CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Earl of Minto Named to Succeed Lord Aberdeen.

His Excellency is Well Known in the Dominion—A Soldier of Distinction—Served in the Riel Rebellion.

Played Quite a Conspicuous Part in the Suppression of the Uprising—Some of His Adventures—Halted by an Alert Sentry—His Lordship Had to Put Up His Hands to Save Himself from Being Shot.

LONDON, July 26.—The Earl of Minto has been appointed governor general of Canada, in succession to the Earl of Aberdeen.

The Right Honorable Gilbert John Elliott-Murray-Knymmond, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund (United Kingdom, 1813), Baron Minto (Great Britain, 1797), a baronet of Scotland (1797), is the son of the third Earl of Minto by his wife, Emma E., daughter of General Sir Thomas Hislop, and was born in London, England, in 1845. He is, therefore, in his fifty-third year.

Educated at Eton and at Trinity college, Cambridge, where he graduated as B. A., he entered the Scots Guards in 1867. Since then he has been captain of the Roxburgh Rifles, captain in the Army reserve, and colonel with the rank of brigadier general commanding the South of Scotland Volunteer Brigade. He was for a short time in Paris during the Communist rising in 1871, and three years later acted as correspondent of the London Morning Post during the Carlist rising in Spain in 1874. During the Russo-Turkish war, Lord Melgund (as he was then known) it was assistant military secretary with the Turkish army on the Danube, when he was present at the bombardment of Nikopolis and the crossings of the Danube.

In 1879 he served as a volunteer on the staff of Field Marshall Lord Roberts, during the Afghan campaign. In 1881 he accompanied Lord Roberts to South Africa as his private secretary.

When the Egyptian war broke out in 1882, Lord Melgund was appointed a captain in the Mounted Infantry, was wounded at the action of Magtar, and afterwards commanded the Mounted Infantry in Cairo, for which he was mentioned in despatches and thanked in General Orders.

When the Marquis of Lansdowne was appointed governor general of Canada, in 1883, Lord Melgund accepted the position in which he won many friends in the dominion. This friendship was accentuated by the action of Lord Melgund when the Fiel rebellion broke out. At once he gave up his duties in Rideau Hall, and became chief of staff to Lieutenal General Sir Fred Middleton, in which capacity he did good service, and endeared himself to all the Canadian military men with whom he came in contact.

In 1886 Lord Melgund resigned the military secretaryship at Rideau Hall, to which he had returned at the close of the rebellion, and went back to England, where he unsuccessfully contested the Hexham division of Northumberland as a liberal unionist. He succeeded his father as Earl of Minto, in 1892. His excellency, as he will now be known, wears the Afghan medal, the Egyptian medal, the Medjidie, the Khedive star, and the Northwest medal and clasp.

He married July 28, 1883, Mary Caroline, daughter of Gen. Hon. Charles Grey, and has two sons and three daughters, Lady Eileen Nina Evelyn Sibell, born in 1884; Lady Ruby Florence Mary, born 1886; Lady Violet Mary, born 1889; Victor Gilbert Lariston Garnet, Viscount Melgund (heir) born 1891; and Gavin William Esmond, born 1895.

The new governor general is descended from the celebrated General Elliot, who was created Baron Heathfield for his gallant and successful defence of Gibraltar. His ancestor, Gilbert Elliot, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1700. Among the ancestors of the present Earl of Minto have been Andrew Elliot, once lieutenant governor of New York; Admiral Archibald Elliot, Hugh Elliot, governor of Madras; Admiral Sir Charles Elliot.

His great grandfather, Sir Gilbert Elliot, was viceroy of the Kingdom of Corsica, and in 1797, upon his return to England, was created Baron Minto, of Minto. Afterwards he was governor general of Bengal, and was created after his return from India in 1813, Viscount Melgund and Earl of Minto.

The new governor's uncle was Right Hon. Sir Henry George Elliot, who was ambassador at Vienna and Constantinople, and Sir Charles Elliot, admiral of the fleet, who was commander-in-chief of the Nore for many years.

The family seats are Minto House, Hawick, Roxburghe, and Melgund, Forfar, the London residence being 6 Audley square, W.

