THE ADVANCE.

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

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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Copy for advertisements should reach this office not later than noon on Tuesday to ensure insertion in current issue.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

GORDON'S HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Stoves & Holoware in Stock.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

EUGENIA Grist Mill,

SAW and Lath Mill.

Having made extensive improvements in my Grist Mill, I am confident I can give good satisfaction.

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Good Flour always on hand.

Custom Sawing,

and Bills filled on the shortest notice. Lumber and Lath always on hand.

Cash Paid for WHEAT & OATS.

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Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

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Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

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TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. ROBINSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

A TORONTO TRAGEDY.

Dreadful Ending to Unhappy Married Life.

A MAN SHOOTS HIS WIFE AND THEN SUICIDES

A terrible tragedy was enacted in the northeastern section of Toronto yesterday just as the afternoon was closing. No. 510 Parliament street, opposite the gates of the St. James' cemetery, was the scene of the affair. Charles Reid, a drunken, worthless man, shot his wife with a revolver twice and then shot himself. Mrs. Reid is living and may recover, but the would-be murderer is no more. Ten years ago the two were married. Mrs. Reid was left $2,000 by her father. The temptation to squander this little sum was beyond Reid's powers of resistance, and in about a year's time his wife's little fortune had disappeared and he had made himself a worthless drunkard. Then, it is said, he began to abuse his wife. On the advice of her friends she separated from him. The would-be murderer and suicide continued to hang round town. He haunted the hotels, and was known as a boarding-house beat and a gentleman of leisure. Mrs. Reid went out in the afternoon yesterday, and on returning home shortly before 5 o'clock was told by a boy named Norman Poucher, who lives in the house, that a man had called during her absence and asked for her. He gave the name of Hodge. Mrs. Reid suspected that it was either her husband or an accomplice of his. Reid made his appearance, walking into the hallway without knocking. He was under the influence of liquor. His wife would not speak to him, but he insisted on being heard and shoved himself into the dining-room. "You have not used me right," he said, with a drunken simper. Desirous of getting rid of him, Mrs. Reid despatched young Poucher for a policeman, while she sent a young lady, who was staying there on a visit, after some of the neighbors. Reid returned to annoy his wife, and becoming enraged at her silence, drew a revolver, rushed up alongside of her and presented it at her breast. Greatly agitated, the woman knocked the ruffian's arm up just as he pulled the trigger. The weapon did not explode, but the next second Reid levelled it again at the pale and trembling woman. There was a sharp report and a bullet lodged in her left arm near the elbow. Reid followed this with another shot, the leaden missile this time taking effect in his helpless victim's neck. She fell back on the lounge insensible and bleeding. Thinking that he had finished his murderous work and sent his wife to the other world, the fiend shot himself through the head and sank to the floor. Miss Watson returned with assistance only to witness the wife and the husband lying as she thought dead in their own blood. Police and physicians were summoned and Mrs. Reid was put in bed. The bullet in the arm was extracted. Dr. Brent probed for the other in the neck, but did not come across it. On account of the patient's weak condition he refrained from further search. The murderous husband still lay insensible on the bloodstained carpet, with the warm red liquid oozing out of a big wound in the side of his head. The bullet must have imbedded itself in his brain. Detective Redburn had him removed in the ambulance to the General Hospital, where he died at 8 30, having never rallied.

A WONDERFUL KEY,

With Which Queen Victoria Opened the Great Exhibition in London.

A London cablegram says: The Queen symbolically opened the Indian and Colonial Exhibition on Tuesday by handing "Our Son" the key of it, which the Prince received with the grace becoming the Grand Master of the Freemasons. For only a moment he held it up in its case to the public view. It is well worth a minute description. Imagine it half a foot long, made of burnished gold, set off with enamel and a variety of jewels, the bow being hexagonal in shape. In the centre of the hexagon, as seen from one side, is a golden representation of the head of a lion in high relief, langued with ruby, crowned and set in red enamel surrounded with a band of white enamel, with the inscription, "The Colonial and Indian Exhibition." From this central circle radiate to the angles of the hexagon six shields in raised blue enamel, each bearing a symbol in gold of the colony or dependency, the animals chosen being the sheep, elephant, tiger, opossum, beaver and buffalo. At the bow end of the key and surmounting the bow is the Imperial crown, the band of which is jewelled with rubies and emeralds. The pin of the key as it leaves the hexagon starts from a centre of four elephants' heads, whose trunks form a socket on either side of the bow. The radiating shields are of yellow gold, and bear the names of several of the colonies, whose symbols are on the obverse, and in the centre is a small nugget of gold. The key is not merely an emblem of the State ceremony, but is also a master key to all the doors of the Exhibition. Next week the Queen opens the Liverpool Exhibition.

