

THE DAILY GAZETTE

MONTREAL. Sent to any address in Canada or United States during the Present Session of the Dominion Parliament on receipt of ONE DOLLAR.

GAZETTE'S Parliamentary Reports and Correspondence, admittedly the published, will give each morning a fully prepared impartial report of the proceedings of the previous day. Address RICHARD WHITE, Managing Director Gazette Printing Montreal.

The Watchman.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1892.

ENGLAND.

There is no land in England, where'er the light of day be; there are no hearts like English hearts, no hearts of oak as they be; there is no land like England, where'er the light of day be; there are no men like Englishmen, tall and bold as they be; there will strike for England, and man and maid be free to fall and spell the tyrant beneath the greenwood tree.

OUR HOME.

When we pass away from this familiar spot under who will come and stay in the deserted cot, with these elm trees who will stand and think that home is sweet, where we have gone into that land where parted households meet?

BEESIEGED BY A LION.

Trustworthy man, Cornelius Botha, secretary of the General-commanding of the South African Republic, relates the following adventure: It was May, 1869. I had purchased articles of merchandise in the city of Pretoria, which I wished to take to Zoutpansberg, in the far north of the Republic. I sent the goods by my uncle, Piet Venter, elder of the church at Zoutpansberg, in a light cart drawn by two horses.

The "spanning" was quickly done, and, as if driven by invisible forces, our two brown horses galloped over the plain. We had begun to think we were safe from an attack, when the cart suddenly stopped. We heard a fearful roar, then an immense dark form sprang through the air. The near horse fell to the ground, and we saw that a powerful lion had inserted his claws deep in the poor animal's back.

This had happened in much less time than I can tell it. We scarcely knew what had taken place, and at first sat motionless with terror, only a few feet from the colossal lion, who, driven by hunger, was devouring his snorting prey. But only for a moment did I lose my presence of mind. As soon as the first fright was over I seized the sambeck, a whip of rhinoceros hide six feet long and as thick as one's fingers, and began to lay it on the lion with all my might from the wagon. But in vain. The lion, in his hunger, scarcely noticed the blows, but went on eating the unfortunate steed, while the other horse tried at first to break from the harness, and then stood still.

All this took place in but a very few minutes. I then seized my gun, but it missed fire. I put on another cap. Again the same mocking snap! I rubbed some powder on the tube, but again the charge failed to explode. In the meantime the lion was rapidly appeasing its hunger without taking the least notice of us. Ten times did I draw the trigger, and ten times did the gun miss fire, and there were no more caps. I put the gun in uncle's hand, and whispered to him, "Take aim! I will hold a match to the tube and make a last attempt to fire the gun."

A moment followed of anxious suspense. The phosphorus of the match flared up brightly, and threw a ghastly glimmer on the horrible scene, hitherto almost hidden in the darkness. The lion roared, frightened by the gleam of light. He turned and sprang with a fearful leap directly towards us. We could just perceive the outline of the gigantic form against the sky, the greenish glitter of the eyes and the rows of teeth in his open jaws.

We had both involuntarily pushed as far back as possible in the little cart. Uncle Piet held the gun a little upward for his protection. The lion sprang right over him, tearing the gun from his hand, while one of the claws caught him between the thumb and forefinger, laying bare the bone, and another made a deep furrow from his brow to the back of his head.

Fortunately the lion had sprung too high, and together with the gun, fell behind the cart. The hinder part of his body only had fallen upon the cart, which had tipped with the great weight, and caused him to slide off. Scarcely had he reached the ground before he turned and hastened again toward the dead horse, over which my right leg was now hanging. For during the lion's spring my stout uncle had pushed me to one side, and thus my leg had been thrust out beyond the narrow cart.

The gun, our faithful dependence, was gone, uncle Piet was streaming with blood, and I in the most uncomfortable position, for the lion began to lick my long riding-boots, while he used the dead horse as a pillow, the other horse standing trembling alongside. "Nerf Cornelius, sit doodstil, anders packt by U (Nephew Cornelius, sit as still as a mouse, or he will seize you)," whispered uncle Piet, while the lion rasped with his prickly tongue the leather of the boots, and my leg, owing to the peculiar position, gradually went to sleep.

So we sat without moving, the night through. Then the monster left my leg and the dead horse. With majestic pace, swaying his long tail hither and thither, and shaking his mane, he went toward the second horse still powerless from fright, and springing at his head, dragged him down. This was the last act of the oppressor, for the same moment was heard the noise behind us of approaching ox-teams. Then the lion stopped, growled, waved his tail and sneaked off into the darkness.

When I examined my boot I found that the tongue of the lion, which is set with prickles, had rasped the leather to the thickness of a paper; but this had saved my life, for if the tongue had gone further and tasted my blood, I should certainly have been lost.

THE NAME HUGHSON.

