

# THE INDIAN.

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Where are our Chiefs of old? Where our Heroes of mighty name?  
The fields of their battles are silent—scarce their mossy combs remain!—OSSTAN.

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VOL. I.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8, 1886.

NO. 21.

## GENEROUS INDIANS.

Southampton, Nov. 9.—The Indians on the Chippewa reserve near here, seeing the distress of the unfortunate people who were burned out last Thursday, called a council meeting this afternoon and unanimously passed a motion that the sum of \$200 be granted to the desolate sufferers, the money to be taken from the annuity which they get from the government. This was a very pleasant surprise to the villagers and is highly appreciated by them, and is taken as a substantial evidence of the good feeling existing between the Indians and the villagers and is worthy of more than passing notice.

## CHIEF NANIGISHKUNG.

Some of the tombstones have been removed from St. James' Churchyard to the cemetery on the Coldwater Road. The custodians ought not to allow this to be done. The sacredness of the spot is enchanted by these monuments to the memory of the departed members and friends of the congregation. Even if the bodies be transferred the tombstones should be left in position. While on this subject, we might again suggest that the grave of the late Chief Nanigishkung be marked by some suitable monument. By a little effort, enough could be raised by subscription to erect a monument which would be worthy of the venerable warrior and the congregation.

## INDIAN EDUCATION.

The government has now eighty-one boarding schools, seventy six day schools and six manual labor schools, for Indian education, and they are all crowded beyond their capacity.—*Indianapolis News*.

## ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The following is the purport of a communication received by Gen. C. W. Darling, Corresponding Secretary of the Oneida Historical Society, from the secretary of the State of North Carolina, in answer to a letter of inquiry asking why this State has no motto (as many of the other States have) to represent an important idea. Reasons: First, that it is a North Carolina habit to illustrate her ideas by action rather than by words. Second, that the use of such mottoes does not accord with her ideas of the purest heraldic taste.

"If you devote your time to study, you will avoid all the irksomeness of this life; nor will long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society insupportable to others."—SENECA.

## THE INDIAN EXHIBITION AT COW- ICHAN, B. C.

The first Provincial exhibition of Indian agricultural products and industrial handicraft took place at Cowichan last week, the inaugural ceremonies being celebrated on Wednesday the 27th ulto, in the presence of a large and influential gathering of prominent residents of the vicinity, very numerous and happily augmented by the attendance of Indians, interested in the event and hailing from adjacent and far off villages. The weather on the opening day was not propitious, the elements having a stormy tendency to cold rainfall and blustering winds, which continued to prevail, with intermissions, on the following Thursday. The fact that the exhibition was the first of its character ever held in the Province naturally carried with it peculiar interest and curiosity. The natives flocked in from Nanaimo, Valdez Island, Kuper Island, Chemainus and Victoria, whilst the interest did not preclude the presence of the representatives of tribes from Washington Territory. The first day's exhibits embraced most creditable entries of cattle, horses, sheep and pigs, bred and raised by the Indians. These elicited general eulogy and admiration from the spectators and judges. On the second day the display of all sorts of cereals, embracing wheat, barley, oats and peas attracted general attention, which, however, was almost eclipsed by the excellent exhibits of root crops, such as potatoes, carrots, parsnips, turnips and mangold-wortzel. As an evidence of the handicraft of the natives many artistic and really innately clever displays of needlework were made, and the building was ornamentally adorned with specimens of ancient weapons of warfare. Samples of dog-fish oil were exhibited, reflecting great credit on the Indians who had obtained them from their fishing grounds, and to mark the progress of civilization exhibits were made of native hand-writing in the English language, which would put to comparative shame many of the mercantile scribbles of the day. Too much credit cannot be accorded Mr. Wm. H. Lomas, Indian Agent, whose untiring efforts resulted in such a novel and interesting exhibition. The result of the inaugural show will, it is hoped, prove a stimulus and incentive to the annual holding of native gatherings and the development of their, as yet but partially appreciated talent and industry.—*Victoria, B. C., Standard*.

Mr. Crawford, of Indian Head, has been elected to the North-West council.

Men are now employed in the work of constructing the Hudson Bay Railway at Regina.

## THE INDIANS DISAPPEARING.

The Rev. Dr. Barrows has recently published his views on the Indian question as derived from a thorough investigation made in the West in the summer of '85. This investigation goes to prove that the Indians, instead of increasing in numbers, as lately reported by the United States Indian Commissioners, are "wasting and disappearing." In 1820, it was estimated by a government official that there were 425,766 Indians within the boundaries of the United States and this amount must be added the number of Indians in the territory since annexed. According to census taken just then, the sum-total of all the Indians within the present boundaries of the United States at that time was 526,592. The last census puts them at 255,938, Alaska not included. The decrease, then, would seem to be 260,554. These figures, especially the original estimate, are extremely uncertain, Dr. Barrows proves that among the civilized and semi-civilized Indians; the falling off is 2,006 per annum for the last eighteen years. Allowing these figures to be true, the increase, if indeed there be such, of the savage Indians, who number only 50,000, could not balance the loss among the other 200,000. He therefore concludes the Indians are wasting away. This result may have been inevitable; but one cannot but think that with our present civilization, the showing should have been better. "I tremble for my country," said Thomas Jefferson, "when I remember that God is just."

## INDIAN FABLES.

### THE FOOL AND HIS FEVER.

A fool was once suffering from severe fever. As he sat near the fire he put the poker into it, and, after it was red hot, dipped it into a basin of water close by and it was instantly cool. He rang for his servant, and ordering a tub full of cold water went into it, and remained long enough to get rid of the heat in his body. When he came out he was much worse. The doctor came and found him dying. The fool told him how he thought he would cool down like the poker, and how he treated himself accordingly. "Alas!" said the doctor, "fools kills themselves by analogy."

