

It is reported that petroleum is being found in large quantities in Canada. One found in large quantities in Canada. One found in large quantities in Canada.

During the past few years a large number of medical "quacks" and "humbags," as the actual orthodox M. D.'s delight to term them, have made fortunes simply by their skill in advertising, while a large number of men of rare scientific attainments have been always in the background simply for their lack of advertising enterprise.

There are evidently some pretty smart negroes in the United States as well as smart Yankees. The last one reported got wealthy by his keenness in buying a strip of land along side of some aristocratic residence, where he was sure to build the worst looking cabin the darkey could think of.

The World prints a list of New York widows and single women whose united wealth is about \$123,000,000. The wealthiest are: Mrs. A. T. Stewart, \$10,000,000; Mrs. E. D. Morgan, \$5,000,000; Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, \$5,000,000; Mrs. Edwin Stevens, \$7,000,000; Mrs. Paron Stevens, \$3,000,000; Mrs. Moses Taylor, \$5,000,000; Mrs. James Brown \$3,000,000; Mrs. James Brown \$3,000,000; Mrs. James Brown \$3,000,000.

Holloway, the great London pill man, is dead, leaving behind him a fortune of millions. His patent medicines were probably as good as, but no better than, those compounded by thousands of others whose business it is to prepare healing remedies, but Holloway succeeded in amassing a great fortune, while many others with superior medical knowledge have barely managed to live.

It is reported that the Kingston Locomotive Works Company intend to extend their business by engaging in the manufacture of composite ships. If such a branch of business can be successfully established in Canada it would prove a very great benefit to us.

In both Germany and France, pork from the United States is practically forbidden admission. The ostensible reason is that United States pork is infected with disease, and is not therefore fit for human food. Our Yankee friends, however, assert that this is a mere pretext to keep out their competition, and that no actual reason exists for any such restrictions.

Some one has been wisely remarking that abundance should be provided for the poor as well as food. There is no doubt a very great deal of sound wisdom in that saying. Man's intellectual and social wants must be supplied as well as his animal needs.

What with the skill of lawyers in often cheating the galleys of its just due, and the tardiness of the courts in the administration of justice it is to be feared that the present system of punishment for murder does not exercise such a salutary influence on many concerned as it actually should. The remark holds especially good in reference to the United States. It seems now to be a well understood fact across the border, that almost any murderer, no matter how clear his case may be, can manage to stave off execution at least a year, if he or his friends can only command money enough to keep the lawyers at work.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Two Watches. BY MYRA A. GOODWIN. One watched the dawning of the day, The fading stars left not a trace, A wistful morning cold and drear, And snow upon a new made grave.

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XI.

"Where is Nora?" "It seemed to Christine the excited fancy like a far-off echo of the question put to her by the man who had just entered the room."

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He commenced somewhat as follows, and the jurors followed it with breathless attention. "I am Mr. Dalmaine's servant. I never saw Lord de Gretton until yesterday, but received Mr. Dalmaine's instructions to wait upon him while he was at Cliff Cottage. Lord de Gretton arrived yesterday with his ladyship. He was in a very good spirits at first, but he was something wild about her eyes."

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EATEN BY CANNIBALS.

The Horrible Fate of a Shipwrecked Crew—The Survivor's Story.

Capt. Tuttle is now 71 years old, and his experiences have, drawing it mildly, been somewhat varied. He was born in New York state, and worked on his father's farm until he was eighteen years old. He became infatuated with the glowing tales told of a life at sea, and made up his mind to join a ship. He did so, and since that time, with the exception of the two years and six months he was king of the Cannibal Islands, and since 1881, he has been at sea.

Capt. Tuttle was wrecked, the crew took to the boats, and after drifting about for about twenty-five days the one in which he and seven others were was cast on one of the Cannibal Islands. Immediately the entire boat's crew were seized by the natives. They were all killed except Capt. Tuttle. The reason why he was not killed with the others was because of his unusual height. A few days afterward the ruling king was deposed, and Capt. Tuttle was inaugurated in his stead.

Capt. Tuttle being saved by his unusual height (he is six feet three inches) was a strange superstition belief of the natives. Several years previous one of the kings died. Before he died he said he would return again in another form and color. Up to the time that Capt. Tuttle appeared the natives looked forward to the second coming of the dead king. When Capt. Tuttle landed he was measured, and he corresponded in every way with the dead king. It was believed that there could be no mistake in the man, and he was therefore made king of the Cannibal Islands. He fought several battles with the islanders, and was victorious in all of them. He built a church and preached to them in their native language. By this the natives became somewhat civilized. Tuttle took his departure from the islands.

