The Expositor.

VOLUME IV., NO. 194. ORILLIA, ONT., CANADA, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1873. TERMS: $1 PER ANNUM

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Orillia, June 5th, 1872. 135

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N.B.—A good opening for a student.
Barrie, July 23rd, 1872. 142.

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MATCHEDASH STREET.
WM. JACKSON, - PROPRIETOR.
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Only 12 cents,
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A nice assortment of Cakes, Pastry, and Confectionery suitable for this season and all seasons.
Orillia, January 1st, 1873. 165.

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Montreal Telegraph Co.,
Vicker's Express Co.,
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And General Agency,
CORNER OF
Mississaga and Peter Streets
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By Appointment, "Makers to the Queen,"
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Dyspepsia Powders!
(PATENTED)
Have been unparalleled in the cure of Dyspepsia, and general disorders of the Stomach and Bowels—persons who have been afflicted for years, and tried the various Physicians that came within their reach, without receiving any benefit, have been entirely cured by taking one Box of these Powders.
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Have been received from F. Kean, of Orillia; also from the Editor of Newmarket *Era*, and many others, corroborating the above statements concerning these Powders.
Price 25 Cents.
Enquire for them at the nearest druggist's, if not procurable there send for them by post to Barrie.
$1 will Procure 5 Packages.
Prepared and For Sale, Wholesale, by
C. H. KERMOTT,
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Mandrake Pills!
Have given entire satisfaction where they have been used. They possess
NO MINERAL POISON
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Orillia, February 4th, 1873. 170

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Orillia, 24th June, 73. 199

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AND
SELL FOR CASH!
and thus effect a large saving.
☞ Call and see for yourselves that we sell our Goods cheap.
PACE & MAIN.

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MISSISSAGA STREET.
D. PHILLIPS
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Extensive Alterations!
and additions in his business, has determined to sell his present stock at, and in some cases far below, cost prices.
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EAVE-TROUGHING done in a superior manner; and every description of work in his line manufactured to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.
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P. MURRAY, Agent,
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The Home Fireside.

The Little Children.

(Mark, x., 14.)

See the loving mother
Brings her infant child,
To the blessed Saviour,
Loving, meek and mild,
To it's mother's bosom
See the infant pressing,
While for it the mother
Seeks the Saviour's blessing.

See the blessed Saviour
Graced with beauteous charms,
Take the little infant
Gently in His arms.
To His loving bosom
Tenderly He presses,
And in sweetest accents
He the infant blesses.

Still the blessed Saviour
Loves the youthful race,
Bids the little children
Early seek His face.
All should come to Jesus,
Little children, come!
And in death He'll take you
To his heavenly home. *JL.*

TOLD ROUND A NEW ZEALAND CAMP FIRE.

It is nearly twenty years ago since what I am about to relate took place—to me it seems like so many hours—and the memory of it now is as fresh and vivid to my mind as if it had happened but yesterday. Often during my lonely rides through the dark, gloomy forest, or when lying by the camp fire, watching the bright sparks flying upwards towards heaven, and listening to the melancholy howl of the native dog, in fancy I see the sweet, gentle face of Alice Griffiths. She and her brother Arthur lived together on a station not very far from Kilmore, but in rather an unfrequented part of the country at that time.

At that time a gang of bushrangers was roving about Victoria, robbing every one they met, and often murdering their victims when they did not get any money from them. This gang was very daring, often committing the most impudent robberies in broad daylight, and on one or two occasions, even robbing the police themselves, when this intelligent force was supposed to be hunting for them in order to obtain the reward offered for their capture. It was surprising how well-informed the gang was. If persons sold stock, or by any other means had money in their houses, they were pretty certain to receive a visit, and lucky were they if they only lost their money. Having some business to do with a neighbor of Griffiths, I thought I would take their place on the way. Accordingly I went there, intending to stay an hour, and then proceed; but we had so much to talk about, and Arthur had so many completed improvements to show me, and so many proposed ones to consult me about, that the time slipped away unobserved, until it was so late in the evening that I consented, very willingly, to remain all night—the more so as Alice added her persuasion to her brother's, saying—

"You know, Mr. Flaxman, you might meet the Black Forest gang, and surely you would not prefer their society to ours."

