THE ADVANCE.

One of the leading Local and Family Newspapers in Northern Ontario. Published

Every Thursday,

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FLESHERTON.

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T. ROBERMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Brantford

MINERS IN A FIX.

Thirty Miners Entombed in a Flooded Slope — Desperate Efforts for Their Rescue—Hopes of Their Being Rescued Alive.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. — The water in the Susquehanna River at Nanticoke broke through the overworkings of No. 1 slope of the Susquehanna Coal Company this morning. The alarm was at once sent through the workings, and the men hurried to the mouth of the slope and escaped. A number of Hungarian miners are missing.

A later despatch says: The disaster is more appalling than was at first anticipated. The theory that the water broke through the bed of the river has been dispelled by the fact that the place whence the water came is over 4,000 feet from the Susquehanna. In tracing the water it was discovered that it flowed from a pool on the surface in which it has collected from some springs near by. The water had then followed the rock to a fault in the seam, which was the first outlet for it. It then ran into the gangway and slopes, and thence into the lower working of No. 1 slope. When the water was discovered rushing into the slopes there were nearly 1,000 men and boys at work in the various openings, but at the particular spot where the water first appeared there were not over thirty persons at work at the time. It is reported that there are now about twenty men in the face of one of the gangways, who are shut in by water and rubbish that have accumulated in the west gangway of the second lift of the Ross seam. It is impossible to say what their fate will be. A rescuing party are now following the face of the chambers of that part of the gangway, which is filled with water and rubbish, with hopes of rescuing the men during the night. The officials say there is no danger of the men suffering, as they will get plenty of air from the faces of the chambers that are not filled. The pumps will be put into operation this evening. They have a capacity of removing 2,000 gallons of water per minute, and it is expected the mine will be clear by Monday next. Old miners are of opinion that the men who are shut up will be rescued alive.

Later.—At 10 o'clock this evening it is believed that there are no less then 30 men altogether in the slope, but no names can be given. The company are making every possible effort to reach the imprisoned men. The pumps are now at work and new ones are being rapidly put up. Another force of men have been sent down the air shaft, who will endeavor to cut through to the spot where the imprisoned men are believed to be. This work will be kept up until the fate of the men is known.

11.30 p.m.—The water has subsided and a large force of men are at work removing the quicksand that blocks the gangways. The rescuing party are now within forty feet of the men, and there are strong hopes of reaching them in time to save their lives. The damage to the mine will be extensive.

A VILE TRAGEDY.

Supposed Murder of a Family Burned in the Ruins of their House.

A last (Thursday) night's Detroit despatch says: The fire tragedy in the suburbs of this city, by which Frank Knoch, his wife and two children lost their lives yesterday morning, now proves to have been a murder of the most appalling character. A post-mortem on the remains was held this afternoon, the body of Frank Knoch being first examined. The forepart of the skull had been burned away, but the brain remained intact, and lodged firmly within it was a 22-calibre bullet, badly mis-shaped. The blood about the brain was coagulated, showing that death had taken place some time before his body was burned. The head of Mrs. Knoch was next examined, and a bullet found in her brain. There was no hemorrhage, and death must have occurred but a moment before her body was consumed in the flames. The bodies of the children showed no bullet marks. Dr. Owen, who conducted the examination, was positive, from the course the bullet took in Knoch's brain, that the pistol was held in the hand of some person other than himself. A hired man known as "Aleck," recently discharged by Knoch, was seen at Ecorse yesterday, where he entertained some strange companions at a saloon. In the course of frequent libations "Aleck" displayed a large roll of bills, and his appearance created suspicion. It was known in Ecorse, where Knoch had relatives and many acquaintances and friends, that this man "Aleck," whose other name is said to be Houser, had worked for Knoch, and must be acquainted with the habit the latter had of keeping money in the house. As soon as the result of the post-mortem examination was known the authorities were notified, and officers went to work. Houser will undoubtedly be apprehended on suspicion pending the fullest official inquiry.

A CRAZY MOTHER

Sets Fire to Her House, and is Burned to Death With Four Children.

