

Ms A. H. Lutherland  
From Miss Selina Pappay  
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# BADDECK TELEPHONE

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

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NO. 1.

## ROSS-SHIRE AND ITS PEOPLE.

By Rev. M. A. McKenzie, Middle River.  
[Written for the Telephone.]  
No. 1.

The county of Ross, Scotland, lies between that of Inverness to the south and Sutherlandshire to the north. It comprises with little exception all the land between the Gulf of Dornock to the West Coast in conjunction with the island of Lewis. In area it comes next to Inverness and Argyre, possessing many excellent qualities characteristic of these counties. The topography of the land is somewhat variable. On the West Coast and all northwards we find gneiss existing—the most ancient of rocks—then a little inward we meet the Silurian formation and to the extreme east of the county the old red sandstone of commerce abounds in luxuriant layers. The interior of the county is generally rocky and mountainous, suitable for nothing except sheep and deer. From Muir of Ord to Bonarbridge is comparatively level and from thence there run in a westerly direction, Strath Cinon, and Strath Peffer—the latter continues its course with little interruption until Loch Carron and Stromeferry are reached. Then there are from these westerly thoroughfares many indentations whereby travellers can communicate with their Sutherlandshire brethren lying due north. Whilst the West Coast and many parts of the interior abound in good land and flourishing farms; it is between Muir of Ord to the east and Bonarbridge already referred to that princely farms exist, comparable to the best in any country. Here the land is alluvial and the topography of the country is particularly romantic. Capitalists alone can invest where many farms comprise from 300 to 700 acres at \$15 each of rent besides other burdens. I have known farms in the vicinity of Dingwall to yield a rent of \$30 per acre with good profit; this will give an idea of the excellent soil and splendid markets existing in '72 when this was the case.

Arable lands yield the proprietor but one rent whilst the mountainous generally secure him no less than three. 1st, the farmer pays him for sheep grazing; 2nd, the sportsman pays his quota for deer or grouse shooting; 3rd, the angler comes next for his share of the sport and 4th, picnic parties and others are charged for any damage they create on the lordly domains of those Siren tyrants. Everything here can readily be converted into money whatever it is and wherever it comes from, hence trade is seldom stagnant and the country is full of life. Visitors come in abundance. In the busy season of the year every train and steamer is loaded after which other vehicles are pressed into the tourist's service. Dingwall, Strathpeffer and Stromeferry are the chief attractions. Strathpeffer in particular having risen into enviable prominence on account of its mineral springs. In 1896, when I paid that locality my latest visit, \$18 per week were considered an ordinary charge for two rooms in a wayside cottage. We noticed three stupendous hotels in the little town (having only a population of about 5,000) besides cottages and smaller hotels—where accommodations is so scarce on some occasions as to compel the benighted new comer to bivouac in the open fields.

Ross-shire has many notable marks of antiquity which will in subsequent issues receive our attention. The Knockfarrel vetrifed forts are still the unexplained wonderful work of ancient days. Brahan Castle, the seat of the MacKenzies, Tulloch Castle, the seat of the ancient house of Tulloch; Balmagmore, the palatial residence of the Rosses; Gairloch House, the Tower of Fairburn with many others around which romance and fairytales cluster bestud the landscape raising up their burnished walls from among rich foliage or looking down from some elevated summit with arrogant pride on the valleys below. Besides these there are innumerable druidical circles, round conical towers, monuments evidently—memorials of some long forgotten conflict, Pictish underground dwellings with subterraneous passages commonly computed to be the residences of the terror stricken fairies. We shall hereafter prove to our reader's satisfaction that fairies were real persons identically like ourselves and not fictitious or imaginary personalities as many suppose them to be.

The people who inhabit the county are either the natives who speak the Gaelic language or the imported Sasanach (Englishman) who made it his home for the sake of gain or pleasure. Like many other counties depopulation has taken place to an alarming extent, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia receiving the overplus that could be spared. They were a stalwart and a powerful people long-lived, and as to their character genial and hospitable. Few could match them in physical traits and mental propensities, but they had to clear out to make room for the red Esau who tarried behind to pick the bones. The leading geologist of the century breathed the fresh air of Ester Ross—the western sent to the battle field the soldiers who fought and conquered for our crown. Eminent physicians and powerful preachers are numbered among the sons who shall in other issues call for more than passing remarks. Scotland as a whole is a land of song and story of "ancient fame and glory." I shall when convenient "telephone" to our readers regarding these should they prove acceptable.

## A TENEMENT-HOUSE EPISODE

By George W. McKee, B. Sc., M. D.  
[Written for the Telephone.]

It would be hard to imagine a drearier, ghastlier, more God-forsaken place than Dove Street, South Boston, even in plain summer.

It is a row of uneven, rotten, damp looking tenement houses, facing a rubbish dump, whose outer edge forms the sea wall when the tide is in. More desolate still at low water, the outlook beyond the dump is a flat slimy expanse of grey mud, strewn with shells, broken glass, old iron and an occasional dead cat.

Imagine, if you can, such a place on a howling winter night; the east wind from the harbor driving the snow and salt spray against rattling windows with a sound like shot; snow and half-frozen mud inches deep on the street; the only light one flickering gas-lamp in its broken glass box, and you see it as it was that wild night I saw it first, called out at midnight to see a child,—dying—the policeman said who called me. Shivering with cold, I stumbled up two flights of rickety, broken stairs, that were covered with snow drifted in through the broken windows. Steps were missing here and there. Six months' charity practice had taught me what had become of them.

Not even the bitter cold and drifted snow had been able to stifle the sickening, penetrating tenement-house smell, that acrid suggestion of filth, of filth, and crowded unwashed human bodies, that once experienced can never be forgotten.

As I felt for the door in the darkness, a scream, half shriek, short, terrible, came from the room in front: the cry of a child in suffocating agony. I had heard it before. There is nothing like it, thank God!

Before I opened the rickety door, I knew what to expect.

I had seen misery enough, heaven knows, during my six months' work amongst the poor of that district, but never such a picture of heartrending wretchedness as this.

A candle, stuck in a bottle sitting on the mantle shelf, flickered and went out as I opened the door. I struck a match and lighted it.

On the dirty floor, in front of what had just been a fire, crouched a woman. She looked up at me as I lighted the candle, but did not speak. I close my eyes now, and can see the awful hopeless agony in her eyes, May I never see such another face!

A thin, drawn, gray face, tear-stained, starved, feelingless! On a heap of rags near the stove lay the child who had screamed, tossing restlessly and moaning, twisting its poor thin body into horrible shapes, its face swollen and purple, its head

(Concluded next week.)

## The Argyre Highlanders in Camp.

The 94th battalion "Argyre Highlanders" Lt.-Colonel Bethune, M. P. commanding, went into camp at Baddeck River June 21st, for 12 days drill. All six companies came in full strength and one and all were delighted with the camp grounds and general situation. The ordinary routine of camp duties went on satisfactorily (as usual in the 94th) from reveille at 5.30 a. m. till "last post" at 10 p. m.

The absence of some of the old officers was noticed and a good deal of apprehension was felt as to how the battalion would be able to survive the retirement of Major and Adjutant Foyle. It would be with much hesitation that a young officer such as Acting Adjutant David McLae would undertake the difficult and worrisome duties of such a position and much surprise and satisfaction was felt at the able way in which the work was carried out. The commanding and self-confident way in which Acting Major John P. McNeil called out "steady," as the battalion dressed up, showed that the officer and the office were harmonious.

M. A. J. McDonald was the new quartermaster, and with his ability as a writer and book-keeper kept his accounts accurately. He has offered a reward of \$5 for the discovery of the thief who appropriated a rubber blanket from No. 6 company's camp.

There was very little work for the new surgeon, Dr. Dan McDonald, but after all, by a careful watch over the health and surroundings, prevention appeared better than cure.

A marked feature of the 94th battalion is the ability and fine physique of the non-commissioned officers, and a finer body of sergeants will not be found in any regiment in the Dominion.

A rifle association has been organized with at present about sixty members, with a council of seven officers and three as a committee of managers. The president is Lt.-Col. Bethune and secretary and treasurer, Dr. J. B. Hart, of Baddeck. It is under the regulation of the N. S. Prov. Rifle Association. All the officers are members and appear to be taking an active interest in it.

That the good shooting of a regiment is a prime necessity is shown in the choice by the department of Militia of such a good man as Sergeant Duncan as musketry instructor. He is not only a very agreeable fellow but an able drill and put the battalion through a thorough course of instruction on the Enfield rifle. The good results were shown by the scores made by the men at the target.

Capt. Curran, of Halifax was in camp most of the time looking after the stores and pay. He however did not waste his spare time but was assiduous in booming up things and took the leading part in the celebration on the 1st July.

On this date the morning was occupied by ordinary drill and inspection of companies by the D. O. G. In the afternoon the battalion formed up and fired a "feu de joie." At the end of each volley the band played four bars of the "Queen." Then came the march past to the regimental march "Argyre Highlanders" written specially for the battalion by Prof. W. S. Ripley. A royal salute and cheers were heartily given. After the official celebration the rest of the afternoon was given to sport.

The band showed up in good shape and their music lent spirit and color to the encampment. It was wonderful how quickly the men learned the step and caught on to the march time as they followed the band from the camp to the parade ground. The bandmaster, H. P. Blanchard was highly complimented by Colonel Irving for the good band he had and considered that his instruction had borne good fruit.

The D. O. C., Col. Irving was exceedingly popular with the men. They felt one and all that he had the real welfare of the battalion at heart, and whatever of strictness or attention he demanded was for the interest of the men and to advance the standing of the regiment.

Camp broke up on July 2nd amid general good feeling and cheers, with regret only that there was not another twelve days of camp life.

H. B. J.

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# BEGINNING OF THE WAR IN EARNEST.

## The U. S. Forces Lost Heavily in Friday's Big Battle.

### DROVE THE SPANIARDS FROM THE TRENCHES.

Over 1,000 Killed and Wounded—Assaults and Repulses—Rumor That Cervera's Fleet Has Been Destroyed—Gen. Miles Says it was a Drawn Battle—Shafter Urges the Immediate Sending of Reinforcements—Hospitals Crowded With Sick and Wounded—The Spanish Version—Linares Wounded—U. S. Officers Killed—Sampson's Share in the Fight—It Begins to Resemble a Real War.

Washington, July 3.—The following despatch was received at the War Department: "Playa del Este, July 3.—Siboney office confirms statement that all the Spanish fleet, except one warship, destroyed and burning on the beach. It was witnessed by Capt. Smith, who told the operator. There is no doubt of its correctness. (Signed) Allan, signal officer."

"Playa del Este, July 3.—The destruction of Cervera's fleet is confirmed. (Signed) Allan, Lieutenant-Colonel."

An earlier despatch from Lieut.-Col. Allan, signal officer at Playa del Este, says that all the vessels of Cervera's fleet made a dash out of the harbor of Santiago to-day, and then, apparently before they were placed hors de combat, ran into the beach with one exception, grounded, and were blown up by the Spanish crews. "One ship started out to sea, and Col. Allan adds that our fleet is after her and will capture her in a few minutes."

#### TWO DAYS FIGHTING.

##### U. S. Version of the Struggle Before Santiago.

San Juan Hill, overlooking Santiago de Cuba, July 2.—After two days of the most terrific fighting, during which more than eight hundred of our men were killed and wounded, the American army is still outside Santiago, but is knocking hard at its gates. It is only a question of hours when it must get in. On all sides our batteries look down on the city, and are pouring an awful fire into the Spanish fortifications which face our men. The enemy lie in their entrenchments, struggling for every inch of ground. The Spanish soldiers are fighting like devils. Ours are forcing them constantly back, killing them by hundreds, and never yielding an inch that they have gained. Now and then outside the harbor Admiral Sampson's fleet thunders death at Morro Castle and the adjoining defences. The hills and the valleys also re-echo the roar of the big guns and the rattle and crash of musketry. The Morro is almost in ruins. Its batteries are all but silenced. The huge Spanish flag which floated so defiantly from the Morro and which was the only one in sight from the sea on the south coast, has been shot away, and there are great yawning holes in the masonry of the hillside defences.

THE SITUATION.

Six miles from the sea, at the head of what is practically a salt water lake, lies Santiago, surrounded on all sides by high mountains which rise straight up from the water. These mountains stand in ridges practically running parallel with the coast. Between the first and second ridges is the entrance of the harbor is Aguadores, which is south of the city itself. Southeast of Santiago, on the top of a hill, is San Juan, from which place this despatch is sent. A short distance north of the city is El Caney. Santiago is a walled city, and Aguadores, San Juan and El Caney are its outposts.

PLAN OF ATTACK.

It was decided to make the attack all along the line and to never stop the fighting until Santiago was taken. On Thursday the Yankees had the city practically surrounded. The plan of attack comprised a joint assault by the fleet and army on Aguadores, and a military attack alone on El Caney and San Juan, the fleet diverting the attention of the enemy by occasionally bombarding.

At 3 o'clock Gen. Lawton was on the Caney road, around the mountains. Gen. Duffield was at the railroad, with his troops in trains, while Gen. Wheeler went up the valley to the hillside ranch Poso. He planted Grimes' battery of four pieces there, 2,600 yards from the Santiago forts. Gen. Lawton's division was led by Gen. Chaffee's brigade, with Col. Ludlow supporting. Col. Miles' brigade supported Gen. Wheeler in the centre. Capron's battery was planted on a bluff a mile and a half from El Caney.

THE ATTACK BEGINS.

All was in readiness at daylight. The Spaniards did not discover the position of the Yankees till sunrise. Capron fired the first gun at 6 o'clock, and this opened the battle, which has been raging ever since. The report of the first gun re-echoed and re-echoed and then died away. There was no reply. Another shot followed, and then another. Still there was no reply. It looked as if the Spaniards would not fight. The Cubans believed that they were retreating. A thousand Cubans under Garcia and Demetrio Castillo hurried along the road to Caney el Poso to head them off. They were just in time to catch the fleeing Spaniards

at the Ducarance estate. There was a hot fight for a few minutes, and the Spaniards then went back to Caney, taking their wounded with them. The Cubans had nineteen wounded.

THE SPANISH BATTERIES.

Capron's battery damaged the town and the fortifications. As the twenty-eighth shot was being fired there was a whistling near the battery, followed by the explosion of a shell from the Reina Mercedes battery. Another and another followed, but the Spaniards did poor shooting. Their shells did not touch the battery, but fell on a house where some soldiers were, a distance away. The three shells wounded thirteen Cubans and eighteen Yankees. The duel became hot now. The Yankees fired quicker, now that they had a line on the fort. Every shot from their battery told, and so did many of the Spanish shells. Their firing showed much improvement, and their guns were handled in a masterly style. After an hour the firing ceased on both sides. Grimes' battery at El Poso had in the meantime opened firing across the gulch from the hill below San Juan. There was no reply until the tenth shot. Then the Spanish shells burst over the American line, all of them flying too high to do any harm to the battery.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

For half an hour the shells from both sides whistled and shrieked. The Spaniards on the hill were surrounded by a cloud of yellow dust that was torn up by the United States shells. Still they fired, but, as usual, their shells went too high. In half an hour more the position became too hot for them. Their firing gradually became weaker, and then ceased. The battery was silenced, and there were no Spaniards in sight. The Tenth and First Regiments and the Rough Riders were ordered to make a detour and take the hill. Then began the real fighting. The Spaniards were not in sight, but there were hundreds of them in concealment. The Rough Riders marched through the gulch across to the slope whereupon the blockhouse opened fire again. One of their shells wounded Mason Mitchell, Cuban Trooper Long and Sergeant Devore. At the same time the Spanish sharpshooters began popping away, picking off men here and there.

TAKEN BY ASSAULT.

The Spanish fire grew hotter and hotter, and our men dropped two and three at a time. When they came to the open smooth ridge there was no protection. Bullets were raining down on them, and shot and shells from the batteries were sweeping everything. There was a moment's hesitation, and then came the order, "Forward, charge."