### THE TIGER, THE BEAR; AND THE FOX.

A fox saw a bear dancing on a meadow, and a tiger at some distance in his lair. The fox went up to the bear and said, "How well you foot it, Sir Bruin!" The bear's vanity being roused by this opinion of Reynard, he danced with greater vigor. "Sir Bruin," said the fox, "I need hardly say that one accomplishment means another; so

may I have the pleasure of hearing you sing? The bear thought he could sing as well, so he growled out his notes in hideous discord, but loud enough to attract the attention of the tiger, which was all the fox wished. The tiger moved stealthily on, to have the bear in his grip; but he got a hint of the advance of the tiger, and saved himself by climbing a tree, saying, "Vanity is insanity. Vain men are mad men. A vain man carries grist to a knave's mill!"

### NEWFOUNDLAND.

#### RELICS OF AN EXTINCT RACE FOUND.

Relics of the extinct Indians who were the first inhabitants of Newfoundland were recently discovered on Pilley's Island, Notre Dame Bay. Very few of the remains of the vanquished race of the Bethuks or Bothies have been preserved. There are a few in private hands, and the Newfoundland museum contains a small collection, including a skull and a skeleton, some arrow heads, axes, gouges and other stone implements. In a recent excavation one of two graves opened contained a skull of an adult in an excellent state of preservation. It has the characteristics of the skull of a savage, but it is well shaped and pretty well developed in the intellectual region, one that proves conclusively that the Bethuks were by no means of a low type. In the other grave a skeleton was found, which, with the exception of the vertebrae of the neck, is perfect. Apparently it is the skeleton of a Boethice nine or ten years of age. The body had been wrapped in birch bark, laid on its side and covered with a heap of stone. The form was found perfectly preserved when the wrappings of birch bark were removed, and it has somewhat the appearance of a mummy. In addition there are in the collection several specimens of beautifully finished stone arrow heads, hatchets and various articles made from birch bark, such as small models of canoes, drinking vessels, etc., and curiously shaped ornaments.

Indian Agent Donnelly, of Port Arthur, has just received a consignment of produce from the Indians of Nepigon. This is the first year of the settlement, and the Indians already have over seven acres of garden in cultivation. The samples were shipped from the Church of England Mission on Lake Nepigon, some seventy miles north of the station by that name, which is over sixty miles east of Port Arthur, on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

### CALIFORNIA'S MARBLE.

The marble trade of San Francisco is worth \$4,000,000 annually, one-fourth of which sum has heretofore been paid to the Carrara quarry, of Italy.

UNCLE—Queer ideas you have visiting cemeteries, dear child.

NEPHEW—Ah! my dear uncle I like so well to find you a good place.

Before marrying your girl first find out the character of her mother.

Under the hat of a Plebieu often is found the council of a prince.

### CHIEF J. B. WAUBUNO.

#### HIS ENGLISH MISSION.

By Duncan Milligan, F. R. A. S., London, Eng.

Wandsworth, the Down Lodge Hall in this town, was crowded on Wednesday, 27th October, at a meeting of the Gospel Temperance Society, to hear a farewell address from the Delaware Indian, Chief Waubuno, who for the last 12 months has resided here. Froome Talfourd, Esq., late Her Majesty's Superintendent of Indians, presided, and in his opening remarks, alluded to his admiration of Chief Waubuno, as an abstaining Christian during his acquaintance with him for over 40 years. Mr. Milligan, F.R.A.S., who has organized Waubuno's meetings, read the following report:

"Friends interested in the Chief and his mission had suggested that a brief account of his work would be interesting. The Chief had been in this country for about two years; for about 12 months laboring against hope, day after day meeting disappointment as best he might, till the year closed, financially as an utter failure. The Chief determined to work on, having little faith in man, but every confidence in God, and you who were in this hall, Nov. 14th, 12 months ago, may remember his touching appeal, as follows: "And now, my friends, I want to get my people educated, lifted up, so that we can have native missionaries and teachers, who can preach to my people, the Indians, salvation by Jesus Christ, and so I am come to this country, yours, to ask you to help me. I want to build a place for school and meetings at Munceytown. We had a small room. Will you help me, Christian friends, to raise the money?" The result of that appeal was some three pounds. For the next month or two, matters began to improve a little, money began to come in slowly, very slowly, but surely. I thought over the position. Here was a red Indian chief, a Christian and abstainer for 46 years, with the highest credentials from the Honorable Sir John Macdonald, Premier, and Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada, and one I value most, from Thomas Gordon, J.P., Sup't of Indians, who says he has known Chief Waubuno many years as a sober, Christian Indian, and one of the best of Indians, who for many years has been trying to do good amongst his people, and as an old friend, honored and respected. The object of this chief was highly commendable. It needs, I thought, only a few friends should rally round the chief to thoroughly arouse English sympathy to ensure the desired success. Some did help the chief. An extract from a letter will show the general sentiment prevailing—we felt when we heard the chief speak that we must try all we could to procure the money. It seemed like a message to each one, and remarking on a failure to get the ear of royalty, "But now we have united to ask God for that money at every meal," said this Christian lady at Red Hill, "shall we not get the answer? We felt it laid upon all our hearts, so it must be right to ask, therefore the answer will come, will it not?" This was on the 24th February, this year. In view of the answer to this prayer, and many other prayers of faith, our friends, Froome Tal-

fourd and Edwin Ransome, kindly consented to act as treasurers to this fund, and circulars were issued. It would be impossible to comprise within the limits of this brief report, extracts from the large number of letters or press reports, or what I have heard at meetings attended with the Chief. Let it suffice to say, that wherever the Chief went he made friends, and all through as his correspondent, I have received the highest encomiums, testifying that as a Christian and a gentleman, he has not only sustained the high character he has brought with him, but has created a lasting impression as a good, earnest man wherever he has been, and this too, amongst every denomination of the Christian church. Do you wonder then, that the prayer of that Quaker lady was answered? The Chief's mission is accomplished, the Treasurers have been enabled to send all the money for the school building to Canada.