A MOTHER'S DARING.

Heroic Conduct of a Widow Lady in Trying to Save Her Offspring.

A Fort Scott (Kansas) despatch says: About 1 o'clock Lamb's dam broke and an immense body of water uniting with the already swollen brook rushed down the valley. The house occupied by Sarah Brown, a widow, was struck by the torrent and swept 100 yards down the stream, where it lodged among the trees. Mrs. Brown and four of her children were in it. The water rose rapidly around it to a depth of several feet. The mother held her six months' old infant in her arms above the water, leaving her older children to care for themselves. She suddenly noticed that her 5-year-old boy was drowning, and in attempting to save him the infant slipped from her arms and was drowned before aid could reach it. The remainder of the family were rescued.

THE RAIDERS' FATAL MISTAKE

A Bottle of Carbolic Acid Taken and Drank for Whiskey.

A Chicago despatch says: The fact developed to-night that when Rosenfeld's drug store was raided by the mob on Wednesday and the rabble seized upon every bottle that had the appearance of being a receptacle of spirits, a large bottle of carbolic acid was among the others carried away, and owing to its general resemblance to whiskey it was passed from hand to hand after the raid and drank by half a dozen or more of the mob. The acid began to take effect as soon as it entered the stomachs of the rioters, and in spite of the best efforts of the doctors two of the drinkers have died and three more are at death's door.

General Longstreet, now a silver-haired veteran, went to see how he was represented in the cyclorama of the second battle of Bull Run in Washington the other day. He was there portrayed, with locks much blacker than he wears now, in a group of officers around General Lee. Being asked his opinion of the scene, he said: "Well, it seems to be about all here except the run."

Several Mormon missionaries have been mobbed in various parts of Switzerland and they have determined to abandon for the present their proselytizing efforts in that country.

—Professor—Are you at theorem B or C, Mr. Beckworthy. Mr. B.—I guess I am a sea.

THE WESTERN SLAUGHTER.

Five More of the Wounded Chicago Policemen Beyond Hope of Recovery.

THE BOMB-THROWER A REVOLUTIONARY AGENT.

Wisconsin's Governor Determined to Preserve Peace at all Hazards.

MILWAUKEE, May — Residents of the southern portion of the city who were astir at an early hour this morning noticed a great number of Poles who had participated in yesterday's riots at Bay View, singly and in pairs, making their way towards the large Polish Church in that section of the city. By 6 a. m. four hundred men were assembled, each bearing a huge club, iron bar, or some other implement of warfare. The men were formed into line, and at the order proceeded in the direction of Bay View, raising the cry as they went, "Kill the militia and burn the mills." Being apprised of the mob's coming, Major Traemur ordered the four companies under his command to form inside the rolling mills enclosure, where they had been in camp during the night, and stationed them in the best possible position to check the attacking mob. As the latter approached they were ordered to stop. No heed was given and Major Traemur repeated the order. Again the crowd, which was now about fifteen hundred strong, ignored the caution and pushed toward the bridge. The order to fire was then given, and as nearly as could be learned the four companies emptied their guns with a steady aim at the throng. Seeing several of their number fall wounded or dead, the mob threw themselves flat on the ground and sought the shelter of the railroad embankment. The result of the first volley having such a salutary effect, the militia again stacked their arms, and a squad of police assisted the wounded.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The killed and wounded were as follows:

Killed—Michael Ruchalski, married, laborer; Francz Kunkel, aged 64, shot through the heart while feeding chickens in his yard; Johann Wasseska, laborer; Martin Jankowiski, laborer.

The following are mortally wounded—A. Erdman, C. Dudik, Frank Nowalza, aged 13.

John Osinzki, aged 28, and Fred. Goldbeh are not seriously wounded.

