Victoria Warder,

And Weekly Commercial Advertiser.

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The Victoria Warder

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One Dollar Per Annum.

A Liberal Discount Allowed on Yearly Advertisements.

Book and Job Printing, in the latest styles, at *At less than Toronto Prices!*

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOMAS W. POOLE, M. D.,
CORONER, LINDSAY.
March 16, 1870.

J. R. COGAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., at Medical Hall, from 8 a.m. to 12; and 2 to 5 p.m. Residence Lindsay Street.

E. A. BERRIMAN, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Wellington Street, Lindsay. Office and residence—in the Blue Cottage back of the Methodist Church.

E. BENSON, M. D.,
GRADUATE of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, New York, and also of Victoria College, Canada, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office, One door north of Berryman's Hotel, Kent St., Lindsay.

DR. GEO. A. NORRIS,
GRADUATE of the University of Victoria College, Licentiate of Royal College Surgeons England, Physician, Surgeon, &c., Associate Coroner, County of Victoria, Ont.

LEGAL.

CAMERON & BORMER,
BARRISTERS, and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Hector Cameron, M.A. | Geo. Bormer, B.A.

BENNISTOUN & HUSBETH,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, & Notaries Public. Near Ontario Bank, Lindsay. J. F. Bennistoun. | A. Husbeth.

P. S. MARTIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Solicitor for the Ontario Bank. Office, over Foley's Hardware Store, Kent St., Lindsay.

ARTHUR O'LEARY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor, &c. Office, Knowlson's Block, corner Kent & Wm. Sts., Lindsay, Ont. Entrance, First Door on Wm St.

SMITH & SMITH,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries, &c., Lindsay. Office, over Bogh's Store. Hon. Sidney Smith. | Seth Smith.

WELLER & HATTON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Office, corner George & Simcoe Sts., Peterboro. D. G. Hatton. | G. A. Weller.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS PEARE,
ORGANIST to St. Paul's Church, Lindsay, has the honor to announce that she receives pupils for instruction on the Piano-Forte, Organ and Melodeon. Residence, Opposite Bell's Hotel, Wm. St. Lindsay.

MRS. B. T. STEPHENS,
LATE from London, England, Teacher on the Piano-Forte, Russel Street, Lindsay. Terms on application at her residence.

WM. LLOYD RUSSELL,
LINDSAY, Ont. OFFICE,—Corner of Kent & Wm. Sts., Land, Estate & General Agent, Auctioneer, &c. Lands, shares and Mortgages, Bought and Sold. Loans negotiated and investments made. Farm Lands and cultivated Farms in very desirable districts for sale. Special Attention given to procuring, (through Agent in Toronto) Land Patents, the settlement of land claims, timber licenses from the Crown Lands Department.
REFERENCES—Geo. Keogh, Esq M.P.; T. Mitchell Esq., M. P. P.; T. Keenan, Esq.; A. P. Cockburn, Esq.; C. S. Rooke, Esq.

C. KNOWLSON,
AGENT for the Commercial Union Assurance Company, Issuer Marriage Licenses, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, Conveyancer &c.

"VICTORIA HOUSE,"
WORKMAN'S Brick Block, (opposite Messrs. Foley's Hardware Store, (Cor. Kent & York Sts., Lindsay; New house & Furniture. The travelling community will find every accommodation. The bar supplied with the best wines, liquors, &c. Large shed & good stabling. An Attentive Hostler always in attendance.
EDWARD VEITCH, Proprietor.

BRYAN GUNIGAL'S
NEW Livery Stable, York St. Lindsay.—Horses and Carriages for hire on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN JOHNSTON,
THE oldest established tailor in Lindsay, (then on east side of Wm. St.) is prepared to execute all orders. All work warranted to give satisfaction at reasonable prices.

BELL'S HOTEL,
William Street, Lindsay,
Is re-opened for the reception of Guests. As the proprietors have
Spared No Expense
in repairing and fitting up the above establishment, and have secured the services of first-class servants, the traveling community may depend on receiving every attention.
R. G. BELL,
Lindsay, July, 1869. Manager.

PRINCE OF WALES' SALOON.
WM. BURT, - - PROPRIETOR.
COR. KENT AND LINDSAY STREETS, LINDSAY.
BEST BRANDS OF LIQUORS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A Good Billiard Table on the Premises.
☞ The choicest OYSTERS at the Prince of Wales' Saloon. 667

MAKE MONEY FAST.
EXTRA PRIZE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, 1869.
BUILDERS, ARCHITECTS AND OTHERS, liberally dealt with as Agents for Johnston's Patent Weather Protectors for Door and windows. We want a representative in every town and village. Apply at once. T. FOLEY & CO., LINDSAY, ONT. 666-1y*

Port Hope, Lindsay & Beaverton Railway.
AND
PORT HOPE & PETERBORO RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

ON and after Monday, Nov. 22, 1869, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MAIL.
Lindsay, depart 9:35 a.m.
Millbrook, arrive 11:35 "
Port Hope, arrive 1:10 p.m.