During the past twelve months, the aged Chief upwards of 70 years of age, has had a busy time of it, for he has addressed 200 public meetings, opened 5 bazaars of Indian wigwams, sold many hundred portraits, 4000 books of his life, and travelled 6000 miles, over an area from York to Isle of Wight and Deal to Gloucester. He has had given to him by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, a large number of Prayer and Hymn Books in the Delaware language, for use by his people in his school. This book owes much of its translation to the Chief. It is the only book ever printed in the Delaware, and it has the assent of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

But this is not the measure of the Chief's success. For, in a far better sense, the Chief as an evangelist and temperance reformer, has been the means of many thousands taking the pledge and blue ribbon (against the fire water, which has consumed his race), but many have under God's blessing, also received the tidings of salvation at his hand, so that his misfortune by fire which burned the mission house, his own private house, and nearly ruined him, has proved a blessing in disguise to very many in this country, who otherwise would never have come under the constraining influence of his words. I may say, that Christians of all sects, especially the Society of Friends, have unitedly helped by their prayers and their contributions, and all moneys received over and above the sum required for the school, will be applied to rebuild the Chief's private dwelling and to pay his passage home. Our friend will have the satisfaction of knowing, when he leaves these shores, that English hearts have not failed him in his need, and in his Indian home, the chain of friendship with the pale faces of the East shall be all the brighter, because English hands helped him under God's blessing to accomplish his mission, and ours it shall be to know that inasmuch as we helped him, we were doing God's service.

At the close of the meeting, after the vote of thanks had been passed, a rather novel and interesting ceremony took place. The Chief, in replying to thanks, said it was a custom among them to honor a white man who had befriended them, by adopting him into their tribe. Now, he wished to adopt Mr. Milligan into the Delaware tribe, and henceforward he would be

known by the name of "Ahlonquawhewlinoo" to the Delawares as their friend. The Chief explained the name meant, "A man of the stars," no doubt alluding to that gentleman's star-gazing propensities.

## LOCAL NOMENCLATURE.

### NOTES ON INDIAN AND FRENCH NAMES IN ONTARIO.

REV. DR. SCADDING'S PAPER BEFORE THE YORK PIONEERS—THE ALGONKIN FOREST AND PARK—AMUSING MISTAKES MADE BY ILLITERATE PERSONS—AN APPEAL FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ORIGINAL NAMES.

(From the Toronto Daily Mail of Nov. 6th, 1886.)

The following paper was read by President Rev. Dr. Scadding at the last regular monthly meeting of the York Pioneers' Association:

Throughout our Province of Ontario the names which at present distinguish its hills and vales, its lakes, rivers and waterfalls, as also the names which distinguish the cities, towns and villages that have now sprung up within its limits, all bear witness to the "nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues" which from time to time have successively possessed or inhabited the soil of the country. Our local names as we know, are some of them Indian, some of them French, and a vast number of them English, Irish and Scotch; to which list now not a few German names are to be added. In all the provinces of the Dominion and throughout the whole of North America, the case is very much the same so that in all future time local names everywhere on this continent will, for the sake of their testimony, be invested with special interest. Throughout the continent of Europe and everywhere in Great Britain and Ireland, local names have long engaged the attention of the studious, on account of the important information, historical and ethnological, which they afford. By means of these footprints, so to speak, the path of the Phœnician, the Celt, the Teuton, the Scandinavian, the Arab, or whatever other name the wanderer may have borne, can be traced as he made this way, with occasional detentions and rests, across Europe and its outlying islands, until checked at last by the Atlantic ocean—a barrier, however, crossed, it may be, by not a few, every now and then long before the days of Columbus. Remarks, then, on local names, Indian, French, English, Irish and Scotch, having in view their significance and the maintenance of propriety in their formation and suitableness in their application, can seldom be deemed out of place. At present I shall confine myself to observations on some of our Indian and French local names. It is gratifying to learn from a pamphlet emanating lately from the Crown Lands Department that our Local Government is about to establish around the sources of the Muskoka, Petewawa, Bonnechere and Madawaska rivers