The Rough Riders acted like veterans. It was an inspiring sight and an awful one. Astonished by the madness of the war, the Spaniards exposed themselves. This was a fatal mistake for them. The Tenth Cavalry picked them off like ducks and rushed on, up and up. The more Spaniards were killed the more opened to take their places. The rain of shells and bullets coaled. Men dropped faster and faster, but others took their places. The shooting of the Tenth Cavalry was wonderful. Their ranks closed as fast as they were thinned. At last the top of the hill was reached. The Spaniards in the trenches could still have annihilated the Yankees, but the Yankees, daring dazed them. They wavered for an instant, and then turned and ran. As they ran our men coolly picked them off.

THE POSITION WAS WON

and the blockhouse captured. Some of the guns also were captured, but not all of them. The men across the gulch cheered wildly, as they saw their comrades' victory. Gen. Lawton advanced, but was met by a hot rifle fire from the enemy in their entrenchments. Chaffee's Seventh, Seventeenth and Twelfth Infantry still had no artillery. On the extreme right our men spread out, getting the protection of the trees and bushes, and firing every time they saw a Spanish head. They were always advancing upon the outside line of trenches. The retreat of the Spaniards prevented a flank movement. Capron's artillery now resumed firing, its target being a stone fort in the town. Every shot went true, but the guns were not big enough to do the necessary work. They, however, made it so hot for the enemy that they had to leave several times. They always got back, though, before our infantry reached the fort. The force was then split, going in two directions at the same time. The fighting before they reached the town was nothing compared with their reception in the town. They were fired on from all sides by the enemy, who were concealed everywhere. The trenches in

view were filled with men, whose hats were visible. The Americans shot the hats to pieces, but killed none of the Spaniards, who had resorted to the old trick of placing their hats on sticks for our men to shoot at. The breastworks in the northeast corner of the town did the most damage. This position was not discovered for a long time. It fired a hot

ALMOST RESISTLESS FIRE

upon our men. The Spaniards lay down to avoid it. The Spaniards had the range, however, and killed and wounded many of our men as they lay on the ground. The officers suffered particularly. General Chaffee dashed here and there, giving orders and calling on his men to fight for their lives and to help their country to win a victory. The battery was at last discovered, and that was the end of it. Every Spaniard who showed himself was picked off. The trenches ran with blood. Capron at the same time silenced the fort again. Now was the time for the Yankees to advance. With a yell they dashed in, led by their officers, right up to the forts. Then up the slope they went, still cheering, and captured the position with scarcely a struggle. There was one blockhouse left. Capt. Clark was detailed by Gen. Chaffee to take it with one company. He advanced under an awful fire up and over the entrenchments, and the battle was won.

THE SPANIARDS RETREAT

in disorder. Every street leading out of the town was filled with the fleeing enemy. Of hundred and twenty-five of them were captured. The Seventy-first New York, which had been following Gen. Lawton toward El Caney, found the road taken by the Twenty-fourth Regiment, who were using it as a firing line. The Seventy-first turned off and joined the Sixth and Sixteenth Regiments, the first division of the Fifth Army Corps. Col. Kent of the Sixteenth Regiment had a company of the Seventy-first stragglers put as pickers along the road, guarded by Capt. M. A. Rafferty, of Co. E, Seventy-first Regiment, who distinguished himself in the fighting. A Spanish blockhouse on a hill a mile away was giving trouble. The Sixteenth Regiment was sent ahead as skirmishers. The Sixth Regiment advanced on the left and the Seventy-first on the right to support the Sixteenth. Captain Rafferty's company held the right of the line of skirmishers. Half a mile of the hill was wooded, which afforded protection to our men, but the last half a mile was open, level land, where there was not the slightest chance to escape from the fire of the enemy.

BAD STRATEGY.

The skirmishers were half way across the open space, and it looked as though the capture of the blockhouse would be easy, when, without any warning, the whole hillside rained shot and shell upon the advancing line. The Spaniards had waited until there was no chance for our men to get back under cover before opening fire on them. The Seventy-first dashed out into the open, facing the fire of shrapnel that burst in their ranks, tearing holes four men deep, while Mauser bullets kept dropping the men. The boys never wavered. They closed their ranks as they were torn open. They marched a few steps, pouring their deadly fire to the aid of the Sixteenth Regiment. The officers ran along the line, calling upon their men to keep cool and to move forward. They were in the most exposed position. Before they were half way across the field the Seventy-first had lost over seventy men killed and wounded. The fire grew more and more awful every minute. The enemy were behind breastworks and out of sight. The Yankees broke into a run and headed straight for Santiago. The Sixth Regiment came out after the Seventy-first in the face of the same fire. Their ranks were cut to pieces, but there was no flinching. Right into the teeth of it, on across the open, dashed up they ran, the whole body pouring their deadly fire into them. Half way up the hill our men caught sight of the enemy, and for the first time returned their fire at close range, with deadly effect. Capt. Rafferty's company was now leading. They dashed up the hill to its crest with bayonets fixed and charged on the trenches, driving the Spaniards out at the point of the bayonet and shooting them as they fled. They captured the blockhouse, and before they were through the hill was covered with dead Spaniards. The pits were also full of dead and wounded, who were thrown out by the Yankees. Three Spaniards were captured. After the Yankees had emptied the pits they occupied them themselves. Nearly every one of Capt. Rafferty's men was wounded. They held their pit for

an hour until the sharpshooters and the cavalry on the next hill made it too hot for them.

FORCED TO RETIRE.

Capt. Rafferty saw that he could not gain anything by holding to the captured position, so he withdrew his men over the crest and half down the hill, out of range of the Spaniards. With reinforcements from his own regiment he made a move to the left flank, his men crawling on their bellies till they got in position to concentrate their fire on the Spaniards on the other hill. They soon drove the enemy into their trenches, and held this position for three-quarters of an hour, while the Seventy-first, Sixteenth and Sixth Regiments moved around to the right and, in the face of another blinding fire, charged up the second hill, dislodging the Spaniards, driving them out of their trenches and capturing some prisoners and a stand of colors. The Spaniards who were driven off reformed in other trenches, and the battle went on for hours. The Spaniards tried to recapture their position, but were driven off again and again with heavy losses. The Yankees passed on, fighting, and drove them out of their trenches, the enemy leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

THE HORROR MAKER AGAIN.

It was at this point that the Spaniards showed themselves incapable of carrying on civilized warfare, and acted in a way which many thought called for reprisals. They deliberately fired on our wounded as they were being taken from the field, but, fortunately, despite their evil intentions, they did little harm. At the latest reports the steady advance of the Yankees had carried them to within half a mile of Santiago. On every hill-top around Santiago was a blockhouse and entrenchments. There were probably twenty, all told. The San Juan River runs at the foot of the San Juan hill on the far side from the city. There was a blockhouse on its bank. The Ninth Cavalry was sent to capture it, while the Seventy-First Regiment was doing its fighting. They adopted Indian tactics and sought shelter as much as possible, dodging from tree to tree, but always advancing. At 3 in the afternoon the First and Tenth Cavalry came up, and did the Rough Riders. Col. Taylor took the Ninth out and flanked the enemy on the left between our troops and the river. The Manigús was up to their shoulders. All the troops advanced into this. The enemy had recovered meanwhile and was sending

A HEAVY FIRE

into our ranks. Men were dropping everywhere. Some one set up the old-fashioned rebel yell, and the others took it up as one man. The soldiers leaped forward, charging and shooting, across the field to the river. The steep banks were muddy, but our men dashed and slid down them, yelling like mad. Across the stream they went and up the other side, the Spaniards pouring shot and shell into them at a lively rate. They could no more stop the advance, however, than they could have stopped an avalanche. The blockhouse, a hundred yards away, continued its fire, and contested every inch of the advance. The yelling and enthusiastic Yankees charged on the blockhouse, driving the enemy before them. They held their position for a while, but the enemy opened fire on them with heavy artillery from another hill. Now there was but one position left to carry, San Juan itself. The batteries there were heavy, and there were earthworks everywhere, besides a stone house, which was an important defence. The whole hill was filled with Spaniards. All day long a balloon was working in charge of Lieut. Maxwell. It was raised 200 feet, and from it Lieut. Maxwell was able from observation to pick out the enemy's position in the brush and to send word to the earth to aid the soldiers in driving them out. He located all the enemy on the San Juan hill. The balloon was fired on frequently, and finally it had to be withdrawn miles for safety. The hill was steeper than any that had already been taken, and there were more Spaniards on it with heavier guns, and the men knew how to use them.

CHARGING THE HILL.

The charge was the greatest of the day, and the most important, for the hill was the chief defence overlooking Santiago. Gen. Hawkins called upon our men to charge. The Spanish fire seemed irresistible, but the men did not flinch. With yells they charged up the hill. The merciless shells tore gaps in their ranks, but they went, inspired by Gen. Hawkins and their officers. Company E in front. Capt. McFarland was killed in the first moments of the rush. His company wavered a moment, and then Lieut. Carey jumped into the lead and yelled, "Come on, company E." The company dashed on, but a few minutes later Lieut. Carey was killed. Not only from the front, but from the side, the hottest kind of fire was directed against the Yankees, cutting their ranks to pieces. There was no time to get to the top of the hill when the Yankees dashed among the Spaniards, drove them out, and bayoneted and cut them to pieces. Captain Cavanaugh planted the flag on the hilltop, and the sight of it caused unbounded enthusiasm. Our loss was fearful, but we had carried the position which commanded the city. The trenches were full of dead Spaniards. The hill once carried, the work of strengthening the position began immediately. The stone house was still to be captured. The men who were carrying the wounded, and who were under the protection of the Red Cross, were shot down without the slightest compunction by Spanish riflemen. The Yankees took 149 prisoners. The Second Massachusetts Regiment came up in the afternoon and aided in holding the position.

ORELIMAN'S TALE.

The Correspondent Caught a Bullet, but is Able to Tell the Story.

New York, July 3.—Mr. J. Creelman, a reporter, was desperately wounded, but dictated the following story of the fight: "The extraordinary thing in this fight, of all the fights I have seen, is the enormous amount of ammunition

fired. There was a continuous roar of musketry from 4 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The artillery kept up a steady fire on the fort and town, and finally demolished the fort. Several times the Spaniards were driven from it. Each time they returned to it, before the infantry could approach it. The Spanish fired from loopholes in the stone house, and furthermore were on the east side of the fort in trenches. They fought like devils. The fact was the fire came from heavy breastworks on the north-west corner of El Caney, where the principal Spanish force lay, with their hats on sticks to deceive. The enemy poured in a fearful fire. The seventeen regiments had to lie down flat. Even then the boys were killed. To turn the left of the Spanish position it was necessary to get the blockhouse. Gen. Chaffee detailed Capt. Clark, when the artillery had reduced the blockhouse, to approach and occupy it. Clark and Capt. Haskell started up. I had been on the ridge and knew the condition of affairs, and could show them the way. We got the wire cutters out to cut the wire in front of the Spanish trench. I jumped over the strands and got in the trench. It was a horrible, blood-splashed thing.

AN INFERNO OF AGONY.

Men lay dead, while others, with teeth gleaming and hands clutched at their throats, were crawling there alive. I shouted to them to surrender. They held up their hands. I ran into the fort, and found there a Spanish officer and four men alive. Seven lay dead in one room. The whole floor ran with blood. The walls were splashed with blood. Three poor wretches put their hands together in supplication. One had a white handkerchief tied on a stick, which he lifted and moved towards me. It was a perfect hogpen of butchery. The officer held his hands up. The others began to gray and plead. I took the guns from all and threw them outside the fort. I called some of our men to put them in charge of the prisoners. I then got out of the fort, ran around to the other side, secured the Spanish flag, and displayed it to our troops, who cheered lustily. Just as I turned to speak to Captain Haskell I was struck with a bullet from the trenches on the Spanish side. General Chaffee moved on the breastworks, and El Caney was ours. Banks, the colored sergeant of the Twelfth, raised the American flag.

ONLY 1,000 SPANIARDS.

General Chaffee says he was much astonished at the way the men were lost in the siege of the town, as it did not contain more than 1,000 Spaniards. Some twenty-five of these were killed, fifty were wounded, and 150 prisoners were taken. The killed and wounded on our side exceeded these figures. The Twelfth Infantry lost heavily. Lieut. Churchin, of the Twelfth, was shot through the breast in the company of First Sergeant Miller, who was killed, and of myself. The Spanish flag Mr. Creelman captured from the stone fort has been forwarded to the Journal by mail.

MUST HAVE HELP.

Shafter Says Reinforcements are Necessary to Succeed.

Washington, D. C., July 3.—The following despatch from Gen. Shafter was received to-day, and made public from the White House: "Playa del Este, July 3.—To Secretary of War, Washington. Camp near Sevilla, Cuba, July 3.—We have the town well invested on the north and east, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching we find it of such a character and the defences so strong that it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force. Our losses up to date will aggregate a thousand, but list has not yet been made. But little sickness outside of exhaustion from intense heat and exertion of the battle of the day before yesterday, and the almost constant fire which is kept up on the trenches. Wagon road to the rear is kept up with some difficulty on account of rains, but I will be able to use it for the present. Gen. Wheeler is seriously ill, and will probably have to go to the rear to-day. Gen. Young also very ill, confined to his bed. Gen. Hawkins slightly wounded in the foot during sortie enemy made last night, which was handsomely repulsed. The behavior of the troops was magnificent. Gen. Garcia reported he holds the railroad from Santiago to San Luis, and has burned a bridge and removed some rails; also that General Pando has arrived at Palma, and that the French Consul, with about 400 French citizens, came into his line yesterday from Santiago. Have directed him to treat them with every courtesy possible. Shafter, Major-General."

WAR NOTES.

The Kreuz Zeitung warns America that European neutrality might not be maintained if the Americans were to bombard Spanish ports. The Berlin National Gazette says: "With all their dislike of warlike complications, European states allow no trifling with their interests. No one menaces the American Union. Diplomacy has ever been excessively polite to the Yankees, but it has been assumed that they will respect the rights of others." The London Times compliments both sides on their bravery, but advises Spain to submit to Yankee demands. Augusta is said to have stated: "Though the American warships may destroy our squadron in the harbor, yet we will pursue the war. There are in Cuba 100,000 men ready to die in its defence, but they will not yield."

Secretary Long said to-day that Watson's fleet would be sent to the Spanish coast immediately.

"Now, look here," said the old man to the daughter, who had spent some time at the east. "I guess I can manage to stand it when you call a 50-cent piece a half-dollar, but when you speak of a slab as a slab I want you understood that I will permit no such language."

No woman who carries a watch is sure that it's correct.

# OUT OF DARKNESS INTO THE SUNLIGHT.

## CHAPTER I. Albermarle Square.

"Won't drink our sherry, Charles?"  
Mr. Preenham, the butler, stood by the table in the gloomy servants' hall, as if he had received a shock.

"No, sir; I took 'em up the beer at first, and they shook their heads and asked for wine; and when I took 'em the sherry they shook their heads again, and the one who speaks English said they want keyraunt."  
"Well, all I have got to say," exclaimed the portly cook, "is that if I had known what was going to take place, I wouldn't have stopped an hour after the old man died. It's wicked! And something awful will happen as sure as my name's Thompson."

"Don't say that, Mrs. Thompson," said the mid-looking butler. "It's very dreadful, though."

"Dreadful isn't the word. Are we ancient Egyptians? I declare, ever since them Hightalians have been in the house, going about like three dark conspirators in a play, I've had the creeps. I say, it didn't ought to be allowed."

"What am I to say to them, sir?" said the footman, a strongly built man, with shifty eyes and quickly twitching lips.

"Well, look here, Charles," said the butler, slowly wiping his mouth with his hand, "we have no Chianti wine. You must take them a bottle of Chamberlain."

"My? ejaculated the cook.

"Chamberlain, sir?"

"It's Mr. Girtle's orders. They've come here straight from Paris on purpose, and they are to have everything they want."

The butler left the gloomy room, and Mrs. Thompson, a stout lady, who moved only when she was obliged, turned to the thin, elderly housemaid.

