were seated at lunch in the darkened dining-room—the same party, for Katrine had expressed her determination to stay in the house through all the trouble, and Lydia had offered to remain with her.

Katrine and Lydia had kept a great deal to their rooms; Mr. Girtle spent most of his time in the library, busy over papers, only appearing at meal times, and consequently Paul Capel was thrown a great deal into the society of Gerard Artis, treating him always in the most friendly way, and declining to notice the barbs of verbal arrows the other was fond of launching.

One of Artis' favorite allusions was to the house his companion inherited. "I felt horribly jealous of you at first," he said. "Seemed such a pot of money; but with special commands to live here with a haunted room and a mausoleum beyond it—no, thank you."

"What shall you do with the chamber of horrors?" said Artis, on another occasion.

"You heard—it is to be built up."

"No, no; I mean the bedroom. I shall take that as my own."

"What! A room haunted with the impossible?"

Then came the ninth day, and Mr. Girtle announced that on the next his instructions should be carried out precisely at 12.

"That will give you ample time, Mr. Capel, to visit a banker after-ward; for, after the late experience, I should not lose an hour in depositing your great-uncle's bequest in the hands of your banker."

"You will go with me, I hope?"

The old man looked pleased and nodded. "But I had reckoned upon seeing the jewels," said Katrine, with a smile at the young heir which made his heart throb and Lydia shrink.

"That pleasure must be deferred, Miss D'Enghien," said the old lawyer, crustily; and no more was said. Bah! spirits of three dead men! Bah!

At twelve o'clock punctually, the next day, Mr. Girtle unlocked the door of the colonel's room, and fulfilling Ramo's duty, held it back while the young men bore in lights; Katrine and Lydia followed, and the old butler, looking shrunken and depressed, came last, to close the door and draw the curtain.

It was midday, but it might have been midnight. Candles were lit again on chimney-piece and dressing-table, and after the old solicitor had seen that the door was fastened within, he took out his key, drew the portal curtain at the end, and then unlocked and slowly pushed open the wide door.

At a given order the butler solemnly carried a couple of candles down into the vault, and stood there to those gloomy stone chambers where, to those who stood waiting his return, they seemed to cast a peculiarly weird light.

Then, in utter silence, the lid was placed over the calm, sleeping features, and the four men, taking each a handle, lifted and bore the coffin down. There was some little difficulty in the sharp turn of the steps, but in a few minutes all was done, and the coffin lay upon the flagstones, while the two girls stood hand clasping hand.

Mr. Girtle walked round to the back of the iron safe and stooped down, when a peculiar clang was heard, as if a spring had been set free, and a large panel at the end where Capel was standing dropped down.

As the old lawyer came back, candle in hand, it was now seen that the panel that had fallen laid bare a keyhole.

Upon the key being inserted in this, and turned, the panel flew back, and glided over the keyhole as soon as the key was drawn out, displaying a second keyhole, crossed by a row of lettered brass slides.

These the old lawyer manipulated till the letters formed in a row a particular word, when the second keyhole was laid bare, the key inserted and turned, and one end of the iron safe revolved on a pair of huge pivots, showing the interior plain, rectangular and dark, with an oblong mass of black metal in the centre.

"The steel chest," said the old lawyer, in a whisper, as he stepped inside the great safe, in which he could nearly stand upright.

Candle in hand he went to the other end, put down the light for a moment to set his hands free to get a second key, a curiously long, thin key, with the end of which he pushed something at the back of the chest. Then, going to one side, he repeated the act, went back round to the other side, and again repeated it, after which he came to the front, and as he held down the light, those who were intently watching his actions saw that there was a small circle of Roman figures, with a hand like that of a small clock, which he pushed round with the end of the key till it was at the letter V.

This done, he bent over the chest, and repeated the action twice upon the top.