The rioters in greater part retreated to the section of the city where they reside. The excitement there reached a high pitch, and threats of vengeance were heard on every corner. In the western portion of the city the German Socialists have caused the police and the militia reserve at the armory a great amount of trouble. Three times have they been called to Milwaukee Garden to disperse a crowd of 2,000 or more strikers and Socialists, each time the vigorous use of policemen's clubs upon the heads and backs of the mob being necessary. The rioters, or those of Polish nationality at least, proceeded to sack the residence of Capt. Barchardt, of the Kosciusko Guard, leaving it a complete wreck. The infuriated Polanders then assembled near the Polish church, and it is rumored decided to arm themselves and make a raid on the militia at Bay View Mills this afternoon.

ANOTHER DISTURBANCE.

While the trouble was going on at Bay View a large crowd of Socialists and strikers assembled at Milwaukee Garden and were preparing to carry out a programme of riot and destruction, but sixty policemen and three infantry companies were despatched and cleared the premises. The mob then re-assembled and proceeded to Best's brewery, where a disturbance took place, in which it was necessary to resort to firing, but so far as known no one was killed, though it is believed several of the rioters were wounded. The city is in a state of excitement unequalled at any time since the present trouble commenced.

LATEST LIST OF VICTIMS.

Of the policemen hurt with pieces of the bursting boom and the bullets fired at them during last night's affray, John Diegan and Nicholas Shannon are dead.

The following officers are believed to be fatally wounded, but were still alive at 7 p.m.: Jacob Hansen, Nelson Hansen, John Barrett, George Miller.

The following twenty-four officers who sustained serious and possibly fatal injuries are at the County Hospital: Thomas McHenry, Henry Weinkle, S. McMahon, B. F Schnell, John H. King, John Doyle, Henry Smith, Thomas Hennessy Joseph Worman, Jas Brady, C. W. Whitney, Bernard Murphy, Timothy Flavin, Laurence Murphy, Peter Bullerty, Tim O Sullivan, P. E. McNulty, Michael Horan, August Keller, Alex Jameson, James Stanton, Patrick Hartford, James Barber, Wm. Burnes.

The citizens wounded and at the County Hospital are James Lse, a looker on; Thomas Nolan, one of the mob; Michael Hahn, Joseph Hahn, Robert Scullen, John Lepland, John Fraser, Frank Rush, Peter Ley, John Sachen, August Jacob, Joseph Konutchies, Charles Schumacker and Emil Tutz.

This does not comprise, it is believed, more than one-third of the total number wounded.

Nearly $10,000 has already been subscribed on 'Change for the families of the dead and wounded officers.

The police made another raid on the office of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* yesterday afternoon. They arrested a man in the office, who, upon being searched, produced a large revolver and dirk-knife. In the office were discovered several boxes of dynamite and a number of red flags and incendiary banners, all of which were seized. The dynamite was taken to the lake front and exploded. The effect was terrible. A piece about the size of a hen's egg was placed in a coupling link and exploded, and the heavy iron was scattered into fine bits. About 2 p.m. detectives made another search of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* premises. They were rewarded by the discovery of a great lot of ammunition suitable for Winchester rifles, shot-guns and revolvers, several fuses for bombs, a dirk-knife and a huge Colt's revolver. The stuff was found under an old sick.

IMPORTANT EVIDENCE SECURED.

The police are rapidly collecting evidence against the chief conspirators among the Anarchists. They searched Spies' office and found absolute proof. The inflammatory circulars headed "Revenge!" "Workingmen, to Arms!" and "Attention, Workingmen!" were found with the form in type. These were locked up in the Central Station as evidence that Spies and Schwabb directly incited to riot and bloodshed. The Anarchist Parsons has not been captured as first reported. He is still in hiding. Schwabb was mistaken for him when the first arrests were made.

Inspector Bonfield raided Zepf's hall this morning and found a lot of muskets, red flags, and German books expounding Socialistic doctrines. This afternoon the police also raided the establishment kept by C. H. Bissell, on South Clark street, carrying away ninety guns and revolvers. It was declared Bissell had been supplying the Socialists with guns.

STORES RAIDED BY THE MOB.

A mob of 6,000 to 8,000 persons reassembled near the corner of 18th street and Centre avenue at noon to-day and raided Rosenfeldt's drug store, carrying off everything portable. They then raided a liquor store in the vicinity. Women and children joined in this raid. The police dispersed the mob.

