THE ADVANCE.

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

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

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FLESHERTON

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

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

PACKED IN ICE ALIVE.

Fortunate Rescue of a Supposed Corpse from being Frozen to Death.

A Reading, Mich., despatch says: Mrs. Lucinda Faste, of Woodbridge township, while on her way to the Fourth of July celebration here last Saturday, fell unconscious from her seat in the carriage, and was to all indications dead. Medical assistance was called, but all efforts to restore her proved futile and she was given up, although not having every appearance of being dead. The body was laid out and taken back home for burial. Arriving there, ice was procured in which to pack the remains, and they were so packed for more than thirty minutes, when an old physician, Dr. Neclich, called on the bereaved family. He was so struck with the lifelike look of the "corpse" that he expressed doubts of her death. The body was quickly taken from the ice and the doctor went to work to establish the fact of her living. He opened a vein in Mrs. Faste's arm this morning and the blood flowed freely. In a short time the lungs began to work, and the funeral preparations were abandoned. The patient now lies apparently asleep. Her house is filled with curious neighbors, and the local physicians are much puzzled over the case. It is said by the neighbors that Mrs. Faste's mother once had a similar experience; that she lay in a trance for many days, and: when she came to evinced a full knowledge of everything which had gone on around her.

Prof. John Macoun, the well known Canadian natural historian and botanist, has been elected a fellow of the Linnæan Society of London, Eng.

SAM JONES' GEMS.

Characteristic Passages from the Evangelist's Sermon at Chautauqua.

A Lakewood, N. Y., despatch says: Rev. Sam P. Jones lectured in the amphitheatre on the Chautauqua Assembly grounds to-day to an immense audience. He chose for his text the ninth verse, third chapter, first epistle general of St. John. He dwelt upon the lives of the church members of to-day and attacked the social amusements and pleasures of the American people.

Among the gems and bright sayings that fell from the lips of the noted evangelist during the address were the following:

When I get to heaven with my crown and harp I don't care about heavenly recognition. I am all fixed. We want a little more heaven here in New York and on the earth.

If we go home and consecrate ourselves and obey the ten commandments we needn't go to heaven at all.

I never saw a boy proud of his father but that his father was ashamed of him.

The stock of men, like horses, should be improved. In some parts of the country we are run down pretty low.

Is there any harm in dancing? Dance all you want to, for where you are going it will be too warm to dance. Play cards day and night, for cards won't stand fire down there unless you get asbestos cards.

Where there is love of sin of any description there is no salvation in that soul.

Salvation is deliverance from guilt of sin and love of sin. I used to dance, but was never idiot enough to play cards. You can't find a lunatic asylum in America, unless you find a deck of cards in nearly every room. They amuse themselves with cards because they are idiots. The camps of soldiers and battle fields are always covered with cards. When God Almighty's church moves out of camp to battle she will throw away her cards too.

Sanctified people, who are all holiness, are like those stalks of corn that are devoid of everything but the tassel. God save us from being all tassel. I feed my horse on corn, not tassels. Holiness means wholesomeness; one hundred cents on the dollar."

If you play progressive euchre you are just as much of a blackleg as any gambler in the country; you are a blackegged gambler, and I don't care whose husband or wife you are. That's pretty strong, but if you can write anything stronger I'll sign it.

If you want your daughter to be an idiot teach her to dance. Then marry her off to a ballroom buck or a dude and settle them in the country where none of your friends will see them.

You women send your daughters to some hook-nosed Frenchman to learn manners. I have a contempt for dancing masters I can't express.

I'd sooner my daughter would get rattlesnake bite than society bite. The only good in society is to pack off dudes on you for sons-in-law. Out of the world is out of fashion, but I'd sooner be dead than in society.

Society is a bloody, deceitful old wretch. I'm not down on dudes especially, for we manufacture dudes just like anything else. If you people keep the devil around it is because you welcome him and treat him well. God help us to protect our homes and children.

