Listowel Standard.

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THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"Las' nite a naybur o' mine walked down to de shores of de mystic ribber an' crossed ober wid de endless purceshun," solemnly began the old man as the meeting called to order. "He had money an' property an' posishun, but he draps outer dis life like a stone tossed into de oshun. I sat down an' thought an' thought, but I could not remember dat dis man had eber won a friend by his sympathies, warmed a heart by his charity, or made any one's burden de lighter by a brotherly word. As de funeral goes past dar will be no sighs, as de purceshun turns into de cemetery men will hardly gib it a glance. He came on airth, libed out his time, an' he passes away widout leavin' a footprint behind. He was not a cull'd man, but if he had bin I should have felt all de worse. None of you am so poo' dat you nebber hab calls to share wid some one more hungry; none o' you hab sich poo' speech dat you can't stop to speak afew kind words to dese in sorrow. Dar am a show fur ebery human brein' on airth to make his mark. When Uncle Bolly Williams died a hundred women shed tears, a hundred men had de heart-ache, and twice dat number of chill'en looked down on de face of de dead an' turned away wid sobs in deir frouts. Who was he? Nuffin but a poo' ole slave man. What was he worf? Nuffin but de close on his back. But he made his mark. He has kind words fur achin' hearts; he had a willin' han' fur de weak an' helpless; he had soft words fur men in passion, an' strong words fur de cause of right. Ebery house had an open door fur him, an' ebery chile met him wid a heart full of trust. He sleeps up dar in Potter's field, widout a mark on his grave, but his deeds an' his name ar' oftener spoke of dan any of de hundreds who sleep beneaf de big monuments. Make friends. Make 'em by deserving friendship. Lib to injoy life, but lib to leave behind you sunthin' better dan a name fur an epitaph cut in cold marble. One sigh of regret—one single tear—one sorrowin' word dat you am called from airth away, will be a grander monument dan de hands of man eber yet put up."

PETITIONS.

Under this heading it may be well to again state that neither white men nor women are allowed to become members of the Lime-Kiln Club. Candidates are expected to be at least as dark in color as the average stair-rail, not over 60 nor under 21 years of age, good moral habits, believers in a God, and to own, at least, one share in a dog or a banjo.

The Secretary announced nineteen petitions at this meeting, and added that elders and judges and colonels were coming in faster than brickbats in a riot.

ELECTION.

The glee club struck up the air of "Old Black Joe," and the bean box shelled out the following successful candidates: All Right Smith, Elder Kaniff, John Thomas Wharton, Drawbar Bennett, Henry Williams, Loftus Cary, Rev. Kyhoe Adams, Nebraska White and Mournful Brown.

MOTIVE POWERS.

The Committee on Scientific Research having been requested to furnish the club with a list of the various motive powers in daily use, and suggest any new ideas on the same subject, reported as follows:

"Motive power am the power which makes fings move. Steam am a motive power, kase it makes the ingine in a distillery move, an' ward pollytishuns am thus furnished wid capital stock to pick caucuses an' pull wires. Water am a motive power, kase it turns de wheels of de saw mill an' thus purvides us wid sidewalks full of holes. Wind am a motive power, kase it lengthens de sessions of Congress and de varus Legislachurs. Electricity am a motive power, but de rates am so awful high dat we didn't investigate. De bite of a dog, de sting of a hornet, de toe of a boot, an' de squint of a man's left eye am numbered among de minor motive powers. Gunpowder, when properly used, has been known to blow up hoss-barns an' kill elephants. Dis committee feels safe in sayin' dat de nex' decade will bring forth yet oder motive powers. De time am comin' when our butes will be pulled on an off by machinery; when de child'en will be put to bed wid four revolushuns of de big fly wheel; when de sarvint gal who doan' come home in time to get supper will be snaked along at de rate of a mile a minute; when a Tom an' Jerry will be mixed an' stirred up by simply pressin' on a button let into de bar, an' when de man who comes home at midnight an' can't open de front gate will be lifted up frew a second story winder an' sobered off in about twenty ticks."

PRIVILEGE.

The report was accepted and adopted, and the Rev. Penstock arose to a question of privilege. He didn't wan't to seem captious, and he didn't believe there was anything mean about him, but he had a complaint to make. The colored matrimonial market was just now firm, with a brisk demand for likely girls about 20 years old. He knew of five or six marriages wherein the wedding power was a white man. In fact, there was a sort of panic among colored people to be married by a white clergyman. This was wrong—grievously wrong. No white couple ever went to a colored minister to be married, and why should the rule work only one way. The speaker was licensed to marry, and he always took great pains to see a couple through in the highest style of the art. His charges were reasonable, he was always on deck, and he protested against this recent practice of giving him the cold shake when there was a cash job on the carpet.

RESOLVED.

Waydown Bebee made a short address in favor of Penstock's position, and presented the following:

"*Resolved*, Dat it am de sense of dis Lime-Kiln Club dat all cull'd folkses should be married by a cull'd clergyman, an' we take pleasure in recommendin' de Rev. Penstock as a man who nebber makes a mistake nor forgits a present fur any child named arter him. Liberal discount to parties from across de ribber. Fans an' ice-water allus on hand, and $10 bills busted wid promptness and dispatch."

The resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote and one over, and it is hoped that the colored element may be brought to see the errors of its ways.

LEFT OUT.

At this junction the Hon. Sawnee Taylor made his appearance from the ante-room and announced the arrival of Judge Rhody, of West Virginia. The President went out to greet him, and upon his return explained to the meeting.

"De Judge adwised me by letter seberal days ago dat he would like to appear befo' dis club and deliber a lecture entitled: Some Light on de Dark Ages. He am heah, but he gibs me to understan' dat he has lost his notes on de Dark Ages an' wants to substitute a half-hour's address on: Why Doan' Cabbages Grow on Bushes? Cabbages may belong to the dark ages, an' dar may be fur mo' in a cabbage head dan we ebor dreamed of, but I deemed it best to refuse his offer an' ax him to lie down on a bench till the meetin' had exploded. I kin stan' a change of thirty degrees of temperature widout feelin' werry much out up, but de jump from de dark ages to cabbages, an' last year's cabbages at dat, am a leetle too fly. Let us pureced wid de purceedings."

TOO SMART.

Giveadam Jones moved that the case of De Lisle Fitzwilliam Smythe be taken from the table and disposed of, and the motion being approved the President arose and inquired if the defendant was present. The Secretary replied that he had not attended a meeting for the last five weeks, and it was understood that he intended to resign. "De case of Brudder De Lisle Fitzwilliam Smythe am dis," continued the President. "He comes heah from Chicago under de name of Patent Right Jones, poo' an' needy an' in low specrits. He jines dis club an' am helped to work. Arter scrapin' a few dollars together he buys a masheen to grate horseradish, a dollar's worf ob de root, an' sets up in bizness on de Central Market wid a card readin':

DeLISLE FITZWILLIAM SMYTHE,
GENERAL DEALER IN ROOTS HERBS, ETC
ALSO ARTIST IN HORSE RADISH AND OTHER RELISHES.
ESTIMATES GIVEN AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

ever the police authorities of Weissenberg take a virtuous spasm, and the donjon keep will adapt itself admirably for the confinement of the riotous or impecunious or those who have been overcome by potations pottle deep. The warder, on the approach of a stranger, instead of winding a horn in accordance with time-honored precedent, will invite him to take one. In the event of the approach of a Herr Cotter or a Herr Mundy, or of the attempted flight of a parting guest with hasty remarks concerning the suspension of his recently consumed beverages upon the slate, the proprietor, grasping his trusty bung-starter (the modern equivalent of the mediæval mace or battle axe), will shout:

"What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

after the manner of the Douglas. (The portcullis will, in all probability, be called the hockeullis, port being a comparatively unknown vintage in that region.) The bar, of course, will be kept in the barbican. How impressive will be the scene when of a Sunday morning the proprietor scans the strange customer through a loop hole to make sure that he is not an agent of the Law and Order League, ere signalling to the barkeeper to lower the drawbridge! The idea, from whatever side it is regarded is neat and novel, and we hope that the proprietor may reap a rich reward for his enterprise. The members of the Peace Societee cannot but wish him well, for it is taking a long step toward the millennium derided by Wordsworth and Moltke to induce men to turn their swords into corkscrews and their castles into beer-shops.

BATTLE SCENES

Captain Boyton Relates His Ventures in Peru.

Captain Boyton, who has just returned from Peru, says: I was commissioned as a captain in the torpedo service, and was ordered by the Dictator to go to Ancon, a fishing village, to experiment with torpedoes. Pierola and a number of his staff officers accompanied me. After the experiments we started to return, but the engine ran off the track in a cut between two sand hills. A guard of soldiers mounted the hills to keep anybody from attacking the party. All day long the Dictator was detained there, in full sight of the Chilian cruisers. He did not show the least sign of fear, but seemed disgusted when the soldiers began to amuse themselves by pitching around skulls in an Inca graveyard near by. A relief engine came down that night and took us to Lima. When I l[illegible] York it was upon the understanding [illegible] should be given a swift steam launch to carry on my work. Failing to provide me with one Pierola ordered me to do as I thought best. He gave me a letter addressed to all the civil and military authorities of Peru, directing them to give me safe conduct and provide me with any vessels or materials I needed. I took 1,000 pounds of dynamite to Chorillos, where I drilled two officers for the service, and prepared torpedoes. Chorillos was fixed upon as the base of our operations. A small sloop was found, which did very well as a substitute for a steam launch.

ON TORPEDO SERVICE.

An expedition was made to the Island of Pachacamac. We lay there for a number of days trying to blow up a Chilian cruiser which was harassing the coast. The phosphorus in the water, however, made our rubber suits shine so that it was impossible to approach the vessel without being seen. One night to test the alertness of the lookout I set a fly torpedo. It consisted of a floating rope, which extends across the path of the vessel. When the cruiser drew near to it she stopped and opened fire with a mitrailleuse. I thank God I was not with that torpedo. After that incident we sped to Chorillos and lay under shelter of our batteries on the top of the Moro, a high bluff. Attempts were then made to destroy some of the Chilian fleet lying at San Lorenzo. We used to stand the sloop out at night to Frouton, a small island near where the fleet lay, and roam around San Lorenzo in a small boat looking for a chance to blow up some of the steamers. I was instructed by Pierola to devote all my attention to the Huascar, Cochrane, and Amazonas. The Chilians could not be caught with chaff. Their steamers would lay to all day, and at night would cruise out on the ocean just in sight, so that we could not get near enough to place torpedoes under or alongside of them. Frouton is honeycombed by the sea, so that its shore is a vast circle of caves. I landed one night just after dark, and took with me two 100 pound dynamite torpedoes. Just as I got ashore a Chilian sentry fired upon me, and my men escaped to the mainland with the sloop, leaving me alone. I darted into one of great caverns which I have mentioned, and eluded a search which was continued for nearly twenty four hours. When it became dark again I put on my rubber suit and paddled to Chorillos, where I rejoined my men. The two torpedoes were left at Frouton. It strikes me that when the natives begin to fool around that dynamite, as they are some day sure to do, there will be an occasion for two or three first class Peruvian funerals.

THE BATTLE OF CHORILLOS.

I abandoned the attempts at San Lorenzo, and proposed to the Dictator that I should go to Pacasmayo, there to receive the Chilian fleet which had gone south to bring up the invading army. I judged they would land at that point. Pierola would not allow me to do so. Sure enough the Chilians did land 10,000 troops there two or three days afterward. I was anchored near Chorillos, when I got orders to take my vessel, the Alacran, to Callao, and there take charge of the submarine torpedo boat. Trial after trial proved the latter vessel to be a miserable failure. The Chilians were now closing in on us by land and by sea. Chorillos was evidently the point of attack, and so on the 11th of January I went there in a small boat with a few torpedoes and men. Three days after the town was surprised by the attack of the united army and navy of Chili. I sank my boat, and, together with my men, joined with the Peruvian land forces in repelling the attack. Thousands of Chilian troops were in the town before it could be realized. The men-of-war poured in a frightful storm of bombs and shell from their side, and although our troops did their best, it was plain that fighting was useless. A retreat was made to Miraflores, the nearest large town. The carnage I witnessed in Chorillos was unspeakable. Hundreds of men were butchered in cold blood, and even the bodies of rabona women could be seen all over the field.

THE ROUT AT MIRAFLORES.

I went at once to Miraflores, where the Peruvian army was. I tried to see Pierola's wounded son on January 15, but was unable to do so. The dictator himself was holding a conference in one of the houses with the various foreign Ministers and representatives. The two armies were face to face, but a truce had been declared. Some one of the Peruvians fired a shot at a cow or some other animal, and in an instant the Chilians opened fire. It was like running down the keys of a piano the manner in which the cannon and rifles successively opened on our line. The air was filled with bullets as with a swarm of flies. Shower after shower of lead was poured in, and then they were returned by the Peruvians. A great battle had commenced. The bullets began to shatter the house in which Don Nicolas de Pierola and the Ministers were conferring. Suddenly the diplomats became aware of their danger and fled in all directions. I saw Mr. Christiancy, the American Minister, running valiantly across the fields to Lima. He was in his shirt sleeves, and so were many others. It was, to speak flippantly of so terrible a subject, a regular go as you please race for life. It was a hurdle race, too, for every one had to jump the mud walls in a lively manner to avoid the Chilians, who advanced at a double quick. Our troops were routed entirely. When Pierola saw that a battle was going on he mounted his charger and rode to the front gallantly. It was too late, and I saw him turn as if in despair and ride toward the mountains, followed by a few of his most faithful troops. I'll tell what one of the causes was. The Peruvians were given rifles of two different calibres—namely, Peabody and Remington. Without thinking of their mistake mixed cartridges were issued to the men, and when the fighting began I saw many soldiers throw down their arms and run. Another fatal mistake was the tying of ammunition sacks upon mules, which scampered off in alarm at the first volley.

—From statistics recently published the English are considered to be the worst dairy farming people in the world. Great Britain, with a population of 34,000,000, has only 4,000,000 of cows; France, 37,000,000, with 11,000,000 of cows; America, 50,000,000, with 33,000,000 of cows; Holland, with a population under 4,000,000, has 1,500,000 of cows. If Britain had cows in proportion to her population in comparison with France, she should have 10,000,000 of cows; in proportion to America she should have 22,000,000, and in proportion to Holland, 12,000,000.

—People who have been drinking coffee with city milk have taken chalk o' late.—*Gitip.* That was bad for the people who imagined they were drinking *cafe au lait*. This is not right to a tea though it looks so.

APPALLING CALAMITY.

Great Loss of Life on the Thames at London.

COLLAPSE OF A STEAMER.

A Thousand Families Plunged in Grief.

250 LIVES LOST.

LONDON, May 24.—A frightful calamity occurred on the river this evening at six o'clock. The steamer Victoria, with over 600 excursionists on board, was returning from Springbank and when near the Cove railway bridge, about one mile below the city, the boat suddenly collapsed like an egg shell and became a total wreck level with the water's edge. All the passengers were instantly plunged into the stream, more than half of them being underneath the debris.

The first news which reached the city was brought by survivors who straggled through the streets wet and weary. The news fell like a thunderbolt and a stampede took place for the spot. When your reporter arrived there a horrible sight met the view. Some fifty or sixty bodies had already been recovered and were lying on the greensward some distance up the bank. Those arriving from the city from every direction crowded around anxious to see if any of their relatives were on board. About one thousand families were represented on the excursion and the wail of anguish that arose at sight of the victims was heartrending. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters rushed about panic-stricken endeavoring to identify their friends. By seven o'clock about eighty bodies were recovered from under the wreck where the water is some two feet in depth. Almost every minute some poor victim was brought to the surface and conveyed in strong and willing arms to the bank. The steamer Princess Louise was early brought to the spot and the victims placed on the upper deck. Fires were lit on the bank overlooking the river, and petroleum torches were brought, and the search continued into the night. Up to the present hour (ten o'clock) about 150 corpses have been secured. Among the dead are: Mr. Jas. Robertson, manager of the Bank of British North America; Mr. J. A. Meredith, clerk of the Division Court; Wm. McBride, city assessor and secretary of the Western Fair Association; Mrs. Wm. Ashbury; Wm. Milliman, of Montreal, commercial agent and his two sons; two children of Henry Beaton, merchant, and J. Rogers, plumber. All is confusion at the present moment. The landing at the foot of Dundas street is now crowded with people, all waiting in breathless expectation for the arrival of the steamer Princess Louise with the bodies.

THE BOAT.

The Victoria was not a steamboat proper, but a raft or scow, fitted with a stern wheeler construction was in this wise: A number of 2½ or 3 inch plank were placed side by side, two or three feet apart. Cross plank were bolted to the bottoms of these, and a floor laid on top. The front and rear were beveled off. On the main deck was a locomotive boiler, supplying steam to two engines, of perhaps 20 and 40 horse power. The raft was about 80 feet long and 22 feet wide. Rising from the deck of this raft was a platform of equal area, called the upper deck, and this was surmounted by an awning. The upper deck was supported by stanchions, resting upon the longitudinal planks of the raft. The side of the raft was two feet deep. With an ordinary load, it would be immersed perhaps eighteen inches, leaving six inches of freeboard, or space between the surface of the water and the level of the deck. With the immense load the boat carried on the fatal occasion, the freeboard must have been reduced to two or three inches. When, therefore, the boat careened by that distance the water flooded the deck and acted as additional leverage in upsetting her. When she toppled over to a certain distance the stanchions, unable to sustain the side pressure broke off, and precipitated the weight above upon the people on the main deck.

At the Scene of the Disaster.

From he Free Press.

Here and there knots of men worked vigorously to restore to life some beloved relative, practising all the arts known to them—rubbing the limbs and applying cloths, heated at a neighboring fire, but all to no purpose. Vitality would not return, and the sorrowing friends gave up in despair. Meanwhile the work of rescuing went on, and the list swelled and swelled until it seemed as if the end would never come. As dusk deepened into night the scene became still more weird and terrible. Fires were lit upon the bank, shedding a lurid and fitful glare over the water, and showing the dreadful outlines in their most sinister aspect.