An Olympia, W. T., despatch says; At Long Prairie, eight miles from here, Mrs. Miner, a relative of David Chambers, who has for some time manifested symptoms of insanity, last night saturated papers with coal oil and distributed them around the house, telling her children that she was wetting them with water. Early this morning she made the remark that she was about to kill the whole family, and her husband, fearing she was about to attempt his life, tried to put her out of the room, but on opening the door discovered that the house was in flames. Reaching the front door with one of his children, he found it locked and the key removed. He then ran to the back door and found it nailed up. Finally he and his little daughter succeeded in escaping through a window, but were both badly burned. The unfortunate woman and her remaining four children were burned to death.

Tin Roofs for Bee Hives.

Mr. John Rey, of East Saginaw, Mich., writes the *Bee Journal*: I have obtained only half a crop, or thirty-three pounds per colony, this season. I started last spring with twenty-five colonies, increased them to seventy-three during the season, and obtained eleven hundred pounds of extracted honey. I have sold five colonies, which leaves me sixty-eight; these I have packed in planer shavings on the summer stands. I contracted the most of my colonies down to seven and some to six Langstroth frames, and filled in the space and over the brood-frames with shavings. My colonies are strong in bees, and I left them thirty pounds of honey per colony to winter on, the most of which is white clover honey. The past summer I put tin roofs on my hives, and gave them two coats of paint, which makes a good roof, and costs only 13 cents per hive. I lost two colonies last winter just on account of leaky roofs, and for the value of those two colonies I could have roofed one hundred hives. I use the roofing tin 20 x 28 inches, and it is just the size for the ten frame Langstroth hive. I also use hooks for the covers of every one of my hives. To fasten and unfasten them is but the work of a moment, and less trouble than handling a large stone. My hives stand in the open air all the year round, except in midsummer, when I shade them with a large board, *a la* Heddon; for the tin roof draws too much heat from the sun.

They tell of a conductor in Georgia who has worn all the hair off the sides of his head by lifting his hat when he asks lady passengers for their tickets.

From a single acre you can gather 3,000 bushels of prime oysters, if you have the acre in the right place. This beats wheat raising by a large majority.

THE QUEEN OF SHOPLIFTERS.

Two Full Waggon Loads of Goods in Every Line of Trade Found in Her Rooms.

(Boston Despatch.)

A few weeks ago a woman of attractive appearance, who said her name was Mrs. Smith, hired two rooms in the dwelling house of Fred Maldt on Courtland street, Everett, about three miles from the business centre of Boston. She occupied the rooms regularly until November 3rd, being absent during the day, but always returning at night. Nothing peculiar about her conduct was noticed by the other occupants of the house except that she seemed to be making extensive purchases, as she always came home loaded with parcels. Her room remained as she had left it until a few days ago, when Mr. Maldt, desirous to move, wished to have the room vacated. The only explanation of his tenant's absence was the receipt of the following letter:

November 9th, 1885.

MRS. MALDT,—Mrs. Smith did not have time to come and tell you how she was going over to her old friend's house to stop a few weeks, for in fact she did not know at the time that she would be gone more than a few days, as she generally does. But Mrs. Thorndike was very busy getting ready to go to New York on some business, and was very anxious to have Mrs. Smith go with her, and if she does she may be gone quite a long time. She has probably written you herself, but if she has not she will certainly do so before she goes to New York. She called over to see me on her way from some shopping and gave me her address, so that if anything happened I should know where either to find you or address you. I am the only relative she has got living now, and am the only one that she would be likely to send anywhere or to give any directions to in any case. So please do not feel anxious or worried in the least. JANE E. WELDON.

Mr. Maldt at length notified the local authorities that they must take charge of Mrs. Smith's effects as abandoned property. The Everett officers requested Chief Wade, of the State police, to take charge of the goods and to make search for the owner. Detectives Rhodes and Moore went to the premises and were astonished to find a stock of goods covering a wider range in variety than was probably ever collected under one roof. It was apparent that the goods comprised the booty of one or more skilful thieves, and the officers decided to take the property to Boston for identification. A description of the woman who had occupied the room was obtained from the other tenants, and on investigation the police decided that she must be a woman who was sentenced for shoplifting a month ago. The picture of the shoplifter was obtained from Chief Hanscom's rogues' gallery and it was identified by the Everett people.