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MAIL.
Port Hope, depart 3:00 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive 4:35 "
Lindsay, arrive 6:00 "

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.
Lindsay, depart 12:35 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive 2:35 "
Port Hope, arrive 4:20 "

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.
Port Hope, depart 8:15 a.m.
Millbrook, arrive 1:20 "
Lindsay, arrive 3:10 "

PETERBOROUGH SECTION.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MAIL.
Peterborough, depart 8:30 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive 4:20 "
Port Hope, arrive 5:50 "

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MAIL.
Port Hope Depart 10.10 a.m.
Millbrook, arrive 11:35 "
Peterboro' arrive 12:35 p.m.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.
Peterborough depart 5:30 a.m.
Millbrook, arrive 9:20 "
Port Hope, arrive 8:05 "

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MIXED.
Port Hope, depart 8:15 p.m.
Millbrook, arrive 2:35 "
Peterborough arrive 3:20 "

A. T. WILLIAMS, Supt.

Dentistry!

J. NEELANDS,
Licentiate of Dental Surgery,
EXTRACTS teeth, positively without pain by the use of pure Nitrous Oxide (laugh ing gas) greatly improved, delightful to take and perfectly safe. Nearly 200 persons have taken it in my office during the past year with the most satisfactory results.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
Exceedingly pretty, very natural looking and useful in mastication, inserted at from $1.00 to $2.00 per tooth. Whole Upper Sets from $14 to $20.00. No charge for extracting teeth where others are to be inserted.

TEETH FILLED,
So that they will last a lifetime with an improved preparation of gold, also with Silver Amalgamic Artificial and Silver Foil.

ARTIFICIAL PALATES
Inserted where they have been destroyed by disease or are the result of congenital defect.
The public are respectfully invited to call and any information connected with the teeth will be freely given.
OFFICE—Over Thikell & Pardee's Drug Store, Lindsay.
December 1st, 1869.

$500,000 TO LOAN!
$500,000 TO LOAN in sums of $300 and upwards, on improved farms, in the older settled portions of the County of Victoria; the interest charged is eight per cent, and is not required in advance thereby giving the borrower the use of the money for the full term of the loan. Borrowers must bear in mind that when they pay back by instalments of principal and interest annually, they do not have the use of the money for the term of years they borrow and thereby pay double the rate of interest, this makes the plan of borrowing for a term of years and only paying the interest annually by far the most favorable for the borrower. The principal can be repaid at any time in whole or in part on favorable terms. No commission charged. Expenses low.
G. M. ROCHE
Lindsay, March, 1870.

MONEY TO LOAN,
At 8 Per Cent,
IN sums of from $150 to $2,000, on first-class farming lands, Private funds.
SMITH & SMITH
Barristers, &c.
Lindsay, April 6th, 1869. 621f

MONEY TO LOAN
ON REAL ESTATE AT EIGHT PER Cent. Apply to
E. D. CRDE.
Office in McDonald's Brick Block, Kent Street Lindsay.

MONEY TO LOAN!
ON EASY TERMS.
Apply to
P. S. MARTIN.
Lindsay, May 10th 1869.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT 8 PER CENT,
Apply to
A. O'LEARY.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE,
BETWEEN
Minden & Bobcaygeon.
The Stage will leave Bobcaygeon every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 o'clock a.m. and return the same evening.
Fare Moderate. Parcels at the risk of owners unless booked and paid for.
BRYAN GUNIGAL.

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES LEGALLY obtained in New York, Indiana, Illinois and other States, for persons from any State or Country, legal everywhere; desertion, drunkenness, non-support, etc., sufficient cause; no publicity; no charge until divorce obtained. Advice free. Business established fifteen years. Address,
M. HOUSE, Attorney,
No. 16, Nassau Street, New York City

Poetry

PLATO'S ADVICE.

Says Plato, "Why should man be vain,
Since bounteous Heaven hath made him great?
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undecked with wealth or state?
Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
Or costly gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health or ease the brow of care?

