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CURRENT TOPICS.

THE will of the late Mr. George Sharp, contractor, of Hamilton, shows an estate valued at \$91,000.

SIR ADOLPHE CARON, who has been in London for some time, is prevented returning to Canada by an attack of illness, which confines him to his bed.

THE Bisley shooting competition will open on July 10. Canada will be well represented, and doubtless Scotland will give a good account of her sharpshooters as usual.

THERE is reason to believe that Prof. J. Clark Murray, who holds the chair of philosophy in McGill University, will shortly resign to accept a chair in Vassar College.

THE stove factory of Schliehauf Bros., in the village of West Lorne, Ont., was destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning. Twenty men have been thrown out of employment in consequence.

WHEN the Behring Sea tribunal resumed its sittings on Tuesday a series of regulations were submitted by the British counsel for the governing of seal-fishing in the Behring Sea.

THE manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Dean Swift," which was reserved by the publishers, comes to auction in London this week in the sale of the Middle Hall collection.

MR. JOHN MORROUGH, anti-Parnellite member for South-East Cork county, has decided to retire from Parliament owing to the attitude of Mr. Sexton and the *Freeman's Journal*, toward the Parnellite faction.

THE Government cattle inspectors at Montreal have received a communication from the Department of Marine and Fisheries, informing them that the cattle dues are increased from two to three cents per head.

SEVERAL Anti-Parnellite members of the House of Commons have received complaints from their constituents for not opposing the Government concessions to the Unionists in the debate on the Home Rule bill.

MOST people will agree with the suggestion of the Montreal *Witness* that a public testimonial should be presented to Sir William Dawson in recognition of his distinguished services in connection with McGill University.

IT is reported that the Italian Government has abandoned the idea of creating a petroleum monopoly, and instead will likely create a monopoly in the life and fire insurance business, which will have a very serious effect on foreign companies.

DR. E. P. LACHAPPELLE, chairman of the Provincial Board of Health, speaking of the charges made by Dr. Playter, of Ottawa, against the Grosse Isle quarantine, said that he considered the charges as absolutely without foundation.

THE German Government has hopes now of a small majority in favor of the Army bill, due, it is said, to the fact that while the populous districts have by overwhelming majorities elected candidates opposed to the bill, the smaller constituencies have in many instances by small majorities returned candidates favoring the bill.

COMMANDANT BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, in the course of a lecture which he gave in Winnipeg on Monday night, stated that his father was maturing a scheme for carrying on a war against the liquor traffic all over the world.

IT is reported that the English Government has sent telegrams to the Sultan of Turkey and to the Turkish Grand Vizier imploring that clemency be shown to the 17 Armenians who were a few days ago sentenced to death for their share in the seditious rioting at Cesarea.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says it is the intention of the British Government to abandon the financial clauses of the Home Rule bill and substitute new clauses empowering the Irish Legislature to frame its own budget to the amount of five million pounds.

THE Under-Secretary of Agriculture of Queensland has forwarded to Canada four cases of oranges, one case of pine apples, and five cases of arrowroot, for the purpose of seeing if a trade in such commodities can be established with Canada, now that there is a fast service between the two countries.

THE convention of the Dominion Women's Temperance Union, in session at Winnipeg, have re-elected the board of directors. During a discussion of the subject of dress reform, the wearing of sleeveless and low-cut gowns was severely condemned.

MR. RENTON, the secretary of the Grand Trunk railway in London, says the shareholders are not likely to object to Messrs. Gould, McIntyre, and others buying a controlling interest in Grand Trunk stock, but he knows nothing personally as to the truth of the rumors.

THE *Yorkshire Post*, commenting on Mr. Edward Blake's speech at South Leeds on Saturday last says that Mr. Blake should speak of what he knows, and it is quite clear that he knows nothing of English opinion on Home Rule. It will be inferred from this that the speech was an effective one and injurious to the *Post's* anti-Home Rule cause.

THE Comte d'Haussoville, leader of the Monarchist party in France, at a banquet in Paris on Sunday, called upon all Conservative factions to unite in the general elections in support of a programme of public honesty, social defence, and religious liberty.

THE death is announced of Mr. W. Reid, of Wick, and latterly of Nairn, whose contributions to the natural history of the north of Scotland are well known. Mr. Reid was a personal friend of the late Frank Buckland, and a valued correspondent of naturalists in all parts of the United Kingdom. It was a characteristic of the deceased gentleman that he placed at the disposal of every naturalist who sought him out all the stores of his information. His one desire was to further the interests of science. He was regarded as one of the best authorities on all questions relating to bird life and the habits of fishes in the country. He made numerous descriptive contributions to the newspapers on such topics, and regret is expressed that he never could be prevailed upon to put his observations into a permanent form. Mr. Reid had entered on his eightieth year.

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FOR PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

Pleasant Pickings from the Funny Paper—Saying 3:17:11 3:17.

Dear old aunt—(proudly)—"Ah, yes? our Nellie's a grand singer. Already the newspapers call her a charming cockatrice. Some day she'll be a regular bella-lona."

First Little Girl—"Has your sister begun takin' music lessons yet?"
Second little girl—"She's takin' somfin' on th' piano, but I can't tell yet whether it's music or type writin'."

First gentleman—"Excuse me, sir, but I notice that you are looking at me closely. Is there anything about me that is familiar?"
Second gentleman—"Yes, there is; my umbrella."

A Difference—A minister in the north of Scotland asked his house-keeper what she thought of his new man. "A muckle feckless gomerall!" she replied, "that's what I think o' him."
"Well," said her master "I am sorry to hear that, for I have good reason to think that he is very fond of you, and wishes to marry you. But of course from what you say you would not have him."
"Oh, weel, I dianna ken," was the reply, "seekin' me wad mak' a difference."

WORK—To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand in this great system where we live, that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of sun-shine, or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air. The man who knows indeed, what it is to act, to work things out—This, this alone is to live!—*Philip Brooks.*

THREE FOLLIES OF MEN—The wise old Contesse do — used to remark that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was climbing trees to shake the fruit down, when, if they waited long enough the fruit would fall of itself. The second was going to war to kill one another, when, if they only waited, they would all die naturally. The third was that they should run after women, when if they refrained from doing so, the women would be sure to run after them.

MR. ALEXANDER MACKAY, proprietor of the *Belfast News-Letter*, had occasion to go out one evening to see about an item of news that was to appear in his paper next day. He was unable to return till after eight o'clock, and on his way back was stopped by a packet of Reay Fencibles, who said—"You are our prisoner for the night; you must come with us to the guardhouse." In vain he protested that the *News-Letter* could not appear the next morning without him, and what would his subscribers say? He was taken before the officer on duty for the night, who scrutinized him closely and asked him his name. "Sandy Mackay," was his reply, in a broad Scotch accent. The officer at once shook hands with him, saying, "How are you, brother? and turning to his men ordered—"This is a brother of ours; see him home to his office." So they escorted him back to the *News-Letter* office; and on the next day he returned, who was George Mackay, of Bighouse. Sutherlandshire, called on him, and recognized him as his cousin. He received a pass, available at any time, was introduced to the officers' mess as a relative, and attended a military inspection the next day, where he was recognized by the soldiers, who gave three cheers for the colonel's cousin.

HUMANITY reveals itself in fragments. One man is the carrier of one kind of excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it; we bestow the laurel crown on both.

WOMAN'S ADVANTAGE—It is a wonderful advantage to a man the advice of a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man.—*Baker.*

A COUNTRYMAN had lost his wife and a favorite cow on the same day. His friends consoled him for the loss of his wife; and being highly respectable, several hints and offers were made towards getting another for him. "O' ay," he at length replied, "you're a' keen aneuch to gie me anither wife, but no yin o' ye offer to gie me anither cow."

SILENT GRATITUDE—There is much talk in the world about ingratitude. People who do good to others at cost or inconvenience to themselves are apt to expect a great flow of thanks, a great gush of sentiment in return? They are generally disappointed. Those natures which feel benefits the most deeply are often the least capable of expressing their feeling, and a speechless tongue is with them the result of a full heart.

Besides, you are sure to be paid for a good action some time or another. Like seed sown in the Nile, the bread cast upon the waters may not come back to you for many days, but come back at last it most certainly will. Would you like your change in silver or gold? Will you have it in a few graceful, well-chosen expressions, or in sterling coin of silent love, with its daily thoughts and nightly prayers; or your claim to it down here and have it carried to your account above? I am supposing yours is not one of those natures which have arrived at the highest, the noblest, type of benevolence, and give their gold neither for silver nor copper, but freely without return at all. To those I can offer no encouragement, no advice. Their grapes are ripened, their harvest is yellow, the light is already shining on them from the golden hills of heaven.—*Walter Melville.*

A BETTING MAN of the most irrepressible type was in the principal room of a hotel in America after the races were over, and everybody was bored as everybody is on the last day. The betting man had been silent for an hour when suddenly he broke out—"Gentlemen—" "Oh, no more bets," was the exclamation of the entire party; "give us a rest." "I don't want to bet, but I can show you something curious." "Well!" "I say it and mean it. I can drink a glass of water without it going down my throat." "And get it into your stomach?" "Certainly." There was silence for a time. Every man in the room was victimized by this gatherer-up of inconceivable trifles, and there was a general disposition to get the better of him in some way, if possible. Here was the opportunity. How could a man get a glass of water into his stomach without it going down his throat. Impossible! and so the usual bottle of wine was wagered, and the betting man proceeded to accomplish the supposed impossible feat. It was very easily done. All he did was to stand on his head on the seat that runs round the room and swallow a glass of water. It went to his stomach, but did not go down his throat. And so his last triumph was greater than all his previous ones, for almost every man in the room had been eager to accept his wager. *Do you bet?*

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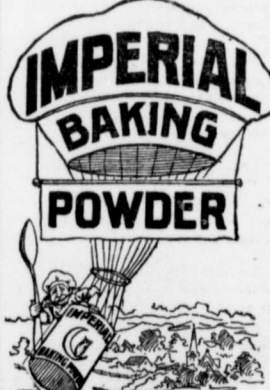
DIFFERENT KINDS OF FEET—As to national characteristics in feet, it may be said that the French foot is small and long; the Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood—corresponding to the Castilian's pride of being "high in the instep." The Arab's foot is proverbial for its high arch. The Koran says that a stream of water can run under the true Arab's foot without touching it. The foot of the Scotch is high and thick; that of the Irish flat and square; the English, short and fleshy. When Athens was in her zenith the Greek foot was the most perfectly formed and exactly proportioned of that of any of the human race. Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans have the largest feet; Americans the smallest. Russian toes are "webbed" to the first joint; Tartarian toes are all the same length.

HOW LITTLE CAN A MAN LIVE ON?—A very eminent authority on diet says that the average man, in a state of absolute rest, can live on sixteen ounces a day; a man doing ordinary light work can live on twenty three ounces a day, and a man doing laborious work needs from 25 to 30 ounces. This is supposed to be food free from water, and as everything we eat contains more or less water from forty-eight to sixty ounces of ordinary food may be regarded as necessary to healthy existence, according to the work in which a man is engaged. Lord Playfair, a man who generally knows what he is talking about, estimates that the following will give a healthy man sufficient sustenance for a whole week: Three pounds of meat with one pound of fat, two ordinary loaves of bread, one ounce of salt and five pints of milk; or, for meat, five or six pounds of oatmeal may be substituted.

HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS—Many women, particularly the more youthful ones, commit through carelessness or thoughtlessness, many breaches of good manners which need, but a reminder to be speedily remedied. To begin with, the sweet tooth of the average American girl tempts her to eat candy in the streets and the theatres, though she may be quite aware that to do so is not good form. The same girl who would scorn to eat peanuts and condemn these delicacies as "vulgar" munches away on caramels or butterscups in public vehicles, public thoroughfares and public places of amusement. Many young women, the best hearted in the world, will wound their parents' hearts by openly correcting or contradicting them, forgetting that their own superior knowledge does not show up to advantage when paraded at the expense of good manners. This habit on the part of the younger members of society is one that should be nipped in the bud at once. Slight the father and mother do mispronounce a word, make mis-statements or fall into an error of grammar, does it make the thing any better by emphasizing their faults so openly? The first law of good manners is consideration and respect for those older than ourselves; therefore, that, outside of any other prompting, should retain the dignified correction of parents before strangers at least. To discuss your clothes, your servants or your domestic affairs is to stamp yourselves ill bred. General conversation is the only sort tolerated in the best circles. Do not talk and laugh at the theatre or other place of amusement, annoying those about you who came to enjoy the performance and not your conversation. Do not stare at people and then discuss them so that there is no possibility of their mistaking the topic of your conversation.—*Philadelphia Times.*

MEDICINAL USES OF EGGS—For burns and scalds there is nothing more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary incidents of the kind, and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the best thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up lightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and, by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable Nature to assume her healthful sway over the deceased body. An egg taken like an oyster, with pepper and vinegar, has been known to retain on the stomach when everything else has failed.

THE FIRST BEAU—The first beau appears along about when we are fourteen or fifteen. There have been, of course, many little boy admirers, but the genuine gallant does not materialize until we put on long dresses and commence making ourselves up for young ladies, a comprehensive phrase that all girls will understand. He is usually the brother of some especial chum of ours, and in this we are enabled to see him more often than if we had no reason for going to his house. He is exceedingly bashful before people, but can talk a blue streak when we are alone. He squanders his allowance on ice cream, soda and caramels, and on rare occasions invites you to church sociable or concert. He is always one of the groups of youths who wait outside the church or Sunday school door, and he is the one always to escort us to our homes on such occasions. We are teased unmercifully about him and really enjoy it, though pretending to be fearfully indignant and provoked about it. This sort of thing goes on until something happens, as something have a way of doing, and either he goes away to college or we leave for boarding school, or perhaps a quarrel or a change of residence occurs. At any rate years perhaps will roll away before we see a bearded man who bears not the slightest resemblance to the blushing rosy checked boy we called our first beau.—*Elmira Telegram.*



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THE CELTIC AWAKENING.

Our Gaelic race is rousing from the terror of the past,
The Celtic fire, long smothered, is flaming bright at last;
The beauties of our ancient tongue, our bards, our heroes' fame,
Are dear to those as ne'er before, who boast of Highland name.
They say 'tis disappearing, the language of our sires,
Which sounding once through Selma's hall inflamed our hero-fires;
That, speech recalling ages dim, as shell the sounding sea,
Must soon become a memory of what has ceased to be.
They say 'tis fading, dying, that its end is nearing fast,
And is now but an echo, save to those who love the past.

From where the storm-swept Hebrides praise a towering crest,
Like emerald gems above the swell of broad Atlantic's breast,
To where the Spey and Tay unite their waters with the tide,
Where lives a Gael true, they say such fate shall not betide!
From far Australia's southern clime, from India's torrid plain,
To where St. Lawrence pours its flood into the surging main,
From east to west of our New World, from Lakes to Mexico sea,
Where beats a loyal Celtic heart, they say it must not be!
Each wind that sweeps the ocean carries that voice along;
They knew not how we loved it—they shall know our love is strong.

Let progeny of caiff race forget they had a part,
And in oblivion's darkest shade let speech of slave be cast;
But where's the man in all the world, though proud of Saxon name,
Would dare impugn our sires' renown or blot our heroes' fame?
The fame of those who kept at bay the conquerors of the world,
And taught the Roman hosts their flag could not be there unfurled;
Behind that range of Highland Hills, to freedom ever dear,
The citadel of high empire, of deeds we must revere.
The voices of these, our fathers, is borne on every gale
That waves the heather on the hills, that sweep o'er loch and vale.

There's Ossian—Homer of our race—struck from the sounding lyre
Tones that still echo in our hearts, that raise the patriot's fire;
Tones which resound from Morven's heights and Selma's vacant hall,
And echoing Lora till we think Fingal and Ulin call.
And he gave words to thoughts which burn within the Celtic breast,
Their passion and their tenderness, their longings, their unrest;
Their feeling of the loveliness that o'er nature broods,
Its mystic charm and grandeur in all its various moods.
And he voiced their love of honor, their scorn of what is wrong,
As he swept the chorals of feeling with his magic gift of song.

Can we forget those saintly men who from Iona's isle
Diffused the light of purer faith among the heathen vile?
Who to the Scandinavian fierce and Pagan Teuton gave
The ideal of a nobler life—the Christ who came to save.
And down the ages as we come, however dark the page,
We find it brightened by the light of Celtic saint or sage;
And never through the by-gone years' as many cycles ran,
Has there been wanting to our race the pride and worth of man.

What Northrop & Lyman's

<p>A Miraculous Medicine.—Mr. J. H. CROFT, St. Cathar's, writes: "Send me at once three dozen NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. It is a miraculous medicine and has performed great cures, testimonials of which we can give you."</p>	<p>Especially Good.—Mrs. C. JOHNSON, Melville, writes:—"I have great pleasure in recommending your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I have used two bottles, and it completely cured me of a bad case of Dyspepsia. I also found it an excellent Blood Medicine, and sure cure for Kidney troubles."</p>	<p>The Best Medicine.—Mr. J. O. BLACKWELL, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY."</p>
<p>Vegetable Discovery</p>		
<p>It Gives Strength.—Mr. J. S. DRISCOLL, of Granite Hill, writes: "I have derived great benefit from the use of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. My appetite has returned, and I feel stronger."</p> <p>A Pleasure to us.—Mr. L. N. BOURCIER, of Ripon, P. Q., writes: "It is with great pleasure I</p>	<p>If you are Despondent, Low-spirited, Irritable and Peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating,</p>	<p>a trial. I did so, with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced. I consider</p>
<p>Was Done.</p>		
<p>inform you that your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY cured me of Dyspepsia. I tried many remedies, but now had any effect on me until I came across NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY; one bottle relieved me, and a second completely cured me; you cannot recommend it too highly."</p>	<p>then get a bottle of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia.—Mr. R. H. FAWSON, of St. Mary's, writes: "Four bottles of VEGETABLE DISCOVERY entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases. I now feel like a new man."</p>	<p>it the best medicine in the market for the stomach and system generally." Mr. GEO. TOLIN, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY say that it has done them more good than anything they ever used."</p>

To-day takes up the story of that grand effulgent past; We were not dead, but sleeping; we are rousing now at last!

In eloquence and literature, in science and in art,
In halls of state and marts of trade, we've played no minor part;
And on the field of battle, 'mong the bravest in the van,
You would always find him foremost, the man of Highland clan.
Then let detractors of our race the Celtic name assail—
Their prejudice and jealous rage can never much avail;
We point to our distinguished names, the deeds which they have done,
And feel, while true unto our past, assured for time to run.
Then reverence and cherish the Celtic tongue and name—
Should the speech of Ossian perish, we Gaels must bear the blame.

New York. NEIL MACDONALD

Scottish Congregationalists.

The reports presented to the annual session of the Congregational Union of Scotland, show that during the year now closed twenty-six churches, each having its own pastor, and altogether representing a membership of 1,962, had been aided to the extent of about £1,100 from the ordinary and special funds of the Union. According to the statistical returns, nine churches, having a membership of 749, and raising £215 for the support of their pastors, are found in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. In the northern, or Aberdeen district, there are other nine churches, having a membership of 652, and contributing to the salaries of their ministers £908 10s. In the north-eastern or Dundee district, there are four churches reporting a membership of 226, and a contribution to pastors' salaries of £236. In the eastern or Edinburgh district, three churches are aided, their membership being 306, and their contribution to ministerial support being £216. In the western, or Glasgow district, there is only one aided church, its membership being 120, and its contribution to salary being £92 10s.

The Mermaid of Orkney.

News has reached Kirkwall (says the Scotsman) that the mermaid has again made her appearance at Deerness, Orkney. The creature has arrived at the same place now many years in succession, where it remains all summer, disappearing in the winter, and returning again with fine weather. Last year a large sum of money was offered for its capture, and sportsmen tried to kill it. As it struck out to sea immediately it was fired at, and was never seen again till now, it was thought it had been wounded or killed. Naturalists who have got a full description of the "mermaid" think it is an ocean seal, but the people of Deerness, who have watched it closely for years, say it has few if any of the seal's habits, and maintain it swims like a human being. At the present time it may be observed daily, being very partial to bright sunshine, but it rarely appears on dull days.

How Trains are Run in Germany.

It is slow traveling in Germany, writes Jerome K. Jerome. The German train does not hurry or excite itself over its work, and when it stops it takes to take a rest. When a German train draws up at a station, everybody gets out and has a walk. The engine driver and the stoker cross over and knock at the station master's door. The station-master comes out and greets them effusively, and then runs back into the house to tell his wife that they have come, and she bustles out and welcomes them effusively, and the four stand chatting about old times and friends and the state of the crops. After a while, the engine driver, during a pause in the conversation, looks at his watch and says he is afraid he must be going, but the station-master's wife won't hear of it. "Oh, you must stop and see my children," she says. "They will be home from school soon, and they'll be so disappointed if they hear you have been here and gone away again."
The engine driver and the stoker laugh, and say that under the circumstances they suppose they must stop;

and they do so. The second guard has gone down into the town to try and sell a dog, and the passengers stroll about the platform and smoke, or partake of a light meal in the refreshment room. When everybody appears to be sufficiently rested, a move on-ward is suggested by the engine driver or the guard, and if all are agreeable to the proposal the train starts.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

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EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all sup-pressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN They will cure the re-sults of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

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D' BENN'S MOTHER-WORT PILLS

NATURE'S UNFAILING HELP

AT ALL CRITICAL PERIODS AND CHANGE OF LIFE. Sold by all Druggists, or by mail price 50 cents, six boxes, \$2.50. The Celery Hill Co., Toronto, Ont.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY NEWS.

SONS OF SCOTLAND.

At the last regular meeting of Lord Clyde Camp, Markham, a great deal of useful business was transacted and representatives chosen to act for the Camp in conjunction with other Camps in the County of York with reference to sick benefits.

BURNS CAMP, Sons of Scotland, met on Monday night in Temperance hall. There was large attendance, in spite of the hot weather. Chief Alex. Fraser presided. There was one initiation, viz., that of Captain J. A. Currie, 48th Highlanders, and a lot of routine business was transacted. The excursions, moonlight and annual, were reported upon satisfactorily.

At the last meeting of Albyn Camp, Lucknow, the following visiting brethren were present: Bros. Loutit, Deans, Cochrane, McKelvie and Prof. Scott, of Caledonia Camp, Wingham, and Bro. St. Leon Alexander, of Burns' Camp, Toronto. Routine business was promptly dispatched and a most pleasant evening spent in the enjoyment of music, song and story. Friendly greetings were exchanged among the members. Prof. Scott sang a number of Scottish songs in splendid style. Bro. Alexander supplied the stories, and Camp Piper Anderson furnished the music. The lach string of Albyn Camp always hangs out to welcome visiting brethren.