There are goods in her rooms in all the following lines: Jewellery, including a dozen diamond, ruby, amethyst and other rings, gold chains, lockets and pins set with precious stones; purses containing from $20 to $50 in money; boots and shoes, forty or fifty pairs of all descriptions; a great quantity of cut glass and china ware and ornaments; toys in an immense variety; druggists' goods, from a big bundle of liquorice and lot of perfumery to a fine collection of surgeons' knives; dry goods, including a large and valuable collection of laces, silks, velvets, satins, dress goods in entire pieces, and an immense quantity of buttons; a great quantity of hardware and tinware, including hatchets, clothes lines, fifty or more tin plates, about two hundred door keys and tin pans; fancy goods and knick-knacks in infinite variety, from stereoscopes to Noah's arks. The collection comprises thousands of articles of small bulk in every line of trade, and filled two waggons to their utmost capacity.

Jane E. Weldon, the thief who managed to carry away this mass of goods without detection, is a genuine kleptomaniac. No other explanation can be given for the theft of half the stuff in the collection. It has no possible value in the hands of dishonest holders, and even at public auction it would be difficult to get a bid for many of the articles. The woman has a notorious record for work of this sort in New York and elsewhere, and has several aliases. In addition to the articles named there were found bank books, shares of railroad stock, and other securities amounting to a considerable sum in her name. She is a woman of attractive appearance, and about 35 years old. Some detectives who have followed her career believe an insane asylum would be a more appropriate place for her confinement than a penal institution.

The woman is the wife of Frank Weldon. In 1875 she was arrested in Chelsea on suspicion of being concerned in the abduction of Charley Ross. In 1878 she was arrested for shoplifting, and sentenced to three years in the reformatory prison. At that time $1,400 worth of stolen goods were found in her room on Pleasant street. On May 10th, 1882, she was again arrested for shoplifting, and sentenced to two years in the reformatory prison.

ARTIFICIAL EGGS.

Manufactured Hen-Fruit Which Can Only Be Detected by Boiling It.

A New York despatch says: A number of dealers in eggs and produce in Paterson were called on, on Saturday last, by a man representing himself as Garrett Onderdonk, of Rockland county, New York. He sold each of the dealers a lot of "fresh country eggs" at a remarkably low figure. The eggs were delivered by another man, to whom the dealers refused payment. Yesterday Onderdonk called for his money, but was arrested under an act prohibiting the sale of adulterated food. He was fined $50 and costs. The eggs were artificial, and were manufactured by a firm in Newark. The shells were made of a clear, transparent composition, and the shape was perfectly modeled. The portion surrounding the yolk was made of albumen and the yolk itself of ground carrot and saffron. The eggs were tested and found to scramble well, and in an omelet there was no perceptible difference between the real and artificial eggs, but when boiled they are easily detected, as the yolk and surrounding white portion do not harden separately, as in real eggs.

Europeans Murdered by Burmese.

A London cable says: Eleven Europeans who were working for the Bombay & Burmah Trading Company, employed in Chindwin forest, on learning of the rupture between the Burmese and Indian Governments, tried to reach Manipoor On the 20th of November they were overtaken and murdered by Burmese troops in a steamer belonging to the King, and commanded by a palace official named Thandhawmoung. It is alleged Tynedah, the Burmese Prime Minister, was implicated in the massacre. The inhabitants of Rangoon are indignant at Tynedah being allowed to retain his office. Thandhawmoung, after the murder, returned to Mandalay, where he circulated a report of his own death. His arrest has not yet been attempted by the British authorities.

Money in a Tree.

Elijah Abram, an Indian, was splitting up a tree for rails near Frome, Elgi county, when seventeen pieces of copper and silver coin fell out, worth $10 or $12. These coins were concealed in an inch and a quarter auger hole, over which the tree had grown in thickness about four inches. On the outside no traces of the hole could be seen. From the growth of the tree since the boring of the hole it is supposed that the coins were put in there not later than 1812.

A Canadian M.P. Robbed.

Wilfred Lawson, a young man, whose father keeps a hotel in the township of Gloucester, was arraigned before Mr. Rochon, J.P., at Ottawa yesterday for the theft of $825 from Mr. Donald Macmaster, M.P. The alleged theft is said to have taken place on December 10th. Detective O'Neill has charge of the case for the prosecution. The prisoner was remanded until next Tuesday, bail being refused.

FELL AMONG THIEVES.

A London Merchant Among the Bunco Steerers.