ON THE BOTTOM OF A SCOW.

Thrilling Experience of the Crew of the Scow Maggie Johnson.

A Chicago despatch says: News of a thrilling accident which befel the crew of the little scow Maggie Johnson last Sunday reached here to day. She was bound for Cheboygan from Kewaunee with a cargo of bark, and was about fifteen miles southeast of the latter port, when she was suddenly overtaken by a severe squall. Before a man could act the vessel was capsized and her crew was thrown overboard. With the utmost difficulty they swam to the Johnson and clambered on her bottom and lashed themselves to her chain plates in order to save themselves from being washed overboard. The sea was high and their position was perilous, for a part of the time they were submerged by the water. There was some danger of the little craft going to pieces and thus casting them adrift. They floated around in this position for five or six hours, when Capt. Thomas Page, of the schooner Arctic, sighted them, and he immediately hove his vessel to and sent his boat to the assistance of the shipwrecked men. The Arctic was five miles distance from the wreck, and the pull was a long and a hard one, on account of the wind and sea. Before the sailors could accomplish the distance the steamer Christie hove in sight and bore down on the wreck. She got to her before the Arctic's boat did, and she took off the crew, which consisted of eight men. When the wind and sea subsided, the Christie righted the capsized Johnson and towed her to Escanaba.

DIVORCED FROM A DEAD MAN.

A Singular Matrimonial Case in New York.

A New York despatch says: An interesting divorce case now being tried in this city is that of Kitty V Derrickson, who sues to have set aside a decree of divorce against her in 1885. The facts disclosed are that the couple were married in 1873 and lived together for 10 years, when the husband accused the wife of unfaithfulness. Soon he induced her to sign a separation agreement by which he was given the children, with the condition that if he ever learned that the charges he made against her were false, the children were to be returned to her. Subsequently he sued for divorce, and made out by the aid of detectives a case upon which the court granted the decree on February 3rd, 1885, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At 10 o clock on the morning of that day, Mrs Derrickson alleges the husband died, and she now demands that the divorce be set aside, having been granted to a dead man. Considerable property and the custody of the children is understood to hinge upon the decision in the case.

POISONED AT A PICNIC.

Two Persons Dead and Six Dying—Fatal Ice Cream Refreshments.

A Coulterville, Ill., despatch says: This place is greatly disturbed over a poisoning case which embraces about one hundred persons, as far as can be learned. Two of the victims are dead and several others are dying. On Saturday a local baseball club gave a picnic, which was attended by a large number of the residents and surrounding country. Among the refreshments served was some ice cream made in copper freezers which had not been used since last year and were coated inside with rust. Before night a number of those who had partaken of the cream were taken violently sick, and yesterday two children of James Wilson, a farmer, died after suffering intense agony for hours. The greatest excitement prevails. John Hessing's daughter, 17 years; Margaret East, Myra Wesley and William Craig and two sons of Dr. Finker, of Marissa, were reported dying last night. More deaths are expected. One hundred and fifty persons are now under treatment.

Gets Even Anyway.

In his capacity of debtor Jones pursues some queer methods.

"As for me," said he, "when a creditor takes it into his head to write to me, I cross him off my list. That settles it; no money for him."

"And when he doesn't write?"

"In that case I wait until he does."

Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, is seriously ill.

POPE LEO'S NEW PORTRAIT.

A Young Irish Artist Produces a Fine Work.