Little she thought the meeting was so near, or what an important part she was to take in it.

Before dark, Arthur and I went to look at some young horses he had bred, which he had got in from the run for the purpose of breaking in; and as they were rather wild, we drove them into the stockyard to examine them at our leisure. After duly admiring and criticising them, I noticed a very handsome horse and asked Arthur what he was, and where he got him.

"He is a good horse," he replied, walking up to him, and rubbing his ears, as the horse leant his head on Arthur's shoulder. "I bought him last spring for my own riding; but he is such a first-rate hack, with gentle manners, and a mouth far too good for my rough heavy hands, that I gave him to my sister. She never rides any other now, and has made such a pet of him that, when she calls him, he will leave the mob of horses and trot straight up to her. I really believe he likes being ridden by her."

After we returned to the house, I remarked to Miss Griffith's what a splendid horse she had. "Yes, he is a beauty, and as nice as he looks," she said. "We have many long rambles all over the bush together, and have got quite to like each other's company. I can leave him anywhere when I dismount, and he will always come when I call him. Ah, Chestu is a dear old fellow! But come, let us have a game at whist. Arthur can play dummy, if Mr. Flaxman will take me as a partner."

We must have been playing some time, when our attention was attracted by the loud angry barking of the dogs, warning us that some one was approaching; but, thinking it might be one of the men from one of the out-stations, we took no notice of it. Directly almost, we heard footsteps on the verandah; and as we both jumped up to see what it was, the door which entered from the verandah was violently burst open, and two men rushed in, each holding a pistol levelled in his hand.

"Hold up your hands, or I'll blow your brains out!" cried one.

And you may be very certain we did not require a second bidding. For one instant I looked at Alice. Cool and collected she stood, her eyes flashing and glittering as I had never seen them do before. Then I thought of dashing at the nearest of the ruffians; but the sight of his pistol at once decided me that it was useless—nay, worse than useless, as it could but end in one way. A pair of worse looking rascals I never saw.

I suppose I looked the most dangerous of our party, for one of the blackguards took a piece of rope and tied my hands behind me, whilst the other stood sentinel over us. Then they tied Arthur also, and began disputing about Alice, cursing and using the most dreadful oaths when they spoke. One was for tying her up also, but the other said—I omit the oaths with which he garnished his speech—

"What's the good of tying up a wench? One of us must stop here and watch them here swells, and the other can hunt for the swag. "You go, Jack, and if this young 'oman gives me any trouble, I'll find means to quiet her fast enough."

Jack laid his pistol on the table, beside his mate, and went in search of money. How I wished I could get free and seize the pistol on the table! I quietly tried my hands, and soon found it would be possible to slip them from the clumsily tied knot, but I did not see how I was to get free quickly enough to do any good. I saw Alice watching me as I tried to get my hands loose; and fearing the bushranger would also notice what I was about, desisted. I had no wish for giving him the least temptation to make a target of me. Presently the fellow who was hunting for booty came back, and throwing a lot of trinkets belonging to Alice on the table, went up to Arthur and demanded where he kept his money, warning him, in a manner more forcible than polite, that it would be as well to tell him, "for if I don't get the cash—the whole lot of it, mind you—that you got for them 'jumpbucks' you sold, I'll take it out of your hide." I told Arthur to tell him at once, as it was no use trying to save the money. So he told him it was in his room, and again he went off in search of it. I could hear him tossing everything about in the room in his eagerness to find the money, and in a few minutes he called out—

"Here it is Jack! We'll have a good burst over this lot next time we go to Melbourne for a spree."

Jack stepped towards the room; and, in his hurry to know the result of the find, quite forgetting Alice, or not thinking a woman was likely to give him much trouble, and no doubt trusting to our being tied securely, foolishly laid his pistol on the table beside his mate's.