#### A PUBLIC FOREST AND PARK,

for the purpose of preserving specimens of our natural woods and native game and fish, and also preventing the diminution of rainfall, which is beginning to affect so seriously the volume of some of our streams; and this reserve, we are

informed, is to be entitled the Algonkin Forest and Park, in memory of the great subdivision of the red Indian race which inhabited chiefly along the northern shores of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, their rivals and foes, the Iroquois, occupying the regions to the south of those waters. The point I have to remark upon on the present occasion is this: The Government authorities in giving a name to the new forest and park have adopted the form Algonkin in preference to the more usual one, Algonquin. And wisely so, I think, for the English writer or speaker is thereby compelled to come nearer to the sound intended to be embodied in the final syllable, even where the termination *quin* was used. It is, I think, quite legitimate to give assistance now and then in the transforming of Indian names into English by a phonetic artifice of this kind. Our own well-known and noble-sounding local name Algoma is akin to Algonkin. Its first syllable is an allusion to that general appellation for a great subdivision of the North American Indian race; while the *goma* is borrowed from *gomee*, the latter portion of the expression Kitchi-gomee, Big-seawater, applied by the Otchipways to Lake Superior. (Chief Crowfoot, the other day, we may have observed, saluted it, when he saw it for the first time, as Little Brother of the Ocean.) Algoma has thus, when taken properly, a comprehensive reference to the whole Algonkin territory, stretching from the far east to Lake Superior and beyond. Schoolcraft, a writer of many works on Indian matters, and a thoughtful student of Indian nomenclature, framed this word for English use; as also the term Algic, employed by him in his volumes entitled "Algic Researches," meaning researches in the Algonkin traditions. He also suggested the name Igoma for Lake Superior itself. Manitoba is

#### ANOTHER NOT UNGRACEFUL NAME

successfully moulded out of an Indian expression. It means, I believe, a lake where there is a spirit. For a time, as we shall remember, a strong effort was made to enforce Manito-bah as its proper pronunciation, but it has now pretty generally been made to conform to English use and analogy, just as has been done with Ottawa, once (phonetically) Ottah-wah; Niagara, once Onyah-gah-ra; Arkansas, once Arkan-saw, and Canada itself, once Cana-daw. In Kee-wa-tin, the name at present applied to an incipient province west of Manitoba, the authorities cannot be said to have been happy. The word is very deficient in dignity. It would have been better to have kept closer to the already fixed and famous Keewaydin of Longfellow's Hiawatha, adding thereto an *a* or an *ia*, to denote territory. (By the addition of a termination of their own, the French formed out of some crude native vocable the beautiful word Acadie, which we have further improved by expansion, according to English custom, into the very classic-sounding Acadia. In the same way we make Algeria out of Algeria, which the French contrived out of the rather unsightly Al Dschezair, Alger, Algiers.) It is possible that Keewatin may hereafter be revised. Kewaydina, "Land of the North Wind," would not sound ill. An Indian territorial term, still further west is Assiniboia, a well-formed appellation, having allusion to the Assiniboels or Assiniboils, and the Assiniboine

river. There is an Indian expression nearer home to which I vehemently demur, and this is the name by which a village on one of our back lakes between Lake Simcoe and the Trent is commonly known, Bobcaygeon. It is doubtless one of those wretched transformations which the illiterate man is so fond of making in a foreign term which he does not understand, for the purpose of vernacularizing it in some way at all risks. Thus our river Etobikoke, which really means Black Alder stream, frequently figured in early newspapers here as Toby Cocke; and once it appears in D. W. Smyth's early Gazetteer as Toby Coake. So English sailors in the Mediterranean have made out of Livorno, Leghorn; out of Hyeres Island, Irish Island; out of Cyclades, Sick Ladies, and so on. In Captain Owen's chart of the back lakes, published by the Lords of the Admiralty, in 1838, the name of one of them just here is given as Babakayjuen, of which

#### THE SIGNIFICATION CAN BE MADE OUT

by the aid of Baraga's dictionary to be "a succession of narrow, shallow rapids over rocks." Babakajjuen sounds good Indian. It is the Lower Canadian pronunciation of the first syllable of the word that has done the mischief, by making bawb out of it as in the well-known old family name Baby. (From the same cause Cape Gargantua, in Lake Superior appears wrongly as Gorgontua, in D. W. Smyth's Gazetteer, and the Sable as the Sauble, a little to the south of the Saugeen in Lake Huron, in Lovell's. Some rough lumberer has caught at Babakajjuen as uttered by a canoeeman from the lower province and has incontinently taken it to be a memento possibly of a defunct predecessor in his own craft. Dwellers on the shores of the rapid or lake referred to, may be expected to demand a return to the real form of its aboriginal name.

(To be Continued.)

#### WILD GEESE IN CANADA.

Wild geese are being slaughtered by the thousand at Beaver Lake, in the northwestern Canada. Two men recently killed 1,000 and dried the meat for winter use, and it is not unusual for the local gunners to bag 50 and 100 in a day's shooting.

The grave of Helen Hunt Jackson on Cheyenne mountain is covered with the cards of those who visited the place last summer.

Andrew Carnegie's new castle in the Alleghanies, which is to cost \$1,000,000, will be built entirely of undressed surface stone found on the place.

The other morning Jones got a letter from his son at school, as follows, Dear Papa, prepare to reward me. I am the first in orthography, "orthography," cried the father, "I ask how he would write that word, if he had only been second.

—Both the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Marquis of Lorne take a great interest in the Colonial Exhibition. The former pays frequent visits to it, and lately had long talks with the exhibitors. On the 3rd of September the Marquis of Lorne planted a Canadian walnut in the exhibition gardens.

# THE INDIAN.

—A PAPER DEVOTED TO—

The Aborigines of North America,

—AND ESPECIALLY TO—

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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## CONTRIBUTORS.

The following prominent literary gentlemen have promised to contribute:—Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Arthur Harvy, J. Hirschfelder, Horatio Hale, C. Mair, James Bain, David Boyle, Major C. A. Boulton, W. M. Glyndon, Lieut. Col. G. T. Denison, Ed. Furlong, W. H. Merritt, Peter Purvis, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, W. J. Franklin, Birmingham, Eng., Geo. H. Harris, Geo. S. Conover, Fiy-we-saus; Major F. H. Furniss; A. F. Hunter, Barric, Ont.; Duncan Milligan, F. R. A. S., London, Eng.; Sawgemaw, Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by (Dr. P. E. Jones), and educated Indians upon the various reserves.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising department has been neglected owing to all our efforts being put forth to create a large subscription list and circulation. Having been successful in this direction, we now intend to devote special attention to this department. THE INDIAN is a first class medium for advertisers, being widely circulated having 15,000 readers. If you think THE INDIAN worthy of patronage, and wish to place your advertisement, we will quote rates on application

The Indian Publishing Co.

