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MARIPOSA FALL FAIR.
A Very Successful Exhibition at Oakwood.
The annual fall fair of the Mariposa Agricultural Society was held on Friday, Oct. 1st, at Oakwood. To the surprise of Prof. Wiggins there was more or less cause for apprehension when it was announced that three important villages were to hold fairs on the same day. These formidable and ill-omened conjunctions into which the wedding professor gets the planets now and again are always the signal for prophecies of dire omens, so that when Sunderland, Fenslow Falls and Oakwood fairs fell on the same day many a straightway opined that Friday last would be a day unlooked for by the ordinary. However, so far as we can learn, it was quite the opposite. At any rate Oakwood has seldom seen a finer day or happier crowd than made glad the directors of the agricultural society, as the intelligent and prosperous citizens of the adjoining county thronged to exhibit and examine the products of their industry and skill. It was the banner fair of the banner township. While on account of the "conjunction" referred to above, the crowd was not larger than in other years, it was the prevailing sentiment that its character did not suffer any from the absence of those who were not there. It had all those qualities that make men proud of Mariposa. It should not be overlooked that numbers from Lindsay were enjoying themselves on the grounds. The directors are to be congratulated on the character of the fair. It was not a circus nor a museum. The degeneration that is so much marked in the cities and towns has not reached this fair. The evident interest of the visitors disproved the new theory that fairs cannot succeed without a large percentage of buffoonery acted. The products of nature and art arranged in a friendly competition arouse an interest and a sentiment that are more wholesome by far than a circus for the merely ridiculous and novel. The delightful weather made it a pleasure to examine the stock sheds and throughout their long rows one enjoyed a series of surprises. It was evident that the attention of Mariposa farmers is being intelligently turned to improving the quality of their stock and there is no doubt that this will be a very important source of profit in the future.

The horses, as usual, came in for a large share of attention. There was a good variety in both heavy and rooster animals. Four fine pairs of horses in harness were much admired and made a hot contest for the red ticket among Messrs. Bagshaw, Campbell, Dale Bros. and Limes.

The young colts and their mothers kept the judges guessing. A man would need to know his book to tell which was the best. When these colts are grown up there will be a horse show worth travelling to. The two-year-old colts made a good showing, and were certainly a credit to Messrs. Jas. Webster, R. Eggleston, J. Bagshaw, F. Broad and A. Webster.

In the driving class there were 14 entries, and a good horseman would be proud to ride behind any of them. Messrs. W. James, W. D. McGinnison, T. Broad and W. Woodbridge were hopeful competitors.

The cattle sheds were filled with Durham and Holsteins, the former of popular-breed having 17 and the latter 27 entries. They formed one of the most popular features of the fair.

The hog pens were well filled and contained fine specimens of the Yorkshire, Berkshire, Poland China and the rusty Tamworths. Some of them would have been prize-winners any place.

The exhibit of sheep was of the finest, many of them being multi-prize-winners already at other places. A glance showed that the Cotswolds were a popular breed, and that fine mutton-and wool can still be got from the pompadour sheep. Mr. Smallwood had his pen gaily decked out with red and blue cards from all over the province.

The mild-faced Leicester won a good place for Messrs. S. Methersell and Jos. Campbell.

The Shropshires with their fine wool and natty proportions seemed to think themselves at no disadvantage on account of their color. Messrs. McKay and McMillan declare that "they are not colored, they were born that way."

Poultry was somewhat "on the hog," although that was not the position allotted to the timid fowls by the directors.

There were a few cages of choice birds, but the whole exhibit suffered by the neighboring fairs.

The vegetable and grain exhibit was of a good order. The wheat was hardly a first-class sample and had in many cases suffered from rust or being lodged so that it lacked plumpness. But both spring and fall had some real good grain. Thos. Greenway, W. Gillis and John Gibbs were prominent exhibitors.

A few samples of 2-rowed barley were exhibited by W. Thorndike and C. Coad, and of 6-rowed Mr. T. James had a sample. The rest of the grain was chiefly peas of the mummy, sual and m-rrowfat varieties, black and white oats and beans.