MERLON CAMP, No. 126, Winnipeg, was instituted on the 24th day of May last, with a large membership. This is the first Camp opened by the Sons of Scotland in the West. Several applications are being made from different points in Manitoba and the Northwest for permission to open Camps, and it is expected before next Grand Camp the prairie province will have a number of Camps represented. The following is a list of the officers: Past chief, W. C. H. B. Hall; chief, Wm. Hall; chieftain, John Collart; physician, Dr. McDiarmid; chaplain, G. Bell; rec. sec., Wm. Kirkland; fin. sec., John McCulloch; treasurer, D. S. Campbell; marshal, Thos. L. White; standard bearer, John Purvis; senior guard, H. Carmichael; junior guard, Chas. Sanderson. The credit of opening this Camp is due to the Past Chief W. C. H. B. Hall, of Winnipeg.

STRATHLYDE CAMP, Toronto, held their regular meeting on the 16th inst., Chief J. W. Grant in the chair. This being quarterly night, a considerable amount of important business came before the Camp, which was soon disposed of. The onerous duties of the executive in this was made comparatively light by the universally enthusiastic feeling which prevails among our members. Grand Secretary Robertson paid in a fraternal visit, and was received with all honors. He addressed the meeting at considerable length, giving a brief but detailed statement of his stewardship, and suggesting numbers of changes in the workings of our present system. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him for his brief but able address. Three petitions for membership were lodged, and altogether a very agreeable and enjoyable meeting was brought to a successful close.

Since the meeting of Grand Camp in April last to the outside world matters of the Sons of Scotland have been quiet. During this time, however, the Grand Secretary has been very busy. The amendments to the Constitution have been prepared and the proceedings of Grand Camp, which are circulated, and by this time are in possession of the 126 Camps in the Order. This report at a glance shows the rapid strides the Order has been making. The report fully sets out all that occurred at Grand Camp, so that our brethren on reading it over can acquaint themselves with the most minute details of the business performed at the two days' session in Guelph. The work that was before the Grand Camp was not overtaken, but is all set forth in the proceedings, and a full year is given to properly digest it. The organizer has not been out, but he is asked for from several districts, and will likely take the field in a few days. The Grand Secretary has now got his office down to a system and is prepared for any volume of work. Within the past months the following amounts have been paid, which were claimed under the certificates held by the following departed brethren:—P. C. James Wright, Robert de Bruce Camp, No. 2,

\$500; Malcolm Smith, Waverley Camp, No. 19, \$1,000; William Laurie, Thistle Camp, No. 35, \$1,000; Alex. Hyndman, Glencoe Camp, No. 61, \$1,000; Jas. McGillivray, McKenzie Camp, No. 94, \$1,000; D. J. J. G. Park, Carlyle Camp, No. 82, \$1,000. In the future claims will be paid promptly, and parties entitled under a certificate do not require to wait any longer time than is necessary for the making out of their proof papers.

Toronto Pipers at Chicago.

Piper Drummond, of the 48th Highlanders, is back from Chicago where he was on a visit to the World's Fair with the contingent of the Clan McLean. He speaks very highly of the manner in which they were received there, as he was one of the five pipers of the regiment that accompanied the excursion. He says that the Highland pipers were as great a curiosity as anything on the grounds. The greatest feature of the fair, in his estimation, is the exhibition given at Tattersall's, where the British soldiers are giving scenes from British military life. The riding of the British soldiers is far superior to anything given in any Wild West show.

48th Highlanders.

A meeting of the officers of the 48th Highlanders was held on Tuesday night at the orderly-room, Lieut.-Col. Davidson presiding. A committee consisting of Major Macdonald, and Capts. Robertson, Hendrie, Hunter and Currie was appointed to make the preliminary arrangements for the holding of a military tournament and Caledonian games under the auspices of the regiment early this fall. The intention is to make the event one of the most successful ever held in Canada. An effort will be made to arrange for the presence of the new Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, and also to fix the date so as to secure the presence of a number of the Scottish athletes who are going to take part in the games at the World's Fair. The programme, which will be of an extensive character, will include amateur and professional athletics, bicycling, and events of a military character.

The Highland Costume.

The wearing of the kilt is becoming contagious. Since the gallant 48th was formed, Chicago formed a kilted corps; Hamilton, Ottawa, Glengarry, and British Columbia have been taking steps to organize companies to wear the kilt; and now Buffalo, not to be behind in the race, has its company of stalwarts uniformed in full Highland costume. A short time ago the St. Andrew's Society of that city agreed to supply fifty men with uniforms, provided that number of men would volunteer to form themselves into a Highland company. The other evening the company was organized and already 32 men are drilling. They have adopted the name "The Buffalo Gordon Highlander," in honor of Earl Aberdeen, the Governor-General-elect of Canada. When the 48th Highlanders went to Hamilton on the Queen's Birthday, a deputation from Buffalo visited that city and inspected the uniforms, which they recommended should be adopted by the Buffalo company, and this recommendation having been agreed upon, the uniform of the 48th Highlanders, which is according to the regulations of the British services, will be worn by the Buffalonians. The following officers have been elected:—Messrs. James Braik, capt.; Thos. D. MacNee, 1st lieutenant; D. W. McConnell, 2nd lieutenant; Alexander Collie, secretary; James Whyte, treasurer; Jas. Nicol, assistant secretary; trustees, Messrs. Thomas Patterson and Alex. McNaughton.

CLANNA NAN GAIDHEAL.

Excursion of Highlanders to Oakville. Ontario—A Pleasant Meeting of the Toronto and Hamilton Gaels.

The Toronto and Hamilton Highlanders had a pleasant excursion to Oakville on Saturday last. A number of the excursionists, accompanied by Mr. Munro, the piper to the Toronto Gaelic Society, and Piper S. Leask, left the city by the eleven o'clock boat, and, arriving at their destination, at half-past twelve, enjoyed a most pleasant day's outing, the weather being very fine until about half-past five, when a thunderstorm and a heavy summer shower passed over the grounds. The main party left Yonge street wharf at 2 p.m., but owing to some unaccountable mistake in connection with the fireman or engineer of the boat, a delay of an hour and a half was caused at Queen's wharf. This threw all the arrangements out of gear, and spoiled the day's fun at Oakville, where shortly after the arrival of the second boat the rain fell in torrents. By the corresponding boats from Hamilton a large company from the Gaelic Society of that city came down, and when the clansmen got together there were many and cordial fraternizations and many friendships renewed. Among the Hamilton friends were Hon. Sheriff McKellar, D. J. Campbell, Gilbert MacLeod, Hugh Macdougall, John N. Macdougall, W. Y. Scott,—Campbell,—Robertson; and among the Toronto Gaels were Messrs. John Campbell, past president; Donald MacEwan, a past secretary; Bard MacColl, Neil MacKinnon, Secretary Donald Morrison, Treasurer; Geo. MacLennan, Dr. W. T. Stuart, Donald Carmichael, W. R. Elmslie, Wm. Wilson, St. Joseph, Virginia; George Wilson, Detroit (old members); Alex. Cameron, Alex. Campbell, John H. Wylie, D. Ross, R. Gordon, C. Blackett Robinson and many others. When the company assembled at the park friendly greetings were exchanged between the societies. In the absence of Mr. J. C. MacMillan, president of the Gaelic Society, Mr. Alexander Fraser, its vice-president, introduced the veteran Sheriff McKellar, who, he said, happily represented the two sections in his own person, being honorary president of both. No Highlander in Canada, he said, was more worthy, and no man was more highly esteemed among his countrymen, than the sheriff. As Scotchmen they were proud of his public services, extending as they did over a long period, and which constituted an interesting and useful page in the history of Canada. The Sheriff was received by the large crowd with round after round of applause. Whatever friendly rivalry might exist between Hamilton and Toronto, he said, on other matters, there was nothing but the most perfect unanimity and harmony between the Highlanders of these places. They met as "brothers"; if anything, preferring one another. "Is braithrean sinn uile, far dhomsa do lamh," broke out the Sheriff, which, being translated, reads:—"Gie's yer haun'; we're a John Tamson's bairns." And then in an eloquent Gaelic speech he called up old recollections, and anecdotes new and old, which greatly entertained the audience.

Mr. D. J. Campbell, president of the Gaelic Society of Hamilton, was called upon, as were also Mr. Donald MacEwan and Mr. John Campbell, and they gave short complimentary speeches. Then shinty and dancing were indulged in, a few played quoits, and fewer still tried their strength with the 25 lb. shot. The necessary outfit for these sports was kindly granted by Mr. Wm. Wynne, of the Queen's hotel, Oakville, who also catered with much success for the wants of many of the excursionists.

When the rain cloud came uncomfortably near bursting, Dr. W. T. Stuart drove a large bus load of the visitors to his summer residence, which is situated just on the outskirts of the town, and there entertained them to luncheon. When the shower passed the party returned to the town, having acknowledged the doctor's opportune kindness by three rousing cheers. On the return journey the excursionists amused themselves by dancing to the Munro's music and by singing Scottish songs.

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GRANNIE'S LANGSYNE.

A song written by DAVID BROWNIE, Ball-green, Strathaven, about the Year 1825.

Langsyne my grannie span her tow
An' lilted at her wheel,
An' aye the body's o'ward was
The warl wags fu' weel.
About her fire in wintry niechts
The youngsters met to play,
Weel sheltered frae the frosty winds,
In coats o' holden grey.
But O, was me, thenichts are changed!
An' just sin' I ha'e min',
For Stra'ven's no' the toon it was
In days o' langsyne.

It's true, my fren, the times are changed,
Oor rangs are a' put richt,
We've ilka thing convenient noo
To spen' a merry richt.
In braw braid clait' the lads are clad,
In whites the lassies shier,
The taper lights the spacious ha'
To least o' mirth an' wip.
There's fun for folk that's funny yet,
When'er they ha'e a min',
An' happy folk are happy noo
As weel as langsyne.

It's dear bought fun when cronies meet
To ca' the clatter coon,
Or e'er they get their whistle wat
It costs them half-a-croon.
Langsyne a body lap and danced
In Robin Giffin's ha',
An' gat them cracken fou' o' yill,
An' fourpence paid for a'.
But O, was me, the times are changed!
An' just sin' I ha'e min',
For Stra'ven's no the toon it was
In days o' langsyne.

Awa' wi' a' your cogs an' caps,
There's na'ir pith is a gill;
I would rather never taste a drap
Than burst mysel' wi' yill.
The biggest bargain's no' the best
That lika body kens:
It costs us dee', it's better cheer,
It's braw when matters men'.
There's fun for folk that's funny yet,
A tweel awat it's true,
An' things that were thoct dacent
Are ocht but dacent noo.

Your flirty dames aff a dance
Man timeous warnin' ha'e,
Langsyne we gat them wi' a wink
On Catty Andrew's Brae.
But fashions change as folks grow auld
Atweel awat it's true,
An' things that were thoct dacent
Are ocht but dacent noo.
Then let us ha'e a merry nicht,
Our hearts an' hauns we'll join;
We'll maybe see as happy days
As grannie saw langsyne.

A Millionaire's Advice to Boys.