"Mark my words, Ann," she said, "it's contrary to nature, and it'll bring a curse."

"Well," said the woman, "it can't make the house more dull than it has been."

"I don't know," said the cook.

"I never see a house before where there was no need to shut the shutters and pull down the blinds because some one's dead."

"Well, it is a gloomy place, Ann, but we've done all these years most as we liked. The meal a day and the rest at his club, and never any company. There ain't many places like that."

"No," sighed Ann. "I suppose we shall all have to go."

"Oh, I don't know, my dear. Mr. Ramo says he thinks master's left all his money to his great-nephew, Mr. Capel, and may be he'll have the house painted up, and the rooms cleaned, and lots of company. An' he may marry this Miss Dungeon—ain't her name?"

"D'E-u-g-h-l-e-n," said the house maid, spelling it slowly. "I don't know what you call it. She's very handsome, but so orty. I like Miss Lawrence. Only to think, master never seeing a soul, and living all these years in this great shut-up house, and then, as soon as the breath's out of his body, all these relatives turning up."

"Where the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together," said the cook, solemnly.

"Oh, don't talk like that, cook."

"You're not obliged to listen, my dear," said the cook, rubbing her knees gently.

"I declare, it's been grievous to me," continued the housemaid, "all these beautiful rooms, full of splendid furniture, and not one allowed to do more than keep 'em just clean. Not a blind drawn up or a window opened. It's always been as if there was a funeral in the house. Think master was crossed in love?"

"No, no, he, Mr. Ramo said that master was twice over married to great Indian princesses abroad, I s'pose they left him all their money. Oh, here is Mr. Ramo?"

The door had opened, and a tall, thin old Hindoo, with piercing dark eyes and wrinkled brown fags, came softly in. He was dressed in a long, dark-red silken cassock, that seemed as if woven in one piece, and fitted his spare form rather closely from neck to heel; a white cloth girdle was tied round his waist, and for sole ornament there were a couple of plain gold rings in his ears.

As he entered he raised his thin, largely veiled brown hands to his closely cropped head, half making the native salaam, and then said in good English:

"Mr. Preenham not here?"

"He'll be back directly, Mr. Ramo," said the cook. "There, there, do sit down, you look worn out."

The Hindoo shook his head and walked to the window, which looked out into an inner area.

At that moment the butler entered, and the Hindoo turned to him quickly, and laid his hand upon his arm.

"There, there, don't fret about it, Mr. Ramo," said the butler, "it's what we must all come to—some day."

"Yes, but this—this," said the Hindoo, in a low, excited voice, "is—is it right?"

The butler was silent for a few moments.

"Well," he said at last, "it's right and it's wrong, as you may say, it's master's own orders, for there it was in his own handwriting, in his desk: 'Instructions for my solicitor.' Mr. Girtle showed it me, being an old family servant."

"Yes, yes—he showed it to me."

"Oh, it was all there," continued the butler, "well, as I was saying, it's right so far; but it's wrong, because it's not like a Christian burial."

"No, no," cried the Hindoo, excitedly.

"Those men—they make me mad. I cannot bear it. Look!" he cried; "he should have died out in my country, where we would have laid him on sweet-scented woods, and baskets of spices and gums, and there, where the sun shines and the palm trees wave, I his old servant, would have fired the pile and he would have risen up in the clouds of smoke, and among the pure, clear flames of fire, till nothing but the ashes was left. Yes, yes, that would have been his end," he cried, with flashing eyes, as he seemed to mentally picture the scene; and then thy servant could have died with thee. Oh, Sahib, Sahib, Sahib!"

He clasped his hands together, the fire died from his eyes, which became suffused with tears, and as he uttered the last word there, in a low, moaning voice, he stood rocking himself to and fro.

The two women looked horrified and shuddered; but the piteous grief was magnetic, and in the deep silence that fell they began to sob; while the butler blew his nose softly, coughed, and at last laid his hand upon the old servant's shoulder.

"Shake hands, Mr. Ramo," he said, huskily. "Fifteen years you and me's been together, and if we haven't hit it as we might, well, it was only natural, me being an Englishman, and you almost a black, but it's this as brings us all together, natives and foreigners, and all. He was a good master, God bless him! and I'm sorry he's gone."

The old Indian looked up at him half wondering for a few moments. Then, taking the extended hand of both of his, he held it for a time and pressed it to his heart, dropped it, and turned to go.

"Won't you take something, Mr. Ramo?"

"No—no!" said the Indian, shaking his head, and he glided softly out of the servants' hall, went silently, in his soft, yellow leather slippers, down a long passage and up a flight of stone stairs, to pass through a glass door and stand in the large gloomy hall, in the middle of one of the marble squares that turned the floor into a vast chessboard, round which the giant pieces seemed to be waiting to commence the game.

For the faint light that came through the thick ground glass pane-light over the great double doors was diffused among black bronze statues and white marble figures of Greek and Roman knights. In one place, seated meditatively, with hands resting upon the knees, there was an Indian god, seeming to watch the floor; in another a great Japanese warrior, while toward the bottom of the great winding staircase, whose stone steps were covered with heavy dark carpet, was a marble, that imagination might easily have taken for a queen.

Here and there the panelled walls were ornamented with stands of Indian arms and armor, conical helmets, once worn by eastern chiefs, with pendant curtains and suits of chain-mail. Bloodthirsty daggers curved cimeters, spears, clumsy matchlocks and long straight swords, whose hilt was an iron gauntlet, in which the warrior's fingers were laced as they grasped a handle placed at right angles to the blade, after the fashion of a spade. There were shields, too, and bows and arrows, and tulsars and kookrees, any number of warlike implements from the East, while beside the statues the West had to show some curious chairs and a full-length portrait of an Englishman in the prime of life—a handsome, bold-faced man, in the uniform of one of John Company's regiments, his hand and his breast adorned with orders and jewels of foreign make.

The old Indian servant stood there like one of the statues, as the dining room door opened and three dark, closely shaven and mustached men in black came out softly and went silently up the stairs.

There was something singularly furtive and strange about them as they followed one another in silence, all three alike in their dress-coats, and turned-down white collars, beneath which was a narrow strip of ribbon knotted in front.

The passed on and up the great winding stairs, past the drawing-room, from whence came the low buzz of voices, to a door at the back of the house, beside a great stained-glass window, whose well lights shone down upon a lion-skin rug.

Here the first man stopped for his companion to reach his side. Then, whispering a few words to them, he took a key from his pocket, opened the door, withdrew the key, and entered the darkened room, closing and locking the door, as the old Indian crept softly up, sunk upon his knees upon the skin rug, his hands clasped, his head bent down, and resting against the panels of the door.

## CHAPTER II. The Dead Man's Relatives.

"I can tell you very little, Mr. Capel. I have been your great-uncle's confidential solicitor ever since he returned from India. I was a mere boy when he went away. He knew me then, and when he came back he sought me out."

"And that is twenty-five years ago, Mr. Girtle?"

"Yes. The year you were born."

"And he made you his confidant?"

"Yes, he gave me his confidence, as far as I think he gave it to any man."

"And did he always live in this way?"

"Always. He filled up the house with the best collection of curiosities and things that he had been sending home for years, and I expected that he would entertain, and lead the life of an English gentleman; but no,

the house has been closed for twenty-five years."

Mr. Girtle, a clean-shaven old gentleman, with yellow face, dark, restless eyes, and bright gray hair, took a pinch of snuff from a handsome gold box, flicked a few grains from his white shirt-front, and said, "Hah, 'Hah, you and I met with any great disappointment?" said the first speaker, a frank-looking man with closely curling brown hair and a high, white forehead.

"What! to make him take to this very strange life? Oh, no. He was peculiar, but not unhappy. He liked to be alone, but he was always bright and cheerful at his club."

"You met him there, then?" said a fresh voice, and a handsome, dark young fellow, who had been leaning back in an easy-chair in the dim drawing-room, sat up quickly, playing with his little black moustache.

"Oh, yes. I used to dine with Col. Capel when we had business to transact."

"But here, you say, he led the life of a miser?" continued the young man, crossing his legs and examining the toe of his patent-leather boot.

"I do not say that. Your great-uncle was no miser. He spent money freely, sometimes in charities. Yes," he continued, turning to where two ladies were seated, "Col. Capel was often very charitable."

"I never saw his name in any charitable list," said the darker of the two ladies, speaking in a sweet, silvery voice, and her beautiful regular features seemed to attract both the previous speakers.

"No, Miss D'Engelien, I suppose not," said the old man, nodding his head, and rising to begin walking up and down, snuff-box in hand. "Neither did I. But he was very charitable in his own particular way, and he was very kind."

"Yes," said the young man who had first spoken; "very kind. I have him to thank for my school and college education."

"Well—yes," said the old lawyer; "I suppose it is no breach of confidence to say that it is so."

"And I have to thank him for mine, and the pleasant life I have led, Mr. Girtle, have I not?" said the second of the ladies, and but for the gloom the flush that came into her sweet face could have been plainly seen.

At that moment the footman entered with a letter upon a massive salver, and as he walked straight to the old lawyer he cast quick, furtive glances at the other occupants of the room.

"A note, eh?" said the old solicitor, balancing his gold-rimmed glasses upon his nose; "um—um—yes, exactly—very delicate of them to write. Tell them I will see them shortly, Charles."

The footman bowed, and was retiring as he came over the soft carpet when he was checked by the old solicitor.

"You will tell Mr. Preenham to see that these gentlemen have every attention."

"Yes, sir."

The footman left the room almost without a sound, for the door was opened and closed noiselessly. The only sound that broke the terrible silence that seemed to reign was the faint clink of the silver tray against one of the metal buttons of the man's coat. As for the magnificently furnished room, with its heavy curtains and drawn-down blinds, it seemed to have grown darker, so that the faint gleams of light that had hung in a dull way on the faces of the great mirrors and the gilded carving of console and chifffonier had died out. It required no great effort of the imagination to believe that the influence of the dead man, who had passed so many solitary years in that shut-up house, was still among them, making itself felt with a weight from which they could not free themselves.

Paul Capel looked across at the beautiful face of Kathrine D'Engelien, thinking of her creole extraction and the half French, half American father who had married his relative. He expected to see her looking as agitated as her cousin Lydia Lawrence, but she sat back, with one arm gracefully hanging over the side of the chair, her lustrous eyes half closed, and a pang strongly or jealousy shot through him as it seemed that those eyes were resting on the young elegant at his side.

"Yes," said the old solicitor, suddenly, and his voice made all start but Miss D'Engelien, who did not even move her eyelids; "as I was saying, I went on, tapping his snuff-box, 'I can tell you very little, Mr. Capel, until you will read it.'"

"Then there is a will?" said Miss D'Engelien.

The old lawyer's brows wrinkled as he glanced at her in surprise.

"Yes, my dear young lady, there is a will."

"And it will be read, of course, directly after the funeral?" said the dark young man.

"The lawyer did not reply."

"I suppose you think it's bad form of a man, asking such questions now; but really, Mr. Girtle, it would be worse form for a fellow to be pulling a long face about one he never saw."

"But he was your father's friend."

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Hence you, sir, are here," continued the lawyer. "My instructions were clear enough. I was to invite you here at this point in time, and take my old friend's place as your host."

"You have been most kind," Mr. Girtle said Miss D'Engelien.

"I thank you, madam, and I grieve that you should have to be present at so painful a time. My next instructions were to send for the Italian professor, who is here, to carry out the wishes of the deceased."

"Horrible idea for a man to wish to be embalmed," said Artis, brutally.

Lydia Lawrence shuddered, and turned away her face. Paul Capel glanced indignantly at the speaker, and then turned to gaze at Kathrine D'Engelien, who sat perfectly unmoved, her hand still hanging from the side of the chair, as if to show the graceful contour of her arm.

"Colonel Capel had been a great part of his life in the East, Mr. Artis," said the lawyer, coldly. "He had had the matter in his mind for some time."

"How do you know that?"

"By the date of my instructions,

which also contained the Italian professor's card."

"And I suppose we shall have a very eccentric will, sir?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, quietly, "a very eccentric will."

"Come, that's refreshing," said the young man, with a fligety movement.

"Well, you are not very communicative, Mr. Girtle. You family solicitors are as close as you dead-boxes."

"Yes," said the lawyer, closing his gold snuff-box with a loud snap.

"Well, come, it can be no breach of confidence to tell us when the funeral is to be?"

The old lawyer took a turn or two up and down the room, snuff-box in hand, the bright metal glistening as he swung his hand to and fro. Then he stepped short, and said slowly:

"The successor to Colonel Capel's enormous property will inherit under extremely peculiar conditions, duty set forth in the will it will be my duty to read to you."

"After the funeral?" said Gerard Artis.

"No, sir; there will be no funeral."

"No funeral!" exclaimed Artis and Paul Capel in a breath; and then they rose to their feet, startled more than they would have cared to own, for at that moment a strange wild cry seemed to come from the staircase, followed by a heavy crash.

"Good heavens!" cried the old lawyer, dropping his snuff-box.

Kathrine D'Engelien alone remained unmoved, with her head turned toward the door.

## CHAPTER III. One Guardian of the Treasure.

Paul Capel was the first to recover from the surprise, and to hurry from the darkened room, followed by Artis and the late colonel's solicitor.

Although it was late in the afternoon, for the staircase was equally gloomy.

The source of the strange noise was not far to seek, for, as they reached the landing, they became aware that a fierce struggle was going on in the direction of the room occupied by the late colonel; and hurrying there, it was to find two men locked together, one of whom was succeeding in holding the other down, and wrestling his neck from the slender hands which had torn off his white cravat.

"Why, Charles! Ramo!" exclaimed Mr. Girtle, in the midst of the hoarse, panting sounds uttered by the contending men.

"He's mad!" cried the former, in a high-pitched tone, in which a man's rage was mingled with a school-boy's whimpering fear. "He's mad, sir. He tried to strangle me."

"Thief! dog!" panted the old Hindoo, with his dark features convulsed with passion. "Wanted—rob—his master!"

The two young men had separated the combatants, who now stood up, the footman, his vest and shirt torn open, and his coat dragged half off; the old man with one sleeve of his dark silk robe gone, and the back rent to the waist, while there was a fierce, vindictive look in his working features, as he had to be held to keep him from closing with the footman again.

"What does this mean, Charles?" cried Mr. Girtle, as the butler and other servants came hurrying up, while the three Italians also stood upon the landing looking wonderingly on.

"If you please, sir, I don't know," said the footman, in an ill-used tone. "I was just going by the colonel's door, and I thought, as he was very natural, that I should like to see what these gentlemen had done, when Mr. Ramo sprang at me like a wild-cat."

"No, no," cried the old Indian, whose English in his rage and excitement was less distinct, "a thief—came to rob—my dear lord—a thief!"

"I hope, sir," said the footman, growing calmer, and looking in an injured way at Mr. Girtle, "you know me better than that, sir. Mr. Preenham here will tell you I've cleaned the plate regular all the ten years I've been here."

The old solicitor turned to the butler.

"Yes, sir; Charles's duty has been to clean the plate; but it is in my charge and I have kept the strictest account of it. A little disposed to show temper, but strictly honest and very clean."

"This is a very sad and unseasonable business at such a time," said Mr. Girtle. "Ramo, you have made a mistake."

"No, no," cried the old Indian, wrathfully.

"Come, come," said Mr. Girtle, "be reasonable."

"The police," panted the old Indian. "Send for the police."

"All right," cried Charles, defiantly; "send for the police, and let 'em search me."

"Silence!" cried Mr. Girtle. "Go down and arrange your dress. Mr. Capel, young ladies, will you retire to the drawing-room? Signor, will you retire? That will do, Preenham. Leave Ramo to me."

In another minute the old solicitor was left with Ramo, who stood beneath the dim stained-glass window, with his arms folded and his brow knit.

"You do not trust and believe me, sir?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Ramo. You know I trust you as the most faithful fellow in the world."

He held out his hand as he spoke, but the old Indian remained motionless for the moment. Then, seizing the hand extended to him, he bent over it, holding it to his breast.