Then, as he stepped out, a sharp

sound was heard, and a keyhole was laid bare once more. In this he placed the key, turned it, and the steel chest seemed to split open from end to end, dividing in equal parts, which slowly turned over on massive hinges, leaving the centre-space large enough to hold the coffin-wide open.

"Mr. Capel," said the old lawyer, stepping aside, "the next duty is yours. There lie the bank-notes and the case of precious stones. I give them over to your care."

Paul Capel hesitated for a moment, glanced at his companions, then back at the opening leading to the colonel's room, where Katrine and Lydia were watching.

The young man's heart beat heavily as he took the candle, and, stooping down, entered the iron chamber to take from its hiding-place his enormous fortune.

It was but a step, and he had only to stretch out his hand to pick up the two cases, but—

The steel chest held nothing.

The treasure was not there.

CHAPTER XII.

The End of the Instructions.

Paul Capel did not realize his position. "Is there some mistake, Mr. Girtle?"

"Mistake?"

"There is nothing here."

"Nothing there?"

"Nothing there for yourself."

The old man stepped in, searched, and came out with drops of sweat upon his yellow forehead.

"Well?" exclaimed Capel, excitedly, as the old man stared in a dazed way.

"It is gone!" said the old lawyer in a hoarse voice, and his hands trembling violently.

"Well, Mr. Girtle," said Capel at last, in a voice that he vainly strove to make firm, "what have you to say?"

"To say?" said the old lawyer, hastily.

"Oh, it is all a cock-and-bull story," cried Artis. "There never was any treasure."

"Silence, sir!" cried the old lawyer, recovering himself. "How can you speak like that in the presence of the dead?"

"Bah!" cried Artis. "Presence of the dead, indeed! Presence of a mummy. Would you have me pull a long face as I went through the British Museum?"

"What would have you behave—"

"You look here," cried Artis, sharply. "You are executor, and this treasure, if there was one, lay in your charge. It's nothing to me. If it were, I should call in the police."

"Mr. Capel," cried the old lawyer, excitedly, "I swear to you, sir, that the money and jewels were there a fortnight ago. I came down here with Ramo, and there lay the two cases with their contents."

"Well," said Capel, "what then?"

"Be careful! closed up the place."

"That somebody must have been down since and taken the treasure away."

"Only two men could have done this, sir, Ramo and myself."

"That throws it on to you," said Artis.

"And my reputation, sir, will bear me out when I proclaim my innocence."

"I don't know," said Artis. "Sudden temptation—kleptomania, and that sort of thing."

The old lawyer turned his back.

Mr. Gerard Artis, this is no time for such remarks as these," said Capel. "Mr. Girtle, what have you to say?"

"At present, nothing, sir. I am astounded. You know we came down on that dreadful morning and found the chamber intact; besides, it could not have been forced."

"There were the keys," said Artis. "But they have never left my person. There were but the two sets of keys—the colonel's and mine. Those were the colonel's set that we found upon Ramo."

"Rather strange that the colonel should have given you a set," said Artis.

"No more strange than that a gentleman should trust a banker," said Capel.

"What, going to side with the lawyer?"

Capel made no reply, only gazed searchingly at the old executor.

"There may have been other keys, Mr. Girtle."

"Oh, no. The place was made some years ago for a sarcophagus, and the makers never imagined that it would be used for a safe."

There was a dead silence.

"Let us search again. The cases may have slipped aside."

"It is impossible," said the old lawyer; and as they two passed into the iron chamber Artis exchanged a glance with Katrine, while the old butler stood looking dazed.

"You see," said Mr. Girtle, holding down the light, "there is nowhere for the cases to have slipped; all is of plain, solid steel, without a corner or crack."

"But underneath," said Capel.

"Underneath? Look for yourself," said Mr. Girtle; "where there is not solid steel there is solid iron, and beneath that massive stone. The treasure seems to have been spirited away."

"That's it," said Artis. "The old man was not satisfied, and he got up out of his coffin and hid it somewhere else."