Andrew Carnegie, whose fortune is big enough to drive almost any man to an insane asylum or the grave, made a speech the other evening at the closing exercises of the male department of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. He told the young men that he would give every dollar he possessed to be as young as they were and to be able to start life over again. He warned them against using their every effort in an attempt to become rich. "The almighty dollar," he said, "is an almighty curse to you. There is no happiness in wealth. Nothing destroys happiness like wealth hoarded. A man's success should not be measured by what he puts into his pocket, but what he takes out for the benefit of humanity."
"Smoking," he said, "is a habit unworthy of a gentleman. I do not mean that any one who smokes is not a gentleman, but I do mean that the better class of people will, in the near future, regard a man who smokes as they now regard one who chews."

When the famous editor, Henry Waterson, was in Buffalo the other evening and delivered a lecture as full of good advice as the golden rule and as pure in sentiment as the Sermon on

the Mount, he told his hearers much the same thing as Carnegie advised. "Success in life is happiness," said Waterson, "and happiness comes from the heart."
But people will read these lines who will go right ahead with the intention of making \$1,000,000 before death claims them, believing that happiness is measured by the size of a man's bank account. Yet all the wise men tell us that true happiness is in our usefulness to our fellow men and women.

A Highland Amazon.

In a roughly-wooded island, the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their irroad into Scotland in the time of the English republic. These invaders not venturing to ascend by the ladders along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road through the heart of the Trosachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Binean and the lake, by a tract called Yea-Chailleach, or the Old Wife's Bog. In one of the defiles of this by-road the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy and shot one of Cromwell's men whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass. In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. "This valiant amazon's descendants still inhabit this part of the country.—Book of Scottish Anecdote.

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We would esteem it as a great favor if each of our subscribers would interest themselves in pushing the SCOTTISH CANADIAN. We have now practically reduced the paper to the minimum price of \$1.00 per annum, and on that account we need all the moral and financial help which our friends can bestow upon us. One way in which everyone can help us is as follows: send us the names and post office addresses of your Scotch friends in the United States and Canada, who do not at present take the SCOTTISH CANADIAN, and we will send them promptly a sample copy of the paper, free, in the hope that they will be induced to subscribe after having seen the SCOTTISH CANADIAN. To all who will send us a list of not less than twenty-five names, we will mail them post-free a copy of the work entitled "Adventures of a Highland Soldier on Active Service at Home and Abroad," by Chas. R. Martin, late Sergeant 92nd Gordon Highlanders. This offer is only valid for a limited period, so you had better, to-night, write out twenty-five, or more, names of Scotch friends with their post office addresses and mail them to us and receive above premium.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum has been declared by the Directors of this Company for the half year ending 30th inst., and that the same will be paid at the Company's Offices, 25 and 30 Toronto street, on and after FRIDAY, the 7th day of JULY, Prox.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 22nd to the 29th instant, both inclusive.
By order, W. MACLEAN, Managing Director.
Toronto, June 7th, 1891.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital stock of the institution has been this day declared for the half year ending 30th JUNE inst., and that the same will be payable on and after
Friday, the 7th Day of July Next
The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st inst. both days included.
By order of the Board,
E. H. KERTLAND, Managing Director.
Toronto 6th June, 1891.

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Rinneadh an t-oran a tha mi a' cur do 'r' n ionnsaidh ann an Lochbraon, 'sa bhliadhna, 1841, le Domhnall Mac Ilinnean.

Tha na briathran snasmbor agus an t-seisd boidheach, bitheadh na 'r' comain ma bheir sibh aite dha 'nar paiper.

BHUR CARAID, Americanach.

Baile New York, 12mh de'n Og-mhios, 1883.

AIR FOXN,—''Hithillen na hillean i.''

SEIRD.—Hi o' eile u ho e'.

Fheasgaich ghrinn is uaisle beus Gund' fhuair mi naigheachd ort an de, 'S gur h-ebbinn leam bh' labhairt oirr.'

O ra's ni bu chleachdadh dhomhs' Bhi cuir dhanagan air seol, Gu'm buail n' n teud am bheil an ceol, Air gnomh an t-seoid an rannaibh duibh.

Thug thu ainneir leat air fuadach, 'S cha 'n eil son ann's an taobh-tuath An ailleachd, am pearsa, na'm buaidhean A thig suas am maise ri.

Tha gruaidhean mar ros a gharraidh Gu h-aillidh do dhruich a' fas, Tha guth mar smeorach anas a mhadh, 'S cha 'n eoil domh bard ni aithris duibh.

Tha bilibh mar shirist gheugan, Mar an t-ibhris a deud, A sealladh sul gu boiseig eibhinn Mar bhios reul na Maduinne.

Tha i iriosal gun phracas, Tha i uasal's i gun ardan, Tha i suairce banail narach, 'S tha i gradhach tairisach.

Tha gach loinn as buaidh na nadur, Cha 'n urrain mise an aireamh, 'S gann a chreidheas mi na baird Gu 'n tug Diana barrachd oirr.'

'S beag an t-iongnach ged bhiodh ceudan D'beth na loich a stri mu deighinn, Fhir a chluinneas creid an sgeula Gur e treun thug dhachaidh i.

Thainig aon fhear mor ga h-irraidh Bha e ainneamh annus na crìochan s', Fear cho beartach, fear cho ciallach Fear cho sgiamhach pearsa ri.

'S beag nach d'rinneadh an co-dhunadh Le toil paranta agus cumhant, Dh' aontaich iad gu leir ach Cupit Gus a chuis a shuasachadh.

Sheas ean gu daingeann laidir Na fhear-riaghlaidh mar a b' abhuist, Thubhairt e gu 'm b' e righ a ghruidh, 'S nach robh san laimh ach failleas deth.

Thug e calaman as na neoil leis, Cha 'n fhacas a shambail le bhloichead, 'S thug e litir cumh an t-seoid, A dh' inn's 'gach doigh mar thachair dhi.

Fhuair e 'n litir 'r rinn e leughadh, 'S dh' eirich fuil a shiunsear fein ann, Dha chab' aithne ni ach treuachd, B' anns' an t-eug na gealltach dha.

Chuir an laoch e fein an ordugh 'S dh' fhalbh e le teas gaol na combhdhair, Fhuair e aig an abhainn mhòir i, 'S b' Jordan sin air thalamh dha.

Thainig Cupit 's deise bhan air, 'S luthbair e Choinneach air lamh i Ghuidh e sonas buan gu brach dhaibh, 'S thug e 'n aird Lochcarron air.

FRAOCH 'US NEOINEAN.

Air an latha roimh thainig cuimhneachan taitneach do'm ionnsuidh bho Thir nam Beann, a thug, da rìreadh, mor sholas dhomh. Ann am paisgean bhoag bha gasag fraoch agus luibh neoinean air an caramh cho toigheach, curamach, 's nach d' eir' ch aon chron dhaibh air an t-slighe. Bha iad bho bhana-charaid a b' abhaist a bhi ro-dhìchiollach ann an cuisean Comunn Gaidhlig Toronto agus a bha air a gradhachadh leis na buill air fad a chionn a caoimheas 's a suairceas. Is e a h-ainm Iosabal Beutan, a mhuinntir an Eilean Sgrìathnach. Tha i a nis ann an tìr a duthchais, am measg a cairdean, an deigh cuairt fhada ann an Toronto. Bha na freumhan air an fhraoch 's air an neoinean agus chuireadh iad ann an lios fhasgach 'sa bhàile. Is e guidhe durachhach an sgrìobhadair gu'm fas iad suas gu fallain, sunndach, a sgròileadh an cubh'rachd 's a leigeir leis am maise, n'an deagh shamhladh air baigh agus maithreas an nìonag bho'n d'thainig iad.

CUAIRT-SHAMHRAIDH NAN GAIDHEAL.

Choinnich Gaidheil Hamilton agus Gaidheil Toronto aig Oakville, baile a tha mu thairdeam air leth slighe eadar Toronto agus Baile Bheinn. Bha cuideachd eirrachdal ann agus bha deagh am aig na mnathaidh, na maighdinn, 's na daoine,—sean 'us og, a thainig am mach. Ann an Gaidhlig bhinn, bhlasda, labhair an Siorram Mac-Ealair, sar thriath nan Gaidheil. Dh' innis e mar a bha an duthach so air a suidheachadh an toiseach leis na Gaidheil; dh' innis e mu na deuchainnean a thainig orra's na laithibh sud; agus cha do dhi-chuimhnich e innseadh mar an ceudna, mu na buaidhean a choisinn iad 's na coiltean domhail far an robh feum aca air treunatas agus seoltachd an sìnneir. Tha an Siorram a' coimhd gu math 'n a shlainte agus ged is iomadh bliadhna a chuir e as a dheigh ann an reis na beatha, a reir coltais tha iomadh b' iadha fathast roimhe ma toir e gur eil an obair a dh' ordaichadh dha. Bha Domhnall Mac-Eoghainn, aon do luchd-taic Comunn Gaidhlig Toronto iomadh bliadhna roimhe so a lathair agus thog e a guth ann an deagh chomhairle do 'n oigridh a bhi 'g imeachd ann an ceuman an aithreachan. Chuir Mr. Iain Caimeuil failte air muinntir Hamilton agus chum e suas taobh nan Gaidheil mar muinntir a bha a' airidh air citi 's an duthach so. Bha Mr. D. J. Caimeuil mall gu labhairt air a shon fein ach thug e an litir chiatnach a leanas do 'n chuideachd bho caraoid an Ottawa:—

BAILE OTTAWA.

16mh do'n Og-mhios, 1883.

Mo Charaid gradhach,—Thainig an cuireadh caoimhneil agaibh d'am ionnsaidh an de. Be'mo run a bith n' ar measg Di Sathairne, ach chan fhaoid mi faibh 'sa cheart am.

A ta e tabhairt moran toil-intinn dhomh, agus a cur aobhneis ann am chridhe a bhi leubhadh agus a cluinntuin ma cho chruinneachadh luchd na Gaelig.

Cumta suas a Ghaelìg choir, aig na h-uile co-chruinneachadh, agus gu araidh anns na teaghlachan. Feuch gum bi sibh ga bruidhinn ris an oigridh, agus anns na sgoilean 's anns na buithean, agus bu choir a bhi 'ga cleachdadh anns a h-uile eaglais anns a bheil Gaidheil ag aoradh anns an tìr.

Deannaibh a Ghaelìg fasanta, measail; ionnsaichibh i' dh' an chluinn; s mor, onarach, urramach, an dileab a dh' fhagas sibh achda, ma 'se gum labhair iad a Ghaelìg, canan na firinn 's na h-onair, teanga nan gaisgeach 's nan laoch, caint na tapadh s na buaidh 's n an daoine bha, 'sa tha, dileas, suairce, glie, glan.—'s iad cnaimhdroma, na duthcha, Beannachd leibh,

MURCHADH MACRATH.

Bha car na dha do dhannsa aig a chuideachd agus cluiche chamain agus mar sin chuireadh seachad latha aluinn, thainneach a mhairreas uine fhada ann am beacht a mhuinntir a bha lathair.

MAC HUISTEIN.

Reminiscences of the Calton, Glasgow.

BY LACHLAN M'GOWN, SAPANEE, ONT.
XI.