THE WORK OF RECOVERING THE BODIES

was entered into with a heroic spirit by those who arrived early on the scene. Merchants, lawyers, workmen, and all classes, plunged into the water, and, borne up by rafts, began to hand the lifeless forms of the drowned ones out to those on shore. Resuscitation was tried with all who were rescued within half an hour, but only in one or two instances were the efforts successful. Fires were hastily built and warm clothes were obtained, but, owing to the fact that nearly every one on the banks were themselves rendered helpless by the soaked condition of their clothing, and the excitement incident to so terrible an occurrence, the rescuers were in a sad plight. Among those, however, who had escaped, many instances of heroism and self denial were noticed.

As the wreck subsided many of the bodies came to the surface and were quickly conveyed to the shore. When it had been known that resuscitation was out of the question the men carried the bodies on board the Princess Louise, which had drawn up beside the wreck. One by one, with surprising rapidity, the rows were added to. First the stern of the boat became filled, then the sides, the space in front of the wheelbox, and still the bodies were being handed in. When no more room could be found on the upper deck, the lower deck was resorted to and nearly all the available space taken up. Quite a number of bodies, however, were taken out upon the bank and removed by friends to the city, thus preventing an overcrowding of the boat. As each body was taken out of the water and carried by willing hands out upon the bank it was immediately surrounded by trouble-stricken men and women, who searched the features for traces of friends supposed to be lost. As a child, or wife, or a mother, a brother, a sister, or a friend was recognized a heartrending shriek told the story, and a low but solemn moan passed through those assembled on the shore. "Are my children safe?" was the agonizing inquiry of many a mother and father as they arrived excited and breathless on the scene. In many instances the answers told the tale of a drowned boy, or a lost girl, and the scenes of this character were painful beyond all description. To present the picture as it really was would be an impossibility. To those who saw it no description is necessary, for while life lasts it can never fade from the memory.

In numbers of cases the torn clothing of the young ladies told how desperate the struggle had been for escape from the water or beneath the fatal deck, and scarred faces, abraded arms and limbs gave evidence of injuries that undoubtedly went far towards hastening death by drowning. On the faces of four or five bodies there were bruises and abrasions which rendered indentification most difficult.

On the boat, as they lay side by side, the scene was one most impressive in its character. To the left of the main gangway lay a mother with her child clasped in her arms, in that embrace which death so often brings to drowning people. Alongside were children who seemed asleep, and men whose faces were hideously distorted by the agony of the death struggle. Five young ladies lay side side, bearing no other evidence than that of a speedy and apparently painless death. Children were interspersed everywhere—ranging in their ages from innocent babyhood to boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen. Beside one of the paddle-boxes lay a little girl, with her hat fastened jauntily over her golden hair, and her clothes but little disturbed since she had left the picnic ground prattling perhaps by her mother's knee. Near the wheelhouse lay a well formed young lady, dressed in picnic costume, who had been examined by hundreds, without finding any who could identify her. Directly opposite lay the body of Miss May Craddock, daughter of the architect, which was being watched by her lover when in life. Along the side nearest the shore were arranged the bodies of eight, who had passed the middle age of life; and in striking contrast lay feet to feet as many who had not passed the age of twenty one. Forward of the wheelhouse was a strange jumble of children and men, while in a corner of the paddle-box lay the form of a well dressed and fair-haired little girl, whom no one had been able to identify.

Too much credit cannot be attached to the city doctors, who were present in full strength, and did all in their power to resuscitate when a glimmer of hope was entertained.

THE WORK OF IDENTIFICATION.

As the finding of the bodies grew less onerous, the policemen in attendance [illegible] Chief Williams, began to permit the admission of inquirers by fours. This prevented any crowding, and was worked most satisfactorily, the friends were able to search more carefully and the bodies were thus undisturbed. Those on the several decks were provided with lantern and torches, and, aided by the light from the bonfires, the work of identification was begun. This was most agonizing in the extreme. As fathers or mothers clasped the cold forms of their children to their arms and broke forth into wails of sorrow, or a brother bent over a sister, a husband identified a wife, a wife a husband, strong men who stood by were moved to tears. One by one, however, the bodies were recognized until when midnight arrived there remained about fifty to be ticketed. At 12 o'clock, the boat being filled, it was deemed advisable to start for the city. This was done slowly and cautiously, and as the steamer moved between the darkened banks, and the faces of the dead were but visible by the glimmering light of a few lanterns, the scene was more sombre than it had appeared at any time before. Few words were spoken, and the stillness was broken only by the occasional sob of the agonizing sorrower or the splashing of the wheels. Around the decks there lay over one hundred bodies in the manner described.

THE LOST ONES.

The following list is necessarily incomplete for several reasons. First, because many of of the friends of those on board did not reach the scene of the wreck until late at night, and then it was with very great difficulty that the features could be distinguished; and secondly, because many of the relatives drove down by the roads on the south side of the river, and were consequently unable to cross until they had retravelled a portion of the distance, and walked over the railway bridge to the scene. By the time these persons reached the place, it was fully ten o'clock, and in the flurry and excitement incident to such a catastrophe, but little progress in securing the correct list of names could be made. It is possible that some of the persons whose names are appended, were missing until a late hour, but in nearly every instance the deaths were authenticated.

Emma Prescott and Nellie Prescott, Oxford street, city.
Sam. Coldwell, city.
Richard Fitzgibbon, city.
Lizzie Collins, London West.
Annie F. Goss, city.
James Darcy, son-in law of M. O'Mara, city.
H. Anderson, son of E. Anderson, Thames street.
Joseph Welsh, city.
Willie Glass, city.
Joseph Young, boy.
Charles Boomer, High School pupil.
Joseph Gain, High School pupil.
Alfred Wastie, boy, city.
Lizzie and Minnie Shirley, Falkirk.
John Phillips, two children, city.
Mrs. Stonehouse.
Mr. Smith.
John Le Clair, London South.
Miss Taylor, city.
Maria Kendrick, city.
Geo. Thoroughgood, two children.
Mr. McPherson's child.
John Moore's wife and child.
Mrs. Jones' two children.
Jos. Coughlan's two children.
Hannah Dennis, Palermo, county of Halton.
Two sisters named Cornish, tailoresses a Glen's city.
A man named Jones said to belong to Hamilton.
Henry Oronhyatekha, young son of Dr. Oronhyatekha, city.
Little son of A. Smith, city.
H. Parish, ticket agent of the boat.
Charlie and Freddy Hobbs, of London East.
Lizzie Steward, engaged at Robert Carruthers', on Horton street.
Willie Steveley, son of W. Stevely, stove merchant, Richmond st.
Harry Magee, aged 15.
Richard Vick, aged 16, Adelaide street.
Young Graydon, 12 or 14, son of Mr. S. H. Graydon.
Miss Minnie Smith, aged 17. South st.
Miss Fanny Cooper, daughter of John Cooper, of Clarence street, aged about 20.
Miss McDonald, Goderich.
Miss Kattie McPherson.
Miss Jennie Coughlin.
Col. Cole's little boy.
Mr. and Mrs. Heenan and child, London East.
Rosetta Bailey, Dundas street, at Dr. Wilson's.
J. Clarke, shoemaker, city.
Thos. Breeze, wood sawyer.
Ida Burns, daughter of Mr. James Burns, of Messrs. Stevens, Turner & Burns, and a younger sister, Maud, and daughter aged 12.
Mrs. Smith and daughter, South street.
Henry Conroy, son of Sergt. Conroy, of the Militia department.
Margaret Quinn, corner of Wellington and Great Market streets, aged 17.
George Walsh, aged 18, employed at Messrs. D. S. Perrin & Co.'s.
John Berne, Petersville, aged 22.
Kelly, just out from England, aged 22.
Miss Maloney, maple street.
Addie McIntosh, daughter of Frank McIntosh, plasterer.
Miss Lawson, city.
Mr. James Heron (cigar maker) London.
John, Willie and Nelly Morrison, children of James Morrison, of London East.
Lilly and Johnny Beaton, children of Henry Beaton, London.
Lily Skinner, daughter of Mr. Wm. Skinner, London.
Thomas Lister, city.
Edwin Smith, young lad, city.
Wm. McBride, Secretary of the Western Fair, city.
John C Meredith, father of the Meredith family, city.
Mrs. Harry Smart and two children, city.
Mrs. Chas. Matthews (of the *Advertiser*) and child, London West.
John Baskerville (workman at Carling's brewery) city.
James Weatherhead, city.
Alice Deadman, daughter of Widow Deadman, London South.
Ed. Coughlin, youngest son of Joseph Coughlin, Maitland street.
Dolly Tatham, daughter of Robt. Tatham, Colborne street.
Mrs. Thos. Stevens and three children, London West.
Mrs. Geo. Tremear and two children, London West.
Wm. Hay, schoolmaster, Westminster.
Mary Craddock, daughter of George Craddock, architect, city.
Maria Connell, young woman, Richmond street, city.
Mrs. William Ashbury, city.
James Robertson, Manager Bank of British North America, city.
Mrs. McNorgan, city.
Mrs. Scott, Mill street, city.
James Burns (Carling's brewery.)
Willie Westman, young son of A. Westman, London South.
Mrs. William Dagon and child, city.
J. Shires, city.
Two young boys, sons of Mr. Owens, of London West.
Mr. Fryer, sen., city.
Mr. Fryer, jun., wife and niece, city.
Priscilla Mustill, daughter of John Mustill, blacksmith, city.
Wm. Manford, blacksmith, London South.
A daughter of Mr. Middleton, London South.
Miss Griffith, daughter of T. Griffith, London South.
A young son of J. S. Deacon, merchant, city.
W. H. Millman and two children, city.
Wm. Laskie's wife and child.
Minnie Hogan, of Waterloo street.
Eddie Laughrey, London West.
Mrs H. Galvin and child, George street.
Hudson Abbott, a little son of Mr. H. G. Abbott, carriage maker.
Mrs. W. Cline.
The eldest daughter of Mr. Geo. Gibson.
Rosa Baily, a nurse in the household of Mrs. Dr. Wilson. She was a sister of Mr. Baily, pressman in the *Advertiser*.
Minnie Amesbary, of London East.
The body of Mrs. Wall is found. Her husband and three other members of the family are missing.
Joseph Gahan, a brother of Mr. Gahan, of the *Herald*.
Charles Bonner, 16 years of age.
[illegible] Pike.
[illegible] two sisters, Fox, of Clinton.
[illegible] McLennan.
A daughter of Mrs. Mackay, of Richmond street.
Miss Annie McAllister, of Horton st.
Mrs. Scott Murray and child, of London East.
James Pendergast.
William Pike.
Thomas Davidson.
A man named Shore.
Mr. Edmund's two children.
Mrs. Kilburn.
Miss Minnie Tierney.
Samuel Pile (baker at H. H. Gore's).
Alfred Shore.
Charles Martin, South Dorchester.
E. Steward.
Chas. Gorman.
Thomas Wallace.
Miss Ida Bachelor.
James Short.
Mr. and Mrs. Diver, of Wellington street, and two children.

WILLIAM D. ECKERT, OF LONDON EAST,

was found by a *Free Press* reportor huddling close to a heap of burning logs, endeavoring to dry his clothing. After being assured that his brother David was saved, he made the following statement:—I was a passenger on the steamer Victoria this evening, and passed through an ordeal, the like of which I hope I will never be called upon to witness again. The decks of the steamer were packed with people, principally ladies and children. I was on the upper deck during the passage, and shortly after leaving the dock at Spring bank a good many passengers began keeping time with the listing of the steamer, and went as far as they could from side to side each time the vessel surged. Many people made fun of it at first, and a good deal of ballooing was done, such as "Get out your life boats!" "Come and have a teeter, etc., etc. While this was proceeding upstairs, the passengers on the lower deck were running to and from, endeavoring to keep their feet from getting wet; and fully fifteen inches of water ran from gangway to gangway across that portion of the boat when she surged. The passengers below yelled and screamed in a terrific manner as the vessel continued to lurch, and not a single effort was made to stop the surging by the captain or his brother officers, if there were any on board. Capt. Rankin was at the wheel. While nearing the bend below the Cove Bridge, probably 200 yards west of it, a greater rush of the passengers than had hitherto been experienced took place, followed instantly by a crackling noise. The women screamed, the children yelled, and for the moment the faces of several men in my vicinity turned ghastly pale. The scene was heightened by one man jumping overboard, and almost instantaneously thereafter the posts which upheld the hurricane deck gave way, in consequence of so many people holding on to them to save themselves from being swept overboard, and the deck itself fell with a crash upon the heads of those beneath it. All who could do so, grabbed something to hold by, and very many were drawn into the water by their nearest neighbors. Those who could swim were prevented from doing so, first by the crash of the deck upon their heads, and secondly, in consequence of the crowd of people who were huddled together underneath the lumber. Then came a general crash, and the boat appeared to break up into several pieces, principally from stem to stern. The catastrophe was but the action of a couple of minutes. I was caught between two stanchions, and, after floundering about in the water for a few moments, managed to free myself from the debris, and swam to the shore. The shouting and calls for help were of the most heartrending description. They lasted only for a few moments, however. One gentleman, whose name I do not know, swam to and from the wreck a dozen times or more, and saved fourteen or fifteen people who had freed themselves from the floating timbers. Many of my pupils were on board. I have no hesitation in saying that there were from 200 to 300 more passengers on board than there ought to have been. The excursionists, as a rule, generally take the boat for home which leaves about half-past five, and that is the principal reason, I fancy, why the Victoria was over-loaded. My watch stopped at exactly eleven minutes past six o'clock.

INCIDENTS OF THE CATASTROPHE.

Mr. Thos. Smith, of London West, who had charge of the refreshment stand, saw the approach of the disaster. He immediately caught hold of his little brother-in law, Johnnie McDonald, saying, "I'll save you, Johnnie, if I die myself!" at the same time telling him to jump on his back. While thus making his way for the shore, a man caught hold of Smith's leg, and the two were landed in safety. Smith then turned to and rendered noble service in taking the lifeless bodies out of the water, nor did he cease until he almost dropped from sheer exhaustion. He is of the opinion that the accident was caused from the boat being overcrowded.

Mrs Evans, wife of the caretaker of the Drill Shed, was rescued by Mr. James Duffield, jun. She was brought to McDonald's Hotel, Kensington, in a row boat, more dead than alive, and it was some hours before she had sufficiently recovered to permit of her being conveyed home.

A man named John Curran, an employe a Hyman's tannery, reached the shore alive by his own exertions. He was picked up in sensible and brought to McDonald's hotel where at a late hour his life was despaired of.

Mr. Morrison of London south, who was on board with his family, was thrown into the water, while his wife and children clung to the railing, and were rescued without getting even wet. He states that an order was given to run the boat ashore, but that the boat would not answer to the wheel, and the crowd rushing from side to side caused the frame work to separate and the upper deck to go down on the unsuspecting passengers on the lower deck, nearly all of whom were drowned.

Ald. Boyd sprang on the ill fated vessel at Springbank, but on noticing that Ald. Browne had been left behind, he changed his mind, and jumped back to the dock.

Charles Matthews, the night editor of the *Advertiser*, was on board with his wife and two children. When the capsize took place he sprang off into the water with one child, and succeeded in reaching the shore. His wife, however, and the other child were found among the drowned. Every effort was made to restore life, but to no avail, and the frantic husband went sadly home with his only remaining child.

Mr. Thomas Mortimer, of John Green & Co's wholesale warehouse, was on board with his wife, but miraculously escaped. Leaving his wife on shore, he did noble duty in saving life.

William Ashbury, of Maple street, was on board with his wife, and when the crash came he found himself struggling in the water. He reached land in safety, but the partner of his life sank to rise no more. Mr. Ashbury's torn coat and general appearance showed the desperate nature of his struggle for life.

Thomas Hobbs, of London East, was seated on the side opposite that which first touched the water. He seized the upper deck as it began to slide, and clung to it until the crash. He became entangled in the wire netting about the boat, but in the water he managed to escape by a desperate effort. The two little boys of his brother, however, were drowned. He said he heard the captain say, "The boat will certainly go over unless you are more careful."

The saddest scene on board the boat was that in the case of George Evans, of Maitland street. He came on board, where the bodies were laying, fearful that his family might be among the lost. After searching for a time he was about to turn away when he discovered the corpse of his golden haired little girl. He gathered her in his arms and sank down broken hearted with grief. Beside the body lay that of another little child, whom Mr. Evans did not think belonged to him. An hour later, however, he took his handkerchief and on wiping off the little face he exclaimed, "My God! here's another little one of mine!" Sitting, nursing and weeping over the inanimate forms of his two dead children, he remained for another hour. Near by lay the form of a woman, well dressed and comely. Searchers for friends came along one by one, peering wistfully into the upturned faces, and finally some one suggested that the watch of this lady be examined for initials. As the chain was being drawn out, Mr. Evans said "I know that trinket. Merciful God, it's my wife! Then my two other children are still in the water." Sad sight! His wife and four children gone from him forever on earth!

Two young men sitting on the bow of the boat noticed the turn over, and sprang in time to escape injury. They gave noble assistance in rescuing struggling men, women and children in the water.

Mr. James Robertson, the manager of the Bank of British North America, was sitting on the lower deck, smoking, and when the upper deck gave way he was crushed below the boards and prevented from rising to the surface. His body was not recovered for over two hours, and then it was taken home by friends.

Mr. John Siddons was sitting on the lower deck with several members of his family, and when the capsize occurred he became wedged in by the falling timbers. As the water reached his neck, however, he managed to free himself and cling to the floating portion of the wreck until rescued. One bright little son was drowned. He gave as his unqualified opinion that the accident was the result of direct carelessness.

A young man named Smith, living on South street, came aboard the Princess without knowing that any of his friends had been on the ill-fated steamer. Among the dead, however, are his mother and sister.

William Scott, an elderly man, living on Ann street, had got separated from his wife on board the boat. He was on the fatal side of the "Victoria," however, and was drowned.