Capel caught Artis by the collar. "I will not—" he began; but mastering his indignant anger, he let fall his arm.

"There is nothing here," he said, "let us look about the outside."

"That was the work of a minute, for on every hand there was the black stone—wall, floor and roof, and the exterior of the iron safe or tomb was perfectly rectangular and smooth."

"What was the size of the cases?"

"One was about twelve inches by eight, and three or four inches deep; and the other rather smaller," replied the old lawyer; "both too large for me to have hugged them into my pockets when I opened the steel chest, Mr. Artis."

"You held the keys, and if you

meant to take the treasure, you had it before."

"Enough of this," cried Capel. "It is plain that the bequest has been taken away. Mr. Girtle, we will finish at once—fulfill my uncle's commands. Come."

He went to the head of the oaken coffin and took one handle, when, influenced by his example, the others helped to raise it a little from the floor, and it was thrust in and onward, till it rested upon the bottom of the steel chest, nearly filling the space.

Capel stood on the right of the entrance, and for fully five minutes there was perfect silence in the solemn chamber.

"Go on, Mr. Girtle," Capel said, at last; and the old man bent down, thrust the key in the end, gave a half-turn, and the two ponderous sides slowly curved over till they were nearly together, leaving only a few inches of the shining brass breast-plate visible. Then there was a faint click, and the left side fell heavily, setting free the right, which descended with a loud bang and closed tightly over a rebate in the lower side—so closely that it was only by holding a candle near that the junction could be seen.

"Go on!" and the old lawyer again inserted a key.

There was no show of effort on his part as the old lawyer turned the key, when the end of the iron chamber closed in tightly; and after once more examining the blank stone chamber they slowly ascended the steps. Then the iron door was locked, and Mr. Girtle handed Capel the keys.

An hour later a couple of masons were at work with the stones that were below in the locked-up cellar, and the next day they had filled in a wall of six feet thick, cemented over the face, so that only a dark patch showed where the entrance to the colonel's tomb had been.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Young Doctor.

"Look here," said Artis, "you mustn't be offended with me. I speak very plainly; and if I can be of any use to you I will."

They were in the drawing-room, Preenham having announced that the masons had left.

"I am not going to think of your remarks."

"I was thinking of going to-day," continued Artis; "but I feel now that I ought not to go and leave you in a regular hole like this."

"There is no need for you to stay."

"Well, no need, of course; but I suppose you will not kick me out."

"Of course not. You are welcome."

"That's right," said Artis. "You see," he continued, looking round to where Katrine and Lydia sat together, "I feel it due to myself to stop and show that I had no hand in that."

"No one accused you, Mr. Artis."

"Oh, no, of course not; that would be too good a joke. Then I shall stay."

"Our case is different," said Lydia, turning red, and then pale. "Mr. Capel, Miss D'Enghien and I, if we can be of no more use, would like to say good-bye this afternoon."

"But why?" cried Capel, as he glanced at the speaker, and then fixed his eyes on Katrine. "There is no occasion for you to leave."

"I think Miss Lawrence is right," Katrine said.

"But I want help and counsel from both of you. You must not leave me yet."

"Impossible! Why? Etiquette? Is not Mr. Girtle here? Are not things as they have been since we met?"

"I did not know that Mr. Girtle was going to stay," said Katrine, softly. "If I felt that we could be of any service—"

"Then you will stay?" cried Capel, warmly.

Katrine hesitated, looked up, then down, raised her eyes once more, and left her chair to take Lydia's hand.

"Let us go upstairs," she said, softly.

Lydia rose at once.

"You do not speak," said Capel. "Katrine did not answer till they reached the door, and then she raised her eyes to his with a long, timid look."

"If Lydia consents, so will I."

"And will you stay, Miss Lawrence, to help me?" cried Capel, warmly.

"I will," said Lydia, gravely.

