TO THE READING PUBLIC.

A most interesting story, which everybody ought to read, was commenced in the FARMER of November 3rd.

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LORAN C. MACNUTT,
Editor and Proprietor.

Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICTON, N. B., December 15, 1886.

The Canadian Fisheries.

Sir Charles Tupper, in a talk with the representative of a New York paper, found fault with that part of President Cleveland's message, which endeavors to place the responsibility for the irratation arising from the protection given the Canadian fisheries upon Canadian officials. The Government of Canada he said had given the fishermen of the United States the free use of the fisheries for the year upon condition that the matter should be submitted to the Senate for friendly settlement by an international commission. The Gloucester fishermen declared hostility to the negotiating of any treaty made by which they would be entitled to fish in Canadian waters, on the ground that they did not require to go into Canadian waters to obtain fish. The Senate rejected the proposal for an international commission, and, added Sir Charles "we then, in the most temperate manner possible, enforced the treaty of 1818, upon which our Government was thrown back by the action of the United States, with the result that the season has been the most disastrous for American fishermen, who now ask the Government of the United States to double the high import duties already imposed on Canadian fish. They have discovered that the abrogation of the treaty has only injured themselves. The President had gounds for challenging the action of the Senate in rejecting his proposals, but none for his endeavors to throw upon Canadian officials the responsibility for the inability of American fishermen to find fish outside the three-mile limit. The Canadian Government simply protected Canadian waters from illegal invasion by United States fishermen. What is really needed is the free use by fishermen of the waters of both countries on reciprocal terms, some arrangements, in short, similar to that made under the reciprocity treaty of 1854." The New York *Times* declares that "the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries is quite right in his claim that Canada is not responsible for the failure to provide for the settlement of the fisheries difficulty through a joint commission. Congress refused not very wisely to have anything to do with that proposition."

The Manitoba Election.

The Manitoba Provincial elections took place on Thursday last. The result was a victory for Hon. John Norquay and his Conservative Government. The returns came slowly to the eastern Provinces, and it was Monday before the actual facts were known here. Owing to the redistribution of seats since the last election it is impossible to compare the results with then, but the Conservatives have gained the old constituencies of North Winnipeg, Rockwood and Springfield, and carried a working majority of the House. There were thirty seats in the old House and are thirty-five in the new. Our old friend Hon. C. P. Brown and all the other ministers have been re-elected. A late despatch gives the standing of parties as follows:—Government 20; Opposition 14; Independent, 1. Many of the majorities are very small. The majority for Thompson (Liberal) in Cypress is only 1; for Jackson, (Liberal) in Rockland, 6, for Leacock in Russell, 7, and for Dr. Wilson in Dufferin north and Smith of Springfield, 9 each. Several are below fifteen. Recounts have been demanded in several constituencies, and as the opposition majorities are the smallest, it is not improbable that the strength of the Government be still further increased.

The Springhill mines continue to boom. The output has now reached 40,000 tons per month, or say at the rate of 500,000 tons a year. We take pleasure, says the Halifax *Herald*, in calling the attention of the dismal doleful organs to the fact that this is only a little less than the total output of all the Nova Scotia mines a few years ago. And it is said by the Liberal-Secessionists that the Province has received no benefit from its connection with the Dominion. We wonder how long they think their coal mines would be operated at this rate if the market of the Upper Provinces was taken away. Shut out of the United States by a duty of 75 cents a ton there would be nothing to do but to curtail production to the requirements of local consumption, throwing upon the world the miners and vessels and railroad men who now find employment in digging and conveying to market this large quantity of coal. Verily it is not to be seen whether the heart of the Liberal free traders is most evilly disposed to the workingman or to the capitalist who invests his means in the development of his country's resources.

The political situation in Northumberland, says the *World*, is not so complicated as outsiders imagine. The Liberals have nominated Mr. Snowball, and the Liberal Conservatives will nominate a candidate. The fight will be between these two. It is certain that Mr. Mitchell will not offer as a third candidate. Many of his friends have been humbugged with the intimation, from Liberal sources, that Mr. Snowball will, at the last moment, retire in his favor. This has been given out for a purpose, and seems to have worked very well so far. Mr. Mitchell will discover perhaps when too late to look elsewhere for an opening, that he has been deceived. There are two parties in the county, both of them large and respectable, and an independent candidate has no chance when both of these have nominees in the field. Mr. Mitchell knows this very well, and will not take the position of third man.

The Irish Question.

