The Londonderry Times.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Navigation on the Red River was opened on Monday.

The Bank of Montreal has declared a dividend of five per cent., without bonus.

Touching tributes to the memory of the late Mr. Thomas White were paid in the Senate and the House of Commons.

A settlement has been effected between the Hamilton master builders and the employees, which, it is believed, will terminate the labor troubles in that city for this season.

The Toronto City Council passed a resolution entering its emphatic protest against the immigration to this country of destitute persons from pauper institutions of Great Britain.

Chicago capitalists have purchased from Mr. R Tough, of Sudbury, an interest in the Tough and Stobie gold mine for $32,000, and have invested $70,000 in machinery to operate the mine.

A bill to repeal the old law of evidence, which prevents persons testifying in their own behalf, will be introduced by Mr. Gilman, of Montreal, at the approaching session of the Quebec Legislative Council.

There are said to be three applicants for the vacant brigade-majorship of the sixth military district, the most popular candidate being Major Prevost, of the 65th Regiment, Mount Royal Rifles, Montreal.

About twenty thousand men of the Dominion militia will perform the annual drill this year, 11,000 going into camp under canvas and 9,000 in various cities. The first camps will be held about the middle of June.

The fifty fifth annual meeting of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society was held in Toronto resently, when encouraging reports were presented showing that during last year 503,350 books and publications of all kinds were issued.

The election of Separate School trustee for St. Andrew's Ward, Toronto, in which the principle of the introduction of the ballot was the chief issue, resulted in the return of Mr. T. W. Anglin, the anti-ballot candidate, by a majority of 95.

At yesterday's meeting of the committee on the Division of the Diocese of Ontario, a proposition was presented from Rev. Dr. Mountain offering to give $5,000 towards an episcopal residence, and to go to England and endeavor to raise $10,000 towards the endowment fund, on certain conditions.

Senator Abbott yesterday petitioned Parliament for, and was granted, authority to introduce a bill to incorporate a college at Montreal for the higher education of women, with branches in the North-West or British Columbia, which Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen propose to endow.

A special cablegram to *The Mail* gives a synopsis of the half yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company held recently in London. Sir Henry Tyler, referring to the newly constituted company, said that while it was not in every respect what he could have wished, there was no occasion for despondency in the future. While local causes, such as bad harvests, bank failures, the unfair rivalry of American companies, and the adverse working of the Inter-State law had operated unfavourably, he saw signs of improvements ahead. He thought that the Canadian Government, which had been so liberal to the Canadian Pacific, should extend some of their smiles to the Grand Trunk. The dividends, as previously announced, were adopted.

UNITED STATES.

Sam Small is anxious to become Governor of Georgia.

N. P. B. Wells, treasurer of the Seneca Falls Savings Bank, was arrested for embezzlement.

Experiments in connection with antidotes for snake bites are in progress at the Smithsonian Institution, New York.

A Kansas woman worth a million dollars has married an hotel waiter. This is a good opportunity to ring in that axiom, "Everything comes to him who waits."

Norfolk, Va., claims the distinction of being the world's greatest peanut market. It disposes every year of 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts, most of which are grown in Virginia.

The loss to the manufacturing interests of the city of Winona, Minn., by the floods is estimated at $1,000,000. The lumbering interest alone loses $250,000. The river is four miles wide at Winona.

A farmer near Flint, Mich., is mourning the death of two geese that he had kept for 50 years. They quit raising goslings 25 years ago and after that he kept them to help take care of the broods of other geese.

Judge Hare, of Philadelphia, recently gave this advice to a wife-beater who was discharged upon the appeal of the abused woman:—"When you find yourself getting angry again fill your mouth with water and keep it shut till you cool off."

Mr. Phelps, the United States Minister to England, wears a suit of West of England tweed, with hat and overgaiters of the same material. He is followed by a footman in livery, who, the Pittsburg *Chronicle* alleges, carefully picks up the h's that his august master drops.

Mr. Gilbert Fraser, British Vice-Consul at New York, is accused of sharp practice against discharged sailors by compelling them to pay for a passage to Liverpool to receive payment of sums due them. The matter is to be laid before the British Government.

Most of the pupils of a young ladies boarding school at Buffalo wear birds in their hats, and the other day some one placed a crumb of bread in each of their bills. They were a funny-looking lot of hats and most of the owners wore them out in the street before the trick was discovered.

When Thomas Jefferson was chosen President of the United States Elder John Leland, a Baptist clergyman of Cheshire, Mass., proposed that his flock should celebrate the victory by making for the new chief magistrate the biggest cheese the world had ever seen. Every man and woman who owned a cow was to give for this cheese all the milk yielded on a certain day only—no federal cow must contribute a drop. A huge cider press was fitted up to make it in, and on the appointed day the whole country turned out with pails and tubs of curd, the girls and women in their best gowns and ribbons, and the men in their Sunday coats and clean shirt collars. The cheese was put to press with prayer and hymn singing and great solemnity. When it was well dried it weighed 1,600 pounds. It was placed on a sleigh and Elder John Leland drove with it all the way to Washington. It was a journey of three weeks. All the country had heard of the big cheese and came out to look at it as the elder drove along.

FOREIGN.

Four hundred ejectment decrees have been issued by the Galway Quarter Sessions.

Dr. Junker, the German explorer, firmly believes that Stanley is now with Emin Bey.

Nine thousand emigrants left the Mersey last week, half of whom were bound for Canada.

Mr. D. J. Condon, M. P. for East Tipperary, has been arrested for offences under the Crimes Act.

General Boulanger thinks the French Constitution should be remodelled on the American plan.

A bill is to be introduced in the British Commons on Wednesday to give county government to Ireland.

The chief clerk of the Greek treasury has been arrested for embezzling five million francs of the public funds.

Forty thousand foreign Jews residing in the Russian province of Kherson have been ordered to cross the frontier.

The late Emperor William left a fortune of 24 million marks, one half of which he bequeathed to the Crown Treasury.

The Russian war flotilla at Azof will be reinforced by twelve torpedo boats which have been ordered in France.

The freedom of the city of London was presented to Lord Hartington on Wednesday and a banquet was given at the Mansion house.

It is said the Pope has instructed Archbishop Walsh to compile a report on the National League for comparison with Mgr. Persico's report.

Empress Victoria has requested the Minister of Justice to interfere to prevent the press assailing the physicians in attendance on the Emperor.

Mr. John Morley, in a speech at Blackburn, appealed to the nation to assist the Liberals in their efforts to compel the Government to grant Home Rule to Ireland.

The sentence of Rev. Father McFadden, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for holding anti-landlord and anti-police meetings, on his appeal to the Dublin courts, was increased to six months.

In replying to an address presented to him by the Nationalist students of Dublin, Mr. O'Brien said it was curious that an address that had been prepared to celebrate his release from prison marked his return to prison.

The Czar of Russia is said to do much more work than any of his Ministers, and can be found at his desk at almost any hour of the day. He rises before any of his household, attends mass every morning and is scrupulously exact in the performance of all his religious duties.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech before the Birmingham Radical Union, said he found very few persons in America who approved of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and he believed if the American democracy had to deal with the subject they would make short work of the monstrous pretensions of the National League.

The Emperor William was not without humour and loved a quiet joke. It is told that once at a hunt the huntsmen laid 28 head of game before him, which they said he had killed. He smiled and quoted:—"There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Adding:—"For is it not a miracle that I should have killed 28 head while I had only 25 cartridges?"

The ancient Prussian custom of holding a "Black Drawing-room" after the monarch's death was honoured in the breach in the case of the late emperor, Formerly in Prussia, so soon as the king was dead, all the Ministers of the Crown, Foreign Ministers, and the Court generally, repaired in full dress to the palace. The first rooms they entered were brilliantly lit up, but gradually as they went through the different appartments leading to the throne room, the lighting became dimmer, and dimmer, till this last being reached it was found in semi-darkness. Around the throne were grouped series of waxwork figures, deeply veiled with black, representing the chief members of the new Court, and before these all the high dignitaries solemnly passed, bowing themselves out backwards. The wisdom of dropping such grotesque mummery is scarcely open to question.

A Famous Trotter No More.

Dexter, the famous trotter, died on the morning of Saturday, at the stable of his owner, Mr. Robert Bonner, in New York city. He was just 30 years old, having been foaled in April, 1858. He died of old age and exhaustion. The body will be taken up to Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown, where it will be buried. Dexter was the greatest trotter of his day. He was the first horse to trot a mile in 2.17¼. Mr. Bonner paid $35,000 for him in 1867.

He was a brown gelding, foaled 1858, by Hambletonian, dam Clara, by Seelye's American Star. His record of 2.17¼ was made against time at Buffalo, August 14, 1867, and September 7, of the same year, at Chicago, he made his last appearance on the track. Dexter was one of the greatest trotters that ever stood on iron and his work was done before the day of finely graded tracks and weight balanced feet. He began to trot about 1864 under Hiram Woodruff's hands. He was contemporary with General Butler, Shark, Stonewall Jackson, George Wilkes, Lady Shannon, Com. Vanderbilt, George M. Patchen, jr., Silas Rich, Lady Thorne and Goldsmith Maid in her early days. He trotted at Cleveland but once on the old Kinsman street track August 25, 1866, for a $2,000 purse and beat Geo. M. Patchen jr., and General Butler in straight heats 2.32½, 2.32½, 2.32½. At that time Dexter was owned by John Fawcett, of Baltimore. After he trotted his heat in 2.17¼ Mr. Bonner bought him. The horse was delivered September 10, 1867, and his last public appearance was three days before that date. Since September 10, 1867, to within a few days ago, Dexter was Mr. Bonner's favorite driver. In his younger days Woodruff drove Dexter and he was owned by G. Fetter, who sold him to Trussell & Fawcett. Trussell was a Chicago gambler and was killed by his mistress in 1867. While owned by the former, Dexter was driven by Budd Doble, who sat behind him when he made the 2.17¼ at Buffalo.

Immorality at Moncton, N. B.

MONCTON, N. B., May 9.—Investigation into the character of the people living in the neighborhood of this town has revealed a surprising state of morality. It is found that a man named Crossman and his wife went before a magistrate and signed a document agreeing to live apart and make no claim on each other. Both parties went through a form of marriage with other persons, and the two men and women were living in the same house. When they discovered that the matter was to be investigated they skipped out. Another man, whose wife and family are in Nova Scotia, was found living with his niece and raising a family. A thorough enquiry is threatened.

"Ah, no, I never work," he said;
With pride he gazed aloft,
"Indeed, I always sleep in gloves,
It keeps my hands so soft."

"I see," the cruel maid replied,
"How you accomplished that;
And, pretty sir, when sleeping,
Do you also wear your hat?"

Patron (to restraurant waiter)—"Got any Brie cheese?" Waiter (astonished)—"Only the pair I've got on, sir."

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The News from Berlin—Heroism of the Emperor—Queen Victoria's Return from the Continent—Albert Edward to Visit us Next Year.

LONDON, May 3.—Europe is still waiting for news from Berlin which shall put beyond doubt whether the Emperor's case is desperate, and the probable duration of his struggle with death, which weeks ago seemed nearly at an end. Russia is strangely quiet, and, in common with the other great powers, furnishes not one warlike rumor.

From several sources within the palace I hear of the wonderful and stoical heroism of Frederick in his hours of trial. He expresses keen delight in pantomime at the boquets that are constantly sent to him, most of them composed of violets, the Emperor's favorite flower. He has a grateful glance for the smallest attention, and smiles continually at the amiable jokes and badinage of his three daughters. Princess Sophie was mimicking an old family servant, who is rather a butt in the royal family, the other day, and her father was laughing heartily at her when he began suddenly to cough with great violence. The Princess, who is a very tender-hearted girl, immediately fell on her knees by his bedside and burst into a torrent of tears as she realized all at once how near the end is. It was very affecting.

The Queen returned from her travels on the Continent last night and settled herself once more at Windsor. She is described as looking aged and worn by sympathetic writers who feel it is right she should be so after her affecting interviews with her son-in-law, who is dying in Berlin, but the description is incorrect. Her Majesty is looking very well, in fact quite chipper for one so staid as she is, and has evidently benefitted very much by the fun and exercise she has had abroad. She comes back with a title ill suited to her physique, that of Honorary Colonel of one of the Emperor's regiments. As Her Majesty's favorite steed is a gray donkey, which accompanies her everywhere, the Prussian soldiers can scarcely boast of a dashing Colonel.

There is a rumor about here which must be broken very gently to society folk in America, as it is certain to produce on them the greatest possible effect. The Prince of Wales is reported to actually contemplate a visit to Canada and the States next year in company with the Duke of Sutherland.

