Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICTON, N. B., May 27, 1885.

"A Convention is a Good Thing."

Mr. Blair all at once, is struck with the beauty and appropriateness of conventions. A few weeks ago, Mr. Blair turned up his political nose at such a despicable thing as a Convention. When the Opposition called together the Convention which unanimously nominated Mr. Hazen, Mr. Blair, in his subsidized organ, laughed at the idea, and caricatured the gathering. But Mr. Blair has suddenly discovered this to be a mistake, and he forthwith called a Convention himself, and more than this, he directed his organ to say that:

"Hitherto it has been said, with more or less truth, that Fredericton has selected the candidates and the County has elected them. This ought not to be so. The thousands of electors in the county districts should have their say in the choice of candidates. In this particular instance there has been no effort to forestall the action of the Convention. The friends of the government in the city are not wedded to any candidate. A number of names are discussed, but it is quite possible that none of them may be that of the chosen candidate. The field is open, and the desire of the Government party in this city is that the selection should be one which, after due consideration and consultation, will commend itself to a representative gathering of their friends from the whole County."

"Hitherto," says Mr. Blair. "Fredericton has selected the candidates, and the county has elected them." That, we consider a cruel stab at Mr. Gregory, cruel as it is untrue. It is a fact, that Fredericton, or that part of it which is wont to assemble in Mr. Blair's back office, *selected* Mr. Gregory to run an election, but it is not true that the county, or anybody *elected* Mr. Gregory.

"In this particular instance," says Mr. Blair, referring to the approaching election, "there has been no effort to forestall the action of the Convention." Indeed! Does anybody believe that? Why, what rot to publish to an intelligent constituency. Why hasn't Mr. Blair been on the hunt for a candidate for six weeks? Hasn't he tried everybody he could think of who would be likely to accept a nomination. Has he not urged Mr. James Tibbitts to be a candidate? Has he not endeavored to thrust the nomination on Mr. William Wilson? Has not Mr. Luther Goodspeed been approached, and has Mr. Blair not urged Mr. Richard Bellamy to run in his interest, and yet Mr. Blair will publish it, that "there has been no effort to forestall the action of the Convention."

But Mr. Blair in his search for a candidate has not confined himself to his own party. Why he and his friends have actually endeavoured to persuade Mr. Luke Lawson of Canterbury, one of Mr. Hazen's most influential and enthusiastic supporters, to contest this election in the interests of the Government! Let Mr. Blair and his friends deny that if they dare. "No effort to forestall the action of the Convention!" Well, well, isn't that a falsehood worthy of the subsidized organ and its editor, the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. First, Mr. Blair wanted Mr. James Tibbitts, who happens to be Mr. Hazen's father-in-law, to be their candidate, thinking perhaps that Mr. Hazen would back down if Mr. Tibbits ran, and lastly in their frenzy, they attempt to induce one of Mr. Hazen's most loyal friends, Mr. Lawson to forsake his party, and go to the rescue of the Government. Has ever any politician been driven to such straits?

McKenzie and Riel.

The ordinary Grit takes great comfort out of the North West rebellion, because he thinks one of its effects will be to weaken, and perhaps destroy Sir John A. Macdonald's Government. The same Grit will tell you that Sir John should never have permitted Riel to escape in 1875, but that is where the mistake is made. It was not Sir John that allowed Riel his liberty. It was the Government led by Mr. McKenzie, a Grit Government, would you believe it, and therefore the responsibility for Riel's subsequent career of plunder and bloodshed must rest with the Grit party.

In 1875, notwithstanding that the blood of Scott reddened the hands of the half-breed-chief, all his past offences were forgiven by command of the Grit Government then in power. Here is the resolution moved in the House of Commons, by Alexander McKenzie, the Grit Premier of Canada, and it was this resolution that gave Riel his liberty, and the opportunity for pursuing with greater success, his career of spoliation and murder:

Resolved,—That in the opinion of the House, it would be proper to grant a full amnesty to all persons concerned in the North West troubles saving only Riel, Lepine and O'Donoghue, and further

Resolved—That a like amnesty be granted to Riel and Lepine conditioned on five years banishment from Her Majesty's Dominions.

Who then is responsible for the present rebellion, but the Grit party. There never would have been a rebellion, but for Riel, and there would have been no Riel to lead it, but for the Grit party.

A Word of Warning.

Messrs. Gregory & Blair, finding they cannot successfully answer any of the accusations made in connexion with their long talked of reforms, by way of retaliation, or to dodge the issue, in their subsidized organ, resort to personal attacks on the editor of the FARMER, and others, whose characters we think in the mind of the public, will compare favorably at least with any of those connected with the organ.