The New York *World* of yesterday says: "Grand Central Pete," the best known bunco man in the city since Hungry Joe's conviction, was a prisoner at Jefferson Market yesterday for indulging in the old game. A country merchant whom "Pete" had gracefully "steered" into a bunco den was in court to see that justice was done and to get back if possible $90 which he had lost. The countryman, Mr. John Cryer, dressed in a heavy, fur-trimmed overcoat, came from London, Ont., and stopped at the Astor House. He was walking past the Post-office yesterday when he was accosted by "Pete?"

"You come from Canada, don't you?"

"I did," answered the merchant, cautiously.

"From Montreal?" ventured the bunco man.

"No; I came from London." This information was followed up by: "Oh—why, yes; you are Mr. Jones, of London."

"No; my name is Cryer—John Cryer."

"I beg your pardon. I see I have made a mistake. I took you for another man," said Pete, as he excused himself and went to carry out the oft-repeated programme of posting his "pal," whom he sent to make the acquaintance of the out-of-town merchant. The second bunco man met Mr. Cryer near the City Hall Park and thus greeted him:

"Hello, Cryer, is that you? Glad to meet you."

"Glad to meet—but who are you?" inquired the merchant.

"Why, I am a friend of Mr. Taylor in London."

"I know Mr. Taylor well."

"Of course; I know you well; would you mind taking a parcel to him when you go home?" The merchant said he would be very willing to oblige his old friend. The confidence man then led him to where he had the package, a den in a street off Broadway—just where, the merchant is unable now to tell. As they entered the bunco-shop two men were engaged playing cards; the merchant's alleged friend sat down and took a hand at the cards and won. The merchant was asked to take a hand, but declined, as he never bet nor played cards. The man who was beaten in the game drew out a $10 bill and asked for change; the merchant's friend asked the merchant if he would oblige with change. Saying he would, the man in furs took out a roll of $90, and as he was extracting two $5 bills his friend snatched the roll and ran out with it. He got up from his seat to follow the thief when a man rushed in front of him saying:

"I am a reporter. What is this; how is this? Tell me all about it," thus delaying Mr. Cryer five minutes, during which time the confidence thief had escaped. Mr. Cryer started for his hotel to think over his experience. After dinner he started out and walked up Broadway. He met his first acquaintance, "Grand Central Pete," and caused his arrest. Mr. Cryer was asked if Pete was the man who stole his money. He said no, but Pete was the one that got his family history out of him. As there was no evidence against the prisoner that he took part in the robbery he was discharged. Pete gave his name as Peter Lane, but he is also known as Peter Lake.

Late Scottish News.

The Marquis of Lothian has been elected President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge on the 30th ult. Sir A. Campbell, of Blythswood, was re-elected Grand Master Mason of Scotland.

The shipbuilding trade on the Clyde is gradually improving. The vessels on hand number 72, with a gross estimated tonnage of 140,000.

The Deacons' Court of Newington Free Church, Edinburgh, have adopted a resolution to erect in the lobby of the church a memorial to the memory of their late esteemed pastor, Rev. Dr. Begg.

At the Edinburgh High Court of Justiciary, on the 30th ult., Robert Donald, lieutenant in the Coldstream Volunteers, pleaded guilty to embezzling over £112 belonging to the corps, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

Among the remains disturbed by the excavations now going on in connection with the restoration of the West Church, Stirling, are those of the Rev. John Russel, the famous minister of Kilmarnock, celebrated in Burns' "Holy Fair."

Lewis Munro and Peter Moran, young men, were on the 28th ult. in Govan engaged in a friendly sparring match with gloves, when Munro fell and became insensible. He continued in this state till the 4th inst., when he died. Moran is in custody.

At Inverness Free Presbytery, on the 1st inst., Rev. Dr. Black said raffling at bazaars was dishonoring God, while the Rev. Mr. McTavish considered that the idea of gambling for the cause of God was enough to make any Christian man thrill from head to foot.

An Apple Diet for Tramps.