"My dear lord's old friend," he said.

"That's better, Ramo," said Mr. Girtle. "Now go and change your dress."

"No, no," cried the old man. "I must watch."

"Nonsense, man. Don't think that every one who comes means to rob."

"But I do," cried the old Indian, in a whisper. "They think of what we know—you and I only. Those foreign men—the servants."

"You must not be so suspicious, Ramo. It will not be all right."

"It will not be all right," Sahib," cried the old Indian. "Think of what there is in yonder."

"But we have the secret, Ramo."

"Yes—yes; but suppose there were others who knew the secret—who had

heard of it. Sahib! I will be faithful to the dead."

The old Indian drew himself up with dignity, and took his place once more before the door.

"It has been shocking," whispered the Indian, "I have been driven away, while those foreign men did what they pleased in there. It was maddening. Ah!"

He clasped his hands to his head.

"What now, Ramo?"

"Those three men! Suppose"—

He caught at his companion's arm, whispered a few words, and they entered the darkened room, from which, as the door opened and closed, a peculiar aromatic odor floated out.

As the door was closed, the sound of a bolt being shot inside was heard, and directly after the face of Charles, the footman, appeared from the gloom below.

He came up the stairs rapidly, glanced round, and stepped softly to the closed door, where he bent down, listening.

As he stood in the recess, the gloom was so great that he was almost invisible, save his face; while just beyond him, a large group in bronze, of a club-armed centaur, seemed to have the crouching man as part of the artist's design, the centaur being, apparently, about to strike him down, while, to give realism to the scene, a dull red glow from the stained-glass window fell across his forehead.

As he listened there, his ear to the key-hole and his eyes watchfully wandering up and down the staircase, a dull and smothered clang was heard, as if from a distance, like the closing of some heavy iron door. Then there was a louder sound, with a quick, short report, as if a powerful spring had been set in motion and shot home. Then a door seemed to be closed and locked; and the man glided quickly over the soft, thick carpet, melting away, as it were, in the gloom.

The door opened, and from the darkness within, Mr. Girtle and the old Indian stepped slowly out, bringing with them a soft warm puff of the aromatic odor; and, as they grew more distinct in the faint light of the stained-glass window, everything was so still in the great house that there was a strange unreality about them, fostered by the silence of their tread.

"There, now you are satisfied," said the old lawyer, gently. "Go and change your robe."

The Indian shook his head.

"I will stay inside the room till your return."

"Inside?" said the Indian, quickly.

"Yes—why not? I have reached the time of life when death has ceased to have terrors. He is only taking the sleep that comes to all."

There was a gentle sadness in the lawyer's voice, and then, turning the handle of the door, he opened it and stood looking back.

"You will not be long," he said. "They are waiting for me in the drawing-room."

The door closed, just as the old Indian made a step forward to follow. Then he stood, with his hands clinched and eyes starting, listening intently, while the centaur's club seemed to be quivering in the gloom, ready to crush him down.

The old man raised his hand to the door—let it fall; raised it again—let it fall; turned to go—started back; and then, as if fighting hard with himself, he turned once more, and, with an activity not to be expected in one of his years, bounded up the staircase and disappeared.

Ten minutes had not elapsed before he seemed to come silently out of the gloom again, and was half-way to the door, when there was a faint creak from below, as if from a rusty hinge.

(To be Continued.)

## A BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

He Became So Run Down That Work Was Almost Impossible—His Whole Body Racked With Pain.

(From the Bridgewater Enterprise.)

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement, a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a reporter of the Enterprise as follows:

"During the last winter, owing I suppose to overwork and impure blood, I became very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired all the time, had no appetite, and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job would have to lie down; indeed I often felt like fainting."

I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreariness. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue, and those who know anything about a blacksmith's work will know what this means. Those who are not well, will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

## THE BADDECK TELEPHONE

is published on Wednesdays from the office, Victoria Building, Head of the Pier, Baddeck, C. B., by  
**CHAS. H. PEPPY,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
to whom please address all communications, whether on business or intended for publication.

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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.  
ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

## THE BADDECK TELEPHONE

BADDECK, C. B. JULY 13, 1898.

### SALUTATORY.

WITH this issue, the BADDECK TELEPHONE makes its modest bow to the public.

An important consideration in starting a newspaper is the selection of a suitable name. We asked for and obtained suggestions, none of which commended themselves. For a while the matter was dropped to attend to things of graver import. The name came at the right time. We are pleased to note that so far as we know, our friends like it. Additional appropriateness, we think, comes from the fact that for some years past, on our streets has been seen the familiar figure of Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of that triumph of modern genius—the telephone. Under this title the paper enters the great world of journalism, to fill the niche for which it is designed with the hope that it may be useful in its "day and generation."

A brief statement of the CHARACTER of this paper is called for. It will be

1. A NEWSPAPER devoted to the news and to general literature. The presence in our midst of persons of literary attainments of a high order—the establishment of a Free Public Library and Reading Room, Literary societies, etc. have all had a marked influence upon our young people. Here they will have an opportunity of coming into line and being more generally useful to themselves and to the public, exerting not merely an intellectual but also a moral influence.

2. A LOCAL paper. While attention will be paid to foreign news, it will be presented in condensed form. If our people feel, as many of them do, that this is their paper, and keep us informed in matters of general interest, throughout Victoria and the adjoining county of Inverness to the north and west, the TELEPHONE will become a means of communication between them and success in this particular will be assured. Correspondence is invited on all legitimate questions for public discussion. Temperance and moral reform will receive our heartiest support. The politician even is not shut out. But we expect discussion to be conducted fairly and in a gentlemanly manner. Anything of the invective or personal will be unceremoniously consigned to the waste basket.

3. A PATRIOTIC paper having the interests of all classes of our people at heart—conducted with a view to reach and come in touch with the largest possible number of loyal Cape Bretonians at home and abroad. Loyalty—not in sentiment merely—to the Empire, to the Dominion, and to our "Island home" being kept prominently forward. All the same it is gratifying to note the present friendly relations existing between Great Britain and the United States, and that this feeling is shared in largely in Canada. Never, perhaps, since the big tea party in Boston Harbor has this been so apparent. It is not a matter of wonder that the Americans fought for independence. They had been playing soldier for some time and to good purpose. They had fought the "forest primeral" for homesteads. They had fought French and Indians for possession. They were cruelly and unjustly treated. The hot blood of Britain was in their veins. No wonder they GAINED their independence. But it is time they forgot and we forgave. After all "blood is thicker than water."

4. A NON-PARTISAN paper. We prefer this to the word "independent" which has fallen somewhat into disrepute, and provokes a sneer when understood to apply to a journal, untrammelled by party, only till a fitting opportunity offers. Party papers have their use and we have no quarrel with them. We have, moreover, clearly defined political opinions, but shall not intrude them upon our readers in these columns. We are aware it is thought by some that a provincial weekly cannot exist without political patronage. We shall try the solution of that problem. We purpose, however, publishing from time to time the political news from the most authentic sources

within our reach, ON BOTH SIDES, without any political "preachment" of our own whatever. Let it be clearly understood then that under all circumstances, while under its present management, the TELEPHONE will remain true to its motto—STRICTLY NON-PARTISAN.

### SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

The long expected battle off Santiago was fought Saturday and Sunday. By this time Santiago has probably surrendered to the United States. The Spaniards were routed and their fleet almost annihilated. Spain lost 4 armoured cruisers, 2 torpedo boats bursting, 300 killed, 150 wounded and 1500 taken prisoners. The United States lost 1 killed, 2 wounded and 2 ships slightly injured. Admiral Cervera, Vice Admiral Villami and 500 prisoners were sent to New York on board the U. S. Cruiser St. Louis.

July 4.—General Torral demanded the surrender of Santiago, the chief town of the eastern department, but was refused. Population 30,000.

July 10.—General Shafter declined unconditional surrender. Bombardment of Santiago by army and navy began at 4 p. m. Shot and shell literally rained upon the Spanish lines and many buildings in the city were in flames within an hour after the bombardment commenced. The cathedral was struck and damaged.

The surrender of Santiago was formally offered by the Spanish commander, Gen. Torral, to-day, but was promptly refused by Gen. Shafter because of the conditions attached.

And now the once proud and powerful Spain with its long list of famous kings and rulers, with its wonderful and soul-stirring history since the first war between Rome and Carthage, 264-241, B. C., down the eventful centuries to the present day, is now to all appearances one of the rapidly decaying nations which will ere long be bereft of its colonial possessions if not itself swept from the map of Europe.

This is not the first time that disturbances took place in Cuba nor is it the first time that the United States showed its sympathy towards the Cubans and hankered after their possessions. Politically Cuba is a province of Spain. Since the deposition of the Royal family of Spain by Napoleon (1818) Cuba has been ruled over directly by a Governor-Captain-General of the class of Lieutenant-General of the Spanish army, whose authority is despotic. He is appointed for three to five years and is supreme head of the civil, military and ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Cuba. The deprivation of political, civil and religious liberty and exclusion from public offices combined with a heavy taxation to maintain the standing army and navy have resulted in a deadly hatred between the native Cubans and the mass of officials sent from Spain. Hence the conspiracy of the Black Eagle in 1829, the insurrection of the blacks in 1844, the conspiracies of Narciso Lopez in 1848, his landing with 600 men from the United States in 1850 and his third attempt in 1851 which cost him his life and that of many of his followers. During these troubles great sympathy was shown for the Cubans by the people of the United States. In 1848, President Polk proposed through the American Ambassador at Madrid, a transference of Cuba to the United States for \$1,000,000. In 1858 a similar proposal was made in the senate—the sum suggested being \$30,000,000—but after debate was withdrawn.

In another column will be found a farewell address to Miss MacPhee, M. A., for some time principal of Victoria Co. Academy. Miss MacPhee's superior professional attainments, the excellence of the work done under her regime, as well as her personal qualities, have made her many friends. She is to be married in August to E. C. Hart, M. D., C. M., of Victoria B. C. We wish them long life and much happiness in their new home. Dr. Hart, formerly of this town, is one of our Cape Breton young men who are distinguishing themselves abroad. It is thought that Miss MacPhee will be succeeded in the Academy, by her brother, James M. MacPhee, B. A. If so this ought to be a guarantee that the record of the Academy will be sustained.

OUR thanks are due to Dr. J. L. Bethune, M. P., for his kindness in editing the Gaelic department of this paper. In the midst of a busy public and professional life the doctor retains his love for the Gaelic. We have no doubt his efforts will be highly appreciated in the homes of our people wherever the language of the Gael is spoken.

THE TELEPHONE in religion, as in other things, is cosmopolitan. All the churches in town are represented on its staff. It is only fair to say, however, that this was rather the result of accident than design, competency on the part of workmen being the only requisite. So far the selection is highly satisfactory.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

A Parisian paper makes the statement that "Mr. Gladstone was paid higher terms for his magazine articles than any other author. His minimum price was usually £200, and the figures sometimes reached five times that amount." Now though dead his name still commands a great price, as well as a never flagging interest. Gladstoniana continues to take first place in English magazines and papers, and indeed, this literature, including the books and articles written before and since Gladstone's death, will form a large library of itself covering a long and important period in England's history and touching upon many characteristics of the most interesting men of the time. Of course the Right Hon. James Brice's "Life of Gladstone" will be a serious, stately and truthful account of this wonderful career, but the short sketches of odd moments spent with him at Hawarden by Lady Frederick Cavendish, by the artist Holl, and other writers too numerous to mention, bring more closely to our hearts the human side of the dear and great old man. Specially full of interest is the volume "Talks with Mr. Gladstone" by the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache, to whom Gladstone seems to have talked very frankly of his personal views of the men about him. Of Beaconsfield he said: "Dizzy did not show at his best during the last twenty years of his life. But he showed great ability when attacking Peel. Mind, I am not weighing his sayings in the moral scales; but they certainly showed great ability," and he ranked him as the greatest master of parliamentary wit that had ever been. He looked upon his character as a great mystery and it pained him to feel that the mystery will never be solved. Perhaps now as these two great ones lie side by side this veil of mystery has been withdrawn. It is a curious incident that just at this time there comes the report that Beaconsfield's long delayed biography is to be written, and the person said to have been selected for the work is John Oliver Hobbs, (Mrs. Craigie). The London Daily Mail says: "A wiser choice could hardly have been made, for the broad handling of a theme so attractive and so rich in opportunity." Mrs. Craigie is expected to spend the winter on this side next year giving public readings from her own writings.

The English novelist, W. R. Crockett, who started a few months ago to take a walking tour through Spain, is said to be having a hard time of it, being repeatedly taken for an American.

"Northward," a full report of Lieutenant Peary's arctic explorations, was issued just prior to July 1st, when the intrepid traveller again started off intending to put in three years' work in arctic regions. By pushing his stations slowly and steadily further north, he hopes to reach that great goal, the north pole.

Y. L. C.

### Peary off to the North.

Lieut. Peary sailed from Sydney on Thursday night in his auxiliary steamer "Hope," Capt. Samuel Bartlett. The "Windward," Capt. John Bartlett, arrived at Sydney from New York Saturday evening and sailed yesterday morning for the north.

The Hope's reserve stock of coal will be landed at Littleton Island to be used by the "Windward" on her return provided she is frozen in the north all winter. The "Hope" is expected to return in the latter part of September.

We wish Lieut. Peary every success. Capt. Bartlett is not only a thorough seaman but a gentleman in every sense of the word.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents. We do, however, hold correspondents responsible to us.

### ELITOR TELEPHONE.

Sir,—During the visit of General Montgomery and Hon. Mrs. Moore to our town, a meeting of citizens assembled to hear the General and Mrs. Moore, who spoke on the Victorian order of Nurses and such an impression on the audience was made that resulted in the appointment of a committee of citizens to undertake the raising of the funds necessary for the maintenance of a trained nurse in our county for one year. By united effort this can be accomplished. Over one half the required amount has been pledged, and when the collector approaches you in behalf of this object kindly give him all the aid you can. If you see no collector and feel disposed to help this grand purpose of placing a competent nurse in the homes of the sick poor, kindly send your contribution to John E. Campbell, Baddeck, Treasurer Victorian order of Nurses for Victoria County. It is proposed by the committee to hold meetings throughout the county wherever practicable and explain the benefit of the benevolent object. Such a meeting was held last week in Zion Chapel, Baddeck River. Subscribers to the cause will please be prompt as the committee wish to engage the services of a nurse as soon as possible.

ALBERT I. HART,  
Sec'y. of Com.

# R. T. VOOGHT,

## General Merchant,

CHEBUCTO STREET,

## BADDECK, - - C. B.,

DEALER IN

### Groceries,

### Boots and Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, Etc., Etc., Etc.

### Country Produce handled and highest prices paid for same.

## R. T. VOOGHT

### ADVERTISEMENT

OF

## D. F. MacRAE,

### General Merchant,

WILL APPEAR IN THIS SPACE NEXT  
WEEK.

### Farewell Address.

To Miss Margaret J. McPhee, Principal of Baddeck Academy:

DEAR MISS MCPHEE,—In presenting you with this small gift, as a memento of your sojourn and labors amongst us, it is our desire to convey to you our heart-felt gratitude for all that you have done for us during the three years of your able and efficient administration of the principalship of Baddeck Academy, and we entreat your assurance of our earnest appreciation of your untiring efforts for our educational advancement.

Not only this but your exemplary character and useful and unselfish life have set a seal upon our lives, the impress of which time will never efface, nor will it ever dispel from our hearts the affection for you which has been implanted within us.

Our regret at your leaving us is great and sincere, but whatever home and community you may in the future grace with your presence always look upon the homes of your "old pupils" of Baddeck Academy as your own whenever it may be your wish to visit among us. We are not only your pupils and friends, but your brothers and sisters in the larger school of human endeavor.

With strongest assurance of our sympathy and love in all your undertakings.  
We are most sincerely,  
[Signed by the pupils of Baddeck Academy.]

**MALCOLM A. MATHESON,  
BLACKSMITH.**  
Head of Campbell's Wharf,  
BADDECK, C. B.

Headquarters For Horseshoeing.

