

Light in Darkness.

BY J. BRAINERD MORGAN.

One eye in summer, long ago, There sat a fair and youthful maid, With bowed-down head and heart of woe, Beneath an aged elm-tree's shade;

She heeded not that zephyrs mild Danced o'er her face with gentle tread, Or that bright sunbeams sweetly smiled In golden radiance round her head;

A heavy sorrow, dark and drear, Upon her heart that day had come, Which her young spirit scarce could bear, Filling with gloom her once bright home;

Shrouded in gloom her life all seemed A dreary, dark, and lonely way; No golden sunshine o'er her beamed, To cheer her with its beautiful ray;

And what though other friends should come Around her in that trying hour, And strive to cheer her lonely home With friendship's true and tender power;

But while upon her heart there lay Dark sorrow, grief, and pain, So deep it seem'd that not one ray Of light could gild her path again,

Dark sorrow's tide then ceased to roll, Though tears still trembled in her eyes; A heavenly calmness o'er her stole, While sweet hope pointed to the skies;

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Burning of the Parliament House.

Forty years ago to-day (April 25th), Montreal was wild with excitement, for incendiarism had made short work of no less an important building than the Parliament House, and political fury had insulted the Governor-General in an unwarranted manner. Upon the site of the present St. Ann's Market the building raised its not very imposing head. In the upper story the assembled representatives of the people discussed the momentous questions of the day and below the industrious and domestic produce, much in the same unprogressive manner as he does to-day.

MILD AND COURTEOUS.

The recall of Lord Elgin was to be "petitioned for" in the opinions of the more deliberate agitators, but this did not accord with the feelings of those of more demonstrative mood. A prominent member of the fire brigade has himself recorded how he extinguished the torch by which the petition was to be read, and called on the crowd to follow him to the Parliament House. A rush was made and the Legislative room stormed. Survivors of the memorable occasion say that the traditional Donnybrook must have been child's play to the scene of free fighting which ensued.

we made a descent in of childhood days carriages displayed completely carried particular, but will if held to-morrow ARNEAUX SON, ect, Montre,

of the Goths and Vandals. The house, it appears, was fired by one of the chief rioters, throwing stones at the clock, and accidentally breaking the gas burners, thus causing the flame to first melt the pipes, and next to reach the roof, whence it SPREAD RAPIDLY.

This gentleman, no less a person than our well known fellow citizen, Mr. Alfred Perry, made an interesting personal narrative of his action for the Carnival Star of 1887, no doubt remembered by our readers. Mr. Sanford Fleming saved the Queen's picture, and then the flames were vainly fought by such engines as could be got together. The time was an exciting one, for just opposite the buildings stood the Hotel Dieu, and the fireman fought bravely to save the devoted ladies of this institution from loss. No attempt was permitted to be made to save the Legislative building, but the flames were kept within its bounds, no other structure being injured. It may be noticed that the attack on the buildings was not expected by the members, though Sir Allan McNab had been warned by Mr. Mathewson of McGill street that it was coming. Col. Fletcher, one of our oldest firemen and one of the survivors of the day, says; "On the evening of the 25th of April, the day on which the "Rebellion Losses Bill" was passed, I was in the engine house with a number of men, as the town was in a state of excitement. An alarm was given of fire in the Parliament House. The ropes were quickly manned, and off we went down St. Peter street to the building. When we arrived the wooden porch over the west entrance of the McGill street was ablaze. A noisy crowd was there. We were getting the brakes rigged for action, and the hose run out, when some one in the crowd shouted "Take the engine away, boys." Thereupon the crowd seized the engine and reel, and ran them down to the foot of St. Peter street. I looked around for the police but

COULD SEE NONE.