Mayor Harrison this afternoon, after consulting with his department officers and citizens, published a card proclaiming that gatherings of people in crowds or processions on the streets and public places of the city are dangerous and cannot be permitted, and orders have been issued to prevent all such gatherings, and to break up and disperse all crowds, to prevent injury to innocent persons. The Mayor urges all law-abiding people to quietly attend to their affairs and not to meet in crowds. If the police order any gathering to disperse and they be not obeyed, all persons so disobeying will be treated as law breakers and will incur the penalty of their disobedience.

INQUEST ON A MURDERED OFFICER.

The inquest over the remains of Police Officer Diegan was concluded this evening. Chris Spies and Michael Schwabb, two of the prisoners, made statements in their own behalf which damaged rather than helped them. The jury recommended that all the prisoners be held for murder.

A HORRIBLE INCIDENT.

About 6 o'clock this evening three officers stationed on Desplaines street viaduct were shot at from a saloon. Officer Michael Madden instantly grappled a man who held the revolver, and in the struggle both were shot, Madden's wound being mortal.

A small riot occurred at the town of Lake last night. Two policemen were badly hurt. The leader of the rioters, named Blank, was shot through the heart. McCormick's Reaper Works started up this morning with a pretty full force.

The collecting of evidence against the conspirators is proceeding rapidly. The State Attorney says: "We will push the prosecution of the men who instigated the riot, and helped to carry out the murder, as far as the law allows us."

The fund for the benefit of the families of the dead and wounded has swelled to $28,000.

The police raided the hall of the Anarchists at 105 North Wells street this morning and seized a few muskets.

Officer Madden, who was shot last night, is still living, but his condition is critical.

Fully three-fourths of McCormick's employees reported for duty this morning.

The proprietors of the Deering Works have decided to grant a work day of eight hours and an advance of 15 per cent. on the former pay. The men will return to work.

Officers Barrett, Slavin, Miller and Jacob Hauser are beyond hope of recovery. The remainder of the wounded will probably recover.

Emil Lutz, a civilian who was shot, is in a dying condition.

An incendiary fire was started in the lumber yards near North Avenue Bridge this morning. A can containing explosives was found in the yards. It is now thought the man who threw the bomb on Tuesday was a revolutionary agent from the East.

Officer Barrett, wounded by the explosion of the bomb on Tuesday, died this forenoon, and Officer George Miller died to-night, making a total of four deaths to date among policemen. Officer Madden, who was shot last night, is still living, but his condition is critical. Officers Flavin and Jacob Hausen are beyond the hope of recovery. The remainder of the wounded will probably recover.

Detectives inspected the house 822 Henry street to day. They found fifty rounds of ammunition and two rifles, a sword bayonet, billy and a quantity of Anarchist literature. The occupant of the house, Gustave Strange, said to be a moulder of bombs, was arrested. The police raided 71 West Lake street, seizing a number of red flags and banners, emblazoned with the most rabid threats against the constituted authorities.

Twenty rioters in the Twelfth street district were arraigned and held until Saturday in $500 bail each.

The yardmaster of the Northwestern Railway says to-day a crowd of men came into the yards and compelled the few switchmen who were working to leave.

At 11.55 to-night two alarms of fire were struck, one alarm from Ashland avenue bridge in the lumber district, the other is from State and Harrison streets, the centre of the city's lowest quarter. If incendiary fires were to be started by Anarchists it would be difficult to choose two other locations from which equally disastrous conflagrations could spread. However, in ten minutes the fires were announced to be out.

The President's Matrimonial Intentions.

A Buffalo N.Y., despatch says: The following letter was received here yesterday:

DEAR MISS WILKISON,—I am in receipt of your favor, and am rather surprised at the tone of your letter. I certainly would not interfere with the matrimonial choice of my brother. I am a very warm friend of Miss Van Vechten, and, although I am not so intimate with Miss Folsom, I esteem both as true types of American womanhood. I am pained to read the gossip in the newspapers about the marriage, although I am not prepared to say that one will take place. It will greatly please me to be relieved from the duties of hostess at the President's house, which I have felt were imposed upon me, and which have greatly interfered with my literary pleasure and pursuits.—Sincerely yours,

ROSA CLEVELAND.

The Rioters Certainly Not Irish.

A Lincoln (Neb.) despatch says: President Egan, of the Irish National League of America, was interviewed to-day regarding the statements in the *St. James' Gazette* and other London papers which attributed the Anarchist riots in Chicago to the Irish element. Mr. Egan was very indignant at the charge. He said: "If there is one feature of the Socialist troubles more noticeable than another or more gratifying to every friend of Ireland it is that up to the present time not a single Irishman has been found on the side of the red flag, and we point with melancholy pride to the fact that about three-fourths of the gallant fellows who fell in defence of law and order were of our nationality."