In an address before a London Conservative Club, Lord Salisbury spoke in no uncertain tone as to the probable course of his Government in reference to the Irish question. He said it was a remarkable phenomena that men of the greatest power and influence had separated themselves from the Liberal party, and that their leader had thrown aside party claims for a principle. No party commanded an absolute majority in Parliament, but the Conservatives and the Unionists were working together, and although still retaining their individuality and independence on all subjects except one, both sides were avoiding points of difference. Nothing could exceed the straightforwardness displayed by Lord Hartington and his followers in rendering their co-operation. He did not believe that any manipulation of municipal institutions would give relief to Ireland. She labored under the evil that her population had been long deceived, and nothing but the strong arm of law persistently applied could redeem the peeple from that deception. It was not a question of Home Rule with which they had to deal. It was with a very different thing, the keeping of other's money in their own pockets. "It is certain," continued Lord Salisbury, "we will thereby obtain the support of many men who have hitherto sympathised with the Irish in their aspirations, but who will feel that they are resisting, not only the dismemberment of the Empire, but doctrines fatal to the development of the industry and the well being of any community."

It will be remembered that Mr. Blake got into trouble not long since by accepting Mr. M. C. Cameron's statements as truthful and repeating them to his audience. He hastened then to repudiate responsibility for his utterances on the plea that he supposed his follower from West Huron had not wilfully garbled the official documents, and that he (Mr. Blake) had neither the time nor the inclination to verify his statements. The leader of the Opposition has now a second time got himself in an awkward position by permitting other people to prepare his speeches for him and neglecting to ascertain the reliability of the facts and figures they furnish him—Speaking at St. Thomas the other evening, Mr Blake made this retraction:—"I observe that Mr. White has pointed out inaccuracies in some figures I gave lately about Northwest lands. These figures I took from a book which I have caused to be kept up for some years, giving particulars of the statements in the blue books. On reference to the gentleman who did this work for me, I am informed that he finds that for the last two years he by mistake took only one or two sets of figures for the totals." If the leader of the Opposition does not find both the time and inclination to verify the statements that are prepared for him he will soon earn as unenviable a reputation for misquotation as Mr. M. C. Cameron bears.

Congressman Adams, of New York, brother of Hon. M. Adams, is quite pronounced in his opposition to President Cleveland. While in Washington recently he is reported to have said:—"What the party wants as its candidate in 1888 is a true, good democrat, and Mr. Cleveland is not that kind of a man. In the city of New York, with its 56,000 democratic majority, I am willing to bet $150 to $1, that, if nominated, he cannot carry the city. In the next place, he cannot be nominated. If he is nominated (and of that calamity we have no fear) he will be the worst beaten candidate that ever ran for the Presidency. Gov. Hill can carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana. Cleveland can carry neither of them, particularly New York. They may say the mugwumps will not vote for Hill. They can take their choice; go to Hades or take to the woods. Mr. Cleveland is not a democrat, never was one and never will be, and he is serving his first and last term as President."

A decision just rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States affirms the principle that a prisoner who has been extradited to that country charged with one offence cannot be on trial for another and different one, until he has been afforded reasonable time to take himself without the jurisdiction of United States law. This will settle a point that has been long in dispute between Great Britain and the Republic and that when raised in the cases of Winslow and Lawrence led to a partial disagreement between Lord Derby and Secretary Fish. The British contention has been upheld by the highest legal authority of the United States, and henceforth it will be a rule that a fugitive criminal can only be held for the offence laid to his charge in the courts of the extraditing country.

The proposed demonstration of the French Acadians of the Maritime Provinces in honor of their leader, Hon. Pierre A. Landry, M. P., for Kent Co., N. B,, will likely take place in Moncton about Dec. 29th. A committee is now working up the affair. It is proposed to invite Hon. J. A. Chapleau, secretary of state, to be present, and some brilliant French oratory is expected. Mr. Landry himself is one of the most fluent speakers in Parliament, and has the power of carrying an audience with him. He is extremely popular not only among the Acadians, but among the English of New Brunswick also. A large representation of the French Acadians of Nova Scotia is expected.

The Boston Council will stand 32 Republicans, 35 Democrats and five Independent Democrats. The Democrats elect a majority of the School Board. The license vote was: Yes, 20,223; no, 16,786; thus showing a majority for license of 3,437 against 9,969 last year.

Word has been received at Ottawa of a new counterfeit two dollar Dominion note of the Dufferin issue, which has been put in circulation in Montreal.

Mr. Taillon, Attorney General of Quebec, has been elected for Montcalm, by a majority of 483.

Boston municipal elections took place yesterday, O'Brien (Democrat) was re-elected Mayor.

Father Christmas Interviewed.

On the Summit of Dipperhead.

His Tandem Team of Sorrels.

What he thinks about Christmas Observance.

Godly Unction and a Clean Boiled Shirt.

[Written for the Farmer.]

