

C. P. R. AT THE ROCKIES.

The Great Pass Through the Mountain Ranges.

CLIMATIC PECULIARITIES OF THE COUNTRY.

Writing from Laggan, summit of the Rockies, recently, a correspondent says: 115° W. longitude and 52° N. latitude was reached by the Canada Pacific Railway about the 15th of August last year. It is situated between the Bow and Elbow Rivers, is 3,100 feet above the sea and 840 miles west of Winnipeg. Thirty-five miles further west is Morleyville, a village picturesquely situated, and containing 200 souls, half whites and half Indians. This little village is situated on the Stony Indian Reserve. The Stony Indians are so industrious that the Government has stopped supporting them, which it has not been able to do with any other tribe. Sixty miles west of Calgary is "the gorge," or entrance to the Rocky Mountains; this place is 4,300 feet above the sea. Padmore, which is the end of a division and is located in the Park—a charming spot—is sixteen miles from the "Gorge." Laggan (this place), at the summit of the Rockies, and boundary of British Columbia, is 120 miles west of Calgary, and has an elevation of 5,300 feet. The C. P. R. track stopped here last fall, after having been laid 320 miles in seven months (from Swift Current to the summit) and is now five miles farther. Here the Bow River, which the track has followed from Calgary, has its source, and flows eastward. Near here also the Kicking Horse rises and flows southwest into the Columbia River sixty miles from here. The Kicking Horse Pass extends from the "Summit" to the Columbia flats. The grading of the line through this Pass is now being actively carried on, and the rails will probably be laid over the first crossing of the Columbia River ere this year closes. The House Pass, so much talked of last year, starts from this place, runs northwest for nearly a hundred miles, then turns suddenly to southwest along Blackberry Creek, which empties into the Columbia a little below the Kicking Horse River. The House Pass was finally abandoned in favor of the Kicking Horse Pass, on account of its much greater length (being 200 miles, against 60 of the Kicking Horse), also because it would require a number of very sharp curves, and fourteen miles of 2 1/2 degree gradient. The first crossing of the Columbia is 2,300 feet above sea-level. After crossing the line it will run down the west side of the river about forty miles, then turn and run south-westerly for sixty-five miles down Moberly Creek, where it crosses the Columbia the second time, at an elevation of 1,493 feet. Between these two crossings is the Selkirk range, on which the summit of the track will be 4,300 feet from the sea. By crossing the Selkirk Range 140 miles are saved, as it is over two hundred miles around by the Columbia River. The Eagle Pass will then take the line through the Gold Range, again raising its elevation, this time to 1,800 feet. Then it will cross the lower part of Valley Lake and run down along the shores of Thomson River to Kamloops 124° w. longitude and 51° n. latitude. At Kamloops, this branch of the C. P. R. will join the western branch (being built by Onderdonk), making the line complete from the Pacific to Winnipeg, or may be to Montreal by that time. The distance from here to Kamloops is 270 miles by the route to be taken by the C. P. R. The elevations given, of course, refer to the height of the track above the sea. The mountains on each side of the track rise from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the track.

The Villain Who Does Not Smile.

It is true, my son, a man may smile and smile and be a villain. But it is equally true that a man may never smile and also be a villain of the inkiest hue. I know it is quite the thing with a certain class of people to decry the smiling man who is so monotonously pleasant that he is sometimes offensively unpleasant. I know that some people bid you beware of the man who is always smiling. But you should also beware of the man who always greets you with a glare. If I am to be beguiled by a villain I think I rather prefer the smiling villain. He will swindle me courteously, anyhow. I do not admire saturnine countenances even on good men. I do not enjoy any real pleasure in contemplating the bird of prey visage; the hungry glare of the village horse trader, for instance, never improves my appetite. I do not think there is good reason for fearing the man that smiles in all sorts of human weather. I do not always believe in his smile. There are times when he bores me beyond measure. Sometimes his set, unvarying smile wearies me as does the unwinking sun in the dead, cloudless calm of successive August days, and I want to quarrel with him and try to make him cloud up and thunder a little, or at least strike out a show of heat lightning. I don't believe his smile is eternally a reflex of his feelings. He must feel blue and dismal, and troubled and unafraid, and penitent and doubtful, and anxious and longing and sorrowful at times like the rest of us. But if he chooses to veil all his troubles behind a smile that is so set it betrays the mask and wears us, why that is his way of trying to keep his little light shining in this troubled world, my son. It doesn't prove that he is a villain. All men who smile and smile are not villains, nor are all men who look solemn good men. When you hear a man saying, "Look out for the man who always smiles," that is the man, my son, who will rehypothecate your oolaterias. — Bob Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