Alfred Wastie, a promising, bright boy of 15, was the son of Capt. Wastie, who built and ran the "Victoria" up to this summer. His body was found among those who had been lost. Mr. Wastie had but gone to Manitoba about two weeks ago, and will be shocked to learn of the catastrophe and the drowning of his son.

Mr. J. C. Meredith was on the lower deck at the time of the accident, but by what means he came to be drowned no one was able to say. It is supposed, however, that he was crushed by the upper deck in a similar manner to Mr. Robertson.

One man who had not been identified had evidently been killed by the collapse of the upper deck. His skull was crushed in at the back.

Mr. George White, of London South, his two daughter and brother also had narrow escapes. When the crash came Mr. White was imprisoned beneath the debris utterly helpless. On looking around he saw his youngest daughter, and, grasping her in one arm, he seized a small block with the index finger of the other. After sustaining in this position for a few moments, he found his strength failing, and shouted for help. Captain Rankin heard the appeal, and rushed to his assistance. A couple of boards were pried off and Mr. White released, just as he had given up all hope of rescue. As it was, he sustained a severe blow on the left temple. The remainder of this party sustained only a severe wetting.

Mr. Morris, another resident of London South, with his wife and three children, were on board. They were all rescued.

Mr. William McBride, one of the city's assessors, was supposed to be sitting under the half deck. His body was recovered at an early hour, and taken to the city in a boat.

Willie D. Glass and Miss Fannie Cooper had been sitting on the boat as lovers, and went down together underneath the heavy machinery. They were in the very springtime of life.

A sad sight was the mourning of Thoma Stevens over the bodies of his wife and family. The frantic man threw himself prone upon the lifeless form of his partner, and refused to be comforted by the friends who flocked about him.

Mr. A. B. Powell, D. Glass, Q. C., the firemen and others rendered noble service at the scene of the wreck. The two former were thoughtful in their supply of stimulants, etc.

A young son of Jailer Kelly was among the first rescued. He was immediately conveyed to the house of Mr. Coleman where everything was done for his comfort and at a late hour last night he was expected to recover.

Miss Shipley, of Lobo, who had come with a sister to the city on a holiday tour was brought out of the water with apparent signs of life. The spark soon died out, however, and three hours of incessant labor resulted in a failure to restore it in the least degree.

Mr. Henry Smart of the *Free Press* newsroom, lost his wife and two children, leaving but one child as the remnant of a happy household. Mrs Smart was the daughter of Mr. Coughlin, who also lost two other children in the accident.

Mr. Octavius Weld was in a row boat about two hundred yards off at the time. He hastily rowed to the shore and deposited his companions, a couple of ladies, and then made his way to the scene of the disaster, and succ

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1881.

CARTHAGE.

EXAMINATION.—The following is the result of the last monthly examination of the pupils attending the Carthage Public School: 6th class, maximum No of marks 460—R. S. Gamble 327, T. Robertson 317. 5th class, maximum 400.—Alice Brown 296, Martha Brown 294. 4th class, maximum 360.—Lillie Robertson 262, W. Donagan 240, M. Armstrong 230, Sarah E. Moore 208, N. Laggart 207, Emma Schnider 201. Sen. 3rd class, maximum 350.—Jno Burchell 232, A. Armstrong 202, Minnie Glenn 184, M. Schneider 163, E. E. McDonald 155. Jun 3rd class, maximum 300—S. Donagan 223, Jane Martin 213, C. Gibson 197, J. Gibson 192, T. Armstrong 187, John Ray 180.—COM.

MILLBANK.

GRACE CHURCH.—A pleasant gathering assembled upon the lawn in front of the Parsonage on Tuesday afternoon, May 24th, in answer to the ringing of the church bell, for the purpose of presenting to Miss Lizzie McKee, the organist of the church, two beautiful pieces of silver plate and a purse of money, as a mark of the appreciation of her services. The presentation was made by Mr. Foster Phair, and the address was read by the Rev. D. J. Caswell, incumbent of the church. Miss McKee expressed herself as greatly gratified, and her present was much admired by all. A few of the friends sat down to tea spread under the shady trees, and spent a very pleasant evening together, as the guests of Mrs. Caswell, and when darkness came the day was concluded with fire works and a large bon-fire.

TROWBRIDGE.

24TH.—Trowbridge presented a calm and placid appearance on her Majesty's natal day.

The doleful appearance has lifted itself off the countenances of the farmers in this neighborhood, and all are rejoicing in the prospect of a magnificent harvest.

GOOD FALL WHEAT.—A stock of fall wheat pulled in a field on Mr. C. Cosens' farm measured 27 inches. The wheat on this field was nearly all similar to this. Who can beat it?

[The foregoing items arrived too late for last week's issue.

CHANGING HANDS.—The British Hotel is about to change hands. Jas. Taylor, the present proprietor, will remove in a few days to Tyrone, where he purposes carrying on the hotel business. H. D. Searls takes his place as landlord here.

STRATFORD.

KILLED.—On Saturday evening a man named John Moir, employed as a yardsman in the Grand Trunk railway yard here, was accidently killed. It appears he had just uncoupled the engine from a train, and when stepping away, tripped on the rail, falling across it and was completely cut in two. His body presented a shocking spectacle, being much disfigured. Deceased was a brother of yard master Moir. He was 37 years of age, and leaves a wife and four small children to mourn his loss.

On Saturday last William Roberts, Esq., was elected Third Deputy Reeve by acclamation, in room of Mr. Cowan, resigned.

"BLACK LIST."—The *Times* says: "We learn that six writs are to be issued against Geo. S. Climie, Esq., for libel, in the publication of the "Black List." As high as $5,000 damages is claimed in one or two instances. Last week a Constable was sent by the Inspector from tavern to tavern and shop to shop, to have some names erased!"

PALMERSTON.

Having a little leisure time, I have been taking a stroll around this town and into the sorrounding townships, and as I learn that there are quite a number of readers of the STANDARD in this neighborhood, I send you a few notes, trusting that they will not be without some interest. I notice that notwithstanding that the fall wheat suffered badly in the spring from want of rain, with the past rains it promises to be a fair crop, as far as can be judged by present appearances. I notice also that quite a number of farmers are building this season; and I might here remark that a long felt want is being supplied to the farmers in this section by the establishing of a cheese factory. The farmers here formed a Joint Stock Company and have purchased the building, with the land belonging there to, which was some years ago used as a cheese factory, but which by some means or other did not prove a success and was abandoned. The company is called the Palmerston Joint Stock Cheese Co., and I am informed there are about one hundred members. They have refitted the building, and have put in steam power, which with other modern improvements which have been and are still being put in, will make this a well appointed factory. I have not learned who is president, but have been informed that Jno. McDermott, Esq., ex-Warden of the County of Perth, has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer. The management has engaged a Mr. Johnson, from the vicinity of Woodstock, a first class cheese maker, to make the cheese, and judging from a sample which is now in process of curing, he is evidently the right man in the right place, and his make will no doubt command as high a price as the market will warrant. It is to be wondered at that the business of cheese making has not heretofore received greater attention in this locality; however, it is "better late than never," and the present enterprise bids fair for success.

Improvements in this town are "booming." Mr. J. Watt is busy excavating the cellar for a new and handsome brick hotel on the corner of Main and William streets, which, when completed, judging from the plan and specifications, which have been prepared by Mr. Hepburn of Stratford, will be an ornament to the town. It will be finished in the most improved style. Mrs. Sybal has commenced the erection of a brick block of three stores on the corner of Main and Jane streets, which, with Mr. Watt's Hotel just across the street, will, when completed, add much to ornament that part of the town, as well as supply a want now much felt. Dr. Clarke is erecting a large malt house, the dimensions, etc., of which I have not as yet heard, but will at some other time write you about it. With these marked improvements going on, we cannot say of our town, as the *Beacon* did of Stratford a short time ago, that real estate is going down; but rather the opposite. Whether it be the N. P., or the determination of our citizens to go ahead, I leave your readers to conjecture.—OBSERVER.

GREY.

COUNCIL.—Council met as Court of Revision at Robertson's Hotel, Ethel, May 26th, 1881. The following appeals were entered against the assessment:—1. J. Heaps, assessed too high; 2. Charles Greve, assessed for too much clearing. The affirmation having been duly taken by all the members present, the Court of Revision was adjourned till 2 p. m., and general business taken up. Wm. Bateman was allowed to do a certain amount of his Statute labor at ditch on sideroad between lots 10 and 11, con. 6, and John Bateman on ditch at lot 15, con. 6, at the discretion of the respective Pathmasters. Petition of Geo. Paterson and 5 others for repairs on crossway at lots 28 and 30, con 14, as it is in a very bad state—the sum of $15 was granted to be expended on lot 28, and $20 at lot 30. John E. Smith applied to have ditch dug, and culvert made across sideroad between lots 10 and 11, con. 14—Mr. Hislop was authorized to let contract for same. Walter Oliver moved, seconded by Wm. Leckie, that the approach to the bridge between lots 5 and 6, con. 12, be fixed to the satisfaction of Mr. Hislop, and to be completed on or before the 1st of July next, and that Mr. Hislop be authorized to give Mr. Brace an order on treasurer for payment in full of contract—carried. John Ridley applied to have ditch dug on road in front of lot 29, con. 3—Messrs Strachan and Bryans to attend to the matter. John Woods was granted $5 as charity. Messrs Rock and Matheson applied for repairs on sideroad between lots 20 and 21, cons. 10 and 11, they agreeing to pay $20 towards the expense. The Council granted $40 to be expended on said saidroad. Petition of John Forbes and 31 others praying for a grant of money to gravel crossway between lots 6 and 7, cons. 7 and 8—$60 granted. Wm. Pollard applied to have crossway covered between lots 23 and 24, cons. 5 an 16—$40 granted. At 2 p. m. Court of Revision reopened. Assessment of John Heapy, lot 10, con. 9, reduced $200. Changes made: Charles Greve was assessed for lot 26, con. 5, instead of A. McKay; John McBain assessed for lot 4, con. 14, instead of Thos. Blake; James and R. W Livingstone assessed for lot 28, con. 14, instead of Elias Mihur. Court of Revision adjourned till June 29th. A deputation of Elma Council visited this Council and urged the necessity of digging a ditch or boundary line between Grey and Elma, cons. 7 and 8, to take the water off the road—Messrs Oliver and Leckie to attend to the matter. Wm. Fultonapplied for $10 for gravelling across lot 17, con 16—application granted. E. Bryans moved, seconded by W. Oliver, that this Council grant $10 for gravelling on boundary between Grey and Howick, providing the Howick Council grant an equal sum—carried. Wm. Leckie moved, seconded by John Hislop, that the Council grant $12 to be expended on boundary line between Grey and Logan providing the Logan Council grant an equivalent—carried. E. Bryans moved, seconded by W. Oliver, that a new upper structure be built to the Ethel bridge, after the plan of the bridge at lot 7, con. 2, tenders to be received up to June 29th—carried. The following accounts were presented and paid: Kerr & Auld, for printing, $12.50; Hugh McNeil, gravelling $5.70; W. M. Hutchinson, refund dog tax $1. Council adjourned to meet again at Egger's hotel, Cranbrook, on the last Friday in June.

THE THAMES DISASTER.

A CORRECT LIST OF THE DROWNED.

180 INTERMENTS.

Expressions of Condolence from Abroad—The Queen Sympathises.

AN EYE-WITNESS'S ACCOUNT.

A resident of London, who arrived upon the scene of the disaster shortly after it occurred, has sent the following account to a friend in Listowel:

Thinking you would like to hear from an eye-witness of the late disaster, I will give you a short account of what I saw. About 7 o'clock p. m., a citizen asked me if any of my family were down the river. Informing him that my daughters Ella and Gertie intended going with a relative from Hamilton, he said he had just heard that the Victoria had gone down, and a great number of those on board were lost. I made all haste to the scene, and a terrible sight it was. About thirty or forty bodies were taken from the water when I got there. I searched among them, and watched those taken from the river for about an hour, fearing my own loved ones were among the unfortunates, when a young gentleman told me my daughters had gone home in a row boat. You can imagine the relief it gave me to know they were safe. It was something terrible to see 80 or 100 bodies lying in a row on the bank; a few grey-haired men, but mostly young ladies and children, from infants up to 12 or 16 years—poor innocents. A great gloom has been cast over the city. On Wednesday evening I saw three hearses in one procession, containing as many as six corpses. Thursday was the most solemn day I ever witnessed. The death bells tolled all day. I attended five funerals. Mount Pleasant Cemetery would, I think, remind you of a battle field, or a plague-stricken place—two, four, eight or ten in one grave. I hope never to witness another sight like this.

(*From the London Free Press*)

COMPLETE LIST OF THE BODIES RECOVERED.

The following is a complete list of the names of the passengers whose bodies were recovered from the wreck of the Victoria, and for whom coffins and shells were supplied by the city undertakers. Our readers and the public generally will see that there is no safer method of computing or arriving at a correct list of the unfortunates than by this method, and, resuming that their are no more bodies in the water, the total loss is 180 persons. The appended figures were obtained from the different undertakers and caretakers of the cemeteries:—

Woodland Cemetry.—James Short, 13, city; Anny Mathews, 23, London West; George William Mathews, 2, London West; Henry Hayman, 37, London East; William H Hayman, 2, London East; Harry Abey, 12, London East; Maria E Kendrick, 24, city; Charles Edwad, Major, 12, city; John LeClaire, 15 Westminster; David Harper, 47, city; Mary Stevens, 35, London West; Thomas Stevens, 5, London West; Ellen Stevens, 12 London West; Mary Stevens, 3, London West; Elizabeth Smart, 26, city; Laura Smart, 8 months, city; Jane Swayzie, 18, city; Edward Coughlin, 9, city; W. H. Dyer, 45, city; Margaret Dyer, city; Bertie Dyer, 5, city: Elosia Lawson, 21, city; W. H. Millman, 39, city; Ontario Millman 8, city; Turville Millman, 6, city; Elizabeth Evans, 35, city; Fanny Elizabeth Evans, 9, city; Samuel Evans, 6, city; George William Eyans, 2, city; Albert Ernest Evans 1, city; James Robertson, city; Charles Siddons, 13, London South; Miss Mackay, city; William B. D. Westman, 14, London South; George Smart, 5, city; Alice M. Deadman, 21, London South; Letitia Swanwick, 21, London East; Frederick Roe, 17, city; Simon Peter Graham, 13, city; Mary Jane Graham, 10, city; Alice Williamson, 29, city; Edward Williamson, 8, city; Alfred Wastie, 14, city; Thomas J. Wallace, 15 city; John Kelly, 14 city; Adaline McIntosh, 11, city; Dolly Tatham, 8, city; Mary Craddock, 18, city; Emma Jane Box, 22, city; J. W. C. Meredith, 72, city.

Mount Pleasant Cemetery.—Minnie E. Anderson, London East; Hudson G. Abbott, 9 city; Jennie M. Burns, 13, city; Ida M. L. Burns, 11 city; John Baskerville, 30 city; Annie Baker; Thomas Breze, London West; Ellen Cornish, 20 city; Charles Gorman, 13 city; Wm. E. Short, 15 city; Harry Harrison, city; Henry Shane, 12 city; Thomas Lister, city; George P. Tremeer, London West; Willie Tremeer, London West; Mary P. McPherson, 15 city; Nellie Morrison, 16 London East; John Morrison, 14 London East; William Morrison, 4, London East; Emma Prescott, city; Nellie Prescott, city; A. R. Fryer, city; Mrs. A. R. Fryer, city; William Fryer, city; Mrs. Mary A. McLellan, city; Emma Jane Fisher, city; Alfred Shayer, 25, city; William Wonnacott, 19, city; Eliza McNorgan, Port Huron; Fred Mooney, T. city; Mrs. Mary J. Smith, 45, Westminster; Minnie Smith, 17 Westminster; James Weatherhead, 38, Westminster; Lizzie E. Jones; Wm. McBride, 64, city; Rosetta Ann Marham 8, London East; Lillie Skinner, 16, city; Daniel Delling; Mrs. Mary Ann Heron, —, city; Rosetta Baily, —, city; Mrs. Handy; Nellie Handy; Mrs. Emma Dubeau, and two year-old child, city; William Hardy,——John Wall, 33, city; Martha Wall, —, city; Precilla Mustill, 13, city; William D. Glass, 23, city; Fannie D. Cooper, 19, city; Samuel L. Colville, —, city; Harry Magee, 15, city; Orville E. Smith, 21, Westminster; Samuel L. Edmunds, —, city; W. C. Edmunds, —, city; Benjamin Hall, 25, city, Mrs. B. Hall, —, city; Hall, one-year old child, city; Mrs. Pike; Elias Chapman, city; Mrs. Irons, city; Margaret Grafton, 19, city; Richard Vick, 16, city; Edwin A. Smith, city; Walter J. Gibling, 12, city; — Wiseman, 13, city.

St Andrew's Church Cemetery.—James Perkins, 9, city; Miss McPherson, 13, London West.

First Presbyterian Church Cemetery.—Mrs. William Scott, 58, city; Josie Elliot, 12 city.

St. Peter's R. C. Cemetery.—Delia Maloney, 22, city; Mrs. Michael Glavin, 27, city; Mary Glavin, 4, city; Patrick Walsh 20, city; Joseph Walsh, 17, city; Elizabeth Madden, 16, city; Mary Madden, 13, city; Annie Jones, 13 city; Frank Jones, 7, city; Minnie Hogan, 12, city; Lillie Beaton, 13, city; Harry Beaton, 6, city; Richard Fitzgibbon, 14, city; Elizabeth Stewart, 18, city; James Darcy, 28, city; Henry Conroy, 16, city; John McCarthy, 12, city; Mary Quinn, 15, city; Mary Tierney, 13, city; Mary O'Connel, 17, city; John Curran, 50, city; John O'Brien, 17, city; Eddie Laughlin, 13, city; John Pendergast, 36, city; Mrs. Pendergast, 36, city.