Up, up, straight up the sides of Dipperhead Mountain I climbed in a truly aldermanic style. Wishing to present his compliments to the press before starting on his tour, Father Christmas *alias* S. Claus, Esq., had invited me to visit his mystic grotto on the summit of the mountain. Anxious to interview the hoary hermit in his lodge, I had accepted his thoughtful offer. So up, up, like the late lamented Mr. Excelsior, J. P., I climbed and at last stood on the tip-top of Dipperhead. Old Sol had just taken a header in the West and dived out of sight beneath a sea of gold, dashing the yellow spray against an azure sky. I say this advisedly. Mr. Claus I found without difficulty. He was exercising a stub-tailed, cantilever mule around a funny looking hut of spruce boughs which I at once took for his dwelling. At the gable end of the grotto stood another mule calmly masticating the foliage. Mr. Claus himself was a very old but marvellously active gentleman, clad in oil-tanned larrigans, cat-rigged breeches, very full fore and aft, corduroy vest, sheepskin cutaway, coonskin cap and rock maple mitts. His face was very red and very round, his beard and moustache a mass of fuzzy white. Throwing himself quickly from the mule he greeted me warmly, his face veneered the while with a seven be-nign general election smile. "Welcome, welcome to Dipperhead."

"Squire Claus," I asked, glancing at his sorrel pets as they rubbed their noses against his face in a soulful manner, "do you drive mules? I thought you sported a span of reindeers?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," laughed Mr. Claus merrily, snapping a suspender with the force of his mirth," so I did, so I did, but do you think I can drive reindeers over Mansard roofs or through wire fences, burglar alarms, register grates and steam pipes? Ah no, my son. The palmy days of sloping chimneys and mammoth fireplaces are no more, more's the pity. But them mules, Allie Willie and Willie Allie! they can kick their road through anything from a wire fence to a lawyer's conscience, they can. Besides the more I know of mules, the better I am acquainted with human nature. Oh, I tell you, Mr. Bildad, that off mule Willie Allie is a daisy, and Allie Willie is so mighty knowing. I drive 'em tandem rig you know, Willie Allie with a pair of braces, and Allie Willie with a pumpkin vine. They aint afraid of fire nor water they aint. But, look out, look out my boy, or they'll reach forth their little hooflets and shake hands with thy bread basket, I vow. Steady, steady."

So saying, Mr. Claus entered the lodge with a quick, bustling step, beckoned me to a seat by his rustic fireplace, handed me a pipe filled with Hawthorne's mixture, helped himself to another, placed his wide, stubby feet on a kind of chopping block that stood near and then began to puff, puff, puff. At first I was too confused to speak. Face to face with Father Christmas, the solace of my youthful sorrows, the supplier of my youthful socks—the novelty of the situation to a modest, sensitive nature like mine was overpowering. And the contents of the room added to my amazement. Books, brackets, dolls, hatchets, clocks, candies, knives, apples, saws, mottoes, hymnals, psalmnals, euchre packs, crewet stands, pickle dishes, butter coolers, canary birds, bicycles, chestnut bells, etc., (more etc., than anything else,)—such a museum of traps and trinkets, toys and trumpery as would baffle the genius of a Weasel or a Simmons to duplicate. And the labels on them!—To Johnny, Harry, Willie, Frank, Flossie, Susie, Bessie, Lily and a great many to "John Henry" and "Mary Jane." In one corner of the grotto stood a large hen coop, well stocked with spring(ey) chickens, mostly, I thought, yearlings and two-year-olds of a very athletic description. The grotto had a kind of attic, and from the incessant quacking and gobbling overhead, I was convinced either that Santa Claus had a sewing circle connected with his museum, or else a plentiful supply of holiday poultry on hand. As I glanced at the chopping block on which Mr. Claus was now resting his dainty little flangers, I was reminded of the touching lines of the laureate:—

Gone are the joys of the onion bed,
Summer's sweet scratching grounds are fled.

"Squire Claus," I queried, turning to my host, whose beaming visage could be now but faintly described through the clouds of smoke that poured from his pipe, "What's in a name?"

"No wonder you ask the question," replied the hermit, "for when I am tacking the tags on these slight tokens of affection the same thought often strikes myself. Why a fond mother should name her baby Daisy or Pansy when the poor child may grow to be six feet high and three feet wide—a regular sunflower so to speak; Lily or Rose when the hapless infant may develop into a fragile creature of 160 pounds, with a freckled face and a number 7 foot; Truth or Charity, when she may never know the definition of these virtues, is more than I can comprehend, I have known a Wellington who would run from the smallest boy in town; a Morley Punsheon who did not believe in any personal devil—except himself; a Warren Hastings whose highest ambition was to run for hog-reeve; a Nelson who was afraid to trust his life in a row boat. Fancy a Lily carrying coal, a Violet wielding a clothes-pin, a Patience nailing down a carpet, a Pansy trying to make a six-inch joint of pipe coincide with a seven inch elbow in all its locus of points. Imagine a Reginald running a soap factory, an Algernon selling boots and shoes, an Ulysses commanding a bakeshop, a Leonard Tilley shoving a jack-plane. Mr. Baldad, if I were a doting parent I should never call a child of mine after a minister, for the latter might disgrace his cloth, after a politician for his name might yet be linked with some disreputable scandal, after a statesman for Mr. Dilke was the second statesman in England, after any man of brains for the boy might never know beans." Puff, puff, puff.