Gladstone's physician believes an autumn season would be the Premier's death.

A careful census shows that there are 30,000 ghosts in London, and a directory of their location is being prepared.

The experts who have been dissecting Egyptian affairs have concluded their labors and differed as to the complaint of the patient.

A man employed at the station of Tarascon, having been bitten by a mad dog, was sent to Pasteur, who declined to receive him, saying that he had not pushed his researches far enough to make things certain, and without this his conscience would not permit him to operate on a man.

MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST

Calgary wants a public hospital. Strawberries are \$1.50 per pail at Nelson. Gooseberries are reported plentiful in the rural districts.

Eggs have advanced in price to thirty cents per dozen.

Butter has been down to 15 cents and eggs 10 cents at Shell River.

A child at Stand Off, near Fort MacLeod, was poisoned recently. In some way or another it got a bottle of strychnine and swallowed the contents.

The Columbia River is a large, sluggish stream, navigable for fair-sized boats to the Kootenay Lake. The water is too high now for fishing, which is said to be good during the summer months.

There was a great scarcity of potatoes at Winnipeg on Saturday, and the few that were offered found ready sale at \$2 per bushel. All the groceries were cleaned out at an early hour. New potatoes brought \$3.50 per bushel, but the supply was very small.

The Rat Portage Progress is responsible for the following: "Coming through the Devil's Gap on Thursday evening, Mr. T. P. Murray caught a fish measuring thirty-three inches in length. The yacht struck a calm shortly after, and Jake Hennessy says the fish towed it in to shore."

Strawberries retailed for 25c. per quart at St. John, N. B., last week.

Mr. Spurgeon, says a London journal, has nothing to complain of except the gout.

The English deerhound, following the course of the Irish wolfhound and the early English turnspit, is becoming extinct from want of use.

The wealth of the United States is \$50,000,000,000, or \$900 to each inhabitant; that of Great Britain is \$40,000,000,000, or \$1,000 to each inhabitant.

Prof. Clarke, of McMaster Hall, who is visiting at Waverly, Pa., slipped on a stairway last week and fell, breaking two bones of his right arm.

The Kingston Presbytery has expressed its disapproval of Rev. Mr. Gallagher's conduct in marrying a deceased wife's sister, as being contrary to the law of the Church.

It is said Mrs. A. C. Martin, of Georgetown, wife of the foreman of Barber's paper mills, has fallen heir to \$17,500, by the death of her father recently in Maine.

John Wright, baker at Rockwood, Asylum, Kingston, is the proud owner of a goose that has hatched out two broods of nineteen goslings within a little over three months this season.

Lieut. W. H. Smith, R.N.R., commander of the Allan steamship Circassian, has been transferred to the command of the steamship Sardinian, rendered vacant by the death of Captain Dutton.

James Watt's workshop is preserved at Heathfield Hall just as he left it, his lathe and bench standing at the window, his tools scattered about, and his old leather apron hanging across the vice.

Don't Judge Hastily.