"That's right," cried Capel, opening the door for them to pass out, and catching Katrine's eye for a moment as she passed.

"Curse her! She's playing a dangerous game," said Artis to himself, as he watched the ladies leave the room.

Glancing aside, he saw that the old lawyer was watching him narrowly.

"I suppose you are not glad that I am going to stay, Mr. Girtle," he said.

"For some things I am," said the old man, coolly; "for others I am not."

Just then Capel returned.

The two girls separated as they reached their rooms, Katrine kissing Lydia's cheek; and then as soon as she was alone her countenance changed, and she sat gazing with glowing eyes that seemed full of some purpose upon which she was bent.

At the same time Lydia Lawrence sat with her face buried in her hands, weeping silently, and wishing that she were back in her country home.

Very little was said below, for Mr. Girtle had an engagement in the city, and left the young men together.

"You won't have a detective set to work?"

"No."

"Well, do as you like. I'm off for a run, to get rid of this gloom. Back to dinner."

"Thank goodness!" said Artis, breathing more freely; and five minutes after he was slowly crossing the square, wondering who the man was who had just gone up to the door he had left.

"I've seen his face before," he muttered. "Why, of course, the young doctor. What does he want?"

Capel was thinking of the fortune

that had slipped through his fingers. Depressed, and yet at times overjoyed, for Katrine's glance had been full of hope. But he must trace the money that had been taken, and the gems—how lovely they would look on Katrine's neck!

He sighed as he pictured her thus adorned; and he was sinking into a day-dream, when the door opened softly, and Preenham entered with the doctor's card.

"Dr. Heston? Show him up."

Capel motioned his visitor to a chair, when the keen-looking young doctor, who was watching him narrowly, said:

"I dare say you are surprised to see me here."

"Oh, no, A. call?"

"I only make professional calls, Mr. Capel. I have come to you on an important matter."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Capel.

"Yes. Respecting the death of one of those two men—the Indian, sir. I'm afraid there was some foul-play there."

"Foul play? Why," he was killed with a life-preserver."

The doctor tapped with his fingers on his hat, as if he were heating a funeral march. Then, quickly,

"No, sir; the more I study this case the more I feel convinced that he was not."

CHAPTER XIV.

A Clever Diplomatist.

"Dr. Heston, you surprise me. There was the inquest."

"Yes, where my opinion, sir, was overruled by the coroner and my colleague—both elderly medical men, sir, while I am young and inexperienced. You are disposed to think that this is a case of professional jealousy?"

"I will be frank with you. I did think so."

"Exactly; but pray disabuse your mind. I am not jealous. I am angry with myself for giving way in that case. It seemed all very straightforward, but it was not."

"May I ask you what you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that I am certain that our poor old Indian friend did not die from the blow which he received from that life-preserver."

"How then?" said Capel, huskily.

"It seems to me that he must have been poisoned in some way or another, and I could not rest without coming to you."

"Oh, impossible."

"Perhaps so, sir, but I am telling you what I believe. Do you think he had any enemies here?"

"Oh, no; the servants seemed to have been on friendly terms."

"Well, it hardly seems like it."

"That wretch must have yielded to a terrible temptation," said Capel, "and the other was defending his master's goods."

"What goods?" said the doctor.

Capel was silent.

"I see, sir, there is more mystery about this than you care to explain. Was there some heavy sum of money in the late colonel's room, and were these two men in league?"

"I don't think they were in league."

"Was anyone else interested in the matter?"

"Oh, no, impossible," said Capel, half aloud. "Dr. Heston, I am afraid there is a good deal of imagination in what you say. Let me try and disabuse your mind."

"I should be glad if you could."

Capel paced the room for a few minutes.

"This has taken me quite by surprise, Dr. Heston," he said. "Give me a little time to think it over. Will you keep perfectly private all that you have said to me?"

"I don't like to suspect men unjustly, and yet I'm afraid I've done wrong in giving him time," said the doctor, as he went down. "Well, a week is not an age."