"Squire Claus," I asked, pointing to a large, handsome album, "Who are to be the favored recipients of this volume?"

"A remarkably homely family," answered Mr. Claus promptly, nothing else would suit them. (Puff, puff, puff.) Mr. Bildad, did you ever see a house with four photograph albums in it that wasnt a perfect museum of ugliness? (Puff, puff.) Did you ever see a girl with a dab of putty for a nose and a mouth like the mammoth cave who did not have her picture taken at least six times a year with all the pensiveness of her being? (Puff.) Or a young man who plastered his hair over his forehead and wore his pants bow-legged, who did not demand to be handed down to posterity on a tintype?" Puff, puff.

A pair of nickle-plated skates labelled "Johnny" next attracted my attention.

"The boy who gets those skates" remarked Mr. Claus sadly, "will no doubt be drowned before spring. I had intended going out of the skate business entirely, so many boys are wafted up the golden spout every year, but the boys would not listen to it. Besides I received a petition signed by Coroners Coulthard, Currie and Brown and Undertakers Adams and Garrity, declaring that I was aiming a death-blow at their business, and another from the newspaper editors urging me not to thwart the laudable ambition of the youth of our land to drown themselves and liven up the local columns of the press. So I had to give in. And I think myself there are too many small boys in the country anyway. The most flourishing of all our infant industries is infants." Puff, puff, puff.

"And who is to have this beautiful illustrated family Bible?"

"I do not know yet but I never knew one of them to be read, did you?"

"Never."

"Of course not. The children will look at the pictures and cut the whale open to find Jonab, the hired girl will step on it to dust down the ceiling, and the eldest daughter will use it as a piano stool to play "Golden Slippers" and the "Spanish Cavalier." A cheap Bible is ussually a blessing, an expensive one always a toy." Puff, puff, puff.

Then I indicated an elegant, illuminated motto, with the word "Welcome" worked in large gilt letters on an indigo background.

"That is going to the meanest man in town," declared Mr. Claus in a whisper." I tell you he talks through his nose to save wear and tear on a new set of teeth from Dr. Carter. He sits in the front seat of the church to save the interest on his donation, for the time it takes the deacon to lug the plate down to the door and back. (Puff) He licks his postage stamps twice because he says there is solid nutriment in mucilage. He puts green goggles on his horse so that he cannot tell oat straw from grass. He milks his cow on a side hill and says she gives half a pint more milk that way. (Puff, puff.) And he requires this motto in order to impress his largeness of heart upon any visitors who may call between meals." Puff, puff, puff.

"And what exemplary youth is to have his virtues rewarded by this George Washington hatchet?"

"Without doubt the champion prevaricator of the Province," replied Mr. Claus. "Now I know you newspaper chaps are considerable some in these matters, but I tell you that boy can explain himself out of more scrapes in five minutes than his fond parents can find out in five years. But he isn't a bad boy, not at all—only economical. He understands the value of truth and never wastes it in his youth. When he grows up he will be a lawyer, the pride of the bar and the envy of the bench. If he goes into politics he will inaugurate reforms so fast that he will die from over-work before one of them is realized."

"Squire Claus," I demanded abruptly, for I had it in for him, and the sooner it was over the better, "Why do you drive the camel of charity through the needle of public opinion on Xmas day and stick fast by the ford hoof all the rest of the year?"

"Camel!" exclaimed Mr. Claus, and then his surprise gave place to pride," "I tell you Allie Willie and Willie Allie, them's my mules." Puff, puff, puff, puff, puff.

"Squire Claus," I persisted, "as the genuine Simon-pure Father Christmas, are you responsible for all the acts of so-called charity done in the name of Christmas?"

"No!" thundered Mr. Claus, as he caught my meaning. "No, and I tell you, Mr. Bildad, that same thing makes me feel sometimes like chucking up the whole Christmas business. There are certain people who act the role of kindness and charity on that day, who bring tears to the eyes of them mules of mine."

"Who are they?"

"Willie Allie and Allie Willie."

"Oh, no, but the people?"

For a moment Mr. Claus puffed away like the old Oromocto on the Rusigornish grade, sending forth such a heavy volume of smoke that I could scarcely see his face. Then I heard his voice again, the words coming forth in wrathful jerks punctuated with mighty puffs.