## Victoria Steamship Co'y.

### S. S. "BLUE HILL"

(CARRYING HER MAJESTY'S MAILS)

Will, until further notice, run daily (Sunday excepted) between Baddeck and Grand Narrows as follows:—

LEAVING BADDECK - - 8.00 A. M.

4.30 P. M.

Leaving Grand Narrows 20 minutes after the arrival of the I. C. R. Express, east and west.

This is the shortest and most convenient route to the new celebrated

"TOURISTS' PARADISE,"

Baddeck, Cape Breton, N. S.

## SQUAB UR, A'S FEARR.

BATHAR RO MATH AGUS

GLE SHAOR

AGAMSA RI REIC,

Thighbh agus Raibh.

ALLAN MCAULAY,

"OUR OWN STORE."

### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Boy's sweaters cheap at A. I. Hart's  
Duncan, that steak was good enough for three, even if Curren didn't get any.

James M. McDonald, of Margaree, C. B., who has been at Ottawa during the last session of parliament, as clerk for Dr. McLennan, M. P., is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. Daniel McDonald, formerly of Boularderie, C. B., was in the city (Boston) last week representing the interests of a Philadelphia dry goods house. Mr. McDonald has lived in Philadelphia for several years.—Boston Provincialist.

Work on the new Masonic temple is going ahead full swing. The building is being erected on the site of the old hall destroyed by fire a year ago. The plans promise a fine modern structure which will reflect credit upon the energy and pluck of the Masonic fraternity. The lower flat will be used as a town hall—much needed.

Alexander F. McRae, eldest son of Mr. D. J. McRae of Baddeck, C. B., has recently been promoted to the position of chief officer of the cruiser Charleston, now stationed at the Philippine Islands. Officer McRae enlisted in the United States navy some years ago and has been promoted several times for proficiency and good conduct. His brother John is a nurse on board the Lincoln.—Boston Provincialist.

Mr. Harris, of the Nova Scotia Nursery has shown great interest in the flower show that is to be held in Baddeck in August. The house and garden plants donated by him were distributed early in June. Mr. Kennan also kindly sent flower seed. Mr. Harris, who has had much experience in moving plants suggests that in bringing them to the show, the pot and plant should be wrapped to the top in newspaper to protect it and carried in a box. Cut flowers can be closed together in wet moss about the stems and all wrapped in paper. It is hoped that the interest in the exhibition will deepen, and that everybody will send flowers. We print the prize list in another column.

**ORDINATION OF THE REV. DUNCAN McRAE.**—The Presbytery of Inverness met in Greenwood Church, Baddeck, on the 28th ult. to ordain and designate Rev. D. M. McRae, B. A., of this town, as missionary to Korea. Thirteen ministers were present, and the church was filled with friends and admirers of Mr. McRae, not only from Baddeck but also from the surrounding country. Rev. E. S. Bayne, M. A., Mabou, preached an excellent sermon, after which Mr. McRae was ordained by prayer and the laying on of the hands of the presbytery in apostolic order. Practical addresses were delivered by Revs. A. McMillan, A. M. Thompson and L. H. McLean. Mr. McRae was spoken of as the first foreign missionary designated by a presbytery in the Island of Cape Breton; and it was quite apparent that the appointment marked a red-letter day to the Presbytery of Inverness and the good Presbyterians of this town. The ladies of Greenwood Church held a pleasant reception in Gertrude Hall in the afternoon which was greatly enjoyed by those privileged to be present—a reception that could not but be gratifying to Mr. McRae and the presbytery to whom it was accorded. As if not content with the varied programme of morning and afternoon, a large congregation assembled in the church in the evening to hear special addresses on on temperance and missions. Altogether June 28th was a day not soon to be forgotten by Mr. McRae or his friends. May the blessing of God rest on the Korean mission.—Com.

While the American-Spanish war has interfered with many branches of business, the general average will be kept up by the increase of work in special directions, and the amount of money in circulation will no doubt be far in excess of the output of ordinary years. Coal, which usually at this season, has a small market in enormous demand for the supply of war vessels and dispatch boats. The United States government signs million dollar contracts for coal delivered at Tampa where private concerns would usually sign for hundreds. The demand for brown duck for the new summer uniforms and cotton for pajamas for the soldiers has pushed the cotton mills of the country to their fullest capacity and the increased demand for ammunition has diverted brass and iron foundries from their normal work to the making of shells and cartridges, and the war has put back the old high value upon horses. Steam and electrical power as well as the wheel have for a long time interfered with his usefulness, but he once more is needed to fill a place where no other power can be utilized and can again hold his head up as king of domestic animals. The United States government has shown but little interest heretofore in horse breeding and nearly all the finest horses in New York State and throughout New England have been furnished by breeders around Toronto and Prince Edward Island. Now the urgent need of horses suitable for cavalry and artillery service and the inability of the great west to fill the orders, has brought the question of horse raising into much prominence and will give a new impetus to that industry.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

A private letter has been received from W. F. McKenzie, dated Glenora, B. C. Willie was well and pursuing his journey north—particulars next issue of this paper.

The farmers of Victoria County will be pleased to learn that Prof. Sears, director of Nova Scotia School of Horticulture, J. E. Hopkins, superintendent of Nappan Dairy Station, and B. W. Chipman, secretary for agriculture, intend addressing them at Baddeck Thursday, July 14th, at 5 p. m.—See posters. This is a rare chance to come in touch with live men and every farmer should be present. Do not fail to bring your wives, sons and daughters to this meeting. Let every family have a good representation.

**SAD BEREAVEMENT AT CAPE NORTH.**—Mr. Alex. McDonald, Big Intervale, Cape North, was suddenly and sadly bereaved of his whole family about a month ago. On May 14th, Bessie Agnes, a dear child about two years of age, died after an illness of one day. On the 18th another dear child, Murdo John, died in the same way after an illness of five days—the result of a cold with some other complications. A baby eight days old was the only child left, and the mother was suffering from fever which overcame medical skill and ended in death on June 5th. The baby died two days later. Mrs. McDonald was a young woman highly esteemed, and great sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband and father. "Asleep in Jesus—blessed sleep."—Com.

### Lakeside Gleanings.

The port of Baddeck has been enlivened of late by the arrival at and departure from our piers of several steamers, sailing vessels and numerous small craft.

The schr. "Soudan," Capt. McFarlane, arrived from Boston recently, loaded with flour and meal. The captain formerly belonged to Margaree and for some time sailed from this port in the Nfld. trade.

The schr. "Satellite," commanded by Capt. John A. McKenzie, sailed from Baddeck on Monday, the 4th for St. Pierre, with a general cargo comprising cattle, sheep, hay, etc., also wharf logs, spars, etc. There is more 'get-up' to the square inch in Capt. John than in any man we know. We wish our old friend success in his new venture.

The new schr. "C. L. McDonald," owned by Capt. McDonald, merchant, of Little Narrows, cleared for St. Pierre on the 2nd inst. This new addition to our fleet was built last winter by the well known designer and builder Mr. Morash, of Lunenburg. The C. L. McDonald is 100 ton burden, constructed of the best material on the most modern lines, and promises to be one of the swiftest vessels of her class in the province. The enterprise of Capt. McDonald is highly creditable. The TELEPHONE wishes success.

The S. S. Propatria left for St. Pierre on Tuesday with her usual cargo of farm produce.

### Marine Disaster—600 Lives Lost

One of the most appalling marine disasters which was ever recorded as taking place on our coast occurred on the 4th inst. when the large French steamer Burgoyne with 800 souls on board, bound from New York to Paris collided off Cape Sable with the steamer Cromartyshire. In ten minutes after striking the Burgoyne sunk with 600 souls of whom nearly all were passengers. The catastrophe is made the more revolting when the brutal conduct of the crew is taken into consideration. The details are horrible. The fact that 50 per cent. of the crew were saved and only 10 per cent. of the passengers (among these one woman only) will go down in history as a basely inhuman act of the cowardly crew. It is hard to credit some of the deeds attributed to the French sailors of the Burgoyne. Britishers cannot understand their behavior. Passengers were there murdered it is said in order that those who were naturally looked to as their protectors might escape. The Cromartyshire was brought into Halifax.

### Hymeneal.

Mr. Thomas F. Hunt, Assistant Penal Institutions Commissioner, and Miss Catherine St. Clair McNeil were married June 24th at St. Peter's Church, Dorchester.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Peter Ronan, pastor of the Church. Inside the altar rail were seated Rev. P. H. Brennan, S. J., Chaplain of the Deer Island institution, Rev. J. J. Chisholm, of Pictou, N. S. and Rev. M. S. Byrne, S. J., of St. Mary's Church, North End.

A large number of the friends of Mr. Hunt and Miss McNeil were present at the Nuptial Mass. The bride was given in marriage by her uncle, Mr. Neil McNeil. Dr. Francis J. Keany, was best man and the bridesmaid was Miss Adelaide Donahoe. The ushers were Dr. William H. Green, Mr. Joseph A. Conry, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. Joseph McNeil and Mr. Henry S. Fitzgerald.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's uncle, 29 Stanley Street. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt will make an extended tour north, and on their return they will reside at 15 Hamilton Street, Dorchester.—Boston Provincialist.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

### Obituary.

On the 4th inst. in the 29th year of her age, Miss Margaret McAskill passed peacefully away from the scenes of earth, at the home of her sister, Mrs. D. McDonald of this town.

The deceased had spent some time in the United States, where she contracted measles, followed by a severe cold which brought on the disease that terminated her earthly existence.

On her arrival home all that medical skill and loving hands, prompted by kind hearts could do for her recovery was done but without avail. It soon became apparent that she was not long for this world. When this was known her faith became strong and her hope steadfast. She had, in early years devoted herself to a religious life and united with the Presbyterian Church. The sweetness of her disposition endeared her to all. The relatives and friends who visited her bedside were edified by her pious conversation. Weeping had to be suppressed, it pained her so. "Would you have me remain and suffer?" she asked. Then she spoke of the future with the utmost calmness. All was bright beyond.

Her remains were conveyed to their last resting place, at the Forks Church cemetery, on Wednesday, followed by many sorrowing relatives and friends.

The deceased was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Bannington, McAskill, of Big Baddeck, and sister to the Messrs. McAskill, of the firm of McKay & Co. Sincere sympathy is tendered to the bereaved relatives.

Charlie, son of Michael McLean, and John Arsenau, boys of ten years of age, had a narrow escape from drowning a few days ago. They started in a boat for Kidston's Island. There was a strong breeze from the westward and the boys thought it great fun to drift before it; but when they attempted to return they were unable to do so. When rescued by Mr. McLean they were in an exhausted condition.

### PERSONALS.

Mrs. Gwillim has returned from Middleton, N. S.

V. S. Cunningham, D. D. S. is at the Bras d'Or House.

Miss Katie McLean, of this place, left for Boston yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Birchell, of New Campbellton, were in town on Tuesday.

Mr. O. M. Sanford, secretary for the Provincial Sabbath School Convention is in town.

Mrs. Edward Cameron, of Boston, granddaughter of the late Alex. Taylor is in town visiting her aunt, Mrs. David Dunlop.

Miss Mellie McDonald, of Hunters Mountain has returned from Boston to remain with friends during the summer months.

Miss Katie McLeod, daughter of Mr. Angus McLeod, is home from Boston visiting friends.

St. Peter's Church (Episcopal) is to be supplied for the summer months by Rev. Mr. Bowman.

Miss Beatrice Elmsly has returned from Boston, on a short vacation and to visit the familiar scenes of home.

Rev. W. A. Outerbridge and family from Bermuda, who have been visiting friends at Baddeck and Margaree, left for their new home, Caledonia Corner, Queen's Co.

Rev. J. A. Cairns, of Scotsburn, Pictou County, N. S., was a passenger by S. S. Blue Hill yesterday morning. The Rev. gentleman proceeded to Middle River for a week's fishing.

Mrs. C. R. Hart is away on a pleasure trip taking in a visit to her old home. We are pleased to learn that change of scene has proved beneficial, and trust she will return with renewed health.

Among the arrivals at the Bras d'Or House we notice Col. Pitcher, who has made Baddeck his summer home for some years. We are glad to see the colonel back again looking so well.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Operti, of New York, were at the Telegraph House this week. They are on a pleasure trip. Mr. Operti, Arctic Historical Painter, was on Peary's Arctic expeditions of 1896 and 1897 and is a son of the late Signor Operti, pianist to His Majesty Victor Emanuel II, late king of Italy. Mr. Operti has been so charmed with the scenery at and around Baddeck and Beinn Bhreagh that he anticipates spending some weeks here next year painting.

### BORN

At Baddeck July 4th, to Mrs. and Mrs. H. H. Crowdis, a daughter.

### MARRIED

At Baddeck, June 29th, at the residence of Eben G. McAskill, Esq., by the Rev. L. H. McLean, M. A., of Port Hastings, John A. McLean, of Big Baddeck, to Sarah, daughter of the late Neil McLeod, of the same place.

### DIED

At Baddeck, on the 4th inst., Miss Margaret McAskill, in the 29th year of her age.

At the rectory, June 27, the Rev. Thomas R. Gwillim, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Baddeck. The deceased clergyman leaves a widow and two young children. His remains were conveyed to Middleton, N. S., for interment.

# NEW GOODS!

in several lines, received and being opened at the store of  
**Albert I. Hart.**

Always kept in stock a complete line of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Ready-to-Wear Clothing, Hardware, Drugs, Sportsmen's Supplies, Provisions, Groceries, Canned Goods, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Prices and Quality just Right.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Country Produce Bought and Sold.

**ALBERT I. HART,**  
GENERAL MERCHANT,  
CORNER CHEBUCTO AND PRINCE STREETS-EAST.

K. J. McKAY. E. G. McASKILL.

**McKAY & CO.,**

VICTORIA WHAREHOUSE—CHEBUCTO ST.,  
General Merchants and Shippers,

DEALERS AT  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

We keep the Largest and Best Assortment of Goods in Victoria County.

### OUR STOCK

Of Dry Goods is complete. In Dress Goods we keep Priestley's Celebrated Fabrics; in Serges, Cashmeres and Colored Goods, with Trimmings to Suit.

### ALSO

Flannelets, Prints, Grey and White Cottons, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Shirts, Denims, White and Blue Dress Duck, Cottonades, Cretannes, Muslins, Linens, Napkins and Towels.

### OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Is in charge of Miss Laura MacRae, who has given general satisfaction to patrons. We keep a full supply of all the newest novelties in this line.

### JUST RECEIVED

A Complete Assortment of the Celebrated "D & A" Corsets—all sizes and makes.

We sell the "Universal Blend" of Tea, which gives our customers such good satisfaction.

Our Stock of Flour is large, including the following well-known brands: "Five Roses," "Campania," "Crescent," "Senator," and "Victory." Also a Full Stock of Rolled Oats and Corn Meal.

Customers and the General Public will find our Stock Large, and Prices to suit the times.

### OUR SHOW ROOM

Is well filled with the Celebrated "Ames Holden" Makes, Comprising Ladies' Button and Laced Kid Boots, Shoes and Slippers, Gents' Boots in all Styles and Qualities, and a Full Line for the children. We are also Sole agents for the "Granby" Rubbers and Rubber Boots.

### OUR STOCK OF HARDWARE

Is Large and Varied, including a Full Supply of Haying Tools.

WE SELL THE WELL-KNOWN SIBLEY SCYTHE, THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

### GROCERIES AND CANNED GOODS.

Messrs Crosse & Blackwell, of London, England, have appointed us Sole Agents for their well-known makes of Fine Groceries and Canned Goods, Comprising Marmalade and Jams, Pickles, Sauces, Salt Vinegar, Salad Oil and Salad Dressing, Potted Meats, and a General Assortment of their Superior Table Delicacies.