A waterman with a puncheon arrived as we were getting the engines ready, but the poor fellow was knocked down, and his horse disabled from a blow from a bludgeon. Had he been allowed to play on the fire when he got there the building would have been saved. We were not allowed to work until the troops arrived, and the building was then past redemption. When the troops came, a guard was placed near the engine, and a sentry posted on each side to protect our men. All that we could do was to play on the surrounding buildings to keep the fire from spreading. I was standing on the engine and the men pumping away, when a shot was fired and a bullet passed my head. I called the officer of the guard and told him we were fired at. Some person in the crowd came forward and said that the shot came from the musket and found that such was the fact. The sentry had been walking with his arms at the support and full cocked, and in the excitement touched the trigger. An inch more to the left and the bullet would have gone through my head. The troops had come on the ground with loaded arms, and the same error was committed in the case of the Gavazzi riots. The firemen had a hard time of it for weeks after the burning of the House, as there were alarms every night, and on several occasions the firemen were assaulted going to and from fires by roughs prowling about."

LIGHTNING EXPRESS.

From Montreal to Toronto.

The Canadian Pacific Railway are discussing the advisability of an eight hour day service between Montreal and Toronto, and with this end in view they have constructed two magnificent new passenger engines on an entirely new model. The designer is Mr. F. R. Brown, the mechanical engineer of that company. The following is a description of these very fine engines, and as will be seen in many things, they are an entirely new departure in passenger locomotive and reflect no small amount of credit upon their inventor. In the first place, the engine has ten wheels instead of the ordinary six wheels; six of these wheels are driving wheels, with a four wheel truck in the front. The front driving wheel in these engines is without flanges, which gives the engine a peculiar ease of motion and saves grinding, when turning sharp curves. These driving wheels are seventy-five inch; cylinders, twenty by twenty-two. One hundred and eighty pounds of steam is to be carried. Special attention has been paid to abate the smoke and cinder nuisance, and an appliance has been fitted to each engine that will almost entirely abate this serious inconvenience to the travelling public cleaner that it has ever been before. Another thing which attracts attention is the rounded cab for the engineer, and is the first of its kind, either in Canada or the United States. This cab is large and commodious, and special attention has been paid in its construction to give some degree of comfort to the driver. To this end the necessary handles and cocks have been so placed that the driver need not leave his seat to touch any one of them. It is also so arranged that it can be kept perfectly warm during the biting winds of winter. The length of the engine is 65 feet, and weighs about one hundred and seven thousand pounds. In short the designer of these engines has solved the problem of a much higher rate of speed coupled with increased hauling capacity or in other words, these engines have an increase of speed over the passenger engines now in use of 40 per cent, and at the same time can draw a much heavier load. So it will be seen how important this mechanical improvement really is, and what a vast saving it means to the railway who possess it. These engines are to be placed on the regular run between here and Toronto this week.

POT-POURRI.

"And this is silver ore, is it? said Mrs. Snaggs as she examined a piece of curious-looking mineral in a smelter. "Yes, my dear," said her husband. "And how do they get the silver out?" "They smelt it," "Well, that's queer," after applying her nose to the ore, "I smelt it, too, but I didn't get any silver."

A Western musical critic thus speaks of a prima donna: "She had, and we suppose still retains, a magnificent voice for a fog whistle. Its compass was perfectly surprising. She would shake the chandelier with a wild whoop that made every man instinctively feel for his scalp, and follow it up with a roar that would shame a bassoon."

An Eloquent Testimonial.—The proprietor of a well-known patent medicine lately received the following letter:—"Dear Sir,—A couple of months ago my wife was hardly able to speak. She took two bottles of your "vital regenerator," and now she cannot speak at all. Please send me two more bottles of your valuable mixture."

It is said that the following advertisement lately appeared in a Parisian newspaper: "A lady having a pet dog whose hair is of a rich mahogany color, desires to engage a footman with whiskers to match."

An amusing story is related of Lord Arthur Cecil, the half-brother of Lord Salisbury. He told his footman one day at the railway station to take the tickets, which accordingly "Jeames" did, buying two first class tickets giving one to his master, and then getting into the same carriage with him. Lord Arthur said nothing, but on the next occasion he procured the tickets himself—a first and a third-class—and giving up the "first" to the servant he travelled "third himself."

The Prosaic Broker; "Oh, for the wings of a dove!" sighed the poet. "Bosh!" said his friend the broker. "The breast of a turkey is much better to fill up on."