The Bees Have Not Struck.

What on earth are the people going to do with the bees this year? The whole country is alive with them; the churches, school-houses and some private dwellings have been ruthlessly taken possession of by the inveterate little workers, and the prospect is that either the people must surrender or the bees must go, and the latter don't appear to hurry about it. We suggest that all the public buildings be donated for beehives and this fall the entire valley declare a dividend on honey. There's millions in it.—*Santa Ana (Cal.) Standard.*

Cable Message from the Queen.

The following cablegram was received by the Governor-General from the Queen:

"Opening of the Colonial Exhibition went off splendidly. Delighted to see so many of my Canadian subjects.

"VICTORIA, R. & I."

The Governor-General made a suitable reply.

A Berlin cable says: Emperor William is taking some much needed rest at Wiesbaden, and his health has already shown signs of improvement; notably he is almost entirely free from those fainting fits to which he was so distressingly subject for some months back. He will shortly visit Ems, and in July he will proceed to Gastein for the baths. The Emperor still remains in very feeble health.

The little 2-year old daughter of August Kutscher, of New Haven, played about the room on Tuesday with a sharpened slate pencil in her mouth. She fell and the pencil was driven into her throat, piercing the jugular vein. She died almost immediately.

PECULIARITIES OF HAND-SHAKING.

The Apathetic, Dead-Fish Shake—Giant Like Grip of a Business Man.

No words are so natural to humanity, none so straight and quick from the heart as the language of the hands, observes a writer in "Cassell's Magazine." Our Oriental friends, who are of a more slow and dignified character, disapprove of the Western Custom of taking hold of the precious person of an acquaintance and shaking him for welcome. It may be more dignified to bow, but if frankness and activity be our characteristics, we like the trustful mystery of a hand-clasp. It is an index in itself. The formal and cold character offers straight fingers for an instant; the dull and apathetic lets us take hold of the hand like a dead fish; the energetic business man meets an old friend with a grip that brings the water into his eyes; the warm-hearted takes our hand and holds it. The nervous hand, with its affectionate swiftness, comes out most readily and longingly. And is there anything more natural so a reverent love than the kissing of the hand that has been bountiful in love to us?

Late Northwest News.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The Provincial Government will offer a reward for information as to the cause of the death of one Knox, who is supposed to have had a considerable sum of money in his possession, and who had mysteriously disappeared from Winnipeg. A murder is believed to have been committed.

Delegates leave for Ottawa to-morrow night to interview the Government regarding a grant for Red River improvements. The delegates will also proceed to Montreal and interview the Canadian Pacific Railway syndicate with regard to discriminating freight rates.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Dr. McDonald, of Minnedosa, committed suicide yesterday by throwing himself into a slough. He first tried to end life with a razor.

The railing for Riel's grave was brought in from St. Vital yesterday and placed in position. At the head is a plain wooden cross, bearing the words "Louis David Riel."

A Winnipeg despatch says: A large party of immigrants from the east, in charge of Rev. Mr. Bridger, arrived this afternoon. Most of them intend to purchase land and follow farming.

This afternoon the members of the 90th Battalion were presented with the Northwest medals by Mrs. Aikens, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Local Legislature to-night passed a resolution asking the Dominion Government for a land grant for the Portage Central Railway.

The awards by the Dominion Government to the Indians who remained loyal during the late rebellion are now being made.

The Minister of Public Works to-day sent a telegram to Sir Hector Langevin, urging that immediate steps be taken for the banking of the Assiniboine River, for the purpose of preventing an overflow.

Charity as an Object of Study.