As soon as he had left, Paul Capel let his head go down upon his hands, for his brain seemed to be in a whirl; the death of Ramo, the disappearance of the fortune, the visit of the doctor, it only wanted this latter, with the hints he had thrown out, to fire a train of latent suspicion in the young man's mind.

There was that open window that the policeman had declared had not been used. Was he wrong? Had others been in the conspiracy, and turned afterward on Ramo and Charles? They might have been in the plot. Or, again, they might have been defending their master's wealth against the wretch who had escaped with the treasure by the open window.

Those three Italians! Had they anything to do with the matter?

The old butler! He seemed so quiet and innocent! But often beneath an air of innocence crime found a resting-place.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.
Tha sinn gu iriosalach eiridh comh-chuideachadh airson colbh na Callig'

Cha 'n fhada an uine gus am bi Sior-ranachd Victoria air thoiseach air na h-uile aite ann a Canada leatha tighnean sgoile tha mor briagha agus comhfhurtachail. Gu araidh tha so ri fhaicinn mu thimcheall St. Anns agus a Cladaich a Tuath. Cuiridh e pròis mhòr air neach air bhith dol troimhe nan aitean ud 'nuair a' chi e an teach air aghart iongantach rinn iad o chionn trì no ceithir do bhliadhnaichean ann an togail eaglaisean agus tighnean sgoile. Tois-eachadh aig Bagh Baddeck far am bheil tigh sgoil ur, mor, agus leantunn sios ch'inn tighinn sgoil mor ion-mholta aig a Cnoc Mhor, Chaolan a Tuath, 'n Abhainn a Tuath, Tairbair, Chov na Eagann, Allt an Inneanach, Chov a Gheoidh agus aig an Abhainn Phrangach. Thuilleadh oera so tha moran eile timcheall an arda tuath ag ullachadh gus iad sud a bheithidh. Obair urramach! Deanaibh tighinn comhfhurtail do air mic as do air nigh-eanan anns am faigh iad an t'ionnsuchadh sin ni comasach iad air a bhi na luchd-aiteachaidh fennaid agus ion-raiteach. Gu fìor is e so deasannas na h-uile athair as mathair.