The family name is generally given as Elliot, the two other surnames being conventionally dropped.

It is a coincidence that the motto of the new governor general, the Earl of Minto, is the same as that of the late Bishop Ledesche of Three Rivers: "Suaviter et Fortiter."

OTTAWA IS DELIGHTED.

(Special to Montreal Star.)

OTTAWA, July 26.—The appointment of the Earl of Minto to succeed Lord Aberdeen as governor general will give unlimited satisfaction at Ottawa, and the new governor will be given a warm reception on his arrival to take up his new position.

As Lord Melgund, he was here for a time as military secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and few, if any, of the attaches of Rideau Hall have left behind them kindlier reminiscences or higher respect.

When the British government asked for Canadian voyageurs to go to the Nile in 1884, Lord Melgund worked day and night to expedite the fitting out and despatch of the expedition. He it was that gave the voyageurs their farewell speech, bidding them God speed, and steadying their hearts as they embarked, and he it was who bade them welcome and commended them on their return.

When the Riel rebellion broke out, the military spirit of Lord Melgund could not rest so near action without being actively engaged, and he sought and obtained the position of chief of the staff to Major General Middleton. In that capacity his disregard of danger, his solicitude for the welfare of the volunteer troops and his love of work endeared him to all hearts.

General regret was expressed when Lady Melgund's illness caused her departure before the campaign was fully closed.

In all social events he was as successful and as genial as in the other walks of life. The Earl of Minto will find numerous friends to give him warm welcome on his return to Canada.

A TORONTO OPINION.

(Special to the Montreal Star.)

TORONTO, July 26.—The Mail and Empire in an editorial on the appointment of the Earl of Minto as governor general of Canada in succession to the Earl of Aberdeen, recalls the fact that this nobleman has already enjoyed a Canadian experience, he having been for two or three years military secretary to an earlier governor general, Lord Lansdowne, and says that the impression Lord Melgund left in Canada was distinctly favorable to him. He was a pleasant and genial gentleman, as well as a good soldier, and his return as governor general to occupy Rideau Hall will be quite welcome.

LORD MINTO'S COAT OF ARMS.

Lord Minto's arms are thus described by Burke: Arms-Quarterly; 1st and fourth grand quarters, quarterly; 1st and 4th, arg. a bugle horn, sa., stringed and garnisher, gu.; on a chief, ax., three mullets, of the first for Murray; 2nd and 3rd, az., a chevron, arg., between three fleurs-de-lis, or, for Kynynmound; 2nd and 3rd grand quarters, gu., on a bend, engrailed, or, a baton, az., without a bordure, vaid, for Elliott; over all, a chief of augmentation, arg., charged with a Moor's head, couped in profile, ppr., being the arms of Corsica. Crest—A dexter arm, embowed, issuant from clouds, throwing a dart, all ppr. Motto—over crest—Non eget areu. Supporters—Dexter, an Indian sheep; sinister, a fawn, both ppr. Motto—Suaviter et fortiter.

IN THE RIEL REBELLION.

The Earl of Minto, then Lord Melgund, was very popular among the officers and men of the Northwest field force, which was the official designation of the column which was under the direct command of Major General Middleton, and operated against Riel's main force, and eventually captured Batoche.

General Middleton appointed his lordship his chief of staff, and in that capacity he did excellent service. He was one of the very few of those about him in whom the old general placed implicit confidence, and up to the time Lieut. Col. Straubenzie arrived to act as brigadier of the infantry, Lord Melgund was his right hand man.

His lordship was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, and relieved the general of a great deal of responsibility in connection with the drafting of orders, and the scouting and reconnoitring in advance of and on the flanks of the force. During the advance as far as Clark's Crossing, Lord Melgund invariably rode with the irregular cavalry extended as a screen in advance of the infantry advance guard.

He was a splendid horseman, and fairly idolized by the men of French's Scouts and Boulton's Horse, whether they were the blue-blood scions of English noble families or wild western cowboys. Among the dashing fellows of French's Scouts, Lord Melgund picked out two young fellows who rendered admirable service as gallopers during the campaign. One of them was the Honorable Mr. Fienness, a member of a well known noble family; the other a smart young fellow called Gifford, a brother of the one-armed hero of Matabeleland, the Hon. Maurice Gifford, who was such a conspicuous figure in the Queen's jubilee pageant in London.