The revolt in Roumania seems to be over, and Hitrovo, having failed once more, is in danger of being recalled to St. Petersburg. Prince Ferdinand is touring in Northern Bulgaria, making pretty speeches in ludicrous Bulgarian. The fact that the Czar has not yet made the dreaded move has inspired the young man with such confidence that he is trying to raise a loan of a few [illegible] francs in the European money mar[illegible] is prepared to grant almost any [illegible] financiers are still shy.

Drowned.

All day long the hurrying crowds had jostled him as he wandered aimlessly along the streets—a restless, inward devil urging him blindly on somewhere. More than once hurrying pedestrians had stopped to gaze after him wonderingly; more than once his white, drawn face, had checked a beggar's cry for a pittance.

But night had fallen, and with it a chill mist from the river. He paused, weak and spent, in a sheltered doorway, and gazed vacantly about him.

Across the street was a great building ablaze with light, and a crowd surged at the entrance. Costly equipages drew up before it, and drivers shouted themselves hoarse. It was a theater. He wondered what play was on the boards—wondered how his own life reviewed upon its stage would affect the box and the pit. He had played it to the world, desperately—and lost.

He moved on wearily. Two policemen talking in low tones at a corner, stopped and eyed him suspiciously. A wretched hunchback paused at a lighted corner to stretch out a hand for alms, but at sight of his ghastly face shrank back with a stifled cry. A tipsy reveler reeled past, chanting a maudlin song—how it jarred upon his numbed senses! On and on.

The lighted streets were at last behind and he was among the gloomy warehouses by the river.

The river! What a fascination it had for him. His boyhood was passed by such a river, only he remembred it as always bright and sparkling—a goodly stream glittering in summer sunlight, or studded with mimic constellations, among which the great moon lay shimmering.

He stood on the wet wharf and gazed into the sullen tide. Somewhere, perhaps, it rippled past green fields and laughed to the nodding fern, but here, polluted by the great city, it swept on, muttering hoarsely of the sea.

A noise around him. It was only a rat scurrying away to his den, but he started guiltily. He took a letter from his pocket and tore it in pieces. His empty purse he flung far out into the stream listening intently for its faint splash.

How his temples throbbed! He bared his head to the mist and stood thinking? thinking. Was it yesterday he read it Yes—no—he couldn't tell, but it seemed burnt into his brain.

A floater caught—the body of an unknown man was found in the river yesterday by two fishermen, and brought to this city. It had evidently been in the water some days. An inquest was held, resulting in a verdict of supposed suicide, after which the body was buried in the potter's field. There was no clue to its identity.

What a black night! The dark waters at his feet swashed the shore mockingly; the mists clung to clothing, and the wind rose, wailing. Listening, listening, he crept forward ——

. . . . . .

The rat ran boldly out and scampered noisily to and fro, the current whispered a dread secret, and a watchman a block away yawned sleepily.

. . . . . .

Found drowned! Found with his ghastly face upturned, drifting down with the tide the bright ripples tossing his dark hair, and a wild horror in his staring eyes. They drew him from the water wonderingly, though the sweeping current moaned remorsefully and babbled of its secret as it hurried on its way to the sea.

But to somebody, far away, he is only missing—and somebody watches and waits.

Mrs. Kass—"You seemed greatly changed and improved since you returned from Europe, Mr. Thomson." Mr. Thomson—"Oh, vastly, I assure you. Why, I'm a different man altogether." Mrs. Kass—"Indeed! How pleasant that must be for Mrs. Thomson."

ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

How the Captain's Wife took Command and Repulsed the Scoundrels.

In the autumn of 1858, having been paid off at Cape Town from an English brig which had been condemned, I shipped aboard the bark "Rescue," Capt. Moore, bound to several ports in Madagascar and return. We had a small but excellent crew, every man but the cook being white, and all being English, American, or Swede. The day before we sailed the Captain's wife came aboard, and I saw at once that she was a sailor. She was about 35 years old, weighed not an ounce over a hundred pounds, and her movements were those of a girl. She was just such a little woman as you might expect to hear scream out at sight of a mouse and to see faint away if she saw a rat. As a rule, sailors are opposed to women folk at sea. They are all right as passengers, but when a Captain has his wife along there is more or less growling in the fo'castle. It is taken for granted that the "old man" will be less on deck and leave more to the mates, and instead of "cracking on" and carrying all sail to make a short voyage, he will go slow and look out for squalls. We growled about the woman coming aboard, but, at the same time, every old tar vowed her an angel and hoped good luck for her.

We crept along the coast as far as Port Elizabeth, and then took a departure for the big island at the northeast, a matter of 700 miles before we should sight its southern end. We had light, steady winds and fair weather, making easy work for the crew, but on the third day out the captain was taken down with fever. We hadn't seen much of his wife up to that time, but now she was everywhere in an hour. Although we had a first mate who was thoroughly competent,

THE LITTLE WOMAN

took full charge of the ship. And we soon discovered that she was entirely competent to do so. She could stand by the log, prick off the day's run, figure drift and dead reckoning, and order sail set or reduced as smartly as any man I ever saw, and the mates had sense enough not to sulk over it. Her husband owned a three quarter interest in the bark and her venture, and it was only natural that the wife should know it. She was doctor, nurse, captain and counsellor all in one, and things could not have gone better had the old man been on deck.

All went well until we were within sixty or seventy miles of the south end of Madagascar, when the breeze died away in the forenoon until we scarcely had steerageway, and almost at the same time we sighted a felucca on our starboard bow about ten miles away. In those days there were plenty of native sea rovers hidden away in the bays and rivers at the lower end of Madagascar, and they had no hesitation in plundering, scuttling, and throat-cutting. We had no sooner made out the strange craft than the little woman called us all aft and said:

"Men, you know that the Captain is very ill. Yonder native craft is a pirate, and is coming down to attack us. If we surrend- [illegible] ed the crew in chorus, and, after thanking us, the woman gave orders to prepare for the attack.

The sky was cloudless and the breeze still dying away, and it was certain that no change in the weather could be looked for. We had two cannon nine-pounders, one on either broadside, and these were uncovered and

LOADED WITH SOLID SHOT.

Luckily, among the cargo was a consignment of muskets and we broke out two boxes of fifty each. They were cheap affairs, calculated for traffic, but all were sure fire for a few rounds. I was one of the gang told off to load them, and I know we loaded the even hundred. This would give us a matter of seven shots apiece without reloading. One-half the muskets were carried aft to the quarters, and the others distributed along the bow and waist. Four cutlasses were hunted up and served out, and then there was time for one more precaution. The felucca was coming down slowly, urged by her sweeps, and a man aloft with a glass reported that she was full of men and had two six-pounders on her decks. The head of the bark pointed pretty steadily to the northwest, for there was neither wind nor sea. The felucca was coming down from the northeast, and we could therefore figure that she would board us on the starboard bow.

Orders were given to search for and bring on deck bottles of every kind and shape. I think we routed out fifty or more in the fo'castle while the cabin furnished a hundred. These were broken in pieces on the forward deck, and a fine mess they made of it. We could walk over the stuff with our leather soles, but woe to the bare feet which

LEAPED OFF THE RAIL.

The felucca people did not suspect our cannon until they got a shot from the starboard gun which made the splinters fly. Then they changed their course and pulled for our bows, and we could not train a gun to bear upon them. I helped reload our gun with a solid shot, and we had scarcely finished when the felucca was upon us. She grappled us just where we had figured, and, under the little woman's orders, we made no effort to prevent. She had foreseen that if driven back the felucca could take position on our bow or stern and pound us to pieces with her six-pounders, while we might not be able to return a shot.

We were drawn up in line across the deck abaft the foremast, with the spare muskets lying behind us. The Captain's wife was at my left, armed with his revolver. Mind you, there wasn't a shout or shot as the fellows boarded us. They pulled down to us in a grim, determined way, never a man opening his lips, and as the grapnels caught they came swarming over the bows like a stream of giant ants, each man armed with creese alone. There wasn't a yell until they struck the deck, and then there were a hundred in chorus. Every man was barefooted, and every one was horribly cut. We opened fire at the same moment, and

DOWN WENT THE FIRST GANG.

The second was wiped out almost as quickly, and then we rushed forward and each man went in on his own hook. It was a picnic for us. A few musket shots were fired at us from away aft, but the bullets flew among the rigging. We rested our guns on the rail and fired right down among them, and in ten minutes from the beginning of the fight all the pirates alive had sought shelter below. We had fourteen dead on our decks, and there were twice that number in sight on the felucca, while not one of us had a scratch.

Leaving three men to fire away at any head appearing above the hatches, we cast off the grapplings and pulled the felucca along our starboard side until the cannon would bear. Then we fired a shot through her deck and bottom, reloaded, and gave her another, and then cast her adrift. She rubbed around our stern, drifted off about a hundred feet, and in a quarter of an hour went to the bottom. Perhaps a dozen living men came to the surface and swam to the bark, but not one of them was allowed to board. You may think it a bloodthirsty act, sir, but we wiped them out to the last man without any twinges of conscience, and I've always been glad of it. Had they captured us, our throats would have been cut in no time. We lay all that day without moving half a mile, but sunset brought a breeze, and we finished our voyage without farther adventure. The excitement of the fight made the Captain much worse, but he recovered in a few weeks, and was able to take command again.

Overpopulation.

What will become of the weaker as the struggle for existence becomes more severe? is a questiom much discussed just now in the papers and magazines. It cannot be said that very much light has yet been thrown upon the problem. The stern natural law which unpitingly decrees that the unfittest must perish in order to make room for those better fitted is being year by year more successfully counteracted by the great moral law which in its lower applications enjoins the strong to respect the rights of the weak, and, in its higher, commands each to love his neighbor as himself. It is true that the operations of this moral law are not yet very marked, and, perhaps, are not likely soon to become so, in modifying the fierceness of the competition for places of employment and profit. Still the combined agencies of sanitary science and Christian philanthropy are helping on the rapid increase of the race by the removal of the sources of disease, on the one hand, and the more merciful and skilful treatment of the diseased and helpless on the other. Wonderful as are the achievements of applied science and human inventiveness it is doubtful whether it can long be in the power of these or any other agencies to increase the means of subsistence in equal ratio with the multiplication of the race. If not, the world must be tending towards absolute overpopulation. In other words, a time must inevitably come when there will be large numbers for whom no profitable work can be found, and who will, therefore, be foredoomed either to be supported by the labors of others or to starve. This, however, may be regarded as, for some time to come, a speculative rather than an actual danger, since the state of things described cannot exist, save in special, over-crowded communities, so long as there are in other parts of the world large and fertile areas unoccupied. Thus the problem, for some generations to come, resolves itself into one of redistribution of populations by emigration from the congested to the sparsely settled localities, a process which is being carried on on a constantly increasing scale from year to year.

There is, however, one form of the difficulty which cannot be as easily met. Emigration is easy enough for unencumbered young men, or even, in most cases, for families. But what about the multiplying thousands of single women who cannot go abroad alone to fight the battle on a foreign soil? Take the case of Great Britain, for instance. Statistics show that there are at the present time 800,000 more women than [illegible] parents or friends in a position to provide permanently for their support. Under the influence of the better notions which modern opinion, or perhaps modern necessity, is causing to spread, large numbers of these women are becoming educated and fitted to support themselves, provided suitable occupations can be found. But there's the rub! The scope of woman's opportunities for self-support has also been enlarged of late years, until the professions and pursuits which remain exclusively male preserves are very few indeed. But the trouble is that the number of workers increases more rapidly than the opportunities for work. There are now, the *Spectator* tells us, three applicants for every situation where there was a little ago only one, and the great London shopkeepers could fill their establishments with the daughters of clergymen, country solicitors, doctors, and superior clerks, and then leave a kind of worldful begging for admittance outside. What is to become of the constantly increasing number of these young women, to whom self-support is a necessity, and who are able and willing to work, but for whom no suitable work is forthcoming? It would seem as if the revolution in regard to woman's work and sphere were as yet only begun.

REMOVING A CANCER.

Terrible Surgical Operation on Joseph Knorr—His Condition Favorable.

Mr. Joseph Knorr, business manager of the Dutsche Zeitung, in Newark, underwent a terrible surgical operation recently. About a year ago he began to feel pain in his throat, and about a month ago experienced also difficulty in speaking and swallowing. About the same time it was discovered that there was a schirrus (hard) cancer at the root of the tongue, involving also its attachment and glands under the tongue.

The pain became so intense that he could not sleep, and after his physican had consulted with other physicans here and in New York it was decided to remove the cancer. Dr. Henry B. Sands was engaged to perform the operation. He would not undertake it unless Mr. Knorr was willing to have all of his tongue cut out, which the patient finally assented to. The unfortunate man was also fully informed as to the dreadful nature of the operation and knew that he might die under it, also that if successful it might not gain him more than a year's respite from the ravages of the cancer. He made careful preparations for the worst, arranging all his business affairs as though he expected to die, which, in fact, was his desire.

