

Poetry.

A Mother's Yearning.

"If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe And scarlet stockings lying on my knee. I knew the little feet had pattered through The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt Heaven and me I could be reconciled, and happy, too, And look with glad eyes towards the Jasper sea.

"If, in the morning when the song of birds Reminds us of a music far more sweet, I listen for his pretty, broken words, I listen for the music of his dimpled feet, I could be almost happy though I heard No answer, and saw but his vacant seat.

"I could be glad if, when the day is done, And all its cares and heart-aches laid away, I could look westward to the hidden sun. And with a heart full of deep yearnings say,

"To-night I'm nearer to my little one By just the travel of a single day."

"If I could know those little feet were shod In sandals wrought of light in other lands, And that the foot prints of a tender God Ran side by side, with his, in golden sands, I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod, Since Benny is in safer, wiser hands.

"If he were dead I would not sit to-day And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee, 'Bring back again my little boy to me!' I would be patient, knowing it is God's way, And that they'd lead me to him o'er death's silent sea.

"But O! to know the feet, once pure and white. The haunts of vice have boldly entered in! The hands that should have battled for the right. Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin, And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night, I fear my boy can hardly enter in."

A Nuisance.

One of the worst of nuisances is The chap who's up at early dawn Making the lawn-mower zizzizziz, Rapsing the whiskers off the lawn.

The hateful whirr Of the fierce machine, The buzz and the burr Excite the spleen Of the man whose sleep Is driven away, And with curses deep He begins the day.

But the lawn-mower chap His ardor whets, And he's never so happy As when he gets Up close to the room Where his neighbour lies In the morning gloom.

With staring eyes, And twists and turns, Till, half insane, At last he learns 'Tis all in vain. He cannot sleep, All hope is dead, And with a leap He bounds from bed. Oh!

One of the worst of nuisances is The chap who's up at early dawn Making the lawn-mower zizzizziz, Rapsing the whiskers off the lawn.

The Door Bell.

We grumble at our "help," we rate her both in prose and rhyme; We cite her faults in public and each fault becomes a crime; But when we lose her suddenly, then we begin to know How wiser far it is to keep her than to let her go.

When she is gone, a clamorous world assails our door bell; then The cavalier we snubbed last week comes promptly back again; The postman rings five times that day; The milkman rings and yells; The butcher rings; the baker rings; the passing man who sells

Potatoes rings; the girl next door rings, with a borrowed shawl; The lady from across the way rings to return our call; An old man rings for cast-off clothes; a girl for bread to eat; Some children mount the steps and ring—then scamper down the street.

A boy rings with a telegram; a negro rings to say He'll work around the premises for fifty cents a day; The minister with patience rings; we catch a glimpse and fly— And 'mid the lone back laundry tubs we just break down and cry!

And so it goes until we think of answering that bell Alone should be one woman's work, until we feel that, well— She had an angel's temper, dawdling Kate, though slow and slack; And with her Irish impudence we wish we had her back.

Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck.

The finest olive oil in the world now comes from California, and is so highly appreciated that the crop is bought two years ahead.

Owners of the pine straw patent intend to establish five mills, each guaranteed to turn out 5,000,000 yards of bagging in time to wrap the bales of this year's cotton crop.

Big beds of asphaltum sandstone, from which can be made the best asphalt pavement in the world, have just been discovered along the new railway lines of western Kentucky.

WAITING TO SEE A MIRACLE.

The Woman who Fasted Forty Days and Undertook to Turn Water into Wine.

The miracle meeting of Mrs. Pauline King, the colored woman who fasted forty days, was held at Oakridge Park, Springfield, Ill., last week. She had advertised that she would turn water into wine. When Mrs. King invited the unbelievers in the audience of 500 to fill the stone jars, one of them unhesitatingly went to the front, selected an eight gallon one, and headed the procession to a neighboring well. It was as much as he could do to get back to the pulpit with the jar. All the jars were ranged in line on the front of the platform; and the audience, consisting of all sizes, conditions and colors, crowded around the platform until they were packed together like sardines in a box.