Lord Melgund was most unassuming in manners, and took much pride in being as expert in the art of "throwing a flapjack" (pancake), as a certain accomplished officer of A battery, R. C. A., who now holds a staff appointment in British Columbia. His uniform during the campaign was a karkhee jacket, blue, red-striped staff riding breeches, brown service riding boots, laced over the instep and peaked staff forage cap. In cold weather, and occasionally in the earlier stages of the campaign, the thermometer went down considerably below zero, his lordship wore a mounted police buffalo pea-jacket with leather frogs across the breast. Sometimes his lordship sported a gaily decorated chamois suit purchased from Hourie, the half-breed interpreter with the force.

TOOK THE FIRST PRISONERS.

Lord Melgund was the hero of the first capture of prisoners made during the campaign. He was in command of a detachment of mounted men making a reconnoisance from Clarke's Crossing in the direction of Batoche, when they came suddenly upon three well armed Sioux scouts evidently sent down to the neighborhood to obtain information about Middleton's force. Lord Melgund disposed his men in such a way that escape for the Indians was impossible, and as the troopers drew in their circle he rode along towards the Indians, perfectly unconcerned apparently, though the Indians, who were in war paint, handled their guns significantly as Lord Melgund approached. The Indians submitted without a struggle, and were kept prisoners for some time, being subsequently released to take a message from the general to Riel's camp. As soon as communication had been opened up across the Saskatchewan Lord Melgund was sent across with some of the mounted men to reconnoitre, and had an exciting chase after some of the half-breed mounted scouts. The latter had too good a start, however, to permit of their being captured, but while the chase lasted Lord Melgund kept well to the front.

When Middleton divided his force at Clarke's Crossing, the column on the western side of the river was put under comand of Lieut. Col. Montizambert, commanding the artillery, and Lord Melgund accompanied him as chief of staff. When a couple of days later, the column under General Middleton's immediate command was attacked by Dumont's half breeds and Indians at Fish creek, it was found impossible for some time, owing to the ice in the river, and the steepness of the river banks to open up communication with the column on the other side of the river. Lord Melgund was very energetic in assisting in getting the scow ferry in running order, and was anxious to have the two guns of the Winnipeg field battery take part in the action from the other side of the river. The guns were actually unlimbered and trained on what was supposed to be the position of the rebels, but the artillery officers urged that it would be an extremely dangerous thing to do, and the guns were limbered up again without being fired. It was stated subsequently that the guns had been trained on the position held by Lord Middleton's little force. It was largely owing to Lord Melgund's energy that the reinforcements were received from across the river as soon as they were.

After the first day's fighting at Batoche, Lord Melgund left the front for Humbolt with important despatches from General Middleton. The exact import of these despatches has not been stated, but it is understood that they contained a suggestion that the assistance of the imperial troops at Halifax should be obtained. The capture of Batoche two days later, of course, removed any necessity which might have existed for reinforcements. His departure was generally regretted by the members of the force.

AN AMUSING ADVENTURE.

Lord Melgund was the principal figure in a rather comical adventure while the force was encamped at Fish creek. He had been outside of the line of sentries on some business or another and was returning at night. Challenged, instead of giving the stereotyped reply "Friend," he gave his name. At this the sentry called out "Halt," and bringing his rifle down to the ready position, cocked it by way of demonstrating that he was in earnest. His lordship continuing to advance towards him, the sentry called out "Halt and put up your hands or I'll bore you full of holes."

His lordship saw that the man was in earnest and put up his hands, the officer of the picquet was called out, and the general's chief of staff was admitted to the lines, but had to relate the story to his friends before turning in between his blankets.

TOMMY ATKINS' SWEETHEART.

No Longer to Walk Arm-in-Arm in the Street.

(London Daily Mail.)

It has been decreed in several, if not all, line battalions that in future no soldier will be allowed to walk arm-in-arm in the street with a female.

In consequence, the heart of Tommy Atkins has sunk to the bottom of his thick-soled, gravel-crushing service boots.