The operation was begun at 3 o'clock, and for more than three hours the patient was under the influence of ether. Dr Sands was assisted by another physician from New York and four members of the profession in this city. First two of the patient's teeth were drawn, and then the right cheek was laid open from the corner of the mouth down to the side of the neck. Next the jaw was sawed through, until the entire tongue and all its attachments were exposed. After an examination it was decided that it would be necessary to remove only the right half of the tongue, which was done. Mr. Knorr bore the operation well, and at its close, being forbidden to speak wrote on paper expressing joy that the terrible trial was over and that half of his tongue remained. With this he will be able to speak. His condition is yet critical, but late last night his pulse and temperature were normal and he seemed cheerful.

His strong nerve and excellent general health will greatly aid in his recovery.

The physicians said that during his illness and in his preparations for the operation he showed wonderful fortitude.

Landlady (swell boarding house)—Have you any children, madam? Applicant (meekly)—Only one, a little boy, and he is very sickly. Landlady (dubiously)—I hardly know what to say, madam. Some of these sickly children often linger a long time, you know, and I don't like to take any chances.

VENICE'S VANISHED GLORY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

VENICE, April 2.—There was a time when the princes of this world—emperors, popes, kings, doges—seem to have had things pretty much their own way. It was a time when painting and architecture were at their highest, and the men of genius reared in marble and spread on canvas the glory of the men of power for the delight of future ages, and for their own delight in their own age. The men of power saw themselves always idealized, eulogized, not to say apotheosized. Acres of canvas display the gold embroidery, the jewels and velvets, the pomp and grandeur, the meetings and marchings of august potentate. Heaven and hell are depicted, to continue the triumphs of earth; and whether in earth or heaven it is to be observed that the Doges are always "in glory." Kneeling even by the crucified, with every possible splendor of robe, with outspread hands of prayers and uplifted eyes of aspiration, the Doge demands his share in the reverence of the beholder; and when it is the last great day, prominent on the safe side among the saints and angels St. Mark may be seen doing himself the honor of placing a golden crown upon a Doge, whose fine clothes far outshine the magnificence of the skies.

His palace is still a wonder of the world. Only the mountains are more massive, only the rainbow is more brilliant, only the tracery of the frost is more delicate than these, piles of stone and marble which weigh down the old worlds yet touch all lightness and grace and beauty in tint and outline. Still stands the Doge's gondola of gold and velvet—a dazzling dream of splendor as it glided along the sunset water under the sunset sky! Oh! it was a gay and gracious time! And below, deep in that glitter of gold sat the gondoliers—banks of slaves, side by side, for whom no sunset glowed; prisoners who could not even look out upon sky or water, who could only row and bend and toil forever, hopelessly.

Close by the Great Palace, by the stone stairs, and the stone lions and all the gorgeous garniture of art and nature, courts and columns and fountains and flowers, just across the narrow waterway the stone prison lurks dark and silent. From the splendor of the Doge's presence a narrow stone passage led as if through and into the solid rock, down into dreadful caverns beneath the water, and whoever defied the will or thwarted the schemes of the sovereign power went down into these depths of darkness and despair and was seen no more. Looking upon these massive, impenetrable walls, these tortuous, terrible passages, these sunless and hopeless cells, one must see that power was absolute. Resistance was useless.

THE GLORY THAT IS NO MORE.

And yet—incredible, inexplicable but indisputable—it is the doges who have disappeared; it is human mind chained to the gondola benches, buried beneath solid walls under water, crushed and torn in torture chambers, which conquered, which prevailed, which is free to-day. The doges and their pride and their hatreds are gone, and in their very haunts, their strongest fastnesses the thoughts which they steadfastly and successfully held in thrall mocks at their conceit and egotism, laughs to scorn their haughty assumption and does not so much assert as unconsciously exercise the liberty they loathed.

The Lion's Mouth, where once a lion's head in marble frowned through the outer wall of the Doge's Palace, and any spy or informer who chose to destroy an enemy could mount the stone steps of the Giant's Staircase, pass between the marble gods, and drop a silent letter into the marble mouth, through whose marble throat it dropped into silent hands within the palace —mouth and marble and fateful hands all are gone save one ignoble slit in the wall for the impudent modern world to stare at.

The absolutism which reared these superb abodes through the mysterious twilight of history is supplanted by the merry and frugal irreverence of the nineteenth century, and a successful English commission merchant fares sumptuously at five francs a day in the apartments of princes, calling it the Hotel de Something or other; where my lady leaned over her balcony the better to hear her lover's lute in serenade on the moonlit water, a furniture dealer arrays his wares to tempt the unbeguiled traveler, and royalty can never have a homelier box on the ear than in sailing proudly down the Grand Canal to see that the Queen of Cyprus was born in a pawnbroker's shop.

For the golden gondola, it is but a model, a toy, kept under glass, as dead as the Doge who sailed it, and a modern steamboat lords it up and down, whose gonfaloniers are any prince or peasant, beggar, or banker, that can steal or earn a copper coin or two worth one Canadian cent.

Sad Case of Attempted Suicide.

MONTREAL, May 9.—Annie Phipps, a prepossessing girl 19 years of age, was sent down to gaol for three months by the Police Magistrate the other day. The reason for this was that the unfortunate girl attempted to commit suicide. Annie Phipps, about three years ago emigrated from Marlborough, England, where her parents reside, and on her arrival in this city was engaged as servant by a Mrs. Vineberg. About four or five months ago she met a young may here from Maine, and the two became very intimate. They finally agreed to get married, and all the preparations were made for the ceremony, but the individual skipped out. This broke Annie's heart, and she believed that life to her now was valueless and she determined to die. On Friday last she took a quantity of "Rough on Rats," but it did not have the desired effect, and she continued to take small doses from day to day. The lady of the house did not know that the girl was taking poison, and only believed it when the girl told her. Mrs. Vineberg finally handed her over to the police.

A Glimpse of Victoria.

The stranger who first visits Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is struck by the great number of Indians who live in the city. They wear clothing of the European style. The men work on the wharves and steamers, sell fish and skins, or are occupied in different trades, particularly as carpenters. The women wash and work for the whites, or stroll idly about the streets. The suburbs of Victoria are almost exclusively inhabited by Indians. There they live in miserable, filthy shanties and sheds, or even in thin canvas tents. The city has about thirteen thousand inhabitants, and of these about two thousand are Indians who stay there over summer. Besides these, about three thousand Chinese, many Sandwich Islanders, a few negroes, and a white population coming from all parts of Europe and America, live in the city. The internationality of the population and its easy-going ways give it a peculiar character.

Patient (jumping from the dentist's chair and crying with anguish)—Oh! oh! oh! ee! I thought you said you pulled teeth without pain? Dentist (smiling pleasantly)—So I do; it don't hurt me any.

Adventure with a Polar Bear.

Either the east coast of Greenland is more frequented by bears than any other part of the Frigid Zone, or else the Germans cultivate the acquaintance of these animals more successfully than other explorers. Captain Koldewey's account of the expedition of 1869-70 contains more bear stories than all other books of Arctic travel together. The following may be taken as a specimen of these interesting incidents in winter life. It happened one morning in January to Theodor Klentzer, who, during the time the men were busied without, or were obliged to take their daily walk, thought he would climb the Germaniaberg to view the increasing midday light.

Reaching the top, he seated himself on a rock, and sang a song in the still air. As he looked behind him, however, he saw not many steps off a huge bear, which, with great gravity, was watching the stranger.

Now to our Theodor, who was as quiet and decided a man as he was powerful, this would, under other circumstances, have been nothing, for the bear stood wonderfully well for a shot, and could not easily have been missed; but Klentzer was totally unarmed, not having even a knife!

Incredible, is it not? But, as Lieutenant Payer writes, "The bears always come when one has forgotten all about them."

Thus Klentzer saw himself unarmed and alone, far from his companions, and close to the bear. Flight is the only, though a doubtful chance, of safety and the audacious thought struck him of plunging down the steep side of the glacier; but he chose the softer side-slope, and began to hurry down the mountain.

Upon looking back, after a time, he perceived the great bear trotting behind him at a little distance, like a big dog. Thus they descended the mountain for some time. If Klentzer halted so did the bear; when he went on, the bear followed slowly; if he began to run, the bear did the same.

Thus the two had gone some distance, and Klentzer thought seriously of saving himself, as the bear, finding the chase somewhat wearisome, might press close upon his heels. He therefore uttered a loud shout; but the bear, disconcerted for only a moment, seemed to get more angry and approached more quickly, so that he seemed to feel the hot breath of the monster.

At this dreadful moment—and it was most likely his preservation—he remembered the stories he had heard, and, while running, pulled off his jacket and threw it behind him.

See, the trick answers!

The bear stops, and begins to examine the jacket, Klentzer gains courage, rushes on down the mountain, sending out a shout for help which resounds through the silent region. But soon the bear is again at his heels, and he must throw away cap and waistcoat, by which he gains a little.

Now Klentzer sees help approaching—several friends hurrying over the ice. Collecting his last strength, he shouts and runs on; but help seems in vain, for the pursuer hurries too, and he is obliged to take the last thing he has, his shawl, which he throws exactly over the monster's snout. The bear, more excited still by renewed shouting, throws the garment back again contemptuously with a toss of the head and presses forward upon the defenceless man, who feels the cold, black snout touch his hand.

Klentzer now gave himself up for lost; he could do no more; but the wonderful thought struck him of fastening up the brute's throat with the leather belt which he wore round his body.

Fixedly he stared into the merciless eyes of the beast—one short moment of doubt; the bear was startled, his attention seemed drawn aside, and the next moment he was off at a gallop. The shouts of the many persons hurrying to the rescue had evidently frightened him, and caused him to abandon the pursuit. Klentzer was saved.

A Bloody Battle With Outlaws.

WICHITA, Kan., April 30.—Ever since last fall farmers in the counties of Texas and Kansas adjoining Indian Territory have been sorely annoyed by horse thieves, who have been unusually bold in their periodical raids. Visits from the marauders at last became so frequent that the farmers formed a vigilence committee for the purpose of exterminating the thieves. Some time ago the vigilantes, armed with Winchester six shooters and lariats, started on the trail the marauders, but it was not until they had been two weeks in the saddle that they found any tangible trace of the robbers' camp. While the vigilantes were travelling through the western part of the Territory ten days ago they suddenly ran across the thieves in a deep ravine. The outlaws were in their blankets, but not asleep. When the vigilantes rode up the crest of the ravine the thieves, who were in command of Bill Higgins, alias "Scar-Face," sprang on to their horses, but in mounting one of their number was shot dead. The others put spurs to their animals and were soon throwing dust and bullets into the eyes of their pursuers. The horses ridden by the vigilantes were fatigued and were in no condition to give the outlaws' horses any kind of a race. But the chase was begun and the trail of the thieves followed. After a furious ride, lasting all day, the vigilantes succeeded in driving the gang upon a butte near a small creek, where preparations were made for a desperate resistance. As the vigilantes approached they were met by a volley which brought down one of their number, Peter Ackerman, of Medicine Lodge, Kan. The thieves were surrounded as well as possible, and the fight continued. One by one the rifles of the outlaws were silenced, until but few flashes answered the vigilantes' rifles. About dusk a white rag was hoisted on the summit of the butte. The vigilantes greeted it with another volley and charged up the hill. Three of the outlaws escaped, but "Scar Face," Hank Windom and "Curly Bill" were captured. "Curly Bill" and Windom were riddled with bullets, but "Scar Face," although nearly dead from the loss of blood, was dragged to death suspended by a lariat from the pommel of a saddle. Four other members of the gang were found dead behind their stone barriers.

THOSE TERRIBLE WIRES.

Successive Deaths in Halifax From the Electric Current.

HALIFAX, May 9.—On Sunday night roundsman Albert Webber was struck by the electric current and killed while attending the lamp at the corner of Agricola and May streets. To-night Webber's successor, John Croker, was killed under similar circumstances while fixing the same lamp. The circumstances are peculiarly painful and the double fatality has produced a sensation. Croker stood looking at the lamp several minutes before ascending the fatal post, as if in doubt whether to do so or not. Finally he went up, threw his leg over the crossbar, came in contact with the current and fell against the lamp dead. His body hung on the wires nearly half an hour before it could be taken down.

Consoling friend (to henpecked husband, —Why don't you give your wife a piece of your mind? Henpecked husband (dazed) —Peace of my mind? Great Scott, man, she never lets me have any.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

THE LONDONDERRY TIMES

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 PER YEAR.

J. W. MORRISON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE LONDONDERRY TIMES

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888.

Police Force.