"The sceptred king, the hardened slave,
The humble and the haughty, die!
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction, lie!
Go search the tombs where Monarch's rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore;
The wealth and glory they possessed,
And all their honors, are no more,

"So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a kindled train,
But when its short-lived beauties die
Dissolves to common air again;
So 'tis with us; life is not long—
Let friendships reign then, while we stay;
Let time be sweetened with a song,
For when Fate calls we must obey.

Literature.

A GAME AT CHESS.

The chessman—a miniature, yet valuable set—being placed, the players sat down, and the two lords, the one spiritual and the other temporal, were soon deeply engaged. It was a curious sight, and worthy the palette of Rembrandt or of Salvator Rosa. The sunshine played upon the figure, pale, yet noble, of Guzman, and smiled upon the benevolent visage of Ruy, who by the game sought to stifle his tears of pity, and soften the time of punishment.

The emotion of the two players were very different. Ruy played with a distraction far from that habitual to him, and in a style much inferior to his usual brilliance. The Don, on the contrary, by one of those vagaries of human nature, stimulated by the fire of devotion, played with an address and combination quite extraordinary. The power of mind displayed could be compared to the last flame of a lamp before its fluttering, or to the last song of a dying swan. The noble pair had in fact detached themselves from the earth and all discouraging thoughts.

Guzman had attacked his adversary with an impetuosity which had gained for him an almost certain victory; and Ruy, though he defended valiantly, found that all his efforts were useless. The game became more and more complicated, and the players more and more earnest. The bishop tried vainly to provide for an inevitable checkmate yet far in the distance, and the Don continued to move with that frenzy which gives assurance to success. The world, time, the circumstances, all were cast into oblivion; the universe was a chess-board; and there was more than a life of anxiety in every move, fortunate illusion if only it would endure. But no, the quarters, the half hour, and at last the minute arrived.

An approaching sound could be heard—it ceased—the heavy door swung back upon its triple hinges, and the duke was petrified while making a move by the appearance of the jailers and Calavar. It was the vanishing of the trance, the return to cold reality. The satellites of the executioner entered, bearing swords and torches, and one of them advancing to the table, placed upon it a block covered with black cloth, the use of which was but too apparent by the axe that rested on its top. Some placed the torches in the niches of the wall provided for them, while another scattered around the table a thick coating of cedar sawdust. All thatw as the work of an instant; and during the operation no notice was taken of the condemned. Ruy rose, trembling and pale at the sight of the executioner; but his duke remained motionless, his eyes placed upon the chess-board. It was his turn to move. Calavar observed his immobility, and putting his hand upon his shoulder, uttered but one word, but in that one monosyllable was expressed the loss of youth, the destruction of a brilliant future and a noble life.

"Come!" said he.

The prisoner started as if he had trodden upon a serpent.

'Let me achieve my victory.'

'Impossible!' said Calavar.

'But, rogue, I had gained!' exclaimed the duke; 'I have certainly a forced check-mate. Let me play.'

'Impossible!' said Calavar. 'The three hours have expired. There, that is the last stroke of the bell. We come to obey the king.'

The servants who had rested on their swords now advanced. The duke was standing against the wall under the small arched window and through-been crucifix, so that the table was between him and Calavar. Then, as the three chamberlains of death came forward, he cried in a full and imperious voice:

'This game will be mine, and my head yours afterward. So far I am victor, and I move not before half an hour. Wait then.'

'Duke, I respect you, but I cannot accord you that,' said Calavar. 'It would be more than my life is worth to do it!'

Don Guzman made a movement; then detaching the diamonds which he wore on his fingers, he threw them at the feet of the officer, saying negligently, 'I will finish my game.'

The jewled wrings rolled amongst the sawdust, where the executioner regarded them with astonishment; then he cried, after a pause, 'My orders are precise, noble duke; and if we have to employ force, the law of Spain and the king must be accomplished. Leave your place, then, and do not waste your last moments in useless discussion. Speak to him, my lord bishop, and tell him he must submit to his destiny.'

The reply came promptly and decisive. The bishop seized the axe that still lay on the block, and twirling it about his head, exclaimed, 'By Heaven! he shall finish his game!'

Frightened by the words and gesture, Calavar started back, and nearly fell upon his three assistants. They raised their swords, and the sanguinary band prepared to combat; but Ruy, who seemed transposed into a Hercules, seized his steel and threw it upon the floor, crying. The first of you who passes that limit fixed by the Church is a dead man. Courage, duke! To work! There are only four of these miscreants, and the last vow of your lordship shall be sacred, if I lose my own life! And as you, hirelings, you will be buried into the pit of demons unless you sheathe your swords instantly, and leave us to finish our game."