The exercises were opened by a disciple from Mrs. Woodworth's faith cure band, who discoursed upon his conversion and the wondrous power of the Lord. After he had led the audience in several songs he was followed by Mrs. King, who informed the congregation that she had not come out to the park of her own volition, but that it was at the instance of the Lord. She alleged that three years ago the Lord appeared to her in a vision and told her he was going to take her to heaven and send her back again as an example to the people of this world. She told her husband, but he would not believe it.

The singing then commenced, and as the audience made a break for the front it was noticed that quite a number commenced to fumble in their pockets as though they had bottles concealed about their persons. Song after song was sung, and there was straining of necks to keep the vessels in view, and the jar tinders had to time and again push the impetuous ones back. They nearly sung themselves hoarse, and still the water retained its natural color, giving not the slightest indication that it was going to develop into Catawba, port, sherry, or Mumm's extra dry.

Then Mrs. King sunk to her knees and prayed most earnestly for the Lord to turn the water into wine. She reminded Him that she had come into the park to give Him an opportunity to perform a miracle, and she wanted Him to show His power and quicken the unbelievers. The tears rolled down her cheeks, but still there was no change in the water.

During her fervent appeal Mrs. King several times cautiously peeped from under her eyelids to see if the water was turning, and with more earnest words she closed her eyes in the hope that when she opened them again she would see the thirsty ones fighting for the dippers that had been provided for the wine drinkers. Her supplication was in vain, and she again invited the congregation to sing, which they did, but still there was no wine. There were pitying expressions among those present, and these reaching her she said 'she was not discouraged. She knew the Lord could do it.

After she had declared the meeting a failure, the water was passed around in a dipper, and nearly everyone present took a sup to see if they could not detect the presence of the intoxicating liquid, but there was not the least semblance thereof.

Big Fire at St. Sauveur.

QUEBEC, May 16.—On the north side of Vallier street only a few houses were burned, but immediately behind it about fifty houses of Bedardville, principally of wood, were wiped out. On the south side about two dozen houses were destroyed, when the fire worked backwards, taking all before it, till reaching St. Gertrude or Church street, when it went west, making a clean sweep between that thoroughfare and St. Germain street, embracing all the intervening streets. On reaching St. Luc street it again worked its way into St. Vallier street, carrying everything before it. The churches and convents, as well as the fine new market hall, have all escaped. A rough guess places the number of streets burnt at about eighty, and the number of buildings in ashes will reach

SEVEN OR EIGHT HUNDRED.

They are mostly wooden structures, although some solid and handsome brick shops and private dwellings have become a prey to the flames. How the fire originated is unknown. The city fire brigade were despatched to the scene soon after the fire broke out, but as the municipality is without a water supply they fought the enemy at a disadvantage. A detachment of the battery was also sent out to assist in the fight, and they did good service. The usual scenes and incidents attending all large fires were to be witnessed in all directions, but the saddest and most lamentable incident in connection with this one is the unfortunate accident to Major Short and staff sergeant Wallack, of "B" battery, who met their death while gallantly fighting the fiery enemy. They had just placed a barrel of powder to blow up a building in Church street, when it seems to have gone off unexpectedly, the two unfortunate men being

BURIED IN THE RUINS.

Sergeant Wallack was subsequently recovered and taken to the hospital, but the body of the Major has not yet been recovered. Most of the unfortunate people, with such portions of their effects as they could save, are camped out in the fields to the north and south of the burnt locality, and as it commenced raining about eight o'clock this morning, their position is a most pitiable one. The city authorities are taking steps for their release. The loss, of course, cannot be accurately guessed at, but if it does not dollar, it must go very near a million dollars.