Interred Abroad.—Julia A. Griffiths 17, Brick street Cemetery; Henry W. H. Oronhytekha, 10, interred at Belleville; Janet Middleton, 17, at Galt; Lizzie Shipley, 15, at Falkirk; Annie Foxton, 22, at Clinton; Jane Foxton, 20, at Clinton; Henry Whaly, 21, at Clinton; Albert Cole, 14, at St. Thomas; Mrs. Kilburn, 20, at Kilworth; William Hay, 24, at Pinkerton, County of Bruce; Hannah Dennis, 25, at Palermo; Joseph Pilkie, 18, Hamilton; Julia Ann McEllistrewn, 21, at Galt; Henry Anderson, 10, country; Harvey Smith, 21, at Brick street; M. Ferguson's son, 10, at Birr; Mrs. W. Ashbury, at St. John's; Wm. Nixon, 14, Brick street; Samuel Pile, 23, in country; Hiram Diver, Rochester; Mrs. Hiram Diver, Rochester; Diver, two children, Rochester; George Nukins, country; Johnson, son of T. Johnson, Lobo; George Hall, 29, Toronto; W. S. Deacon, 10, Birr; Chas. Boomer, 16, Norwich; Batzner, and lady friend, Bothwell; Ida Hazen, —, Port Burwell; J. McVicker, —country; two Misses Willson, Birr.

IN THE CHURCHES.

In all the churches of the city and suburbs on Sunday special references were made to the sad calamity on the Thames. Not a single church had been left unaffected by the disaster, and as a result each congregation felt specially impressed by the remarks that were made. The singing was also made suitable to the occasion, and during this portion of the service, as well as while the sermons were being preached, tear-bedewed eyes were to be seen everywhere. No such grief has ever before been manifested in the churches in the previous history of the city, and it is believed that what was said will be lasting in its effects on the minds of those who were listeners. In Victoria Hall, where the Queen's Avenue Methodist Congregation worship during the repairing of their church, the service was specially solemn. The members of the choir were not in their places, and two of the empty chairs were neatly draped in commemoration of Miss Fannie Cooper and Mr. D. W. Glass. In the King street P. M. Church the choir had also lost some of its members, and while endeavoring to sing a solemn anthem the ladies broke completely down, and a most impressive scene ensued. In Wellington Street Methodist Church the services were of the most affecting character. In other churches incidents of a similar character were not lacking. In the Sabbath schools memorial services were also held, and the reddened eyes of the little ones as they came away told how keenly they had felt the remarks addressed them by their teachers and visiting speakers.

THE FEELING IN ENGLAND.

A special cable telegam, dated at London, on Sunday, says:—"The steamboat disaster at London, Ontario, cast a gloom over the country. Among the Canadian residents in England there has been much anxiety to know the names of the dead, which the *Daily Telegraph* alone satisfied by sending a list from New York. The disaster has recalled with fearful vividness the sinking of the Princess Alice. The *Globe* remarks:—"To read of the Victoria, belonging to the Thames Navigation Co., carrying people down the river from London is to be warned that the accident might have happened in London, England, instead of London, Canada, for here during the summer months, the overcrowding is terrible, and what is sometimes more dangerous than over crowding, all the passengers remain on deck so that the ship sways to and fro, and the lives of all are imperriled."

HER MAJESTY'S SORROW.

Mayor Campbell received the foliowing message from Major DeWinton, the Governor General's Secretary:

"QUEBEC, May 30.—The Queen has expressed through his Excellency the Governor-General, her great sorrow on hearing of the deplorable accident which has so recently occurred at London, and desires to express her deep sympathy with the bereaved families.

(Signed) VICTORIA."

The Mayor sent the following reply for transmission to her Most Gracious Majesty:

"LONDON, May 20, 1881.—Major DeWinton, Quebec: This Corporation desires to convey its sincere thanks for the very kind expressions of sympathy by the Queen for the bereaved and afflicted families of this place through the recent disaster.

(Signed) JNO. CAMPBELL, Mayor."

THE MEMORIAL.

The citizens' committee have decided almost unanimously to abondon the idea of a public monument, which it was said would but perpetuate the memory of our own humiliation and blundering. But it was decided to erect a substantial memorial in the shape of a permanent relief to those made destitute by the accident, and to accept outside offerings to such funds.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

How the Sharpers Played their Cards on a Wingham Man.—He Mourns the Loss of $1,000.

Wingham, May 26.—Our busy town was overcrowded yesterday with the youth and beauty of our country to see the circus; but we had two circuses—our much respected citizen, Mr. Forgie, had one all to himself. It happened thus:—He went, as all boys and men will do, to see the elephant, and as he wandered around looking at all the strange sights, a very nice looking and well dressed gentleman accosted him, and Mr. Forgie being naturally chatty, they fell into conversation, the strange gentleman enquiring if he knew any farms for sale, as he had a brother in London that had more money than he knew what to do with, and wanted to invest in real estate. Mr. Forgie was all business, in fact he saw money in it (yes, thousands in it), and most willingly gave all the information in his power. The stranger then asked to be introduced to any of Mr. Forgie's acquaintances, and as there stood close by two innocent looking individuals that our friend took for two farmers, he at once seemed drawn to them, and they all three seemed to think that they had struck a good thing. The stranger then asked Mr. Forgie's advice about starting a bank in the town. That was beyond all expectation—talking to a real banker. Not a better place in Canada, was the response. By this time the stranger and Mr. Forgie were one; but the new bank had a something that no other bank had, a lottery, but every blank was a prize. That way, better and better, you could win $2,000 as easy as $50. He invited the three to come into a little tent and see how it worked. They all went in, and our new would-be banker produced three little cards, and explained how this card won $2,000, that one $1,000 and the other $50, and invited them to try. They declined, but at last one of Mr. Forgie's country friends, as he thought them, took a throw and won $1,000. That was too much for flesh and blood to stand, and even Mr. Forgie could not stand it. He threw and won $50; again he threw and won $1,000, and again and the golden fortune seemed to smile on him, and $1,000 was again credited to him. Fancy, $2,500 in a few minutes! The banker then told Mr. Forgie that unless he could produce $1,000 he could not pay him $2,500, as he wanted to know he was playing with responsible men. One of Mr. Forgie's would be country friends produced his $1,000. Mr. Forgie then came down to C. Tait Scott's Bank and drew out $1,000, one of his friends coming with him, and communed on the way the good luck they had struck. When he got back he produced his $1,000, and gave it to the banker, but not before he got a receipt. The banker then took up the cards and threw them, one falling on the floor, which he told Mr. Forgie to pick up. He did so, and, behold! the banker told him he had lost his $2,000. Mr. Forgie said that was not play, but the banker meant business, and a few words ensued, and now poor, dear Mr. Forgie is wandering up and down looking for a well dressed gentleman called Elliott, with a plug hat, long tail coat, white tie, minus $1,000.

THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY.

Argument at Detroit for the Feehleys' Extradition.

TO BE EXTRADITED.

DETROIT, May 30.—The case of James and William Feehley, charged with being implicated in the murder of the D[illegible] family at Lucan, was resumed before commissioner D. J. Davidson, of the United States Circuit court [illegible] to-day. Crown Attorney Charles Hutchinson, for the county of Middlesex Ont., and Assistant United States District Attorney J. W. Finney appeared for the prosecution, and B. M. Thompson and Timothy E. Tarsney, of East Saginaw for the prisoners. There were a number of witnesses from the scene of the murder present, and several others interested, who spoke freely to them about the case. During the examination the two brothers listened very attentively to every word spoken. They were taken back to the county jail after the adjournment.

The first witness was John H. McConnell, who testified: I reside at London East; I am clerk of the municipality of Lucan; am acquainted with Jas. Feehley. I saw him in April last at Lucan and had a conversation with him: I met him in the street accidently; I asked him how he was getting along, and he said all right; I had some business relations with him; he told me that he was not treated well; he said he had not got the money for property sold to Michael Carroll; he feared that he would not get it, and said he would make him pay it; he said he could do it; I told him that if a man owed me $500 I would make him pay me if I could; he said that he had it in his power to make Carroll pay, and more than that; I saw him the next day at the Queen's hotel; it was about eight o'clock in the morning; he hailed me, and he and I went into the sitting room, he told me that his family had went to East Saginaw, and that he had got the Carroll money; we sat down and got talking; he told me that he had got some money; we walked down the street then and met Father Connelly, and Feehley said: "There is a fine man; he gave my mother $350 out of his own pocket; we could have got more money;" I had

A CONVERSATION WITH HIM ABOUT THE MURDER

on the Donnelly farm; I told him that I thought he knew something about the murder; he told me that he was sent to the Donnelly house by the vizilantes who were there, as they intended to take them out and hang them that night on account of the burning of Ryler's barn; he found James Mahon and James Carroll outside; I asked him if he told them Johnny Connors was there; he said that he thought it was John Donnelly who was in bed; he said he was sent to Will Donnelly's house to watch it; he did not know that a murder was to be committed until after he heard the firing of a gun; afterwards they turned to kill James Keefer, and Feehley said, "No, boys, you have done enough to night;" this was all the conversation about the murder; I saw Feehley again that night at the Grand Trunk station; he called me out and said that I was the squarest man that he had any dealings with; he said that "if he had protection he would

HANG THE WHOLE OF THEM."

Constable Shoebottom was present when this conversation took place: he said, "Jim, I will give you protection;" I left then.

Thomas Shoebottom, sworn—I reside in Lucan, Ont.; I am a county constable; on the 16th ult. I had a conversation with James Feehley; he said that James Carroll who had caused their arrest,

WAS AT THE MURDER

"just as sure as you and I are at present riding in this buggy;" after the Feehley trial he asked the magistrate for a warrant for James Carroll, charging him with murder: the magistrate started to take information when Feehley said, "Never mind, and that he would have something better than that;" at a subsequent conversation Feehley said that he could take the $4,000 reward offered for the apprehension of the murderers, but did not want to before leaving for East Saginaw; I asked Jim to give me a statement of the murder; he said he would if it was not for the vigilance committee, for whom however, he did not care much; he asked me to come over to East Saginaw, and he would tell me all.

Cross-examined—Feehley told me that it was the murderers of the Donnelly family who drove him off their farm; he said that he knew every person connected with the murder, but if he told his life was not safe.

Re-direct—Jim Feehley told me that the reason he left Canada was that the vigilance committee wanted to get him out of there or they would inform on him.

Detroit, May 31.—The case of the Feehelley brothers was resumed before Commissioner D. J. Davidson, in the United States court-room to day at 9.30 a. m. The Feehley family from East Saginaw were present to prove an *alibi* for the prisoners. They were telegraphed to by the attorneys for the defence on Monday evening. Their expenses were paid by Chas. Hutchinson, County Crown Attorney for Middlesex, on representation of their poverty. The same attorneys appeared as before.

JAMES FEEHLEY'S STATEMENT.

Upon James Feehley taking the stand there was some questions about his being sworn. Commissioner Davidson said that the defendant would be sworn to testify in his own behalf, and he held that in this case he had a perfect right if he wished to.

Feehley's counsel told him to go on with his statement, but he was not sworn. He said:—I did not say to McConnell what he testified to. I called Carroll a murderer simply to frighten him into paying us the $500 due on our farm. I saw McConnell at the gate of our homestead. Constable Shoebottom and Robert Keefe were there. We did not speak about the murder at that time. We spoke about it on the road a distance from the house. I said what I did to stuff the committeemen so as to get money. This was about two weeks before we left for michigan. I never said anything of the kind that Patrick Donnelly swore to. I told him that the committeemen were all murderers. I testified on the trial that I was at Donnelly's house on the night before the murder. I told Will Donnelly so at the wake. I know nothing more about the murder than what I testified to on the trials. I am still of the opinion that the murder was committed by members of the society.

Cross-examined—I was born in Biddulph. I have lived in michigan for eighteen months. I had been back and forth, and was in Biddulph about a month before the murder was committed.

WM. FEEHLEY'S STATEMENT.

Wm. Feehley made the following statement: I never told Patrick Donnelly about knowing anything about the murder. I told him I belonged to the Vigilance Committee, although not very long. I went to two or three meetings I accused the members of the committee of being murderers, but I never told Donnelly so. I called them murderers in order to frighten them. The night of the murder I was at Whalen's playing cards. I left there about 10 o'clock and went straight home. I have no personal knowledge as to who committed the murder. I testified at one of the trials.

Cross-examined—I spent three months in East Saginaw last winter, and went home upon receipt of a telegram that my father was dead. I heard no noise while I was at Whalen's that night.

This closed the testimony.

Commissioner Davison, in deciding the case, said that it was quite clear that the proceedings were regular. The testimony of the defence was unsatisfactory to him, and it was clear in his mind that the prisoners had some connection with the murder and knew something about it. He therefore ordered that they be committed to await the proper proceedings at Washington for their extradition.

THE RIGHT OF MAN COME AT LAST;

Or, The Progress of Medicine.

It was with no ordinary pride and satisfaction that we lately had the honor of an introduction to one of the most eminent men of the age, Professor THOMAS HOLLOWAY, a gentleman who has done more for the advancement of medical science than any other that can be named. It is true the public have long been familiar with his great reputation.

For proceeding by step, on strictly scientific principles, this professor, in the early part of his career, attained to a discovery. He noticed how much of the boasted medical knowledge of the present day was empirical, and how little was known of the laws of human physiology. Continuing his investigations, a happy thought struck him, like an inspiration and he located the seat of every disease,—no matter what its nature or diagnosis,—in the blood. The blood has vitality—the blood is alive; it is indeed, in the language of scripture "the *life* of man." If that stream of existence is impure, how can the human being be otherwise than feeble, exhausted, emaciated and afflicted by various forms of disease? To purify the blood and keep it pure, is virtually to banish sickness from the earth. Here, thought the sufferer. The poor invalid, di pairing of recovery, may go forth to the world a renovated and strong man. Professor HOLLOWAY's treatment eradicates all our ailments, whether they are of the stomach, liver, kidneys, lungs, heart or skin, he refers their origin to the blood, and restores the already diseased organ to pristine and perfect health. Knowing this as we do, from the experience of our friends, as well as from our own, we discharge but a Samaritan's duty to the public, by a cordial recommendation of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT—the former for internal derangements of the system; the latter for external application to wounds and sores, which have resisted every other so-called remedy.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

If you are suffering with a cold do not fail to try HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM, it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable.

Ask your dealer for "Castorine" Machine Oil and see that the barrel is branded "Castorine" as none other is genuine.

PAINTS, OILS AND COLORS.—For the largest stock, best material and lowest prices, go to HACKING'S Drug Store.—2l.

Reader have you tried every known remedy for Chronic disease, impure Blood, disordered Liver or Kidneys, Nervousness and General Debility, Constipation or the Bowels, with the multitudinous sufferings pertaining thereto? Have you given up in despair? Try Burdock Blood Bitters, it will not fail you. A trial bottle only costs 10 cents, a regular size $1.00. Any dealer in medicine can supply you.

"They all do it."—To beautify the teeth and give fragrance to the breath use FRAGRANT, the new toilet gem; try a 5 cent sample.

Use "Castorine" Machine Oil for all kinds of machinery, it is also excellent for harness and leather. Makes it water and weather proof. For sale by dealers.

The most miserable man in the world is the dyspeptic, and dyspepsia is one of the most troublesome difficulties to remove, but **Burdock Blood Bitters** always conquer it. It stimulates the secretions, regulates the bowels, acts upon the Liver, aids digestion, and tones up the entire system. Trial bottles 10 cents, large bottles $1.00.

True to her Trust.

Too much can not be said of the ever-faithful wife and mother, constantly watching and caring for her dear ones, never neglecting a single duty in their behalf. When they are assailed by disease, and the system should have a thorough cleansing, the stomach and bowels regulated, blood purified, malarial poison exterminated, she must know that Electric Bitters are the only sure remedy. They are the best and purest medicine in the world, and only cost fifty cents. Sold by all druggists.

Toronto Oil Company are sole manufacturers of "Castorine" Machine Oil. Infringements will be prosecuted.

Do not drug the system with nauseous purgatives that only debilitate. Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's own Cathartic, it acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, arousing all the secretions to a healthy action. It purifies the Blood and cures all Humors even the worst form of Scrofula, and tones up the Nervous and Debilitated.

Holloway's Pills. Impurities of the blood.—To ensure health it is absolutely necessary that the fluids and solids of the human body should be kept free from those impurities which are continually getting admission into the system by erroneous living, unwholesome atmosphere or disordered stomach. The only safe and certain way to expel all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills, which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, and at the same time removing any irregularities which their presence may have already produced in any organ. Holloway's Pills expel all humors which taint or impoverish the blood, which they purify and invigorate and give general tone. They are applicable to all alike, young or old, robust or delicate.

Manufacturers of reapers, mowers and threshing machines prefer "Castorine" Machine Oil to any other. It will outwear lard seal or elephant, and is warranted not to gum.

ZOPESA from Brazil.—As a result of the new commercial enterprise just assuming importance with Brazil, is the introduction of *Zopesa* so justly celebrated where it is known for the cure of all forms of Indigestion. The company has opened a laboratory in Toronto. *Zopesa* comes to us highly endorsed and recommended, its wonderful affinity to the Digestive Organs, its certainty to relieve and cure Dyspepsia and Constipation, makes this remarkable compound a necessity in Canada. The company make sample bottles at the trifling cost of 10 cents, to be had of J. Livingstone jr, druggist, Listowel.

The Liver is the grand purifying organ of the system; when inactive or obstructed bad blood and ill health are certain results. Burdock Blood Bitters cure all diseases arising from disordered Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys, purifying the blood, strengthening. It regulates the Bowels, cleanses and enriches the Blood, and imparts tone to every organ of the body. Trial bottles 10 cents.

A Wonderful Discovery.

For the speedy cure of Consumption and all diseases that lead to it, such as stubborn coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Asthma, pain in the side and chest, dry hacking cough, tickling in the throat, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all chronic or lingering diseases of the throat and lungs, DR KING'S NEW DISCOVERY has no equal and has established for itself a world-wide reputation. Many leading physicians recommend and use it in their practice. The formula from which it is prepared is highly recommended by all medical journals. The clergy and the press have complimented it in the most glowing terms. Go to your druggists and get a trial bottle free of cost, or regular size for $1. For sale by J. H. Michener.