## Instruction and Amusement For the Boys and Girls.

**LOST.**  
"Oh, mudder!" cried he,  
"I tumbled, I did!"  
Ruefully looking down—  
"I lost a big hole—  
In my 'tockin', I did!"  
Rubbing the knee so brown—  
"But, mudder!" cried he,  
"I hunted, I did,  
But it duss' wasn't anywhere—  
The cwooked wound piece  
What fell out of the hole—  
I fought you could it back dere."  
"Now, mudder!" cried he,  
"Now where does you s'pose  
That cwooked wound piece did go?  
But where can it be?"  
Does any wee laddie know?

**TIRED OF DON'TS.**  
"I am tired of 'don'ts,'" said Margaret B.,  
"As tired of 'don'ts' as I can be,  
For it's 'don't do this' and 'don't do that,'  
Don't hurt the dog, don't scare the cat,  
Don't be untidy and don't be vain,  
Don't interfere, don't do it again,  
Don't bite your nails, don't gobble your food,  
Don't speak so loud—it's dreadfully rude,  
Don't mumble your words, don't say 'I won't,'  
Oh! all the day long it's nothing but don't."  
Some time or other I hope—don't you?  
Some one or other will say "Please do."

**FURLOUGH.**  
"What is a furlough?" asked a Columbus (O.) teacher.  
"It means a mule," was the reply of Mary.  
"Oh, no," replied the teacher; "it doesn't mean a mule."  
"Indeed, it does!" said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so."  
"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school, and we'll see about it."  
The next day Mary brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words, "Going Home on His Furlough."

**A TRUE CAT STORY.**  
There are many who would say that cats feel no genuine affection, even for those who have treated them kindly; but in my judgment this opinion is erroneous. An incident in my own life proves to my own satisfaction that cats do love those who treat them kindly, and that in no small degree.  
At about six or seven years of age, I came into the possession of a gray kitten, which soon became a treasure to me. I looked after Tom myself, gave him his meals regularly—something, too, very often, between meals—and lavished upon him all the affection I could. Very soon he showed an affection for me which he bore to no other member of the family—in fact, on more than one occasion he ran away from my brother, who was rather given to teasing him, and came to me for protection.  
I used to smuggle Tom to bed with me and hide him under the blankets until I was satisfied no one would come near me again for the night. Then would I drag him forth in triumph from his hiding place and hug him closely to my breast. Tom showing his appreciation by purring loudly and diligently rubbing my neck and chin with his soft cheek. To my sorrow, it was only once in a long while that I was allowed this pleasure, as very often my mother in her final look at me for the night would spy my pet or hear him purr, and then Tom would be banished from the room.  
Sometimes, when particularly anxious to be with me, he found a way to manage it. During the night, if the window was not open, he forced his way through a pane of glass, and I awoke to find him nestling on the pillow beside my cheek. This may sound incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and I think that Tom must have felt a deep love for me, or he would not have been so eager to be with me. Of course he did not do this sort of thing regularly, but I remember several occasions on which he did so. Every morning he visited me before I was out of bed, and we generally had our breakfast together.  
The school I attended was distant about two miles. At first, though loath to leave Tom behind, it never occurred to me to take him with me. But after a time he sometimes accompanied me, either sitting on my shoulder or in my arms or running along by my side. During school hours he remained close by, outside, in the woods. At intermission I sought him out, and during the dinner hour let him share my lunch. When school was over, he accompanied me home. But he had not the opportunity of doing this very long, because when I was about ten years old I was sent to a school about 20 miles away, and then I saw Tom only about once in three months—Our Animal Friends.

**WHAT THEY SAY.**  
A Philadelphia girl says, Really! A Boston girl, Ah! A Chicago girl, Which! A Baltimore girl, Indeed! A Providence girl, He-ow! A London girl, Fawney! A Denver girl, So! A Leadville girl, What are you givin' us? While the Pueblo girl merely says, "Rats!"—Facts.

**TOMMY'S LOGIC.**  
"I don't see what's the use of my being vaccinated again," said Tommy, baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor. "The human body changes every ten years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are eleven years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vacci-

ated first, and it has run out." "Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out, too?"  
**A WORTHLESS SUGGESTION.**  
I have tried the kissing cure for indigestion, but it is no good.  
"What was the test?"  
"My wife had a chafing-dish supper, and I followed it up by kissing the entire family. Didn't sleep a wink that night."  
"Why not?"  
"I absent-mindedly kissed the nurse girl, and my wife knew it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A PITY THEY LEAK.**  
Dolly—Those clouds are very thick, pa, aren't they?  
Pa—Yes, dear. There are layers on layers, sometimes half a mile dense.  
Dolly—Isn't it a pity that they leak and let the rain through?—Pick Me Up.

**A BARGAIN.**  
A little girl of 3 years in a drug store with her mamma was attracted by something in the showcase and asked what it was. The clerk replied, "That is a scent bag." "How cheap?" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"

**LINCOLN AND DYING SOLDEIR.**  
In his Presidential address before the Baptist Union, Mr. E. G. George told a story of Abraham Lincoln and his visits to the wounded warriors during the American War: "On one occasion Lincoln found a young fellow whose legs had been amputated, and who was evidently sinking fast. 'Is there anything I can do for you?' asked Lincoln. You might write a letter to my mother," was the faint reply. The President wrote at the youth's dictation—My dearest mother, I have been shot bad, but am bearing up; I tried to do my duty. They tell me I cannot recover. God bless you and father, kiss Mary and John for me.' At the end came these words as postscript, 'This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln.' When the boy perused this epistle and saw those added words he looked with astonished gaze at his visitor, and asked, 'Are you our President?' 'Yes,' was the quiet answer, 'and now you know that, is there anything else I can do for you?' 'Feebly the lad said—'I guess you might hold my hand, and see me through.' So sitting down at the bedside, the tall, gaunt man with a heart tender as a woman's, held the soldier's hands through the live-long night, till it grew cold and rigid in death."

**LITTLE JOKES.**  
Teacher—Now, Johnny, who was Robinson Crusoe? Johnny—He was de duck wot got a long term on de island.  
"Great snakes! There's 57 little chicks in that box! How could one hen hatch out as many as that?"  
"A hen didn't do it. They was hatched in a—in a incubus, you fool!"  
Mamma—Did your father really get these fish himself? Small Son—Yes; he bought them first thing after we left home and told the market man to be sure and keep them on ice till we got back.  
Nellie, aged 5, was in her father's office one day when he had occasion to use the telephone. "Who are you talking to, papa?" she asked. "To a man," was the reply. "Well," exclaimed Nellie, "he must be an awful little man if he lives in that box!"  
Teacher—Now, little girl, I have told the class about the wicked place being paved with good intentions. Now, what do you suppose Heaven is paved with? Little Girl (with a delightful recollection of a "fresh-air picnic")—Bananas, ham sandwiches—an' pie!

**Sure, Safe, Easy to Use.**

Diamond Dyes are the popular dyes in every home of the civilized world. They are sure and reliable under all circumstances, giving the choicest, most brilliant and most lasting colors.  
Diamond Dyes are the safest to use in the home; no poisonous ingredients to irritate the hands are ever used in the composition of these famed dyes. Common package dyes are largely composed of dangerous materials.  
Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that a child can dye as successfully as a grown person. Beware of common and crude dyes sold for the sake of large profits. Insist upon having the Diamond Dyes and you will have happy results.

**A Cry From the Basement.**  
The British artisans are not alone in their complaints against their employers, and the domestic servants are airing their grievances and demanding among other things, a law requiring employers to give good "characters" to honest and faithful servants who leave their employment, and to punish the givers of such certificates to dishonest, unfaithful and incompetent servants who are discharged. A law is also demanded requiring employers to furnish wholesome sleeping apartments, as in some of the finest houses in London the servants are required to sleep in cellars, attics, pantries, etc.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.**  
Dollie—He's promised to send back my lock of hair, but he hasn't done it yet. Mollie—That's the way with those hair-restorers—all promise and no performance.

### Paine's Celery Compound

Is the world's great nerve medicine. This is the month when overworked men, women and girls in the home, workshop, store and office feel nervous, tired, dull, irritable, languid and weak. These conditions result from weak and unstrung nerves. The nerves regulate the blood supply through the body. Upon the healthy action of the nerves, health and happiness depend. People who have their nerves out of repair in the hot weather are the most miserable of mortals.  
Paine's Celery Compound is the only true and safe specific for diseased nerves—it is the one medicine for the banishment of all hot weather ills and weaknesses. Physicians recommend it every day. It is the favorite life-giver with millions on this continent—Take no substitute. Dealer; "Paine's" is the kind that cures.

**Rhubarb Wine.**  
Five pounds of rhubarb stock to every gallon of water; rain-filtered water is the best; cut it in slices and let it remain in an open tub nine days, stirring it three times a day; then squeeze it through a coarse cloth, and to every gallon of liquor add four pounds of brown sugar, the juice of two lemons and the rind of one, also toasted bread and barn; cask it, and when fermentation ceases bung it. It will be ready in June if made early in the season.

### "QUICKCURE"

Inhale Quickcure for Catarrh 15, 25, 50c.  
The Influx to Jerusalem.  
During the past few years nearly 150,000 Hebrews have entered Jerusalem, and the arrival of another host is said to be imminent. Already the railways are opening the country between the coast and Jerusalem and Damascus and a Hebrew migration on a large scale may cause Syria to become once more of vast importance in the east.

**Insuring German Workmen.**  
Under the laws which compel both German employers and employees to contribute to sick funds, accident funds and funds for the aged and incapacitated, about \$300,000,000 have been paid during the last decade to 25,000,000 employees. The sums paid in during that period amounted to \$480,000,000, of which the masters contributed \$240,000,000 and the men \$220,000,000. Many large firms have also private pensions and other funds, to which they contribute liberally, and profit sharing prevails to some extent.

**Remember**  
We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute; it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

**Bradstreet's Review of Canadian Trade**  
Wholesale trade at Montreal has not continued to expand the past week as it did in the early weeks of this month. There appears to be less activity in exports, largely due probably to the drop in the price of grain, resulting in less demand for shipment. The sorting trade in seasonable lines is moderately active, and after the first of the month there will be an increased demand for fall goods. The volume of trade in Toronto is large and appears to be increasing. The hot weather has created an active demand for all lines of light goods for summer wear, and values are very firm. The fall trade is not yet very active, but the sales for the fall so far this year are much larger than for the same period last year. There was an advance of 10 per cent. in the price of spool cotton this week. Advances from the European markets show that prices of dress fabrics are advancing and that orders cannot be repeated except at a considerable advance. Groceries show more activity and sugars are now selling more freely at good prices. Leathers are in good demand and firm. The business prospects in Manitoba are bright. The recent rains greatly improved the crops and that has made the feeling in trade circles very hopeful with the result that retailers are inclined to make liberal purchases for the fall. There are many new settlers coming in all the time, a large proportion of them being from the States south, and the active demand for farm lands referred to some time ago is being kept up.

**Cure Yourself of Rheumatism.**  
The application of Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, has proved a remarkable success in rheumatism and neuralgia. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out and so gives relief. Try it and be convinced.  
Her Only Defect.  
McGinnis—Mrs. Stiggins is certainly a beautiful woman.  
Gus De Smith—Yes; I admire her very much. In fact, there is only one thing about her I don't like.  
"What's that?"  
"Her husband."

**Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.**  
"Do you cut the pie in four pieces or five?" asked the landlady, sweetly springing her star catch question.  
"Six," promptly answered the applicant for a job.

### HE TOOK A LONG SMOKE

An Englishman Consumed Eighty-Six Cigars in Nine Hours.  
A man well known in turf circles, says Pearson's Weekly, made a curious wager in the year 1860, in which he backed himself to smoke one pound weight of strong foreign regalias within twelve hours. The conditions were that the cigars should be smoked one at a time to within an inch of the end.

The match was decided on a Thames steamer plying between London and Chelsea, the smoker taking up a position well forward in the bows, where he caught the force of the breeze that was blowing. The cigars ran a luncheon to the pound, so that about eight an hour had to be consumed to win the wager. A start was made at 10 o'clock in the morning, and the affair was finished at 7 in the evening. In the course of nine hours and twenty minutes 86 cigars were fairly smoked, the greatest number consumed being in the second hour, when the smoker disposed of no fewer than 16. At the eighty-sixth cigar, when 14 only remained to be smoked, the backer of time gave in, finding that the smoker was bound to win, and the latter puffed the remainder away at his leisure in the course of the same evening. The winner subsequently declared that he had not experienced the slightest difficulty or unpleasantness during the whole time he was blowing off the weeds. The only refreshment taken during the progress of the match was a chop at 2 o'clock, the eating of which occupied 20 minutes, and a gill and a half of brandy in cold water at intervals throughout the day.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

The Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.  
Remarkable Laws of Nature.  
A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, and for want of food at varying periods, dependent on circumstances. When one falls asleep the surrender of sight, taste, smell, hearing and touch is necessary. The sense of touch is the lightest sleeper and most easily wakened, then hearing, then sight, while sluggish taste and smell awaken last. The human body is an epitome in Nature of all mechanisms, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than 310 mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all these are but modifications of those found in the human body.

**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.

**Thrush.**  
There never was a good war or a bad peace.—B. Franklin.  
It is not knowledge, but little knowledge, that puffeth up.—Caryl.  
Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.—Longfellow.  
I now perceive that it is necessary to know one subject thoroughly, were it only literature.—R. L. Stevenson.  
Character in matters great and small consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable.—Goethe.  
There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving; half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

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.

**More Rain. Less Wind.**  
After listening to a Parliamentary candidate's fervid appeal, a shrewd old farmer was asked what he thought of the speech. His reply was simply:  
"Well, I dinna ken, but I think six hours' rain would ha' done us a deal mair guid!"—Tit-Bits.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.**  
The political whitewash brush covers a multitude of freckled reputations. No person enjoys drinking in a conversation of the extra dry brand.

**Ask Your Dealer for BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS.**  
For Sale by all Leading Houses.  
O.E.A.A. BOECKH & SONS, Manufacturers  
106-110 O'NT

## What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

## What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WILL RUN	AT RETURN FARES.																										
Home Seekers' 60-Day Excursions to the Canadian Northwest	<table border="1"> <tr> <td>Deloraine.....</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Reston.....</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Estevan.....</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Binscarth.....</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Moosomin.....</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Winnipegosis.....</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Regina.....</td> <td>\$28</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Moosajaw.....</td> <td>\$30</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Yorkton.....</td> <td>\$35</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Prince Albert.....</td> <td>\$40</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Calgary.....</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Red Deer.....</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Edmonton.....</td> <td></td> </tr> </table>	Deloraine.....		Reston.....		Estevan.....		Binscarth.....		Moosomin.....		Winnipegosis.....		Regina.....	\$28	Moosajaw.....	\$30	Yorkton.....	\$35	Prince Albert.....	\$40	Calgary.....		Red Deer.....		Edmonton.....	
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Going July 13 (All Rail)																											
Going July 14 (S.S. Athabasca)	Returning Until Sept. 12.																										
Going July 19, Returning Until September 17. (All Rail or S.S. Alberta.)																											

For tickets apply to any Canadian Pacific Agent or to C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, 1 King street east, Toronto.

### BANKRUPT STOCK FOR SALE

Merchant tailoring goods; well assorted; a splendid opportunity for a man wishing to start in merchant tailoring business. For particulars apply to A. E. Favay & Co., London, Ont.

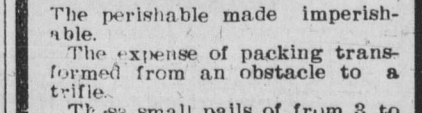
### A FORTUNE IN OLD STAMPS.

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.

### HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW SARNIA LAMP OIL

The Water White is as good as American—Cheaper, and Lasts Longer. Your dealer should have it.  
THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., LIMITED,  
Samuel Rogers, President, Toronto.



**Antiseptic Spruce Fibreware**  
The perishable made imperishable. The expense of packing transformed from an obstacle to a trifle. These small palls of from 3 to 12 lbs. capacity keep Butter, Lard, Mince Meat, etc., sweet and pure an indefinite length of time. They resist corrosion and decay, and guard their contents from all contamination. Get samples and prices.  
The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.  
Branches and Agencies Throughout Canada.