Capt. Tuttle said that the islanders were very fond of human flesh. The reason why they have a liking for this kind of food was because of a belief existing among them. One of their kings was quarrelsome, and frequently had disputes with the other tribes on the islands. He told the islanders who were his subjects that they must eat of whom they killed and took prisoners. He wanted them to do this because if he did so their opponents would be decreased in numbers. He believed that if he did and the prisoners were eaten they would not return in another form to give them trouble.

The ceremony of translating the remains of the late King Victor Emmanuel from their temporary burying place to the chapel on the Pantheon took place recently. They were about to bury a grandchild of General Turner, of Memphis, when some one insisted that it should be bathed and slapped on the back. It is now alive and doing well.

The Empress of Austria has ordered that her stables in England be dismantled, as her physician has forbidden her to hunt. The Empress is now devoting herself to literary work, poetry being her specialty. She has started a printing press at the Imperial palace at Gaudolo.

The women of England are waking up now in regard to the municipal election, the ladies summoned a meeting of the women voters. Mrs. Prof. Max Muller was the chairman, and the wife of an alderman made an able and eloquent speech. So says the Pall Mall Gazette, which approves of it too.

Alexander Dumas was one day the guest of Dr. Gistal, a leading practitioner in Marseilles. After dinner, while the coffee was being handed round, the host requested the great novelist to curial him with one of his witty improvisations. "Certainly," replied Dumas, with a smile, and drawing out his pencil he wrote, under the eyes of his entertainer, the following lines:

Since Dr. Gistal came to our town To cure diseases casual and hereditary, The hospital has been pulled down, 'You flatterer!' here exclaimed the doctor, mildly pleased; but the poet went on—

And we have made a large cemetery. Confederate Christmas Coffee. It may not be amiss to remember, while cheered by the superabundant bounty of the Christmas of to-day, how different were the experiences of the half-starved Confederates who had to decide between "long sweetnin'" and "short sweetnin'."

What He Learned. "Freddie, did you go to school to-day?" "Yes'm." "Did you learn anything new?" "Yes'm." "What was it, my boy?" "I got on a new way of gettin' out for an hour, by stuffin' red ink up my nose."

Baroness Burdet-Countess is the owner of the smallest pig in the world. He is five years of age and stands 13 inches high. Always behind hand.—The wrist.

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The man who began keeping a diary at the first of the year is still keeping it, but he now uses the pages as cigarette papers.

Out west the cellar is the place to go in time of cyclones, and when a man has a barrel of cider in the cellar it's surprising how many times a day he thinks there's a cyclone coming.

Clerks who shovel snow off the sidewalks are splendid mathematicians. They can calculate within the sixteenth of an inch where their employers' sidewalks end and the neighbor's begin.

Johnny came home from school the other day very much excited. "What do you think, pa? Joe Stewart, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about a question in grammar. 'What position did Joe take?' 'His last position was across a chair, face down.'"

Young Yeast declares that he has been importing his boarding-house mistress for the last six months to have a pitcher of ice-water in his room, but it was not till the first cold snap that she accommodated him. Now, he says, he finds it on his washstand every morning.

There was a young man out in Arizona who once declined a pressing invitation to favor a select company with a song. "Oh, really, you must excuse me," he said. "I tell you I can't sing. I don't come of a singing family. Why, there was my old father; he used to try 'Old Hundred,' but he had so little ear for music that he never got more than ninety out of the tune."

Scene, postoffice in Rome. Elderly party wishes to register a letter. Elderly party: I want this letter registered. Clerk: Si, signor! I speditore, signor. E. P.: Yes, I'm an American, and I wish you'd register that letter. Clerk: Ma il speditore, signor, la noma (in despair). Jones (to his overhead the conversation): He wants your name. E. P. O. (gives name and turns with a sweet smile to Jones), they labor under a great disadvantage here, they don't understand our language.

"I'd like you to return my saw," said a carpenter to a colored man. "Has I got yer saw?" "I suppose so, for you borrowed it." "An' ain't I dun fotch it back?" "No, you haven't." "I tell yer, I borrowed dat saw for de 'preme court' knocked de socks off de debil rights bill. De law ez it stan's now, says dat a white man ain't got no moah rights dan a nigger, in fact, dat de jos' de same, habbin' right-fur right." "That has nothing to do with my saw." "De mischief it don't! Yer had a right to len' it, didn't yer?" "Of course." "Yas, wall, dat's one thing an' I has a right to keep de dat' anuder right. Good-day, sah. Wenever yer want ter discuss de constitution of de country, blow yer ho'n an' I'll be dar."