When doctors disagree who shall decide? The people often decide by "throwing physic to the dogs," and trying **Burdock Blood Bitters**, and the result is always satisfactory. Burdock Blood Bitters is the *Medium in Parte* of medical science, curing all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys. A trial bottle only costs 10 cents. A dollar bottle may save you many dollars in doctor's bills.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful. "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted," as it realy is the best remedy in the world for cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists ta 25 cents a bottle.

Bucklen's Arnica Slave.

The BEST SAVE in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions. The Save is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Michener

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.—4y.

Mr. Thos. Ferguson, who hails from the London Township, has been sworn in as Vice-Chancellor in the room of Mr. S. Blake.

It is stated that Lorillard, the owner of Iroquois, winner of the Derby, won two millions in a single bet on the result of the race.

It will be learned with regret that the illness from which the Hon. J. C. Pope has been suffering for some time past has taken a serious if not fatal turn, and that there seems to be little likelihood of his recovery.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Ingersoll, May 31.—Seventeen factories registered 3,065 boxes cheese, mostly made between the 8th and 20th May; 1,350 boxes were sold; 1,250 at 8¾c, and 50 at 9¼.

Little Falls, N. Y., May 30.—Market dull; factory cheese sold and consigned at 8¾c, to 10c; dealt at 9½; farm dairy 8 to 9½.

Utica, N. Y., May 30.—5,500 boxes sold at 9 to 9½c.; leading price, 9½; 1,900 boxes commissioned.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

	June 2, 1881.	
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 05 to	1 07
Spring Wheat, "	1 04	1 06
Barley, "	0 40	0 75
Peas, "	0 60	0 60
Oats, "	0 34	0 35
Flour, per brrl.,	5 50	5 5
Oatmeal, "	2 75	0 0
Cornmeal, "	2 00	2 0
Butter, per lb.,	0 09	0 14
Eggs, per dozen,	0 09	0 11
Potatoes, per bag,	0 90	0 00
Wood, long,	1 75	1 75
Wood, short,	0 00	1 25
Hides, per cwt.,	6 00	6 50
Wool, per lb.,	0 27	0 29
Turkeys, per lb,	0 00	0 00
Geese, " "	0 04	0 06
Chickens, per pair,	0 25	0 00
Pork, cwt.,	6 00	8 00
Hay, per ton,	7 00	7 00

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS

	June 2, 1881.	
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 10 to	1 14
Wheat, spring, "	1 12	1 18
Barley, "	0 65	0 75
Peas, "	0 65	0 73
Oats, "	0 39	0 40
Rye, "	0 98	1 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	8 00	8 50

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1881.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE June cattle fair will be held to-day.

☞For a neat and good suit of Boy's Clothing call at the Glasgow House.

☞A large and varied stock of Canned Goods, at D. W. Palmer & Co's.

Town Council meets on Monday night.

Wall paper for the million at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug store.

Bring your Butter and Eggs to Tremain's—highest price given.

LETTERS for Europe mailed at the Listowel post office, should be in by 7 p. m. on Thursdays.

Cheapest Wall Paper going, from 4c up—25 rolls for $1—at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug Store.

J. G. Tremain sells coffee for 22c. per lb.

☞Go to the Glasgow House and see what beautiful Sugars they sell at twelve pounds for $1.

MR. CLAPP, Public School Inspector, spent several days this week inspecting the Listowel schtol.

When you want good Oatmeal, Cornmeal, or Buckwheat flour, go to J. G. Tremain's, Wallace street. He keeps Flour and Feed of all kinds.

☞Chamber sets in abundance, at prices to suit the times, at D. W. Palmer & Co's.

Does your dining room need papering? If so you can't do better than by selecting your paper at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug Store—an endless variety to choose from.

THE next G. W. R. Manitoba excursion train leaves here on the 8th inst. Quite a number from the neighboring townships intend going on it.

☞Laces, Frillings, Lace and Silk Ties, Edgings and Embroideries in immense variety and very low price at the Glasgow House.

☞Butter, Eggs, apples and potatoes taken in exchange for Groceries at D. W. Palmer & Co's.

☞The very latest designs in Glassware (very fancy) at D. W. Palmer & Co's. Call and see them. No trouble to show goods.

AGR'L SOCIETY.—A meeting of the directors of the Elma & Wallace Agricultural Society will be held on the 18th inst., to make arrangements for the fall exhibition.

☞D. W. Palmer & Co are sole agents in town for Carling's (Milwaukee) Lager. Hotels supplied at manufacturer's prices.

Choice sugar cured Hams and spiced Roll meat, at Tremain's, Wallace street; also pure Leaf Lard.

☞D. W. Palmer & Co., of the Toronto T. Store are giving 11 pounds of brown Sugar for the dollar, 10 of light brown and 9 of granulated. Give us a call.

A NUMBER of our citizens on Wednesday took advantage of the reduced railway fare to attend the Woodstock races. The list of entries included some of the fastest horses in the province.

☞The verdict of the people is that the choicest stock of prints in town is to be seen at the Glasgow House.

☞D. W. Palmer & Co. keep constantly on hand the largest and best selected stock of the choicest Liquors, Wines, etc., in town.

Every household can select patterns to suit from Dr. Michener's immense stock of Wall Paper.

THE first social of the season was held on Monday evening at the residence of Mr. John Large. It was under the management of the Ladies' Aid of the C. M. Church, and was quite successful.

Parlor wall paper—the richest designs at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug Store. Borders to match.

☞Dried Apples in large quantities at 6c per lb., and $1.25 per bushel, at Toronto T. Store. Call soon. D. W. Palmer & Co

Get your Kalsomining and Paper Hanging done by T. Perry. Shop opposite Large's planing mill.

WE understand that the Lutheran (German) body are meeting with success in their canvass for subscriptions towards the erection of their new church. Between $1,000 and $1,500 have already been subscribed.

☞D. W. Palmer & Co. have secured a choice selection of the best brands of imported Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.

☞China, Crockery, Glassware and lamps at reduced prices, at Toronto T. Store D. W. Palmer & Co.

MR. JAMES IRWIN, of Newry Station, has removed to Listowel. Mr. Irwin is agent for the County of Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co., and will look after the Co.'s interests in this town, also in Palmerston and the surrounding townships.

☞Don't forget the Toronto Tea Store when in town, for Cheap Teas; good value for the money. D. W. Palmer & Co

Get your Glassware and Crockery at Tremain's, Wallace street—a large stock of all descriptions on hand.

THE township of Wallace held its first Court of Revision on Saturday last, the minutes of which will appear next week. The Court adjourned till the 25th inst. The Court of Revision for Elma also met on Saturday. Its next sitting will be held on the 18th inst.

☞D. W. Palmer & Co. have the cheapest assortment of milk crocks and flower pots ever offered in Listowel.

Go to J. G. Tremain's, Wallace street, for Teas. His 50 cent Japan, worth 60c, can't be beat; 3 lbs good green tea for $1; choicest Young Hyson 75 cents per lb.

MR. D. D. ELLIS, son of E. Ellis, Esq., of Wallace, has succeeded in passing his primary examination in medicine. He will enter upon his studies at the Medical College, Toronto, next term. We wish friend "Dan" a successful career.

☞D. W. Palmer & Co. keep in stock the best 50c Tea in town. We defy any to beat it. Try it and be convinced.

If your hall requires papering you will find the latest designs and prices to suit at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug store.

WE are pleased to notice the name of Mr. J. S. Draper, son of our respected townsman, in the list of successful first year students at the medical examinations held in April last at the University of Toronto. Mr. Draper passed a very creditable examination in anatomy, being second in his class.

DOMINION DAY.—The Oddfellows of this town have resolved to celebrate Dominion Day, and an excursion and picnic are in contemplation. It has not as yet been decided where the excursion shall be to, that and other preliminaries being left in the hands of a committee to arrange.

MISS MARTIN, teacher in the Listowel Public School, was called away from her duties last week by the sickness of her mother, who has since died. Since her departure the young lady has been attacked by the measels, from the effects of which she is now recovering. She will probably be able to resume charge of her department by next week.

THE LONDON DISASTER.—Several of our townspeople mourn the loss of relatives or friends by the recent terrible disaster on the Thames at London. For several days after the disaster occurred the most intense interest was manifested in the news from the stricken city, and the greatest sympathy is felt for the afflicted families.

FOR THE NORTHWEST.—Messrs Batters & Roe shipped this week nine buggies and five carriages to the Northwest. They were manufactured at the Listowel carriage works, of which Mr. H. McConnell is manager. We understand that the price paid for them was $1,555. It speaks well for the town's manufactures that they find ready sale abroad.

FINE GROUNDS.—The grounds surrounding the new residence of Mr. J. W. Scott present a very fine appearance. A great deal of taste has been displayed in laying them out. We doubt if there is another residence in the county with such fine surroundings. Listowel is indebted to Mr. Scott for adding much to its attractiveness, and we trust that so worthy an example will be emulated by others of our citizens.

STREET improvements continue to engage the attention of the chairman of the Board of Works. Under his direction several of the streets of the town have been very much improved by building sidewalks thereon, and also by grading and gravelling. There is yet room for considerable further improvements, and the town funds could not well be laid out to better advantage than in placing the streets in a good condition.

SMASHING WINDOWS.—Several youths were brought before G. S. Clime, Esq., on Friday last, upon the charge of breaking the windows in the agricultural hall. They were found guilty. It being their first offence, the magistrate took a lenient view of their case and imposed light fines. Should a similar complaint, however, be again made, a much heavier penalty will be imposed. If our town youths wish to keep out of trouble they will take warning and curb their destructive propensities.

PERSONAL.—MR. W. R. McKenzie, travelling auditor of the Kansas Pacific Railway, passed through Listowel this week on his way to Durham, where on Wednesday he led to the altar a young lady of that town. Mr. McKenzie is a Canadian, formerly of Woodstock. His residence on the American side has evidently not diminished his appreciation of Canada's fair daughters. The happy couple have our best wishes.

CRUEL.—A number of boys, men and dogs collected in the park on Thursday evening of last week to witness and participate in the destruction of a wild cat, the animal being the one captured a short time ago in the swamp south of the town. Upon being let out of its cage, the dogs were set upon it, and a pitched battle ensued, in which dogs, men and boys were arrayed against the poor brute. Wild cats may not be very desirable animals to have around, but we think some more humane method of exterminating them might be adopted than was resorted to in this instance.

BAND STAND.—Listowel has an excellent brass band, but it is seldom that our citizens have the pleasure of hearing it. This is not the fault of the band, as its members have repeatedly signified their willingness to give the town the benefit of their music should any suitable place be provided for them. A band stand could be erected at a trifling cost, and the town park affords a most desirable location. Were a stand placed therein, our citizens would be treated to frequent open air concerts by the band during the summer evenings. The Town Council last season resolved to erect one or more stands, but subsequently let the matter drop, Why should there be any further delay?

HIGH SCHOOL BOARD.—The High School Board met on Wednesday evening, 1st inst. The report of Inspector McLellan on his visit to the High School on 16th and 17th February last, was read. The Inspector was very favorably impressed with the present management and progress of the school, as will be seen by the following extracts from his report. Under the heading "Remarks," he says: "The classification is good. There is a capital spirit of work amongst the pupils, a great amount of enthusiasm. Mr. McCallum shows great energy and tact in teaching; Mr. Francis does the mathematical work satisfactorily, and Mr. Scrimgeour is energetic and painstaking. The school on the whole has greatly improved." The tenders for the erection of the fence around the school grounds not being considered satisfactory by the Board, it was decided to defer the letting of the contracts.

LONDON CONFERENCE.—The London Conference is in session this week at Brantford. Rev. Dr. Fowler, of Listowel, is in attendance. We notice that Rev. Alexander Langford has been elected President of the Conference for the ensuing year. The Conference, by resolution, expressed its sympathy with the sufferers by the Thames disaster. The following is taken from the list of stations as presented by the Stationing Committee:

WELLINGTON DISTRICT.

Drayton—James McAllister, (J. B. Walwin.)

Peel—B. Sherlock (Glenallen), (R. B. Garbutt); Henry Reid, superannuated.

Gorrie—John Hough.

Belmore—J. R. Isaac.

Fordwich—W. J. Willimott.

Mount Forest—Thos. Brock.

Kenilworth—R. J. Tyler.

Listowel—Robert Fowler, M. D.

Harriston—G. A. Mitchell, B. A.

Palmerston—James Broley, (C. Lavell, M. A.)

Clifford—H. McLean.

Arthur—J. Russell, J. McLachlan.

Holstein—N. Smith.

Trowbridge—H. Berry; John Armstrong, sup'd.

Moorefield—S. Tuckee; Wm. Taylor, supernumerary.

Wallace—R. J. Husband.

Luther—Thos. R. Fydell.

To College—R. Redmond, G. Turk.

STRATFORD DISTRICT.

Stratford—Benjamin Clement.

Stratford South—Ezra A. Fear.

Mitchell—R. W. Williams.

Harmony—D. Rogers.

Fullarton—Robert Phillips, (W. H. Hincks.

Moncton—Charles Deacon.

Walton—Wm. Baugh.

Seaforth—Thomas Cobb.

St. Mary's—James Cannon; Joseph Shepley, Superannuated; J. P. Rice, Supernumerary.

Kirkton—Wm. Henderson; R. Hamilton.

Granton—Wm. H. Moss.

Lucan—G. Jackson.

Exeter—Jos. R. Gundry.

Centralia—James Kennedy.

Ailsa Craig—Wm. Walsh; J. Ridley.

Kintore—P. W. Jones.

Milbank—Edwin Fessant.

Wellesley—W. Preston; Jas. Laird.

To College—R. J. Treleaven.

NOTICE.

Owing to increase of business, and finding the shop I now occupy too small to attend to the wants of my customers, I have decided to remove to the store lately occupied by Mr. George Adam, on or about the 4th of June, where I will open out a large and well assorted stock of the best and cheapest Groceries in town. Teas and sugars a specialty. Tea from 30c. to 70c. Crockery and Glassware cheap. Glass sets from 50c. up to $5. Tea sets from $3 to $7.50. The celebrated Christie's Biscuits always on hand. Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones follow me to my new stand, where you will always find me obliging, and will strive to please everybody as far as lies in my power, and give good value for money spent. I have made arrangements with a few first class Butter makers to supply me with butter for the season, and will always keep a full supply on hand.

W. J. STEWART.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Reader,—Dear Sir:—I would be very glad to get your measure for a suit of clothes. I do a large trade in this line. I have a first class Cutter, and will guarantee a good fit to all who will kindly favor me with their orders. My stocks of Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Worsted goods, &c., were never better than now, and the prices will be found as reasonable as any in the County. Please give me a call when you require clothing, or anything else in General Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., and everything in our power will be done to make the deal pleasant and satisfactory. GIVE ME A CALL, *and in the meantime, I am,*

Yours respectfully,

JOHN RIGGS.

BIRTHS.

STEWART—In Wallace, on the 25th ult., the wife of Mr. Edward Stewart, of a daughter.

ELLIOTT—In Listowel, on the 1st inst., the wife of Robert Elliott, of the *Banner*, of a daughter.

PLANTZ—In Wallace, on the 27th ult., the wife of John Plantz, of a son.

SWITZER.—In Listowel, on the 26th ult., the wife of Frederick Switzer of a son.

FRITZEL—In Listowel, on the 31st ult., the wife of David Fritzel of a son.

ROSS—In Listowel, on the 1st ult., the wife of George A. Ross, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

MCKENZIE—GUN—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 1st June, by Rev. Mr Parke, Mr W. H. McKenzie, of Kansas City, to Miss Josepha B., daughter of Jas. Gun, M.D., of Durham, Ont.

JARRET—LONG—At the residence of the bride's father, 3rd con Mornyore, on the 27th ult., by the Rev Mr. Thompson, Mr. John Jarret, of Arthur, to Miss Teresa, second daughter of Mr George Long, Esq

ANDERSON—SWANTON—In Listowel, on the 24 h ult., at the Methodist Parsonage, by the Rev Dr. Fowler, Mr Thomas Anderson, to Miss Maria L. Swanton, all of Listowel.

TIMS—CRAWFORD—At Listowel, on April 26, by Rev J. W. Bell, M A., Mr Geo Tims, to Miss Rachel Crawford, of Howick.

BAKER—YOUNG—At Listowel, by Rev. J. W. Bell, M. A., Mr. Wm Baker, to Miss Ann Young, all of Grey.

DEATHS.

SMITH—In Wallace, on 28th ult, the wife of Mr. Alex. Smith, aged 47 years.

Do Not be Deceived.

In these times of quack medicine advertisements everywhere, it is truly gratifying to find one remedy that is worthy of praise, and which really does as recommended Electric Bitters we can vouch for as being a true and reliable remedy, and one that will do as recommended They invariably cure Stomach and Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Difficulties. We know whereof we speak, and can readily say give them a trial. Sold at fifty cents a bottle, by all druggists.

NORMAN'S
Electric Belt Institution,
No. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.
ESTABLISHED 1874.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure
ASTHMA,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LUMBAGO,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
INDIGESTION,
RHEUMATISM,
SWELLINGS,
INJURIES,
NEURALGIA, ETC.,
And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.
Medicated and other baths always ready for ladies and gentlemen.
J. H MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel. 3y

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The public are hereby warned against negotiating in any notes drawn by me, the undersigned, in favor of J. W. Beebe, as I have not received value therefor.

NOAH COBER.

Maryborough, June 1, 1881. 22A

TOWNSHIP OF WALLACE.

THE ADJOURNED
COURT OF REVISION
for the Township of Wallace will be held at the
QUEEN'S HOTEL, GOWANSTOWN,
—ON—
Saturday, the 25th day of June,
at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m.

R. G. ROBERTS, Clerk.

Wallace, June 1st, 1881. 22a.