Personalities are not interesting to the public, and we desire to avoid them, but we wish these people to understand, that if they continue their spleen and unmanly insinuations, we in defence, will give them such a raking up as will astonish the entire crowd. If we are driven to this, these people will have nobody to blame for it but themselves. We therefore give Mr. Lugrin, Mr. Jas. Crocket, Mr. George Gregory and their friends, fair warning of what they may expect, if personalities are to form the subject of discussion during this election campaign.

Again we say, we desire to avoid such a course.

The Scott Act has been defeated in the city of Kingston, Ontario, and carried in the county of Frontenac in the same Province.

Information for the Organ.

Mr. Blair's subsidized organ makes the terrible threat against Mr. Hazen, that it will hold him responsible for the FARMER's articles on his behalf, and it wants Mr. Hazen to disavow the FARMER. In the next breath it refers to the FARMER as Mr. Hazen's organ, and to the Editor of the FARMER as Mr. Hazen's political mentor. It charges Mr. Hazen with inspiring and even writing articles for the FARMER, and prates about the bad company Mr. Hazen has got into.

Now we can relieve the subsidized organ of its anxiety. The FARMER is not Mr. Hazen's organ, nor the organ of any other man, but it proposes to assist all it can in the election of Mr. Hazen. The FARMER has been able to establish most successfully that Mr. Blair politically is a great failure: that as a reformer Mr. Blair is a deception: that Mr. Blair's political policy has been principally to thrust his own indigent relatives and connexions on the public; that so long as Mr. Blair and Mr. Blair's connexions are foisted on the public treasury, the interests of the country may go to the dogs. In the performance of this praiseworthy labor, it was not neeessary for the FARMER to become, nor has it become, anybody's organ, except that of the public. The FARMER is under no obligations to any political party; it is not subsidized by any man or party of men; it is a paying commercial enterprise, dependent upon, and supported by the public. The FARMER discharges all its financial obligations; its course on public matters is controlled by no man or party; and when its editor is unable to fulfil the duties of his position, he will retire from it and give place to somebody else. The subsidized organ is so accustomed to everybody's literary slops being emptied into its own columns, that it imagines other newspapers have a similar experience. We beg to assure Messrs. Gregory & Blair, that Mr. Hazen does not edit the FARMER, neither does he inspire its articles or control its utterances. If these gentlemen are so very anxious to hear form Mr. Hazen, their wish will be gratified. We think they will readily admit that Mr. Hazen is quite able to take care of himself. Mr. Gregory particularly has been impressed with this fact, for doubtless the proceedings of Declaration Day in 1884, have not yet faded from his memory.

After all perhaps we are attaching too much importance to the organ's utterances. We apologize. There is one point, however, that may be added. The public do not take any stock in the subsidized organ. The public know that it is supported from the public treasury, and is liberally rewarded to express Mr. Blair's ideas. Its editor is at this moment drawing a salary of $800 per annum, from Mr. Blair's Government, as Secretary of Agriculture, and he is bound to express Mr. Blair's views. That is how he gets his bread and butter. The value of a newspaper of that class as an exponent of public opinion, amounts to just nothing. "Newspapers whose opinions are paid for out of the public till, don't count" said *Grip* recently, and the Toronto *Globe*, that great Grit organ, making the expression the subject of an article remarks, that "newpapers of this class, are kept pretty much in the same way as a tribal Indian is kept—as dependents on the bounty of the Government—and what they dare say on any public question, is of no more value than what any Indian on his reserve may say. Being newspapers whose opinions are paid for out of the public till, they don't count."

The Toronto *Globe* is a great authority with all the little Grit journals, including the little subsidized organ itself, and we have no doubt the latter will accept the *Globe's* opinion in this matter.

We are glad to have the military with us again. glad that they return after a few days pleasant sojourn at Sussex, unscarred but sunbrowned. We rejoice with the lovers reunited; with paterfamilias' warm reception from the wife of his bosom and the congeniality of the fireside once more intact.

It was a bloodless campaign for our brave boys; their only pitched battle was with the festive mosquito and vicious sand fly, which infest the otherwise pleasant Sussex Vale, but we are assured that if they had met more worthy foemen, victory for them would have been as complete.

Col. Maunsell has many good words for the behaviour of the boys during their absence Their worst offence was mild flirtation with the rare beauties of Kings, and in this, it is fair to presume, all ranks were equally guilty.

People are very much amused at Mr. Lugrin's anxiety to protect the County Treasury. Now Mr. Lugrin was not always so solicitous in that direction. Once upon a time when one C. H. Lugrin ran a newspaper known as the *Colonial Farmer*, he accepted a contract from the Municipal Council of York, to publish the proceedings of the Council for the sum of thirty dollars or thereabouts. Mr. Lugrin drew the money but he never fulfilled the contract. If Mr. Lugrin is really so anxious to guard and improve the finances of the Municipality, why does he not do something practical by returning the amount he himself owes the County.

Sir Leonard Tilley has arrived in England, much improved in health.