One of the saddest things I know of is that epithet which the Virginia father, gathering up the remnant left him after the ravages of war, and settling himself as best he could into the new situation, placed upon a stone he raised as a memorial of his old home. On one face of it he inscribed these words: "To the sacred memory of my eldest boy, who fell fighting for the stars and stripes." On the opposite side he wrote, "To the sacred memory of my youngest boy, who fell fighting for the lost cause." And between them on the third face, "God only knows which was right!" I pity that man's sorrow and dark perplexity. But there is a double question there as to the "right," of which he dared not judge. The motive in the young man's mind was one thing, and the justice of the cause was another. God alone knows the heart, and he alone can judge men's motives. It is one of the strange facts of life that the best of feelings are sometimes enlisted in the worst of causes, and the worst of feelings in the best of causes. You cannot always judge the moral value of an act merely from its surface, nor can you judge it merely from its motive. But men are responsible for their motives which they have allowed to control them, and for their use of the light they might have had if they would open their eyes to it.—Gen. J. L. Chamberlain at Monson.

A Cautious Purchaser.

"I was recommended here by a friend," said a seedy-looking man as, as he entered a drug store, "who told me that you did a very large business, and that any purchases I might want to make could be effected on reasonable terms."

"Yes, sir, certainly sir. We have built up a very large trade by faithful attention to business, and by honest efforts to please our numerous customers."

"Such a line of policy, I take it," said the seedy-looking man, gazing at the proprietor with an air of great confidence, "counts as the essential elements of commercial success. A conscientious consideration for the wants of one's customers, while at the same time a proper observance of what is due one's self, will win in the long run. I am a professional man myself, but I take considerable pride in stating that I am, nevertheless, a practical man and possessed of practical ideas."

"Undoubtedly, sir, undoubtedly," responded the druggist, rubbing his hands, expectantly; "and now, what can we do for you, sir?"

"You may give me a two-cent postage stamp, if you please."

At his jubilee Mr. Spurgeon said very naively that he did not depend upon advertisement or any lay method for his charitable income—about £10,000 a year—but simply on prayer.

The orange tree at Versailles, known as the Great Constable, is nearly 500 years old. It was planted in 1422 by Eleanor of Carleise, wife of Charles III., King of Navarre.

An Altoona railroad man has invented a device for making car doors "spark proof," will be in great request among Pennsylvania girls.

A black frog known as the Michigan frog, and weighing two pounds, was found recently in the centre of a large cake of ice at Louisville, Ky.

A MOTHER'S PRIDE AND JOY.

Her Feelings When Her Son Reaches His 21st Birthday.

"He is twenty-one to-day," remarked a fond mother recently, as she gazed on the finely formed young man, her son, on his twenty-first birthday. He was a noble-looking fellow, nearly six feet tall, with clear eyes and healthy-looking countenance, with just the faintest trace of beard upon his chin. How proud he stood before his mother in his self-consciousness that he had arrived at his full majority, when he could now take his place in the world, responsible to no one but himself for his acts. Will he now forget all the careful training and kindly precepts that mother has tried so faithfully to ingraft into his life? Will all her labor be in vain? These are the questions that come up in the fond mother's heart on such a day as this. She looks back over the twenty-one years she has worked for that boy to the time when he was a babe; she sees him in childhood and hears his merry laugh and prattle as he played about the door; she sees him going to school and remembers how she had helped him through many a knotty problem in his studies; she sees him enter the shop and learn a trade, and warns him to beware of evil doers and to keep from temptation. All these things pass through the mother's mind, and how well she remembers the prayers she has sent up to the Throne of Grace that her boy would grow up to an honorable manhood, an honor to himself, to her and to the world. Now the day of his majority has come, mother cannot give him up. She still feels her responsibility, yet he has faith to believe that her prayers will be answered. He feels, in a certain sense, a new dignity, a new freedom, but will it incite him to cast off all ties which have bound him to that dear old mother, and, although living according to her directions up to this time, start on a fast life and try to "make up for lost time?" Alas, how many poor, foolish fellows have done this just at that important time in life when a young man should prove to the world that he is composed of the real stuff that they make men of. The young man who remembers the prayers of his mother, who feels that he now has the greater though pleasant responsibility of caring for mother the remainder of her life after he is 21, will in nine cases out of ten attain to an honorable manhood—a man honored not only by the whole community in which he lives, but by the world. There is no great danger of his going to the bad. He is fortified behind the prayers of, and love for, mother, and so long as he keeps within that fortification all the powers of evil cannot prevail against him.