"I will tell you who they are," he cried. The man who shaves and pinches the wages of his employes 52 weeks in the year, and on Xmas day presents them with a leathery old barnyard gobbler. The woman who drops five cents in the plate for the poor, while the finery she wears keeps her husband forever in debt. The man who spends $50 on a Christmas dinner for his friends while he owes the merchants on Queen street more than he did a year ago. The woman who entertains her friends on Xmas day and is all smiles and laughter, while the day before and the day after she is gall and bitterness in the household. The man who scarcely says a kind word to his children for twelve months, but erects a ten-foot Xmas tree to taper off the year with. The woman who locks up her cake and fruit from the children the whole year round, and then trots out her silverware and pastry for invited guests to Xmas dinner. The man who cheats his neighbor for 364 days and a quarter in the year, and on Xmas morning says "Amen," and drops a dollar in the plate. The woman who allows wine to be used on her table Xmas day, and yet hangs up the motto over the nursery, "God Bless our Home." The boy who thinks it manly to celebrate Xmas day by getting drunk and saddening the hearts of his parents. The girl who flaunts her finery on Xmas day, delighted if she can make some other girl envious or miserable. The merchant who is given to cheap talk about charity and charges exortionate prices for everything he sells. The employer who accepts a handsome Meerschaum pipe from his men on Xmas, and next day hangs up the notice, "No smoking allowed on these premises." The man who gives liberally to his kindred and then boasts of the amount of money he squanders on his poor relations. The young lady who trifles with the affections of a score of admirers, and estimates the measure of their goneness by the value of their Xmas tokens. The milkman who waters his milk every day, and on Xmas afternoon sings "Shall we gather at the River." The man who sells liquor in city or town all the year, and makes himself conspicuous at Xmas dinners for the benefit of poor children whose parents he has helped to pauperize and debauch. All men and all women who give fine presents on Xmas day which they cannot afford, and give not from the heart, and all men and all women who accept fine presents on Xmas day which they do not need and are not thankful for. The congregation who give their minister a starvation salary for his work, and make amends by presenting him him with an inkstand and penwiper on Xmas eve. The minister who preaches from the text, "Blessed are the meek," and then writes a flattering notice of his sermon and lugs it off to the newspaper office to be published. The choir who carol blithesomely the Xmas anthem, while all the while the leading soprano hates the organist and the second base man is out on a third strike."

"Hold, hold, Squire Claus," exclaimed I, "enough, enough. Are there not ten righteous men in your polling district?"

"Ah, yes," quoth Mr. Claus, waving the smoke aside, his face now aglow with smiles, "I could name you many who do not uncork their charity and good intentions on Xmas, and bottle them up the rest of the year. There are some homes which the reflection of the setting sun on Xmas day, brightens and glorifies through all the year till Xmas comes again. Some hearts in which the cheerful warmth of Xmas day never dies, but sheds its gracions influence into other hearts, to whom friendship has been a stranger. Some men who love charity for charity's sake for verily charity meaneth something more than godly unction and a clean boiled shirt. Some women free from vanity selfishness, deceit and pride,—these verily are the ministering angels of the joyous day of days."

"And what is your reward on Xmas day," I asked, "O toiler in the neglected harvest fields of men?"

His face shining with the subdued, reflected light of a joy that came from the inner chambers of the heart, Father Xmas replied:

"My reward from year to year, and not on Xmas day alone, is the joyous prattle of the child that knows no care; the thankful tears of the orphan whom joy has forsaken; the benediction of the widow and the weary one, and those who are of little esteem among men. The rain falleth on the just and the unjust, my favors on the grateful and the graceless, but the flower that blooms in the barren place, is of more consequence than that which grows in soil man's preparing."

And so I parted from Father Xmas. How strangely fun and philosophy, love and laughter, sweetness and sarcasm were intermingled in his nature. Scant praise had he for giant Humbug, who stalks through the world and holds high carnival on Xmas day. He took the world as he found it, concealed not the faults of his friends nor magnified those of his enemies. Long life had not made him cynical nor had cynics destroyed the freshness of his life. When he hit he hit hard; when he caressed his touch was that of the cherub. All his sympathy and moral support were staked on the under dog in the fight. As I emerged from the grotto Allie Willie and Willie Allie cantered forward and whinnered a hearty welcome to their master. As he shook me by the hand his face gled with the moon that in the east obscured by smoky clouds beamed down upon the land. Down, down, straight down the slippery sides of Dipperhead I ran, a frequent backslider from the path of rectitude.

BILDAD.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

A Young Girl Marries an Old Man, is Divorced, and Weds a Younger Husband.

A few years ago a septuagenarian farmer named Church, residing at Falmouth, N. S., married a handsome young girl named Christie and settled $8,000 upon her in her own right as one of the terms of the marriage. The bride soon tired of the dull monotony of country life, and fell in love with a young man named Wm. Lithgow of Halifax, son of wealthy and highly connected parents. The husband became furiously jealous, and a separation followed. Subsequently a legal document was drawn up and agreed to, by which she returned to his home in the capacity of a friend and a companion, but not to resume the relations of wife. This state of affairs, however, was of as brief duration as it was unsatisfactory, but Lithgow's persistence in continuing his attentions to Mrs. Church soon enabled the husband to obtain an absolute divorce. Then Lithgow the, correspondent, married the divorced wife. As soon as that was accomplished, Church brought an action against him for alienating his wife's affections, and obtained $1.000 damages. Next he brought suit to recover the $8.000 settled upon the woman when he married her. Chief Justice MacDonald has given a verdict in his favor for the full amount, with interest and costs.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

Three men lost in the Woods near Moosehead Lake.