It was the time for renewing old friendships and forming new. Country lads and lassies came by the thousands. The lads "sturdy chieftains," dressed in their best; no coats, but heavy moleskin sieved waistcoats, front of substantial, bright-colored tweed, buttoned low down and high enough to show the spotless lincen, relieved by a sprig of heather in the lapel, a tartan tie round his neck, and a broad banner of the Kilmarnock order on his head, his feet heavily shod with tackety shoes, and in his hand a whip, the lash tied with a bright ribbon; rough and ready at fight or frolic, his form straight as a ramrod, strong as an ox, and gentle as a lamb; to the ignorant seemingly an uncultivated boor, but once know him, and you will find that he can sing like a mavis, dance light as a feather, and, with a grace natural to him, make love to his bonnie lassie in gentle words worthy of Chesterfield, and proceeding from a mouth a duchess might be proud to kiss. And the lassies were just like country girls everywhere, brimful of fun, curiosity and love. Our city folk were often amused with the exuberance of conduct in Jocky and Jenny as they marched arm in arm, taking shows and buying fairings, but it was unsafe to poke fun at Jock.

With country lads and lassies and town folk alike, there was but one purpose, and that to see the shows on the green. That meant everything in the expression "gaun doon to the fair." And once there, what a sight and noise; the musical din was tremendous; every imaginable instrument was heard, including the bagpipe, and every one seemed to play a different tune. Waterloo flies, or swings, and merry-go-rounds were plentiful, chiefly patronized by the young people. Every spare corner was occupied by sweetie stands, barrows with ice cream, lemonade, and shooting for nuts, "Cheap Johns," and a host of other similar attractions; and not among the least, the cheap dancing booths with their flashing inscriptions, "penny reels during the fair," which were patronized chiefly by our country friends. On the west side of the ground, and extending from the bridge to the foot of the Saut Market, were closely grouped a motley crowd of vans or side shows, with wonderful collections of wax figures, dwarfs and learned pigs, giants and snake charmers, and every attraction of the kind familiar to sight-seers to-day. There was a peculiar feature in all, (I wonder if it is part of the modern show); they were all directly under royal authority, as the legend set in gold leaf and vermilion informed the liegemen of Glasgow. And the mild-mannered, grandly-dressed gentleman who stood on the front inviting the ladies and gentlemen to walk up and see the greatest curiosity in the world, and whom our youth and country friends believed to be a nobleman or duke, at least, in disguise, or down on his luck, as the crowd passed in, never failed to remind them "that this great show had been exhibited before the queen, and the members of the Royal family, and all the other crowned heads in Europe, and was now just before leaving for America, open for a few days to the nobility and gentry of the City of Glasgow, and all for the small sum of one penny."

But the great feature of the fair, and where the crowds were gathered most, was on the east side of the ground where stood a number of large wooden booths, some of them able to hold a large number of people. Conspicuous

among them would be Wombwell's menagerie, a very creditable exhibition, a circus or two (one sure to be Cook's); and considering that the price of admittance was generally one penny, they would have been no discredit to the best performance in any of the high priced institutions in America; and last but not most important of all, three or four temples dedicated to the worship of "Thalia and Melpomene," or better known as "penny gaffs." Most of them were huge affairs, that must have been a risky investment for the proprietor, as they only remained a week or two before and after the fair week, and they were not unsubstantial structures. Among them, and considered the best, was Miller's show. David Prince Miller was a man of uncommon energy, good character, and quite an enthusiast in what he considered a pure and honest calling. He was very unfortunate; he built several shows on the green, some of them of much higher order than a "penny gaff." Old Henry Alexander, of the Theatre Royal in Dunlop street, said he had no right to interfere with his vested claim to the higher drama, so poor Miller was always at law with Alex., and worse than all, his expensive erections were burnt. With pluck deserving of a better fate, he rebuilt with always the same result. I believe he died very poor. Then there was Chambers', Cadogan's and Calvert's shows, with other names I forget now. They were all alike in appearance, and in the character of the performance outside and in, and it is with pleasure I can affirm that, though the performance at these "penny gaffs" was not often of a very high order of merit, it was very seldom degrading, and certainly superior in morals to the sensationalism, misnamed dramatic representation, which now disgraces the American minor stage. Rob Roy, the Lady of Lyons, Don Cesar de Bazou, Guy Mannering, Dumb Man of Manchester, and similar plays, were the usual representations, and finished up with a roaring farce. All were generally well received by the audience. As for the performers, though the greater number were about equal to the mediocrity and kept their hold on public favor, by an exaggerated style, or with some popular catch phrase well brought in, there were a few who possessed histrionic ability of a very high order, and had few to excel them, even among the stars of the profession, and though the surroundings seemed to be unfavorable to the growth of excellence, many a star has had reason to be proud that he once shone before the approving nod of the gods in a "penny gaff." I remember Webster, who was unquestionably at that time, with the exception of Makey, the original Baillie, the best delineator of the Baillie, and Dandy Dinmount who had appeared before the footlights. There was Will Parry of Calvert's, a host in himself in general utility work, always a favorite, whether in a "penny gaff," or a theatre with three tiers. And there were others whom I am unable to name, but known to the youth and manhood long ago, in name and worth, "familiar in our own mouths as household words."

(To be continued)

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THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly, in session at Brantford, Ont., is dealing with several questions of more than usual importance to the Church. First, there has been the question of Prof. Campbell, whose address at Queen's College on the "Perfect Book or the Perfect Father" has caused alarm among the orthodox Presbyterians. On the initiative of the Presbytery of Huron and Bruce the subject was introduced to the Assembly, and at one time it looked as if a storm of cross opinion was to burst on the fathers and brethren. Principal Caven, always a mediator between warring factions, bridged the stream and by a resolution, which, while commending the zeal of the Bruce Presbytery, left the matter in the hands of the Presbytery

of Montreal who will deal with Prof. Campbell and his views. The professor has many warm friends in the church and there is unanimous regret that the occasion has arisen that makes it necessary to put him on trial for his theological opinions. It seems to be the feeling among the laymen and ministers of the church that he has gone too far to retract and that no middle course remains for the Montreal Presbytery but to order his suspension from professorial duties for a year.

The relation of the theological halls to the church is all the more important that cases such as that of Professor Campbell exist. Had the professor been connected with Queen's College, for instance, it would be difficult for the church to reach him with its discipline. The appointment to Queen's does not rest with the Assembly but with the trustees of the college who are not appointed by the church, but are placed on a self-perpetuating basis. This anomaly was the cause of much controversy and no small bitterness a year or two ago, and when the report from Queen's was submitted this year to the General Assembly, Dr. Grant made quite a concession to popular feeling. The trustees wish to meet the wish of the church in so far as that appointments shall be subject to the veto of the General assembly. Some interesting particulars were given by Principal Grant of the organization of Queen's College. It was brought into existence by the action of the Church in 1839. At that time in Upper Canada the common schools were few and poor, and scarcely any provision had been made for higher education. A university had been chartered in 1827, but no professors had been appointed, and tests and other restrictions rendered it impossible for the great body of the people to accept it, with preservation of their self-respect. After years of discussion the Synod, which represented the whole Presbyterianism of Upper and Lower Canada, resolved in July, 1839, to delay no longer, and instructed the committee to begin an institution in Kingston. The commission met in Hamilton in November, and after full consideration decided to establish not merely a theological school, but a university, and a university to be open to everyone "on the same terms." Dr. Bell, at the time a student under the charge of the Presbytery of Hamilton, tells us that this resolve to abolish religious tests was distasteful to some of the older members, but they waived their

objections, and a new era in college life began. A royal charter was obtained for the university on October 16th, 1841, and classes were opened in March following.

**SECONDARY EDUCATION
IN SCOTLAND.**

The Scotch educationalists have for a long time been desirous of improving the secondary education system of Scotland, but the numerous conflicting interests involved have hitherto barred the way. During the present session of Parliament, however, a scheme on which all were agreed was adopted by the Commons, and all seemed amicably settled, when the House of Lords took upon itself to interfere, and as usual the English peers, who are entirely ignorant of Scotch educational affairs, united in carrying a resolution against any change in the present system.

It now remains for the House of Commons to try to defeat the action of the peers and carry the scheme this session, or allow the whole matter to lie over for another year.

THE LIBERALS IN COUNCIL.

OTTAWA has been invaded by an army of Liberals, and if that party has not been able to secure control of Dominion affairs it has at least the satisfaction of knowing that except for the Equal Rights Convention of four years ago it has been the only party to call a great national convention open to the press and at which the policy of the party has been laid down for the coming campaign.

The gathering was large, enthusiastic, and representative of Liberalism from all parts of the Dominion. Fully sixteen hundred delegates being present with a large number of friends of the cause, who took this opportunity of showing their devotion to the principles of the party. Sir Oliver Mowat was the unanimous choice of the convention for chairman, and he was assisted by associate chairmen from each Province.

The speeches were full of hope, predictions of the triumph of the party at the next election being vigorously applauded. No set platform was adopted, but tariff for revenue only, or free trade as far as practicable was accepted by all present, as was also the desire for a reciprocity treaty with the United States, provided such could be obtained on an honorable basis. The Manitoba school question caused an occasional breeze but the feeling of

the gathering was that the Dominion ought not to interfere in the matter.

The great enthusiasm with which the delegates received Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and the other leaders clearly indicates the satisfaction of the rank and file of the party with their chiefs, and whatever may be the ultimate results of the gathering, a great impetus has been given to the party movement, which it sadly needed. No doubt the Liberal-Conservatives will endeavor to offset this by a party convention which it is rumored will be held in the autumn.

A GLADSTONIAN REVERSE.

At a bye-election held in Linlithgow last week the Unionist candidate Col. Hope defeated Mr. Ure of Glasgow, the Gladstonian candidate, by 169 votes.

The election was rendered necessary owing to the retirement of Mr. Peter MacLagen who having become involved in financial difficulties surrendered the seat which he held with great difficulty at the general election. Mr. MacLagen was best known as the champion of the Scottish Permissive Bill, which he advocated for years in and out of Parliament. At the last election Col. Hope was Mr. MacLagen's opponent and it was said the difference between the two platforms were infinitely small. Mr. MacLagen, however, held the seat by a majority of 161 votes practically the same as in the present contest Col. Hope has won by.

The Unionists naturally seem disposed to make the most of their victory and they are justified in so doing. The Gladstonians, on the other hand, say they were unprepared for the contest, had to suddenly select a stranger to the voters and had to fight a gentleman who has been carefully nursing the constituency for years. If the contest satisfies both parties they are happier politicians than we are in Canada.

Malcolm McKinnon.

One of the old and highly respected pioneers of Canada has recently passed away. We refer to the late Malcolm McKinnon, of Mariposa, Ont., who came to this country in 1830 from the Island of Mull and settled in Vaughan township, where in 1840 he married Catherine Ferguson, also a native of Mull. Mr. McKinnon moved to Mariposa in the forties and there in 1846 his wife died leaving him with one son, Mr. Hugh McKinnon, one of the most respected farmers in the Fingerboard district. For forty-seven years the deceased kept green the memory of the beloved wife of his early manhood and never married again. And dear to him was the grand old song, "The Land o' the Leal," and needless to say "We'll meet an aye be faim, Jean," were the favorite words.

IN AFTER YEARS.