**FOR SALE**  
10,000 acres good farming lands in Arenac, Iosco, Ogemaw and Crawford Counties, Michigan. This perfect. On M. C. Ry. Detroit, Macine and Loon 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.

# A TRIAL FOR CURE.

New Remedy for Consumption to be Tested.

WILL BE USED AT DUNNING

Tuberculosis Sufferers at the Institution as Patients.

DR. MURPHY TALKS ABOUT IT.

Nitrogen to be Given Two Hundred and Success is Expected—Observations and Experiments—Sure all Diseases of the Lungs Can be Checked in Incipency.

A Chicago despatch says: Consumption and all other diseases of the lungs can be cured if treatment is begun before adhesion sets in. The announcement of the discovery of remedial agents which has electrified the medical world has been made as the result of experiments and observations by Dr. J. B. Murphy, of this city. In spite of expressed doubts of members of the profession, who, however, have manifested intense interest in his statements, the noted surgeon adheres to his belief in the effectiveness of his remedy.

At the annual convention of the American Medical Association at Denver on June 9th Dr. Murphy, in a paper relating to the treatment of diseased lungs by surgery, first made public the discovery.

Two hundred consumptive patients at the Dunning Asylum will be subjected to examination. All who have the disease in its incipient stages will be operated on. Dr. Murphy expects to be able to begin the work within two weeks.

### TALKS OF HIS DISCOVERY.

Dr. Murphy, when seen at his residence, consented to speak of his discovery. Of the way in which he arrived at his conclusions as to the remedy's efficacy, he replied:

"While in Paris three years ago I began work to investigate what could be done in a surgical way for the various diseases of the lungs. After repeated experiments and observations, I decided that the action of nitrogen compresses the lung and gives it rest. I found that the nodule of tuberculosis becomes calcified, or scarified into a solid substance, and a new tissue builds up around it. I found that the lung, with the air drawn out, was a little ball about an inch and a half in diameter. Expanded with air, it half fills the chest, and if a portion be removed, the reserve will expand to take its place.

"The sore spots in the cavities and in the tissues of the lung, while in constant motion, as in breathing, are prevented from healing, just as any sore, if constantly irritated, would remain open. The tendency of the tubercular sore is to heal, and if left alone it will heal. The way to do this I found was by withdrawing the air. The treatment of pleurisy, in which the air and fluid are drawn off, demonstrated this can be done with safety. I found the best way of placing pressure upon the lung was the introduction into the diseased cavity of nitrogen.

### EXPERIMENTS ON A DOG.

"My first experiment was made on a dog. After inoculating it with tuberculosis germs, I took out one lung, and proved that one lung could be put at rest while the other worked. I also showed that one lung could do the work by itself, and that one-tenth of both lungs was sufficient to all the work of respiration.

"The first person I used the treatment on was a man at Dunning, President Healy, of the county board, had given me permission to help the patient if I could. The patient was given one injection of nitrogen. The next day he jumped out of bed, and has been down town to see me many times since. His cough is gone, and if prudent a permanent cure will be the ultimate result.

"The nitrogen treatment is simple. It consists merely of introducing a hypodermic syringe through which nitrogen is injected. The needle is supplied with a stopcock, by which the amount introduced can be regulated. There is a sensation of short breathing for a few moments, in some cases, which immediately disappears, and in every case is followed by relief. The lung is compressed by effusion into a small space. Then the tubercular sore is enabled to heal, for the gas renders the affected part inert, and allows a tissue to form around it. Tuberculosis is like a fire. If burnt out it cannot be cured. But if it is assailed in its early stages it can be quenched.

### TREATMENT ALLOWS LIBERTY.

"After the first injection the patient is in no way affected, is not required to take to his bed and can continue his usual business without inconvenience. One injection will last about ten weeks. Albaline, a coal tar preparation, will produce practically the same results. At the end of ten weeks the nitrogen is withdrawn, air admitted and the cured lung expands to its former dimensions. If the cough returns all that has to be done is to put in more nitrogen and give the lung another rest, which will undoubtedly cure it.

"On my Dunning patient I used two quarts of gas. The amount depends upon the severity of the disease. This is not a cure all. Consumptives in the advanced stages cannot be benefited. If a patient has got to the stage of adhesions the treatment will be of no avail.

"The treatment can be given by anybody who can properly estimate the condition of the patient. Of

course, the results cannot be foretold in all cases. I am willing to stake my reputation that the new process will cure all diseases of the lungs which have not reached the adhesive stage."

Dr. Murphy will not take up the treatment of consumptives. His work is purely surgical and in its study he made the nitrogen cure discovery. His results of experiments and observations were given to the medical convention in Denver. In his opinion there is much more in the line of the same theory that is yet to be developed. The treatment of the consumptive patients at Dunning next month will be closely watched by the medical profession of the country.

### SPECIAL POSTAL DELIVERY SERVICE

Letters Bearing the New 10-Cent Stamp to be Delivered

#### WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS.

Ottawa report: The Post-office Department has concluded arrangements for the inauguration on July 1st of a special delivery service, whereby a letter, bearing in addition to the ordinary postage, a special delivery stamp of the face value of 10 cents, posted at any Post-office in Canada and addressed to a city Post-office having now free delivery by letter-carrier, shall be specially and promptly delivered to the person to whom it is addressed within the limits of letter-carrier delivery at any one of the following Post-offices, viz.: Halifax, St. John, N. B., Fredericton, Quebec, Montreal, London, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Brantford, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Victoria and Vancouver. Whilst the delivery of such letters will, for the present, be restricted to the city Post-offices named, they may be mailed at any Post-office in the Dominion. It is expected that by the first proximo or very soon thereafter special delivery stamps will be on sale at all money order Post-offices. The special delivery stamp differs materially in design and size from the ordinary sizes, the dimensions of the engraved work being 1-1/4 inches long 7-8 of an inch wide. The advantage of



CANADA'S SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMP ENLARGED ACTUAL DIMENSIONS 3/4 BY 1 1/2 INCHES. Such a contrast is obvious. The letter to which a special delivery stamp is affixed can thus be at once picked out by those handling the mails including it, and its delivery greatly hastened. The design of the special delivery stamp is without any vignette, and consists substantially of a panel across the top of the stamp containing the words "Canada Post Office," with a lathe-work border round the other three sides of the stamp. The centre of the stamp is occupied by an oval containing lathe-work, with the word "Ten" in the centre, and the phrase "Special delivery within city limits," in a white letter on a solid panel encircling the word "ten." On each side of the stamp, connecting the oval with the border, is a circle with the numeral "10"; the space between the oval and the border is occupied by ornamental work. At the bottom of the stamp, in the lathe-work border, appears a white panel with the words "Ten cents." The color of the stamp is dark green. The regulations relating to first-class matter (and post) will apply with equal force to special delivery letters, the only difference being the special treatment which the latter receive with a view to accelerating their delivery. The object sought by the establishment of special delivery—namely, the special delivery of letters transmitted thereunder—will be much promoted if the sender of all such letters are careful to address them plainly and full, giving, if possible, the street and number in every case. Such care will serve not only to prevent mistakes, but also to facilitate delivery.

#### How it Strikes 'Don.'

Fears are being expressed by some of the British journals that an Anglo-Saxon alliance will be made impossible by the adding to the United States the territory of Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, etc. These shortsighted newspapers forget that the United States constitution forbids any interstate tariff, and if these countries come into United States federal union their goods will have to come into all ports free. This will rob the United States of a very great revenue on tobacco, sugar and other products, and will be really the first step towards free trade. Mechanical appliances are so perfect in the United States that the production of textiles and metal goods, saving the high wages, can be had at a smaller cost than in Europe. With the sickening dose that that country has given to its export trade, a great struggle will have to be begun to get a place in the markets of the world, and the British newspapers may as well recognize the fact that Yankeeedom is either nearer free trade now than she ever was, or on the verge of proving protection an impossibility.—Saturday Night.

He—I cannot restrain the impulse to remark what a small and dainty hand you have, Miss Goodie. She—Oh, Harry! My heart goes with it. When will you speak to papa? Faith is woman's belief that there will be peaches to put up, no matter what happens.

### THAT DIABOLICAL INVENTION

The Folding Bed, and the Scurvy Trick that it Played

#### ON AN INGENUOUS BRIDAL COUPLE.

William Corbin and his wife, a bridal couple whose honeymoon had just begun, were bottled up tight last night in a big folding bed at No. 414 Aldine Place, Kansas City, and nearly smothered to death. They were rescued through the heroic efforts of the neighbors. The only bad results were a few bruises, and an abnormal basiffulness about speaking of the subject.

Mr. Corbin is an Englishman engaged in the grain business. He came with his bride to Kansas City about three or four days ago. He is a secretive man, and he didn't say anything about himself, but the neighbors soon judged Mr. and Mrs. Corbin to be in the first stages of the honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbin's rooms were on the second floor of the flat at No. 414 Aldine Place, kept by Mrs. Thomas. They boarded with Mrs. Baker at No. 1,250 Washington street. About 10:30 o'clock last night Mrs. Thomas, her family and a few neighbors were seated on the front porch when they heard a crash inside the house. Marie Thomas, a girl of 14, leaped to her feet and ran up the stairs screaming, "It's the folding bed! I knew it would do that!"

"It's the folding bed! The folding bed!" the women shrieked in chorus. Some ran upstairs after the girl and some out into the court screaming for help.

They spied the lamplighter coming down the street with his torch and stepladder. He heard their cry, "The folding bed!" and he seemed to know what it meant, so he followed them into the flat and up the stairs, ladder and all.

Half way up they met Marie, who was wailing: "The folding bed! They're locked up in the big bed, smashed and mangled, and the door's bolted."

The door was bolted and could not be forced.

"Mr. Corbin! Mr. Corbin!" screamed Mrs. Thomas, "are you still alive?" Then she added, "Wait, you please get up and open the door!" Mr. Corbin probably did not understand her or he would have appreciated the irony of the speech. Two smothered groans floated out from the bedstead. By this time the whole court was roused, for the word went round: "The bridal couple's got bottled up in the folding bed."

Several men rushed upstairs and pounded frantically at the door. The women and children were shrieking hysterically, and the half-suffocated Mr. and Mrs. Corbin continued to groan.

Some one at last had the presence of mind to suggest that the lamplighter crawl through the transom and do the rescuing himself. The lamplighter was a little, grimy man. He mounted his stepladder and crawled gingerly through the narrow opening. But once inside the groans so unstrung him that he made no attempt to help Mr. and Mrs. Corbin, but tried desperately to unlock the door and get out.

The crowd in the hall, made desperate by the delay, could wait no longer, but battered down the door. In they rushed, the women expecting to see several arms and legs strewn about the room. About half of the women are reported to have fled down stairs, afraid to look upon the mangled bodies of the bridal couple.

The bed-room was in a state of great confusion. Bric-a-brac, glassware and books were strewn about the floor. The heavy oak bedstead was smashed as flat as a sandwich, and out of the cracks floated the groans of Mr. and Mrs. Corbin. They were rescued unharmed after five minutes of hard work with the axes, and slid bashfully out of bed in their night robes, while the women and little girls dried their eyes and the men laughed and gaped.

The folding bed is a wreck.—Topeka, Kan., Daily Capital.

#### A Great Chinese Financier.



Here, says the New York Evening World, is the J. Pierpont Morgan of China. He is as great a Celestial in his own way as Li Hung Chang. His name is Sheng Taoti, and he is looked upon as the greatest financier the land of the yellow dragon has yet produced. He is behind all the great railway projects now on foot in China and was also a promoter of the Chinese Imperial Bank scheme. A Belgian syndicate has just advanced \$21,000,000 for a trunk line between Pekin and Hankow, which Sheng Taoti is engineering.

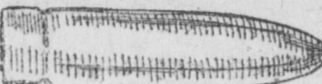
#### How to Get Strong.

"Yath," said Cholly Doollittle, "the doctah has ordahed me to go in foah athletics, don't yer know?" "Ah! wally?" responded McAllister Ward. "But, me deah boy, you musn't go at it too feviciously." "That's what—ah!—the doctah said, and so I'm beginning, don't you see, by cawing me own chroysanthemum."

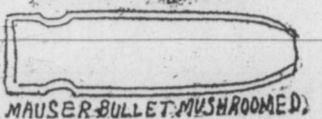
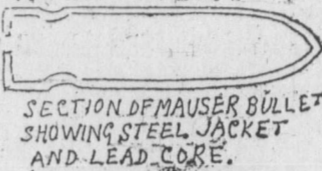
### DEADLY MAUSER BULLET.

A Spanish Trick for Making it Particularly Destructive.

The mangling qualities of the Mauser rifle used by the Spanish troops is just now being fully realized, through the exchange of lead which has been going on in Cuba. Surgeons who examined the bodies



#### A MAUSER BULLET



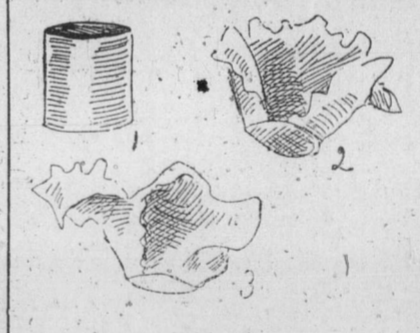
of the men who died at Guantanamo, and who were said to have been maliciously slashed, have reported that it is possible that the ghastly mutilations were caused only by the bullets from the Mauser rifles used by the Spanish, but, says the New York



#### Effect of a Mushroomed Mauser Bullet on a Human Skull.

Journal, in the opinion of men who have studied the work of the Mauser rifle there is much evidence to show that the Spaniards used bullets that were practically explosive, thereby violating every law of humanity in civilized warfare.

This means that all that is necessary to convert the projectiles into the most savagely destructive missile ever devised by man is to file or cut



1. Empty Canister. 2 and 3. Canister Struck by Bullet After Being Filled with Water. 4. A Mauser Bullet After Striking.

away part of the hardened casing covering the point of the bullet. The soft lead, thus exposed, will spread the second it strikes anything, and, on the body of a man, will make a hole as big as a football.

#### Disadvantages of a Limited Education.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells of a colored man who noticed a board displayed in front of a building in course of erection. It bore these words: "Keep away—Danger." The colored man walked up close to the board and traced the letters with his finger. His lips moved as if he were spelling out the words. Before he had finished the "Keep away," a brick fell from the upper story and struck him squarely on the head. Without looking up he backed across the sidewalk and examined the big gash in his hat. As he smoothed it down he sadly remarked: "Dat's one o' de drawbacks to a limited ederation!"

#### Decreased Irish Immigration.

While immigration from Ireland has materially decreased in recent years—the less desirable Latins having assumed first place in the numerical list—there is shown in a late report of Consul Daniel Swiney, at Queenstown, a remarkable and gratifying fact in connection with the Irish seeking betterment of their condition on this side of the Atlantic. In 1897 only 33,000 came from the Emerald Isle to the United States and about half of these were returning immigrants who had gone home as visitors. The reduced exodus from the other side means that the conditions of life for the masses in Ireland have greatly improved, while the great percentage of returning visitors indicates the favorable results attending intelligent industry and thrift in this country.—New York Mail and Express.

Rev. Early Call—What induced you to leave the church? Mrs. Deafly—Louder, doctor, I didn't hear you. Bridget (speaking up)—He said what in the deuce did you leave the church for.

"I wish you were not always wanting to go out riding, Clara. You ought to pay a little more attention to the serious things of life. Remember, you can't go to heaven in a carriage." "Why, papa, Elijah did."

### CITY VS. COUNTRY LIFE.

The Advantages are Not All With the Farmer.

Really I think it is too bad—all the pitying we get just because we happen to be farmers' wives, when not more than half of us need it. I was city born and bred, and always had an idea that a farmer's wife was to be pitied. I supposed they led lonesome lives, always drudging, never from home, in short, living somewhat as a convict does, in prison, at hard work for life.