An apostle once wrote, "Let love be without dissimulation." Had he lived in our day, he might have thought it quite as important to say, "Let love be without sentimentality." In looking over the reports of charitable institutions—especially purely voluntary ones—we are frequently struck by the utter absence of any attempt to deal in what might be called a scientific manner with the facts that come within their scope. Instead of this, we have any amount of sentimentality and gush, pious ascriptions of thanks to Providence, considerable laudation of the officers engaged in the work of the institution, and long lists of donations, with the names of the donors, of course. Now, we would cheerfully exchange all this for a little information likely to be serviceable in a scientific point of view. Say it is an "orphans' home." What we should like to know in connection with the operations of such an institution may be roughly indicated under the following heads: 1. In regard to each inmate, whether he or she is really an orphan or not. 2. If so, how the condition of orphanage and dependence arose. 3. How it happened that private aid from friends or relatives was not forthcoming—whether, for example, the existence of a convenient asylum into which the orphan could be put had anything to do with the child's being placed there rather than otherwise provided for. 4. What moral effects seem to flow from the absence of parental affection and influence. 5. What the special influences of the home or asylum seem to be in different classes of cases. 6. What the subsequent course in life of children released from the home has been.—*From Popular Science Monthly for May.*

Seasonable Advice.

Accidents, now that the open season for hunting is on, are to be expected. Proper carefulness would prevent them almost entirely. No man who cannot keep his wits about him under almost all circumstances is fit to be trusted with a loaded gun. The man who always handles a gun as if it were loaded and dangerous will escape accidents to himself and others. In hunting game take no risks whatever of shooting man or beast. It is always best to keep out of fields where there are domestic animals feeding, unless you own the fields and animals. "Look before you shoot," is a good maxim for the hunter to apply, especially when his dogs are on a point. Look all around before flushing the game, and if there is any living thing except the game in range, don't shoot that way, or better, don't shoot at all.

A Girl Prisoner's Daring Escape.

A Boston despatch says: Ada A. Nutting, aged 19, was en route to the Lancaster Industrial School yesterday afternoon in charge of a female attendant. While she train was running twenty miles an hour the girl went into the saloon, sprang through the window and clinging to the sash hung there till the train met a freight train on the other track, then she was seen to drop between the two trains. Both trains were stopped and the employees went back to search for her mangled remains, but they found only a trail showing that she had fled to the woods.

The Contents of a Shark's Stomach.

A Bermuda letter says: The following were the contents of the stomach of a shark captured by H. M. S. Rover, at St. Kitts, on the 21st instant, and which was opened in the presence of nearly all on board. First an empty meat can (about two pounds) was brought out; then came out together two ham bags with the bones left in, two swabs for washing down decks, a stone about five inches in diameter, the remains of an old hat, a haversack with buckles and straps, and a great number of bones, apparently those of a mule or horse.

Harry Hyndman, President of the English Social Democratic Federation, in an interview with a London correspondent, said he was strongly opposed to the movement made in Chicago, as it is unwise for an unorganized mob to oppose a drilled force; but he was in sympathy with the principle for which the Socialists were contending.

Owing to the prevalence of scab, the entry of sheep into British Columbia without inspection is prohibited.

—Innocent mother—Who is this Mrs. Up I overheard the boys speaking of last night in their room? Indifferent father—Never heard of her. Innocent mother—I think she must be an old colored woman who does their washing; they always speak of her as Auntie Up.

IN DEFENCE OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW

Their Condition in Civilization and Among Savage Tribes.

To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favorably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married, prevails among numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution and differences of race. The custom obtains among the Kaffirs of South America, among several of the Australian tribes, and among many Polynesians, a fact which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law, as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries, and the direct growth of individual experience. The custom being found in such widely separated continents as Africa and Australia is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of human nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to look upon his mother-in-law. Primarily, say the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage, a man's mind may not be open to the cold processes of comparison, but afterward he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made, and if his mother-in-law has not improved with age, the ghastly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him. Hence these savage tribes prescribed the rule that never after marriage should a man see his mother-in-law, and this in time became a social law or custom. It has been more than once flippantly suggested that this lesson of a venerable experience might be accepted and the custom adopted here, while others, equally regardless of social and other consequences, have advocated the institution of a kind of suitee arrangement, which should bind the British matron by social propriety to close her mortal career upon her daughter's marriage. Apart from the suggestion only being available in cases where one daughter alone blessed a marriage, there is the more important consideration that to eliminate mothers-in-law altogether from society, even if it were possible, would be most disastrous in its effects. Is her presence really always so disagreeable, so baneful to enjoyment? Is her advice never needed? The world has always sided against her; it does not stop to consider the double characteristics of legal maternity which are involved when both sons and daughters marry; it still persists in viewing her only in her character of wife's mother, and repeats and revivifies from time to time all the malicious denunciations or witty epigrams that have become associated with her name. Thackeray even, who, with his large knowledge of the world and of the human heart, might have been expected to be more lenient to the unfortunate race of mothers-in-law, goes out of his way to draw the horrible Mrs. Mackenzie, pitying his sweet, silly little Rosie, and the much-injured wives of her acquaintances, without reflecting that they might in their turn become mothers-in-law. Does not this fact furnish food for reflection to the young husbands of to-day, who a quarter of a century hence may find their loving wives unavoidably drifting into mother-in-lawhood? And again, is it not rather unreasonable in a young man to object to her who has had the greatest share in moulding the character and training the habits of the one woman he has chosen from all others to be his companion for life? How strange it is, when one looks the question in the face, that a lady who is considered harmless enough until her children marry, should after that happiest of family events be elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness!