Hagersville, Ont. Canada.

## EUROPEAN AGENCY,

29 HAMPDEN STREET,

BALSALL HEATH,

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

W. T. FRANKLIN, Manager.

## OUR ENGLISH OFFICE.

To accommodate our many friends and subscribers living in Great Britain, we have opened an agency at No. 29 Hampden St., Balsall Heath, Birmingham, England, and have placed the subscription lists and all matters relating to the business of THE INDIAN, in the hands of Mr. W. T. Franklin, who is hereby authorized to receive subscriptions and make contracts for advertising. We hope our patrons living in Great Britain will appreciate the move that we have made, and send in their names as subscribers to THE INDIAN. Mr. Franklin's address is noted above.

## GALLOPHOBIA.

Those who are inclined to smile over the seeming peculiarity and length of some of our Indian names will do us a favor to digest the following clipping from *Tit Bits*:

A certain class of German writers and philologists are just now trying their level best to convince all the world of their intense love of the Vaterland by purging their native language of all foreign words, especially those of French origin which have gradually crept in. Vain attempt! Take, for instance, the word *Damencomp* which is used on all the railway lines in Germany and stands for—ladies' compartment. One of

our official purists has proposed to substitute for the above short and convenient expression the word *Dameneisenbahnabtheilung*, "Stop, that won't do, objects another purist, "it ought to be *Eisenbahnwagendamenabtheilung*." Somehow, ladies arriving late at the station invariably make use of the first-named short term when addressing the porters, as patriotism or no patriotism they do not care to miss the train.

KAH-KE-WA-QUO-NA-BY.

BY WM. BRYANT.

No titles grand, heraldic fame,—  
Reflected honor on his name,  
But sprang from an ill-fated race,  
The stamp of worth was on his face.  
He never sought to sway men's hearts  
By subtle politicians' arts.  
His hand ne'er grasped the murd'rous knife,  
And ne'er was raised in deadly strife.  
His triumphs were upon a field,  
Which could a brighter trophy yield,—  
For 'twas his mission to proclaim  
The glories of his Savior's name  
To Nature's dark and hapless child,  
Fainting in the dreary wild;  
With urgent tones,—persuasion sweet,  
To lead him to his Savior's feet.  
His heritage *was wrongs*,—woes wrought  
By cruel pale men on his race;  
The white man's blood, his clansmen thought  
Those burning wrongs could scarce efface  
But with gaze fixed on realms above  
He meekly paid them back in love.  
And he is gone,—his race is won  
And loud the plaudit of "well done"  
Greets Earth's enfranchised, noblest son.  
From prairie wide and forest glade  
A wail of sorrow greets our ear.  
The dusky daughters of the shade,  
Sweet flowers threw upon his bier,  
Flowers bedewed with many a tear.  
His fate deplored by youth and age,  
Their grief nought earthly can assuage.  
Oh, who shall wipe these tears away?  
Oh, when will end the weary day,  
And Night, with slow and stealthy pace,  
Shall shroud from sight the fading race.  
Oh, who this darkness shall illumine?  
The "Chieftain of the Waving Plume"  
Is laid to rest—Who now shall save  
His nation from Oblivion's wave.

The Indians of the Alleghany and Cattagaranus Reservations (remnants of the Six Nations) are abandoning the customs of their fathers relating to burials. Until within a comparatively short time the habit has been to sew the body up in a blanket, not forgetting to place inside a generous supply of meat for food, wampum for ferrage over the Styx, and a bow and arrow for use in the happy hunting grounds. But when Billy McBale, one of the favorite chiefs, died, with doing his memory special honor the warriors bought a coffin and interred the remains in pale-face fashion. Since then the aboriginal method of disposing of the bodies of the dead has well nigh become obsolete and now the wealthier Indians buy caskets and employ undertakers.

## MOTHERLESS.

From a far-away country town a box of wild flowers had come to the Children's Hospital in the city of C—. Just at dusk the new nurse stopped in her rounds before one cot where a poor little sufferer lay, clasping in his thin hands a bunch of blue violets. The little fellow tossed and turned from side to side; ever and anon he would start up murmuring something about "Little Jack," then fall back whispering, "too late, too late."

"Bad case, bad case, nurse; father and mother both died of same fever, baby found dead, and this boy will go soon," and the old doctor shook his head gravely.

"Poor little fellow," murmured the nurse. "To die alone; no mother's hand to wipe away the gathering dews of death; no mother's arms; no mother's kiss!"

She brushed back the damp golden curls from the white forehead: the blue eyes opened wide and a faint voice whispered, "Mother!" The nurse bent piteously over him, his eyes searched her face, then closed wearily. "Oh, I want my mother!" he moaned.

"Poor baby," said the physician, "he will have his mother soon."

The child started up, "Rock me, mother," he cried. Very tenderly he lifted the little figure and placed it in the nurse's arms; the weary head dropped upon her shoulder; the hands, still holding the violets, were folded lovingly around her neck. To and fro she cradled him; the room was growing dark, a faint streak of light came in at the eastern window and slipped softly across the ledge.