Tha chionn Ghaolach gabhail fois 's an an so ach ann a beagan lathainn toisichidh an sgoil a rithist. Bithidh maighstirean sgoile ur an so is an sud. Bu choir do na h-uile luchd mor a chuir air na sgoilean agus fir teagasg maith fhaighinn. An diugh tha cothrom ag a leanabh bhoch foghlunn fhaighinn cho maith ri cloinn a mhillionair. Gle thric tha na sendan as luachmhor 'ar a fhaicinn ann a cniltean dorchadh. Ge lion neach bochd le canchann oir-dheare—nllamh gu deardh no faigh-eadh i a cothrom, da 'n boiginn a bheo-lande a dheamh leis a phoicaid as a fshovel nuair a bha a duine leis an canchann bheag, gidheadh thair foghlunn, a faighean a theachd-an-tir le suainneas. Ach gu ar la, as gineal-aidh agus sgoilean. Tha moran shectionanan a deamh mearachd mhòr le a bhi saolsinn gun dean maighstir sgoile sam bi a gnòthach gu teagasg clann og—gu sgoil a chumail far nach eil na sgoilearan fad air an adhairt. Mearachd mhòr a' tha so. Mar as oige a leanabh is ann is mo a fheumas na parantain an aire thoirt gum bi fear teagasg maith thairis air. Mar as oige is ann 's furasda a chuir ceann agus bithidh e gle dhuilich a chuir, agus a chumail ceart ris. Feumaidh bhunait a bhi air an lay ro mhaith air no bithidh trioblaid ann. Aon uair as gu bi a chloinn air an teagasg gu maith ge b'e air bith cho bochd as a bhithis an ath mhaistir sgoil cha bhi e gle furasda dha milleadh a dheanadh mar dean e maith. Tha moran d'io dhaoinibh na ministirean as na luchd-ceard nach faigh thairis gu brath air an droch teagasg a fhuair iad bhon cheud maighstir sgoile. Uine sin air a pu h-uile cor faidhich gach section am maighstir sgoil a' fòarr as urrainn i go be no chostas e. Thoiridh sgoil maith do air cloinn. Gun so chan fhaighidh an uachdar 'san tsaothal sa. Ge be air bi gu te an ni a ni a duine ionnsuichte bidhidh e air a dheanadh n's fear na's urrain a neach gun foghlum a dhean-ann. Tha an obair is eifeachdachaidhe theid a dheanadh an crochadh ris an inneal agus an heart tha leis, no air a chuib. 'Cuir claidheamh Dhamasens le fhaobhair ro-ghèur ann an lannaidh leanabh agus gu te cho neo-eifeachdach. Cuir carbad asal an a lann Shamsen, agus air son a neart, marbhuidh e na ceudan ach gu te na dheanadh e thairis air so le claidheamh geur Dhamasens. Tha rum gu leor air mullaeh an fharadh anns na h-uile ceard agus dreachd air son an neach a tha ionnsuichte, ciuin, stuama agus gnìomhach. Cha 'n eil rum idir ann an so do n' fhear neo-fhoghlumate. Co a bha air an taghaidh gun oibrichibh cumhachdach a dheanadh o thoiseach an tsaothal? Co fhuair a mach nach uile innleachd ar' iad sin a bha ionnsuichte. So eachdraidh a chinne daoina.

Tha so ro-mhath ach cha fheum-ar di-chuimhne a dheanadh air an ionnsuchadh no teagasg na dachaidh—an teagasg aig glun, nam mathair. So an fionnsuchadh as ro-fhearr. Isann bhoam mathraicean a fhuir no daoina is ainmeil a bha riobh air thalamh an fionnsuchadh rinn mar sin iad. Chuir gach aon d'iu urra air an teagasg. Feumaidh a cridhe a bhi ceart. Se a cridhe a riaghas agus a stinras lann ceur Dhamasens an foghlum. Tha foghlum eifeachdach gus a maith no f'olce chuir ar 'n adhairt. Seall seall Mhuais. Air fhòlach tri miosa—air a chuir sa chobhan cullce aig braich na h-aimhne agus a phintha am fad naith a dh' fhaicinn ciod a dheanta ris. Thairig nighean Pharaoh a nna gus an amhainn agus an uair thugadh d a h-ionnsuidh a cobhan—dh' fhosgail i e, agus fench ghul an naoidhean. Agus ghabh i truas ris. An sin thubairt a phiuthar ri nighean Pharaoh, an teid mise agus an gairm mi dhuil banaltrum do na Mnaibh Eabh-ruidheach a chum as gu'n altrum i 'n leanabh dhuil? Cia cho mor as na bha an crochadh ris an fhreagairt—cor clainn Israel—shuagh Dhe. Thubhairt nighean Pharaoh Falbh. Chaidh i agus ghairm i mathair an leinibh. Cia cho dileas as a bha i gu teagasg an an aidmheil na'n Iudhach re na'n dheich bliadhna a' bha e maille ri. Cha do dhi—chunbhich Maos riomb teagasg a

mhathair. Chaidh e troimh chollegian mora nan Eiphteach. Bha e na urrain mor leis na oil-thighean so mac nighean Pharaoh a bhi a'g ionnsuchadh annta. Agus dh' fhoghlumadh Maos am an uile ghliocas nan Eiphteach gidheadh thug teagasg a mhaith bnaidh oirra uile agus mu dhearaidh dhuil e bhi air a ghairm na mhac do nighinn Pharaoh, a roghnachadh amhar fhuilang maille ri shuagh Dhe. Nach iomadh Maos agus Timoteus a bhithidh againn na a dheanadh na h-uile mathair a dhean-annas. Cuiridh gach bean ghlic a tigh suas; ach leagaidh a' bhean amaideach sios e le a lannaidh feig—Prov. 14.1.

