# The Canadian Post.

CHAS. D. BARR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## LOCAL MISCELLANY.

### BOWMANVILLE.

PISCINE. There were deposited at Newcastle harbour on Friday last, from the Newcastle Fish Breeding establishment, about 200,000 young white fish. A similar number were deposited at Port Darlington by an employee of Mr. Wilmot's.—[Statesman.

A HORSE STOLEN.—On Monday last a man went to Glover's livery stable and hired a horse and democrat, representing that he was in the tree and seed trade. He promised to return the horse every evening to the stable. Up to Thursday no word had been received of the horse and rig, save that they were seen in Oshawa on Monday afternoon.

### COBOURG.

SUSPENDED OPERATIONS. Boring at the town well has been suspended for the present, after reaching the depth of 336 feet in the rock. It will doubtless be resumed again next fall, as the well is fixed so that boring can be gone on with as soon as the council see fit. Mr. James Clark, Street Inspector, who had the work in charge, has been presented with a handsome silver watch and chain by some of our townsmen as a token of their appreciation of his efforts and the interest he has taken in trying to obtain water at the town well. The reverse side of the watch was suitably engraved.

MORE ATTEMPTED BURGLARIES. During the past week there were three other attempts at burglary in town. Mr. Dickson's house was the first one operated upon, but the watchfulness of a house-dog prevented the would-be robber entering the house, as its noise awoke Mr. D., who was soon in pursuit. The next night a second attempt was made on Mr. Fish's house without success; and on the night following Mr. Henderson, of the Bank of Toronto, was awakened by the barking of his dog.

### KIRKFIELD.

(Correspondence of The Post.)

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. Alexander Munro, sr., of this place, suddenly died of apoplexy on the evening of Thursday, the 1st inst. Deceased was one of the earliest settlers on North Eldon, having settled here over 40 years ago. He was born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, in the year 1800, and came to this country in the prime of life. The news was received here with feelings of deep regret. The deceased was a man of sterling worth, and his death will be felt by many in this locality. The funeral took place on Sunday, the 4th inst., to the Presbyterian church, Lindsay, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Rennie, from the 14th chapter of Revelations, 13th verse. The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian church for many years. The deceased leaves a family of grown up sons and daughters to mourn the loss of a kind father. The sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved family in their sad bereavement.

## LIGHT AND SHADE.

### "How do you Like my Hat."

'Tis now a dainty little hat
Sits on the maiden's cranium;
'Tis flaked with wood violets,
And pieces of geranium,
And other things too numerous to mention.

### A Juvenile Aspersion.

[Syracuse Courier.]

A lady told her little son who was teasing for something to eat to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out:—"Mamma, I jest honestly sometimes think you're a step-mother!"

### Animal Food Diet.

Village Doctor—Well, are you better? Have you taken your medicine regularly, and eaten plenty of animal food?

Patient—Yes, sir, I tried it, and so long as it were be-ans and o-ats, I could manage pooty well, sir; but when you come to that there chopped hay, that right-down choked me, sir.—[Punch.

### The Last Resort.

[New York Tribune.]

"Well," said a new comer in the Western town, "vat shance I would have in starting up mit saddle does peesnis?" "That business is overdone, and competion has almost ruined the trade," was the answer. "Well, cood I mak somedings mit a new pakery?" "Think not," said the native, "the town's full of bakeries now." The man looked puzzled and half mad, and suddenly came to the conclusion:—"Veil, den, py shimmy, I vill run for office!"

### Going Over Her Part.

[San Francisco News-Letter.]

"Wouldst play me false! Ah, yes; I see it in thy furtive eye. How now—unhand me villan!" said a lady on the Sutter-st. dummy the other day, looking very hard at the young man who sat next to her. "Great Cæsar! I ain't a touched yer," said the young man, much surprised. "Sir!" "I say I didn't do nothing. It's fearful crowded here, but I haven't laid a hand on yer, miss. "Oh, do be quiet, you rude thing! Can't you see, I'm just going over my part?" and the popular leading lady got off in a huff.

### Uncle Ben's Mistake.

A planter in Virginia, being dressed for some special occasion, said to Uncle Ben, an old family servant:—

"Uncle Ben, how do I look?"

"Why, you looks splendid, marster, splendid. Why, you looks as bold as a lion."

"What do you know about a lion? you never saw one."

"Why, yes I did, marster; I'se often seed a lion—often.

"Where, Uncle Ben?"

"Why, down on Marster Johnson's plantation; thev's got a lion, and you seed him too; I know you has."

"Why, you old goose you, that is not a lion; it is a jackass, and they have named him Lion."

"Well, I don't care about dat—I don't care for dat. You look jest like him."