The joy of his life and the one powerful stimulant of his courage has been cruelly taken from him. Henceforth he will walk with springless step, and will look, monklike, with lustreless eye on the gravel crushed by the ranks in front.

No reason is given for this decree. It may be that the squeeze of a feminine arm is considered hurtful to the "set" of the soldier's tunic. That it is an irksome regulation is proved by the fact that one private has already endured three days' imprisonment for breaking it.

And as for the girls, what's the good of being one now, anyway?



Of all the bereavements which are possible to a home, the loss of a child is perhaps the most disappointing, and the hardest to bear. During the heated spell in the summer in New York City as many as a thousand babies have died in a week. Of course, in a crowded city, with its unsanitary districts, many of these deaths would have occurred any way. The fact remains that this tremendous mortality was to a great extent due to the lack of inherent resisting power in the victims. These babies when born had in their bodies the seeds of disease. The deadly heated term only shortened the period of their sufferings.

If a woman wishes her babies to be healthy and strong and able to resist the usual ailments of childhood, she must take proper care of herself in a womanly way during the period of gestation. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine is unfitted for wifehood and motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for ailing women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them well and strong. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain, stops exhausting drains and gives rest and tone to the tortured nerves. Thousands of women have testified to its almost miraculous merits. Many of them have permitted their names, addresses, experiences and photographs to be reproduced in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great book used to sell for $1.50, now it is absolutely free. It tells all about the home-treatment of ordinary diseases. It contains 1008 pages, and over 300 illustrations. Several chapters are devoted to the diseases of women. For a paper-covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.; Cloth binding, 50 cents. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by all druggists.

THE FLAGLORS

Came to St. John With the Loyalists,

And, Sailing Up River, Settled at What is Now Known as Oak Point.

It is stated in one of the Fredericton papers that Amasa Flaglor is about to remove from the west and take up his residence in this province. If he does he will be in the land of his forefathers.

In 1783 there were seven brothers named Flaglor in New York state, one of whom, Simon, with his wife and several children, came to St. John, N. B., with the loyalists. They sailed up the river St. John and in seeing what is now called Oak Point, they decided to settle there, as it reminded them of the home they had left. They obtained a grant of 1200 acres, including the point. The names of the children were Elizabeth, Simon, Gilbert, Frederick, Lester, William and Peter. The first two did not marry and are buried at Oak Point. Gilbert came to St. John and owned the property where the Royal hotel now stands. It had an entrance from Germain street called Flaglor's alley. Gilbert was a strong "tory," and when their rule in New Brunswick was about over, he sold out his property, declaring he would not live under the "liberal" government. He finally settled down in San Francisco, Cal., acquired a snug fortune and, it is said, married his third wife at ninety-seven and died in his 104th year. Amasa Flaglor, who, it is said, is going to settle in New Brunswick, is one of his grand children. Frederick married and settled in New York, and was fortunate in business. He died there aged eighty-one. Lester went to Wilmington, Del., had one of the largest carriage factories in the state. He lived to be 90 and is buried there. Peter and family moved over to Boiestown, but returned to Oak Point a few months before the great Miramichi fire. He afterwards came to St. John and owned what was known as Waterhouse hill at the corner of Orange and Carmarthen streets, now owned by J. Manchester. Peter again returned to Oak Pont and died there in 1853. Elias, his eldest son, was the well known hotel keeper, and was a member of the St. John city council for fifteen years. William lived on the point until a short time before his death, which took place in Carleton county in his 64th year.

Judge Berton gave the land the church now stands on at Oak Point, and the Flaglors gave the church burying ground. They reserved a separate family burying lot adjoining these. In this lot, lying side by side, are the following: Simon and his wife, who was Elizabeth Lester. Elizabeth and Simon, their son and daughter; Peter, another son, and his wife, who was Mary Snider, and Elias, their eldest child.

Among the Flaglors who did not not come to New Brunswick with the loyalists, were the ancestors of the Standard oil magnates of that name.

HOW A CAPTAIN DIED.