Tramps who are fond of a nice apple ought to find life worth living over in New England this season, in the opinion of the New York *Tribune*. From all sides comes the statement with trustworthy vouchers that the apple crop down East is unnecessarily large—so large that unless the brotherhood of tramps nobly come to the rescue a considerable portion of it must go to waste. In some parts of Connecticut the farmers have not attempted to gather all the apples that are coming to them, and the information comes that in and around Waterbury "everybody has lived upon apples, apples raw, apples baked, apples stewed, apples coddled and apple pies." It is evident that this is the tramp's golden opportunity. Apples are healthy and nourishing, and New England raises the Macedonian cry, come over and help us eat them. The eyes of the country are on the tramp, and the general feeling is that he will respond to the best expectations.

Fell Dead While Tying His Horses.

Philip Laird, a respected and well-known farmer living three miles from Burford, fell dead on the street in Burford about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mr. Laird had just returned from Brantford with his wife, and stopped at a store to make some purchases. While tying his horses he fell down dead. His sudden death is attributed to appoplexy. The deceased was a brother of the Rev. W. H. Laird, of Woodstock, late of Toronto.

A Buffalo woman has the enviable distinction of being the only American lady who was ever impaled on a deer's antlers and escaped alive. She was saved by the magnitude and reliability of her bustle. But the stag was killed before he could disentangle himself.

Geyer, Wagner's stepfather wanted to make young Wagner a painter; but the boy was very awkward at drawing. He says: "I had learned to play 'Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit' and the 'Jungfern kranz (Freischutz), which was then quite new. The day before his death (Sept. 30, 1821) I had to play these to Geyer in an adjoining room, and I heard him faintly saying to my mother, 'Do you think he might have a gift for music?'" At the age of 14 Wagner secretly began to write a grand tragedy. It was made up of "Hamlet" and "Lear," forty-two men died, and some of them had to return as ghosts to keep the fifth act going.

A tramp, when arrested, gave his residence as "all over."

IRISH HOME RULE.

Gladstone's Latest Declaration on the Scheme.

ORANGEMEN WILL FIGHT AGAINST IT.

A London cable says: The excitement throughout Great Britain on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland continues without abatement. Newspapers of all shades of opinion and politics are urging Mr. Gladstone to speak definitely in regard to his plans. The late Premier, in response to a telegram sent yesterday asking him for information with reference to the Irish Home Rule scheme, which it is reported he has had under consideration for some time, replied as follows: "From my public declarations at Edinburgh respecting the government of Ireland, you will see that I have no further communication to make." It will be remembered that in the speech referred to by Mr. Gladstone, which he delivered on November 17th, he said in effect, in reply to Mr Parnell's suggestion to give local self-government to Ireland, that when he learns through a constitutional channel what the wishes of Ireland are he will give them attentive consideration, but that he cannot gain this knowledge until the new Parliament meets.

Mr. George J. Goschen, who belongs to the Whig branch of the Liberal party, telegraphed, in answer to an inquiry to-day, that he maintained his hitherto expressed convictions against Irish Home Rule, and that he could not comment on any scheme of that nature until such scheme had been fully declared.

The Marquis of Hartington, who was Secretary of War in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, declares that he has not approved of the scheme, as has been intimated.

Mr. Macartney (Conservative) declares that the adoption of any form of Home Rule would be an indirect violation of the constitution, under the provisions of which thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen have invested money in Ireland. To grant Ireland Home Rule, he says, would be to betray the minority in Ireland, and the English people would be held responsible for the consequences.

Mr. John O'Connor Power (Nationalist), in an interview to-day, approved of the scheme, which, he said, was a fair one, and was based on the scheme of Mr. Isaac Butt, a former Irish leader. Mr. Power did not, however, approve of the proposition that the Crown, as a guarantee, should have the right to nominate a portion of the members of the Irish Parliament. That proposition he characterized as too absurd for serious consideration. He added that Mr. Parnell's candid acceptance of the scheme would be necessary in order to justify the Government in introducing such a measure.

An immense Loyalist demonstration was held at Armagh to-day. Several addresses were made by prominent Loyalists. The gathering was characterized by some very enthusiastic expressions in opposition to the Home Rule doctrine, and the meeting adopted a series of resolutions expressive of its belief that resort to Home Rule principles would be certain, sooner or later, to eventuate in actual civil war, and exhorting the Loyalist party to go to the utmost length in resisting the efforts of the Home Rule advocates. The resolutions also commended the Loyalists in Ireland to the full and deserved sympathy of all Protestants throughout the British kingdom. The speakers were bold and defiant in declaring their views on the pending political situation, and more than one of them boasted with a degree of earnestness that aroused repeated cheers from the listeners, that the Loyalist party in Ireland was ready to meet whatever issue might be presented. "The Ulster Orangemen are ready to come to the front," said one of the speakers, amid great applause, "and when their services are wanted sixty thousand men can readily be put into the field for active service in defence of the cause of loyalty to the Government."