Literature the War Will Make.

There is no doubt that this war will have an effect on our literature. Literature is much more of a business now than it used to be. At least one well known author has gone to the scene of the conflict to get material and local color and who knows how many correspondents may not be sustained through their hard and self-sacrificing work by their literary ambition; by the thought of how valuable the impressions they receive may be in later and more glorious days. Seamen have made a field practically unworked as yet by literature. It is the universal complaint that an unworked field is a hard thing to find nowadays; and certainly in the incidents that have already taken place, this field promises well. But the conflict possesses in itself all the essential elements of romance. One can see novels in the mere statement of the dramatis personae. The Dons, handsome, with the blue blood of centuries in their veins; cowardly or desperately brave, chivalrous or tricky, as may be most useful; the Cubans, as rescued heroine or patriotic hero; the American rescuer, dashing, daring, clever, victorious; the patrician American girl who has gone to the front as a nurse; the great ship, the tropical sea, its sudden storms and its wonderful moon; the beautiful suffering country, with its mocking luxuriance, the high purpose that animates the conquering fighters—there will be novels enough when the war is over; the Hispano-American war will not want for a place in fiction as well as in history.

Thus the emotional and dramatic possibilities are obvious to all. For an example of the unusually effective scenic background take the impressive setting of the Merrimac episode. It was one to invite so strongly the hand of romance, painter and poet, that one feels that it is destined to a place in art. There was the human setting in the silence of the anxious, watching fleet, every man of whom knew on what desperate errand the heroes were slowly drawing away. Then there was the background of nature which furnished a stately poetic scene. Tall sentinel shadows where the day had left gloomy fortresses that were now asleep appeared as black masses rising into darkness from an inky sea. The only sound was the haping of the waves on the sides of the ghost-like vessel creeping to its doom. The starless sky hung low, and through a break in the clouds no bigger than a hand the mysterious, watching, sailing moon lent the little light that was needed. And then, as the vessel drew to the place appointed, there broke, with all the suddenness of the tropic's morning, the grey light of dawn. With it the forts on the hill awoke, the pitiless fire leaped forth on the helpless ship and crew. The silence and darkness of night had given away in an instant to light and a deafening roar that made the fit accompaniment, the incomparable finale of nature and man combined, to the courageous act.

Or take the details of the great battle of Santiago. What writer is he who, sure as he can be of his audience, can find no literary inspiration in these scenes? It has been suggested that nations need war from time to time as a stimulus, a tonic, for an injection of manliness and primitive, natural emotion, to save them from degenerate effeminacy. The theory is belligerent. Without subscribing to it, the muses can yet find in war's ill wind the good of invigoration, a wholesome freshening, and a breeze that blows the cobwebs out of weary brains. War gives a temporary glory to the sword that makes it cut a swathe where pens can only scratch; but in the end—in the restoration of normal conditions new scenes and new characters, to resuscitate old thoughts are found to come out of war's confusion.

"Why," asked the teacher, "did the Romans call their emperor Augustus?" Clearly it was the opportunity of the bad boy, who is some day to be admiral or a secretary of the treasury or something. "They didn't dare to call him Gus!" he shouts, dissonantly.—Detroit Journal.

She did not hesitate to express alarm concerning the young soldiers' future. "Have no fears," he exclaimed, cheerily. "We have a colonel who is both gallant and discreet and subordinate officers who are intelligent as well as brave." "I know that, Harold dear. But what kind of a cook have you?"—Washington Star.

"Dickie, how did you happen to eat the whole pie?"
 "Mamma, I played you wuz grandma, an' told me to take all I wanted."

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