A London cablegram says: Harry Thaddeus, the young Irish artist whose portraits of the Abbé Liszt, de Brazza and other celebrities have been attracting much attention in London this week, is privately exhibiting a striking life size portrait of Pope Leo XIII. He painted it this spring at the Vatican, where His Holiness gave sittings—privileges which he has rarely granted. I called at the artist's studio in South Kensington to see the picture, which will shortly be exhibited in the States. The Pope has often been painted, but never, I believe, in so natural and unaffected a pose as the one chosen by Mr. Thaddeus. His Holiness is shown seated in his study preparing one of the admirable Latin encyclicals which have won him the reputation of one of the greatest classical scholars of his time. He is clad in white. He sits in his favorite armchair, pen in hand, with his head bent slightly forward, as though listening to some literary inspiration. His delicate, intellectual features are stamped with thought. One hand droops languidly beside him over the right knee. The artist has skilfully disposed the red drapery. Round the Pontiff's neck hangs a golden chain, terminated with a cross. A white skull cap crowns the wrinkled, careworn, lofty forehead. The eyes are full of life and thought. The mouth, by far the most conspicuous feature of Leo XIII.'s face, has a more pleasing and restful expression than it usually wears. Perhaps, too, a more literal painter would have shown the lines and wrinkles more, even though by so doing he might have detracted from the calm benevolence so characteristic of the Pontiff. The artist shows his illustrious model at his best. In many ways this portrait is the most satisfactory yet painted.

A SINGULAR CASE.

First Authentic Record of a Person Being Struck With Lightning at an Altitude of 10,500 Feet and Still Live.

A Leadville, Col., special says: George S. Edwards, who was struck by lightning while crossing Iron Hill on the 4th inst., is slowly recovering. His case is a most remarkable one and is attracting considerable attention from scientific men. Edwards, after the flash, lay unconscious for fifteen minutes before receiving assistance. The lightning struck him on the left cheek, knocking out a number of his teeth. It then passed diagonally across his breast to the right, thence to the feet, coming out of the right boot, having passed entirely through the foot, leaving a hole similar to one made by a bullet. His clothing was torn into fragments, particles being found a distance of 200 feet from the spot, and one of the boots, both of which were torn into shreds, was found six feet away. Immediately under where the man was standing the ground was torn up for a considerable distance. Its course along the body is shown by a black streak one and half inches wide, the worst effect being injury to the lungs, the immediate result being severe hemorrhage by which a quart of blood was lost. In addition to these injuries the surface of the body is almost completely covered with blisters, the result of severe burns. This is the first authentic record of a person being injured by a stroke of lightning at an altitude of over 10 500 feet, and where persons affected internally as Mr. Edwards was and not instantly killed.

A GHOST IN POSSESSION.

Scene in a Haunted House—Women Fleeing for Their Lives.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: The female inmates of a house on Green street, between Sixth and Seventh, had a dreadful experience about 1 o'clock this morning. About that time, in the midst of the 5 h of July revels, all the lights in the house were suddenly extinguished. The women were tossed about by unseen hands, missiles of every kind began to fly about the rooms, unearthly yells were heard in every part of the house, and for some time the whole house was a veritable pandemonium. The women fled in fright, declaring that a ghost had taken possession of the house. Some time after the noises had ceased one of the women returned and lighted the gas throughout the house. The furniture in three rooms were found smashed to pieces, the bed clothing cut to shreds and general havoc and confusion everywhere. A curious crowd soon filled the place, and the premises were searched, but no trace of the mysterious visitors could be found. The women firmly believe that the work was of preternatural agency, and claim that the house has been haunted for a number of years. There is a story current in the vicinity that a double murder was committed in the house years ago, and that the bodies of two murdered men lie buried in an abandoned well beneath the house.

LOST IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

Terrible Experience of an Excursion Party—Without Light or Guide.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: This afternoon a party of ladies and gentlemen returned from a pleasure trip to Mammoth Cave, where they had a most thrilling and painful experience. On Tuesday a gay party of twenty-seven persons traversed the cave, taking the "long route"—nine miles in and nine miles out. During the evening, while the party were travelling through the winding passages beyond Echo River, nine of them, who were in the rear, became separated from the main body. The only guide was at the head of the line, and the absence of the rear guard was not noticed for some time. The unfortunates were lost for eight hours in the intricate underground mazes of the mighty cavern. From 1 till 9 o'clock at night they wandered about aimlessly but constantly getting further and further away from the main track. To add to the terror of the situation their lights went out, leaving them to wander on in the darkness and unknown dangers of the cavern. The wanderers finally adopted the plan of leaving small articles of clothing in their path as they walked along and by these means they were finally found by the party of friends who were sent in search of them sitting on the banks of the Echo River, to which they had finally arrived.