As a matter of fact, in spite of all that novelists and playwrights have written, the mothers-in-law of sons generally get on with them far better than with their daughters-in-law.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for May.*

A Woman's Souvenirs.

A woman from her early consciousness inclines to reminiscences. As she grows up she stamps each notable adventure and each pleasant friendship upon her mind by some token. Our dime museums, with their eager collection of odds and bits, would pale into nothingness when compared with the bottom drawer of a girl's bureau. This she generally devotes to her keepsakes. At 5 she commences storing it with horse-chestnuts and broken bits of colored pencils given her by dear friends. Some of these are the mysteries of the "secrets" which are the life of childhood's freemasonry. By 10 she has a gold piece, generally bestowed by a bachelor uncle, and perhaps some tokens from friends that are dead. They are pressed four-leaved clover, pincushions with zoological tendencies, gray flannel rabbits and such, a few carefully preserved valentines, some bottles that once held perfumery and now present only a fading recollection to the nostrils. At 17 she has some faded violets, some locks of hair, a few scraps of dried orange peel, a collection of dancing programmes, and carefully tucked in the furthermost corner a bundle of notes tied with a blue ribbon. As the years pass still the treasures increase. By and by the wedding slippers are laid away in the drawer which holds the valentines, and still, as the years pass, comes a pair of the weest shoes, kicked out at the heel, and a silken curl which shows a silvery gold in the light. After this the keepsakes are fewer, and are oftener the souvenirs of sad days than of glad ones. Finally, after a long time, some one lays away in the drawer a thumbed red instrument with a lock of gray hair and a threadthin wedding ring. Then the drawer is locked.—*Chicago News.*

Unexpected.

Young Man—"My dear sir, you undoubtedly know the cause of my visit."

Old Gent—"You want to make my daughter happy; yes, I know. Do you really mean it?"

Young Man—"I have no higher ambition!"

Old Gent—"If you really desire her happiness, full and complete, then don't marry her!"

Society Manners.

"How do you do, Mrs. Yeager?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. McGinniss."

"Have you been calling this beautiful afternoon?"

"Well, not precisely. I started out to call on my friend, Mrs. Peterby, and I got half way there before I fortunately remembered that this was her 'at home' day."

One of the good Samaritans, while looking to the wants of distressed people in the submerged part of Montreal lately, came across a woman who was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. He inquired the cause of her trouble. "For pity's sake," she said, "take me to Point St. Charles." "Have you any one there in danger?" queried the detective. "Not only in danger," replied the old woman, "but drowned, I am almost certain! Leaving my house in a hurry last night, I forgot my pet cat, which has been my companion for years, and I wish to see about her."

At Paris Henri Rochefort, editor of *L'Intransigeant*, and M. Portalise, fought a duel with pistols yesterday. Four shots were fired by each contestant, none of which did any harm.

The Cross on the Sands.

At evening I walked on the ocean shore,
When the shadows were gathering fast;
The sun seemed to linger, then pause to pour
His fading crimson on sea and mast;
And the waves gently sighed,
In their gold-purple pride.
"Leave us not—Oh, come back once more."

In the ebbing tide a shivering moan
Struck a chord in my sorrowing heart;
The sea, like my life, lay there bleak and lone,
Where no light or joy, or hope had part;
Dull gray in the gloaming,
Quivering and moaning,
"Oh, light! Oh, beauty! come once more."

I knelt in the gray on the moistened sand,
And drew there a cross, the type of woe,
Then the crown and anchor with trembling hand,
And pains in the heart that none could know;
Above I drew the star—
Of sunny Hope, the star
That in the West afar
In golden letters wrote:—"Once more."