Quick as thought Alice sprang forward, and catching them both up, held one out at the ruffian's head

"Move but one finger," she said, in a firm voice—looking, although pale with excitement, determined and fully able to carry out her threat—"and I fire."

For a moment I thought the man meant mischief, but something in Alice's face warned him not to tempt his fate, and he cowered like a cur before the fair, delicate girl. How beautiful she looked! Like a statue cut out of marble she stood: not a tremor showed the violent struggle within. Only in her eyes was there any sign of excitement. Their soft expression was gone and in its place blazed courage and determination, mixed with triumph and scorn. Little wonder that the miserable wretch sunk beneath such a gaze, speechless with terror and amazement. Had he moved in the slightest degree, it would have been death: the pistol covered him with deadly aim, and was held there without wavering by a hand as cool and steady as if this game of life and death were childish play. With a struggle I tore my hands free, and hastened to loose Arthur. Then, but not till then, Alice gave the pistol up to us, and saying, "Watch them—I am off to Kilmore for the police," hurried out of the room. Out into the dark, lonely night she went. Did she not fear that more of the gang might be hidden outside, guarding against surprise? Where were the men-servants? All gone as soon as they knew that the house was "stuck up"—gone to keep out of the way, not for assistance; leaving to a young girl the work which ought to have belonged to men. Through the darkness out into the paddock. "Chestu! Chestu! good horse! Chestu!" Quickly he answers to his name; and, with hands now trembling with excitement, she hurriedly places her saddle on his back, and mounting, gallops off. Onward the two brave spirits go—away through the black gloomy forest. Little thought she of how much now depended on her reaching the police station, and returning with help quickly. Still the brave girl galloped onward, urging her horse at a pace through the wild forest which would have shaken the nerves of many a bold, reckless stock-rider. Her horse's flying feet startled the dingo prowling round the sheepfold, and frightened the "more-pork," which, sitting lonely on the limb of some tree, uttering its monotonous cry of "more pork! more pork!" flew far away into the neighbouring scrub, seeking to hide itself from its natural enemy. An hour's riding at this reckless speed brought her to Kilmore; and she quickly told her errand, and, refusing to remain in spite of all persuasion, returned with the police from the station, but at a slower and steadier pace than that at which she came.

Meantime, Arthur and I had firmly tied the two rascals to a chair each, and placed them far enough apart to prevent their being able to render one another any assistance and had seated ourselves by the fire, to await the arrival of the police, and to watch over our prisoners. We had been sitting there for more than two hours, when we heard the sound of horses' feet at the back of the house, and of course concluded that the police had come, although rather surprised at their being so soon.

"Wait here with these two guests of ours," said Arthur to me, "and I will go out and bring them in. I'm not sorry they have come so soon, for I half expected to see some more of the gang turn up; and if they had our lives would not have been worth much."

Arthur turned and went out as he spoke; and, looking at the two men tied beside me, I saw a villainous look of savage delight on their ill-favoured countenances, which made my heart stand still for an instant. It flashed at once, suddenly but certainly, across my brain, that the rest of the gang *had* returned, and I rushed to the door, calling after Arthur to come back as he valued his life. As I passed through the door I met Arthur, who was hurrying back and nearly knocked me down by coming full tilt against me in his confusion.

"Back! back!" he cried—"the whole gang are here. Into my room—quick! Never mind the lights."

Not a moment was to spare, for as we gained Arthur's room, which opened off the sitting room, the bushrangers entered the house. It was probably well for us that we had not time to take the lights into the small room with us, for we had thus the great advantage of seeing our enemies without their seeing us. In they came—six dirty, low, desperate-looking fellows they were, each armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, and evidently half drunk, and ready for the commission of any crime.

"Now, Arthur," I whispered, "don't fire," (he was raising his pistol); "reserve your powder until they attempt to enter this room, and then fire coolly and steadily at the *left*-hand man—I'll take care of the *right*. We *must not* miss our aim, or we are lost. Our only safety lies in prompt, energetic action. Remember they cannot see us, and therefore cannot fire with any degree of precision; and if we can keep them off for a little time longer, we will yet be saved."