TOWNSHIP OF ELMA.

COURT OF REVISION.

The adjourned Court of Revision for the Township of Elma will be held at
WYND'S HOTEL, NEWRY,
—ON—
Saturday, the 18th day of June.
at 10 o'clock, a. m.

THOS. FULLARTON, Clerk.

Newry, May 31, 1881. 22a.

THE COUNTY OF PERTH.
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1863.
INSURES
FARM PROPERTY,
CHURCHES, PRIVATE
RESIDENCES, ETC.
With contents of same against loss or damage BY LIGHTNING AS WELL AS FIRE.
Animals Covered if killed by Lightning in the Fields.
HEAD OFFICE. - STRATFORD, ONT.
JAMES. IRWIN,
AGENT, - - LISTOWEL.

MORTGAGE SALE.

In pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage made by one William Smith, (his wife joining to bar her dower,) and which mortgage will be produced at time of sale, there will be offered for sale by

PUBLIC AUCTION
—ON—
TUESDAY, JUNE 14, A. D., 1881,
At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon,
AT THE ROYAL HOTEL,
in the town of
LISTOWEL,
by B. B. SARVIS, Auctioneer, the following valuable
TOWN PROPERTY,
being composed of:

FIRST—All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Town of Listowel, in the County of Perth, and Province of Ontario, and being composed of town lot No. 8, on the North side of Bismark Street, in the Holsted survey of the west half of farm lot No. 23, formerly of the 1st con. of the Township of Wallace, now of the said Town of Listowel, containing one-third of an acre.

SECOND—Also town lot No. 88 on the South side of Elma Street, on the survey made by R W Hermon, Esq., P. L S., for Mr John Tremain, of part of farm lot No 37, in the 1st con. of the Township of Elma, now within said Town of Listowel, containing 2½ perches.

On the first mentioned parcel of land there is a good frame house 26x30, one and one-half stories high, with eight rooms: a good stable and well, and a number of apple, pear and plum trees and currant bushes The lot is in a splendid locality On the second parcel of land there is a frame house, 20x26, one and one-half stories high, which contains six rooms There is also a stable and well, and the lot is situated near the centre of the town.

TERMS of sale and all other particulars may be obtained at the office of D. B. DINGMAN, Barrister, Listowel, where the mortgage may also be inspected.

D. B. DINGMAN,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated 17th May, 1881. 21c

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

4 Houses on Dodd Street (Formerly owned by W. Hagon.) As the owner is going to Muskokaite will sell cheap. Great bargains may therefore be had. Title good. Terms to suit purchaser, or parties renting. Apply to

SMITH & GEARING,
Barristers, Listowel.

34.

STORE AND DWELLING
TO RENT.

In good business locality. Brick building. Terms moderate Possession given immediately. Apply at this office or to

WM. MCKEEVER.

Wallace Street, Listowel. 18

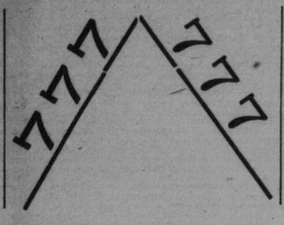
THE BEST VALUE IN
STAPLE GROCERIES!
—AT—
JAS. ARMSTRONG'S
next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.
SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.
Large stock of
CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE
will be sold very cheap for one month.
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat Flour, &c., constantly on hand.
Farmers, ring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods. 8.

CIGARS in endless variety and at prices that will suit the times, at D. W. PALMER & CO'S. Hotel Keepers purchasing Cigars will do well to give us a trial. 18

NEW ARRIVALS!
—OF—
SPRING AND SUMMER
BOOTS & SHOES!
—AT—
KARGES BROS.,
Having purchased largely for this season's trade, we are now prepared to supply the citizens of Listowel and vicinity with all classes of Boots & Shoes. Excellent assortment of
Men's, Boys', Ladies', Misses and Children's Wear
IN ORDERED WORK!
None can surpass us, as we employ only first-class workmen and use the very best material.
In SEWED WORK we defy competition. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Give us a call.
First door north of Royal hotel, Wallace St.
14 KARGES BROS.

THE SIGN of the THREE SEVENS

Is the place to get Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, ashmeres, etc. All colors and prices. Prints, Muslins, First-Class Mantles, Mantle Cloths and Ornaments, Laces, Fringes, Gimp and Jett Trimmings, Velvets, Black and colored, extra value.



Is the place to leave your order for a first-class fitting suit of clothes. We have a large assortment of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Worsted and Fancy Pantings, newest patterns and prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

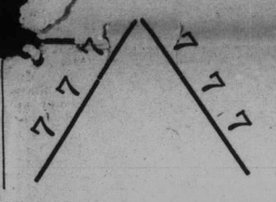
Cash wanted in exchange for Goods.

Go to the Three Sevens for Millinery, Hats and Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed, all new shapes. Flowers, Feathers Plumes, Fancy Silks, Fancy Satins, Ribbons, Ties and Ornaments.

When at the Three Sevens don't fail to look at our Straw and Felt Hats, Dress Shirts, Collars, Ties, Gloves, etc., Gents wool, merino, and cotton Hose.

Butter wanted in exchange for Goods.

Call at the Three Sevens for Parasols, Umbrellas, all shades and prices in silk, satin, zanilla. Also House Furnishings, such as carpets in Wool, Tapestry & Hemp, Lace Curtains, white Quilts at wholesale prices.



GROCERIES.

Our stock of Groceries will always be found pure and fresh and well assorted; special value in teas and sugars.

Eggs wanted in exchange for Goods.

SEE THE SIGN, MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

CASH FOR WOOL

GOODS EXCHANGED FOR WOOL.

If you are interested in the
OPENING OF THE WOOL SEASON,
call and examine my
LARGE STOCK OF WOOLEN GOODS,
before selling or purchasing elsewhere.

10,000 *Yards of Tweeds and Cloths.* 3,000 *Yards Fine Scotch Tweeds.* 5,000 *Yards Shirting and Dress Flannels. Bed and Horse Blankets, Stocking Yarn, Socks and Stockings, Drawers, Undershirts, and Winceys. Good assortment of Tweeds. Full Cloth at 50 cents per yard.*

Carding, Spinning, Fulling, and Manufacturing done as usual.

B. F BROCK.

Listowel, May 12, 1881.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine

☞GIVE US A CALL.

AGENT FOR CARLING'S CELEBRATED LAGER BEER, ALE, PORTER, &c.

D. W. PALMER & CO.

MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &C.

TORONTO TEA STORE!

STATE LINE!
Lowest Through Rates to EUROPE
Ocean and Inland Combined.
The elegant Steamers of this Line sail from
NEW YORK
EVERY THURSDAY,
—FOR—
Glasgow, Liverpool, and Belfast
Passage.—Cabin, $60 to $75. Return tickets, $110 to $130. Second Cabin (everything furnished), $40. Return tickets, $75; Steerage at lowest rates.
☞Tickets Good for One Year.☜
Passengers going to the old country or parties wishing to bring out friends will find it to their interest to call on
J. LIVINGSTONE, jr.,
AGENT AT LISTOWEL. 15.

FARM FOR SALE.

Being west half of lot 22, 4th con. Elma, containing 50 acres 40 acres cleared and in good cultivation; good house; frame stable and granary; log barn; young orchard of about 40 trees; well watered, small creek running across it. School house quarter mile from property; three miles and a half from Listowel. Will be sold at a reasonable figure. Terms, half cash and balance to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to.

NATHANIEL HARRIS.

Listowel, P. O., Oct. 20, 1880. 39.

R. MARTIN,
REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE AGENT.
Buys and sells Lands, loans money and does a general Insurance business.

$1 800 Will purchase lot number 57 in the 2nd concession of the township of Minto, containing 100 acres, 35 cleared balance rolling land. There is 5 acres of fall wheat on the lot. 2 acres of orchard bearing, good well and pump, hewn log house. Terms of payment $700 cash, balance to remain on interest for 11 years at 8 per cent. Apply to R. MARTIN.

$1 700 will purchase 100 acres in Wallace, 3½ miles from Listowel, 30 acres cleared, balance mostly hardwood. Terms, $500 cash, balance in 4 years at 8 per cent. Apply to R. MARTIN.

$3,400 Will purchase lot 28, in the 8th con. of the Township of Elma in County of Perth—containing 100 acres. $1,500 cash, balance on time for 3 years at 8 per cent. 75 acres cleared with a bank barn and stone stable, inside 58x36; frame barn 26x36; dwelling house with good frame kitchen. Apply to R. MARTIN.

Lot 28 in the 5th con. Howick, containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, balance good hardwood bush, well watered, with frame barn 66x36. New frame house 29x22, stone cellar. Will be sold a a bargain. Apply to R. MARTIN.

MONEY TO LEND.
PRIVATE FUNDS to Lend, in sums from $200 to $3,000, at
6 Per Cent.
Interest payable yearly, with the privilege given to the borrower of paying off the whole loan or any part, at any time. On such payments of Principal, Interest shall cease.
R. MARTIN.

INSURANCE.
The best Companies represented, such as the WESTERN, LANCASHIRE &C.
Apply to R. MARTIN.
Office on Main St.,
LISTOWEL,
Opposite the Grand Central Hotel.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT 6½ PER CENT.
All privileges granted. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

100 ACRES FOR SALE, near Newry. Terms easy. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE, near the Great Western Railway Station, Listowel. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN, supplied by parties living in town, at 7 per cent. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

50 ACRES FOR SALE, in Wallace, close to Listowel. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

Campbell's Block, Main Street, Listowel.

FARM FOR SALE.

The North-east 50 acres in the 7th con. of Wallace. The land is in a good state of cultivation; all cleared but 8 acres, and fit for a reaper to run on it. A good frame barn 36x52; frame house 18x26, well finished; barn and house new; good well and pump at door, and a never failing spring creek on the place. Terms, $700 down; the balance can run for a term of years at 7 per cent. Also 50 acres will be rented along with the 50 for a term of ten years. The land is first-class; within 3 miles of the town of Palmerston. For particulars apply to the proprietor,

JAMES LITTLE,
Rothsay Ont.

13.

SMOKERS, ATTENTION!
The undersigned having opened out a
TOBACCO STORE
in connection with his Shaving Parlor on Main Street, invites the attention of Smokers to his large new stock of
TOBACCOS—Cut and Plug,
CIGARS—the best brands,
CIGARETTES—Snow Flake,
PIPES—Meerschaum, Briar Root, &c.
CIGAR HOLDERS,
TOBACCO POUCHES,
and all kinds of Smokers' Sundries.
PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.
A call solicited.
ROBT. KAY.
Listowel, May 4, 1881. 18

PUBLIC ATTENTION
is called to
GEO. ZILLIAX'S
General Dry Goods, Grocery,
Flour & Feed Store,
Wallace Street Listowel, two doors south of the Royal Hotel.
Good value given in
Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes,
Groceries, Crockery, Glassware,
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal,
Vegetables, Seed Grain,
Land Salt, Shingles, &c.
Highest market price paid for
BUTTER AND EGGS,
Grain, Hides and Skins, and all descriptions of Farm Produce.
GEO ZILLIAX.

WANTED.

A single driving horse in exchange for a new organ. Apply at the MONTREAL TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Listowel, May 4, 1881. 18

REMOVAL!
J. P. NEWMAN,
Has
Removed to His New store
On the Old Site, West of Campbell's Block Main Street, where he has Opened out
AN EXTENSIVE STOCK
—OF—
BOOTS & SHOES
Comprising all the Newest Styles in Ladies', Men's and Children's wear, and which he will sell at
BOTTOM PRICES!
First-Class Workmen Employed.
☞Repairing Promptly Attended To
Remember the Stand,
Mechanic's Block, Main St., South Side.
J. P. NEWMAN.
Listowel, Sept. 12, 1879. 38.

HACYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM.
Has no equal for the permanent cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all Lung Diseases.
☞Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors Toronto.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL
National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE!
ON
MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS
Terms to suit buyers.
10 GEORGE DRAPER.

FARM FOR SALE

Being lot No. 25, 3rd con of Wallace, containing 100 acres, 60 acres of which are cleared and almost free of stumps; balance cedar swamp, on the north corner; brick residence, one and a half stories, good cellar; log barn and log stable; well fenced; two stoned wells and living spring; good orchard in bearing; within a mile of the flourishing town of Listowel, on the northern gravel road; good opening for a bricklayer. For further particulars apply on the premises, or if by letter Listowel post office.

17. JOHN MCILROY.

GLASGOW HOUSE.

We beg to invite the attention of the public to the many novelties we are now showing in
NEW SUMMER DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.
The millinery season is now well advanced, but still we are making additions to our already attractive stock in
HATS, BONNETS,
RIBBONS, FLOWERS,
FEATHERS, ETC.
DRESS GOODS,
DRESS FRINGES,
CORD and TASSELS,
BUTTONS, ETC.
—AN—
IMMENSE VARIETY AT RIGHT PRICES FOR THE BUYER.
Every variety of Staple Goods, best value.
☞REMEMBER THE PLACE.
WM. McMILLAN.
Campbell's Block, Main St.

H—U—R—R—A—H—!
—FOR—
BRICKER'S MAMMOTH HARDWARE.
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST SPOT IN TOWN.
The following lines are complete, and we are SELLING THEM AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES:
Nails, Glass, Putty, Spades, Shovels,
FORKS, HOES AND GARDEN RAKES.
We also keep full lines of
PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISHES!
MACHINE OILS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
We are making a specialty of
GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS.
We have also a large quantity of CLOVER SEED, which must be sold.
☞BIRD CAGES LOWER THAN EVER.☜
Give Us a Call and Strike the Nail on the Head.

THE ONTARIO HOUSE!
Again to the fore with a
Splendid Stock of Spring Goods,
Comprising all the leading lines in
DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY,
STAPLE DRY GOODS, &c.
THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT
This season has been placed under the management of a lady of large experience in some of the
Best Toronto Millinery Houses,
and our goods in this department will be found superior to any previous season.
IN SCOTCH & CANADIAN TWEEDS,
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c.,
We are in a position to offer the very best value.
FRESH GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE!
LARGE STOCK AND LOWEST PRICES.
WINES AND LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
AN EARLY CALL SOLICITED.
GEO. DRAPER,
Ontario House, Main St., Listowel.

CURE FOR ALL
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
This Great Household Medicine ranks among the leading necessities of Life.
The famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the
Liver, Stomach, Kidneys
and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World.
For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,
Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,
it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,
Gout, Rheumatism,
And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.
The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at
533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
And are sold by all Vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world; with directions for use in almost every language.
The trade marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.
☞Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

MONTHLY CATTLE MARKET IN LISTOWEL. The next Cattle Fair in Listowel will be held on
Friday, JULY 1st, 1881.

LIVERY, HACK & BUS BUSINESS.
R. & W. WOODS,
having purchased the Livery and Hack business from Jas. Polton, wish to inform the public that they are prepared to supply
Rigs of Every Kind on Shortest Notice, and at Reasonable Rates.
They will also run
A BUS AND HACK,
to and from all trains. Good rigs and gentle horses at all hours.
STABLES—Mill street, opposite Town Hall Listowel. 8.

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THE FLYING SHIP.

A Continuation of the Narrative by Jules Verne of the "Journey to the Center of the Earth."

"Yonder is Hanover," said my uncle. "We are now almost due south from Hamburg. We have come from the neighborhood of Berlin, say a hundred and fifty miles in less than nine minutes. I think we are moving fully a thousand miles an hour If we should now return to Hamburg, our voyage would be very wonderful. To have gone from Hamburg to Berlin, from Berlin to Hanover, and from Hanover to Hamburg in less than half an hour, would be thought sufficiently marvelous by the whole world; but to make the circuit of the globe in twenty-four hours, as we shall do, will be still more wonderful."

A slight variation in our course was now made, and we quickly passed over the low, level plains of Holland, passing close to Amsterdam, and were soon out above the waters of the North Sea.

Here a strange thing happened; we outran the day; the sun sank behind us in the east, and we were again plunged into darkness. As we did not care to journey in the dark, a considerable share of the battery power was cut off; and our speed very greatly lessened In falling, too, only part of the battery power was removed, so that we fell very slowly. The consequence was that the sunshine again overtook us. But here another strange thing happened. At one minute we would rise into the sunshine, and a little later we would fall into night again; and, while we were in broad daylight, the ocean below us was still wrapped in darkness, and here and there we could see the twinkling lights of vessels. Our journey was now very slow, and before we reached the English coast the night had been driven far away to the westward. We had hoped to obtain a grand panoramic view of England; but in this we were disappointed, for a dense fog shut out the whole landscape from us. We did not wish to lose our way in the fog, and so kept above it, never descending below about twelve thousand feet. The fog not only shut out all view of the country, but it also deadened all sounds as well; so that though we had heard the church clocks in the barking of dogs, when five miles high, all England seemed as silent as the grave, and though we must have passed over London at an elevation of not more than three miles, we did not hear a sound.

As our compass was inoperative we were obliged to keep above the fog. Otherwise we would have been ignorant of our direction.

When we approached the west of England, we left the fog behind us and emerged into clear day. We were then above the British channel. To the north of us was the rugged and hilly land of Wales, to the south was Cornwall stretching its long arm out into the Atlantic, to the west lay beautiful, green Ireland, and away to the south east could faintly be discovered with a glass the northern coast of the sunny land of France. Still keeping somewhat south of west, we passed a considerable distance to the south of Cape Clear, and in half an hour more we took our last glimpse of Europe, and were out above the broad Atlantic, where nothing was to be seen but see and sky.

The sight was one never to be forgotten. The broad, concave sea was intensely blue, and appeared as smooth as glass. Here and there a white winged ship or a dark steamer trailing a long line of smoke behind it could be seen. The horizon was shut in on all sides the sky bending down to meet the sea, and the sea appearing to rise to meet the sky. But the dark blue vault above was the chief wonder. It seemed so far off. Instead of shutting us in as with a metallic cover, it appeared that we could gaze away through it into the awful abyss of immeasurable space. I thought I would never tire of peering into its serene depths, where aerial figures seemed swiftly moving in vast procession to execute the mysterious fiat of Omnipotence.