How a Murderer Was Pursued to Madness and Death by an Unusual Nemesis. I had ridden nearly fifty miles with him in the same compartment of the Pullman, and neither of us had spoken since the start. He was intent on his books and papers, I on the ever changing panorama without. When I had first entered the car he impressed me most pleasantly, and I anticipated a sociable viza-viz for my journey, and yet the stranger took no notice of my entrance or presence, paid no heed to a remark of mine about the weather, and

printed there for my destruction. It is killing me—this maddening terror; day by day I grow more nervous, less hopeful. It has gone on so for all these wretched years, but, thank heaven, it cannot last much longer. I have often wondered it, when relief at length comes, the undertaker will not go by that cursed name of Hughson."

He stopped then, as the train slackened speed for a station, and gathered up his luggage. I made a few foolish comments on his story, and ended by saying he had neglected to tell his own name. "To be sure," he replied, as we exchanged cards. "My name is Remsen, Horace Remsen; but I must leave you here—ten to one the first man I meet is a Hughson."

And we parted. * * * * * That was two years ago. Yesterday I read this item in my newspaper:—"The body of a well dressed man was found floating in the river last night. His identity is uncertain for, although the papers on his person are addressed to Horace Remsen, there is branded on his forehead and in no less than six other places on his body the name, Hughson."

Quick Witted. An actor now famous made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial city, where theatre-goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainer did not succeed in pleasing them. He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of objectionable bric-a-brac. When the uproar was at its highest, one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the foot-lights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his torments paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage-head, "Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that anyone in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation. A Suicidal Bull. LONDON, March 23.—The Customs authorities have been placed in a dilemma by the inconsiderate action of a bullock, which jumped from the British steamer Persian Monarch, at London from New York. The steamer was lying in the Albert dock on Sunday night, when in some manner the bullock got loose. When an attempt was made to capture him he plunged overboard and was drowned. This fact in itself did not amount to much, but by going overboard and drowning himself the bullock failed to appreciate the difficulty he would bring upon the officers of her Majesty's Customs. The Contagious Disease Act requires that all American cattle that are not certified to be free from disease shall be landed at Deptford. Of course the action of the bullock prevented the law from being complied with in his case, and immediately the machinery of quarantine was started. The facts in the case were laid before the Privy Council, and extensive correspondence between that body and the Customs authorities was inaugurated. Many letters containing the legal acumen of departmental authorities were exchanged, and finally an order was issued directing that the carcass of the bullock, which had been floating about the dock for two days, be taken to Deptford, thus obeying the letter if not the spirit of the law. A Customs officer was detailed to watch the carcass while it was in the water.

Figs and Thistles. God never sends people to fish in deep water who have broken nets. The devil may drag a christian sometimes but he can never drive them. No bad man ever makes him any better by claiming to be a saint. You can not get any more out of the bible than you are willing to obey. Christ is always giving us opportunities to show what we will do with him. It is the duty of every christian to be anything, it is to be a cheerful giver. You can't tell by the length of a man's face what he will do in a horse trade. There would be more work done for Christ if there were more resting in Christ. You can't tell much about a man's religion by the length of his face on Sunday. Whatever God's spirit leads up to pray for, he makes our duty to work for. If your religion makes you want to fight to defend it, you've got the wrong kind. The only safe place for a christian when an enemy is overthrown is on his knees. The poorest of poor are very often those whom their neighbors consider rich. Every christian should continually try to do the will of God as the angels do it.—Ram's Horn.

printed there for my destruction. It is killing me—this maddening terror; day by day I grow more nervous, less hopeful. It has gone on so for all these wretched years, but, thank heaven, it cannot last much longer. I have often wondered it, when relief at length comes, the undertaker will not go by that cursed name of Hughson."

And we parted. * * * * * That was two years ago. Yesterday I read this item in my newspaper:—"The body of a well dressed man was found floating in the river last night. His identity is uncertain for, although the papers on his person are addressed to Horace Remsen, there is branded on his forehead and in no less than six other places on his body the name, Hughson."

Quick Witted. An actor now famous made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial city, where theatre-goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainer did not succeed in pleasing them. He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of objectionable bric-a-brac. When the uproar was at its highest, one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the foot-lights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his torments paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage-head, "Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that anyone in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation. A Suicidal Bull. LONDON, March 23.—The Customs authorities have been placed in a dilemma by the inconsiderate action of a bullock, which jumped from the British steamer Persian Monarch, at London from New York. The steamer was lying in the Albert dock on Sunday night, when in some manner the bullock got loose. When an attempt was made to capture him he plunged overboard and was drowned. This fact in itself did not amount to much, but by going overboard and drowning himself the bullock failed to appreciate the difficulty he would bring upon the officers of her Majesty's Customs. The Contagious Disease Act requires that all American cattle that are not certified to be free from disease shall be landed at Deptford. Of course the action of the bullock prevented the law from being complied with in his case, and immediately the machinery of quarantine was started. The facts in the case were laid before the Privy Council, and extensive correspondence between that body and the Customs authorities was inaugurated. Many letters containing the legal acumen of departmental authorities were exchanged, and finally an order was issued directing that the carcass of the bullock, which had been floating about the dock for two days, be taken to Deptford, thus obeying the letter if not the spirit of the law. A Customs officer was detailed to watch the carcass while it was in the water.