He then launched at them, in a [illegible] half Latin and half Spanish, one [illegible] formulas of excommunication, th[illegible] that epoch, had such a power over ignorant and priest-ridden people.

The effect of the speech was electrical. The assistants started back, affrighted; and Calavar, as he cowered beneath the indignated form of the infuriated bishop, thought that, without an order from the king, to kill a bishop would be the greatest possible crime in this world, and would meet with the severest punishment in the next. Discretion was the better part of valor.

'I will go to the king,' said he.

'Go to the devil!' said the bishop, still on his guard.

The officer was at a loss what to do. To go and announce what was going on to his majesty, who waited for the traitor's head, was to expose himself to death. To attack the priest and prisoner, would be extremely hazardous, and, if successful, bring awful consequences after their death. It was a delicate and difficult dilemma; but at last superstition, or, let us say, some stray spark of humanity, triumphed.

'Do you really promise,' said he, 'to finish in half an hour?'

'I promise,' replied the bishop.

'Continue then,' said Calavar; but no longer, remember.'

So the truce was concluded, the players resumed their places, and the game proceeded. The executioners formed a barrier round the players, the torches flickered in the niches, and Calavar, himself a chessman, was involuntarily interested; but he said, 'You will die with the victory.'

Don Guzman looked round with the utmost *sangfroid*, as he replied. 'I have never played in such a noble company; and you will be able to tell the story after my death, how I vanquished Ruy Lopez.'

He smiled coldly as he resumed his play, while the bishop who still held the ax firmly in his right hand, reflected within himself, 'If I were sure that the duke and I would ever get out safely from this den of tigers, I would break the heads of all four of them.'

CHAPTER III.

If the hours had been long in the cell of the condemned, they were no less tedious in the chamber of the king. The monarch had gained a victory over the Don of Biscay, and the nobles, obliged by etiquette, had been forced to remain in almost the same positions; under no pretext whatever could they leave the presence, and so they had to succumb to their armor, and the still heavier fatigue of silence. Don Tarraxas, his eyes half closed, was immovable as one of the iron statues which adorned the gothic windows; the young Don Ossuna leant, overcome by grief, against a marble pillar; and the king strode backward and forward thro' the room, ever and anon listening for approaching footsteps, and, in accordance with a superstition prevalent in those days, occasionally kneeling at the feet of a virgin placed upon a porphyry pedestal taken from the ruins of the Alhambra, praying the Madonna to pardon him for the work, the complexion of which he impatiently waited, as he nervously consulted the hour-glass.

All was silence, as in the palace of Azrael, the angel of death, for no one, no matter what his rank, would dare to speak without permission. When the last grain of sand proclaimed that the fatal delay was ended, the king gave a cry of joy, as he cried:

'The traitor is dead. The hours have expired, and with them Count Biscay, your greatest enemy has fallen.'

'My enemy, sire?' said the count.

'Yes, count; why repeat our words? Have you not been the rival of Don Guzman in the affection of Donna Estella. Two rivals cannot be friends. The truth is we cannot speak of these things in our councils, but we give you our royal word that she will be yours; she will bring you all her beauty and her treasures. You will see, count, that it will be impossible to name ingratitude to your king; for it was you who discovered the conspiracy and correspondence of Don Guzman with France.

Don Ramirez listened uneasily; he dared not lift his eyes, and had he spoken truly he would have said that he was punished by hearing the eulogy of the king.

'Sire,' he replied, 'it was with profound repugnance that I fulfilled my painful duty——'

Do Ossuna started, and stuck the handle of his sword with his gauntleted hand.

'Before the donna shall be the wife of that man,' he thought, 'I will sleep in that tomb where my noble cousin and dearest friend now lies. This is the day of law, but to-morrow shall be that of vengeance.'

'Your zeal, Don Ramirez,' continued the king, 'and your devotion will be recompensed. The savior of our throne and perhaps of our dynasty, merits more than ordinary reward. This morning we agreed with our chancellors to draw up the letters-patent conferring upon you the rank of duke, and creating you Governor of Valencia. Are those letters ready to be signed?'

Don Ramirez grew pale as he precipitately fell on his knees, and drawing a parchment from his doublet, presented it to the king; for well he knew he was undeserving of the honors about to be showered upon his guilty head.

'To sign the letters-patent will be our first public act to-day,' said the king. 'The executioner by this time has punished treason—it is time the king should reward fidelity,' he added as he unrolled the parchment. But suddenly his eyes flashed, and he cried out, in a harsh and terrible voice. 'Holy Virgin! what do I see?'