The North West Rebellion is virtually over. General Middleton has all the leaders except Dumont and Big Bear, but further resistance from them is improbable. Riel has been taken to Regina, the capital of the North West Territory, where he will be kept awaiting trial.

The other day in Parliament, after Blake had delivered a violent speech, arraigning the Government for the responsibility of the North West rebellion, Sir John quietly observed, that the Grit leader had taken a lesson from Indian warfare, and fired a shot from a rifle pit. The style and tacties of the Opposition could not have been more tersely, yet forcibly expressed.

Here is a forcible illustration, of the power of the press. Poundmaker the Cree chief, found among the articles seized from the supply teams *en route* from Swift Current to Battleford, for Col. Otter, three mail bags filled with newspapers containing accounts of Riel's defeat by Middleton, and it so took the starch out of the old redskin, that he at once surrendered unconditionally to Col. Otter.

Messrs. Gregory & Blair are doing their level best to make political capital out of the alleged defalcation in the county funds. Just what connexion this matter may have with Mr. Hazen, or the approaching election, the public are at a loss to divine. We have thought proper not to make reference to the defalcation until the committee of enquiry have reported, and we presume that then it will be a matter entirely between the Secretary-Treasurer and the Council, the former being responsible to the County for the safe keeping of it monies.

Echoes of the Rebellion.

Unconditional Surrender of Poundmaker.

Reil Jailed at Regina.

Notes and Incidents of the Campaign.

Poundmaker's Surrender.

Poundmaker has sent in along with captured teamsters two women and a priest, a flag of truce and a letter, asking on what terms he would be allowed to surrender. Baptiste Fontane, scout, supposed to have been killed, also came in with them. He says Poundmaker was all broken up on hearing of Riel's surrender. The Indians were terribly frightened, placed all their rifles in the tepee and hoisted an old English flag they had captured somewhere, over the tepee. They then held a grand council and decided to return their prisoners and send in a flag of truce and letter.

Is Riel Insane?

A Quebec despatch says that a warden named Vincellette, in the Beauport asylum, in a letter to the press, denies the statement that Riel was not insane when an inmate of the asylum. He says the physicians of the asylum can prove that he suffered from acute mania, and Riel's keeper can testify to having narrowly escaped a death blow from him during a fit of madness. He also states that Riel was admitted, the same as the other patients, on an order from the Government, and did not leave the asylum of his own free will, but was regularly discharged the same as other prisoners.

Middleton's Arrival at Battleford.

The steamer Northcote, with Gen. Middleton on board, arrived at Battleford at 9 o'clock Sunday evening. Four hundred volunteers are with him. Rev. Father Cochin is just in with a communication from Poundmaker, saying he will surrender unconditionally. The Indians are now coming in to talk with Gen. Middleton; they are thoroughly scared. There are about 40 half-breeds with them. The Indians number about 2,000 souls. When the priest gave Poundmaker Colonel Otter's letters they all laid down their arms. The Indians have already commenced moving to surrender. The priest says the enemy were two days burying their dead at Cut Knife Hill—sixty at least. The rebellion is virtually over.

Riel Imprisoned at Regina.

The train carrying Riel arrived at Regina, Saturday, Capt. Young of the Winnipeg field battery in charge. He was taken to the barracks. From the time of Riel's capture, up to half an hour after his arrival there, he was under the control of Capt. Young, and was brought by him from Guardapuy's crossing to Saskatoon on the steamer Northcote, and thence by train 154 miles in two and a half days. The trip was a very rapid one, but it was made without incident. The escort consisted of 16 men. The original destination was Winnipeg, but orders by telegraph met Capt. Young at Moose Jaw to hand his prisoner over to the police authorities at Regina and await orders. Riel is well, but showed much nervousness of being handed over to the police, and does not talk much.

An Exhibition of Heroism.

One incident of the Cut Knife Creek fight cannot be left unrecorded. Private Acheson of the Queen's Own, ran out from cover at the time the withdrawal was being made, to recover the body of Private Dobbs, of the Battleford Rifles. Private Lloyd, of the Queen's Own, was near him at the time, and Acheson asked him to cover him while he went out. Lloyd did so, and went out to assist Acheson, who had shouldered the dead man. When they were returning Lloyd fell, shot in the back. He was in a stooping position when struck, and the bullet entering the centre of the back penetrated up to the shoulder, under the blade. When Acheson had deposited the body under cover he at once returned to bring in Lloyd. Color-Sergeant McKell, of the Queen's Own, went out to assist him, and between them they got Lloyd safely away from the enemy. It was a remarkable exhibition of heroism. The enemy were at moderately close range, and firing incessantly.

Chiefs Beardy and Okemasis.