The Fort Fairfield *Journal* gives the following interesting particulars and sufferings as told by young Chase, one of the party, of the three men who were recently lost in the woods near Moosehead Lake:—

"We left Greenville Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, five of us, for V. R, Connor's camp, which is seventeen miles from the town, though we did not expect to travel further than Wilson's hotel, twelve miles away, at the outlet that day.

The route we took to Wilson's was that which is really not even a path, in many places, as it runs all the way through the woods, up high hills, down along low lands and over rocks, stumps and fallen trees. Of course we had little difficulty in following the line of the poles while daylight favored us, though sharp looking ahead was requisite as it was an easy matter to be turned aside by a supposed path.

We were tired, when between four and five o'clock darkness overtook us, for we had traveled over half the way, carrying packs weighing from 60 to 100 pounds. But we pushed on, trusting that in a few hours we should reach our destination, where we should get a warm supper. It was dark in some of the thickest parts of the woods, and so dark that it was necessary at times to feel for the poles for they could not be easily distinguished.

At length one of the men who had been over the trail before, and upon whom we depended as guide, said that he could not pick out the way. We separated a little and hunted for the path, but could not find it. We were lost. It was now nine o'clock and we kept on a little longer hoping to strike the line, for we knew that to pass the night in the woods would mean almost certain death, as it was growing colder every hour.

Cold, half frozen and fatigued beyond description we crawled over logs, fell into holes and, at length, one or two of us fairly dropped in our tracks from exhaustion. It seemed as if we were to perish, for the air grew more and more cutting. There were 14 inches of snow, which was soft and made the tramp all the harder.

Finally we decided that it would be best to halt for the night and build a fire. We had no axes and the little twigs and branches which we gathered were so damp that it was impossible to ignite them. We had six matches and with them in trying to kindle the little fire we burned every scrap of paper and considerable clothing in our possession. Of course most of the clothing we took from our packs, but one of the men was suffering so much that he made shavings of the very vest on his back. I added a shirt to the pile. But all these things were in vain, and soon the sixth and last match was gone.

We then threw ourselves about in the snow to keep from freezing. I was the only one in the party who wore long-legged leather boots, and I fared the worst. We had been obliged to cross little brooks and bog holes during the tramp and our feet went through holes in the ice several times. My boot leg was hard as iron with the frozen water and snow and I could scarcely stir. The rest of the poor fellows were in the same fix, and one or two of them complained of freezing hands.

Midnight fonnd us wandering and floundering on, and the miles of travel told on us severely for we could move but short distances before giving out. It was about this time that one of the men had the good fortune to strike a tote-road, which we followed some distance till it crossed the telegraph line. We made Wilson's between two and three o'clock Sunday morning and were half dead when taken to the fire."

Mr. Chase wore a pair of boots and getting his feet wet at starting out they had frozen so solid that it became necessary in order to remove them to cut the leather from the top to the toe.

A Romance of the American War.

A recent copy of an Indiana paper contains the following paragraph:—

Married—On November 27, by the Rev. Dr. Turnbull, George A. Dawson of Louisiana, to Miss Alice Lemon of Washington, D. C.

This marriage is the sequel to an unusually romantic story. George Dawson, a young captain in the Confederate army, lay seriously injured in 1864, a prisoner of war, in the United States hospital at Indianapolis. One of the ladies who visited the hospital frequently and ministered alike to the blue and the gray was a Mrs. Lemon, the wealthy widow of a Union officer. In these visits Mrs. Lemon was usually accompanied by her daughter Alice then a little miss of ten years. A fast friendship sprung up between the young Confederate and the Union girl, which continued some months until the former was exchanged and sent back to his regiment.

Seven years ago Mrs. Lemon died, and Miss Alice, through the efforts of her republican friends, secured a clerkship in one of the departments here. Her health gradually failed, and last October she resigned her position and went West to reside with relatives. The announcement of her resignation was printed in one of the New Orleans papers, where it met the eye of Captain Dawson, now a dignified bachelor of middle age and one of the richest planters of the Lower Mississippi. Captain Dawson immediately wrote Miss Lemon and asked her if she was his little sweetheart of former years, and if so by what caprice of fortune she had been thrown upon her own resources. Miss Lemon answered the captain detailing their financial losses at the time of the Jay Cooke failure and the subsequent death of her mother. Captain Dawson thereupon mailed the lady a check for $1,000, which he begged her to accept as a slight recompense for her mother's kindness to him while a prisoner of war. Miss Lemon returned the check, saying that under no circumstances could she receive it.