From these dreams I was recalled by my uncle, who directed my attention to a steamship below us whose decks were crowded with people, some of whom were firing muskets at us. We smiled, of course, at their efforts to harm us, for we were more than six thousand feet above the sea, and none of their missiles could reach within half a mile of us.

"Surely," I said, "they must be very simple to try to hit us with musket balls at this distance. Do they think their pieces will throw a leaden ball a mile and a half into the air?"

"They know pretty well," said my uncle, "how far their guns will carry; but they do not know how great our distance is. We judge of the distance of familiar objects by the appearance of the ground which lies between us and them, by their apparent size or by the comparative distinctness with which they are seen. By long use we have become accustomed to judge pretty accurately of the distance of an object which stands upon the ground. Our eyes run along the ground and note its features, and custom has enabled us to judge the distance with a reasonable approach to accuracy. Even without this aid, we can tell from the apparent size of a familiar object—a bird flying in the air, or a church spire seen above the trees—about the distance which separates us from it. But let an unfamiliar object appear in the air, and we are quite at a loss to even guess at its distance. The angle of vision—that is, the angle made by a ray of light from the object to our eyes—is so small as to be of no service to us in estimating the distance. A baby stretches out its hand for a lamp across the street or for the moon as readily as for a toy in the nurse's hand. On the western plains of America, the inexperienced traveler, seeing a snowy mountain before him, across the level prairie, will guess from the distinctness with which he sees it that it may be five or six miles distant, when in fact it is thirty or forty miles away. In the city of New York, on one of those rare occasions when the planet Venus appeared in the heavens at midday large numbers of people were gazing at the unexpected appearance and wondering what it could be. Some thought it must be a star, while others derided the notion, and concluded that it must be a balloon. These men were several million times apart in their estimate of the distance of the object they were looking at because they had no experience to guide them. In fact, at any considerable distance, sight is the most delusive of all guides in judging of distance. Now, the people on this ship had never seen anything like this vessel of ours. They evidently supposed it to be some monster of the air, thought it to be both smaller and nearer than it really was; and, either through fear or in the hope of securing a valuable trophy, they endeavored to kill the strange creature."

It may be as well to insert at this place clippings from Liverpool papers, which fell into my hands long after the events just narrated.

[From the Liverpool Globe, May 5, 1869.]

"Passengers by the steamship Loegria, which arrived at this port yesterday, from New York, give accounts of a most remarkable incident of the voyage. On the morning of the 1st inst., when about six hundred miles west-south-west of Cape Clear, the lookout discovered a monstrous bird flying directly toward the ship The alarm was instantly given, and passengers and crew at once thronged the deck. The monster came directly toward the vessel with incredible velocity, and appeared disposed to attack it. Captain Scott and several of the passengers hastily procured firearms, and so soon as the creature came near enough they opened fire upon it, which evidently did execution, for with a great cry of pain and rage the bird flew away and in about a minute it was out of sight. Some of the sea men said that it fell into the sea when a mile or so astern of the ship; but First Officer Davis, who was observing it through a glass, is of the opinion that this was not the case, though he says that its flight was very unsteady, and he has no doubt it was mortally hurt. Many of the passengers implored Captain Scott to turn back in search of the body, but of course that was out of the question.

The creature was of enormous size. Captain Scott is of opinion that it was fifty or sixty feet in length; but this is the lowest estimate we have heard. The general opinion is that it was not less than a hundred feet in length; and one sailor who observed it with the greatest care noticed as it flew away that it was nearly if not quite as long as the ship. This man's tale is really incredible; but there can be no doubt of the vast proportions of this monster of the air. It evidently meant mischief, and was not finally driven off till it had received many wounds, which it is to be hoped have proved fatal. Its nearest approach to the ship was about three hundred yards, so that it was observed with great minuteness; and yet, strange to say, the descriptions of it which we have received do not agree in all particulars. This much is certain, that its color was black; its neck is short and thick, its eyes large, fierce and glaring. One of the passengers says it had three pairs of wings, but the weight of testimony is against him. It is pretty certain that two pairs out of the three existed only in his excited imagination."

(From the Liverpool Post, May 6, 1869.)

"The aerial monster observed from the steamship Loegria continues to be the subject of much comment, and many additional particulars concerning it will be found below. In addition to these we have a dispatch from London announcing that the monster was encountered on the 28th ult., in lat. 44 30 N., lon. 13 32 17 W., by the bark Ocean Wave. The affair happened a little before daybreak. In consequence of a freshening of the breeze, all hands had been sent aloft to take in sail, when the creature suddenly pounced down upon the ship, seized Michael Williams, an able seaman, in its talons and flew away with him, uttering a frightful scream. In about a minute it was out of sight. Captain Arthur Houghton bravely endeavored to rescue the man, and fired twice at the monster, but does not know with what effect. One of the seamen, however, says that its flight was unsteady as it flew away."

These accounts are very amusing. An experienced and most probably brave and cool commander of a vessel estimates that the airship approached within three hundred yards of his vessel, when its nearest approach was two thousand yards That is not to be wondered at, since, for the reasons assigned by my uncle, he could not estimate our distance. But at the same time he greatly increased our size though we were in reality six or seven times as far away as he supposed us to be. The only man who noted the number of the ships fins or wings is quietly put aside by the remark that his excited imagination had conjured up the extra wings. The screams of the aerial monster and its erratic flight after being wounded, which were purely imaginary, are dwelt upon. Finally the dispatch from London in which our poor harmless ship is charged with eating a sailor for breakfast two days before she ever left Hamburg is evidently made up after a careful study of the published reports, which were no doubt telegraphed to the London papers.

CHAPTER VII.—The Voyage Continued.

For a considerable time our flight had been very slow, and the sun had so gained upon us that it was now about an hour high in the eastern heavens. In our haste and excitement at starting we had neglected to take any breakfast, but now the demands of appetite could no longer be denied, and I set about the preparation of our morning meal. A spirit lamp was lit under the automatic coffee pot, another under the broiler. The steak was scarcely done when the bubbling of the coffee through the vacuum tubes and the self extinguishing of the lamp indicated that every thing was ready. The hinged leaf was propped up, a cloth laid, dishes taken from a neat little closet overhead, and in another minute we were quietly eating our breakfast at an elevation ranging from one to seven miles above the ocean, and while moving at a speed of about five hundred miles an hour

"I think," said my uncle, "that we will not need the spirit lamp in our next vessel. The electric current may be used for cooking as well as not. Since the lightning has been made a common messenger, and has now been harnessed to a conveyance and become a common carrier, I do not know why it should not be further degraded by being sent into the kitchen and compelled to cook a beefsteak."

"May it not," I asked, "prove a dangerous servant, and sometimes burn the steak to a crisp, or even break out of bounds and destroy the vessel? You know these chained giants sometimes use their strength when least expected, as Samson did when he pulled the temple of Dagon about the ears of the Philistines."

"There is not the least danger," returned the Professor. "We do not read of the electric current burning down telegraph offices and destroying the operators except when the real lightning indignant at its weaker brother's servitude to man, rends along the wires a message from heaven which no earthly instrument has yet been able to receive or transmit. It is true that we should not attempt to control powerful agents till we understand their natures. Keats has as truth fully as poetically caused Thea to complain to dethroned, gray haired Saturn that

'Thy sharp lightning, in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene dominions;'

and Rabelais introduces to us a minor demon, 'a young suckling devil,' who had not yet learned to thunder, and was only permitted to hail on radishes and colevorts. But electricity has been so thoroughly subjugated that we need not be afraid it will even scorch a beef steak when we put a paper cap on its head and turn it into a cook."

Breakfast over, we continued our journey without notable incident till the coast of America came in view. We were near Boston, in latitude 40° north. The great arm of Cape Cod, reaching out like a lobster's claw encircled us to the south. We had crossed the Atlantic at a low rate of speed, and the sun was now about two hours high. At Hamburg it was past twelve o'clock, at Boston it was about seven.

We moved directly west from Boston, crossing the State of Massachusetts and entering New York near Albany. Here we changed our course a little to the northward, skirting the shore of Lake Ontario, near the western extremity of which we passed directly over the great Falls of Niagara. Our elevated position, however, gave us no good view of this great natural wonder. Keeping on nearly in a due westerly line, we saw the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, with the great City of Chicago a few miles farther north. Nearly a hundred miles to the north we had a glimpse of the City of Milwaukee. "Did you ever hear," asked my uncle, "how Milwaukee received its name?" I was obliged to confess I never had. "Many of the beautiful and expressive American names" said the Professor, "are Indian words and phrases—Winona, Minnehaha, Omaha, Oshkask, Mauch Chunk, Chebucto, and the like. The name of Milwaukee was given it by the Indians, though it is not an Indian word. It was originated a great many years ago, when the white men first came into this country. After the immigrants had built themselves houses and grown some wheat, they constructed a mill, with which to grind their grain. The innocent and simple-minded savages saw nothing wonderful about the grinding process, and could not be made to understand that it was any improvement on the old method of pounding the corn in a hollow stone, especially if the squaws did the pounding. But the great water-wheel was to them a source of unfailing delight. They thought that was the mill, and that it was built for a permanent exhibition—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. They would lie on the bank and watch the wheel go round all day and go home at night firmly convinced that a mill was a fine thing for the country. One day, being at the mouth of the river they saw the first steamboat that ever penetrated to that region. Their attention was at once attracted to the wheels going round, and they concluded it must be an importation of new mills; but when they discovered that the wheels were carrying the boat away, they shouted to each other—'Look! look! mill walkee! mill walkee!' The place has been called Milwaukee ever since."

From that point for a thousand miles the prospect was monotonous. To the political economist, the great States of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska are full of absorbing interest: to the aerial voyager they presented nothing but a dead level. An hour after passing Chicago we crossed the Missouri River near Omaha, and in half an hour more we were at the western extremity of the farming country, approaching the arid region, where crops cannot be raised without irrigation, but which is nevertheless an excellent range for cattle. We were also gradually rising above the great table land which fills up fifteen hundred miles of the continent of North America. The Rocky Mountains now came into view. Long ranges of towering mountains separated narrow valleys, which were themselves from 4 000 to 8,000 feet above the sea. Many of the peaks were more than 14,000 feet in height, and hundreds of them have never received any name. These mountains are full of precious metals, and many of the inclosed valleys are very fertile. In two hours after the crossing of the Missouri we passed over Salt Lake City, the headquarters of Mormonism, and one of the most beautiful places in the world. More mountains and more valleys; snowy peaks and arid plains; the sharp serrated ridges of the Sierras Nevada; then a sudden descent to the western coast, and beyond us lay the wide expanse of the great Pacific Ocean. About five hours had been consumed in crossing the continent. The sun was now full three hours high. The local time was about eight o'clock. We had been in the air about fourteen hours, and had traveled about seven thousand miles

"We now," said my uncle have the Pacific Ocean before us. For about four thousand five hundred miles there is nothing but water. Then we reach the coast of Japan, in about the latitude we are now in. I propose crossing the Pacific at our highest speed, and the air ship will have a fair trial over an unimpeded course. In the meantime I begin to feel once more that we have need to eat. Even if we have become creatures of the air, we need something substantial to sustain our gross and material bodies."

I lighted the spirit lamp once more, and my uncle, after carefully inspecting the batteries and filling them with the proper chemicals, put on the whole power and began with long steady flights, averaging seven miles at each rise and fall, the passage of the world's greatest ocean. He slightly changed the angle of the fins, which was done by shortening the cords, and this gave us increased speed. We rose at each flight to about seven miles and a half above the sea, and descended to within a thousand yards of its surface. The fins were so set that we advanced ten feet while rising or falling one foot. The effect of these changes were soon perceptible, for the sun, instead of rising higher and higher in the heavens, as it had been doing almost from the first, now began slowly to decline toward the eastern horizon. By the time our dinner was finished and the remains put away we had gained half an hour of apparent time.

For some time I had noticed that my uncle was very thoughtful and preoccupied. I had no apprehensions on that score, for I knew very well that no mental abstraction would lead to any neglect of the vessel. But I knew that some weighty matter was fermenting in the Professor's brain. He might or he might not consult me on the subject; but I forebore to question him, for that would not elicit his confidence if he did not intend to volunteer it, and would not hasten it if he did. So I held my peace.

At last he spoke.

"Harry," said he, "I fear we have made a mistake in building the air-ship."

"No doubt," I replied. "We could hardly hope to achieve perfection in our first experiment. But to what particular do you refer, for I must confess the fish is far more successful than I had dared to hope?"

"Our mistake," returned the Professor, "has been in the thing itself, and not in its details. I fear it will prove an injury to mankind, and not a blessing; and the best thing we can do when we get home is to break it up, sell it for old iron, and never let the world know of it."

"You astonish me!" I cried. "Why, sir, it is the greatest discovery ever made. It is more valuable than the steam engine or the telegraph. With the air ship nations may interchange commodities at the most trifling cost. The tea of china, the spices of the Indies, the coffee of Arabia, the cotton of America, the wool of Australia, food from all parts of the world can be conveyed to overpeopled Europe more cheaply than they can now be carried from Hamburg to Bremen. The overcrowded hives of Europe can send out colonies to all parts of the world, where unoccupied land invites them. A more equal distribution of population and products will be made; the oppressions and burdens of Europe will cease to be felt; there will be found room enough for all; the wilderness will blossom as the rose; and all mankind will see the dawn of a brighter and better day."

"All these matters we have considered," said my uncle.

"With the air-ship," I continued, "we may visit all parts of the earth's surface. Across Africa we will go back and forth, spy out the hidden fountains of the Nile, and note every spot where European civilization may profitably venture. We may soar to the highest peak of Himalaya or of Andes, and rest at will upon either pole. There is no barrier of icy wall or burning sand or infinite distance that will hinder our flight or bar our way."

"All this," said my uncle, "we have discussed a hundred times."

"The expense will be a mere nothing. A man may travel in five hours from Hamburg to New York for a thaler. A bushel of wheat may be conveyed from Minnesota to London for a penny. The poorest laborer in Germany may have the means to transport himself and his family to a farm on the banks of the Rio Grande, the Columbia, the Amazon, or the Congo. The English mail will be received in New York before the hour at which it leaves the London post office, and the Pekin *Gazette* will be read in Berlin and Paris on the day of its publication."

"These matters," said my uncle, "we have discussed to tatters."

"Surely then," I exclaimed, "you do not mean to assert that these things will turn out to be evils—that humanity will be injured by them!"

"Not at all," returned the Professor coolly; "but there are some things we have not taken into account; and before we make our discovery known to the world it becomes us to consider well, not simply a part of the consequences, but all the consequences of our act. The air ship may be made to accomplish much good; it may also be made to work much evil. And it is a question in my mind whether the evil will not outweigh the good

"Have you thought what damage could be inflicted with the aid of the air ship by wicked men? A single man with one of these vessels may drop explosives upon a city which would destroy it in a few hours. Quarrels between nations would become wars of extermination. And the peaceful and prosperous communities would be at the mercy of any miscreant who might suppose himself to have a cause of quarrel. An Afghan ruler, incensed at the English for invading his country could, and probably would, lay London in ashes. A French fanatic, incensed because a majority of his countrymen could not be educated up to his ideas of communism, might take it into his head to destroy Paris. A Russian Nihilist might determine to make sure of the Czar's taking off by blowing up all St. Petersburg. It would be impossible effectually to guard against such incendiaries. Madmen and fanatics would have it in their power to destroy all the works of civilization and reduce the earth to confusion and ruin."

I was about to combat this view when a sudden swerving of the air ship threw me off my feet against the side of the vessel. When I rose we were in semi-darkness, and I would have concluded that we had plunged into the sea were it not that the ship continued to be tossed about in the wildest manner.

"Don't be alarmed," said my uncle, "we have run into a cyclone. There is no danger. Perhaps it would be as well to connect the wire and light the electric lamp."

I did so.

"These cyclones," continued the Professor, "are local, and their limits are narrow. I doubt not that in a few minutes we will rise above the disturbance; and I shall be very glad of the opportunity to watch the progress and effects of one of these violent commotions."

He had already put the ship in condition to rise with the greatest velocity; but the barometer fell very slowly. The storm seemed to have such a hold on us that we rose only at intervals. In fact we seemed to be whirled about at the mercy of the hurricane. I noticed that, though it would be impossible to say that any noise of the tempest could to heard there seemed to be a partial cessation of the power of hearing. It was as if we were under water, when an indistinct roaring is felt rather than heard, and when it seems, not as though silence reigned, but as though all sound were shut out.

A corresponding state of things existed in regard to vision. We could see absolutely nothing. It was not like looking out into a cloud of mist, or into the darkness of the night; but it seemed simply as if all created things had vanished. Everything seemed negative rather than positive except that we were whirled and tossed up and down, first to one side then to the other, like a leaf fluttering in the wind.

Some minutes passed in this manner, and we did not escape the storm. I grew decidedly uneasy at the situation, but my uncle was as calm as though experimenting with a legden jar or examining an oolite.

Suddenly the wild tumultuousness of the wind ceased; and, although we knew it was blowing as strongly as ever it appeared to have settled down to one direction. We now began to ascend rapidly, but did not know in what direction we were moving, and the violence of the tempest did not abate. The air grew clearer, however, and the sea was once more visible.

"I have read," said the Professor, "that in these storms the waves have no power to rise, but are beaten flat by the fury of the wind. I think we will descend and verify that fact, if it is a fact."

The head of the ship was put directly against the wind, and we descended, though much more slowly than before. As we neared the ocean it did indeed seem to be level, but all the surface was white with foam and lashed into spray.

"See!" I cried. "A vessel has been wrecked And look! a sailor is clinging to a spar yonder."

My uncle looked for a moment. "I think we can save him," said he. "Now, act quickly. We are moving very slowly against the wind. Open the slide door, and reach out. I think I can guide the ship directly over the sailor As we get over him, seize him quickly. You are very strong. I think you can draw him into the ship. Be careful! Don't lose your own balance."