Beardy and Okemasis, chiefs of the Duck Lake reserve, with some chief men, held a pow-wow with the General, Saturday, expressing loyalty. Beardy protested that he had always been loyal and wished to keep his tribe the same. He was unable to do this, and a number of his young men took part in the Duck Lake and Batoche fights against his will. When asked why he had not notified the police that the rebel force had gathered at Duck Lake, he said he thought he was doing enough when he warned his young men against participating. The General said he was going to send men to repair the telegraph wire, and if a single shot was fired at them he would send a force to burn the reserve and punish all in it. Okemasis admitted having been at Duck Lake and Batoche, but was too much of a coward to shoot our men, although he carried a gun to satisfy Riel. The General said that a coward was not fit to be a chief, and consequently he would order his title to be taken away. Tobacco or pork, which had been asked for would, however, be given.

The Charge at Batoche.

Gradually the lines had been advancing, and now the word "Charge!" was heard all along the line. Forward the men bounded with a yell that echoed and re-echoed down the broad valley, the Royal Grenadiers and the two Midland Companies in their bright scarlet, springing along as if every man was a trained racer. The 90th Winnipeg men as nobly responded to the order, and their cheer was not unheard amid the general din. Officers, waving their swords and their cocked revolvers, were everywhere leading and cheering on the men. Down the declivity toward the lower part of the village the avalanche of scarlet and rifle-green swept. Nothing could withstand the terrific onslaught. Every one vied with his comrade to be first in the trenches. On first hearing the terrible cheer that broke from our lines the rebels sprang to their feet. Some showed signs even then of wavering, but many of them coolly settled themselves to receive the charge and to die game. They fired deliberately and several of our brave fellows fell, shot through the heart, yet nothing daunted by the steady fire and determined aspect of the enemy, onward they pressed still down the slope, through the valley, among the houses and far away on the plain beyond the remotest rifle-pit.

Brave Men who were at the Front.

The stand of Capt. Peters' division of "A" Battery against the rebels in the battle of the 24th April is remarkable. The portion under his command, consisting of a 9-pound Armstrong rifle field gun, with a detachment of twelve gunners and drivers, kept the gun in action when from the first their efforts, it was known, could be of little use in the position the enemy occupied. Capt. Drury was in immediate command of this gun and managed it cleverly, shell after shell dropping in the enemy's pits with splendid precision. Both Capts. Peters and Drury are St. John boys. The latter is a nephew of Chief Justice Allen.

Major short, of "B" Battery, greatly distinguished himself at the Cut Knife Creek fight and fought with great pluck and unflagging energy. The Major fought like a tiger, receiving a shot through his cap, which graved his scalp, but he seemed to have a charmed life. On one occasion he was attacked by an Indian, whose gun failed to go off. The Major seized the gun by the muzzle and struck the man with his fist, staggering him, and then suddenly drawing a revolver he pierced the Indian's brain with a bullet, killing him. Dr. Rouleau of Battleford, corroborated the account of the gallant Major's bravery, and says that he is universally esteemed by all and considered the "Bayard of the band." Dr. Rouleau also mentioned Lieut. Sears' name, Col. Otter's chief of When asked who would take command if anything happened to Otter, he said "Sears." The latter is considered one of the very best men, and a brave and capable officer. Sears is a son of John Sears of St. John.

Col Otter said the Queen's Own fought like tigers, behaved themselves like veterans and earned the praise of the mounted police and Battleford volunteers. The ambulance corps did especially well. We have not been paid yet, and money is scarce, very scarce, in the camp. The boys do a good deal of private cooking on their own account, such as making porridge, coffee, etc. The bodies of the dead were laid to rest just outside the camp, between the camp and village. It was a scene well calculated to make one appreciate the realities of war. I almost shed tears when the horses of the mounted policemen were led past by two policemen, the saddles empty, and the dead men's boots strapped to the stirrups, the heels to the front. As two of the killed were catholics there were two services at the grave, one Roman Catholic, and the other according to the form of the Church of England.

Riel and Bolton.

The telegraph tells us that the capture of Riel was effected by Major Bolton. Thus we may see how strange are the reverses brought about by the whirligig of time. Fifteen years ago Boulton was lying a prisoner in Fort Garry, condemned to death by Louis Riel, President of the so-called Provisional Government. There were many gentlemen of influence in Fort Garry and the neighboring village of Winnipeg at the time, and one by one the more influential of them sought to mollify the wrath of Riel and save the life of his captive, But one after the other was refused; it was not so much the offense that was to be punished as the example that was to be set and Bolton must die. Accordingly the prisoner was so informed and was bade prepare himself for death. Archbishop McLean, the Rev. Mr. Young and others visited him, and men's faces grew long and gloomy in anticipation of the tragedy that was about to be performed. At length a gleam of mercy or wisdom reached the savage dictator and his fiat was issued that Bolton's life should be spared, and the glad news quickly spread through the little settlement till it reached a reverend gentleman who had prepared the young man to meet his death in a Christian manner. "Not to be shot!" said the reveren gentleman. "Dear me! He was well prepared for death. The young man will never be in a better state to die. Dear me! Not to be shot. Well! Well! it's a forunate escape."