I do not ask a moment's pause,
In duty's hour;
Nor yet, when you would choose to seek
Fair pleasure's bower,
To turn the leaves of memory back
Some years of time,
And live again some golden days,
In summer's prime.
But when you find a leisure hour
With nought to do,
'Tis then, that I would kindly claim
A thought from you;
'Tis then, that I would have you climb
The heath-clad hill,
And look upon the scenes I see
In memory still.
Or gather wild flowers by the way,
And heather bloom,
To deck anew with nosegay sweet,
The cosy room,
Where oft we sat at even-time,
In friendly chat,
Discussing all the pros and cons
Of this and that.

Just in the good, old-fashioned way,
Artless and free;
So kindly differing, where we
Could not agree.
'Twas thus that time, on viewless wing,
Did quickly fly;
Until at last, with some regrets,
We said good-bye.

Yet oftimes, in my new-world home
So dear to me,
My fancy turns to that fair land
Beyond the sea;
Where nature, in her wildest mood
Doth reign supreme;
On towering mountain, deep dells,
And rushing stream.

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BY J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

PART I.

The notion that the bagpipe is a peculiarly national instrument, the sole and exclusive property of the Scots, is one which still lingers in certain quarters, more particularly, perhaps, in the minds of the Cockney and dwellers south of the border generally. It is a notion that, as we shall see, has no historical foundation; but the Englishman clings to it with a pertinacity equal to that which has always led him to believe that we never by any chance put the male limbs into a pair of trousers, that we feed on oatmeal three times a day, and occasionally browse on a thistle by way of luxury. Reels and reek, kilts and "kill the carter," pipes and porridge—these, according to him, are the things which delight us most, the things which, above all others, we regard as being specially and peculiarly our own. It all comes of the Englishman being allowed to feed what little intellect he has on the caricatures of the so-called comic press. If you persistently clothe the elder of the kirk in a kilt and as persistently put a bagpipe over the shoulders of the Macnab, the Cockney must inevitably come to regard these adornments as inseparable from the typical Scot, to be set down to his credit by reason both of inheritance and priority of usage. To look into the history of the matter would probably be held as superfluous by the average Englishman, who is content to accept his beliefs as he accepts his religion, without question. Happily, we in Scotland have not yet lost our taste for studies of this kind, and to-day we shall take leave to place the ancient pipe once more on the borders of the living land—to have what shall really be a "chat" about the origin, distribution, and uses of this time honored instrument, of whose possession most of us, it is to be hoped, are as proud as we once were of our national independence.

Well, then, let us see, first of all, if we cannot turn the tables upon the Englishman by showing him that his ancestors had probably as much regard for what he likes to call "the war-note of Lochiel" as the most patriotic of Celts can have in these later days. The task will be comparatively easy, for, as a matter of fact, the bagpipe has in Scotland a much shorter history as a musical instrument than it enjoys in many other countries, and this is true of it as compared with its use even in England. So far back as the time of Chaucer, the poet, tells us of a miller who could play the pipes:—

A bagpypie well could he blowe and sowne,
And therewithal he broughte us out of towne.

Then, is it not curious that Shakespeare, who makes frequent reference to the instrument—as when he speaks of "the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," the antipathy some people have to its sound, of some who laugh like parrots at a bagpipe, and so on—is it not curious that, with all this, he never once associates the instrument with the Scots? In truth, the bagpipe of the great dramatist's day was much more of an English instrument than a Scotch. According to the musical historians, a pipe formed part of the musical establishment of the English sovereigns and noblemen from the time of Edward III. downwards; but we find no record of the employment of any such musician at the Scotch Courts of that period. Instead, we find that when an occasional payment is made to a piper at Holyrood he always figures in the treasurer's books as English. Thus, in July, 1489, there is a disbursement, "English pypparis that cam to the castel yett and playit to the king,"

and again, in 1505, there is another payment "to the English pyppar with the drone.

These and other circumstances still to be noted go to show that the bagpipe had not yet taken the place of the harp in Scotland as the national instrument, *par excellence*; for it is impossible to believe that in the days when Scotland was an independent kingdom its own musicians would not have been contented in preference to players imported from the other side of the border. In England, too, it seems that the piper was frequently selected as an object of royal favor. In the ninth year of Henry VII. "Pudsey the piper and bagpiper" received 6s 8d from the king for a single performance, or about £5 of our money, which was surely liberal pay seeing that wheat was then 1s 3d the bushel, and that a whole ox might be had for £1 10s 7d. And if there was then no royal society of musicians there were at any rate institutions of a kind for the training of minstrels. We find it recorded that license was granted to one Moslan, "the bagpiper," to inspect the minstrel schools, for which duty he was paid a fee of 40s, a sum that would now be reckoned as about £30. Moslan appears to have found that the schools were not managed so well as he had expected, for after the inspection a certain Barbor, designated also as "the bagpiper," received license to visit the schools for pipers "beyond the sea."

Many other instances of the use of the bagpipe in England might be adduced if space were a matter of no consideration. Vernon, for example, in "The hunting of Purgatory to Death," a curious work printed in London in 1561, commemorates a priestly bagpiper, the curate of a country parish, who did not disdain, walking at the head of a marriage procession, to play the bride and groom sweetly to church; and in like manner "gentillye bringe thom home agayne with backe-pipe." Whilst officiating in church, it seems that this exemplary divine allowed his instrument to remain upon the altar, where he "laid it handsomely" before he began to celebrate mass. Vernon appears to have had some doubts about the piper priest being accepted by his readers, for he adds solemnly, "this is a true tale that I tell you." Then again, in Kinder's History of Derbyshire, written about the middle of the seventeenth century, there is a very explicit reference to the pipes. "Your merry wives of Bentley," says the author, "will sometimes look in ye glass, chirpe a cup merrily, yet not indecently. In the Peak they are much given to dance after the bagpipes. Almost every towne hath a bagpiper in it"—*Oban Times*.

(To be continued).

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster the idea. "The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science. Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that cures is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitation about it, no "if" nor "possibly." It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct." Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do!)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Fifty cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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The Demoralization of the Native Races

The Bishop of London, as the chairman of the "Committee for Preventing the Demoralisation of Uncivilised and Heathen Races by the Liquor Traffic," has issued an appeal for funds to enable the work to be continued by the committee. It was this committee which, by incessant intervention, got the Brussels General Act of 1890-1 passed. Hitherto wherever European influence has gone, except in the cases of Nyassaland and British East Africa (to the companies working in which be all honor!), the rum bottle and the fusil oil keg have been the first weapons of civilization, and the deterioration of the native race the sure result. An income of \$2,000 is needed to do anything worth doing at all, and twice that amount is needed to cope effectively with the evil.

His Name.

A drummer entered a city hotel a few days ago and approached the register. He made a few enquiries and then proceeded to disfigure the book with a row of marks like this:

|||||

The clerk resented the disfigurement with the remark that "This ain't a drawing school, sir; neither is it a headquarters for the solution of idiotic geometrical problems."

At the conclusion of his little speech he glanced once more at the register and saw, to his surprise, that by a few strokes of his pen the visitor had transformed the disfigurement into

H. H. HILL.

Strange though it may seem, he treated to cigars.—*New Bedford Journal*

William J. Wittler, Franklin, Man., writes—My sister had very poor health for six or seven years, and looked as though she was going to the grave. I got some of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they completely restored her to health. I regard them as a wonderful medicine. Beware of imitations. May be had from dealers or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes, for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Treble's perfect fitting French yoke shirts are the best, made to measure from best imported materials by expert work-people to fit all sizes and shapes of men. Kept ready for use, all sizes, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3 King St. West. Price list and measurement free. MENTION THIS LABEL.

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\$1.55, \$2.65, \$3.70; former price: \$5, \$7, \$10. Quality remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.

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NUTRATIVE, TONIC, NERVE RESTORING

These pills are curing where all else has failed. Not because they are strong and violent, but because they have an apt relation to the prime cause of nearly all the symptoms called by so many names. Their use removes the Cause. Druggists and dealers, or mail. Price 50 cts., or six for \$2.50. The Celery Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

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LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH.

CHAPTER I.

OUR OLD GRANDFATHER.

"The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blithe blink he had
In my ain countrie."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Some of the rich houses and great folk pretend to have histories of the ancientness of their families, which they can count back on their fingers almost to the days of Noah's ark, and King Fergus the First; but whatever may spunk out after on this point, I am free to confess with a safe conscience, in the meantime, that it is not in my power to come up within sight of them; having never seen or heard tell of anybody in our connection, further back than auld graunfather, that I mind of when a laddie; and who it behoves to have belonged by birthright to some darsie or other; but where away, gude kens. James Bitter mostly blinded both his eyes, looking, all last winter for one of our name in the Book of Martyrs, to make us proud of; but his search, I am free to confess, worse than failed—as the only man of the name he could find out was a Sergeant Jacob Wauch, that lost his leg and his left arm, fighting like a Russian Turk against the godly, at the bloody battle of the Pentland Hills.

Auld graunfather died when I was a growing callant, some seven or eight years old; yet I mind him full well; it being a curious thing how early such matters take hold of one's memory. He was a straight, tall, old man, with a shining bell-pow, and reverent white locks hanging down about his haffets; a Roman nose and two cheeks blooming through the winter of his long age like roses, when, poor body, he was sand-blind with infirmity. In his latter days, he was hardly able to crawl about alone, but used to sit resting himself on the truff seat before our door, leaning forward his head on his staff, and finding a kind of pleasure in feeling the beams of God's own sun beaking on him. A blackbird, that he had tamed, hung above his head in a whant-cage of my father's making, and he had taken a pride in learning it to whistle two or three turns of his own favorite sang, "Ower the water to Charlie."

I recollect, as well as yesterday, that, on the Sundays, he wore a braid bannet with a red worsted cherry on the top of it; and had a single-breasted coat square in the tails, of light Gilmerton blue, with plaited white buttons, bigger than crown-pieces. His waistcoat was row in the neck and had flap-pouches, wherein he kept his mull for rappee, and his tobacco-box. To look at him, with his rig-and-fur Shetland hose pulled up over his knees, and his big glancing buckles in his shoon, sitting at our door-cheek, clean and tidy as he was kept, was just as if one of the ancient patriarchs had been left on earth to let succeeding survivors witness a picture of hoary and venerable eild. Poor body, many a bit Gibraltar rock and gingerbread did he give to me, as he would pat me on the head, and prophecy I would be a great man yet, and sing me bits of old songs about the bloody times of the rebellion, and Bruce Charlie. There was nothing that I liked so well as to hear him set a-going with his auld-world stories and bits; though my mother used sometimes to say, "Wheest, graunfather, ye ken it's no canny to let out a word of these things; let bygones be bygones, and forgott'n." He never liked to give trouble, so a rebuke of this kind wou'd put a tetter to his tongue for a wee; but when we were

left by ourselves, I wou'd aye thim egg on to tell me what he had come through in his far-away travels beyond the broad seas, and of the famous battles he had seen and shed his precious blood in;—for his plinkie was hacked off by a dragon of Colonel Gardiner's, down by at Prestonpans, and he had catched a bullet with his ankle over in the North at Coluden. So it was no wonder that he liked to crack about these times, though they had brought him muckle and no little mischief, having obliged him to skulk like another Cain among the Highland hills and heather, for many a long month and day, homeless and hungry. Not dauring to be seen in his own country, where his head would have been chacked off like a sybo, he took leg-bail in a ship over the sea, among the Dutch folk; where he followed out his lawful trade as a cooper, making girs for the herring-barrels and so on; and seuding when he could find time and opportunity, such savings from his wages as he could afford, for the maintenance of his wife and small family of three helpless weans, that he had been obliged to leave, dowie and destitute, at their native home of pleasant Dalkeith.