An eye-witness gives the following graphic account of the conduct of Captain Parkman of the Mecca, when the ill-fated ship was settling down: The captain, with a revolver in his hand, stood unflinchingly, and with a hard, determined look on his face, by the wheel, near the native seacunny, who held on like grim death to the spokes of the wheel. A boat of the Lindula, containing the second officer, was swinging by a rope attached to the Mecca. He was calling out to the captain to leave the ship and save his life, but the cry was quite unheeded. Captain Parkman ordered the seacunny to leave the wheel and save his life, which the latter did in double quick time by sliding down the rope into the boat. The brave captain, the last man on board, could have done the same, but he preferred to go down with his ship. Drawing out a knife, he quickly cut the rope, and the boat was instantly swept away by the strong current. The doomed Mecca, with her gallant captain, plunged down immediately afterwards.—Bombay Advocate of India.

GALLANT CHAPLAIN OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

The rector of one of the largest Episcopal churches in New York, St. Andrew's of Harlem, the Rev. Dr. George R. Van De Water, was chaplain of the Seventy-first Regiment when the war broke out, and instead of getting a young curate to go to the front as his substitute, he arranged his affairs in the parish and went himself. In the charge of the Seventy-first up San Juan Hill he was conspicuous for his courage. He was constantly under fire. In his ministrations to the dying and wounded he earned the gratitude of the entire regiment. Dr. Van De Water's pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Briggs, who recently joined the Episcopal ministry.

Raised . . . From a Bed of Sickness . . .

SIMCOE, Jan. 18th, 1897.

Messrs. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—For over five months I was confined to my bed, not being able to move. The best medical skill was called in, all treating me for catarrh of the stomach, but to no avail. I could not eat the most simple food without being in dreadful misery, and found no relief until same was vomited up. After spending a large sum in medical advice, I was advised to try a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I purchased a box from J. Austin and Company, Simcoe, and to my surprise found great relief. Not being able to eat I tried a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; the pains left me the third day. My appetite has been fully restored. I consider myself perfectly cured, and feel as well as when a young woman, although I am 65 years old at present. I was almost a shadow, now I am as fleshy as before my sickness. Have used only three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I can do my house work as usual. I am positive that my marvellous cure (which I think it is) is due purely to Dr. Chase's remedies, which I have used. I can honestly recommend the same to any persons suffering from symptoms similar to mine. Wishing you every success,

Yours truly,

MRS. ANN CHURCHILL, Sr.

THE MAN WHO COOKS THE GRUB.

We have read in song and story
Of "the men behind the gun;"
He is given all the glory
Of the battles that are won;
They are filling up the papers
With his apotheosis,
And they tell about his capers
While the shells above him hiss,
But behind the grimy gunner,
Steadfast through the wild hubbub,
Stands a greater god of battles—
'Tis the man who cooks the grub.

When the sky is rent with thunder,
And the shell screams through the air,
When some fort is rent asunder,
And Destruction revels there,
When the men in line go rushing
On to glory or to woe
With the maddened charges crushing
Heroes who are lying low,
There is one but for whose labors
There could be no wild hubbub,
And the greatest god of battles
Is the man who cooks the grub.

What of ships with armor plating?
What of castles on the heights?
What of anxious captains waiting
While the careful gunner sights?
What of all the long-range rifles?
What of men with valiant hearts?
These were but important trifles,
But inconsequential parts
Of the whole, without the fellow
Who must scour, scrape and scrub—
For the greatest god of battles
Is the man who cooks the grub.

—Cleveland Leader.

THE PREACHER RUNS A BAR.

His Replies to Questions Asked by the Licensing Committee of London.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger London Letter.

The licensing committee have had a very interesting person brought before them in the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, the rector of a village in Warwickshire. He is known about and around his district as the "Clerical Publican," and the name, invidious as it sounds to foreign ears, speaks volumes of praise for a good work which this clergyman has carried on for many years.

When he entered upon the living twenty-two years ago he discovered that under the will of a former rector he had become sole trustee of a public house which had been left to the parish. The problem put before him was not an easy one. Was it consistent with his office to carry on the business as licensed premises? On the other hand, he felt that if he closed the place some one else would assuredly open another, over which he would have no sort of control. So he decided to carry it on, but running it on such lines that good might follow the evil. He always, so the reverend gentleman told the committee the day before yesterday, attached the greatest importance to the sale of pure beer, and made it a point ever to have the best and most wholesome, while he was also particular as to the character of the person who managed the public house. He would not say there was no drunkenness in the village, but there was not as much now as formerly: it had, in fact, been reduced to a minimum.