Riel afterwards was wont to express his regret that he had not shot Bolton since his escape encouraged others, and it is probable that when he found himself pursued and taken on the banks of the Saskatchewan the other day he may have once more wished that he had not interfered to render void the pious labor of the Red River clergyman."

A Talk with Riel.

GUARDUPUY'S CROSSING, May 17, *via* Clark's Crossing, N. W. T., May 18.—I have made every effort to gain access to Riel, and Gen. Middleton finally asked the prisoner, who was in the General's tent, if he would be interviewed. He decided not to be, except by Gen. Middleton. Asked about the Fish Creek fight, Riel said Dumont would go, and went further than he should; then he wandered off to say the Almighty directed the fight at that place. He says his force was seven hundred men. Asked why he assured his people of the assistance of the United States, he replied that no reliance could be placed in the word of the Indians, who had given him assurance of assistance. Pressed as to his statement that the United States Government was to assist him, Riel grew confident and again religious. The prisoner expressed much anxiety for the safety of his family, but fears of violence to his own person subsided after he received hot steak soup from the headquarters mess. He, however, expressed the desire that if any one was punished it should be himself alone. When Gen. Middleton left last evening Riel said:—"General, I have been thinking whether had the Almighty given me the decisive victory he has seen fit to give you, I would receive success as well as you would." With the remark, "I don't think you would," Middleton left him puzzling over his conundrum. Riel is coatless, having left that garment in the bush. He has moccasins for his feet, a black slouch hat, a hickory shirt, grey and dirty vest and trousers, decidedly dirty in person, and has lost his courteous manner. His voice is well modulated, and gestures graceful. Although there is loud talking in camp about shooting and hanging, the prisoner is in absolute safety, the greatest danger, if any exists, being from some of those who were his prisoners for two months.

To Punish Big Bear.

The forces under General Strange, consist of 100 mounted men, one nine-pounder gun with Northwest mounted police escort, 20 men, 150 men of the 65th, 190 men of the Winnipeg light infantry, and twenty-seven wagons. One hundred mounted men have left for Saddle Lake to punish Big Bear. A party of scouts, which were despatched a few days ago to that point, returned with information that the place was entirely deserted. Some five hundred sacks of barley and a considerable quantity of flour, potatoes and other supplies were found there. The cavalry will secure and hold them until the advance is made on Tuesday, when the Alberta mounted infantry, 50 strong, will have joined the 65th. They will proceed by trail with the remainder of the mounted force. The Winnipeg battalion will proceed by boat, carrying a month's supplies for the whole command. Alarming reports are current regarding the number of Big Bear's men. There has been so much unavoidable delay in the expedition that he has had time to recruit from every tribe in the district. The restless spirits and young men eager for reputation have left their own chiefs and have joined him until now he has a force of 800 men, all fairly armed. Most of the cattle he had have been butchered and the meat dried, and with this and the large quantity of provisions and plunder taken in his raids he is encouraged to move. He declares that he will make a stand at the Big Hills, between Frog Lake and Fort Pitt. The scouts say he intends placing his captives and his women and children at the front, so that the troops may not be able to fire upon him. However, we have our artillery, and from what is shown at drill, a flank movement could be made as quickly as by cavalry. There will also be with us a mounted force of 150 men, so that if Big Bear does not make the stand proposed, he will give us the best possible chance of defeating him. The gun has an escort of 20 mounted police. The infantry number 340 and the teamsters are an armed reserve 170. It is hoped that an immediate advance will be made, since we are distant scarcely 100 miles from Big Bear and his white captives.

Capt. Howard.

It is singular that the Canadian papers and the special correspondents of our own press cannot properly describe the brave Connecticut soldier who has charge of the Gatling guns of the Dominion forces in the Northwest territory. The officer is Lieutenant Howard of New Haven, who commands the Gatling gun platoon of the Second Regiment, Connecticut National Guard. He served in the war of the rebellion, and also five years in the regular army, where he had considerable experience in Indian warfare. He is a brave, cool-headed soldier, thoroughly familiar with army life, and is also a very skilful machinist, possessing a complete knowledge of the mechanism of the Gatling gun. He has a leave of absence from our Militia service, having been selected to command the gatling battery of the Dominion forces because of his special fitness. He made his own contract as a private citizen with the Canadian authorities and no doubt is well paid. It is no surprise to those who know Lieutenant Howard that he has already distinguished himself for coolness and courage.—*Hardford Paper.*