"Sing to me," the child whispered; very sweetly on the air rose and fell the music of that old, old hymn:

Hide me, O, my Savior, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;

Nearer and nearer crept the moonlight till it touched the swaying figure;

Safe into the haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last."

The song ceased, "Mother, I'm too tired to kneel to-night," murmured the child, then softly added: "Now—I—lay me down—to—sleep—I—," with a long sigh the blue eyes closed tiredly; the arms slipped down; all was still. The moonlight flooded the room with silver; it lingered about the little white-robed child; it fell upon the golden curls and half-closed lids; and the withered flowers fallen loosely now from the tired hands. There was a faint, sweet perfume of violets as the rocker crushed to and fro; nothing stirred in the room save the swaying figure in the moonlight.

The doctor touched the nurse and gently said: "The child is with its mother."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## THE CURRENT OF RIVERS.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is at 100 miles from its mouth only 300 feet above the level of the sea,

and to fall 300 feet in its long course the water requires more than a month. The great River Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance. Above the distance of 1,000 miles it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than our loftiest spires.—*Detroit Post and Tribune,*

## \* PETER JONES.

### KAH-KE-WA-QUO-NA-BY.

By Rev. John McLean, Missionary to the Blood Indians at Fort McLeod.

He felt deeply the necessity of being thoroughly prepared for his work, hence arose his desires and plans of self education. He spent some time with a friend studying English Grammar, only to find it very "dry," and again for a short time he took lessons in phonography. The temporal welfare of the Indians aroused his sympathies, many of them had followed too closely their white neighbors in practicing vice, and preferred spending their days in idleness and debauchery, to gaining independent livelihood. There was no kindly hand stretched forth to help them toward the path of safety and comfort, and they knew not how to labor, having no regular instructor. There were Indian Agents to help them, but some of these had little interest in their work, much of the instruction therefore devolved upon the Missionaries and the Christian people. There were a few Indian traders and Government officials who sympathized with them in their struggles, rejoiced in their success and were anxious to help them in gaining an honest position among men. Peter Jones was earnest and clear sighted in his attempts to better the conditions of his red brethren. His ideal Indian Missionary was one who threw off his coats, went into the fields with the Indians, and in all kinds of manual labor said "Come along with me," instead of imparting instruction and then saying to them "Go." He sought first to Christianize and then civilize them. He labored side by side with them, teaching them how to adopt the new methods of the white men and in all important matters he was their spokesman to lay before the Indian Department the rights which he boldly but justly demanded. Such was the gratitude they evinced, and their estimation of his ability and zeal that his own tribe elected him chief. Success attended his efforts. Many of the tribes which he visited obeyed his instructions and followed his example. The young men gave up their nomadic habits, settled down as tillers of the soil, and became thrifty, intelligent and respectable members of society. At the present time there are to be found amongst these same people, men of enterprise and wealth. The Bible, the plough and common school have acted as beneficent civiliz-

ers, which have aroused the latent energies of their minds, and secured for them an honorable place among men.

The young women lacked not the energy necessary to make them diligent students of domestic economy and many of them have become successful imitators of the fashions and foibles of the women of the pale-faced race. Indeed literary attainments and poetic genius are found amongst some of the descendants of the heathen tribes who listened to the Gospel as preached by Kahkewaquonaby in his earlier years. The hopes of the friends of the red men have been more than realized, and these results, generate hopes that are bright for the enlightenment and salvation of those who now are sitting in darkness extreme.

The love and sympathy that were shown for the Indians in temporal matters, became an intense passion when applied to the salvation of their soul. Time was precious, and hardships became pleasures when the souls of his brethren were at stake.

It was no unusual thing for him to preach to large congregations of white people on a Sunday evening, start off early next morning twenty or thirty miles to seek out some Indians, stay with them two or three days, preaching to them and advising them in matters pertaining to their temporal welfare, bid them farewell sorrowfully, hurry off to fill one or two appointments at Missionary meetings and delight the audiences with his thrilling accounts of adventures and success.

When the Indians removed to the desire of the Government from the mouth of the Credit to the Credit Flats, he went with them. Their first work was to erect a back chapel in which they might worship God. They cleared the land built a school, and at once organized a Sunday school with fifty scholars. He rejoiced when the Indians were benefitted, no matter what the agency might be.

He felt the importance of personal piety as a valuable aid to him in his work, and to enable him to secure this intelligently, he drew up rules for holy living.

There were very many hindrances toward successfully carrying on missionary work among the Indians. The traders found it to be very easy to impose upon the people when they were kept in ignorance or continued to indulge in the use of intoxicating liquor, and as a class, they were desirous of retaining the influence that they had gained over them. They were therefore inveterate enemies to the Christian teachers who were disputing the division of this influence with them. They saw that were the people to embrace religion, they must deal honestly with them, and much of their illgotten gains would be lost. There were some traders who were favorably disposed toward the Christianising of the Indians, but the majority looked with contempt or bitter hatred on all means used for their elevation. Evil influences were thrown around those who attended the means of grace, and even threats of violence were used to intimidate them.

The drink demon was a sad and powerful enemy that confronted the noble efforts put forth for the enlightenment and civilization of the red

race in Canada. Well did Peter Jones reply to the American who said to him, that the Mohawk Dutch would not like to see him in their country as many of the Indians had killed their friends during the Revolutionary war. He said "Do you not know that thousands of the poor Indians have been slain by the sword of the white man, and tens of thousands by the white man's fire-water?"