Among the vegetables here were the usual big pumpkins and squashes to call forth ejaculations of the visitor. The collection of vegetables of Mr. A. Dixon was really fine and must have comprised 75 varieties.

There was a rather small but very choice exhibit of apples, grapes, tomatoes, plums, about 100 samples in all, and one exhibit of canned peaches. It was evident that the winter apple crop was not up to the average, and this accounts for there being fewer exhibits than usual.

It is only fair to the ladies to say that we never saw a finer looking display of canned fruit, preserves, jellies, pickles and catsup. We must mention the home-made and factory cheese made by Mr. Yearley of the Little Britain factory. The butter display was fairly good, but its size failed to do justice to the butter makers of Mariposa. Good samples were shown by Messdames Metherell, Dixon, Dundas and T. Webster.

Two good players entertained the visitors to the hall by selections on the piano, making a pleasing combination with the artistic work to be examined.

Here an afternoon is only long enough to make a run to do justice to the butter and get one bewildered. The profusion of and everlasting cushions, embroidery in lace, silk, muslin and cotton; crazy patchwork, linen goods, crayon and penwork in oil, and paintings of the planer goods, such as canvas, coverlets, socks, mitts, shawls and quilts.

GRANT IN NEW YORK.
WHEN THE MORE INTIMATE SIDE OF HIS CHARACTER BECAME KNOWN.
The Great Disaster Which Came to Him So Unexpectedly and What Led to It. His Greatest Distress Was to Be Deceived by Those He Trusted.

General Grant came to live in New York in 1862 with the luster of his unparalleled successes and his exalted honors surrounding him. With such dignities and ceremonies as the metropolis accord only to a few men in each generation, it welcomed within its gates the first citizen of the republic. The sight of that sturdy figure, which had been without flinching the nucleus of our nation's greatness, and the wondrous mastery of all circumstances and the quiet confidence in fortune, became a familiar one at the larger ceremonies of the city. That misfortune, however, to harm him on a hundred battlefields, should strike down the old hero in the hour of his greatest fame, no one dreamed, least of all Grant himself.

The more intimate side of his character became known during his later life in the east. That his sternness of aspect concealed a nature that was full of gentleness and as simple as a child, that indeed "the loving and thoughtful" world so rarely learned before the heavy hand of disease had laid upon a spirit bowed down with unmerited misfortune. George W. Childs told of a conversation he had with Grant when the latter was spending the summer at Long Branch. He asked the general about the heavy hand of the disease he had longed for, and the reply was, "To be deceived by those I trusted."

It is altogether a pleasant chapter that the life of General Grant presents at this period, brief though it is, and although the early stirrings of the storm are heard out of that calm of retirement. In the family circle or when surrounded by old comrades he was by no means the impassive man he has been painted. He was free and interesting in conversation, and, as Childs recalled, talked more than any single member of the company, but he would say nothing of his own life, and would say nothing of the evening. That was one peculiarity of his.

In these conversations General Grant sometimes went over the eventful scenes of the past. He was generous in his estimate of the men who had fought by his side, and the admiration of Sheridan was unfeigned. He was fond of saying that "Little Phil" was the greatest fighter he ever knew, and that another war would develop in him the supreme commander. His own reserved nature found in the dashing soldier's overflowing spirits, boundless confidence and his sometimes emphatic conversation a complete relief, for reasons much the same sort he had a high respect for General John A. Logan. He was proud of both of them and happy in their society.

His loyalty to his friends was entire. One of his principles was "Never desert a friend under any circumstances." He was likely that the famous "306" did not hear with them into the Chicago convention any real wish of General Grant's that they be successful, he took a soldier's delight afterward in their magnificently faithful fight in the behalf of never forgot it.

His parting words to his army comrades had been shown while he was in camp. "I like," he said, "to appoint the children of army and navy officers because they have no political influence." The care he exercised over the orphans of war who had died on the field was continued in his home, and sometimes it took the form of gifts and subscriptions to help beyond his means. An application from a soldier's widow was one thing he found it hard to refuse.