The ladies in the party suffered greatly from nervous excitement, and the excursionists were pretty badly broken up by the time they got back to the hotel.

A MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY.

Murder and Suicide Without Any Explanation.

A New York despatch says: John Warner, accompanied by his son Joseph, hired a hall bed-room in the flat house 172 West Tenth street about two months ago. Beyond a casual observation that he was apparently a Canadian no one knew much about him. The man came and went at regular hours, and at night he and the boy always slept in the house. At daybreak this morning pistol shots were heard in Warner's room, and on the door being forced open by the lodgers Warner was found dead on the floor, with a big pistol in his hand, and his son Joseph on the bed in a dying condition, with a bullet wound in his temple. The boy died on his way to the hospital. No letters or papers giving any explanation of the affair have been discovered. The landlady states that Warner was a man in reduced circumstances, who had been seeking a means of livelihood.

Rev. Thomas Hyde, of Wolverton Baptist Church, has closed his labors in connection with the congregation at that place.

A LION-TAMER'S PERIL.

The Intrepid Man Attacked by a Caged Monarch of the Forest.

A THRILLING SCENE.

A cablegram from Paris says: The eccentric Englishmen who, according to French tradition, habitually attend the performances of lion tamers in hopes of seeing the lions devour their master, came very near having their wish gratified a couple of nights ago at the Foire de Neuilly. Bidel, the famous lion tamer, had, as usual, pitched his tent at the corner of the great Paris fair, where his blood-curdling performances had been drawing crowds nightly. He had entered the cage to face the four fierce lions with whom he performs. The people noticed that Bidel did not seem himself. He had an anxious look and seemed unwell. No wonder, for he was suffering from a sudden attack of rheumatism and walked with difficulty. All went well, however, up to a certain point. He had put the four animals through their paces. Three had returned to the adjoining cage and Bidel was alone with one ferocious old African lion—his show beast—named Sultan, which began its career in France by biting a rustic's arm off some years ago. The beast has always been hard to manage. Bidel was about to make Sultan stand on his hind legs, when the tamer stumbled, from rheumatic pain, falling prone. In an instant the lion pounced upon him, fastening its teeth in his neck and arms. All seemed over, and a simultaneous cry of horror arose from the audience. Several women fainted, and every one but Bidel and an assistant, who was providentially near, lost their heads. By a tremendous effort of muscle and will the lion tamer clutched the lion by the jaw and strove to hurl the mighty mass away from him. At the same time the assistant, catching up a long iron-tipped pole, made a determined lunge at Sultan, who, howling with pain, relaxed his hold, and retired next door to reflect on the situation. Before the beast could spring at him again, Bidel, streaming with blood, dragged himself to the outer door of the cage. Meanwhile all the animals in the menagerie had raised their peculiar cries, making the place hideous. A doctor present at once attended to the wounds, seventeen in number, but none immediately dangerous. Bidel at once offered to reenter the cage to complete the performance, but the public stopped him with shouts of "*Assez! Assez!*" ("Enough! Enough"), and he retired for a week or ten days to obtain rest and nursing.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD HEROINE.

She Carries Four Younger Children Out of Their Burning House.