Scientific and Useful.

In one of the smoky towns of the Pennsylvania iron region there has been perfected a process for saving the waste slag from the furnaces. Before cooling, it is run into moulds, which shape it for paving blocks.

M.M. Mignon and Toudard, of France, state, as the result of a long series of experiments, that hams infected by trichinae are rendered innocuous by exposure to a cold of 20° C. for an hour. It is proposed that all importations from America or Germany shall be exposed to this temperature to protect the consumers from trichinosis.

There is nothing so cheap or convenient for a freezing-mixture as pulverized ice or salt. In chemical laboratories other materials are used for experimental refrigeration. They are too expensive for general use. The following are some of these combinations—Sal-ammoniac, five parts; nitre, five parts; water, ten parts; nitrate of ammonia, one part; water, one part. Sulphate of soda, five parts; diluted sulphuric acid, four parts.

Various chemicals have been used for the purpose of bleaching bones, such as sulphuric acid, chloride of lime, and latterly peroxide of hydrogen; but according to experiments made at the Bavarian Museum of Arts a very simple and effective method has been discovered, which is said to impart to bones thus treated almost the same appearance as ivory. After digesting the bones with ether or benzine, to remove the fat, they are thoroughly dried and immersed in a solution of phosphoric acid in water containing 1 per cent. of phosphoric anhydride. After a few hours they are removed from the solution, washed in water and dried, when they will appear as indicated above.

The city of New York is now lighted by electricity, gets its news by electricity, deals on the market by electricity, receives its quotations by electricity, has its photographs taken by electricity, talks by electricity, is treated for disease by electricity, is elevated by electricity, and shortly expects to be carried by the same subtle and powerful agency. The latest application of the fluid was in Spruce street, where an elevator is now daily run in a six-story structure, with electricity as the motive power. The fluid is carried over house-tops for a distance of two blocks, and when applied in full force lifts over 2,000 pounds of freight with ease. Other elevators of the same character are being put in, and generating centres for the same purpose are talked of in several parts of the city. The expense is less than steam.

Attacked by a Wounded Bird.

One morning last week W. T. Wingate shot a large crane on the lake shore. The bullet passed through the wings of the bird and into the breast. The bird was not killed and he gave it its freedom again. As Mr. Andrews, who lives about a mile from town, was coming along on the railroad track, the bird made a furious attack upon him. Mr. Andrews was for a time uncertain whether he or the crane would be the victor, but at last succeeded in knocking it over the head with a stick, stunning it.—Travers (Fla.) Herald.

Lord R. Churchill twice dined and once supped with the Prince of Wales when they met in Paris. Their quarrel is over. Since his return Wales has been in constant communication with Lord Randolph, with whom his relations are now of a more friendly nature than ever.

Mr. JOHN W. RYCKMAN, the projector of the late Cotton Centennial, predicts that before 1894 the States where cotton is grown will produce more manufactured cotton than New England produces now.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY EXTRAORDINARY.

Two Boys Bury a Child in a Dust Bin, and "Lay" for a Reward for His Dead Body.

(London Chronicle.)