Parnell has again mysteriously disappeared, just as he did on the eve of the enforcement of the Coercion Act. Even his nearest colleagues do not know where he is, or what is his address.

A London cable says: The opinions of the various leaders have been sought on the subject of the Irish Home Rule proposal, which has caused a great sensation in political circles. The *Pall Mall Gazette* having alleged that Earl Spencer had acquiesced in the scheme, Earl Spencer telegraphs, "No scheme of Home Rule has received my approval." Mr. Childers telegraphs that he has no knowledge whatever of Mr. Gladstone's alleged proposals. Sir Charles Dilke says it is premature to discuss the subject. Mr. Healy says he cannot express an opinion on the subject before his party meets. Mr. O'Connor declares that Ireland will not be satisfied with less than Canada enjoys, and will not contribute to the British exchequer. Mayor Sullivan, of Dublin, says: "I cannot understand how any assembly can save what landlords call their interests. They will perish by the inexorable law of nature. The minority creed of politics is as safe in Ireland as in England. Large Home Rule will be more certain to work satisfactorily to both parties." Chamberlain says that if Parnell should approach the Liberal party in a reasonable and considerate spirit, they would fairly and impartially examine any proposal he might make, and adopt them if they agreed with Gladstone's principles. Earl Granville, being asked his opinion on the reported Home Rule scheme, said: "Mr. Gladstone's message in regard to the *Standard's* allegations is sufficient; it is needless for myself to say more."

Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham to-night, claimed that the bulk of the Liberal members of the House of Commons were Radicals, and that the future policy of the party would therefore be a Radical policy. He doubted whether it would be wise for the Liberals to accept office until the Tories had drunk to its dregs the cup of humiliation. He confirmed the statement made in these despatches of Saturday last, and said that the Parnellites were making overtures, not to Mr. Gladstone. The speaker warned Parnellites, Whigs and Radicals equally to maintain the integrity of the Empire. The United States Government, he said, poured out blood and treasure like water, and fought and won the greatest contest of modern times to preserve union. If Englishmen retained the courage and stubborn determination which were the ancient characteristics of the race, and both of which were so conspicuously displayed in the American struggle, they would not allow temptation and threats to shake their resolve to maintain unimpaired an effective union of the three kingdoms.

A London special says: Parnell has won. Yesterday's news removes the last doubt that Gladstone will concede Home Rule of a sweeping kind. Of course, the details of the eventual compromise are unknown; but it is believed that beyond stipulating for free trade and exacting guarantees of protection for the loyal minority in Ireland, everything will be yielded to Parnell. As the Gladstone programme is outlined it contains a proviso that Ireland shall continue to send members to Westminster, but it is likely that he will give way on this point, as the Irish do not wish Imperial representation. There will be a Dublin Parliament, supreme over Irish affairs, over police, taxation, courts, and all internal matters. This much seems certain; but how it will be brought about is doubtful. There is no question of Gladstone's ability to carry the great bulk of Liberals for the measure, and the Liberal papers are rapidly vaulting to the Home Rule side, but whether it will be done while the Liberals are in opposition or after their return to power it is not seen. Lord Salisbury has it in his power to dissolve Parliament before the thing is done, and it is quite likely that he will do this, going to the country on a strenuous anti-Irish cry. There is immense excitement in London over the news, and a despatch from Dublin says the public is intensely enthusiastic.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says: It is reasonable for England to require a guarantee for the protection of the landlord's legitimate interests. The most hopeful scheme is for the Irish Parliament to purchase the land, repaying England by annuity, England to apportion the purchase money and Ireland to deal with the tenants. Failure to pay the annuity to the Imperial Exchequer would virtually imperil Ireland's independence. Therefore, it is imperative to encourage Irish industries, which English legislation and unfair competition by English capitalists have destroyed; but we are willing to restrict the power of protection in order to assure England that our purpose is not a hostile one. We wish Mr. Gladstone godspeed. We beseech Irishmen to remember his difficulties and to be prepared to accept a reasonable compromise on our extreme rights, if a sacrifice of our principal rights be not involved."

