

The Canadian News

VOL. X.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1882.

NO. 45

Huntington Academy gets its annual...
Trips have been...
Covers on Trout River...
The cutting rink at Sherbrooke...

Highway robbery was attempted between West Irons and Sroetsburg one dark night recently. The Waterloo Advertiser says that the would be Dick Turpins are as yet unknown.

BEAT THIS!—Mr. Morris of Valleyfield, beat a pig on the 15th of May. He killed it on the 23rd ult., and it weighed (dressed) 264 lbs., or equal to about 1 and 1-3 lbs. daily, counting from the 15th of May!

A SAD FAMILY RECORD.—A few years ago Mr. James Armstrong, of Melbourne Ridge, was killed a short distance from his home by falling from a load of wood.

INDUSTRIAL.—Messrs. Miner, Robinson & Stevens, who own 8,000 acres of timber land in Strukely and Bolton, are getting out 30,000 logs this winter. They have about 50 men employed. The logs will be sawed in Elbridge & Phelps.

MARITIME PROVINCES.—The Vale Coal Company is making heavy additions to the plant of its mines in Pictou county, N. S., indicative of large resources and good prospects.

A CROWDED GAOL.—The St. John Globe describes the St. John county Gaol to be in an overcrowded condition. It is estimated that the South Eastern Railway Company will expend a quarter of a million in West Parkton for the purpose of building a new line.

THE COLOR LINE.—The color line has been causing some trouble in Halifax and St. John. In the latter city a colored man did not like the associations of the school for the colored, and claimed the privilege under the free school law, to send his boy to what school he chose.

PRairie chickens are remarkably plentiful all over the Province. Wolves are reported as being very plentiful in the vicinity of Minnedosa.

CRystal City is reported to be growing fast, but to suffer from a dearth of lumber. The Scott Act war in Lincoln promises to be a lively one. Liquor dealer have appealed to the Supreme Court against the decisions of the magistrates.

KEEPIng IT DARK.—Mr. George Monroe, of Rat Furlage, has a specimen which is composed more of gold than dirt. He has found a way to make it come from the bottom of a pond.

BOGUS squatters, the paid agents of land sharks, are, according to the Winnipeg Times, located in large numbers at Medicine Hat. Crossing is expected to be located.

STRANGE EQUINE DISASTER.—A singularly fatal disease has broken out at Bedford among the horses brought in by Thomas Dewar last summer. The animal is generally attacked with stiffening in the legs and stoppage, death ensuing within a day or two.

HIGH HOTEL CHARGES.—A Regina correspondent says that the three frame hotels have raised their rates to \$3 per day. The proprietors say that as they have to pay from \$50 to \$80 a month for water they cannot afford to give any low rates.

THE FROZEN MILL. BY R. CHROKENDER. He'll miller, you often complain without reason. Though rich, you declare that your mill "doesn't pay."

But now you are dead locked by a freak of the season—King Winter has vanquished you, miller, to like a lord over his little domain ever strait. The miller a blustering tyrant is he; The day when a boy that he caught me out nuzzling, I remember the "blackberry" he gathered for me.

Now, all the day long he is sighing or yawning, No beauty the landscape presents to his sight; He looks out and finds it still colder each morning, And seems on the prospect of gliding white.

But did it never think when the grain you were sowing, O' miller, his Nature the ripe harvest makes? Then why do you grumble because she is snowing? She satters her bounties as thick as the flakes.

Wherever the path in this life we have chosen, We take the year's change, December or May; Before the big wheel the stern winter had frozen, You're crying old structure was creaking all day.

No "tap" wakes the silence now, save the wood-pedder; The horses are staid, the watch-dog asleep; The miller, as he stows over his glass at the "Chequer," At the holiday Nature compels him to keep.

O'er the old rustic staves, from the rails and the festoons of snow in their clusters reveal A fair-like beauty; and sparkle like jewels, The little streams that hang from the wheel.

But short lived the beauty, for soon will be rushing The snow when the spring sets the frozen world free; For winter 'she'll melt his old heart with her kisses, Then, miller, just think what a torrent there'll be!

Even now in my ears the last echoes are ringing, Of offences sweet as it murmured along; 'Twas surely a melody Nature was singing, And this but a semi-verse rest in the song!

ALICE CARR'S ENGAGEMENT. A Toronto Noveltist. BY FLORENCE FAIRFAX, A NEW TORONTO WRITER. CHAPTER II. ENGAGED.

considered it a great shame to make Mr. Field's mouth so enormous. James had a somewhat large, good humoured looking mouth, as men of a fresh and firm character often have.