A Cambridge, Mass., despatch says: Three months ago Mrs. Edward Barry, wife of a day laborer on the Fitchburg Railroad, living in the Belmont district, died from hard work and exposure, leaving five children to the care of her kind-hearted though rather dissipated husband. The eldest child, Nellie, 10 years of age, has acted as housekeeper since the death of her mother, and has managed to clothe the backs and supply the mouths of her four younger brothers from the $1.50 a day wages of their father. Last night it was very hot in their cottage, and Nellie, after putting the little folks to bed and singing and fanning them to sleep, put her father's supper on the back of the stove and sat down to wait for his return. He was late. The little clock on the mantel ticked off the hours and brought 9 o'clock, but no father. Then Nellie remembered that he had been drinking since the Fourth and went out to seek him. Failing to find him she returned, tired and worried with her heavy cares. She went to the little heated chamber to look at her sleeping brothers, and then resumed her place in the chair, determined to stay awake until her father came, but the heat, combined with her hard work, was too much for the child, and she was soon sleeping with her head upon her arm. An hour later she was awakened by the sound of falling timbers, and springing to her feet she saw the whole end of the house on fire, while clouds of smoke filled every room. What she did first she cannot tell. All she knows is that when the first neighbor arrived he met her coming out of the burning house with the last of her little brothers in her arms. The other three were lying on the grass in front of the house in their night clothes. Her eldest brother, Jimmy, says she came upstairs and taking them one by one, carried them out in safety. Her face is burned and her hair is scorched, but otherwise she is unhurt. The three smaller ones—aged 2, 4 and 6 years—were not awakened until the arrival of their tipsy father, who reached home with the fire company. The premises caught in an adjoining barn, probably from an engine spark, and spread to the house. The little heroine and her brothers were taken to the house of an aunt, in the Dublin district, and to-day she has been receiving so many congratulations that her little head is nearly turned. Several wealthy people who heard of her deed have made arrangements to give her an education, thinking so brave a girl should have an opportunity to elevate herself.

THE BARREL MAN

Makes a Voyage Through the Niagara Rapids and Gets Arrested.

A last (Sunday) night's Niagara Falls, Ont., despatch says: Considerable curiosity was manifested here to-day through the announcement that C. D. Graham, of Buffalo, would run Niagara's famous rapids and whirlpool in a barrel specially made for the occasion. About 4 o'clock this afternoon Graham made his appearance. At the old Maid of the Mist Landing, a little above the old Suspension Bridge, he entered his barrel, which was seven feet long, with air valve connected, weighted with ballast, was towed by a rowboat out in the river, and in a few moments the swift current caught him and drifted him into the fearful rapids. The barrel, with its human freight, was tossed about like a cork on the angry breakers, and shot the rapids with lightning speed. A few minutes later Graham appeared in the whirlpool. He opened the lid of the barrel, took a hurried survey of his situation, closed it down again, made a circuit of the pool on the Canada side, shot again out in the rapids and continued down the river through Foster's rapids, and was lost to the view of the spectators who had lined the banks on both sides of the river to get a glimpse of his rash undertaking. He passed through all the dangerous waters and landed safely at Queenston and drove up to the Falls this evening. Graham had announced this a trial trip, and if safely made he would make others under regular advertisements.

Graham was arrested this morning by the authorities at Suspension Bridge for announcing his attempt to go through the rapids, but was released on his own recognizance to appear for trial on Monday morning. At the Falls this evening he was taken in charge by the Suspension Bridge constable and brought to Suspension Bridge. He expressed himself very tired and his nerves very much unstrung. His voyage was a hard one, as he felt himself badly shaken up pounding over the rocks, going through the rapids.

Rev. J. C. Smith, of St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, sailed last week for Scotland by the steamship Furnessia. Before leaving the city two young ladies, in a very quiet and unostentatious manner, left at the manse for Mr. Smith's acceptance a small package, with note enclosed, containing the handsome sum of $205, the generous gift of a few of his friends in the congregation.

THE DIVA'S WEDDING.

Christine Nilsson Chats on Her Coming Marriage to a Count.

HER MAGNIFICENT PRESENTS AND DRESSES.