The foregoing article was inspired by Parnell.

The *Standard* (Tory) deplores Gladstone's political profligacy.

The *Morning Post* (Tory) predicts a civil war.

Turf.

FAMOUS HORSE ANCESTORS

In William's campaign in Ireland in 1689 a certain Capt. Byerly was well carried by an entire Turkish charger, who, when the war was over, became the first in chronological order of the three eastern sires to whom every thoroughbred on the turf traces back its origin in the direct male line. The most famous of his descendants in recent times have been Wild Dayrell, the Flying Dutchman, Buccaneer and Kisber. Queen Anne and her consort, Prince George of Denmark, the phlegmatic "est-il possible?" of the revolution, were well mated in their love for horses; the Queen, we are told by Swift, drove like a Jehu. She won a plate at York two days before she died. In her reign, or just before it, the Darley Arabian was imported, a horse who, through his great-great-grandson, the illustrious Eclipse, was the ancestor of most of the racing stock in England. He was the sire of Flying Childers, who was the hero horse of the eighteenth century, until Col. O'Kelley's Eclipse enriched the English language with a new proverb. In or about 1729 the Goldolphin Barb is said to have left the shafts of a cart in Paris to become famous in story as the third and last of the three eastern sires referred to. His descendants in the direct male line, says Count Lehndorff, are now in danger of dying out in England, being here represented by the Melbourne family only. Melbourne's only great son, West Australian, was sold into France, and there the most successful stallion of the family, his son Ruy Blas, is located. On the other hand, as Lehndorff remarks, no sire has begotten daughters superior to Melbourne's, whether as performers on the turf or as brood mares.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Still Tongue.

An old, experienced Wall street banker remarked, in course of conversation with a reporter of one of our exchanges, a few days ago, that "a still tongue was often a fortune." The idea he wished to convey was that men who talked too much expose the secrets of their business. A silent man is generally the safest adviser; he thinks before he speaks, and weighs well his words. Some men are as ready with their opinions as a hungry man for dinner; all that is required is the opportunity to air them. Others are so voluble they tell all they know about their own business, and their neighbors' as well. Generally, you can take the measure of an inveterate talker, as it's wind and froth. On the other hand, the man who holds his tongue is not easily fathomed. "Still water runs deep," with but little noise and friction, while the shallows foam and fret with constant tumult.

As a rule, the silent man is methodical, painstaking, careful. He weighs his words and pounds accurately. In business he makes no fuss or parade; he transacts it, however, with diligence and prudence. Brag and vanity are twins; together they were born and together they will die.

Conceit and boasting are poor elements in trade; airs put on as soon as a little money is made usually have a chill. Boasting of big profits and a speedy fortune to every listener shows a lack of good sense and sound judgment. Men have been hung on their own testimony, and merchants have failed from too much tongue.

Why should the secrets of the store or counting-room be proclaimed on the street corner? A merchant's knowledge of his business is the safest in his own breast. If he is making money, the fact will disclose itself soon enough, in a solid, substantial way. If you must have a confidant let it be your wife. She is entitled to it, and is your help-mate.

Josh Billings and His Dog.

It is told of Josh Billings that once tramping with a yellow dog as his companion, he fell among some Yale boys in a Connecticut village hotel. They took him for a farmer from way-back, and set out to have some fun with him. On their inquiring with affected interest after the health of his wife and children, Josh, with counterfeited simplicity, gave them a graphic account of his family and farm. "O! course you belong to the Church!" asked one of the boys. "Yes, and my father and grandfather before me." "Now, I suppose you would not tell a lie," said one of the students. "Not for the world." "What will you take for that dog?" pointing to Josh's cur, which was crouching beneath the chair. "I won't take $20 for that dog." "Twenty dollars! Why, he's not worth 20 cents." "I assure you I would not take $20 for him." "Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, was bent on having some fun with the old man. "Now, you say you won't tell a lie for the world. Let me see if you will not do it for $20. I'll give you $20 for your dog." "I'll not take it." "You will not? Here, let me see if this will not tempt you to lie," added the student producing a small bag of half-dollars, which he built up in small piles on the table. Josh was sitting by the table, with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "there are $20, all in silver; I will give you that for the animal." Josh quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and, as quick as thought, scattered all the money into it except one half-dollar, and then exclaimed: "I won't take your $20. Nineteen and a half is as much as that dog is worth; he is your property!"