Figs and Thistles. God never sends people to fish in deep water who have broken nets. The devil may drag a christian sometimes but he can never drive them. No bad man ever makes him any better by claiming to be a saint. You can not get any more out of the bible than you are willing to obey. Christ is always giving us opportunities to show what we will do with him. It is the duty of every christian to be anything, it is to be a cheerful giver. You can't tell by the length of a man's face what he will do in a horse trade. There would be more work done for Christ if there were more resting in Christ. You can't tell much about a man's religion by the length of his face on Sunday. Whatever God's spirit leads up to pray for, he makes our duty to work for. If your religion makes you want to fight to defend it, you've got the wrong kind. The only safe place for a christian when an enemy is overthrown is on his knees. The poorest of poor are very often those whom their neighbors consider rich. Every christian should continually try to do the will of God as the angels do it.—Ram's Horn.

Figs and Thistles. God never sends people to fish in deep water who have broken nets. The devil may drag a christian sometimes but he can never drive them. No bad man ever makes him any better by claiming to be a saint. You can not get any more out of the bible than you are willing to obey. Christ is always giving us opportunities to show what we will do with him. It is the duty of every christian to be anything, it is to be a cheerful giver. You can't tell by the length of a man's face what he will do in a horse trade. There would be more work done for Christ if there were more resting in Christ. You can't tell much about a man's religion by the length of his face on Sunday. Whatever God's spirit leads up to pray for, he makes our duty to work for. If your religion makes you want to fight to defend it, you've got the wrong kind. The only safe place for a christian when an enemy is overthrown is on his knees. The poorest of poor are very often those whom their neighbors consider rich. Every christian should continually try to do the will of God as the angels do it.—Ram's Horn.

Figs and Thistles. God never sends people to fish in deep water who have broken nets. The devil may drag a christian sometimes but he can never drive them. No bad man ever makes him any better by claiming to be a saint. You can not get any more out of the bible than you are willing to obey. Christ is always giving us opportunities to show what we will do with him. It is the duty of every christian to be anything, it is to be a cheerful giver. You can't tell by the length of a man's face what he will do in a horse trade. There would be more work done for Christ if there were more resting in Christ. You can't tell much about a man's religion by the length of his face on Sunday. Whatever God's spirit leads up to pray for, he makes our duty to work for. If your religion makes you want to fight to defend it, you've got the wrong kind. The only safe place for a christian when an enemy is overthrown is on his knees. The poorest of poor are very often those whom their neighbors consider rich. Every christian should continually try to do the will of God as the angels do it.—Ram's Horn.

SQUINT THIS WAY, PLEASE!

LARDINE MACHINE OIL.

Farmers, Threshers and Mill Men generally should try the celebrate LARDINE MACHINE OIL. It does not Gum or Clog Machines, and wears equal to Castor Oil.

McCOLLS - CYLINDER - OIL.

Guaranteed to be better and cheaper than Tallow. Try above Oils and you will use no others.

McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

The latest Blue Book shows that after providing for all liabilities the surplus of the ROYAL CANADIAN for the protection of its policy holders at the close of last year was \$509,074, besides stock to the amount of another \$100,000 subscribed but not called up.

The same Blue Book shows that the surplus of the London Mutual was \$67,176 composed entirely of the unassessed portion of premium notes which no policy holders ever expects to be called upon to pay.

The following table shows at a glance how the affairs of the London Mutual have been going during the last few years:—

Table with 6 columns: Year, Losses unpaid at close of each year, Cash available for paying losses at close of each year, Money Borrowed, Surplus reckoning premium notes at full face value, Investments each year.

It should be borne in mind that during the last three years the London Mutual collected in heavy assessments over \$30,000 more than usual, and yet at the close of last year, after collecting a full year's income, they had only \$1,403 with which to pay \$26,182 of unsettled losses. In regard to security no one should hesitate as to which company to select.

S. CORNEILL, Agent Royal Canadian Company.

Lindsay, July 22, 1891

A. W. HETTGER

as removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gernsager east of the Benson House, where he will keep a large stock of Fancy Goods, Wools, Embroideries, silks and all kinds of Goods in that line.

Wools and other articles now Selling at Cost.

STAMPING DONE TO ORDER

DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed

A. W. HETTGER.

FALL AND WINTER

MILLINERY.

MISS O'BRIEN

has opened an assortment of the

LATEST STYLES IN HATS AND BONNETS,

TRIMMING EFFECTS, ETC.,

and invites the inspection of the ladies. Many of the new styles

are pronounced very handsome, and are really moderate

in price.

MISS O'BRIEN

Three Doors East of Benson House.

The Watchman

ONLY 50 CENTS PER ANNUM.