He had scarce ceased speaking when we came directly over the floating spar. The violence of the wind had almost stopped our headway. I reached out and grasped the sailor. I reached too far. I lost my hold of the ship, slipped through the narrow opening, and plunged head foremost into the sea.

I came to the surface in a moment, saw the spar a few yards from me, reached it in half a dozen strokes and climbed upon it; then looked around.

The air-ship was not to be seen!

CHAPTER VIII.—The Voyage Continued.

For a few moments I was utterly overwhelmed by the terrors of the position in which I so suddenly found myself. Many may suppose that the interior of the air-ship was not the most secure spot in the world, but such folks forget that the presence of Professor Hardwigg was a guarantee of safety. His calm demeanor diffused assurance around him; he seemed to control the very elements and to bend the powers of nature to his will. Then, too, I was buoyed up by the consciousness that I was achieving something. I was a principal actor in an event which would change the history of the world, and which would send my name down to posterity coupled with that of Watt and Stephenson. Now, however, I was clinging for life to a frail spar in the midst of a furious cyclone, a thousand miles from land.

I did not for a moment suppose the Professor would desert me, I knew him too well for that. But could he find me again? That was the question. He had evidently been blown away by the violence of the tempest; and, once out of sight how could he find his way back? He did not know the latitude or longitude of the spot in which I had been lost; and to search over the wide waters of the Pacific ocean for a floating spar, seemed an endless and hopeless task.

Still further: Granting that he would find me sooner or later, could I manage to preserve myself for even a few hours? The storm was beyond all parallel the most frightful I had ever witnessed. The wind clutched at me with a grasp that momentarily threatened to tear me from my frail support, at times it was impossible for me to breathe; and the water that was dashed into my face stung and tortured me.

While these thoughts were in some disjointed and vague fashion passing through my mind, I had been doing two things. First, I had mechanically seized a rope and lashed myself to a spar; and in the next place, I had begun to take note of my companion. To my astonishment he was but a boy—a little fellow not more than ten or twelve years old. His clothing consisted of a blue cotton shirt and pantaloons of the same material. He was evidently an Asiatic; his skin was brown, his hair straight and black, his teeth glittering white, and his eyes soft, timid, and with a peculiar liquid, entreating expression never seen in the German or Anglo-Saxon. He gazed at me in wonder and awe, and even amon his glance swept round the wild waste of waters which environed us, in evidentpectation of new wonders. It was useless to try to converse with him could I have spoken or understood his language, the storm would have swept away my words before they could have reached his ears.

For a long time I sat on the spar looking wistfully round for some glimpse of the air-ship, yet feeling overpoweringly convinced that all such looking was hopeless. After the apse of perhaps an hour, the wind began somewhat to abate its violence, and as it did so the waves began to rise. Instead of the level spumy sea, tortured into madness as by a million whips, broken, tossing, white maned billows rose around us and dashed us up and down in wild fury Had, indeed, our raft been what I have called it a mere spar, it would now have gone hardly with us, but we were, in fact, on the mast of a vessel, to which the spar was still attached, which held it in one position. Still our case was full of peril, and had we not been lashed to the spar we would inevitably have perished.

I think that for eight or ten hours we were tossed up and down, clinging to our frail support, but having resigned all hope of succor, and not knowing how soon destruction might overtake us. Night fell at last and the horror of the situation was if possible increased. Darkness now added its terrors to those of the storm, and I felt assured that I could not hold out till morning. After some time, however, I fancied that the wind was less violent, and that the waves rose and fell with greater regularity. While I was trying to assure myself of this I was startled at feeling a hand upon my arm. It was the boy, who had crawled over to me, and now, refastening himself, cuddled down close to me that we might mutually support and warm each other. This gave me some encouragement. I had noticed that a portion of the mast which had been broken away was floating close to us, held by a rope. This I drew in and raised across the mast and lashed it there so that we could partly lie upon it. I needed the rest very much, for I was quite worn out, having had no sleep for full forty eight hours, and very little the night before we started on our aerial voyage. And so it happened that not long after I had made this resting place on the mast I fell fast asleep.

It seemed that but a short time had elapsed when I was awakened by my companion shaking me and crying "Hoo! hoo! hoya! hoya!" I started up quickly. The sun was shining brilliantly and the sea was smooth as glass. "Hoya!" cried the lad again, and pointed toward the west. I looked in that direction, and was overjoyed to see the air ship, not more than four or five miles distant, and coming directly toward us. Of course I shouted for joy. I did not doubt for a moment that my uncle already saw us; and, indeed I saw immediately that he had reversed the fins of the vessel, and was reducing its speed. Soon we began wheeling about us in long flights, settling lower and lower, and moving more and more slowly, till at length he dropped upon the water not a hundred yards from our raft. I plunged into the sea, followed by the boy, and in a few moments was in my uncle's arms. The dear old man, ashamed of having displayed his emotion, reproved me for wetting his clothes, and turned away to hide the tear which glistened in his eye. He would not speak a word in reference to his own doings after I was lost till I had prepared something to eat for myself and the boy. Then he told me that at the very moment I fell into the sea a violent blast had driven the air ship from the spot; and, indeed, it is probable that it was that, and not my own carelessness, which had caused my fall. He instantly rose into the air, got headway on the ship once more, and then returned to look for me. But he had entirely lost his bearings, as the sailors say, and was quite at a loss how to conduct the search. The air had grown thick again, so that his glass afforded him little help; the wind was so variable that he could not take that for a guide; and in the airship the compass was of course quite useless. It was difficult to conduct any systematic search, since the variability of the winds made his course erratic; and so soon as he rose to any considerable distance above the sea he was unable to see even large objects on its surface. Still he continued his attempts to discover me till night fell, when he lighted the great electric lamp at the bottom of the ship, which illuminated the sea for a mile on each side of him, and began a careful and methodical scrutiny of the sea for a distance of about five hundred miles back and forth. All night he kept up this search, at each trip examining a new belt of the sea. When morning dawned he continued his plan of operations, taking in a wider belt at each trip, and at length about ten o'clock, he was rejoiced to see a tiny speck on the herizon, which on a nearer view resolved itself into the object of his search.

"But, my uncle," I cried, "you must be overcome with fatigue; you have not slept for three nights."

"Indeed, Harry," he said, "I am so pleased at finding thee again that I think I could sleep a little now."

Accordingly he resigned to me the guidance of the ship, stretched himself upon a lounge and was soon asleep. The boy looked wistfully at the other lounge and I made signs to him to follow my uncle's example, which he quickly did.

The sun was now nearing the zenith. I judged by its altitude that the storm had driven us considerably to the southward of the latitude on which we had intended to journey. This opinion proved correct, for after a flight of several hours, during which we passed over a number of small islands and one large one, which I judged to be Formosa, I came in sight of the mainland of Asia at a point where a large city stood on an island near the mouth of a small river, and a much larger city a few miles up the river. I could not be mistaken in supposing the city on the island to be Amoy, the larger city to be Chang choo foo, and the river to be the Cuang. I was therefore in about 25 degrees of north latitude, and, as I did not wish to encounter the mountains of India and Thibet, I changed my course to about northwest. In little more than an hour I crossed a mountainous country, and found myself over a comparatively level table land, having a desolate, uninhabited appearance. To this succeeded other mountainous tracts, after which came a much lower country, with more evidences of vegetation. My uncle here woke, and, after making inquiries concerning the course I had taken and the time which had elapsed since the coast was reached, he decided that we must be passing the Kirghis steppes in the southern part of Siberia. His opinion was soon verified by the appearance of the Ural mountains, rising which we found ourselves once more in Europe, and I felt myself almost at home again.

About this time the boy awoke, and soon afterward joined us in dispatching a hearty meal.

For some time we had been gaining on the sun. The apparent time was now about ten o'clock. The weather was bright and clear. For reasons already given, Professor Hardwigg did not wish to approach Hamburg by day light, nor did he care to attract attention by making a stay in any settled country. He therefore slowed the machine down to a very low rate of speed, and after a while, seeing a spot in which no habitations were to be seen for many miles, he descended to the ground and we all got out. A considerable time was required in stopping; and we circled round and round the point we desired to reach before we dared to settle upon the ground. The boy walked round and round the ship and inspected it with much interest.

"He means to go back to China and build one like it," I said to my uncle.

"He must be a Japanese," said my uncle. "It is a pity we did not turn northward and set him on shore while we were in the neighborhood. But I could not think of everything just at that moment. However, it is not of great importance. I will write to some member of the Japanese government so soon as I reach home, and we can soon return the lad to his friends."

It may appear strange that the Professor should talk of writing to a Japanese official, while he made no attempt to question the boy. The simple fact is that he could read and write the language but could not speak it. His knowledge of Japanese was derived wholly from books, and, while he understood very well the meaning of characters he did not know what sounds were attached to them. It must be borne in mind that in China and Japan there is a character for each word, and that though in different provinces the spoken word changes, the written character remains the same. It is the same as European use of the Arabic numerals. The figure 5 conveys the same idea to an Englishman, a German and a Spaniard, though the first calls it *five*, the second *funf*, and the third *cinco*.

It occurred to me that perhaps the Professor might converse with the boy by writing, and he made the effort. The boy looked at the characters and shook his head. He then made some others, but my uncle could not decipher them, and so the attempt was given up. The Professor suggested that probably the boy had picked up a few characters on the vessel, but had never had any regular teaching. And this was no doubt correct.

The spot on which we halted was very lovely. A small sluggish stream, fringed with low trees ran near us. The plain everywhere was covered with luxuriant grass, green and fresh. In the east the Ural mountains stretched away on either hand as far as the eye could reach; but westward the grassy plain spread out to the horizon, broken here and there by a solitary tree. But there was not a sign of animal life. The little Jap collected some sticks, and I made a fire, not because we needed it, but because a fire is always a pleasant companion. When it had burned low, leaving a good bed of coals, I broiled some chops, and we all ate heartily. The memory of that day has a peculiar charm for me. It was one of those rare occasions in life when simple existence is the highest possible enjoyment. We lay on the grass or looked at the sky, and drank in the sunshine, and the sweet fresh air, and the smell of the young grass, and enjoyed for a while the luxury of having absolutely nothing to do.

Toward evening I fell asleep. When I woke I looked around for my companions. They were not to be seen. For a moment I thought they might have gone and left me; but that could not possibly be. Besides, the air-ship was there close at hand. I looked round to the other side and there they were. Great Heavens! Could it be? Professor Hardwigg and the little Japanese boy were seated on the ground playing jackstones! The relaxations of great men form an interesting study. They serve perhaps as a safety-valve to the overworked brain They prove that the greatest of men are but mortal. William Pitt playing blind man's buff; Napoleon Bonaparte daubing the baby's face with jam; and Professor Hardwigg playing jackstone are scenes I love think about. But when do he learn? The science of jackstones is one that must be acquired. I seemed to have thought of my revered uncle as having been always a philosopher wearing spectacles. But it must be true that at one period he was a boy, and played at boyish games.

I was roused from this near setting as we returned to the ship, and rose again into the air. Only a part of the battery power was applied, and we did not advance faster than about five hundred miles an hour. By the time we reached the German frontier it was quite dark; but we were able to guide ourselves so accurately by the stars that the lights of Berlin came into view at almost the precise moment calculated by the Professor. "In twenty minutes you shall see Hamburg," said my uncle.

But in a few minutes we ran suddenly into a dense mass of cloud.

"It is a thunderstorm," said the Professor; "and I think we had better rise above it."

At an elevation of about a mile, we got clear of the cloud, and did not descend into it again. A severe storm was raging, accompanied with frequent flashes of lightning and loud thunder. It was very interesting to watch this tempest from above, and my uncle was deeply absorbed in the exhibition. The storm appeared to be rolling westward, moving as we moved though not so fast.

"I wish," said my uncle, "we could outrun the storm and get safely into the back yard at the Koenigstrasse before it reaches so far. I think we will try."

Accordingly he put on the full power of the battery, and we darted forward at increased speed. At the next descent, just as we seemed to shoot beyond the thunder cloud, there came a loud, stunning report, and my uncle exclaimed:

"The ship has been struck by lightning!"

At the same moment he reversed the battery.

The ship failed to respond; it did not rise.

"The lightning has destroyed our electrical condition," said my uncle. "We are falling to the earth."

"Then all is over!" said I.

"There is just one hope," returned my uncle. "I do not know exactly where we were when the lightning struck us. If we had over run Hamburg; if we were much to the west of it—we may possible reach the sea, in which case we will escape for the ship will swim of course. I have already fixed the fins to carry us the greatest possible distance, and changed our course due northwest. It is also possible we may fall in the river. However, a few moments will decide the matter. If we fall upon the earth we shall never discover the fact. If we fall into the water we may escape."

Almost as he spoke there was a plunge, a rush and a crash, and I felt myself dashed into a whirl and roar of waters. I have not much consciousness of what I did, but remember crawling upon the shore, much confused, though without any acute pain or sense of having been seriously hurt. Presently I looked round and saw a light. I ran toward it, and found a cottage. I knocked at the door, and at the same moment opened it and entered. Two men and two women were sitting at a table. I do not remember what I said, but I certainly made them understand that I wanted help, for the men instantly arose and followed me.

We went down to the river (it was the Elbe) when they untied a small punt, and we rowed out into the stream. I cannot recall the explanations I made, and I fear the men must have thought me mad. My clothes were wet of course, they were torn and muddy as well, my hat was gone, a deep gash was cut in my forehead, and my face was covered with blood. We rowed back and forth, but found nothing. Then the men wanted to go home, but I gave them money—I do not know how much, but a good deal—all I had, and we continued the search. All night long we rowed back and forth, examining the banks and the small sandy islands in the stream. Morning found us at our work, but we had not discovered a trace of my uncle, of the boy or of the air ship.

I leaned my head upon my hands and wept. Alas! had it come to this! Had my cursed discovery caused the death of the noblest, the best, the bravest, truest heart that ever beat in manly bosom! How would I dare go back to Gretchen and tell her what had happened! I would reproach myself for ever.

My mournful reveries were interrupted by a shrill childish voice crying, "Hoo! hoo! hoya! hoya!" I looked up and saw the little Japanese boy on the shore.

"Row me ashore instantly," I cried to the men.

They did so, and I ran to the lad and demanded, "Where is my uncle? Where is Professor Hardwigg! What has become of him? Is he alive? Where is his body?"

The boy of course made no answer but took me by the hand and led me to a house. The doors were open and the inmates were hurrying to and fro. In a large front room was a group of persons about a bed On the bed lay my uncle. His face was white, his eyes were closed.

One of the men had the look of a surgeon. I seized him by the arm.

"Is he dead?" I gasped.

"No."

"Thank God!"

"But his recovery is very doubtful. He is most terribly hurt."

"He will recover," I said. "I am sure of it. He must recover!"

"Apparently you need treatment yourself," said the surgeon.

"If my uncle recovers, I shall need none. But how did he escape? How did he get here?"

"Nobody knows. All that is known is that the little brown chap knocked at the door of the house last evening, and the servant on going to the door found the gentleman insensible, muddy and wet. I was instantly summoned and have been with him all night. The little fellow went out early in the morning, and has apparently been looking for you. But will you allow me to ask who you are, and who is the other gentleman?"

"That gentleman is Professor Hardwigg, and I am his nephew."

He was much concerned at the intelligence and at once dispatched a messenger to Hamburg for additional surgical aid.

My own wounds were found to be of a trifling nature; and the lad appeared to have suffered no injury whatever.

During the day my uncle regained consciousness and gently pressed my hand, but was unable to speak. His condition remained critical in the extreme for a week, when improvement began. In another week we brought him home; and he now lies in the room adjoining that in which I am writing this memoir. He has no recollection of what happened after the ship struck the water, and was probably stunned at the first concussion. Nor have we ever discovered how he reached the shore, whether the boy dragged him from the water, or whether he was thrown upon the bank.

When he was first permitted to talk I carefully abstained from all mention of the air ship, but he asked me what had become of it.

"No vestige of it has ever been discovered," I said, "and I hope none ever will be found. I want never to see or hear of an air-ship again."

"Silly boy!" exclaimed my uncle. "Do not be discouraged because of a single accident. So soon as I am able to go to work again we will build a fleet of airships! Dozens—hundreds of them. The air will be full of ships. We will conduct the whole commerce of the globe with airships."

"But how about the wicked men who may get hold of it, destroy cities, and ruin nations?"

"Tut, tut! Any invention may be put to improper uses. We must not withhold a great instrument of good to mankind simply because it may fall into the hands of bad men. Besides, society will find means to protect itself against evil doers."

And my uncle has already consulted an eminent engineer in regard to the proper size and style of the coming vessels.

The little Jap makes himself wonderfully contented. My uncle has not yet written to Japan concerning him; and this may be unnecessary, as a Japanese embassy is shortly to visit Berlin, when all needful inquiries will be made, and then the lad can be properly disposed of. He does not appear to pine for his far away home; but is always cheerful and bright. He and little Harry, the Kleine Professor, are wonderful friends. He calls Harry "Fessel." I proposed to call the little stranger Moses, because we found him in the water; but he laughs lightly, taps himself on the breast, and says Yayshoda, which no doubt is his name.

THE END.

HUNTING ON THE PLAINS.

100,000 Buffalo Killed Last Winter.

(From the Sioux City Journal.)

It is estimated by competent authorities that 100,000 buffalo hides will be shipped out of the Yellowstone country this season. Two firms alone are negotiating for the transportation of 25,000 hides each. When to this is added the immense amount of skins and furs of other kinds—deer, elk, antelope, bear, beaver, etc.,—some idea may be formed of the extent of the Yellowstone pelt and fur trade.

Most of our citizens saw the big load of buffalo hides that the C. K Peck brought down last season, a load that bid everything about the boat below the hurricane deck roof. There were 10,000 hides in that load, and they were all brought out of the Yellowstone on one trip and transferred to the C. K. Peck. How such a load could have been piled on the little Terry not even the men on the boat appear to know. It bid every part of the boat, bar