The blackguards were evidently greatly taken aback by seeing their two companions tied fast and prisoners; but the two worthies soon explained the matter, with many hideous oaths and deep vows of vengeance against Arthur and me. As soon as they were let loose, the one who was called Jack, said to his companions:

"Now then, mates, the sooner we finish this ere job the better, for that there wench won't be long before she brings the whole 'camp' down on us, like a swarm of ants. Now I votes, mates, that we just get a hold of the two downy coves wots been and hidden away in that room," pointing to where we were.

Without more words they came towards us, each with a pistol ready. I do not know what Arthur felt, but my pulses throbbed, and my ears seemed to be full to bursting; but my hand was as steady as ever, and my nerves like steel.

"Now, then," I muttered in a hoarse low tone, "remember—fire at the man on the left, and aim low, and don't hurry."

Raising our pistols, we both fired together. The man that I fired at gave a sudden shudder and fell forward on his face, shot dead, and Arthur's man shot through the breast but not killed, staggered and nearly fell. The others drew back, taken by surprise; but only for a moment, for, firing their pistols towards us, they again rushed to storm our little stronghold.

"Fire again—quick, Arthur!" I levelled my pistol, and pulled the trigger.

There was but one report, and another of the ruffians fell, either killed or badly hurt. This time the gang drew back, evidently thinking it was not safe to trifle with us. Then I found Arthur was wounded in the arm, not dangerously, but sufficiently to prevent his being of much use should the fellows again make a charge on us. This, however, they seemed not inclined to do; and we could hear them discussing what was best to be done. One suggested firing at us in volleys on the chance of maiming or killing us; but one, with greater ingenuity, proposed setting fire to the house, and either burning us alive, or, as he said, "smoakin them out like a pair of 'Bandicoots' in a hollow log." This idea was received with general satisfaction, and preparations were at once commenced to carry it out. Logs and scrub were piled up against the walls of the wooden house, and lighted in many places at once. The dry wood caught, and in a few minutes was blazing bright and clear, but, fortunately for us, with little or no smoke. Still, the heat was intense and suffocating, and in a very few moments more would have either become unbearable and driven us out to meet certain death at the hands of the cruel ruffians who stood around the house, laughing and jesting at our sufferings, or have consumed us where we were, with no chance of escaping from torture the most agonizing and horrible imaginable.

After a brief consultation, we agreed to rush out and face death at once, rather than bear the dreadful fate waiting for us. Hastily I tied Arthur's shattered arm to his side, and then, shaking one another by the hand, we were on the point of rushing through the flames, when we heard shots fired, and soon voices.

The police had come! How they captured the bushrangers I know not, except from hearsay; for as we ran through the fire, blinded by smoke and nearly smothered with heat, I felt a sharp twitch in my side, like a red-hot iron running through my flesh, and then a ringing, singing sound in my ears, a confused sound of voices, and a blank. When I recovered consciousness I found myself lying in bed, weak, and with a strange feeling of lassitude which was new to me. I had been badly wounded, and the loss of blood had nearly killed me. It was many weeks before I was well enough to hear the particulars of that night, and many more ere I was strong enough to go down to Melbourne, where I was wanted to identify the bushrangers taken by the police. Arthur soon got well, as his wound was not of a very serious nature, although one of the bones in his arm was broken.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

(Contributed to THE EXPOSITOR by J. Lawson.)

JULY 24.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.—Numbers, XXIII., 10.

That like the righteous I may die,
May I my Saviour glorify
Whilst life and strength are given;
May I my all to Jesus give,
And only to His glory live,
And thus prepare for heaven.

JULY 25.

O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.—Deuteronomy, XXXII., 29.

O that all were wise to see
Their lost and ruined state!
O that all to Christ would flee
Before it be too late!
O that all would understand,
Consider well their latter end,
Bear in mind that death's at hand,—
Whence do their footsteps tend?