Captain Dawson then came north to see if he could not personally prevail upon the lady to accept his assistance. He went to Indiana, intending to stop only a couple of days, but he remained a month, and when he returned last week he carried with him a northern bride to grace his Southern home.

MOUNTED INFANTRY OFFICERS.

Why, says the Militia *Gazette*, mounted officers of infantry battalions do not avail themselves of the excellent course of instruction in riding offered by the Quebec Cavalry School is indeed a conundrum. The number of infantry officers taking advantage of this school is as small, in proportion the number on the Militia List, as is the number who can make a respectable appearance on a horse on inspection day to that of those who display a wild desire to embrace their horses' necks. The day should be past, so far as the militia of Canada is concerned, when the comparison of a remarkably bad rider to the "blawsted hadjutant of a hinfantry regiment" can be made with any show of truth. A mounted officer who can ride, notwithstanding all his efficiency other wise is inefficient: as in addition to his being unable to give commands to his regiment or perform the duties pertaining to his rank, he draws down upon his devoted head and the whole service the ridicule of the multitude.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Two Young Hearts Joined Together in the House of Morning.

An extremely romantic marriage which took place at Ottawa, on Thursday last, furnishes subject matter for all the young people of the city. The facts are briefly these:—Miss Elizabeth King of Rochesterville, a maiden lady, 82 years of age, died on Sunday last. She was possessed of considerable wealth, estimated at about $100 000, principally in real estate securities. In her will she left it all conditionally to Miss Chrissie King, a young lady of 19, who had lived with her as companion, and to Gilbert Allen, a young man of 24, who had paid considerable attention to Miss Chrissie, and had won the favor of the old lady. The condition was that the young couple should be married to each other the day the testatrix was buried. The burial took place at 3 o'clock on Thursday, and at 4 the marriage ceremony was celebrated in the house of recent mourning. The happy groom is the son of Hugh Allen, retail dry goods merchant.

A Poor, Weak Sister.

who is suffering from ailments peculiar to her sex, dreading to go to a physician, but knowing she needs medical help, will find in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a preparation which will give her strength and new life through the restoration of all her organs to their natural and healthy action. It is the result of many years of study and practice by a thoroughly scientific physician, who has made these troubles a specialty. To be had of all druggists.

A Heavy Load.

"When I ate, my food was like a lump of lead in my stomach. I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The more I took, the more it helped me, I am like a new man now," says Ezra Babcock, Cloyne P. O., Township Barrie, Ont.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Newsy Notes and Notions of Everything.

Prairie fires have devastated 3,500,000 acres in Texas this year.

Growing English walnuts is one of the profitable industries of California.

The Russian press has been forbidden to detail the movements of Russian troops.

The high hat of the present is a millinery monument erected to departed good taste.

Two thousand Punjaub police have been ordered to Burmah, and 6,000 more will probably follow.

A Rochester clergyman says that Satan invented the toboggan to lure innocent souls to destruction.

Albany N. Y., has twenty hearses. A few days ago every one of them was in use, and at the same hour.

Canadian postal cards imported into the United States, will in future be subject to a duty of 25 per cent.

A Paris journal says a formal agreement has been concluded between China and England against Russia.

The wine crop of California for the year is estimated at 19.000.000 gallons, one-seventh of which will be made into brandy.

The Canadian cattle exported for the English Christmas markets arrived in splendid condition, and have fetched good prices.

Seventeen Massachusetts cities held municipal elections last week, and 13 of them voted againtt licensing the liquor traffic.

Liverpool, N. S., has received and forwarded to market some 20.000 quintals of dry fish, mostly sent to the West Indies.

Annapolis, N. S., has shipped 50,000 barrels of apples within two months to the United States, England and the Provinces.

The annual report of the United States Secretary of War, reports the strength of the army at 2,103 officers and 23,946 enlisted men.

An American manufactory turns out a shoe in forty minutes, the article in that time having passed through forty pairs of hands.

Brooklyn, N. Y., is to have the biggest toboggan slide on the continent. It is to have a descent of 200 with a level run of 400 feet.

Miss Mary S. Brennan, of Cincinnati, has just been licensed to run a stationary steam engine. She is the first woman in America to hold such a position officially.

Boston's gross city debt has increased nearly 4 000.000 in the past two years. The total liability is more than $46,000,000 and it keeps growing steadily.

A circular has been issued inviting each militia company in the United States to go to Washington in May next and compete in the national drill for $26 000 in cash prizes.

Cough no more, but get a bottle of Minard's Honey Balsam. It is the best remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, influenza, croup, &c., that has ever been offered to the public.

The Queen's Jubilee will be celebrated by a naval review on an immense scale in May. Every ship will be utilized, and all war vessels are to be called home for the purpose.

"Natural nothingness" was suggested by the newspapers as a good expression for President Cleveland to have put in his message when alluding to the United States navy.