A meeting was called some time ago to consider the best way to reduce the sale and drinking of liquor in this town. A large number obeyed the summons, and Temperance Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Most earnest appeals were made to those present by some of the resident clergy and by others who took part in the meeting. It was thought by all that there was a great deal too much noise and disturbance on our streets during the week of the March pay, and in order to prevent a repetition of the disorderly conduct of some, it was considered practical to make some provision for a police force. In a very short time very nearly fifty dollars were subscribed for the purpose. Accordingly five men were on the "beat" pay night and the two following nights, and as a result the April pay was one of the quietest in the history of the place. This is a strong argument for the permanent establishment of a regular police force. We firmly believe that Acadia Mines should have, at least, one good policeman, who shall devote his whole time to the preservation of peace and good order in our town. We do not, for one moment, believe that we have within our borders a worse class of men than other places, but on the contrary we believe that it would be difficult to find a more civil and intelligent class of workmen anywhere. Remove the temptation and Acadia Mines will be a model town. Close the rumshops and this will be a most desirable place to live. But while the town is willing to support the rumsellers, who are responsible for all the noise and rowdyism that we ever have here, it should also be willing to support some one to put down the disturbance.

While liquor is sold here our property, our homes and our families demand protection from its ravages. Let the town either stop the business or furnish the funds to keep a policeman.

THE "Guardian" says that THE LONDONDERRY TIMES is densely ignorant, like its predecessor, "The Week's Doings." We appreciate the compliment very much. If the initial issue of our paper is worthy a position beside the paper lately published here, we feel greatly encouraged. We hardly expected such a compliment so soon. When we remember that every discussion, in which the "Week's Doings" and "Guardian" participated, the form or always was more than a match for the latter; or when we call to mind the occasion on which an astute lawyer of Truro attempted to measure pens with the editor of "The Week's Doings" on the iron question and gladly withdrew from the discussion, we must say that the "Guardian's" remarks are most flattering:

If dense ignorance win in the discussion of public questions then let us be ignorant. If dense ignorance, with facts and figures, can dispose of the sophistries of a learned lawyer so triumphantly as did our predecessor, then we too would be ignorant. If dense ignorance consist in a thorough acquaintance with the leading industries of our county and battling for them, then let all be densely ignorant. Again, the man is to be pitied who thinks that he knows every thing and that every one else knows nothing. The testimony of all the most learned men of all ages has been that it was when they knew the least that they professed to know the most, and the more they learned the less they thought they knew. The college freshman generally feels as though he could teach the professors a great deal, while the senior realizes that he knows very little. And so it is in every department of life. The greater the rogue the more he persists in calling all other men rogues. The more one is addicted to making false statements the more apt is he to accuse others of the same failings. The less one knows the more ready is he to call others ignorant. So the "Guardian's" shouting about dense ignorance is no argument, that the editor of that paper possesses any more knowledge than his fellows.

Extortion.

We notice in going our rounds a great deal of anxiety felt and expressed by a number of merchants and landlords in Acadia Mines and vicinity, with regard to the difficulties and general dissatisfaction which appear to exist between the men and the Londonderry Iron Co. We would like to say a few words and give a little advice, and if heeded no doubt would prove beneficial to all concerned in the welfare and prosperity of Acadia Mines. At a meeting held in St. Bridget's Hall last Monday evening the workmen spoke to Mr. Patterson in reference to recovering the advance of 15 per cent. which was taken off them some three or four years ago. Mr. Patterson, in reply, stated that under the present existing circumstances it would be impossible to recover it, or could he hold out any inducement in the near future, whereby their request could be granted. We also hear the men pretty severely criticised for the action taken in demanding the advance so soon after the new company taking hold, and expending a large amount of capital on the extension of the works and increased facilities.

But we fail to ever hear one word of rebuke or blame attributed to these blood-sucking landlords, who are almost wholly responsible for all the trouble. They know quite well that houses are scarce and are taking advantage of the men, and are determined to make the best of it. During the past month they have increased their rents from 30 to 70 per cent. Can any man, with reason or a sense of justice, wonder at men asking an advance under such circumstances. Why increase the rent without increasing wages in the same proportion? We know Acadia Mines is booming, that it is employing double the number of hands it was a year ago; but men are not receiving one cent more wages than they were three years ago, and if this kind of thing continues the men will have to demand the advance asked for, and if refused, as Mr. Patterson distinctly stated that it would be, they would have to close up if is were. What would these shells or houses, as they call them, be worth in that case? We think if property-holders are wise to their own interests as they appear to be, they will let the rents remain as they are for the present at least.

For our part we think it would be advisable and to the interest of the company if they would take this matter in their own hands and provide suitable dwellings for men in their employ, letting employers have them at a nominal figure, thereby making living as cheap and comfortable as circumstances would permit, by so doing it will tend to lessen the dissatisfaction which appear so general.

As we stated in our last issue the majority of these landlords are non-residents of this place, and positively refuse to even contribute a small proportion to the support of our schools by way of taxes, and are the very worst suckers the men have to deal with. But if the company undertake what we have proposed, we may see these non-resident landlords having their houses boarded up and placarded "to let for one dollar per month," for which they are now extracting from six dollars to eight dollars per month. We sincerely hope it may be so

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HON. Postmaster General McLellan, before concluding his reply to Sir Richard Cartwright's criticisms on the Budget Speech, made things quite warm for him, and had the opposition feeling rather uncomfortably. He rode rough shod over the Grit pessimist, handling him without gloves, knocking and scattering the flimsy arguments and false assertions of the opposition, as a child would so many toy soldiers.

GENERAL NEWS.

Union painters in New York City are paid $3.50 per day.

The name of Albermarle street, Halifax, has been changed to Empire street.

The new Provincial Liquor License Act came into force on Monday last in New Brunswick.

A bicycle club for women is one of the latest "sensations" in Washington, D. C.

Rhodes, Curry & Co., has been awarded the contract for building the new court house at Amherst.

C. R. Casey, Scott Act prosecutor for Cumb. Co., is making it pretty warm for liquor dealers in Amherst and vicinity.

A New York policeman recently got ten years in Sing Sing for burglarizing a store in that city while on duty.

It is said that Mr. Weldon, of Alberta, is pressing his claims to be made postmaster general in the case of Mr. McLelan's retirement.

Over $30,000 has been subscribed by the people of St. Louis to entertain the Democratic convention guests.

The heaviest locomotive in the world belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway. Weight 160,000 pounds.

The King of Spain is eighteen months old, and has a salary of $1,000,000, with the prospect of a raise as soon as the business will warrant it.

It is shown by statistics that since the organization of the National Bakers' Union it has reduced the working time 20 hours a week, and increased wages 33 per cent.

A colored girl named Mary Saunders burglarized a safe at Yarmouth to the extent of $76 and has been committed for trial at the Supreme Court.

A hotel located at Erie Pa., is being advertised as follows: "There is no gilt edge business about this house, and if you want to eat pie with a knife you can do it without fear of being ostracised from society."

The jury returned a verdict of accidental death in the cases of Webber and Crocker who were instantly killed, while employed by the Chandler Electric Light Co., but censured the new [illegible]

Six [illegible] their own living in Boston, by accident came to sit in one pew at church in that city. The queer part of it is that the girls formerly lived but a few miles apart in the country, and did not know of one another's residence in Boston.

Albert W. Holberg, one of the Chicago Burlington roads new firemen, shot, and killed Herbert B. Newell, and badly wounded Geo. Cable. Holberg was one of the scab firemen, and had previously threatened to shoot any man who would follow him, whether a striker or not.

A sad affair happened yesterday at Sydney Mines, 9th, whereby a young fellow named Corkney lost his life. It seems there was some discussion about playing at base ball and the deceased had some words with another lad named McDonald, of Sydney Mines. The latter took his bat and struck deceased across the stomach, which caused him to stagger with his arms folded for a few feet and then dropped dead. An inquest will be held this afternoon.—[Chron.

HIDDEN IN A CHIMNEY.—A curious discovery is reported from Harrisburg, Penn., on April 27, as having been made by some workmen who were tearing down an old building in McKeesport a few days ago. The house was built in 1838 by the late Orlando Grier, an eccentric citizen of the place. Built in with the brick of the chimney the workmen came upon a pint flask filled with whiskey. A label, giving the date of distillation of the liquor as 1828, was on the bottle. Near it was found a small tin box, containing written information that Grier had placed the flask in the chimney when the house was built, and a singular series of prophecies, the most remarkable of which were the following:

"Thirty-five years from this year slavery will not exist in this land, but it will have cost the lives of thousands to make the change. Men will converse from beach to beach of the ocean easier than indite a letter. The demons fashion and drink will enthrall the masses. Efforts will be made to overthrow the fiend rum. The tallow candle will not even be used to grease boots. Men will touch the wall as Moses touched the rock for water, and light will dispel the darkness. Prohibition will be a battle cry, with temperance a formidable enemy. The first will fail, the latter prevail for a time, wax weak, and men will again court the cup. The flask of spirits which I place herewith will rise in the midst of a conflict which will claim it as one of the principals.—[Boston Herald.

Sporting News.

Jimmy Ten Eyck, the oarsman, is now in Worchester, Mass.

The Spring Hill cricket club, play the Windsors on May 24 th at Parrsboro.

Wallace Ross offers to row any man in the country a six-day race, on rowing tricycles, for either $500 or $1000 a side.

Dominick McCaffrey and Frank Herald are travelling together and sparring nightly.

Dick Guthrie wants to make a match to fight Arthur O. Upham, who recently defeated Jimmy Nelson in 16 rounds with skin gloves.

Tommy Burns, the Liverpool bantam, who has come to this country with Sullivan, fights at 108 pounds, and is said to be a good one.

Arrangements are being made for a three-mile race between Wallace Ross and George Hosmer, to take place Decoration Day in Boston.

The Canadian lacrosse team, now on a visit to England, won a victory in London, April 21, by defeating the London lacrosse team 9 goals to 2

Anson "of the Chicago" says he has disposed of all his $10,000 beauties, and that he has nothing but $10,000 players in the team now.

The Moncton cricket club reorganized on Tuesday night. There is talk of forming an athletic association there similar to that in St. John.

Jim Fell and Billy Gabig the "mysterious boxer" are to fight to a finish with two ounce gloves for $250 a side and a guaranteed purse of $500 inside of a week.

The race on the Paramatta River between Hanlan and Kemp, was won by the later, beating the Canadian champion five lengths.

Jack Dempsey is sparring a week's engagement at the Grand Street Museum, Williamsburg, this week, and a purse is offered to anyone who will stand before him for four rounds.

Capt. James C. Daly has challenged Prof. William Miller, the all-round athlete, to a Graeco-Roman wrestling match, best two in three falls, for $20 a side and gate receipts.

Sporting men in Philadelphia are gloomy over the fact that Arthur Chambers has been refused a license for his Champion's Rest. Arthur and Harry Hill can mingle tears in their cup of disappointment.

The Atlanta club's committee waited upon the Socials Wednesday evening for the purpose of arranging a series of ball games, but the latter were not prepared just then to confer. Another meeting will shortly be held.

[illegible] forms Athletic Club and the heavy weight championship of the Pacific coast.

Jem Smith, English champion pugilist, is expected to reach New York city the latter part of June, and within a month after his arrival he will engage in a 15 round glove contest with Dominick McCaffrey for gate receipts.

The annual picnic and games of the Boston Caledonian Club will be held on A. 20, at some place as yet undecided. An effort is to be made to bring George Davidson, the noted athlete, to this country from Scotland to compete in the games.

Jack C. Magee says that he will fight Pete McCoy under any management outside that of the Cribb Club of Boston, "either for fun, money or marbles, anyway he wants it, 10 or 20 rounds or to a finish, and any time that it suits McCoy." All Jack wants is fight.

Immediately on receipt of the news of the defeat of Hanlan, Teemer issued a challenge to row Kemp for the championship of the world and $5,000, Teemer to be allowed $300 for expenses to go to Australia, or Kemp to receive $1,000 to come to America.

The Irish championship athletic meeting take place at Balls Bridge, Dublin, May 21. One hundred and fifty entries have been received. The gold championship crosses, which are much improved, are on exhibition already. The meeting, it is thought, will be the most successful one ever held in Ireland.

The Shamrocks failing to get a match on with the Woodstockers telegraphed the Quoddys Eastport, asking a game for the Queen's birthday, and received a dispatch from H. V. Jonah that the Quoddys were not organized. The Atlantas of Halifax are organized; why not write that club to visit this city and play a friendly match on the 24th?

George W. Atkinson, of the "Sporting Life," London, cables that Kilrain will make a match with John L. Sullivan for $5,000 a side, but that the whole stake must be put up at the time of the signing of articles of agreement, so that Sullivan will have to pay a large forfeit in case he fails to fight. Sullivan's manager, Harry Phillips, has expressed himself perfectly satisfied with this offer.

Jake Kilrain, writing to a friend in Baltimore about Sullivan, says: "John L. is the biggest talker you ever saw. As a knuckle fighter he is away behind the times. In the late fight Mitchell had him beaten several times. He started in to kill Charley in a round or two, but after 130 minutes' fighting he was content to stand off and spar. Talk about a small ring and what he would have done, why, I saw him have Mitchell in a corner over twenty times and then never do anything dangerous. Several times he stood off and dared not go at Charlie. After all his talk about me, he said he was my best friend, and that he always thought I could whip Smith."