A London cablegram of last (Friday) night's date says: Is having been rumored that Mme. Nilsson's marriage with Count de Casa Miranda was broken off, or at least indefinitely postponed, I asked the Diva whether the report was true. In reply I yesterday received the following note:

"DEAR SIR,—There is no truth whatever in the repors you mention. As soon as the license from Rome has reached us the marriage will take place. In case the license does not arrive in the course of the week the ceremony will be postponed till September and will then take place in Madrid. Will you kindly have the false report corrected?—Truly yours,

"CHRISTINE NILSSON."

THE ARRANGEMENTS.

On calling at Mme. Nilsson's this afternoon, I learned that the civil marriage only is to take place in the presence of 15 or 20 intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom on Monday or Tuesday next. Soon after the Count and Countess de Casa Miranda will start for the Continent, with Mlle. de Casa Miranda, the Count's daughter, a sprightly, intelligent, graceful girl about 20 years old, whom Nilsson adopted some time ago. During my visit the diva introduced me to her future husband, a gentleman about 45, with a characteristically Spanish face, clean shaven, black haired, with heavy moustache, which gives him a military appearance. The preparations for the wedding are nearly complete now. The bridal cake is ordered, the invitations to the Registry Office have been issued and the bride's trousseau is packed. Nilsson's *temoin* at the civil ceremony will be the Swedish Minister. The Spanish Minister will be the Count's *temoin*. Among the few present will be several of the Rothschilds and Lord Gerard, personal friends of the diva. The bride has had a number of presents since I last interviewed her, among them a superb pair of thoroughbred brown carriage horses from M. Leopold de Rothschild; a magnificent silver dessert service from another member of the same family, and a diamond and pearl brooch from the Queen Regent of Spain.

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS.

King Oscar of Sweden, Queen Isabella, the Duc de Montpensier and the Spanish Infanta have already sent Nilsson letters of congratulation.

King Oscar's good wishes were couched in charming terms and entirely written by his own hand:

"ROSENDAL, July 4th, 1886.

"MADAM,—You have been kind enough to inform me of your approaching marriage with the Count de Casa Miranda, Chamberlain of His Most Catholic Majesty. Allow me to offer you my most sincere congratulations. I trust the event will not make you forget what was your country. The Queen has commissioned me to add her compliments and congratulations. Believe me, ever dear Mme. Christine Nilsson, your very affectionate OSCAR."

THE TROUSSEAU.

"And the trousseau?" said I, after reading this.

"I am so sorry I cannot show you my dresses. They are all packed, as we are leaving so soon. But I will try to describe a few. They were all made in Paris. They are about a dozen costumes altogether. "At the Registrar's I shall wear a pale blue surah dress, embroidered with point d'Angleterre, and a bonnet to match. The wedding dress at the religious ceremony will be a very pale heliotrope peluche, with gauze in front, trimmed with a delicate lilac clair de lune, jet collar, high, trimmed with pearls; tulle bonnet to match, trimmed with pearls and a bunch of tearoses. "One of the sweetest things in my trousseau," thoughtfully continued Mme. Nilsson, "is the dress in which I am to be presented at the Spanish Court. It is made of rich white broché silk, a short skirt, bodice and devant de jupe, covered with Brussels lace; long train, trimmed as court etiquette requires, with tufts of white ostrich feathers; necklace and diadem of diamonds. My travelling costume is blue serge, tailor cut, and dress spotted with yellow and fastened with gold buttons, on which my initials are engraved. There is a pretty dinner dress in one of my trunks, too, a pale blue crêpe de Chine, with apron and bodice, emoroidered with gold, deep collar, point d'Alencon and blue broché silk train. My most striking evening toilettes, perhaps, are an evening dress of lilac faille, covered with silver embroidery, with a white tulle ball dress, trimmed with roses and little knots or bouquets of lace or pearls. Besides all these I have one or two robes de chambre and two tea gowns—one of gray poplin, the other of pink surah—both smothered in lace.