Capt. Howard, the American who handles the Gatling gun for Middleton's forces, is, it appears, simply a plain, everyday commercial traveller for a Connecticut firm, showing off its goods. He wants to sell the Canadian Government some Gatlings, and he proposes to make it clear that his house puts perfectly reliable goods on the market. Other firms may sell guns that won't shoot, or, if they do shoot, won't hit anything, but he demonstrates not only that the Connecticut Gatling—none reliable without the firm name blown on the breech—will both shoot and hit. "You observe, gentleman," he may be presumed to remark, as he rolls over a few half-breeds, "that her range is beautiful, that she doesn't waste powder, that she works easily and rapidly and that she mows 'em! I'll venture to observe that no house but ours can put such a gun on the market at the price. All warranted. Take a card." When the National Drummers' Association meets next fall we hope to see Capt Howard elected to the Presidency to succeed Mulhatton. Capt. Howard is a credit to the profession. He knows how to show goods if any man does.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to (young and old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The University Sports.

A Pleasant Gathering on College Hill.

Mr. E. H. Wilmot's Hearty Reception by the "Boys."

He Presents a Flag and Receives an Address.

The List of Prize Winners.

The University students were favored with a fine afternoon for their sports Friday. There was not so large an attendance of spectators as usual, doubtless owing to no band being present, but the proceedings were very interesting. The Athletes looked very neat in their tights and many colored trunks and of course were the centre of attraction. Not so many engaged in the programme as usual, and in physique and agility the boys apparently are inferior to their predecessors of the University Athletic Club.—say in the days of the Balkams, Gilmor, Kilburn, Macmillan, Rosborough, Jim Bridges, Meagher, Brydone Jack, Pickard, the Grimmers and others we might name. Nevertheless they gave a good exhibition of athletics.

A very pleasing part of the afternoon's entertainment was the presentation of a handsome flag to the Athletic Club by their old and well tried friend Mr. E. H. Wilmot, who takes a warm interest in everything pertainto the University. Mr. Wilmot in making the presentation addressed the boys as follows:—

Boys of the Athletic Club—"Old Boys," many of you, and I am one of the Society of "Old Boys." I am glad to meet you again at your annual sports. Acting on this occasion as the substitute of Mrs. Wilmot, who is away from home, I have the pleasure in her name of presenting to you, a Club flag.

We are a favored lot of "Old Boys," you and I. You have had given to you, elegant and costly silver cups and other prizes in great abundance, while I am the recipient of a handsome cane, and illuminated parchment scrolls inscribed with numerous autographs which I value very highly. Now you come in for a stand of colors, the red, white and blue, and you fly your own flag, displaying the symbols of the University Amateur Athletic Club. Enrolled under that banner, your expert athletes will doubtless be encouraged and stimulated to maintain their prowess against all comers. I wish them full measure of success.

Mr. H. G. Fenety, President of the University Amateur Athletic Club, then stepped to the front and read the following address:—

To Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wilmot:

We, the undersigned members of the Council, on behalf of the members of the U. A. Club, take this opportunity of publicly expressing to you our thanks for your kindness in presenting us with this handsome flag. We would also extend to you our sincere thanks for the kindly interest you have shown toward the Club by the presentation of grounds so admirably adapted for our various games, and by the donation of so many valuable prizes which have greatly furthered the interest taken in the sports,

Signed, on behalf of the members of the U. A. A. Club,
H. G. FENETY, President.
J. H. HARRIS, Vice-President.
W. N. HAND, Sec.-Treasurer.
T. H. CURRIE, Field Captain.
E. J. BRODERICK,
A. A. BREWER,
J. D. HARRISON.

Mr. Wilmot replied as follows:—

Mr. President and Students—This is an unexpected honor; my wife and I come in for further favors—another illuminated scroll with more autographs. In her name and for myself, I thank you for your address. I shall read it with pleasure and communicate the contents to Mrs. Wilmot.

My presence here to-day reminds me of old times, and that just fifty years ago, when I was a resident-student of the University. Happy days those—no hard study—no test examinations — only a form to be gone through. It was taken it easy for three years and then take a degree. (cheers and laughter). We had no athletic club, but we had a lunch club, of which I was a member. Late dinner was the rule then, and the long time between meals called for interim refreshment. We would go down stairs and enjoy with a relish, a broiled herring and a boiled potato with accompaniments, nicely served up by the matron, Miss Sally Fleming. Only one silver cup in my time—that was a presentation by the students and graduates, to the infant first born, of the Professor of Mathematics, my former Grammar School master, Dr. McCanley. That precedent I believe has never since been followed. Boys, I throw out a hint, Ta, Ta (Applause).

The Prize List.

1. Throwing ball—Entries: Broderick, Fowler, Akerley, Hatt and Crocket. Winners: 1st prize, cigar case, Hatt, 99 yards 2 ft; 2nd, inkstand, Broderick, 96 yds. 6 in.