DO YOU KNOW

That our subscription list is rolling up.

That everybody was agreeably surprised with THE LONDONDERRY TIMES.

That we secured 400 subscribers in one day.

That it will pay you to advertise in the TIMES.

Mrs. Huestis has just received a fine lot of Sunshades, very handsome.

That the Acadia Rink is up for lottery. Tickets only $1.00.

Choice Timothy and Clover Seeds selling very low at Atkins' Drug Store.

There are too many dogs in this place.

That G. R. Smith has a silver-plated ball bearing bycicle, for sale cheap.

That Bigelow's Tonic Beer is having a great sale.

That the men in the mines will be laid but not driven.

It is generally admitted that G. W. Cox & Co. lead the trade in Ladies' fine Boots and shoes.

That houses are very scarce in Acadia Mines.

That J. E. Bigelow & Co.'s Soda Ale make a splendid drink.

That a peddler comes to this place selling bad fish. Public beware.

That Mrs. Morris has the best stock of dress goods to select from in town.

A full line of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds will be kept at the "Branch" Atkins' Drug Store.

Our car choice Flour just arrived at G. W. Cox & Co.

THE LONDONDERRY TIMES is for sale at the newsstands of J. B. Gillis & Co. and M. L. Sturks.

R. M. Solomon has a choice lot of groceries, which he is disposing of very cheap.

J. G. Blaikie keeps the best flour in town. Favorite brand—the "Village Pride."

The "Branch" Atkins' Drug Store, will shortly remove to the new stand under Masonic Hall.

That parties can order Goods from J. E. Bigelow & Co., Truro, by telephone without expense.

That the dressed and trackmen struck last Monday, and lasting to it for fifteen minutes.

Latest styles in Prints and Ginghams just received by G. W. Cox & Co. Call early and select before the best patterns are gone.

That J. B. Gillis & Co. respectfully thank the public for past patronage and would kindly solicit a continuance of the same.

[illegible] now carries the largest [illegible] in the Province.

That Watson's fish are just what he advertises.

That Falconer & Durning's Straw Goods will be opened next week.

That Tuesday is pay day.

That F. H. Johnson has built some splendid carriages this season.

That our paper is improving.

That you can get Robinson's celebrated hams at G. R. Smith's.

That the Acadia Cricket Club is to have a meeting next week.

That a number of the puddler's helpers leave on pay day.

That the hotels are crowded.

That commercial agents are numerous in town.

That M. L. Sturks, has a splended assortment of stationery and schools supplies.

Times are good on the railroad, and that the boys know it:

If you want a rich treat
In the shape of good meat,
Don't listen to the gossips of others,
But just turn your feet
Up Furnace street,
And call upon Ferguson Brothers.
You will find all our meat
Very tender and sweet,
So we ask you to give us a call;
We sell naught but the best
Which scores can attest,
And offer no poor meat at all.
We have put prices down
The lowest in town,
And entire satisfaction we give;
Although wages are small
The children will bawl,
And must have some meat for to live;
Then perhaps it may be,
That now you will see,
If over our business you scan,
That should you want a good roast
By which you can boast,
You'll be sure to get it from Dan;
Also our Dry Goods and Groceries,
Hats, Caps, and Hoseries,
And all other Goods you can mention,
You will find them just right,
Both for measure and weight,
For we sell with an honest intention.
And we sell the best Tea
For just thirty-three,
That ever came in from the stations;
Our Shoes and our Boots
And ready-made Suits
You can depend upon for duration.
We've been keeping store
For twelve years or more,
And perhaps we may stop very soon,
So then, great and small,
Just give us a call,
And I know you'll be well pleased with John.

New Advertisements.

DRINK
J. E. Bigelow & Co's
MOST EXCELLENT
SODA ALE,
CHAMPAGNE CIDER,
CRAPE SODA,

PURE FRUIT SYRUPS, and all kinds Mineral Waters.

We carry the largest and best selected stock of Cigars in the Maritime Provinces, and offer special inducements to the trade.

Manufactory, Truro, N. S. Telephone call 80.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
TRURO, N. S.
CASSON & LAMONT, - PROP'S.
(Successors to R. H. Edwards.)
House remodelled and refitted. Sample Rooms in the House and on Prince St., close to Post Office.

NOTICE.

ALL persons at Acadia Mines and vicinity who are indebted to the "Acadia Mines Drug Store" will please take notice that I have placed the accounts at the office of Thomas M. Dunphy, Esq., at Acadia Mines, for immediate collection, who is authorized to give receipts therefor.

I have also appointed the said T. M. Dunphy, my agent, to receive from my tenants the monthly rents of the several properties, as said rents become due, and to take charge of the said property in general.

W. C. MacDONALD,
Proprietor.
Truro, N. S., May 9th, A. D., 1888.-1m

STEPHEN WATSON,
Fish Dealer.

HALIBUT, Codfish, Haddies, Fin. and Haddies, Salmon and Shade in their season. I guarantee all Fish fresh. Received direct from the boats, and packed in ice. Delivery days Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

STEPHEN WATSON,
Acadia Mines, May 11th, 1888.

JOHN LEE,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,

HAIR-CUTTING, Shaving and Shampooing, Ladies' and children's Hair-Dressing a speciality. Particular attention paid to monthly customers. Private mugs and razors for parties desiring them. Shop directly opposite Episcopal Church, Acadia Mines.

Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—1y

F. H. JOHNSON,
CARRIAGE BUILDER AND UNDERTAKER,
ACADIA MINES, - - - N. S.

MY Common Sense Buggies is light, noiseless and cheap for ease of motion unequaled. Price $75. Best White Lead in the Dominion. Pure English Oil Varnish, Japan and Steel Nails.

Rosewood Coffins from $200 upwards. Imitation Walnut Burial Caskets, finest, $24.00. Hearse free.

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage, I will try to give satisfaction in all lines of goods.

Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—6m

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has opened a shop directly opposite the school-house and is prepared to do all kinds of general
Blacksmith's Work.
Horse-shoeing and carriage work a speciality. All work done neatly and promptly.
RICHARD HUGHES.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

LADIES' STORE.

MRS. W. B. HUESTIS
HAS about completed her Spring stock of English and American
MILLINERY.
Ladies' and children's Hats and Bonnets, in all the newest shapes and shades. Flowers and Feathers in great variety. A very fine stock of Dress Goods, with trimmings to match; also a first-class
DRESS-MAKER
on the premises. All orders receive careful and prompt attention.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

CARD.

THE Subscriber having opened a Fancy Bakery and Confectionery Shop would respectfully solicit your patronage.
HOME - MADE BREAD
a speciality. WEDDING CAKES to order. Good assortment of choice Confectionery, Oranges, &c. Shop opposite post-office.
MISS FLEMING.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has opened a shop directly opposite the Episcopal Church and is making
Horse-Shoeing
a speciality. Price reduced to 90 cents, and I would respectfully ask a share of your patronage.
JOSEPH KELLIN.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

Property Holders.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL HOUSE, SIGN, AND FRESCO PAINTING, PAPER HANGING, AND CALSOMINING.

All orders receive prompt attention. Work guaranteed satisfactory and durable by
A. F. CROWE.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—6m

Total Eclipse,
And Where Visible!

THE leading Spring and Summer stock, eclipsing all others in STYLE, QUALITY, and PRICE. Royal bargains in ladies' and children's
BONNETS, HATS, CAPS AND GLOVES.
Trimmings of every shade and description. Children's Cloaks, 100 patterns of Dress Goods to select from. Quality at top. Prices at the bottom. Look where you will but don't buy before visiting
MRS. MORRIS.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—1y

F. W. BIRD,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
CHURCH ST., - ACADIA MINES.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelery repaired. All work guaranteed for one year.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

BLAIKIE BROS.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES
HARDWARE, CROCKERY-WARE, GROCERIES, ETC.

Flour and Meal a speciality.

BLAIKIE BROS.,
Commercial Street,
Acadia Iron Mines.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.

ACADIA MINES
STORE,
GENERAL & COMMISSION WAREHOUSE.

INSURANCE
—AND—
RAILWAY TICKET OFFICE.
E. WALSH, - - AGENT,
Merchants' Bank - - of Halifax.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.

WANTED.

500 men, women and children to call on the subscriber, who has opened a Boot and Shoe Store on Church street, next door to the American House, where he will be prepared to perform
Surgical Operations
—ON—
Boots and Shoes
By the adding of Feet, making good the Legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the Body with a New Sole.
—O—
My Custom made Boots and Shoes
will be found as Elastic as an Act of Parliament, and admirably suited for those who tread only in the paths of rectitude. Their durability is equal to truth in itself, and they fit the feet as fairly as innocence the face of childhood. Also, supply the Ladies with their Rights as well as the
DENNIS MURPHY.
Acadia Mines, May 1—1 y

SUBSCRIBE
—FOR THE—
Londonderry Times,
ONLY $1.00 A YEAR.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

LOCAL & OTHER MATTERS.

Our energetic and enterprising barber, John Lee, intends fitting up a bath room, in connection with his shop. This is much needed in this place.

Fire.—The house occupied by Mr. Wm. Hattie caught fire last Monday morning, caused by the stove-pipe falling from flue. The fire was extinguished before any damage was done.

For the past few weeks the store lately occupied by James Forman has been undergoing quite a change. In the rear of the store is being placed a large window, with a door, giving a side entrance. The store is to be occupied by Thos. E. Atkins, druggist.

W. J. Scriban, proprietor of the American House, is making an alteration in his premises, by the removal of a shed at the rear and replacing it with a good substantial building. A fence is also being placed around the house which will add to its appearance.

We understand that dogs are beginning their annual slaughter of sheep. Mr. John McSwain having lost two fine sheep already this season. It seems a pity that hard working farmers should have their property destroyed in this way, and if people still persist in letting their dogs run loose, some effective means should be employed to prevent the destruction of other person's property.

We are glad to see that Mr. R. C. McDonald, of Truro, representative salesman for W. H. Johnson, Halifax, in the piano and organ business, is doing such an extensive business amongst us as his genial disposition and honest dealing deserve. Mr. McDonald, being a resident rate-payer of the county, and having as his partner in life one of the fairest daughters of Acadia Mines, is surely deserving of the full patronage of our town, representing as he does the most reliable and extensive house in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Johnson deals in the two rival makers of organs in the Dominion—the genuine "Bell" and "Dominion" organs, and carries a stock of ten different makers of pianos, including the celebrated "Chickering" and "Knabe" pianos.

Coal! Coal! Coal!—There is quite an excitement in town today over the report that Mr. Robert Patriquin has discovered a very valuable seam of coal about half ways between the blast furnace and Londonderry Station. It appears that Mr. Patriquin and a practical Scotish miner went out in search of coal a few days ago, and after one-and-a half-day's work they struck, as he says, not a few bits of coal but a big seam. As soon as it was discovered they immediately covered it up, and Mr. P. has secured the right of search, and will likely proceed at once to unearth the valuable deposit. It will be remembered that some two years ago there was a small company formed to dig for coal, and after they had expended some $2,000 got discouraged and abandoned the search, and now Mr. P. has found what they were looking for, only a few yards from where they were digging.

A public meeting of the men employed by the Londonderry Iron Co. was held in St. Bridget's Hall last Monday evening, to discuss grievances, etc., "which the men claim exist amongst them." Mr. Sutcliffe, manager, and Mr. Patterson, a director, from Montreal, were present. Mr. Wilks opened the meeting with a few well chosen remarks, laying considerable stress upon the 15 p. c. reduction which took place about 4 years ago, which was then promised to be returned as soon as the company got on solid footing. A few more speeches followed on the same subject, when a little cross-firing between the manager and some of the speakers occurred, making things wax warm for a few moments. Mr. Patterson, after listening very patiently and attentively to the requests and wishes of the men, made a few remarks, stating that it would be utterly impossible to give an advance of wages at present, as the iron market was worse to-day than a year ago, notwithstanding the extra duty. And with regard to the case of the West Mines trammers, they could return to work if they wished, but it would be impossible to give them any advance. Reference was made to cases where men were hurt or disabled while on the company's works, the company at present allowing no remuneration, also to the fortnightly pays. To the former Mr. Patterson replied that he had already been in consultation with the manager on that subject, and promised that if the men would interest themselves to the amount of a few cents per week or month, the company would subscribe a handsome proportion to a fund for that purpose, and with regard to the fortnightly pays he, for his part, was perfectly agreeable, but wished to consult with those upon whom the extra work would devolve. There was one noticeable feature about the meeting, and that was the manly and straightforward manner in which the men expressed themselves, and the assertions they made, and on which they challenged contradiction, assertions vastly different from those daily ground out by the official mill.

LOCAL & OTHER MATTERS.