* * * * *

The game of chess was finished, and Guzman had gained a complete victory. At the time appointed he rose and said to Calavar, 'Come, I am ready.'

The executioner prepared the block during the time that the prisoner knelt before the crucifix and prayed in a firm voice. 'Oh heaven, I would that this [illegible] unjust act may be brought home for our Church, that my blood should run upon the head of my king.'

Ruy Lopez delivered up the fatal ax, then prostrating himself in the corner of the cell, and hiding his face in his mantle, he groaned out the prayer of agony. Calavar laid his hand upon the shoulder of the victim, signing him to remove his collar, which was immediately done; then laying his head on the block, the duke said, 'Strike! I wait.'

The executioner lifted his ax, and the justice of the king was all but completed, when cries of 'Saved!' the sound of feet, and the echo of confused voices staid the arm of death. The door gave way with a crash under the force of armed gentlemen, and De Ossuna precipitated himself between the executioner and the duke, exclaiming, 'It is in time!'

'He lives!' cried the Count Tarraxas.

'He is saved!' repeated De Ossuna 'My cousin—my friend, whom I never hoped to see more; but heaven would not that the innocent should perish for the guilty. Heaven be praised!'

'Heaven be praised!' repeated the executioners.

'Heaven be praised!' cried the the assembled courtiers.

Then Ruy Lopez came forward amongst them, and shouted louder than all, 'Heaven be praised!'

'Thou hast come in time, my child,' said the Don, smiling. 'Now I shall have more strength to die!'

Poor fellow! the news was too much for him, and he laid himself down again.

Ruy Dopez seized him, lifted him in his arms, and carried him to the chamber of the king. All the courtiers followed; and when the Don recovered his senses, he found himself surrounded by an anxious circle of friends, in the centre of whom was the king, a thankful and joyful expression overspreading his features. He had not dreamt. How could he understand that sudden change from the block to the chamber of the king? How could he know that, in the excess of his joy and trouble, Don Ramirez had mistaken the packet, and that, when he handed the letters-patent to his majesty, it turned out that he had given up the proofs of his own guilt, and of the innocence of his rival? For it was he who feigned the handwriting of Guzman, and he really was the originator of the conspiracy. Guzman was ignorant of all that, but he did not understand when, three days afterward, Calavar decapitated Don Ramirez, Count of Biscay, as a traitor and an informer. He did understand when he was in the midst of friends, tenderly taking him by the hand, said:

Guzman, I have been very unjust; I never will forgive myself for my treatment to you.'

'Sire,' said he, 'that will never more be spoken of by me, for such words, spoken by my sovereign, are worth a thousand lives.'

'Friend,' said the king, 'our royal desire and command is, that from this time henceforth the remembrance of your almost miraculous deliverance shall be borne upon your escutcheon, the shape of a silver ax on an azure chess-board; that in the course of a few months from this date you will espouse Donna Estella, and that your nuptial rejoicings be held in our palace en Escurial.' Then turning to Ruy Lopez, he continued, 'Ruy, I believe that the church will find a good servant in her new bishop. Thou wilt be consecrated Lord Bishop, and that will be some recompense for thy game of chess.'

'Sire,' said the bishop, 'never before to-day have I been content to be checkmated.'

'Now, my lords,' said the king, smiling, and of course the court imitated him, 'we invite all to our royal banquet, and wish only that the place of the duke be at the right hand and that of the Bishop of Segovia on the left. Your arm Don Guzman.'

So ended this memorable Game of Chess.

DISCOVERIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.—Lewenhoeck tells of an insect seen with the microscope of which twenty millions would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruit. Butterflies are beautifully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our body is covered with scales like a fish, a grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty scales, yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen on a meadow.

Strawberries are selling at 10 cents per pound in San Francisco market.

Saxe says that "laws, like sausages, cease to inspire respect in proportion as we know how they are made."

The Detroit Post describes murder as "an act of insanity committed upon a human being."

Dr. J. Briggs' Throat and Lung Healer is pleasant to take and unsurpassed for efficacy in curing Cough Bronchitis, Consumption, &c. Sold by Druggists.

Terrible Scene in a Colliery.