### "Go West, Young Man."

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

"Yes, son, yes, yes; go out west and buy a farm. There is no life so independent as that of the honest farmer. Do not be discouraged if the work is a little hard at first. The grasshoppers will eat up all your first planting, but they will devour it so early in the season that you can plant a second time. They won't eat that planting until about three days before harvest. Then you will have nothing to do all fall and winter, and you can put in your full time starving. The next year's crop will be destroyed by constant rains and floods. The third year a drought will burn up everything that has a root or a leaf within ten miles of your farm. The fourth year, however, will go well. You will raise a blooming crop, get it all in and safely housed, and sit down happy and contented, waiting for the market to rise. Then a prairie fire, as big as the extent of the universe, will come along and burn up everything you have in the world except the clothes you have on. Buy a farm! A young man neglectful of his best interests and most solemn duties who does not buy a farm right away."

### A Young Girl's Obtuseness.

[Rockland Courier.]

A young man and his favorite companion sat near the front at Burdette's lecture the other evening. When the Hawkeye man had just finished convulsing his hearers with an account of a youth's first shaving encounter with a barber, the young man leaned over and whispered:—

"That's true to life, I can tell you."

"How can you tell me?" inquired his girl.

"How?" he inquired in a whisper; "why, that's just the way I felt when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked.

"Oh, before I raised my moustache," he returned.

"Your moustache?" she queried, a little surprised.

"What moustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charley," whispered the girl, "I never saw any moustache. Do you mean—"

"Never mind what I mean," hissed the young man between his clenched teeth. And he stared very hard at the lecturer the balance of the evening, but somehow couldn't see anything to laugh at. Sunday night he went to see a new girl.

### Pebbles.

—A horseshoe is reckoned to be a lucky wedding present—except when it is presented to the groom with an animated mule's leg attachment.

—"George, dear, don't you think its rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love, economism same piece of bread does for both."

—"I suppose the bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man as the church bells were calling the worshippers one Sunday morning. To which a clergyman, who was passing, replied: "Yes, my friend; but the fire is not in this world."

—A little girl at school read thus:—"The widow lived on a limbacy left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher. "The word is legacy." "But," said the little girl, "my sister says I must say limb, not leg."

—Lady: "You have not been out to service yet; therefore you have no character?" Applicant: "No, mum; but I've got three school-board certificuts." Lady: "Ah! well, that is something. Are they for honesty, cleanliness, or—" Applicant: "No, please, mum; for literature, jography, and free and drorin."

### Newspaper Wit.

There is much genuine wit floating in the newspapers, and much that is brought to the last degree. A few specimens of the former are here noted. When the Camden Post says "a man's character is like a fence—you cannot strengthen it by whitewash." it give us a genuine epigram. Quite as felicitous, too, is M. Otto in the Cincinnati Breakfast Table:—"A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief: it has many human imitators." A bright turn to a familiar quotation is given by the Bidderford Minature, thus:—"I am thy father's spirits, as the dint flask said to the inquisitive urchin who had been investigating the cupboard." Mr. Talmage having claimed that hell has four gates, the Buffalo Express hopes that they open outward, so as to give egress in case of fire. The Hackettsack Republican gives a witty conceit when it said last fall:—"The leaves of trees, like summer boarders with bills unpaid, take their departure, leaving their trunks behind them." The following is from the English:—"At dinner the host introduces to the favorable notice of the company a truffled pheasant amid murmurs of admiration." "Isn't it a beauty?" he says; "Dr. So-and-so gave it to me—killed it himself." "Aw, what was he treating it for?" said one of the guests. This, which is going the rounds without credit, bears evidence of origin in the New York World:—"A thorn in the bush is worth a dozen in the hand."

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### A Bust of Butter.

At the Centennial Exposition, one of the objects of bucolic interest was a bust of a woman, not in marble, or in clay, but in butter, which had been carved by Mrs. Brooks, an American woman who had no tuition in sculpture, whatever she may have had in dairying. Commenting upon her failure to sell butter busts in Europe, and to "make her sculping pay," the Detroit Free Press says: "What this country wants in butter sculpturing, Mrs. Brooks, is nice, sweet, golden, fresh butter, in round rolls of a pound or so, with some little design on top. That's the "Little Buttercup" you ought to be, Mrs. Brooks.

### Something Like a Fraud.

[Ottawa Free Press.]

Some time ago two men by the name of Steinhart were looking in this section for a bonus of $10,000 or so to start a silk factory. They tried Brockville, and nearly succeeded, but the bubble got bursted; they tried Gananoque with like result; and a large number of other places received attention. Simcoe was the first place to "note the others refusing to do anything but nibble." And now, alas! the Simcoeites feel that if it is not a fraud, there is at least a pretty big "sell" for the merchants and others who expected to reap the benefits of the increased population, for no sooner did Messrs. Steinhart see the bonus safely passed than they stocked a general store, and notified their employees that all the factory hands would be obliged to trade at their store. So much for giving bonuses.

### A Reign of Terror in Russia.

Gen. Gourko has adopted the most severe measures to crush out Nihilism in his district of St. Petersburg. A correspondent says the police are daily arresting people on a Sunday, at all hours of the day, whenever suspicious were hitherto made in night. On the slightest suspicion against a person the whole family are arrested, and domiciliary visits are paid to all relatives, leading to further apprehensions on the most frivolous grounds. Furnished lodging keepers are poisoned for not reporting within 24 hours the last arrivals. Indeed, a Government official living in the winter palace, and his son, an officer in the guards, are in custody. Baron Bistrom, Deputy Commandant of the St. Petersburg Garrison, has been suspended from duty. Commandant of the Moscow Garrison, has been superseded for insufficient enthusiasm towards the new order of things. Few persons in carriages are in the streets, and endless line of porters are posted on foots at every door with iron staves. Covered trucks are frequently met with a police officer mounted outside of the driver, and General Gourko drives around in an open droshky, escorted by Cossacks, cracking their whips. The inhabitants are not the victims of the Nihilists, but are passive spectators.