Capt. R. J. Turner, late of the firm of Chambers, Turner & Layton, Truro, is in town, spending a few days with his brother-in-law J. G. Blaikie, Esq.

Robert Stewart, of Westchester, and Robert Bruce, of Little Dyke, died suddenly on Thursday, both of congestion of the lungs. Those gentlemen are well and favorably known in Acadia Mines.

Wm. McKim, Esq., J. P., died at Great Village yesterday, at the ripe old age of 85 years. Mr. McKim was one of the oldest residents of Great Village, and universally respected by all who knew him.

Lt. Col. Blair, ex M. P. P., has been appointed Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Nappan, Cumb. Co. We extend our hearty congratulations to Col. Blair, and wish him the fullest success.

Runaway.—A horse owned by Thomas Williams, frightened by a train at Londonderry Station Wednesday morning, broke loose and ran away, scattering boxes and baskets in all directions. They failed to capture him before he reached Great Village. No damage was done.

Our attention has been called to a certain country man who has been using unlawful weights in selling fish, etc., around our town. If such a thing is to be continued we trust the proper officials will look after the matter sharply. Sell as cheap as you like but give us honest weight.

Two suspicious characters have been seen lounging around this vicinity for some days past. One a short, thick-set fellow, the other quite tall, with their hair shaven close. They are, by no means, backward in displaying large sheath knives which they carry about their person.

Mr. Thomas Morris met with quite a loss on Thursday. A very fine Jersey cow, which he valued at $50, made entrance through a door leading to the back of the stable and feasted on a barrel of bran, which was kept for her benefit, and before being noticed had consumed about half of it. Everything was done to relieve her, but in vain.

Mr. R. M. Langille, late book-keeper for Falconer & Durning, left Thursday morning for Amherst, accepting a position as salesman, under Moran & Bent. Mr. Langille is a young man possessing good business qualities, genial and obliging, consequently leaves many warm friends behind him, who wish him every success.

While in Truro this week we had the pleasure of visiting J. E. Bigelow & Co.'s establishment. They are carrying on one of the largest businesses in the manufacturing and bottling of all kinds of temperate drinks in the Province. They have placed in some new machinery, and are employing extra hands this season, and are prepared to fill all orders for picnic supplies, etc., with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

Victoria Hotel, Truro, has been remodelled and given a through repairing, which makes it one of the best houses in Truro, Messrs. Casson & Learment are the proprietors. They run a first-class house, and parties visiting Truro and wishing good accommodations cannot do better than call at the Victoria.

Scholey's Perpetual Motor.—The inventor of the subject of my sketch was born in Sheffield, England, in 1830, consequently is now in his 59th year. He always cherished the idea that a machine could be invented producing its own power without any combustibles, and about fifteen years ago devoted his first study to it, working on a rule which had been given him by his father, who always contended, if properly worked out, would gain the desired object. He spent some years of study to the theory before attempting to put it in practice, and has at last accomplished what the world, with all its science, thought impossible. After making application to the English patent office about two months ago, Mr. Scholey took two of our most prominent citizens into his confidence (Edward Walsh, manager of Acadia Mines Store, and Jas. G. Blaikie, merchant) who have since invested quite freely in it. Last evening the writer of this article was also permitted to examine it, and can only say, like my predecessors, it is a wonderful invention. There is no doubt but it is an accomplished fact. It is simple, not complicated, and can be readily understood when once seen working. It is not necessary for a skilled mechanic to tell you it is practicable. It proves itself, its power producing propensities are unlimited. It is adapted for anything that the steam engine is now used for. Can be built for one quarter the cost of the cheapest engines, and will be particularly adapted for marine purposes. I am not at liberty to give the principle on which it works, any more than it obtains its power through leverage, but have no hesitation in stating that it is the greatest invention of the 19th century.

New Advertisements.

THOMAS E. ATKINS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
Acadia Mines, N. S.

PROPRIETOR OF ATKIN'S DRUG STORE.
(NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE)

And the 'Branch,' Furnace Street
(At Store lately occupied by Messrs. Poppard & McDonald.)

—:o:—

Both the above Stores will always have on hand a complete stock of Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail and Cloth Brushes, Sponges, Toilet Soaps and Toilet Requisites of all kinds. Pure Spices in bulk a speciality.

A carefully selected stock of fine Stationery, Mourning Paper and Envelopes, Memo. Books, Day Books, Counter Blotters, Letter Tablets, Pens, Ink and Pencils. Also, a good assortment of reading matter in all the latest editions of Seaside, Lovell's, Ogilvies' and other Libraries.

—:o:—

FISHING TACKLE,
Viz., Rods, at all prices. Fly Hooks, Fly Books, Landing Nets, Hooks, Lines, &c.

Cigars, (imported and domestic) Cigarettes, Old Gold and Mytle Navy Smoking Tobacco, Meerchaum and Briar Pipes.

Atkin's Condition Powder for horses and cattle, the cheapest and best.

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!
In their season, a very carefully selected stock of Fresh Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED LAWRENCE SPECTACLES.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

NEW GOODS! SPRING 1888.

—:o:—

C. W. COX & CO.,
Keep constantly on hand a fine assortment in the various departments that make up

A First-Class General Store.
GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES. COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN AT MARKET PRICES.

—:o:—

Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Acadia Mines, April 30th, 1888.

DON'T
Miss the Red Roof Store on Main Street.

—:o:—

Newest Goods at lowest prices. Children's, boys' and men's Clothing and Furnishings in great variety. For Custom Clothing a big show Cloths and new Patterns.

DON'T forget that we have a full line of Furniture, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Lounges, Beds, Mattresses, Curtain Poles and Curtains, Room Paper, and everything required by the ladies for house cleaning and furnishing.

DON'T purchase until you have thoroughly inspected our stock, especially Dress Goods, Ginghams, Prints, Ladies' Kid Boots, Waltham Watches, &c. We sell a good Watch for $7. Guaranteed.

DON'T rest until you see our $13 Suit, Black Cork Worsted. Custom Fitting for men

G. R. SMITH,
GENERAL IMPORTER & CLOTHIER.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.

Just Call and See.

—:o:—

The finest lot of Stationery ever offered in Acadia Mines. Just received at the

ACADIA MINES BOOK STORE

All kinds of School Books and supplies, Fancy, Plain, Note and Letter Paper, Writing Tablets, Visiting Cards, &c., Bill Heads, all sizes and prices, Accordians from 65c. to $7.00.

Fishing Tackle, Flies, Reels and Lines. Complete fisherman's outfit.

Children's Garden Tools cheap.

A choice lot of Literature to select from. Don't forget our Photo. Frames, Picture Mouldings always on hand, Framing a specialty. Grand stock of Pictures, framed and unframed, everything down at rock bottom prices. Daily expected a full line of Patent Medicines, which will be sold cheap. We have added this to our stock, in order to have everything in the Stationery line.

J. B. GILLIS & CO.
Acadia Mines, May 8th, 1888.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
"THE LONDONDERRY TIMES,"

Only $1.00 Per Year.

OFFICE ON THE CORNER OF
CHURCH AND COMMERCIAL STS.
(SECOND DOOR FROM BLAIKIE BROS.)

New Advertisements.

SPRING TIME.

Another season has come upon us, bringing with it new ideas, new Fabrics, new Fashions, and a desire for something different, in fact, a complete change from all pertaining to winter.

FALCONER & DURNING

Call attention, with just pride, to their large and varied stock of Goods for Spring and Summer trade, presenting the most perfect collection of new, beautiful and aritstic merchandize for men, women and children ever shown in Acadia Mines.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.
112 pieces Dress Goods, comprising in part

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS AND SATINS,
" " " ALL-WOOL CASHMERES,
" " " UNION doe,
" " " CACHMIRETTES,

BLACK AND COLORED ALL-WOOL BEIGES, (great bargains in this line)
" " " PERSIAN CORDS,
" " " ALPACAS,

and a large variety of Fancy Dry Goods. 200 pieces Prints, at from 5c. to 18c. yard. All new, and without exception the finest assortment in town. 25 pieces Ginghams from 8c. to 25c. a yard.

GREY COTTONS

We have now in stock 10 Bales of Gibson's Grey Cottons, which we retail at from 5c. a yard upwards, by the web, will be sold very, very low. FLEECY COTTONS, a full variety, commencing at 10c. a yard. 10 pieces SEERSUCKERS, from 9c. to 14c. yard. 20 pieces Brilliants and Piques, from 8c. to 18c. yard. 50 pieces WHITE SHIRTING, commencing at 8c. yard. Hamburgs and Laces, a large stock and cheap. Bustles and Skirt improvers, a new lot just in.

CORSETS! CORSETS!! CORSETS!!!
Coralin. Coraline A. Warner's Health. Lily. Modjeska. Sisalyne. Mary. Imogene. Favorite.

Ladies' and children's Collars and Frillings, a large variety.

RIBBONS! RIBBONS!! RIBBONS!!
the largest, nicest and cheapest stock in the place

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LADIES' KID BOOTS, buttoned.
" O. G. " "
" POLISHED CALF BOOTS, buttoned.
" PEB. GRAIN, "

LADIES' PEB. GRAIN BOOTS, laced.
" BUFF, " buttoned.
" " " laced.

Misses' Boots a large and varied assortment, in all styles and prices. Children's Boots and Shoes in great variety. Men's Boots from $1.00 to $6.00 per pair. Ladies', Gent's and Misses' Slippers, and Oxford Tie and Button Shoes. We carry the largest stock of Boots and Shoes in this place. Amherst Boots in all their various makes and styles. Rubbers and Rubber Boots.

FURNITURE, A FULL STOCK:

Carpets! Carpets!! Carpets!!
If you wish to ascertain who really carries the largest, best and cheapest stock of Carpets in town, just visit all the stores, including ours, and we are quite sure your verdict will be without doubt.

FALCONER & DURNING'S
Lace Curtains and Cretonnes, very low.

Room-Paper. Room-Paper and Bordering.
Just examine our samples and be suited with quality, patterns and prices.

Hardware, A complete stock,
Paints, Oils, Glass, Spikes, Nails, and Shelf Hardware. Eureka Wringers very cheap. Stoves and Tinware sold cheap.

CROCKERYWARE AND GLASSWARE; A FULL STOCK.

Custom-Tailoring Department.
Call and see our large and new stock of **BLACK AND BLUE WORSTEDS AND TWEEDS,** Scotch, Irish, Canadian, and Domestic. The very best trimmings used in all custom suits. First-class work, and fits guaranteed.

BOYS' YOUTHS' AND MEN'S CLOTHING.
The largest and best stock in town, and at prices which defy competition.

CROCERIES. CROCERIES. CROCERIES.
A complete and carefully selected stock of Groceries. Stephen's English Jams and Marmalade, just in, very nice.

FALCONER & DURNING,
Furnace Street, Acadia Mines.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

THE CITY OF BUFFALO.

Some Impressions From a Recent Visit.

BY J. E. POLLOCK, B. A.

The city is said to have obtained its name from Buffalo Creek, and the creek from an Indian of that name. Fort Erie was built in 1764, but Capt. Wm. Johnson, who married a Seneca woman was the first white settler at the mouth of Buffalo Creek in the year 1793. Buffalo and Toronto, therefore, date from the same year; each possessed a fort: Buffalo—Fort Erie; Toronto—Fort Rouille. Each was founded on the shore of a great inland lake—the one on the south-east shore of Lake Erie—the other on the north-west shore of Lake Ontario; the one beneath the Stars and Stripes, the other beneath the banner of Britannia, and each destined to become a great city although both were burned to the ground in the wars of 1812-15 which devastated the boundary lines of the rival nations.

Buffalo, like Toronto, is a great steamship and railway focus, each being the centre of a great and rapidly increasing trade on the lakes and through a fertile country lying east and west. The peculiarly

COINCIDENT FORTUNATE SITUATION

of each, the character of its inhabitants, salubrious climate, fertility of soil, links of connection with town and country—by steamboat, railway, telegraph and telepone—have made and are still making each a great and a prosperous city, with a progression rivalling the first cities on the Continent.

Buffalo is the larger (250,000), the wealthier, the more democratic of the two; Toronto the more aristocratic, with its finer situation, fine harbor, better boulevarded but inferior paved and narrower streets, handsomer lawns, finer architecture, superior schools and colleges and University. Toronto, too, has the more romantic and healthier situation. In Toronto the English, Scotch, and Irish elements of nationality largely prevail, while Buffalo seems to have a large German element, which, perhaps, may be accounted for by the purchase of the Reservation lands of the Seneca Indians by the Holland Company in an early period of the city's history. In 1798 the New York Legislature authorized aliens to hold land by which law the Holland Company were enabled to take possession of the lands they had purchased, and in the same year the name Buffalo was given to Erie. To Joseph Ellicott, more than to any other man in its early history, is said to be due the rapid progress of Buffalo, which soon rose from a hamlet to a city. He surveyed the land for a city in 1798 and opened up the first wagon-road in Erie County. The story of Portia Ransom is one of the earliest tales told in Buffalo's history. Asa Ransom, a silversmith, settled in Buffalo, in 1796, with his wife and infant daughter Portia. The Seneca Indians, one of the

TRIBES OF THE IROQUOIS,

occupied the lands surrounding the village. In one of their visits to Buffalo they made a raid upon Mr. Ransom's house in his absence and being denied liquor resolved to carry off the little girl Portia. It was with the greatest difficulty that the child was saved through the heroic conduct of Mrs. Ransom and her neighbors. Not only was the child saved from the Indians but lived, prospered, and afterwards became Mrs. Christopher Harvey.