PERSONAL.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is a painter of some repute, and writes as well as a newspaper reporter. Senator Sausbury is called the Lone Star of the Senate because he is the only member of that body who has never been married.

An action is proceeding in Dublin against Oscar Wilde for a sum due for the unesthetic commodity of manure for his farm in Crag, County Galway.

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The Grand Trunk and Temperance.

Two weeks ago we took occasion to refer to the dangers railway travellers are exposed to because of the fact that some of the employes may not be at their best while on duty because of their drinking or smoking habits. It is glad to know that Mr. Spicer, the General Superintendent of the Road is doing all he can to promote temperance among those under his control. In 1883 he inaugurated a movement by first signing a total-abstinence pledge himself, and then issuing a circular inviting all others engaged by the Grand Trunk to do so.

In consequence of these efforts hundreds have taken the pledge, and the whole staff is probably now much more sober and careful in consequence. The following circular was issued by the General Superintendent at the commencement of the New Year:—

I would ask you to consider very seriously the advisability of joining our temperance movement for the year 1884. In my own mind I have been much impressed by many reasons specially applicable to railway employes for abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks. You have the lives of the public and the safety of persons and property entrusted to your care, and it is in the performance of your duty, again, railway employes are exposed to many dangers, irregular hours, exposure to all kinds of weather, and from the foolish and expensive habits of every employe exposed on duty, to take risks, and have been the cause of trainmen's dismissal from the service. I am sorry to say that I have had to deal summarily with such cases as have come to my knowledge.

Every one with the perhaps good-natured but most thoughtless and inconsiderate passenger. Men subjected to such temptations, at any hour, are safe only as total abstainers. The "one glass more" often has the effect of making a man careless, sleepy, and indifferent to danger, if not worse, at a time when he needs to have all his senses clear, and wide-awake for his own and other safety. I have only to refer you to the Office Circulars to satisfy you that I am speaking of every grade, and in the interest of the company and the public, in urging you to become total abstemious for the year 1884.—W. J. SPICER, Superintendent.

She Knew Him.

Mrs. Singleton put her head over the fence; and thus addressed her neighbor, who was hanging out her week's washing:—"A family has moved into the empty house across the way, Mr. Clothesline."

"Yes, I know, but only with your deal as usual. 'Did you notice their furniture?' "Not particularly." "Two loads, and I wouldn't give a dollar a load for it. Carpets? I wouldn't put 'em down in my kitchen. And the children? I won't allow mine to associate with 'em, you bet. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks. I expect." "You had the such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are!" "I know them."

"Do you? Well, I declare! Who are they?" "The mother is my sister, and the father is the superintendent of the—Sunday school."

A painful pause ensued.—Somerville Journal.

CHAPTER XII.

Never in the course of its uneventful existence had Stoke Vernon been so proudly conscious of occupying a pre-eminent position in the eyes of Europe as it was on the day following Lord de Gretton's murder. From the coroner, a fussy muddled septuagenarian local lawyer who joggled along in a humdrum manner through the ordinary business of his office, pronouncing that drowned sailors had been drowned and scalded children had met with death by misadventure, but a fashion that satisfied everybody, but which suddenly been thrown upon him, and must be performed under strange and keenly critical eyes—from Coroner Steyne to the village constable, every one felt vaguely uneasy and important. The responsibility was honorable, but it was very great. Stoke Vernon was oppressed by the load.

The village itself boasted but one inn. That filled at once, as did every local lodging; and then the crowd of strangers more or less connected with or interested in the case overflowed these narrow limits and descended upon the adjacent town. The regatta week, the annual harvest of these quiet West-country folk, was as nothing now; the visitors from London would pay three, four times as much for their accustomed lodgings. And naturally, for what was a mere summer holiday, a simple trial of strength and skill, besides the grim tragic drama on which these strangers came to gaze?

A thousand wild tales and conflicting rumors spread from mouth to mouth, while Coroner Steyne and the twelve good men and true who were sworn to assist him in the inquiry climbed the green slope that led to Cliff Cottage and looked with awe-stricken eyes upon the face of the murdered dead.

Yes, Alberic Grant, seventh Earl de Gretton, had been foully murdered; on that point at least there was no doubt; and, as the jurors passed out from the death-chamber into the long dining-room in which their conference was to be held, their faces were very grave and stern.

The first witness called was the manservant who had made the terrible discovery; and his nerves, not unnaturally, had been so shaken that a more skillful examiner than Coroner Steyne would have found it difficult to extract a coherent story from his lips.

Shorn of its irrelevancies and spasmodic interjections however, John Hicks