The chairman, Viscount Peel, asked if the profits were allowed to the manager of the house. The reply was that profits were allowed on minerals and eatables sold, but not on beer so that there was no inducement to adulteration. The witness then went on to state a most startling fact. There was, he said, no spirits whatever sold. All the spirits retailed in the village were sold by grocers with the result that very little spirit drunkenness was to be found. In this respect regarding women, there was no such thing ever heard of. Mr. Mordaunt, continuing, said he did not think he had ever known a case of drunkenness coming from his house. There were one or two cases when a man had got drunk in the neighboring market town and had been served before his condition was noticed. They got the credit of having made him drunk, but the reverend publican most stoutly denied that this was so when one of the committee smiled at the remark.

The annual turn-over was about $2,000, but the profits only amounted to about $150, all of which went to the parish charities. The house was kept open on Sundays during the usual hours, and the proprietor considered these far too long.

GOOD COUNTRY ROADS.

With Proper Drainage Good Roads are Easily Maintained.

"The great secret of success in road-making and road-keeping is to drain the roads and keep the roads drained by keeping the ditches open," writes John Gilmer Speed on "How to Have Good Country Roads," in the August Ladies' Home Journal. "The old method was to run a plow through the side ditches, and throw the disturbed soil, sod and all, in the middle of the road. There it would stay till a heavy rain came to wash this soil back into the ditches and fill them up again. If there were money enough this kind of thing would be done over and over again, as often as four times in a year. Where there were wet spots broken stone or gravel would be placed in the road and left for the passing wagons to wear this metal into ruts. The money spent was absolutely thrown away.

"By the new process all the road-mender needs to do is to provide ditches and outlets for them, and then so shade the road that the water falling in a rainstorm will run off at once into the ditches. The water must not be suffered to run in the road, but off the road. The rainfall, being thus simply and effectively disposed of, becomes a most beneficial instead of a destructive agent; it cleans, and shapes, and hardens the roadway, instead of washing it away and deepening the ruts. When there are wet places, such as springs, in the roadway, gravel and broken stone will not cure such things. The water must be drained off underneath the roadway and into the ditches by means of pipe or blind drains. The whole thing is so simple that any one can easily master the principle and put the details into practical operation."

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS."

Her Majesty the Queen decreed the other day that the son of the eldest son of any Prince of Wales should be entitled to be called "his royal highness." Heretofore the title has been allowed only to the children of the sovereign and the children of the sovereign's sons, but the fairness of the extension of the title is apparent, as the sons of the sons of the Prince of Wales will eventually come into authority. Queen Victoria is the only British sovereign who ever lived to see a great-grandchild.

FREEDOM NARROWLY AVOIDED.

On arrival of the up-country train at Capetown two convicts handed themselves over to the police, stating that they were brought from Hanover road under escort for the Breakwater. At Prince Algert road, however, the escort left the train and did not return. A revolver was left behind by the escort but the convicts did not take advantage of the excellent opportunity to escape, explaining to the patrol that they preferred tronk to freedom."—Johannesburg Standard.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Funeral Services Held Over the Wrong Man.

CLINTON, Mass., July 24.—A remarkable case of mistaken identity is at present occupying the minds of the residents of this town, more especially those who have a direct interest in the affair.

Last Thursday a man was killed by the cars in Rumford, Me., and parties positively identified the body of the unfortunate man as that of Edward Hoffman of this town, although he was known in Lewiston by another name. The authorities notified Charles R. Hoffman of Clinton that his son had been killed, and as the young man had been away from home for years, his whereabouts being unknown, Mr. Hoffman ordered the body to be met at the station by relatives and friends and conveyed to the cemetery, where a short funeral service took place. Just before the remains were to be deposited in the grave, Mr. Hoffman insisted that the casket be opened to enable him to take a final look at the deceased. When his request had been granted, he was happily surprised when he discovered that the body was not that of his son and did not in any way resemble him. The casket was immediately placed in a tomb and tomorrow will be returned to the authorities in Lewiston, where it is hoped a successful identification will be made.