I vowed that never would I marry a farmer, and I didn't, but here I am living on a farm. My John was born and brought up on a farm, but like most farmers' sons, thought the old farm was too "slow," so it was in the city we met and were wed. As his salary was not a large one, we had to contrive all sorts of ways to make ends meet. The only house we could get, near his work, was one of five rooms, in a block, at fifteen dollars a month. The rule is that three feet make a yard, but we didn't even have one foot. Our front door opened in the street, our back door on the alley. Had to carry all our wood and coal up from the basement. When I washed I had to carry my clothes up two flights to the roof, to dry them. All you farmer's wives can imagine how white they were, with the smoke from chimneys blowing upon them. I felt like crying every time I took them from the line. Here I can spread my clothes over two or three sections of land, and how sweet they smell!

Of course, the city has some advantages, such as the bargain counter, etc., but you see we have no need of those things to tempt our purses. I am more than content since we came to the Northwest, and took up our claim, and I wish more young people, now working for a few dollars a week in the city, and liable to be told any Saturday night their services are no longer needed, would strike out for themselves and do likewise. I know their trials. It is a constant worry, work and fret to keep up appearances. Here we let appearances go, and do the best we can with what we have.

My John is a firm believer in Woman's Rights; that is, her right to have good tools to work with. I have a washing machine, wringer, barrel churn, and what so many women lack, a good cook stove, also a sewing machine. I neither milk, chop, nor bring in wood, carry water, nor empty slops. Those things are all done for me. I look after the chickens in summer, not in winter. As I have only a two roomed cabin, so keep clean. I have plenty of time for reading, doing fancy work, and amusing my three-year-old. He helps mamma by keeping his playthings in order, and has always to do his share of the churning, or be heart-broken in consequence.

To crown it all, think of the pure air such as we never breathe in the city. And it is all free, no tax on it, so we poor farmers' wives can use all we need of it. Again, we have only a room to stretch, and swing our arms without striking our neighbors. I can sing, or scream, at the top of my voice, and run no risk of being arrested for disturbing the peace. When a meal is ready, I go to the door and give a regular warwhoop, and feel all the better for the exercise.

Farmers' wives, isn't it your own fault, in a measure, if your work is so hard? I think it all right to help men in cases of emergency, but don't make a practice of it, as some of my neighbors do, for, in most cases, the more you do the more you are expected to do. Starting right is half the battle. I have an aunt who has been married over thirty years, who has to make hot soda biscuit every meal, simply because she spoiled her husband when first married.

Let no sister be afraid of going on a farm to live, for it isn't half so bad as some make out. Do the work that belongs to you, and let John do his. My John says women never were created to work in barns, nor to be beasts of burden. He wants no barn odor mixed with his victuals. The following from a country paper shows what some men expect, but I pity the woman he gets:

Wanted—I want a woman to cook, wash, iron, milk the cows and manage four oxen. I won't pay wages. I want to marry.—The Housekeeper.



#### BEATRICE AN AUTHORESS.

Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, the widowed Princess Battenberg, has written a book entitled "Comfort in Sorrow; the Fruits of a Mourner's Reading." It is a superb volume of about 100 pages and has been produced by the publishing house of Johannes Waltz, of Darmstadt. Although unmistakably prompted by the death of her royal spouse, the book is written throughout in impersonal style, containing not a single autobiographical allusion, but displaying deep tenderness of feeling and profound religious belief. It begins with something in the nature of a motto: "A little while our time of waiting lasts and then our work in this world is complete."

**CAELIC DEPARTMENT.**

**Tha sinn gu h-ìosalach sirdh comh-chuideachadh airson colbh na Callig.**

Faillte ort an leughadair. Tha sinn 'n dhocas gum bi sibh fade beo agus ceo 's air tigh.

Is e Baile Bhaddeck aite cho boidheach suidheachadh as ann an Canada, agus tha coir aig a luchd-aitcheaidh na's urrain iad a dhenamh gus am Baile bli gnan cireachdail dhoibh fein agus do na ceudan fir-thuruis a tighinn bliadhna deigh bliadhna na measg. Tha obraichean uisge gu araidh a dhith air a bhaile agus gus am faighair sin cha bli a mhaise no ghloinead bu choir a bli ri fhaicinn ann.

Nach ann a tha aimsir an tuathanach. Nach ann aiginn a tha an oighreachd chiatoch. Paltas dieth na h-athic ni math an a Canada. Feudaidh sinn maoin a bhuaibh bhon mhuir a's bhon thair. Cha bhuaibh plaign no galar mhillteach sinn uair air bith. Tha riaghailtinn agus laghaman ro mhaidh aiginn. Cha'n eil cogadh na ionmradh cogadh na air measg. Buidh sinn don mhòr rìoghachd a's fear agus is cunnachdachidh a bha riamb air thal-ann. Tha saorsa coguis bho bhraichean Bhreatain anns gach aite 'n beil i air a sgoileadh. Is e air dleasannas a bhi tangeil air son ar cor a's 'n mor bheanachdan tha sinn a mealtuinn agus a bhi dleas dhuinn fein, do ar duthaich a's do ar Dia, mar sin sealbhaichidh ar sìochan ar trì bhò linn gu linn gu deireadh ar t'saoghail.

Tha rìoghachdan an t'saoghail an diugh deas gu coghadh uamhasach a dhenamh. Cha'n eil teagamh nach eiridhich, ann an uisge gle ghearr, rìoghachd an aghaidh rìoghachd agus bithidh gorta agus plaighean an am moran aitean.

Is eigin do na nithibh sin uile tach-airt gu cothron thoirt do'n rìoghach is treasa buaidh fhaighin air cach. Le rìoghachd is treasa tha mi ciallachidh an rìoghachd a bhitheas bunaichte air fireantachd. Son'aon a sheasas. Tha eacaidraidh 'n t'saoghail dearbhaidh so. Cait a bheil Babylon agus na rìoghachdhan mora eile mu do leugh sin? Marbh. Co na rìoghachdhan tha beo an diugh! agus co iad sin tha basachadh? Aig deireadh na aimsir (age) tha againn an drasda biththead an saoghal fo righ-ladh aon rìoghachd. Co i! Breatunn no na Iudhaich! Tha moran smuain eachadh gur e na Iudhaich. Tha iad so buannaichidh am beartas a's cunnachd gach la. Thig iad comlath fhathast gu Ierusalem agus "Ge do thilg mi fada uam iad an measg nan cinneach agus ge do sgap mi iad measg nan duthchanna"  
—Ez. xi. 17, "bheir mi aid air air an ais do'n t-ir so; agus togaidh mi iad, agus cha tilg mi sìos, agus suidhichidh mi iad agus cha spion mi a bun"—Ier. xxiv. 6, Feumaidh mi sguir. Deanaidh gach aon againn n'as urrain e gu an rìoghach do buin sinn dhaingneachidh a's chumail beo.

**BADDECK FLOWER SHOW.**

Prize List—August 17th and 18th.

**HOUSE PLANTS.**  
Best collection of Fuchsias in bloom, not less than three.  
Best collection of Geraniums in bloom, not less than six.  
Best collection of Pelargoniums in bloom, not less than three.  
Best collection of Oleanders in bloom.  
Best Rubber-Plant. Best Coleus.

Prizes offered by Mr. Harris of the Nova Scotia Nursery, Halifax.  
Best collection and arrangement of plants on a stand or table not exceeding four feet by two feet.—1st prize, \$2.00; 2nd prize, \$1.00.  
Best collection of plants grown in a public school—\$2.00.

Prize money to be given to the scholar who obtained the highest number of marks at the last examination.  
For the most novel substitute for a flower pot in which a plant has been growing for at least two months—1st prize, \$1.50; 2nd prize, \$0.50.

Best box of growing plants  
" Mignonette  
" Trailing plant in hanging basket  
**CUT FLOWERS.**  
Best collection of Lilies.  
" " " Roses.  
" " " Not less than six varieties, or more than twelve.  
" " " Not less than twelve varieties.  
" " " Wild Flowers.  
" " " Dried Grasses.  
" Hand Bouquet.  
" Six Button hole Bouquets.  
" Arrangement of cut flowers for centre of dinner table.  
" Specimen of native fern, grown by exhibition.

All entries for plants to be forwarded to the secretary at least two weeks before the opening day. Cut flowers may be entered up to 10 o'clock on the opening day. All plants must be delivered at the building on the day before the opening.  
Cards will be affixed to all exhibits awarded prizes whether first or second.

A country schoolmaster was coaching his pupils for the yearly examination, and having before him the junior class in geography, he asked: "Can any little girl tell me the shape of the earth?" To this there was no answer. "Oh, dear me!" he said, "this is sad! Well, I'll give you a token to mind it. What is the shape of this snuff-box in my hand?" "Square, sir" replied all. "Yes, but on the Sabbath day, when I change my clothes, I change this snuff-box for a round one. Will you mind that for a token?" Examination day came and the class was called. "Can any little boy or girl tell what is the shape of the earth. Every hand was extended, every head thrown back and every eye flashed with excitement. One little fellow was signalled out with a "You, my little fellow, tell us." Round on Sundays and square the rest of the week.

**Farewell Address.**

At a meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society in connection with Greenwood Church, held in Gertrude Hall, June 28th, the following address was presented to Rev. D. M. McRae, B. A., by the local lodge of the I. O. G. T., of which lodge Mr. McRae has been a member, since its inception, some years ago:

To the Rev. Duncan McRae, P. C. T. of Victory Lodge No. 138, I. O. G. T.

We, your fellow laborers in the cause of total abstinence cannot allow this opportunity to pass without giving expression to you of our esteem and goodwill.

As we call to mind our friendship, our toil, our united struggles against wrong, our joys and sorrows, our hearts are pained by the thought that you are so soon to pass into a large and more distant field of action.

Mingled with our sorrow at parting with so dear a comrade, so faithful a friend, so energetic a fellow laborer is the joy that comes to us through the call to you from the Divine Master to bear testimony in His Great name to those who know him not.

Rest assured that as you go forward in obedience to that call our sympathy, our prayers, our aid will follow you. We realize that our aid is so small, only a means whereby our sympathy can find expression, yet we know that there is an arm Omnipotent under whose care you will be secure and that He never leaves, nor forsakes those who trust in Him.

We commend you to His Fatherly care with the hope that you may be sustained in His work and that in the future you may return to us that once more we may joy in your fellowship, and until that time our prayer is "God be with you till we meet again."

In Behalf of Victory Lodge.

ALBERT I. HART, Chairman.  
CHAR. H. PEPPY, Committee.  
M. D. McASKILL, )

Mr. McRae made a touching and eloquent reply, in which he reviewed the history of temperance in town and country—referred to the opposition met with and the success achieved. He spoke in feeling terms of his intimate association with members of the order in helping forward the work. He said that in Corea, his chosen field for missionary work, he expected to meet and cross swords with the giant of intemperance. He urged all to still greater effort, and true to the Good Templar motto, never to rest "until our success is complete and universal."—Com.

**Margaree Notes.**

During the present season, Margaree has for the most part been favoured by an abundant supply of moisture and the farmers in general look forward to an abundant harvest.

The Board of School Commissioners for North Lunenburg has in response to a petition addressed to them by a small number of the ratepayers, divided Rossville School Section into two parts. The old School house will remain in its present position and a new one will be erected at the lower extremity of the section. This division has been advocated for some time but owing to opposition the end was not previously attained. Recurrence has been made to the Council of Public Instruction and all just means will be used to prevent the separation.

The following persons have been appointed wardens to prevent the unlawful catching of fish: Mathew McDaniel, Rossville; Albert Hart, Cranston Section; and Walter Ross, Ledbetter Section. It would have been justly attending to the security of the fish to have these wardens appointed a month earlier as a splendid line of fish has already gone by. Many sportsmen are in a manly way enjoying the pleasure of capturing these "speckled beauties."

A shadow of gloom was cast over the entire community by the accidental death of Patrick Doyle, a resident of Margaree Forks. While cutting away a branch which prevented the falling of a tree, he fell from an elevation of thirty-six feet, receiving various injuries from the effects of which he died six hours later. Several of his ribs were broken and severe injuries received on the head. He however recovered consciousness and remained perfectly sane until his death, conversing with his friends.

**Gurrey in the Cannibal Islands.**

The curious moneys of the Cannibal Islands have been described by Walter Coot. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz use for money rope ends an inch thick and ornamented with scarlet feathers, which are worn about the waist. The money of Solomon Island consists of shells about the size of shirt buttons. They are threaded on strings about four yards long and distinguished as red and white money. Dogs teeth are of higher value and are worn on strings about the neck. Marble rings are considered valuable money. The currency table of these islands would be about as follows:  
Ten coconuts equal one string of white money.  
Ten strings of white money equal one dog's tooth.  
Ten strings of dog's teeth equal one isa, or fifty dolphin's teeth.  
Ten isa equal one fine woman.  
One marble ring equal one head of head antlers, or one good hog, or one useful young man.

**The Kaiser and the Prince.**

"As the immortal William once said," remarked Prince Henry, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."  
"Really, now, Henry," said the kaiser, as he overheard the remark of the prince, "that is quite clever, but when did I say it?"

**Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada.**

[Extracts from official Sources.]

Patron—His Excellency the Governor General.

President—Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen.

Chairman of Halifax Provisional Executive Committee—Rev. Dr. Black, Tobin Street, Halifax.

Hon. Secretary—Supervisor McKay, Halifax.

Hon. Treasurer—Charles Archibald, Esq., 32 Inglis Street, Halifax.

The plan is briefly as follows:

1. To provide thoroughly trained (hospital trained and diplomaed) nurses where needed in the homes of the sick poor.

These nurses, in addition to their hospital training, are to receive six months special training for the work they are to undertake.

2. They will be trained for efficiency to meet emergencies where the usual means and appliances are wanting; they will disseminate in the homes of the poor where they go, valuable knowledge of a most helpful and practical kind, about ventilation, sanitation and cleanliness. They will not only prepare the food for the sick, but will be expected to teach the friends of the patient to do this and to render many little offices of kindness and helpfulness to the patient. They will minister to the dying, and perform all needfull offices for the dead, in preparing them for burial.

3. They will, in many cases, carry with them clothing for the patients, and in each city or town where a district nursing home is established, there will be a supply of certain articles to be loaned or given away such as "maternity bags," containing necessaries for a confinement case, ticks to be filled with fresh straw where beds have to be provided, etc., etc., besides the usual and needful supply of bandages, disinfectants etc., etc.

**QUALIFICATIONS OF A VICTORIAN NURSE.**

As we have said she must have obtained a diploma or certificate in a hospital approved by the Central Executive Council. In addition, she must have qualified for district nursing by at least three months in a maternity hospital, and three months of training in a hospital for infectious diseases. She must be willing to enlist in the ranks of the order for three years, to be sent wherever needed, under the direction of the local medical men and the local association.

**TELEGRAPH-HOUSE, ESTABLISHED IN 1860.**

The Oldest Hotel in the County of Victoria.

Its reputation a matter of History--Still Sustained.

Dunlop Bros., Proprietors  
BADDECK, C. B.

Largely Increased Accommodation by the addition of New Buildings.

All the Requisites of a First-Class House.

Long and Favorably known to Tourists as an Ideal Hotel.

The Finest Fishing in Cape Breton Island within easy reach.

Telegraph Office in the same building.

LIVERY STABLES IN CONNECTION.

BADDECK Marble & Granite Works.

D. HUTCHISON, Manufacturer of Monuments, Tablets, Etc., in Marble and Granite, from Original Designs. CORNER TWINING AND HIGH STS., BADDECK, C. B.

**FITS! FITS! FITS!!**

Call at  
**E. P. BARNABY'S**  
and he will give you—fits!  
Not epileptic or cataleptic, but

**FITS IN SUITS.**  
Try a suit of the Celebrated  
**TYKE OR BLENHEIM SERGE,**

the only serge guaranteed to keep its color and never wear out.

Also, in stock a full line of  
**SCOTCH TWEEDS**

—AND—  
**ENGLISH WORSTEDS**  
to select from.

**Workmanship Unsurpassed in the Province.**

**Charges Reasonable.**  
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