A colliery accident of a most exciting character occurred on Saturday in a pit belonging to Messrs. Melldrum & Co., near Bathgate, Scotland, and unfortunately resulted in the loss of seven lives. A spark from the furnace set fire to the soot in the upcast shaft, and this ignited the wooden partition. In a few minutes the shaft was a roaring column of fire, and fifty men and boys were rescued, with the flames literally hissing and curling around them. Several ascents and scents of the cage were actually made made whilst the rope was burning—the depth being about forty fathoms. Thanks to Steele's (the engineman) nerve and presence of mind, no time was lost, the cage being raised and lowered in little more than a minute. For five or six trips it came up crowded with miners, 8 or nine men having in each case packed themselves into a space intended for four. So deftly was the operation managed, that as fast as the poor fellows, running from various distances in the workings, arrived at the pit bottom, the cage was there to receive them and whirl them aloft to safety. It may be readily supposed, however, that the passage to the open air, swift as it was, seemed all too long to the occupants of the cage. The woodwork of the apparatus caught fire; the ironwork was nearly red-hot; in the upcast shaft, separated from them only by a thin partition, a raging furnace threatened destruction, while the burning rope by which they were suspended seemed likely every instant to give way and leave them to their fate. At length, after several batches of eight or nine each had been safely brought to bank, the cage on its next descent came up empty. By this time the fire had burst through the top of the partition, and was blazing in full volume from both sections of the shaft, cutting off all possibility of ventilation, and giving rise to the most serious apprehensions as to the safety of those still in the pit. The cage was forthwith sent down again, and presently returned with two men, named Grant and Forrester. So blinding were the flames and smoke that the men were not seen by those on the pit bank, and some one having called out that the cage was empty, it was straightway lowered again before its occupants had the chance of getting out. The feelings of the poor miners on being thus sent back to the frightful prison from which they had all but escaped may be more easily imagined than described. On reaching the bottom, Grant, in desperation, was on the point of throwing himself out of the cage, but fortunately the apparatus was whirled up again before he could accomplish his purpose, and this time he and his companions lost no time in scrambling out. Notwithstanding that they had passed three times through the burning shaft, both men escaped with comparatively little injury. After they had been rescued, the cage made three fruitless descents; but at the fourth it came up with two other men, named Thos. McLean and Rufus Rankin, who had in the interim managed to crawl to the shaft. On getting into the cage they had endeavored to bring along with them a third man named Wm. Wands, but he was too much overcome by the heat and smoke to keep his position, and slipped off as the cage began to ascend. McLean and Rankin were unfortunately without their coats, and as they were drawn up through through the burning shaft the flames told with terrible effect on their naked arms and shoulders. When they reached the top, the exposed portions of their bodies were so badly scorched that the skin peaked off at the touch. McLean was able to stagger from the cage, but Rankin, in getting out, entangled his foot with some portion of the apparatus, and falling heavily, broke his leg. After the cage had made one or two more descents, each time coming up empty, the burning rope gave way, thus cutting off all hope from the seven miners below. One of the rescued, John Boyle, gives the following account of the affair:—I was working in the rise workings, a matter of fully two hundred fathoms from the bottom of the shaft. My son was working with me, but when the "corning" hour come I sent him out. Before he had time to get past the bottom of the pit I heard him coming back, and crying "Father, father, come on." I was speaking to another man at the time, and when I heard my son cry I ran up my roadhead and cried to him to know if there was anything wrong. Says he, "The pit's on fire—come out quick or you'll lose your life." I asked him if it was a gas fire. "No," says he, "it comes from the tube. The tube's on fire on the rise side of the shaft." So says I, "Make you the best road you can to the bottom, and never mind me." "No," says he, "go you on and I will overtake you." There were four men working beside me at the time, and when they heard what my son said they made for the shaft. I again told my son to push on and save himself. "I am an old man," I says, and so it's not much matter about me; but you are young, and must save yourself." "No," says he, "I am not going till I see the whole of the men out." He then ran to the road-head and called to some other men that if they were not at the foot of the shaft in two minutes their lives were done. I had gone twenty or thirty yards towards the shaft bottom, but returning I again called on my son to come and save himself. The only answer that I got was that he would perish rather than not warn all the men. At last I got him induced to come with me to the shaft. When we got to the bottom of the shaft the trap-doors were on fire, and all about was thick with smoke. The cage was at the bottom, and seven men were in it. They cried for more, and my son pushed me into it. As I got in, somebody objected that there were too many; but some one else cried, "Let as many come as there is room for." The signal bell was then rung, and the cage began to rise. For a distance of ten or twelve feet the soot of the shaft was in flames, and all the way up it was filled with smoke, but we shot through it so quickly that none of us were injured. My son came up with the next load."

An Affecting Scene.