James had a photograph of Alice, an old card he had asked for the evening they passed the time in their never-ending resource for a tea table, looking through the old photo-album.

So this intercourse between the young people went on in a brother and sister fashion, nor could James learn whether she only thought of him as a brother.

At last Mrs Carr and Alice resolved to do their own housework. James saw the end of the day as it came in the evening; he often called unexpectedly and in the midst of house work which he found must be completed before she would go out with him.

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Land Grabbers. The land grabbers and speculators in the North are to be coming to grief. Well, if they are, the whole country will have reason to rejoice.

Pure Milk consists of cells which originate in the growth of the food eaten by the cow, floating in water. These cells would become the blood-corpuses of the cow, if permitted to enter the general circulation, and receive oxygen of the atmosphere to enter her lungs.

Milk as before intimated, is adapted to the nourishment of calves, and is not the same kind of food that is readily appropriate to the human race.

The Gancheo's Horse. When I was 13 years old I was untroubled with love for a horse I once saw—an untroubled with love for a horse I once saw—an untroubled with love for a horse I once saw.

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Finding Arabi's Papers. The story of the finding of Arabi Pasha's papers is as follows: On the evening of the 23rd of October Arabi said to me: "My life and honor are in your hands and in the hands of England, if you will send me an interview with my servant, Muhammed Ibn Ahmed, I will give you all my papers which escaped Tel-el-Kabir and the looting of my house at Cairo, and they are by far the most important instruments of my life."

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In lace pins a new and howling device is a row of calixated silver pug dogs running from large to small. They are given out as a gift to the guests of the party.

Some of the prettiest of the winter bonnets are those tiny affairs of black velvet with ostrich tips on the side and narrow black satin strings. They are of the kind described as "too cute for anything."

Amo's brides there is a heavy row on white velvet brocade for marriage gowns and in consequence the price of the material has gone up in the neighborhood of the comet. Nuptial influence is all-powerful.

Just now a determined effort is being made to introduce a new style of arranging the hair. The instigators of the movement are declared to be hair-dressers and false hair dealers, whose business of late has been very dull and unprofitable.

They tell of a young and foolish school girl who used red ink to color her lips the other evening when she went to her first party, and they also tell how she suffered in consequence. She is evidently a good girl who has been under baneful influence.

Wraps and camel's-hair shawls are now so admirably made that the shawl is not cut, but held together in graceful folds by means of tapes on the inside. It makes an elegant and exceedingly stylish wrap, which no fashionable woman's wardrobe should be without.

Too Fat. The tendency to accumulate fat is constitutional but it can be either checked or encouraged by the individual in whom this tendency exists. In spite of all protestation to the contrary, fat persons eat heartily; they may not consume as much food as some thin people, but they eat with more gusto.

Such foods should be used in moderation; but we must not fall into the fatal error of discarding them altogether, as was years ago suggested by Banting. Many of his followers exchanged obesity for fatal kidney diseases.

It must be borne in mind that excess of flesh is not always an indication of health. It may indicate disease of a serious nature. What has been said does not of course apply to cases of this kind. These require a far different treatment. Finally, any competent physician could give you a diet which would give you a better complexion than any individual case of obesity—where no marked disease exists—that would surely and safely accomplish its object, and thus save the patient from the perils of anti-fat preparations.

Fra Diavolo. Last week two young men, modest and green from the country, were in town, and they thought they would hear the opera, so they called tell the folks about it when they went back home. The opera, "Fra Diavolo," night, and were at the Grand in their best clothes to enjoy the music. All went smoothly until the bedroom scene, when they began to show a little nervousness as they gazed through the slings that the diva stood before the glass and began taking out her earrings as a preliminary they became still more excited, and on of them said: "Bang my buttons, Bill, she's goin' to take her clothes off!"

"No she ain't," said Bill, "she can't do it right here before everybody." "But she is, though, for there goes the second act too, and nobody knows what these show actors will do." "I tell you she can't do it," again replied Bill. "Look at her now," excitedly said the other, "there goes her breastpin and collar!"

"She can't do it, I tell you," said Bill. "Then the diva made an error in motion." "There, Bill, see her, what she's doin', she's yanked her corset off, and she's reachin' for the strap that keeps her dress on!" "Sings the first act, and she's excited that her friend." Then another motion by the diva, and the first speaker blurted out: "By gravy, Bill, if an ain't got off her dress, then I'm a loose-rail!" "But she ain't go no farther," said Bill, "twirling around in his seat." The diva after wearing herself in the glass, and singing her pretty little love song, stepped to a chair, and sat down to take off her shoes.