2. Standing broad jump—Entries: Brewer, Akerley, Hand, Fenety, McGarrigle, and Broderick. Winners: 1st, photo album, Brewer, 11 ft 6 in; 2nd, silver caster, Akerley, 10 ft 10 in; 3rd, alarm clock, Broderick, 10 ft 8 in.

3. Bowling at wicket—Entries: Crocket, Fowler and Jarvis. Winners: 1st, opera glasses, Fowler; 2nd, paper cutter, Crocket.

4. Running high jump—Entries: Hand, Harrison, Teed, McGarrigle. Winners: 1st, silver cup (presented by the class of '81), Hand, height, 5 ft 1¼in; 2nd, microscope, Harrison, 4 ft 9½ in; 3rd, gold pencil, McGarrigle, 4 ft 7½ in.

5. 100 yards race—Entries: Hand, Neales, Johnson, Fenety, Hannington, Hayes. Winners: 1st, silver cup (presented by Ald. Davis), Fenety 11 2-5 sec; Hayes, 2nd, one foot behind.

6. Graduates' race—Entries: F. Kenny, A. C. Jack. Winners: 1st, gents' dressing case, A. C. Jack, A. B.; 2nd, watch charm, F. Kenny, A. B.

7. Mile race—Entries: Kerr, Harrison, Johnson, McGarrigle, Cushing, Neales. Winners: 1st, silver cup (presented by class of '84), Cushing, time 5m 39 2-2 sec; 2nd, castor, Neales; 3rd, ink stand, Johnson.

8. Potato race—Entries: Kerr, Crocket, Hatt, Hayes, Neales. Winners: 1st, revolver, Hatt; 2nd, pocket book, Neales.

9. Running broad jump—Entries: Teed, Hatt, Hand, Harris, Fenety, Broderick. Winners: 1st, meerschaum pipe, Fenety, distance 16 ft 10½ in; 2nd, vol. of Shakespeare, Harris, 15 ft 11½ in; 3rd, plush cabinet frame, Teed, 15 ft 3½ in.

10. Bar and Tumbling—Entries: Jarvis, Hatt, Cushing and Myles. Winners: 1st, shaving set, Cushing; 2nd, smoker's stand, Jarvis.

11. Vaulting with pole—Entries: Harrison, Hand, Akerley and McGarrigle. Winners: 1st, writing desk (presented by P. E. Cliff, A. B.), Hand, 8 ft 5 in; 2nd, gold watch chain, Harris; 3rd, silver fruit knife, Akerley.

12. Running hop, step and jump—Entries: McGarrigle, Hand Fowler, Teed, Brewer, Hatt and Harris. Winners: 1st, silver cup, Brewer, 40 ft. 5½ in; 2nd, gold pin, Harris, 38 ft. 11½ in; 3rd, stereoscope and views, Hatt, 35 ft. 5½ in.

13. Half-mile race—Entries: Hanington, Johnson, Kerr, Harrison, Hand, McGarrigle, Harris, Hayes, Cushing Myles and Neales. Winners: 1st silver cup (presented by J. D. Fowler), Cushing, 2 min. 35 sec; 2nd, Longfellow's poems (presented by Mrs. Brydone Jack), Hand; 3rd, meerschaum pipe, Harrison; 4th, whisk and holder, Johnson.

14. Putting weight—Entries: Kerr, Hanington, McGarrigle, Brewer, Broderick—Winners: 1st, two silk handkerchiefs, Brewer, 30 ft. 10 in; 2nd, briar pipe, Broderick, 28 ft. 10 in; 3rd, McGarrigle.

15. Hurdle race—Entries: Brewer, Kerr, McGarrigle, Hand. Hatt and Harris. Winners: 1st, sett of books, Harris; 2nd, cigar holder, Hatt; 3rd, jack knife, McGarrigle. Brewer took first place, but was disqualified, having won three prizes.

16. Three standing jumps—Entries: Hand, Akerley, Brewer and McGarrigle. Winners: 1st, photograph album, Brewer, 34 ft. 11½ in; 2nd, silk umbrella (presented by J. J. Weddall). Akerley, 32 ft. 3 in; 3rd, pair cuff buttons, Hand, 31 ft. 1 in.

17. 100-yard race—Entries: Hanington, Fenety, Hayes, Hand, Harrison Neales, Johnson and McGarrigle. Winners: 1st, plush writing case (presented by W. T. H. Fenety), Hayes; 2nd, gent's companion, Hand; 3rd gold pen holder, Harrison.

18. Consolation race — 1st, napkin ring, Neales; 2nd, silver-headed cane, Kerr.

19. Tug of War—McGarrigle won over Broderick, each captain having ten men.

The Judges were A. F. Street, J. D. Hazen and J. D. Fowler; starter, C. G. D. Roberts; timer, H. C. Rutter.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. H. Montgomery Campbell, and Prof. Bridges addressed the boys briefly, and was accorded a hearty reception.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Newsy Notes and Notions of Everything

It is stated by a London paper that the price of diamonds has steadily fallen from $15 to $3.75 per carat.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has such concentrated, curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and surest blood purifier known.