A correspondent of a New York paper writing from Key West, narrates the following affecting circumstance which lately occurred there:—

"A sailor by the name of John White who signed the pledge two years ago died the other day at the hospital. On the evening he sent for the Rev. Jonathan Doolittle and Captain Watlington of the Custom House. To them he said, 'Had I signed the pledge when I first came to this Key, I would this day have been as wealthy a man as Mr. Wall, (the richest man in the place,) and would have died in my own house, attended by my own wife. Myself and Mr. Wall both came here together; he was temperate and I drank, and that made the difference between us. I wish you would buy a piece of ground on the highest part of the key for my grave. I also wish you to take the pledge-book to the grave when you carry me there, place it on my coffin, and say it was my dying request for all who attend my funeral to sign it.'

"The last request of the dying sailor was complied with, and a more affecting scene I never witnessed. When the Reverend gentleman stated the desire, it appeared that all the numerous audience had before signed that instrument except two. These two were his shipmates.—When they heard his dying request they burst into tears, exclaiming: "Alas poor Jack!" this scene caused the whole company to weep. One of these sailors was a very young and handsome person, the other was an old man. The young man, after wiping his eyes, approached the minister, took the book, placed it on the coffin, and signed the pledge. During this time the old man stood some distance off, sobbing aloud. At length he broke out, 'Poor John! Poor John! I'll sign the pledge and never drink rum again,' and with one hand on his heart, he looked up to Heaven and then put down his name.

Napoleon's Secret.

The Emperor of France has made Paris the resort of the wealthy from all Europe, millions of whose money are brought from other countries and capitals to enrich this. What is the secret? Broad, beautiful streets, so paved that riding is a pleasure, and because so paved, such a saving in carriages, harness and horses that carriage hire is cheap; beautiful gardens and public grounds in many of these streets—gardens and grounds made by almost innumerable gas-jets more brilliant at night than day; fine hotels; large first-class houses, fitted with apartments for families; convenient bakeries and confeceries; public amusements; streets safe at all hours of the day and night; carriages so regulated that strangers are protected; busses never permitted to take more than they can seat; articles of food and drink carefully looked after by the police; bad and adulterated articles destroyed, the sellers fined, and placards put upon their shops warning the public; bad pipes not used; physicians prescriptions required to be written in the language of the country; quacks not allowed to practice, and the sale of their medicines prohibited.

CRICKET.—We are informed that an effort is being made to establish a cricket club in this village, and we hope it will be successful. We can't play cricket ourselves, but it's a noble game, and we like to repose on our stomach amongst the grass and watch the performers, and to aid and assist them, by shouting out "Butteringers!" and "Now, then, stoop-id!" at the proper moment. We also like to arouse the indignation of another groveller in the grass, who is ignorant of cricket, by assuring him in a whisper that the batsman (who is a member of his temperance organization) is greatly addicted to "swipes"; and to get up a discussion with a thoroughly posted groveller as to whether the "long-stop" will stop long in that position, or whether Tom Straighteye will bowl a "maiden over" or not. What a funny game cricket is to be sure! Some persons might imagine that to *bowl a maiden over*—and that before all the people, too—would be not only vulgar, but positively improper; but anyone who thinks so don't know cricket.—*Bobcaygeon Independent.*

M. De LESSEPS now acknowledges in his report of the Suez Canal, printed in *Galignani*, that of over 146,000 tons already borne through it, over 56,000 tons were in British bottoms, and he congratulates himself and the shareholders that the dockyards of England are building and transforming vessels every day to take advantage of the new thoroughfare. The Frenchmen are no doubt very happy to let John Bull go in for the lion's share in his old way; and as regards that other vast project of the Darien Canal, as which he now scowls so impressively, it may be safely prophesied that in the end he will go through as cheerfully as the rest, paying his way, as usual, very handsomely.

Mr. Parton is said to be engaged in preparing three articles for the Atlantic Comic Monthly, the first to be entitled "Will the Coming President do anything but smoke?" the second, "Will the Coming Secretary of the Navy know anything about ships?" the third, "Will the Coming Secretary of State know anything about anything?" Three pretty serious conundrums.

"Mammy," said a precious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby-brother, "if God has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

An editor is generally right when he rejects an article, but almost always wrong when he begins to give his reasons for so doing.

Opportunity is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may be with us when opportunity is gone forever.

For Colds Cough, Bronchitis Consumption and all diseases of the Throat Chest and Lungs, Dr. J. Briggs' Throat and Lung Healer is certain and reliable Remedy. Sold by Druggists.

Queen Victoria gets $1,925,000 a year and the Prince of Wales $500 000.

Emile Ollivier, the French Prime Minister, is paid $78,000 a year in gold.

Maine is now bragging of a matron, in her 17th year, the mother of four children.

Bangor, Maine, felt three shocks of an earthquake about a 5½ o'clock on Monday morning.