2 p. m. As anticipated by my previous despatch, the fire kept under way until reaching the open fields, and the whole district is now a mass of smouldering ruins. The number of homeless families will reach twelve or fifteen hundred, and

efforts are being made to have them sheltered in the drill shed and other public buildings. Many accidents and narrow escapes are reported during the prevalence of the fire. There are some children said to be missing, but it is supposed they have only temporarily strayed away from their guardians. The remains of Major Short have since been recovered, but in a terribly mangled and burnt condition.

THE INSURANCE.

Most if not all of the insurance companies doing business here are interested, and some of them are heavy losers.

Mrs. McCann has her three houses insured in the North British & Mercantile, and it is supposed is fairly well covered. Dr. Fiset is insured for some \$3000 in the Phoenix and the Agricultural of Watertown. Mr. Geo. Paquet, the proprietor of the large three story building occupied by Mr. Lepine, is insured for \$2000 only in the Lancashire and Guadian. The old Gingros property occupied by Mr. Martineau was insured with Mr. T. H. Mahoney for \$1200. Mr. Griffin was insured for \$2000 with the North British & Mercantile and Mr. Geo. Madden in another company for \$1000; Mr. Barry was insured in the British American and London and Lancashire for \$3000.

It was only last night the St. Sauveur municipality refused the offer of the city corporation to supply them with water.

MRS. SHORT AT KINGSTON.

KINGSTON, Ont., May 16.—The news of the death of Major Short was received here with great astonishment, mingled with feelings of admiration, when it was learned that he had passed away while on duty. Charlie Short was loved and esteemed here by all possessed with any military ardor. He was their beau ideal. But it was to his wife, who came here last Thursday, and who was to return to Quebec to-day, that the news came with dreadful effect. She was the guest of John McIvryre, Q. C., having come here on business touching her late father's estate. This morning the telegram announcing the Major's accident came and she was informed. Later the dread news was received, and it was only after several hours delay that the message was broken, followed by grief that seems impossible to assuage. She was married in 1884, and one daughter, aged two years, now in Quebec, was the result of the union. Affliction has fallen heavily upon the Carruthers family, for it is only within the past two years that the children have been orphaned. This afternoon J. B. W. C., and Miss Maud Carruthers and Mrs. Short started for Quebec.

KINGSTON, Ont., May 16.—The Whig says to-night: Kingston grieves to-day no uncommon loss; the feelings of the people have been stirred deeply and sincerely. Those who witnessed the scene upon the arrival of news from Cut Knife Creek, and knew the pride felt by the citizens in Major Short's gallantry with their pleasure at his safety can alone realize the sadness following the tragedy at Quebec this morning. There is but one consolation, that which has softened the loss of many a brave man, that he died at the post of duty. The risk and sacrifice were all the more honorable because they were voluntary. Major Short died a martyr to an irrepressible public spirit, coupled with the dash and self abnegation which characterizes the best type of the British officer. As a representative Canadian, from one of its oldest families, he was also a credit to the Dominion. For five years only a resident, he yet became one of the city's favorites; his gallant bearing activity and geniality were irresistible. United later to one of Kingston's most loved daughters he was held in still higher personal regard, and therefore there is intense sympathy with the living, lately so deeply bereaved of father and mother, as well as sorrow for the dead."

Mrs. Short was so overcome with grief that she was unable to leave for Quebec.

THE LATE MAJOR SHORT.