At long and last, when the breeze had blown over, and the feverish pulse of the country had begun to grow calm and cool, auld graunfather took a longing to see his native land; and though not free of jeopardy from king's cutters on the sea, and from spies on shore, he risked his neck over in a sloop from Rotterdam to Aberlady, that came across with a valuable cargo of smuggled gin. When graunfather had been obliged to take the wings of flight for the preservation of his life and liberty, my father was a wean at grannie's breast; so, by her fending,—for she was a canny industrious body, and kept a bit shop, in the which she sold oatmeal and red herrings, needles and pins, and potatoes and tape, and cabbage and what not—he had grown a strapping laddie of eleven or twelve, helping his two sisters, one of whom perished with the measles in the dear year, to go errands, clap sand, carry water, and keep the house clean. I have heard him say, when auld graunfather came to their door at the dead of night, tirling, like a thief of darkness, at the window brod to get in, and he was so altered in his voice and lingo that no living soul kenned him, not even the wife of his bosom; so he had to put grannie in mind of things that had happened between them, before she would allow my father to lift the snack or draw the bar. Many and many a year, for guide kens how long after, I have heard tell that his speech was so dutchified as to be scarcely kanspeckle to a Scotch European; but nature is powerful, and, in the course of time, he came in the up-shot to gather his words together like a Christian.

Of my auntie Bell, that, as I have just said, died of the measles in the dear year, at the age of fourteen, I have no story to tell but one, and that a short one, though not without a sprinkling of interest.

Among her other ways of doing, grannie kept a cow, and sold the milk round about to the neighbors in a pitcher, whies carried by my father, and whies by my auntie, at the ransom of a half-penny the nutchkin. Well, ye observe, that the cow ran yield, and it was as plain as pease that she was with calf;—Geordie Brouth, the horse doctor, could have made solemn affidavit on that head. So they waited on, and better waited on for the prowie's calling, keeping it now draft and out-strae in the byre, till out-courning everything seemed in a fair way, and my auntie Bell was set out to keep watch and ward.

Some of her companions, however, chancing to come by, took her out to the back of the house to have a game at the pall; and in the interim, Donald Bogie, the tinkler from Yetholm, came and left his little jackass in the byre, while he was selling about his crockery of cups and saucers, and brown plates, on the old one, through the town in two croels.

In the middle of auntie Bell's game, she heard an unco' noise in the byre; and knowing that she had neglected her charge, she ran round the gable, and opened the door in a great hurry; when seeing the beastie, she pulled it to again and fleeing half out of breath, into the kitchen, cried—"Come away, come away, mother, as fast as ye can. Eh, lyst, the cow's cauffed,—and it's a cuddin'!"

(To be Continued.)

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That difficult problem of Toronto water supply is at last solved. The St. Leon Mineral Water Company are in a position to supply the citizens with 35,000 gallons of their famous water daily. This is sufficient at least for drinking purposes, and to the fastidious taste it is a great deal more palatable than boiled sewage and much safer than the raw, uncooked article.

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at the club rate of \$1.10 each subscriber, we will send, post free, to the person so working for us, a neatly bound copy of Albert G. S. Smythe's Poems, 184 pages, published at One Dollar. Only 100 copies left on hand. See press notice on book:—

The Mail, Toronto.—This collection of sonnets, fragments and ballads comes to hand in a neat gold-lettered volume. As a specimen of the author's happiest style we give the sonnet to "Eva," which was published in the London Graphic in 1882. There are many charming bits of verse in the volume, and Mr. Smythe is to be complimented on the heart notes and pretty thoughts to be found in his book of poems.

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WONDER IN WELLAND!

A Representative Farmer Speaks.



MR. C. C. HAUN.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg; in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

G. C. HAUN,
Welland, P.O.

In this connection the following letter from T. C. Dennis, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself:

My dear Sirs, I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly,
THOMAS CUNNINGHAM,
Welland, Ont.

Banffshire.

The body of Mr. William McHardy, officer of Excise, Buckie, was found in the river Spey on the 27th ult.
 Rev. Dr. Scott, of the Free Church of Aberlour, has been made the recipient of a testimonial on the occasion of his jubilee as a minister.

Joss-shire

The freedom of Tain is to be offered to Sir John Pender.
 The house of Angus MacKae, crofter and road contractor, Valsker, was burned to the ground on the 27th ult.
 Mr. William Wallace, for ten years head steward of the Clansman, has entered upon a lease of the Strom Ferry Hotel.
 Rev. Mr. Macaskill threatens to raise the Highlands, owing to the Declaratory Act having become a law of the Church.
 The ceremony of turning on the new water supply for Fortrose and Avoch was performed by Mr. J. D. Fletcher of Rosehaugh on the 27th ult.
 Mr. Wm. McInnes, hotel keeper, Lochmaddy, has been presented with a beautiful silver-plated tea urn, on his departure for Tongue, Sutherlandshire.
 Sergeant William Murray Ross, keeper of St. Duthus Memorial Church, and librarian of Tain and Easter Ross Literary and Mechanics' Institute, died on the 27th ult.
 An experiment by Mr. Fred. Schoolbred, Kilmorie, to stock the upper part of the Aness river with salmon has up to the present been very successful.

Kincardineshire.

In the hand contest at Ailca, Kirkcaldy took first place, and Carriden second.
 Bella Watson, a servant girl in the Village of Auchinblea, was found dead in bed on the 28th ult., supposed to have committed suicide.
 Mr. Wm. Thomson, retired police sergeant, Stonehaven, has been presented with an elegant arm chair by his brother officers and other members of the force.

Ayrshire.

A Roman Catholic school is being built at Kilbirnie to accommodate 170 children.
 The Marquis of Ailsa has been unanimously appointed convener of the county.
 The new post office was opened in Irvine on the 29th ult.
 Dr. Wylie, of Stewarton, has been appointed president of Ayrshire Medical Club.
 The annual general meeting of Kilmarnock Liberal Dialect Club was held on the 30th ult.
 The annual general meeting of Manchine Agricultural Society was held there a few days ago.
 New potatoes are in the Ayrshire markets and strawberries are being gathered throughout the county.
 A swimming club has been started in connection with the Ayr branch of the Y. M. G. of the C. of Scotland.
 Mr. James Young, farmer, Kingencleugh, Ballochmyle's oldest tenant, died on the 28th ult., aged seventy-eight years.
 Mr. Thomas Armour, late of Stairaid, in the Parish of Stair, has leased the farm of Dunesland, Dumfriesshire.
 A splendid silver cup has been presented by the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden to Kilmarnock Union Quitting Club.
 The new Cummock Castle Race Committee held their annual meeting in a field on the farm of Castle Mains on the 25th ult.
 The highest authority, that of the Commander-in-Chief and his inspecting staff, has decided that the most efficient British Infantry regiment is the Royal Scots Fusiliers.
 Holland House, Ardnell Bay, West Kilbride, has been opened as a sea-side home for city children, under the auspices of the Glasgow Poor Children's Fresh Air Fortnight Committee.

The officers of the Ayrshire Yeomary Cavalry attended the levee held by the Prince of Wales at St. James' Palace, on the 29th ult., with the view of marking the occasion of the centenary of the raising of the regiment.

Forfarshire.

Messrs. Alex. Shanks & Son, engineers, Arbroath and London, are bankrupt.
 The London Forfarshire Association held their annual business meeting on the 29th ult.
 Mr. and Mrs. James Christie, Forfar, celebrated their golden wedding on the 2nd inst.
 A new survey has been made of the Bar of Tay. The depths are the most satisfactory ever obtained.
 Ann Walker or Lawson, widow, 70 years of age, residing in Forfar, committed suicide on the 29th ult.
 Walter Mitchell, organist, Montrose, is suing Robert Johnston, draper, for £500 for alleged slander.
 All of the Dundee fleet of whaling ships have brought back large cargoes of valuable seals from the south seas.
 Mr. James Guild, first assistant in Keppie School, Arbroath, has been appointed to the vacancy in the Morgan Academy, Dundee.
 After having remained unlet for fully twenty years, the Kingoode quarries, on the estate of Myntfield, have been let to Messrs. Jas. Morrison & Son, quarrymasters, Duntroon, who will give employment to about two hundred men.

Argyleshire.

Lady Colin Campbell is entering the lists as a dramatic author.
 Dugald McIntyre, Tobermory, committed suicide on the 27th ult.
 Ripe strawberries were plucked in a garden in Oban on the 29th ult.
 The removals in Oban this year have been more numerous than usual.
 Mr. MacCall, Oban, has entered on his tenancy of the Ford Hotel, Lochawe.
 Lochnepher Artillery Volunteers held their annual inspection on the 27th ult.
 The annual inspection of Tarb rt Volunteers took place at Tarbert on the 2nd inst.
 Everything promise- an early and heavy yield both of field and garden produce about Inverary.
 Mr. Hossack's division of the Crofters' Commission held a sitting in the court house, Oban, on the 30th ult.
 Mr. Mackenzie, superintendent of the police force in Campbelltown, is about to retire on a well-earned pension.
 The death is announced of Mr. John Malcolm, of Pottaloch, D. L. and J. P. for Argyleshire, at the age of 87 years.
 The third exhibition of Highland Home Industries is to be held at Strontian in August under the presidency of Lady Riddell.
 A cat which had been missing for eleven months, surprised her owners, who reside in Oban, by returning to them on the 29th ult.
 At the forthcoming show of the Highland and Agricultural Society to be held in Edinburgh the sum of £50 will be awarded as premiums in the Highland industries and fisheries class.
 Oban High School makes drawing one of the leading features of its educational system. At the recent examination the examiner certified to the excellence of the work accomplished by the five or six hundred pupils who presented themselves.
 Lady Emma McNeil, widow of Sir John McNeil and sister of the Duke of Argyll, died suddenly at Bournemouth on the 30th ult.

Stirlingshire.

The body of Donald McLaren, farmer and shepherd, Easterton, Denny, has been found in Tauschin reservoir.
 Arrangements are being made for a great national demonstration at the Borestone, in connection with the 579th anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn.

Dumfriesshire.

Mr. Jas. McDonald, Castle-Douglas, has been admitted a law agent.
 Maxwell Davidson, Annan, joint honorary, huntsman of the Dumfriesshire Otter Hunt died on the 29th ult.
 Mr. Thomas Johnstone Carlyle, of Waterbeck, Ecclefechan, died on the 26th ult. in the 84th year of his age. He was never married.
 It is proposed to obtain full information concerning the Moffat burseries and lay the same before the people of Moffat. These burseries, bequests made by Dr. Robert Johnstone, the historian, seemed to be lost sight of.

Nairn and Egin.

The death is announced of Mr. W. Reid Nairn, an eminent naturalist. Mr. Reid was a native of Wick. He was in his 80th years.

Perthshire.

Mr. John Carnehan, Perth, has been appointed superintendent of Dundee cemeteries and public parks.
 The estate of Trenchardie, Glenguaich, eighteen miles from Crieff, has been sold to Miss Campbell-Cameron, owner of the adjoining estate of Garrows.
 Sergt-Major Masterson, Captain of Perth Brigade, has been presented with a gold watch on his retirement.

Sutherlandshire.