JULY 26.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.—Ecclesiastes, III., 20.

Impress this truth, O Lord, upon each heart,
Soon with the things of earth we all must part,
Our bodies are but clay and therefore must
Return to earth and moulder with the dust.

JULY 27.

Awake, awake, utter a song.—Judges, V., 12.

Let every heart and voice
On this glad day awake,
And in the Lord rejoice,
And hallowed music make:
Extol His name in sacred song,
To whom our praises all belong.

JULY 28.

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.—Proverbs, XI., 24.

May I not, greedy of earth's gain,
Withhold that which I ought to give;
Nor think Thy blessing to retain,
If for myself alone I live.

JULY 29.

The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.—Proverbs, XI., 25.

That I Thy blessing may receive,
All Thou hast given me I give
Again, O Lord, to Thee;
A cup of water thou hast said,
Given to Thy followers in Thy stead,
Shall well rewarded be.

JULY 30.

O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face. * To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him.—Daniel, IX., 8, 9.

Before the Lord we hide our face,
For we have sinned against Thy grace,
And yet, we by Thy mercy live;
Yet Thou art merciful and kind,
To us be now Thine ear inclined,
O Lord, have mercy and forgive.

KEEPING cows is better than wheat growing, as it affords farmers an opportunity of renovating their farms. Bear in mind that if "cows" pay "good cows" will pay better; therefore you should improve your stock, so as to get the greatest amount of milk from the fewest number.

IN the heat of the election contests the private as well as the public character of those brought prominently before the public very often suffers from unjust criticism, but those who are always so fond of presenting the darkest side of our frail humanity to view, and who seem to doubt the existence of such a thing as honesty in the world, should remember that virtuous men in private life are everywhere to be found; in fact the majority of any community appears oftener on the side of justice than injustice in regard to all interesting questions. To accuse men of the most iniquitous practices is easy enough, but to furnish proof of them is not so easy. The world is not absolutely wicked, though the misanthropic teachings of the present day often leads us to this conclusion. Let us therefore be just to one another, and however much we may differ upon questions of public policy let us in social life meet upon the broad ground of good will to all men.—*Cobourg Sentinel.*

The Carter's Contribution.

There is on the borders of the Connecticut, a small town, which, though weak and feeble, still, with the help of the "Home Missionary Society," supported a Minister and maintained regular divine worship.—About the time when it became necessary to pay the minister's salary, there moved into the place a man who gained his living by carting coal, and other similar labor. It was noticed that this man was very regular in his attendance at church, and was never absent from the prayer meetings; but in a pecuniary point of view, he was not considered a valuable acquisition. It was the custom, when the salary was due, for one of the deacons to collect all he could from the people, and to obtain the balance from the Home Missionary Society. In accordance with this custom, one fine morning Deacon A., a man of considerable penurious ness, started forth, subscription paper in hand, to see how much he could squeeze out of the parish for the support of their minister. The first person he met was the above-mentioned carter, moving along the road with a load of coal. The deacon considered within himself that it might be worth while to ask him to contribute (seeing that he was a good sort of person, and every little helps) and so accosted him with. "Good morning, Mr. B.; are you willing to give anything toward the support of our pastor?" at the same time handing him the subscription paper. The man stopped thoughtfully a moment or two, drew a pencil out of his pocket, and with his dirt-begrimed hand headed the list with the sum of $50.—The deacon was so taken by surprise that he could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes; and thinking the man had made a mistake, and not wishing to take advantage of him, asked, "Did you not mean that for fifty cents?" The coal-carrier turned and drew himself up to his full height, and with great earnestness replied; "I do not value the gospel at fifty cents a year." This answer placed the case in a new light. The deacon went immediately to the pastor, related the incident, and said: "If that man can give $50, I can give $250." The same spirit actuated the rest of the church on hearing the story, and in a few days the salary was raised by the people themselves, without the necessity of applying for outside aid.