The death of Major Charles J. Short, while fighting the fire in Quebec this morning, was received in this city, where he had a very large number of friends, with deep and genuine regret. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, a thorough soldier, for whom danger seemed to have charms rather than otherwise, and possessed with a chivalric spirit, an amount of courage that asserted itself time and again, and usually for the benefit of his friends, or unfortunate people who were in need of assistance. Besides this he was a splendid and daring horseman, an excellent boxer, and probably the best amateur actor in the Dominion, as was shown about a year ago during the production of "Our Regiment" in the Academy, in which he took the principal part. Being a wonderful swimmer, he once saved a man who was carried away by the current, while bathing near St. Helen's Island. At another time he jumped from the Quebec boat after one of the men of his battery, who had fallen overboard and by which he almost lost his own life, while his rescue of a boy who had fallen in near Point Levis is still fresh in the mind of Quebec people. These, however, are only a few of the instances where he risked his life to save that of others, he being usually very reticent about his own deeds. His temper was easily aroused, but his anger usually lasted but a short time, and he was always willing to apologize if he were in the wrong. Death had no terror for him and ever since he was a boy of eighteen and allowed to ride steeplechases he has been virtually courting it.

HE WAS THE SON OF JUDGE SAORT

of Sherbroke, and at a very early age exhibited a liking for military matters, becoming a volunteer in the local artillery corps in his native place. On the formation of the first batteries of the Canadian Regiment of Artillery in 1871, Lt. Short attached himself to the schools of gunnery, and took part in the Fenian raid as Adjutant; in 1874 was gazetted to a commission as second lieutenant in "B" Battery, and was noted as one of the most popular and energetic officers in the force. In 1882, when Major-general Strange retired from the post as commandant of

the Garrison, Lt. Short was promoted to the position of Captain of the battery, in succession to Lt.-Col. Montixambert, who took the place of General Strange. Shortly after, he received field rank as major, and has kept his battery in a high state of efficiency, and done a great deal of valuable service. His battery was instrumental in suppressing the labor riots in Quebec in 1879, when he was so severely wounded on the head as to have come near death. Although he subsequently passed through the campaign in the North West unscathed during the insurrection 1885, receiving the most honorable mention in the report of General Sir Fred. Middleton, it was reserved for him to sacrifice his life in aiding his fellow creatures. The deceased was about forty-two years of age. He leaves a widow, who was a daughter of Mr. John Carruthers, of Kingston and a young child. His brother, Robert, is an attorney at law in this city. One of his sisters is the wife of Mr. Berry, Collector of Customs at Sherbroke, and another was married to the late Inspector-General Lloyd.

THE RIGHT PLACE

Room Papers, Picture Frames, Self-Rolling Window Shades and Picture Hanging Mouldings is at

Wm. A. Goodwin's, near the market.

NEW GOODS! NEW PRICES.

Lindsay, Jan. 16, 1889.

PACIFIC RAILWAY,

The Best Equipped Road on the Continent.

Lowest Rates TO ALL POINTS

East & West.

MANITOBA, B. COLUMBIA, CALIFORNIA,

And all points in the United States For TICKETS and full information apply to

T. C. MATCHETT, Agent C. P. R.

OFFICE in Petty's Jewelry Store Kent Street, Lindsay.

P. TULLY,

Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats

Orders delivered to any part of the town. Shop—5th door east of the market.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES, INTEREST PAYABLE YEARLY.

Terms to suit borrower.

McINTYRE & STEWART, Barristers and etc., Lindsay.

LINDSAY PLAINING MILL.

Parties intending to build the coming season should call and get prices for

FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, Etc.

Prices right and satisfaction guaranteed.

Ingle & Ryley.

Lindsay Woollen Mills

Again in Operation.

A large STOCK of GOODS

To be Sold Cheaper than the Cheapest.

Accounts required to be settled without delay, and

IN FUTURE NO CREDIT WILL BE GIVEN.

Wool Wanted as usual.

J. W. WALLACE, MANAGER.

CREAM BAKING POWDER.

Made fresh every week and sold in bulk at 30 cents per pound

at A. HIGINBOTHAM'S, Drug Store.

A. CAMPBELL, Wholesale & Retail Grocer,

HAS NOW ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF General Groceries.

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Spices, Raisins, &c. Coal Oil and syrup Cans, Latest Styles.

A. CAMPBELL,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER, KENT STREET, LINDSAY