The blow that struck Grant down came suddenly. It is a saddening episode to read that the moral shock of surprise and the still more cruel realization of the moment were cast upon the old hero's integrity, but when the dust that had been raised by the crash of the banking house of Grant & Ward had cleared the figure that it revealed was not that of a man who would be so easily dazed, but of an old soldier dazed by the vision of his own unfaithfulness and stripped in a moment of his worldly possessions, and yet with his personal honesty shining out from the ruin of his house's credit and his resolute courage to redeem his ill fortune and to live the solitary sower in an earthy quietude.

Grant had entered Wall street because he found his income insufficient for his family. The genius of Ferdinand Ward dazzled him as it had dazzled other men in the street. Grant thought himself a weakling in life. He had been told that he should reverse the ill omens of his life as a private citizen prior to the war and demonstrate before the world that he could succeed in business as in war. That morning in May of 1864 came when he found that his house had failed for millions. Resolutely he set to work to meet the bill of the day. He even pledged his medals and his decorations to the bankers in the preparation of the members covering a period of which he could say with much truth as Caesar in his "De Bello Gallico," "Alas of which I saw and part of which I was."

His later scenes of that grim campaign are etched in the mist, standing ever in the valley of the shadow. It was a battle of the Wilderness. And it ended in the sunlight yonder on the hilltop that is called McGregor—New York Mall and Express.

Onions and Rheumatism.
A large Spanish onion stewed slowly until tender in a weak stock quickly made from beef extract and hot water is a most palatable and nourishing dish, especially useful, according to physicians, in counteracting the poison of rheumatic gout. It should be well seasoned with cayenne. The late supper of a chronic sufferer from this same rheumatic gout, and which is taken just before retiring, consists of a perfectly roasted apple, without sugar, but with thick cream and two large slices of brown bread.—New York Post.

Lightning Revenge Artist.
"Yes, Julia rejected him, and she was afraid to open the morning paper for fear she would read an account of his suicide." "She didn't find it, did she?" "No. The first thing she saw was the announcement of his engagement to a prettier girl."—Detroit Free Press.

Over 1,000 ships of all kinds and sizes pass up and down the English channel every 24 hours, and there are scarcely ever less than 300 near Land's End, leaving or bearing up for the channel.

Londoners spend about \$10,000,000 annually for umbrellas.

AN UNTRUSTED CANADIAN WILDERNESS.
The vast country north of the gulf of St. Lawrence is to the uncommercial explorer the most interesting region on this continent, if not in the world. For nearly four centuries the ships of civilization have sailed by it, yet, except at the very war's edge, there has been no intrusion upon it. The rivers which pour forth from every opening in the hills bear witness that the back country is a network of lakes and water courses. Ask the commissioner of crown lands of the great province of Quebec today what his department knows of that region and he will tell you that it is the least known portion of North America; that only a few of the lakes have been surveyed; that two exploring parties have recently crossed the peninsula; that a handful of fishermen's houses fringe the gulf; that for the rest of it the wandering Montagnais Indians are the only tourists who traverse half a million square miles of territory. Steamers go up the Saguenay. Lake St. John is reached by rail, but away to the northeast is a tremendous tract of country whence issue streams greater than the Hudson, the headwaters of which no white man has ever seen.—Frederic Ireland in Scribner's.

Wren's Little Trick.
When Sir Christopher Wren was building the town hall of Windsor, a fidgity member of the corporation—so the story goes—insisted that the roof required further support, and desired the architect to add more pillars. In vain did Sir Christopher assure him that the danger was imaginary. He knew better. The alarm spread, and the great architect was worried into adding the desired column.

Years passed, and in later times, when architect and patrons were dead, cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by two inches, though this was not perceptible to the gazers below.

By this ingenious expedient did Wren pacify his critics, while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.

He Told Her.
A good highland minister was endeavoring to steer a boatload of city young ladies to a landing place. A squall was bursting. The steering was difficult. One of the girls annoyed him by jumping up and calling anxiously, "Oh, where are we going to?" "If you do not sit down and keep still," he young lady, "said the minister bluntly, "that will verily greatly depend on how you were brought up."—San Francisco Argonaut.

BROWN AND BLUE.
Oh, the brown, brown streams of March
And the blue, blue streams of May,
As they flow along with a lighter laugh
As they curl on their way.
They sprinkle the boulders brown
With golden, shining spray.
They are artists, gilding the old, gray world—
These sunlit streams of May.