Maxims for Working Men.

A good advertisement for a working man, is a seat in church.

The savings-bank is a safe debtor.

Fifty cents for a good lecture, is better than half that money for a circus.

Dress neatly. A well clothed man commands favor and respect, while one in slovenly attire can hardly borrow his neighbour's saw horse.

If you wish to personally comprehend the completest meaning of the old adage—a fool and his money are soon parted—buy a lottery ticket.

Never sacrifice money for what people will say. It is better to buy a fair piece of beef at fifteen cents a pound, and leave the sirloin for some other man, who would buy your kind except for the name.

The man is always most honored who is most excellent in what he undertakes. It is better to saw wood well, than to plead law poorly.

Be honest: a stove cold is better than a stove hot with stolen fuel.

The laboring man holds the same relation to the merchant, manufacturer, attorney, physician and minister, that the locomotive does to the train of elegant and well-filled cars: they would stand still for ever if the engine did not move them.

There is many an honest, hard-working poor man, who rises himself and calls his family before sunrise, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. In nine cases out of ten, when his children arrive at his age, they will be called up by servants.

A meerschaum-pipe and bank-book always quarrel, and the upshot of the encounter generally is, that one puts the other out of doors.

Work harder at drilling rocks, for instance, if your employer never visits you than if he frequently does. He will know of your faithfulness when he pays for the drills.

The poverty of childhood is more frequently than otherwise the stepping stone to wealth.

It is better to eat one meal a day and pay for it, than to eat three and have two of them charged.

The larger your account with Trust, the sooner Debt will take your business into his hands.

It costs a poor man more to let his children wander in their every day clothing, Sabbath days, than it does to dress them for church.

Want is a far less uncomfortable companion than debt.

Never envy a rich neighbor; his boys will drive your children's carriages.

A poor man's character is worth two dollars to him, where his hands are worth one.

A full purse and a brandy bottle rarely occupy opposite pockets in the same coat.

Never dodge a dirty job. The richest deposits of gold are frequently overlaid by the deepest debris.

It Can't be Done.

In all the business of life do we hear this complaint made by the doubting ones, who find it easier to be content with things as they are, than to exert themselves to secure them as they should be. The progressive man meets these doubters at every step, and finds them oftimes the most serious obstacles in his path. As it is not their nature to keep out of the way, but to constantly intrude their presence, he must from necessity jostle them aside or stride over their mighty pretensions. It is time and breath wasted to argue with them. They are already convinced, and generally lack sufficient wisdom to change their opinions. If in spite of their doleful croakings, he gets by and beyond them, they catch at his coat skirts or follow in his wake belittling and deriding his most eminent success. We have no idea of attempting to remodel the world; neither to rid ourselves of any people in it. If, however, we were inclined to undertake such an enterprise we should naturally pay our respects, negatively, to just this class. Some of them are tolerably successful in their own specialties, and were they able to see beyond their own circumscribed limits, might comprehend that there are a few other people in the world equally as smart and successful as themselves, and that all are devoted to the same class of labour. With these we would adopt some heroic treatment to extend the vision. The balance of the crew we would quietly shelve; put them aside, so far aside that their bemoanings should never more annoy; so far that when they shouted "It can't be done," the sound would be lost in space long ere it reached the intended victims. "Can't be done!" We say it can be done; and we mean that anything within the scope of human capacity may be done here, in this country, this Province, this county, this town; anywhere as well as anywhere else, if the proper energy, the proper intelligence, and the proper agencies be employed. We don't want to hear from any quarter, especially in Orillia, the winning or the doubting cry: "It can't be done."

WHO keeps company with a wolf will learn to howl.

IN consequence of the great scarcity and high price of speckled trout, the finest panfish known to epicures, it is in contemplation by a number of gentlemen to form a joint stock company to purchase and build a pond and breeding establishment as near as practicable to the city of Hamilton. Not only will the enterprise afford amusement to those who are fond of piscatorial sport, but will make a profitable return to those who invest.