The expression "cool as a cucumber" now rests upon a solid scientific basis. In a recent study upon the heat of fever an English investigator, while seeking for certain analogies in plants, took the temperature of the popular esculent at various stages of its growth and found it to be about one degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere. But the rule holds good for young cucumbers only. Venerable specimens were two degrees warmer.

Leaving Baden-Baden a fortnight ago, "I hope," said Kaiser Williams to the burgomaster, "to see you again next year. I have often before said the same thing; but at my age it is impossible to lay out any more plans. It is, in fact, very problematical if I shall ever come among you again, but I hope at least to do so."

Butcher—Porterhouse steak, madam. New landlady—No, boarding house.

ROW IN A SHEBEEN.

One Man Fatally Stabbed and Two Seriously Wounded.

A last (Thursday) night's Kingston despatch says: Last night a serious stabbing affray occurred in the Scott Act town of Renfrew. Three young men, Mitchell Conway and Edward and Michael Mulvahill, went into a place where whiskey was sold on the sly, and after they had spent all their money and become intoxicated they were ordered to leave the premises, but refused to do so. The result was that a number of ruffians suddenly appeared on the scene armed with clubs and attacked the young men viciously. The latter fought desperately, and during the *melee* each of them was stabbed in several places, and owing to loss of blood they all fell exhausted on the floor. The noise attracted a crowd, and when the pools of blood were discovered a doctor was called in. He found the victims all stretched out at full length side by side on the floor and very weak. They are all dangerously wounded, but it is thought two of them will recover. Conway died this evening. An effort has been made to discover who used the knife, but thus far the criminal has not been found out, and no arrests have been made. There is great excitement in the town, and the people are so incensed against the man who sold the liquor, and who, it is said, has been selling it illegally ever since the Scott Act was passed, that threats to lynch him were freely made.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless infliction of your loathsome disease?

Rev. T. B. Wilson, of the Muskegon Congregational Church, can do several things besides preach good sermons. He plays the flute angelically—nearly played his way through college with it—writes scientific articles for the magazines, and gets a royalty from a patent cuff button of his invention.

Ladies Who Shave!

It will occasion you surprise to learn that many ladies make a practice of using the razor. Nevertheless it is a literal fact, as many brothers and husbands can testify. Why should it be considered unwomanly to use a razor, especially to shave down troublesome corns. The only reason against the practice is because a new and a brighter era has dawned upon the sufferers from corns, for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by its prompt, painless action, has done away with the necessity of resorting to the dangerous practice of using the razor. Try Putnam's and be satisfied that it is the best and surest corn cure. Beware of imitations.

The Sampoel tribe of Indians, who occupy the reservation between the Spokane and Nespielum rivers, are said to be the most advanced and civilized race of Indians on the Pacific coast. Their boast is that never has one of their tribe shed the blood of a white man.

"I would not live alway." No; not if disease is to make my life a daily burden. But it need not, good friend, and will not if you will be wise in time. How many of our loved ones are mouldering in the dust who might have been spared for years. The slight cough was unheeded, the many symptoms of disease that lurked within were slighted and death came. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cannot recall the dead though it has snatched numbers from the verge of the grave, and will cure consumption in its earlier stages.

Dr. Bradley, the cocaine victim, is reported to be steadily improving at the Washingtonian Home in Chicago. The physician having his case in charge expects Bradley's complete recovery if the latter will remain in the Home long enough.

It Saved My Wife's Life.

This is the report of a Princess street gentlemen who had the opportunity a few nights since of testing Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Be prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Nerviline at hand. It only costs 10 cents to test it, as you can buy test bottles at any drug store. Get a 10 or 25 cent bottle to-day. Sure in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, colic, headache. Nerviline, the sure pop pain cure. All druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

"Step right into the parlor and make yourself at home," said the 9 year-old son of the editor to his sister's best young man. "Take the rocking chair and help yourself to the album. Helen Louise is up-stairs and won't be down for some time yet—has to make up her form, you know, before going to press."

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise. Address, WORLD'S D