Nova Scotia potatoes, which have been shipped in large quantities to the United States and West Indies, are reported as not being in good order, owing to a kind of dry rot.

The steamer "Damara," of the Furness line from Halifax to London, recently took 50.-000 bushels grain, 5,000 barrels apples, 600 cases lobsters, and a large miscellaneous cargo.

An English vicar was lately sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor for eighteen months for marrying a couple who had not procured a license or had the banns proclaimed.

It is stated that the Lake Superior copper companies have united in making a combination sale of from 8,000,000 to 10,000 pounds of copper, deliveries to be made during the next 60 days.

A lawyer's clerical error in the transfer of a piece of property in Kansas City, which, in 1884, was sold for $850, has led to a lawsuit over the possession of the land, now valued at $206,000.

Sir A. P. Caron the other day laid the foundation stone of the new armory of the Victoria Rifles. The building will cost $30,000 and will be fitted up on the model of the most approved modern armories.

At the annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Provincial Rifle Association it was decided that next year the entries be by time ticket as at Ottawa, that all ranges above 500 yards be shot with the Martini-Henry rifle.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Congestion, Irritation of the Throat, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, *Bairds Balsam of Horehound* will give immediate relief as if by magic. Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

A Massachusetts maiden lately lost control of her jaw, and the physician whom she consulted said she had worn out the muscle that acts as a hinge by too constantly employing it in the pernicious habit of chewing gum.

Although Blind Tom has just been adjudged insane, he is still on his travels, thrumming the piano. Tom's manager is a sharp fellow for advertising dodges. The whole recent fuss about his insanity was a mere advertising expedient.

The present cost of operating the railways of America by steam is $502,000.000, but to transport the same tonnage, using men and horses, would cost $11.306.500,000. That is to say a return to old methods would render ommerce practically impossible.

It is believed that grave difficulties will soon arise between the United States and Mexico, growing out of the position taken by President Cleveland against the right of Mexico to try Americans committing offences against Mexican law while on American soil.

Scrofulous humors, erysipelas, canker, and catarrh, can be cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "I have used this medicine in my family, for scrofula, and know, if it is taken persistently, it will eradicate this terrible disease."—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

At a meeting of the Salvation Army, in Washington the other day, General William Booth, the commander-in-chief, so impressed one well dressed old gentleman that he rushed up to the platform, his eyes streaming with tears, and taking a good gold watch and chain from his vest gave it as a thank offering for his own conversion.

A steamer has left London for Halifax, with a number of sixty-four pounders on board for the British cruiser station as Esquimalt. The guns will be sent over the Canadian Pacific railway, reaching their destination within a month. This very satisfactorily demonstrates the advantage of the new route across Canadian territory.

There are prospects of a rival to the Goddess of Liberty enlightening the world. At a meeting of English and Canadian residents in London one of the suggestions to be considered for a celebration of the queen's jubilee is the erection of a colossal statue of her majesty a hundred feet higher than M. Bartholdi's statue of liberty.

A Lunenburg correspondent writes to the Halifax *Mail*:—Since salvation work began in our town we observe quite a change has taken place. The streets usually frequented by the most vulgar and profane are now deserted and quiet reigns supreme, most of them having joined the ranks of the army. Long may they continue their good work in our community.

The international curling match between Canadian and United States rinks will be played at Hamilton or Toronto some time in January. The last international bonspeil, which was won by the Canadians, was played at Buffalo in 1865, with nearly two hundred men, but in the coming struggle it is expected that at least double that number will participate in the great curling event of the season.

Two convincing illustrations of the depth of London's misery were witnessed last week. One was at Billingsgate, where gratuitous distribution of food was being made. The distributors were wisely entrenched behind iron bars. Brawny men struggled and fought against the bars for sodden pudding and muddy soup until they were torn and bleeding, while women and children, who were unable to get near, sat on the curbstone and cried hopelessly.

OCTOBER 20.

FALL GOODS.

Flannels,

Blankets,

Comfortables.

Jacket Cloths,

Ulster Cloths,

Jersey Jackets.

Fur Shoulder Capes,

Fur Dolmans,

Astrachan Jackets.

Underwear,

A large variety for Men, Boys, Ladies and Girls.

John J. Weddall,

204 QUEEN STREET.

DECEMBER 8th.

GRAND

HOLIDAY SALE

AT

EDGECOMBE'S.

NEW GOODS

in every department,

BEAUTIFUL

English and French Novelties,

A very Large Stock of

Canadian Staple Goods,

At BOTTOM PRICES.

An extensive Assortment of

FANCY GOODS,

both Useful and Ornamental, for

CHRISTMAS

AND

New Years' Gifts

in the Show Rooms, up stairs.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

☞ Orders by Mail will receive prompt attention.

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194, Queen Street, F'ton.,

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GIBSON HOUSE,
WOODSTOCK, Oct. 16,