### "Fiat" Butter.

The "fiat" money people are not to have a monopoly of novelties and American "notions" at Ottawa. Envious of their peculiar fame, and determined to keep before the public, Dr. Orton is preparing a bill to improve the butter industry on the same principle. The measure is a very simple one, and as outlined by the London Advertiser will command the hearty approval of all who are going in for the fastest Yankee notions. According to our London contemporary the bill provides and enacts:

"That in the opinion of the House the time has now arrived when the butter producing interests of the Dominion should be placed on a more substantial and profitable basis.

"That whereas, divers and sundry annoyances are caused by the fluctuations in the price of butter; and whereas, it is desirable that the trade of the country should be placed on a firm and substantial basis; and whereas, it is expedient that the manufactures of the country should have a fixed value, therefore,

"Resolved, That the price of butter shall be twenty-five cents per pound in summer and forty cents a pound in the winter season, the summer season on the 1st day of April in each year and end on the 1st day of October, and the winter season to begin on the 1st day of October in each year and end on the 1st day of April."

Grip should delineate the Dr. in a cartoon, making "fiat butter."

### Home and Foreign Notes.

Orangeville has voted a bonus of $5,000 to the Credit Valley Railway.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne has subscribed $5 to the Brant memorial fund.

—St. John, N.B., cattle dealers are seeking to make arrangements to ship cattle from other ports in Canada.

—Last Tuesday in Charlotte Co., N. B., a boy of 14, named Richard Cline, accidentally shot and killed Isaac's Garnetty, twelve years old.

—A correspondent of the Emerson Journal says that Louis Riel is still sojourning at Gingras, and he will go on the prairie this summer.

—Vanderbilt made the run from Buffalo to Chicago on Wednesday, at a speed of 48 miles an hour, including all stops. The distance, in the Lake Shore road, is 539 miles.

—The Presbyterians of Mitchell have building a handsome church this summer upon a lot presented to the congregation by Mr. A. C. Thompson of Barrie.

—The St. Louis Republican reports that a resident of Rockford, Ill., who fell over an embankment and lost his sense of smell, has sued the city for $10,000 damages.

—New Orleans has got rid of a half a million of its debt by going quietly into the market and buying up its bonds at favorable opportunities at 40 cents on the dollar.

—Nicholas Arnistrong, a cooper living in Moss township, Lambton, was burned to death on Wednesday night of last week, his house having caught fire and burned to the ground so rapidly that he could not escape.

—It is said that the Pope has asked the foreign Governments whether they could rely upon their protection in the event of his quitting Rome, and the Republicans. Some of the powers replied affirmatively.

—A St. Petersburg despatch says that two regiments of the best troops and a brigade of artillery have left the officers by arrest that they have conspired to arrest officers than other regiments. Four thousand convicts and political prisoners were released from Fort Petropaulovski in one night to Kason Sviatoff and other eastern prisons.

—Quite a commotion was caused in the Morrisburg post-office on Saturday last by the explosion of a letter when struck by the post-office stamp. The noise was as loud as that of a pistol, and the envelope of the letter immediately began to blaze. The letter must have contained fulminating paper, phosphorus, or something of that nature.

—A correspondent writing from Mizdah, Mocador, Morocco, states that more than 15,000 persons had perished in that town from hunger. There were dead everything lying in every street in and out of town. The dead were buried not more than one span deep, and dogs soon uncovered the earth and fed on the bodies. Small pox, measles, cholera and typhoid fever prevailed.

—The latest "swindle" has occurred in Stanstead, Que. A man has sold 10 cent packages, "warranted sure death to potato bugs, no risk of poisoning animals, as with Paris green." The packages were not to be opened until time to use them. One victim having three opened one, and found two square blocks of wood, on one of which was written, "Place the bug on this block and press firmly with the other.

—Two geese belonging to a farmer at Inverness were lost during the winter, and it was supposed they had been stolen by a fox. A few days ago they were found underneath a bridge still alive. They had lived in a cold spring of two inches in depth, twenty feet long, and two feet wide for two months. It is supposed that they were driven by stress of weather under the bridge, and as the storm prevailed they got completely hemmed in by the snow, and could not get out.

—A Brussels newspaper states that the King of Belgium wrote to the Pope regretting the impending dissensions in Belgium, in consequence of the apprehensions of the clergy as to the effect of the proposed revision of the education law. The pope replied that he regretted the necessity of any change in the law, but did not consider that the proposed bill seriously attacked the rights of the Church. He disavowed the action of the Belgian bishops in opposing the law, and said that the Catholics would be permitted to conform to that measure.


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