John Gordon, crofter, Helmsdale, committed suicide on the 19th ult.
 Thomas MacKay, crofter, Strath-Halladale died suddenly on the 24th ult.
 Mr. Finlayson, jr., Royal Hotel, Tain, has secured a lease of the Scourie Hotel, Sutherlandshire.
 The annual inspection of the Helmsdale Artillery took place on the 25th ult. before Colonel Hobart, R.A., commanding artillery Scottish Division.
 Mr. James Mackenzie, a native of Grinds, Lairg, and who has recently conducted the railway hotel, Tain, has taken a lease of the large farm of Invercannich, Strathglass.
 Crondale Parish Church which has just been entirely remodelled was re-opened for public worship on the 21st ult. The organ was the gift of Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal.

Bute and Arran.

The Secretary for Scotland is about to investigate the case of the Arran tenants of the Duke of Hamilton, who have been served with notices of removal.
 Our readers will be pleased to see the thrilling Scotch story, entitled "Life of Mansie Wauch," the opening chapter of which appears in this issue.

Roxburgshire.

Dr. Shaw, of Yarrow, has recently passed away at the age of eighty-three, after spending three-fourths of his life in his profession in the district of Etrick, Yarrow and Tweed.
 John McNaughton, a Hawick volunteer, was accidentally shot while marking a glass-firing practice on the 27th ult. His remains were interred with military honors.
 The Earl of Dalkeith met his supporters in Kelso district on the 19th ult., and delivered a short address as candidate in the Conservative and Unionist interest for the county at the next election.

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TO A CRITIC.

Hold this seashell to your ear,
And you shall hear
Not the an-lante of the sea,
Not the wild winds' symphony,
But your heart's minstrelsy.

You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong
If your own heart does not bring
To their deep imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

T. B. ALDRICH.

The History of Free St. George's
Edinburgh.

BY REV. ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D.
Eben-ezer.—1 Samuel vii. 12.

III.

The day of Dr. Candlish's ordination is a red-letter day in the history of the Church of Christ in Scotland. For if religious liberty and an evangelical pulpit lie at the root of the best life of any land, then the services that Dr. Candlish performed to Scotland for the next forty years cannot be over-estimated. The "dark age of Moderatism," as Dr. Chalmers called it, had already begun to be broken up through the labors of such men as Dr. McCrie, Sir Henry Moncreiff, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Thomson, and above all, Dr. Chalmers himself. But a conflict had still to be waged out with the civil courts, and even, sad to say, with the church courts, to lead to victory in which Dr. Candlish was above them all the coming man. Dr. Candlish's preaching had qualities of its own that already made it to stand alone and unapproached in Scotland; but it was his incomparable power and skill in debate that did so much for the liberty and the life of the church in Scotland and elsewhere. I have not a few young lawyers now before me. Dr. Thomson and Dr. Candlish gathered their fathers and their fathers' fathers into this congregation. And they must often have heard their fathers telling with pride and with joy of Dr. Candlish's splendid powers in ecclesiastical debate. But, to-day, I will ask the young lawyers now present to go back into that great time of great principles and great men for themselves. And they cannot go wrong wherever they find Dr. Candlish on his feet. Take almost any speech of his from his first great deliverance on the Auchterarder case to his magnificent oration on the Cardoso case, and I promise you a treat that only men trained like you can fully enjoy. I would almost set it as a test to any young man preparing to study law to read that crowning speech on the Cardoso case, and to say what he thinks of its learning, its grasp, its acuteness, and its noble passion. If he is not stirred to the depths of his nature with admiration and emulation, I do not think it likely he will ever make a great lawyer. "Mark," wrote Hugh Miller in the *Times*, "a person of a very different appearance from that of Thomas Chalmers, who had just sat down. He is below the middle stature, and though turned of thirty by perhaps five or six years, seems from the smallness of his features and figure some years younger. His person is well-formed, his features good, and the expression seems indicative of great activity and energy. The forehead is very remarkable. There is, perhaps, scarce a head in the kingdom in which the reflective organs are more amply developed, and the mind consorts well in this instance with the material indications. They mark decidedly one of the ablest men in the church, a man fitted for every walk of literature—whether power or elegance of intellect, just taste, or nice discrimina-

tion be the qualities required. The voice is clear and well-modulated; the action simple. Mark first the wonderful flow of language. Of all the members of the Assembly that member has perhaps the readiest command of English; and his spoken style the most nearly approached to a written one. The words pour in a continuous stream, fitting themselves, with a singular flexibility, to every object which they encircle in their course, insinuating themselves, if we may so speak, into the innermost intricacies of every thought; sweeping with a steady certainty along the lines of every distinction, however nicely drawn. Language is a noble instrument, though there be few who can awaken all its tones. We need hardly add that this singularly able and accomplished man is the Rev. Mr. Candlish of St. George's."

But, great lawyer and great debater as Dr. Candlish was, it was his splendid preaching that so endeared Dr. Candlish to the hearts of his people. And no wonder. For was there ever preaching anywhere again like it? Dr. Chalmers stood alone, and Dr. Guthrie stood alone. And I have not forgotten those marvellous preachers when I ask where there ever was another preacher like Dr. Candlish. Just see him in the pulpit. See him as he chooses a considerable passage of some profound Scripture for his text. Watch him as he takes the passage up into his strong and skilful hands. Hear, to begin with, how he reads it as it never was read before. See him as he spreads the selected passage out and takes you up beside him as he surveys it and faces it. He takes his text up; he turns it round; he holds it up against the light; he looks through and through it till you feel sure that he, at any rate, understands it, and that you have a great treat before you. He begins slowly and quietly. He slowly and quietly picks the passage to pieces. He separates it out verse by verse, clause by clause, word by word, letter by letter. He takes his text to its threads its threads to their finest filaments and softest floss. And then the great artist begins out of all that to compose his sermon. Look at him with all your eyes. See with what skill and deftness he weaves his warp and his woof into the noble fabric of his growing discourse. How finely and how firmly its separate parts are now re-knit together. How the work grows under his magic hands into a fabric of unequalled strength and exquisite beauty. What bold and beautiful figures adorn it; and what a depth of color glows out of it; all the while web, the whole finished and well-fitting robe, is suddenly plunged into a bath filled full with the very heart's blood of the impassioned preacher. "I shook with violent agitation," says Dr. Addison Alexander, "and I don't know how I could have sat still if my eyes had not relieved me, and many were in the same condition. In the crisis of his eloquence his gown fell half off, and his right arm was at liberty with his gestures became those of conflict with one immediately before him with whom he thrust and struggled. It reminded me of Burley's fencing in *Old Mortality*. It was cheering to see such a crowd pouring out from such a sermon." "The high intellectual character of Dr. Candlish's preaching," says Dr. Peter Bayne in his fine chapter on "The Rise of Candlish" in his fine book *The Church of the Disruption*, just published, "drew around St. George's pulpit the flower of the intellectuality of modern Athens. Of barristers and law lords, of university professors and promising students, of eminent doctors, and surgeons, and authors, and scientific celebrities, of thinkers who were Chris-

tians, and of Christians who could think no pulpit in Edinburgh attracted so great a concurrence as that of Candlish. That reconciliation between intellect and evangelism, between the culture of the modern Athens and the theology of the Wisharts and the Knoxes, the Gillespies and Hendersons, and Rutherfords that reconciliation which had been effected by Andrew Thomson, was represented in finer, more intellectual, and more spiritual manifestation by Candlish." Do not overlook Dr. Peter Bayne's fine book.

* The Free Church of Scotland, her origin, founders, and testimony. By PETER BAYNE, L.L.D., Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Large post 8vo, 6s.

(To be continued.)

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ON FAITH.

And, though the web of life is dim, I know
If I my shuttle ply with proper zeal,
Following His known will, He will reveal
Enough, so that I shall not spoil
The web I'm weaving—thus in faith I toil.

—Mrs. Sue E. Beckwith, Audale, Kan.

Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within.

—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

There is no flowery path to truth,
No royal road to perfectness,
Drink of the offering of faith—
Drink, friend, and dream of blessedness.

—Carrie Renfrew, Hastings, Neb.

Faith's arm outstretched no test can dis-
appoint;
It has God's promise for its shoulder-joint,
And ever where its mighty purchase swings
Impossibility itself takes wings.

—Theron Brown, Boston, Mass.

Upon the surface of the river lie
White water-lilies; left to drift they seem,
Yet changing winds and currents they defy.

So may my faith, deep-rooted, rest secure
Upon the surface of life's running stream,
And every change of circumstance endure.

—William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

The worst sorrow in life,
From beginning to end,
Is the sorrow that follows
Lost faith in a friend.

—Edna J. Campbell, Alamo, Ind.

Sweet is rest, and joy is dear,
And gladness is chastened sorrow;
But never a doubt and never a fear
Troubles faith's to-morrow.

—Mrs. Helen M. Hurd, Athens, Me.

Faith is a belief in God and revelation,
And a hope in future life and salvation.

—P. Cudmore, Faribault, Minn.

Philosophy, in stately flow,
Rhymes its proud reasons far and wide;
But faith looks down the silent tide,
And meekly whispers, "Even so."

—Charles L. Thompson, New York City.

In vain new faiths, like stars
That come in darkened skies
Through all my night of loss,
Serenely rise
And shine my path across,
These faiths are suns, I hear;
I only hear the drear
Cold lights of stars.

—E. S. E. Loomis, Arkansas City, Kan.

Oceans nor mountains do I need
To thunder wisdom down to me;
The drop of dew, the living seed,
All whisper of eternity.

—Robt. Loveman, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Just a poor weak girl with a voice of song,
And a faith in Christ that will keep me strong.

—Charles H. Freer, Blue Earth City, Minn.

I must believe that Heaven sent
The best, though barbed the arrow sent.

—Alvaro F. Gibbens, Charleston, W. Va.

Faith, like the lark, mounts heavenward,
Soaring on noiseless wings,
Till, distant from earth's mists and jars
In calm, pure air, she sings.

—Charlotte M. Palmer, Dover, N.H.

Faith is the sight by which we see.

—Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Norwich, Conn.

Lift up thy faith, when shadows fall
You try in vain to clear,
For, when you're done your very all,
A guiding hand is near.

—Mrs. E. S. B. Corbett, St. Paul, Minn.

Faith, following far, alone may garner hope
From sunless fields unfruitful and forlorn;
Alone may cast a certain horoscope,
And bathe in sunshine of a day unborn.

—James P. Baxter, Portland, Me.

Peace, eager heart! Faith doth no questions
ask; but when
My ransomed soul finds home, then shall be
gratified
Its hungry yearnings all, in sweet content;
for then,
I shall be satisfied.

—Mrs. M. L. Bailey, Baldwin, Kan.

Choose Faith, the salt of work, the soul of
Love, whose laughter
Chimes through an arid Present, o'er a
barren Past,
With full sweet echoes from the great Here-
after,
Assuring work-contenting Love, as least.
Faith in thyself, thy greatness surely know-
ing;

—Mrs. M. L. Bailey, Baldwin, Kan.

Faith in thy work, undoubting of its worth,
Faith in thy Love, ever more trustful grow-
ing;

Faith in the Pain that came with thy Love's
birth.

—Rose E. Cleveland.



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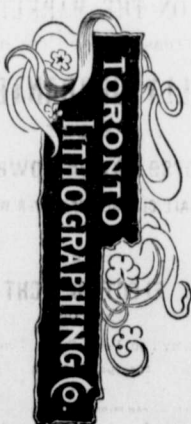


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