And the brown, brown woods of March
Are the green, green woods of May.
And they lift their arms with a fresh swing
And shake out their pennons gay.
And the brown, dead world of March
Is the living world of today.
Life throbs and flushes and fishes out
In the color and fragrance of May.

And the heart I carried in March
Under sullen clouds of gray
Is another heart in its singing joy
Under blue, blue skies of May.
For sorrow has vanished like mist
Which fresh winds blow away,
And love is blooming with all bright things
In the light and glory of May.
—Harper's Bazar.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.
Toid In Explanation of the Likeness of a Girl on the Face of a Cliff.
Many are the eyes that are turned daily to the picturesque statue that stands hundreds of feet above the busy village of Georgetown, Colo., incased, as it were, in a chisled vault and placed there in a most mysterious manner. With a silent vigil it looks down upon the busy populace, a sentinel of noiseless guardianship. Yet how few of the many who look upon the fair picture know of the legend connected therewith, and the sorrowful tale of bygone times that is interwoven by Indian history with it. It was related to a pioneer of Georgetown some thirty odd years ago by an old Indian with whom he camped in Middle Park. The Indian's story, as near as the frontiersman, who still lives there, could remember it, is as follows:

There was gathered in the valley where Georgetown now stands, in the early part of the century, a great meeting of the numerous tribes of Indians of the plains and mountains that had been at war as far back as the oldest chiefs could remember. A general decision for peace had been shown by the various tribes, and the council was for that purpose.

The plains Indians had elected a powerful chief of the Cheyennes, named Cornucopia, while the mountain tribes had for a leader Tu-se-no, noted far and wide for his heroic qualities in settling difficult battles. Tu-se-no brought a beautiful daughter with him, whose name was Ki. She was the pride of all the mountain tribes and was known far and wide for her wonderful beauty. For six years the party lasted and broke up in a row. A battle was fought which Tu-se-no was killed, and the beautiful maiden captured and buried. A number of years ago a prospector driving a short tunnel in front of the banks of the creek encountered the remains of some of the warriors and numerous arrow points, which goes to verify the tradition.

After the battle the maiden, refusing to become a slave to her captor, was sentenced to be burned at the stake. This sentence was daily carried out. They had burned her until her body was extinct, but until every vestige of her body was consumed, and as the last small spot of ascending smoke left the spot of suffering, there was a terrible convulsion of nature. The mountains trembled for a moment, and the whole eastern face of what is now Republican mountain was hurled into the valley, burying every plain warrior beneath the mountainous rock nestled in the heart of the town and now known as Chimney rock or Banker hill. The captive mountain prisoners who witnessed the cataclysm from a distant point cursed their eyes to the mountain that had buried destruction upon their enemies, and in the face of the broken cliff saw the beautiful maiden looking down upon them, and for many years after they paid annual visits to this beautiful valley to worship at the shrine of Tah-ki, the beautiful Indian maiden.—Denver Republican.

STEAMER GREYHOUND.
SEASON 1897.
Will commence regular trip on MONDAY, MAY 17th, and will continue during the season.

WILL LEAVE
Fenslow Falls at 8 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.
Lindsay at 10:00 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.

ARRIVE
Fenslow Falls at 11:45 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.
Lindsay at 9:45 a.m. and 4:15 p.m.

Call at Fifth and Pleasant Point when signalled.
Faces to Sturgeon Point, Pleasant Point and Blyth return 20c. Return Fenslow Falls, single 25c. Season and Family Tickets at a reduced rate.

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Plying between Lindsay, Sturgeon Point and Bobcaygeon. WILL LEAVE Bobcaygeon at 8:00 a.m. and Lindsay at 3:00 p.m.

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Excepting on Saturdays, when the steamer will leave Lindsay at 8:00 p.m., (instead of 6:30 p.m.) upon arrival at Lindsay at 11:30 a.m.

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Family tickets can be procured at the post office, Bobcaygeon, and on the boat.

Excursions can be made on very favorable terms for excursions of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips of the boat.

For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T.V.N. Co., Bobcaygeon.

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Lindsay, Feb. 21st, 1897.

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