### ADDRESS PRESENTED TO SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

During the visit of the Supt.-Gen'l of Indian Affairs at Orillia lately, he was presented with the following address:

#### INDIAN ADDRESS TO THE PREMIER.

Chief Benson, on behalf of the Chippewa band of Indians, on the islands of Lake Simcoe, presented the following address to Sir John Macdonald:

To the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, G. C. B. &c., &c., Superintendent-General Indian Affairs.

SIR,—The Chippewa band of Indians in the islands of Lake Simcoe, having learned of your intention to visit Orillia, there to address the people in your public capacity as Premier of this great and growing Dominion, resolved to tender you our tribute of praise and gratitude for your earnest efforts to promote the welfare of the Indian people throughout the Dominion.

We desire to approach you as children a parent, and look to you as our father and helper.

We acknowledge our helplessness without your guidance and care, and we appreciate your difficulties in dealing with our less civilized brother in the North-West, who has not the advantages we in Ontario have had in our intercourse with our brother the white man, whose bad habits we hope to avoid, whose good habits we hope to imitate. We recognize in your declining years (may you long be preserved to us) a growing strength in our interest and welfare. We are proud to acknowledge you as our Great Chief and head.

We thank you most cordially for the gift of the franchise, and we regret most deeply that, owing to the uncertainty of electoral relations of our reserve with the adjacent counties not having been distinctly defined, we may not have the pleasure and privilege of extending to you our hearty support by our votes at the coming election.

We rejoice, in common with the great majority of this Dominion, to have such an eminent statesman, and you to have such eminent colleagues, to rule and guide the affairs of our country.

We attempt to perceive and appreciate also that gigantic work of your head and hands, the Canadian Pacific railway, one of the many and the proudest monument of your genius.

We wish you and Lady Macdonald long life and happiness, and beg to subscribe as your devoted children,

On behalf of the band.

(Signed) CHAS. BIGCANOE, Chief.  
JAS. ASHQUAB, Councillor.

Georgina Island, Nov. 29.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

(Continued.)

"Heaven protect me from a prejudice so unworthy of my reason!" returned Duncan, at the same time conscious of such a feeling, and that as deeply rooted as if it had been ingrafted in his nature. "The sweetness, the beauty, the witchery of your younger daughter, Colonel Munro, might explain my motives, without imputing to me this injustice."

"Ye are right sir," returned the old man, again changing his tones to those of gentleness, or rather softness; "the girl is the image of what her mother was at her years, and before she had become acquainted with grief. When death deprived me of my wife I returned to Scotland, enriched by the marriage; and would you think it, Duncan! the suffering angel had remained in the heartless state of celibacy twenty long years, and that for the sake of a man who could forget her! She did more, sir; she overlooked my want of faith, and all difficulties being now removed, she took me for her husband."

"And became the mother of Alice?" exclaimed Duncan, with an eagerness that might have proved dangerous at a moment when the thoughts of Munro were less occupied than at present.

"She did, indeed," said the old man, "and dearly did she pay for the blessing she bestowed. But she is a saint in heaven, sir; and it ill becomes one whose foot rests on the grave to mourn a lot so blessed. I had her but a single year, though; a short term of happiness for one who had seen her youth fade in hopeless pining."

There was something so commanding in the distress of the old man, that Heyward did not dare to venture a syllable of consolation. Munro sat utterly unconscious of the other's presence, his features exposed and working with the anguish of his regrets, while heavy tears fell from his eyes, and rolled unheeded from his cheeks to the floor. At length he moved, as if suddenly recovering his recollection; when he arose, and taking a single turn across the room, he approached his companion with an air of military grandeur, and demanded,—

"Have you not, Major Heyward, some communication that I should hear from the Marquis de Montcalm?"

Duncan started, in his turn, and immediately commenced, in an embarrassed voice, the half-forgotten message. It was unnecessary to dwell upon the evasive, though polite manner, with which the French general had eluded every attempt of Heyward to worm from him the purport of the communication he had proposed making, or on the decided, though still polished message, by which he now gave his enemy to understand, that unless he chose to receive it in person, he should not receive it at all. As Munro listened to the detail of Duncan, the excited feelings of the father gradually gave way before the obligations of his station, and when

the other was done, he saw before him nothing but the veteran, swelling with the wounded feelings of a soldier.

"You have said enough, Major Heyward!" exclaimed the angry old man: "enough to make a volume of commentary on French civility. Here has this gentleman invited me to a conference, and when I send him a capable substitute, for ye'er all that, Duncan, though your years are but few, he answers me with a riddle."

"He may have thought less favorably of the substitute, my dear sir; and you will remember that the invitation, which he now repeats, was to the commandant of the works, and not to his second."

"Well, sir, is not a substitute clothed with all the power and dignity of him who grants the commission? He wishes to confer with Munro! Faith, sir, I have much inclination to indulge the man, if it should only be to let him behold the firm countenance we maintain in spite of his numbers and his summons. There might be no bad policy in such a stroke young man."

Duncan, who believed it of the last importance that they should speedily come at the contents of the letter borne by the scout, gladly encouraged this idea.

"Without doubt, he could gather no confidence by witnessing our indifference," he said.

"You never said truer word. I could wish sir, that he would visit the works in open day, and in the form of a storming party; that is the least failing method of proving the countenance of an enemy, and would be far preferable to the battering system he has chosen. The beauty and manliness of warfare have been much deformed, Major Heyward, by the arts of your Monsieur Vauban. Our ancestors were far above such scientific cowardice."

"It may be very true, sir; but we are now obliged to repel art by art. What is your pleasure in the matter of the interview?"