BACK TO OLD LOVE.

LONDON, July 26.—The parliamentary by-election held at Reading on Monday to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late conservative member C. P. Murdoch, resulted in a victory for the liberal candidate, G. W. Palmer, who formerly represented Reading, but was an unsuccessful candidate for the seat against Mr. Murdoch at the last general election, when the latter's majority was 327.

It was a three-cornered contest, the conservative candidate being C. E. Keiser of Aldermanston Court, while a socialist candidate came forward in the person of H. Quelch, editor of Justice.

The voting was as follows: G. W. Palmer, liberal and radical, 4,600; C. E. Kessler, conservative, 3,906; H. Quelch, socialist, 270. Liberal plurality, 424.

Mr. Palmer is the senior member of the firm of Huntley & Palmer, the biscuit manufacturers, and practically owns the whole town of Reading.

NEW DONALDSON LINER.

MONTREAL, July 26.—The steamship Salacia, the latest acquisition to the Donaldson line, arrived in port this afternoon, and was greatly admired by all who saw her. She is one of the most modern type of a cargo steamer, and was built by Messrs. Charles Connell & Co., the well known Glasgow builders, and fitted up with triple expansion engines by Dunsmuir & Jackson, also of that city, and can develop a speed when loaded of 14 knots, ranking her amongst the fast steamers coming to this port. She is built of steel, has a double bottom fore and aft, and is rated the highest class of Lloyds'.

Her cattle accommodation is first-class, special attention having been paid to ventilation, and will no doubt be a favorite with the live stock shippers.

Her passenger accommodation has not been lost sight of, for she has room for a limited number of saloon passengers only, is fitted with electric light, and has all the improvements up to present date.

The Salacia is a valuable addition to the Donaldson fleet.

A GREAT BARN.

It Is Said to be the Finest in the United States.

A correspondent of the Northwestern Lumberman thus describes a visit to the barn of Hon. S. M. Stephenson, near Menominee, Wisconsin:

"When the meeting was over Hon. S. M. Stephenson had a six-seated carriage and a span of very fine horses waiting at the hotel door to take a number of invited guests to see the most famous farm in all Wisconsin. The farm, consisting of 1,100 acres, is about ten or fifteen minutes drive from the city, and a model farm it is in every respect. In short, the agricultural department at Washington might well send an expert to investigate the methods pursued by Uncle Sam Stephenson at his Menominee farm. Practically everything that can be produced from Wisconsin soil, or live on the products of it, is to be found there. Orchards and fields extend in all directions, and the hills are dotted with herds of the finest stock in the world. There are herds of Jerseys, of Alderneys, of Shetland ponies, of draft horses, and of roadsters and trotters with high records; of all of which Uncle Samuel may be justly proud. His dairy barn is without doubt the finest in the United States. The building, which is circular in form with numerous windows, is 125 feet in diameter and 50 feet high at the center, and is built of solid stone masonry from the ground up. The cows stand in a double circle, head to head, with a walk between the mangers for feeding purposes. In the center is the silo, capable of holding 800 tons. The silo extends to the top of the barn and is therefore 50 feet high and built like the outside, of solid stone. There is a small engine in the building which is to furnish power for the cutter which chops up the corn in the early "all and conveys it to the silo, and fills it in that way. The first floor is made of concrete and cement. But what's the use in trying to describe it? It must be seen to be appreciated, and as far as that is concerned this statement applies equally to the whole farm."

STOPPING DEATH'S DOOR.

A Man's Life Held for Hours Between the Thumb and Finger.

A lieutenant lay wounded on the field, bleeding from an artery in his shoulder, during a night attack on an English camp at Malakand, in India. Surgeon Captain E. V. Hugo found him and at the risk of his life lighted a match and discovered the nature of the wound. For three hours, while the English resisted the attack, he held the artery between his finger and thumb, and when the enemy broke into the camp he took the lieutenant in his arms, still holding the wound, and bore him to a place of safety.

Teacher—Now, Bobby, spell "needle." Bobby—N-e-i-d-l-e. Teacher—Wrong. There is no "i" in needle. Bobby—Well, 'taint a good needle, then.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.