In walking up Main St., Buffalo, one might easily fancy himself on Yonge St., Toronto. There are similar wholesale houses at the foot of the street near the canal, and similar displays of goods on either side of the street, with its rising slope till you reach the Genesee House, north of which are many handsome private residences and public institutions. Parallel with Main St., which runs north and south, are Pearl, Washington, Niagara and Delaware streets, the last being the finest in the city for its magnificent private residences, fine churches, ample boulevards and broad pavements overarched by lines of lofty trees. On this street stand three magnificent churches almost side by side. First, Calvary church (Presbyterian) a handsome and imposing edifice of white stone next, a Methodist Episcopal of equal and similar proportions but of red stone then Trinity Church (English) a massive building of red stone differing from the others in architecture, more ornamented with large circular windows of stained glass fronting the street. Another handsome English church is that of St. John on Swan St., built of white stone and resembling much the Presbyterian and Methodist, and whose Sunday School numbers 650 pupils. The writer witnessed the children's Easter floral service in this church. The altar, tablets, bishop's chair, and reader's desk were decorated with garlands of green. Above the altar was a blazing cross. From the bank of roses which filled the baptismal font sprang beautiful lilies,

PURE AND LOVELY CALLAS

arose from a vase at the corner of the chancel while the entire pulpit front was concealed by a mass of white and delicately-tinted flowers intermingled with green vines all artistically arranged. Fully one fourth of the immense assemblage that filled the sanctuary were children. Another fine church is that of St. Mary (Catholic) on Broadway St. to which thronged thousands of worshippers early on Easter morn. St. Paul's Cathedral is the most fashionable and aristocratic church in the city. Immense numbers throng there to hear the superb musical programme at Easter and to admire the lovely floral decorations of the church that day. However, no church in Buffalo has so fine a situation and such chaste architecture as the Metropolitan of Toronto.

On the other hand, few cities, perhaps, on the American continent, can boast so fine a Court House as Buffalo. Built of pure white stone, devoid of elaborate ornamentation, like the chaste Greek columns of old, it rises in the purity and simplicity of its grandeur. It occupies an elevated space with main entrances from opposite sides. Its interior is as

CHASTE AND MAGNIFICENT

as the exterior, having double stairways and double enclosed elevators leading from floor to floor. A tablet in the entrance hall shows the number and office of every room in the building. The Americans are a practical people. The Court House was erected in 1875, and in the same year they erected a magnificent gaol of white stone in the rear of the Court on the opposite side of the street. In Buffalo, from Court to prison is but a step, one may say.

In another respect Buffalo far exceeds Toronto. No monument in Queen's Park, lovely as Nature has made the surroundings, rises half so stately and grand as Buffalo's "Monument of Liberty" in Union Square. It was erected in 1882. The base has for the statue of a soldier standing at each corner as if to guard from every point of the compass the maiden standing at the pinnacle of the monument and representing the liberty of the nation. The monument is of pure white stone, circular column and bearing carved inscriptions. It is called the "Soldiers' Monument."

In another respect Buffalo surpasses Toronto and this is a national feature, I believe, of the American people. It is the courteous politeness of its people. If any doubt this statement let him visit Buffalo and ask questions of information from police men, business men or those he meets upon the street. Stranger receive a kind welcome. One citizen is considered as good as another if his reputation be good. Wealth builds no social barriers. Equal rights and liberties to all. A common brotherhood and a common humanity.

The average American young man thinks if he were in the place of Alexander of Battenberg he would leave Bismarck and the rest of them wrangling and elope with the girl.

"Mr. S.," asked a Professor at the Maine State College, "what do you understand by naturalization?" Mr. S.—"Naturalization is the process making a foreign-born person a native of the United States."

Madame Bouricaut and the Bon Marche.

When this century was in its first quarter, Marguerite Guerin, a peasant girl, lived in Verjux—a small village in the department of the Saone-et-Loire in eastern France. Her parents were very poor. They led the simple life of the French peasantry, working hard, earning little, and concerning themselves not at all about matters outside of their own and their neighbors' lives.

Marguerite was not sent to school. She had to help her mother with the work, and to pull weeds in the turnip-patch behind the house, and she hardly guesses that the world was not embraced in the hamlet beyond which she had never travelled.

As she grew up, it was necessary to do something to earn her living, and the only opportunity open to her was to become a washerwoman. The washing of Verjux was done on the banks of the Saone. There Marguerite Guerin stood, on her floating platform, and dipped her pile of linen clothes in the river. Then she spread them on the platform, and rubbed them with a scrubbing-brush. When they were scrubbed, and rinsed quite clean, she carried them—herself scarcely less wet than they—to the fields and spread them on the grass to dry in the sun.

At this time, there was a young traveling merchant, or pedlar, who drove a cart from village to village, selling linen at the fairs or *foies*. Every French place has its annual *foie*, or outdoor festival, made by people who travel from town to town in a sort of car, and set up their tents, booths, and merry go rounds along the villagestreets, or on some public square, or common. Among the showmen and vendors of trinkets are some pedlars with more useful wares.

Aristide Bouricaut was one of these. In time he arrived with his stock of linen at the *fete* of Verjux. He became acquainted with the Guerins, and, after a little, proposed to them for their daughter Marguerite. The parents were well pleased; for young Bouricaut bore a good character, and besides was the owner of a horse and cart which helped him to an honest living. So they were married, and Marguerite rose a step in the world. She now travelled in her husband's cart. Although they only met their expenses with the sales they made from day to day, they were content.

The French know how to economize in a thousand ways that Americans as yet are ignorant of. And by dint of contriving and saving a few sous at one time, and a few more at another, they at length accumulated a sum which served in these days to take them with their little boy to Paris.

In 1848 they had saved enough to make a venture of their own, and they bought a small place on the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Rue de Sevres, which they opened as a variety shop. They called it the "Bon Marche," which means literally "cheap market,"—a place where bargains are found. Madame Bouricaut assisted her husband. She made change and kept the books. Together they originated the happy system of "fixing prices." At that time, the prices in Paris stores were very elastic, varying according to the merchant's guess as to the size of his customer's purse. The Boucauts saw that it was not agreeable to customers to pay uncertain values. Accordingly they attached "etiquettes," or price-tags, to their articles, which served the double purpose of determining the price and saving time in asking it.

It was a struggle at first to sustain their humble beginning; but they were so courageous, and took so much pains to please, that their patronage increased. Presently they added the adjoining store to their own; and M. Bouricaut gave his clerks permission to invest their money in the business, with a return of six per cent. interest. Gradually the Bon Marche absorbed the adjacent shops, until it had crept over the whole great block, and risen to the height of five stories. Its trade, too, was not confined to Paris, but extended over France entire, then to the other European countries, and finally east and west to China, Japan and America.

When her husband died, ten years ago, Madame Bouricaut became the head of a business worth twenty millions of francs, with an income of from sixty thousand to two hundred thousand francs per day. She continued the business with eminent success, sustaining relations to finance unparalleled in the history of woman.

Her store is one of the sights of Paris. Everything is sold there, from a pocket-handkerchief to a Persian rug. There is something, too, to suit the purse of every purchaser; and the clerks are as attentive in doing up for one a box of notepaper at thirteen sous, as they are in taking one's order for a seal-skin sacque.

But there is another side to the Bon Marche which is not known to most of its customers. If it is so pleasant for those who buy, it is not less so to those who sell. There are more than thirty-two hundred employees, and they resemble an immense family. Madame Bouricaut felt gravely the responsibility of her position as mother to so many children. After her husband's death, she divided one-half of the business in shares among the employees, and established pensions for those who had served in the store more than twelve years. She took great care of aged and infirm employees, finding light work for them when they were no longer able to do their full share. Only last summer, she gave five million francs as the foundation of a fund to support superannuated clerks.

Another fine idea was the erection of kitchens and dining-rooms in the top of the store, where the entire force of clerks have their meals without expense. She also built a private infirmary for the employees, and engaged a doctor, who comes every day to investigate cases of sickness.

But remembering her own and M. Bouricaut's struggles for an education, Madame Bouricaut provided food for their minds as well as their bodies. She hired teachers of music and languages to give evening lessons to all who were anxious to learn. As a result, the Bon Marche has organized one of the best brass bands in Paris; while many of the clerks are excellent linguists, interpreting six or seven languages with facility. This makes the Bon Marche the most convenient store in Paris for foreigners.

There is a gymnasium and fencing-room for the men. And the hundred and twenty-five young women who serve in the ready-made department are lodged in Madame's own house, opposite the store. Each has her separate room, with polished walnut floor, dainty white bed, and fresh curtains.

But Madame's charities were not confined to the Bon Marche. The poor of Paris and the benevolent institutions throughout France knew her as a magnificent philanthropist. She looked upon her vast fortune as a sum entrusted to her to use for the good of others. She did not forget the scene of her *debut* in the commercial world, as the wife of a poor pedlar, and, last fall, gave the community of her birthplace six hundred thousand francs to build a bridge across the Saone at Verjux. This is to give the farmers a short route to carry their crops to market.

For herself, Madame Bouricaut spent next to nothing. She lived in the most simple and unassuming manner. Of late years, she had terrible attacks of asthma, and spent the winter months in her villa at Cannes—the mild climate of southern France alleviating her sufferings. It was there, that, unexpectedly, she died the 7th of December. She was buried from her parish church of St. Thomas Aquinas in Paris. The employees of Bon Marche, and delegations from the charitable institutions of France, with friends and *proteges* filled the church to overflowing, and made a vast procession to the cemetery of Montparnasse.

As Madame Bouricaut left no one but distant relatives, there was some curiosity to know what she would do with her sixty million francs.

Seventeen million francs are divided as legacies among the employees of the Bon Marche, in Sums varying from one thousand to ten thousand francs, according to their years of service. She also leaves them her beautiful chrysanthemum grounds at Fontenay-aux-Roses, with enough money to convert into a home for convalescent invalid employees. This makes two millions more. Sums of one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand francs are left to numberless benevolent associations. Homes for old women and schools for young girls are endowed. The five orders founded by Baron Taylor—the associations of artists, of musicians, of dramatists, of inventors, and educational workers—are each left a hundred thousand francs. Monsieur Pasteur and the archbishop of Paris have legacies of one hundred thousand, and three hundred thousand respectively.

The religious sects of Paris are remembered, the poor of each of the twenty *arrondissements* of Paris are to have some thousands. Her pictures are given to the collections of the Louvre and the Luxembourg; her linen and silverware to a house of education for poor girls.

These are only a few of the long list of legacies. All that remains is to build a hospital in the city.

The Women of England.

While the women lately in international council at Washington were exulting over what education had done for their sex during the last generation, a very serious discussion was begun in England as to whether, under the existing conditions there, this education has really been of practical advantage to women.

There are now in the United Kingdom 800,000 more women than men, or, as the London *Spectator* puts it, "there are 800,000 girls who, unless we establish polygamy, never can be married at all." The vast majority of these spinsters, of whom 500,000 are 35 years of age or older, belong to the educated or partly educated classes, and the rest of them are without money. Meanwhile the emigration of men from the crowded islands is steadily increasing their numbers actually and proportionately, the continuous agricultural depression is adding to their poverty, and the general diffusion of education is rapidly multiplying the ranks of those whose tastes and habits unfit them to earn their bread in the only employments in which there is a great demand for women's labor. Even though her pay be small, an ordinary working girl can always secure a place, but these "necessitous gentlewomen," these educated girls without money, are only competent for the light work for which the demand is comparatively small.

The consequence is that "the great shopkeepers could fill their establishments with the daughters of clergymen, country solicitor, doctors, and superior clerks, and then leave a kind of wonderful begging for admittance outside." These lighter situations, of one sort or another, are in so eager demand by a yearly increasing multitude of such women that "the business of the smallest patronage of the kind becomes a heart-breaking burden." Mr. Walter Besant tells how a talks report that he had established an association for providing "ladies" with copying work brought him an "incredible number of letters from writers who related "terrible, heartrending stories of suffering."