The darkness was past and the morning fair;
Again I roamed by the shining sea;
sought on the sands—my cross was not there;
Neither mist, gloom, nor cloud could I see;
And the waves seemed to say,
Tossing lightly their spray—
"Shrink not from thy sorrow,
A brighter to-morrow
Shall bring thee Eternity's land;
Keep the sunshine within,
Lay the cross upon Him
Who hath borne it for thee;
Then thy cross shall but be
Like thy cross on the sea-washed strand.

MARIE ELISE LAUDER.

Three Little Birds.

Oh, three little birds on a bramble spray!
Each flew to find him a nest:
There was one went rarely over the sea;
And one flew straight for the north country;
But the third
Little bird,
He winged his way to the watery west,
Where one that I love sits sighing.

Oh, for the withering bramble spray,
And the bird that sleeps in his nest!
There is one in a castle over the sea;
And one in a pine in the north country;
But a third
Little bird,
He sings at a lattice far in the west,
Where one that I love lies dying.

Ah me, for the thorny bramble spray
And the weary bird in his nest!
There is one that dreams of the silver sea;
And one looks over the north country;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings o'er a grave in the silent west,
Where one that I love is lying.

SUNDAY PARADES AND BANDS

The Question Discussed by the Sabbath School Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the Sabbath School Association of Canada was held at Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, yesterday. Arrangements were made for work during the ensuing six months and for the Provincial Convention to be held in Hamilton. In the evening addresses were delivered before a large audience by Mayor Howland, Rev. Dr. Potts, H. M. Parsons and others. Towards the close of the meeting Ald. Boustead brought forward the question of Sunday parades and bands. An animated discussion followed, the general feeling being one of condemnation of such parades. Rev. Dr. Potts did not approve of the subject having been introduced at all. He thought that it should be settled by the Ministerial Association.

Tea and Coffee Dyspeptics.

It has occurred also to the writer to make many observations as to the circumstances under which tea and coffee are found to agree or disagree with different persons; in the first place, as Sir W. Roberts has pointed out, tea, if taken at the same time as farinaceous food, is much more likely to retard its digestion and cause dyspepsia than if taken a little time after eating; and the custom adopted by many persons at breakfast, for instance, of eating first and drinking their tea or coffee afterward is a sensible one; so also it is better to take one's 5 o'clock tea without the customary bread and butter or cake than with it. Indeed, while there is little that can be said against a cup of hot tea as a stimulant and restorative, when taken about midway between lunch and dinner, and without solid food, it may, on the other hand, be a fruitful cause of dyspepsia when accompanied at that time with solid food. It is also a curious fact that many persons with whom tea, under ordinary circumstances, will agree exceedingly well, will become the subjects of a tea dyspepsia if they drink this beverage at a time when they may be suffering from mental worry or emotional disturbance. Moreover, it is a well-recognized fact that persons who are prone to nervous excitement of the circulation and palpitations of the heart have these symptoms greatly aggravated if they persist in the use of tea or coffee as a beverage. The excessive consumption of tea among the women of the poorer classes is the cause of much of the so-called "heart complaints" among them; the food of those poor women consists largely of starchy substances (bread and butter chiefly), together with tea, i. e., a food accessory which is one of the greatest of all retarders of the digestion of starchy food. The effect of coffee as a retarder of stomach digestion would probably be more felt than it is were it not so constantly the practice to take it only in small quantity after a very large meal; it is then mixed with an immense bulk of food, and its relative percentage proportion rendered insignificant; and to the strong and vigorous the slightly retarding effect on digestion it would then have may be, as Sir W. Roberts suggests, not altogether a disadvantage; but after a spare meal and in persons of feeble digestive power the cup of black coffee would probably exercise a retarding effect on digestion which might prove harmful.—*Dr. J. Burney Yeo, in Popular Science Monthly for May.*

He Lives All Over the City.

The local divisions of London are somewhat puzzling. A householder in a letter to a London paper thus illustrates them: "Where do I live?" he asks. "Can any one tell me? I cannot, for reasons as follows: The deeds of my house state at Upper Tooting. The postal authorities say at Balham. The taxing masters say Clapham. The rating people say Battersea. The local directors say Wimbledon and Putney. If I pay my taxes I go to Clapham. If I pay the gas I go to Bermondsey. If I pay my water rate I must go to Kingston-on-Thames. To pay local rates I must go to Battersea. If I vote for a member of Parliament I vote for Clapham division