"Old Mr. Skinner is a very charitable man, isn't he?" "Oh, yes; of course. But if he ever casts his bread upon the waters, be sure he expects it to come back in a meat sandwich."

Sarah Bernhardt's long tour is approaching its termination. She recently arrived at Trieste from Turin, where she did extremely well, as in most of the towns in the north of Italy, although her experiences in the south were not so satisfactory. The expenses of the troupe are very heavy, averaging over \$1500 a day. The management is said to have realized a clear profit of \$10,000 by the five representations which she gave in Turin alone.

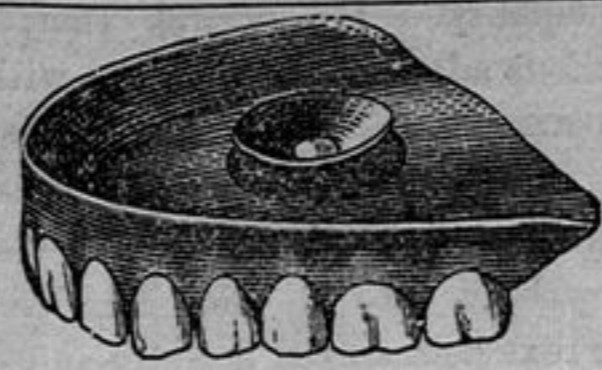
One of the most noted of the art societies of London is the Society of Lady Artists. The members of this institution give an exhibition every year, to which are invited the best critics from all over the world. The pictures exhibited are for the most part landscapes, flowers, portrait studies, and domestic genre scenes. The ladies seem to have more success with water colors and pastels than with oils.

A very prominent figure in St. Petersburg society is Count Sheremetieff, who belongs to one of the best Russian families and is at the same time one of the richest members of the Russian aristocracy. He is still a young man, and married to a daughter of Count Heyden, Governor-general of Finland. He is a great lover of music and the drama. He has for several years had a large orchestra always at his disposal, and he is himself a composer of some talent.

There is to be a great gathering of the Orleans family at Sheen House on May 30, when the Comte and Comtesse de Paris will celebrate their silver wedding. A reconciliation has taken place through the mediation of the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, between the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Nemours and the Prince and Princess de Joinville. The relations had been very strained for several months in consequence of the curious manner in which the Comte de Paris had conducted himself in respect of General Boulanger. The Duc d'Orleans, the eldest son of the Comte de Paris, is now on his way home from India, and there is a strong desire in Orleansist circles that he should marry the Princess Clementine, youngest daughter of the King of the Belgians.

The absent-mindedness of Byron, the playwright, is famous. A new play was running through the dramatist's head as he was walking along Pall Mall, when a friend stopped him and said, "I am in grief." "What is it?" asked Byron mistily. "I lost my father last week," said the man. "Too bad, too bad," said Byron, with an air of absent sympathy; "very sorry." Then he walked on and continued to think about his play. Three weeks later he happened to be in Pall Mall when the same man came up to him and said "More misfortune." "Eh?" said Byron, absently. "I have just lost my mother," said the man, lugubriously. "Dear me!" said the dramatist, petulantly, "you lost your father only a short time ago. What an exceedingly careless man you are!"

A gentleman went to the stamp-window of the Post-office in a neighbouring city and called for 100 one-cent stamps, tendering in payment 100 one-cent pieces. "Those are not legal tender in any such amounts," growled the stamp clerk. "I refuse to accept them." "You do, eh?" answered the gentleman. "Well, give me one stamp." at the same time showing out a cent. The stamp was forthcoming. "Now give me a stamp." He got it. "Another stamp." "Now another." "See here," said the clerk, "how many stamps do you want? You are keeping twenty people waiting." "Oh, I always keep within the law, responded the gentleman. "Another stamp please. Cents are not legal tenders in large amounts. Another stamp." And he shoved out his cents and purchased stamps, one at a time, till he got his hundred. But the clerk got cured. Cents are legal tenders at his window in barrel lots.



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