"What is going to be the end of all this? To the *Spectator* there seems to be "a sensible prospect" that twenty years hence it will result in "a serious demoralization of educated women from the desperate desire for a livelihood seen to be almost unattainable." Therefore it is "half tempted" to reconsider the whole question of education, and to "doubt if the majority of gentlewomen without means would not be better for ignorance, as leaving them better able to give up their grade at once," and join the class of the working women for whose labor there is a great demand.

It is also to be borne in mind that the proportionate number of educated men has increased, and continues to increase rapidly, and that there is a great competition between men and educated women for many of the places that do not require hard manual labor, or other qualification than the "general intelligence" which is so large a part of what both have to offer in the market. The consequence must be a reduction in the price for the work, and, therefore, of the incomes of fathers of educated daughters who in their turn will find it the more necessary to enter into the competition for work.

If, then, we do not go to the extreme of the *Spectator* and question the advisability of education for these women, we must at least conclude that there is something radically defective about the sort of education they are receiving. Though Mr. Walter Besant takes a purely poetic view of society when he declares that "no woman should be forced to work at all, except at such things as please her," we cannot overlook the fact that the introduction of women into the labor market has been one of the chief causes of the labor disturbances of modern times.

Artistic Curtain Stuffs.

I know of nothing in the matter of furnishing, that appeals so strongly to a housekeeper's heart as beautiful stuff for curtains and hangings. A visit to one of our large emporiums is productive of more discussion was begun in England as to whether, under the existing conditions there, this education has really been of practical advantage to women.

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"Only yesterday," he said, "I saw one of these diners, which consisted of a piece of hard, pasty like bread."

A POOR DINNER.

This piece of bread was produced and shown to the committed.

Lord Derby asked, "But was this piece of bread for the man's dinner or breakfast, Mr. White?" "I took it myself," said Mr. White, "as the remains of his dinner. He had coffee with it, but no fish, nor meat, nor anything else. It is the ordinary food of the sweaters. By working eighteen or nineteen hours a day for some years the working sweater in the slop boot trade hopes to be a knifer himself. The colonial market is flooded with work of the most worthless description turned out by these sweaters—boots with soles made largely of brown paper."

The Earl of Dunraven asked:—What is the price paid for finishing these boots?"

"The manufacturers pay fourpence a pair for finishing, or four shillings a dozen."

"What do you say," asked Lord Derby, "about the men who work eighteen hours a day?"

"I have known one sweater who, when he went home at midnight, was so exhausted that he was his custom to sleep with his head on a table, being too tired to go to bed. Any attempt by the man to organize themselves, to get shorter hours or to obtain better wages, is looked upon as insubordination and the masters will instantly dismiss them."

The life of a London sweater was hopeless and dreary, and it is not surprising that they showed inclinations to adopt revolutionary propaganda.

Asked about the sweaters, Mr. White added that they were usually intelligent and temperate, most attached to their families, of whom they caught glimpses, as it were. They never thought of amusements, and at forty years old a sweater was aged and worn out.

"Are they well behaved?" asked Lord Derby.

"Admirably behaved as regards morality; abominably behaved as regards cleanliness.

"Is the condition of these men better or worse here than in their own country?"

"Many of the men who come here from abroad have been driven from their homes by political reasons. Their social life here is certainly not better than that which they left in their own country."

Several workmen witnesses who were examined fully bore out the truth of Mr. White's investigation. One can stand as an instance of all.

A WORKMAN'S TESTIMONY.

Samuel Wildman, whose appearance contradicted his name, a boot finisher, said that he came from Hungary ten years ago, as he could not get a living there.

"What were you engaged at there?" asked Lord Dunraven.

"I was a tailor."

"Then what made you think you could do better here?"

From what friends in Hungary told him he came to England, went to the East End and was there told by a man that he could learn the boot finishing business in four weeks.

He worked for the man for four weeks for nothing, beginning at five o'clock in the morning and leaving off at midnight. He worked every day except Saturday. For these four weeks he was not paid anything. He subsequently obtained employment in another workshop. He had labored for the past ten years at sweating work from six in the morning until midnight each day in the week but Saturday and now earned fifteen shillings weekly. He had a wife and six children, and paid four shillings a week for rent.

He was required to work so hard that he could not drink his coffee or tea until it was cool, as he could not spare the time to drink it warm. The workroom was about four and a half yards square and two or three yards high. It had two windows, two gas-lights and one heating light, and four workmen, besides the master, were employed in it.

No inspector had ever visited it. The witness spoke in broken English, but was at last questioned by Lord Rothschild in German, and in reply answered as above.

She Was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great integrositions, but by the use of the only force pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Life of the London Sweater.

The Earl of Dunraven is not only desirous of reforming the House of Lords but is earnest in trying to better the condition of the poor slaves of what is called here, as in the United States, the "sweating" system. He is chairman of the committee of which Lords Derby and Rothschild are members. They met in the library of the House of Lords taking testimony. The view is thus stated in an answer to a question which Lord Dunraven put to a witness, Arnold White, formerly member of Parliament and co-laborer with Walter Besant, George R. Sims and others in ferreting out abuses on the poor.

Mr. White:—"The remedies are:—1. The restriction of foreign pauper emigration especially that of men over fifty years of age, unskilled in their trade, speaking no language but their own and bringing no money with them. 2. The extension of the Factory Acts to adult males, with registration of all work-rooms, the certificate of registration to be affixed outside the house, and every room in the house to be accessible to the factory and sanitary inspectors. 3 The abolition of the conflicting and inadequate duties of sanitary and factory inspectors and largely to increase the number of the inspectors and to raise their qualifications.

THE "SWEATING" SYSTEM.

Mr. White went on to detail how, being interested in social questions, he had repeatedly come in contact with the "sweating" system. Lord Rothschild asked:—"How would you describe 'sweating'?"

"It is impossible to give a scientific definition. It might be called a system of grinding the poor." The word "sweater" used in the boot trade had the opposite meaning to that in the tailors' trade. In the boot trade a "sweater" was a man who worked himself; in the tailors' trade one who caused others to sweat. A master, or knifer, in the London boot trade took a half share. He could prepare work for two, three or four finishers. Supposing the price paid by the manufacturer was four shillings a dozen, the master would take two shillings and divide the remainder among three workmen. Thus it was evident that the master, or knifer, was anxious to increase the number of "sweaters," as he thus got an increased proportion of the money. The knifer provided his own gas with a cup of coffee in the morning and in the evening in order to prevent the workers from moving from their seats. He also provided them with tools, light and what was known as grindery.

THE SYSTEM OF WORKING

the slop boot trade had been brought about by two factors not in existence two generations ago—the practice of riveting and the unrestricted importation of green hands from Russia, Poland and Germany. They belonged to no union, and were willing to work for such remuneration as was given to Indian coolies, who would receive four or five annas a day. The absence of apprenticeship was another cause. Formerly workmen had to undergo an apprenticeship in order to be skilful. A "greener" who had not arrived a fortnight from abroad was now considered sufficiently competent to take part in the work.

The two great causes of sweating were the improvements in machinery and the importation of foreigners. Where there was not the poor foreigner there was not the sweating.

Answer to Earl Derby, who inquired about the hours of labor of sweaters, Mr. White said they worked about eighteen hours a day. He had seen men at work from five o'clock a.m. until midnight. They sat in their shirts and trousers. They ate and worked at their seats and took their meals there.

Consumption Curable.

It cannot be too often impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula), is curable, if attended to at once, and that the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as signs of diseased lungs, are only symptoms of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, the hectic flush, night-sweats, and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symptoms of consumption will disappear. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs, and kindred afflictions, it is a most wonderful remedy.

In a speech at Croydon Mr. Goschen credited Mr. Gladstone with a desire to have Parliament rise to its former dignity, but he said Mr. Gladstone was overruled by his copartner, Mr. Parnell.

They Pay $500, or Cure.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, have offered in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they can not cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It is mild soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

In a recently published poem James Russell Lowell speaks of "champagne in the air." There is some disappointment felt because he did not mention the locality in which he had discovered this inspiring atmospheric phenomenon. Doubtless it was in a country where the climate is extra dry.

Asleep on the Railroad Track.

A little child, tired of play, had pillowed his head on a rail and fallen asleep. The train was almost upon him when a passing stranger rushed forward and saved him from a horrible death. Perhaps you are asleep on the track, too. You are, if you are neglecting the biliousness and constipation which trouble you, in the hope that you will "come all right." Wake up, or the train will be upon you! Constipation is too often the forerunner of a general "breaking up." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will regulate your liver, stomach and bowels, and restore your system to its normal condition.

A bass drum may be a snare and a noisy instrument, but it is not as loud as a girl's hair when it is banged.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul breath, sour or sad disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters—a safe and sure remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The man who stoops to pick up a cent often ruins half a dollar's worth of suspenders.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, try their splendid pills, take at once a dose of Dr. Wilcox's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All druggists, 25 cents.

Why is a dead nigger like a candidate in the background? Because he is a dark corse.

HUMPHREYS' COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

It may be that a man can love but one woman in a lifetime, but how if he going to know unless he tries?

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

History is a mighty drama, enacted upon the theatre of time, with suns for lamps and eternity for a background.—Thomas Carlyle.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, sleeplessness, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

Dumpsey, meeting Popinjay, satchel in hand—"What! you aren't going to take your vacation at this time of year?" Popinjay—"You bet I am! Mrs. Popinjay begins house-cleaning this week."

A saloon keeper wanted the motto "Yesterday, To day and Forever" painted, and when the painter presented the work it read "Yesterday, Toddy and Forever."

A. P. 396

PATENTS For Sale—Illustrated descriptive Catalogue free. R. Chamberlin, Toronto.

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WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. **P. O. VICKERY**, Augusta, Maine

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CANCER, TUMORS, ULCERS, ETC., CURED, without the knife. No cure, no pay. Send stamp for pamphlet. W. L. SMITH, M.D., 124 Queen E., Toronto.

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MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL.

Saloon Tickets, $50, $60, $80. Return, $90, $100, $110, Intermediate, $30; Steerage, $23. Apply to H. E. MURRAY, Gen'l. Manager, 1 Custom House Square, MONTREAL.

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WE have unexcelled facilities for the SALE or EXCHANGE of Newspaper offices. Terms one per cent. Satisfaction guaranteed. We have now four good establishments for sale at a bargain, and one publisher wanting a partner.

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ROSES and all other bedding and greenhouse Plants. Our $1.00 Collections will suit every one. Illustrated Catalogue free. WEBSTER BROS., FLORISTS, HAMILTON.

RUBBER STAMPS, Steels, and Burning Brands, &c. Send for Catalogue. BARBER BROS. CO., 37 Scott St., Toronto.

Bicycles! 120 Second-Hand Bicycles and Tricycles. Send for List. New Catalogue ready in April. A. T. LANE, MONTREAL.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood, it drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. The true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power combined with its nerve tonic, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quickly tones the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a Cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's Montreal, Que

EQUITION!—Farmers wishing to avoid a lawsuit are warned against buying or using a binding twine manufactured in Middlesex, Ont. The genuine article is stamped "Be Ready," and "Patented 1887," as required by law. C. W. ADAMS & CO., World Building, Toronto.

CANADA SHIPPING CO.—BEAVER Line of Steamships, sailing weekly between Montreal and Liverpool. Saloon tickets, Montreal to Liverpool, $40, $50 and $60. Return tickets, $80, $90 and $100, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate, $30; Round Trip Tickets, $60. Steerage, $26. Round Trip tickets, $50. For further particulars and to secure berths, apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager, 1 Custom House Square, Montreal, or to the Local Agents in the different Towns and Cities.

THE BANK OF TORONTO.

DIVIDEND NO. 64.

Notice is hereby given that a **Dividend** of Four per cent. for the half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and a **Bonus** of Two per cent. upon the paid-up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Friday, the first day of June next.

The transfer books will be closed from the Seventh to the Thirty-first day of May, both days included.

The Annual General Meeting of the stockholders will be held at the banking house of the institution, on Wednesday, the Twelfth day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board.

(893-2) D. COULSON, Cashier.

The Bank of Toronto, April 25th, 1888.

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.—All points in DAKOTA AND MINNESOTA, April 25, May 9 and 23, June 6 and 20—good for 21 days, stop over going and returning.

Via St. Paul, Minneapolis and

MANITOBA RAILWAY.

These trips will take you into the Great Grain and Stock Regions of Minnesota and Dakota where are to be had the most desirable Railway and Government Lands in the United States—100,000 ACRES of the richest and best watered farming, grazing and timber lands for sale at low prices, where they raise both Grain and Stock that feeds the World. J. M. BUCKNIN, Trav. Pass. Agt. 4 Palmer House Block, Chicago. E. SMALLEY, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn. G. H. WARNER, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

Story OF THE BIBLE—By CHARLES FOSTER. Profusely illustrated—Sales marvellous—Nearly 400,000. Send $1.50 for a copy and go to work. Agents Wanted. Address A. G. WATSON, Manager, TORONTO WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY, TORONTO.

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