"I will meet the Frenchman, and that without fear or delay; promptly, sir, as becomes a servant of my royal master. Go, Major Heyward, and give them flourish of the music; and send out a messenger to let them know who is coming. We will follow with a small guard, for such respect is due to one who holds the honor of his king in keeping; hark'ee, Duncan, he added, in half whisper, though they were alone, "it may be prudent to have some aid at hand, in case there should be a treachery at the bottom of it all."

The young man availed himself of his order to quit the apartment; and, as the day was fast coming to a close, he hastened, without delay, to make the necessary arrangements. A very few minutes only were necessary to parade a few files, and to dispatch an orderly with a flag to announce the reproach of the commandant of the fort. When Duncan had done both these he led the guard to the sally port, near which he found his superior ready, waiting his appearance. As soon as the usual ceremonies of a military departure were observed the veteran and his more youthful companion left the fortress, attended by the escort.

They had proceeded only a hundred yards from the work, when the little array which attended the French general to the conference,

was seen issuing from the hollow way, which formed the bed of a brook that ran between the batteries of the besiegers and the fort. From the moment that Munro left his own works to appear in front of his enemies, his air had been grand, and his step and countenance highly military. The instant he caught a glimpse of the white plume that waved in the hat of Montcalm, his eye lighted, and age no longer appeared to possess any influence over his vast and still muscular person.

"Speak to the boys to be watchful, sir," he said, in an under tone, to Duncan; "and to look well to their flints and steel, for one is never safe with a servant of these Louis; at the same time, we will show them the front of me in deep security. Ye'll understand me, Major Heyward!"

He was interrupted by the clamor of a drum from the approaching Frenchmen, which was immediately answered, when each party pushed an orderly in advance, bearing a white flag, and the wary Scotsman halted, with his guard close at his back. As soon as this slight salutation had passed, Montcalm moved towards them with a quick but graceful step, baring his head to the veteran, and dropping his spotless plume nearly to the earth in courtesy. If the air of Munro was more commanding and manly, it wanted both the ease and insinuating polish of that of the Frenchman. Neither spoke for a few moments, each regarding the other with curious and interested eyes. Then, as became his superior rank and the nature of the interview, Montcalm broke the silence. After uttering the usual words of greeting, he turned to Duncan, and continued, with a smile of recognition, speaking always in French,—

"I am rejoiced, monsieur, that you have given us the pleasure of your company on this occasion. There will be no necessity to employ an ordinary interpreter; for, in your hands, I feel the same security as if I spoke your language myself."

Duncan acknowledged the compliment when Montcalm, turning to his guard, which, in imitation of that of their enemies, pressed close upon him, continued,—

"En arriere, mes enfans—if fait chaud; retirez-vous un peu."

Before Major Heyward would imitate this proof of confidence, he glanced his eyes around the plain, and beheld with uneasiness the numerous dusky groups of savages, who looked out from the margin of the surrounding woods, curious spectators of the interview.

"Monsieur de Montcalm will readily acknowledge the difference in our situation," he said, with some embarrassment, pointing at the same time at those dangerous foes, who were to be seen in almost every direction. "Were we to dismiss our guard, we should stand here at the mercy of our enemies."

"Monsieur, you have the plighted faith of 'un gentilhomme Francais,' for your safety," returned Montcalm, laying his hand impressively on his heart; it should suffice."

"It shall. Fall back," Duncan added to the officer who led the escort; "fall back, sir, beyond hearing, and wait for orders."

Munro witnessed the movement with manifest uneasiness; nor did he fail to demand an instant explanation.

(To be Continued.)

What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of Boschee's German Syrup within a few years, has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds, and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals them in the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition.

A Wonderful Relief for Deafness

A triumph of the Nineteenth Century in Medical Science.

At a lecture recently given in one of our hospitals the speaker, while illustrating the advancement in medical science, brought a patient afflicted with deafness, whose case, baffled all medical skill, has been considered hopeless. But attention having been attracted to an invention of H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., it was used with the most gratifying results, as the hearing was fully restored by it.

Upon making further tests, it was far in advance of any known device for the relief of deafness, as cases of fifty years' standing were fully restored by it. Confidence was established in this device by the facts that it is wholly out of sight, that it can be worn several months without removing and that it is inserted by the patients themselves.—N. Y. World.

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with Green's August Flower and Boschee's German Syrup, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size.

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Notice to Contractors.

TENDERS will be invited in a few days for the construction of the Section of the Cape Breton Railway extending from the Grand Narrows to Sydney, a distance of about 45 miles. This preliminary notice is given in order that Contractors desiring to tender for the work may have an opportunity to examine the location before the winter sets in.

By order, W. A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary. Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 26th Nov., 1886.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations. AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair.—Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. \*\*My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn. VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. \*\*A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

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PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond Va.

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MARKET REPORTS.

FISH MARKET. By J. LECKIE, 76 Front Street E, Toronto. Toronto, Nov 12, 1886. Salt Fish. Cash Prices. No. 1 L. S. Salmon Trout, in hf bbis. \$3.75. White Fish, in hf bbis. 4.75. L. H. Round Herring, in hf bbis. 2.50. Split " " hf bbis. 3.00. Labrador " " in bbis. 5.50. Mackerel " " hf bbis. 3.00. All fish are inspected before shipping.

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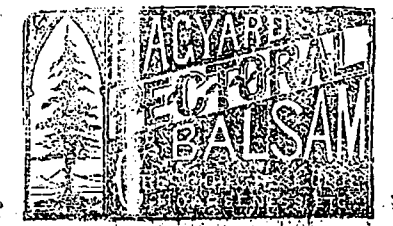
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I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topoka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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