The New York Herald announces that the "Spring killing season on the railroads has begun."

Anson Burlingame is said to have left property at San Francisco valued at over $900,000.

A procession of 900 Orangemen, near Dublin, was attacked by the police on 4th inst, and dispersed. No casualities occurred.

Miss Fannie Joy, a reigning belle in Keokuk, has just married a Mr. Blaine. The thing of beauty preferred not to remain a Joy forever.

John Jay, the last survivor of the regiment to whom Wellington addressed the famous words, 'Up, Guards, and at them!' has just died in London.

Mr. H. J. Jaffray, one of the proprietors of the Galt Reporter, has gone on the expeditionary force for Red River as one of the Waterloo volunteers.

A delegation from British Columbia, is expected at Ottawa, in a few days, to negotiate for a Union with the Dominion. They are expected about the 24th instant.

A Western girl recently threw some blasting powder into a stove, mistaking it for coal. Her father is a carpenter, so her coffin didn't cost much.

A lady correspondent of the *Independent* asserts authoritatively that Queen Victoria is utterly opposed to female suffrage, much to the disgust of strong-minded British matrons.

A large number of Fenians are believed to be in Cincinnati, fully provided with arms, and ready to depart to the frontier at short notice from the commander-in-chief.

A New York billiardist boasts that he will give a certain player ninety-nine points in a hundred, and play caroms to his antagonist's full game, with the butt end of the cue, and one eye shut.

The Party Procession Act, against which the Northern Orangemen have been keeping up so vigorous an opposition, is not to trouble them much longer. A bill for its repeal has had a second reading in Parliament.

Two juveniles in Indiana recently played Guy Fawkes with a bottle of powder. Guy came out all right, only tolerably well filled up with broken glass, but the parents of the British Parliament can't find him yet.

George Secce, of Adelaide, died on the 10th instant, at the age of 104 years. He was a native of the North of Ireland, and emigrated to this country 40 years ago. Deceased leaves behind him a long line of descendants, extending to the fourth generation.

The pen with which President Grant signed the fifteenth amendment proclamation, was asked for and obtained by a member of the press before the ink upon it had dried, and, what is more noticeable, the possessor of the prize refused, with a disregard for lucre remarkable in his class, an offer of $50 for it.

A Montreal paper asserts that an old man having died in that city a few days ago, his sons paid a priest fifty dollars for his interment, and one hundred dollars to say masses for his soul. The Rev. gentleman finished by selling his body, which had been buried in the vault of the church, to a doctor for forty dollars.

GOING AHEAD.—Every one will be glad to learn that a new and more prosperous era is dawning upon the Grand Trunk Railway. The equipment bonds were taken up so eagerly in England that the Directors are now in a position to proceed with the needed improvements. The road is to be ballasted immediately, and steel rails are to be laid. Four palace cars are being built, and will be ready for the road by the end of June. One is to be despatched every day from Montreal, and is to make the run to Toronto in 13 hours, stopping at only five places, Cornwall, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville and Cobourg.

A New York medical journal says An eminent physician of Boston robs scarlet fever of many of its terrors by prescribing for the patient warm lemonade, with a little mucilage, as often as desired, and the application of warmth to the stomach. He directs that a sheet should be wrung out of hot water and laid on the stomach, renewing it as often as it cools. Nothing else but the lemonade is to be given. With this treatment he guarantees that not one in a hundred cases will prove fatal. We have known cider alone to cure more than one obstinate case. A vegetable acid appears to be the specific. Enough salt in children's victuals may almost be said to be *prophylactic* for eruptive fevers.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S CONVERSION.—A literary gentleman, who had a great dislike of babies, was walking in the outriders of the Astor Aorta, near the Indian parlor, one day last autumn, when a woman elegantly dressed, and of most lady-like manners, stepped out with a baby in her arms, and requested the gentleman to hold it a moment while she went up to her room for something. He accepted the little burden, with a vague misgiving that it would break in two, and carried the child somewhat nervously for fully ten minutes and the mother didn't appear. Nor was the servant able to find any one answering her description. The celibate philosopher felt as he had drawn a hippopotamus in a parlor raffle, and was completely at a loss how to dispose of his encumbrance. He concluded to advertise for the woman, and if she did not appear, to put the child into an asylum. He took care of it that night, and was touched in the softest place in his heart by finding the arms of the little creature around his neck in the morning. The advertisement brought no answer, but the child did not go to an asylum. The gentleman entrusted it to a young lady, who offered to care for it, and for whom he had a sentimental attachment. He visited it every day, and at last for the purpose of simplifying things, concluded to