It is related of a famous cook that he prepared fish so exquisitely that they returned him admiring and grateful looks from the frying-pan.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

The problem of whether an elevator is a vehicle or an apartment remains unsolved, and the average man, imprisoned in the thing with a lady, hesitates about taking off his hat in the draft.

The Irish jaunting car, which has been under a cloud since a certain brutal tragedy in Phœnix Park, may be look upon as rehabilitated now that the Royal party has "jowlted" upon one through the Gap of Dunloe.

Situations in the Bank of England are much coveted, but the average salary of the 1,100 employees of that great institution is only $1,365, including what is paid in pensions, and the governor of the bank receives only $5,000.

There are 3,000 woman employed in Australian railway offices. The Australians are a long-headed people. What a woman don't know about trains, how long or how short they should be, etc., etc., isn't worth acquiring.

There is nothing so dear as cheap medicine; it is dear at any price. This is true of the *large* packs of condition powders now sold. But *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* and you can't make a mistake. The *large* 25c. packs are utterly worthless.

One of the most remarkable facts brought out by the oceanic researches made by the British ship Challenger is the probability that all oceanic islands are of volcanic origin; in all the researches made no indications were found of submerged land over these areas.

Baldness may be avoided by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, which prevents the falling out of the hair, and stimulates it to renewed growth and luxuriance. It also restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and radically cures nearly every disease of the scalp.

The English insurance companies have decided not to contest the policies on the life of Lord Aylesford, "the titled cowboy," who died in Texas some months ago. He was the most heavily insured man in the world, the companies having an aggregate of over $4,000,000 on his life.

Thousands of bottles of Minard's Liniment have been used during the past year, by the fishermen and all testify that it is good for everything, and especially for extracting the soreness from their hands there is nothing like it; it is a medicine chest in itself.

Orders have been given that every man in the British navy must be put through a course of aiming drill, each man firing 100 rounds. For this purpose the Admiralty have bought 1000 Morris tubes for rifles and Nordenfelt guns to fit inside the barrels and discharge a small charge of ammunition at short range for aiming purposes thus avoiding expense and wear of arms.

J. H. Earl, West Shefford, P. Q., writes: 'I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no effect, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horse in cases of cuts, wounds, &c., and I think it equally as good for horse as for man.'

A clergyman desiring contributions for a special object, fitted up an ox horn at the church door. Upon this he inscribed his aspirations to this effect: "This 'orn was once on the 'ead of a hox, and now hit his a missionary box.' It might have been the odd jingle, and it might have been the old Englishman's zeal, or a combination of the two, but certain it is that this special missionary box attracted contributions in an extraordinary manner.

THE ROCK ON WHICH MANY a constitution goes to pieces is Dyspepsia. The loss of vigor which this disease involves, the maladies which accompany it, or which are aggravated by it, the mental despondency which it entails, are terribly exhaustive of vital stamina. Its true specific is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which likewise overcomes bilious maladies, female ailments, and those coupled with impurity of the blood.

It is said to explanation of the many smooth tracks seen upon the ocean when vessels are in sight from which oil or grease could have been thrown to cause them, that certain fish such as the menhaden, will exude oil when bitten by other fish. This oil rising to the surface causes the smooth streaks, and fishermen are in the habit of watching for these "slicks" as they call them, as indicating the presence of schools of large fish feeding upon smaller ones.

A new explosive, known as kinetite, is at present being studied in Germany. It consists, it is said, of a mixture of oils and gun cotton, and is superior to dynamite, as its manufacture and manipulation are absolutely without danger; it will detonate only under certain peculiar and well defined conditions of shock. Only the part exposed to concussion explodes, and when fired it burns quickly with a brilliant light. The true composition is being carefully kept secret.

C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: 'I have sold at retail, 156 bottles of Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal sotisfaction. In my own case, with a badly ulcerated throat, after a physician penciling it for several days to no effect, the Eclectric Oil cured it thoroughly in twenty-four hours, and in threatened croup in my children this winter, it never failed to relieve almost immediately.

There is now living in Pickins County, Ga., a man who during the rebellion donned his wife's dress, kept his face closely shaved and wore a big sun bonnet, in order to avoid being conscripted and sent to the front. The officers in search of recruits frequently visited the house and asked his wife where her husband was, and at the very moment he could be seen working in the field in female garb. By the time he had worn out seven of his wife's dresses he became tired of masquerading, enlisted, and became a good soldier.

"I am very fond of baked potatoes," said Mr. Jay Gould the other day. "They are about the simplest thing one can eat,