Stephen Murphy, 9, living in Woodbine Place, Penge, was charged at Lambeth Police Court on Saturday with being concerned with George Steeden, aged 9 (now under remand), living in Maple Road, Penge, in assaulting a child named Henry Douglas, about 3 years and a half old, by putting him into a dust-bin at Laurel Grove, Penge, thereby endangering his life. There was a further charge against the prisoners with setting fire to the house, 4 Limestone avenue, an unoccupied dwelling house, and doing damage to the extent of between £2 and £3. According to the evidence, it appeared that the prisoners got hold of the child Douglas (a very intelligent little fellow), took him to the garden of an unoccupied house, and there put him in a dust-bin which was some four or five feet deep. They closed the lid upon the child, threw bricks upon him, and secured the lid of the dust-bin so as to prevent his getting out. That was about 5 o'clock in the evening, and it was not until 1 o'clock on the following day that the poor child was found, and this in consequence of a third boy having heard what the prisoners had done, and giving information to the friends. Steeden, in imparting the secret to the third boy, said it was their intention to keep the child in the dust-bin until he was dead, and then they would get a reward for the recovery of the body. It was shown that the child had been imprisoned in the dust-bin for upwards of 20 hours, and had been without food or drink for quite 24 hours. Detective Blackwell made inquiries, and traced the prisoners, who did not deny the charge. It was afterwards ascertained that they had gone together to an unoccupied house, No. 4 Limestone avenue, and having effected an entrance, collected a heap of paper and rubbish on the floor of the kitchen and poured on some paraffin oil, and then set a light to it. Fortunately, shortly afterwards the fire was discovered by a lady living next door, and assistance being called the fire was subdued. Some £2 or £3 damage was done by the fire. Both prisoners, when questioned by the magistrate, put the blame upon each other. Mr. Chance said he could scarcely believe children like the prisoners acting in so shocking a manner. It was really extraordinary that the little child Douglas had escaped death, or certainly some injury. He was only too glad to find the child was so well after his imprisonment in the dust-bin for nearly 20 hours. He remanded the case in order that further inquiries might be made by the police; in the meantime the prisoners were sent to the workhouse.

LULU AND THE LILY.

Mrs. Langtry has a Wrestle With the Magnetic Girl.

A New York despatch says: The Georgia wonder, Miss Lulu Hurst, gave a private exhibition this afternoon on the stage of the Madison Square Theatre. Charles Batchelor, who is associated with Edison, the electrician, was the first candidate for treatment at the hands of the wonder. She tried the umbrella trick on him. He held the stick firmly for some time, but it finally flopped over his head and looked as if it had been ruined. It was not, however. He tried the feat over again, but she could wrock the umbrella as she had done on other occasions. When he got through he said: "There is some muscular force employed, but the secret of the girl's power I am not able to explain."

An exhibition was given afterwards for Mrs. Langtry. It developed into a wrestling match between her and Lulu Hurst. A billiard one and a chair were used. Miss Hurst did all her tricks successfully, and and at the close of the struggle Mrs. Langtry had her dress slightly torn. When she got out on the sidewalk she exhibited her torn dress to her friends and said: "That is the result of wrestling with the Georgia wonder. She is a mystery to me. I don't think it is muscular force, and if these things are done by electricity I do not notice any shock."

Mrs. Langtry was really sadly bruised in her tussle with the wonder. Her lip was slightly out, while her shoulders were bruised, and her hands and arms had black and blue marks on them. She was feeling very sore and stiff at her home to-night.

A pyramidal mass of eighty roses and fifty rosebuds, thirty heliotropes and as many violets can be bought in the city of Mexico for 25 cents.

Street car drivers in New Orleans not only have to keep their cars clean, but are expected to furnish the material for keeping the brasses clean.

The principal attraction of the wedding of Lord Tennyson's son was Lord Tennyson himself. Not a few of the visitors to the Abbey went there chiefly with the idea of catching a sight of the Poet Laureate. In King Henry VII.'s chapel by far the most striking objects were Mrs. Gladstone's extremely handsome blue velvet dress and the poet's white waistcoat.

A resident of Snow Hill, Md., noticing bees passing in and out of a small aperture in the eaves of his house, concluded that bees were storing honey there. He told a carpenter that if he would remove the boxing he might have all he could find. The result was the discovery of 150 pounds of honey snugly laid away under the garret floor.

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