The St. Catharines Sensation.

The case of Hamilton Best Dickson, the newly-married youth from Buffalo, who is charged with neglecting to support his newly-wedded young wife, was called in the Police Court on Wednesday afternoon. The young man's sojourn in Castle Hamilton for several days has evidently sobered him up. There were six legal lights present, three of whom were financially interested in the case, including a brunette complexioned gentleman from Buffalo, well "heeled" with cluster diamonds and tobacco quids. After a little confab, Mr. Cox proceeded to fill up a blank recognizance, to which the prisoner affixed his signature and by which he bound himself under a penalty to appear in the Police Court on the 27 h of August next. This formality having been completed, he was set at liberty. The woman in the case then departed for Buffalo, but where the husband went we do not know. Probably he went to the same place. It is rumored that a compromise has been effected in the case, but of what nature we did not learn. —*St. Catharines Journal.*

A Cottage of Gentility.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are at Endsleigh, where they intend to stay most of the summer. The house at Endsleigh is unique. It is a cottage which was built about 70 years ago, and probably it is the most luxurious cottage in the world, while the grounds, richly wooded and sloping to the Tamar, are exquisitely beautiful. There are 60 miles of gravel walks and grass rides. The building and laying out of the place cost £100 000. Endsleigh, locally known as "The Paradise of the Tamar," is freely opened to the public when its owners are absent.

Mr. James Rankin, the newly elected Conservative candidate for Leominster, Eng., is largely interested in Manitoba and the Northwest, being the owner of Assiniboine Farm, managed by Mr. Power.

MORMON convicts ought to be banished to Thibet to try a dose of sauce for the gander. In the sacred land of Bod it seems that the sources of subsistence are so scant that with rare exceptions only a syndicate of husbands can manage the support of a wife. Few villagers can afford to take more than a quarter ticket in the lottery of matrimonial chances, and the poorer shareholders have frequently to apply to the police to enforce their claim to a fair dividend.

Rev. Mr. Anthony, the Indian clergyman from the Grand River reserve, will conduct services at St. Alban's Church, Rookton, next Sunday morning and evening.

IS MORMONISM ON THE INCREASE?

Interesting Statistics Showing Its Growth

For the last ten years the increase of the Mormon population in the United States has been about 35 per centum. In 1876 the number of Mormons settled in Salt Lake City, Idaho, Arizona, Washington Territory, Wyoming and Colorado was 150,000 while in 1884 it was estimated at about 205,000. Not less than 12 per cent of the increase is furnished by the immigration from Europe. In 1876, 1 529 Mormons were landed; in 1880, 1 795; in 1881, 2 323; in 1884, 1,893; in 1885, 1,788. For the last ten years the yearly average Mormon immigration has amounted to 1 810. Since the 1st of January, 1886, two expeditions have reached this shore. The one early in March was composed of 360 persons; the second a little later, numbered 250 immigrants. It appears odd enough that so many Mormons should come from Europe, where the laws against polygamy are more severe than here, and are watchfully enforced by the Government. As a fact, the sect is not recognized by the State authorities in any European country. Nevertheless, since the Mormons have definitely settled in Utah, some of the twelve apostles, and, under their leadership, a number of disciples of the college of seventy, are yearly sent out to make proselytes, and the amount of immigration shows how far they are successful. They have extended their field of evangelization over Switzerland, and over all the northern countries of Europe where Protestantism is prevalent, especially over the Scandinavian peninsula, the Netherlands, Scotland, England, and, in later times, over the northern part of Germany. There is even a small community in the capital of the German Empire. In the southern countries, in which Catholicism predominates, such as Bavaria, France, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Ireland, the Rhenish Provinces of Bavaria and Prussia, the apostles and disciples never found favorable ground for their seed.

FASHION NOTES.

The Proper Costumes and Wraps for Seaside Resorts.

Linen chemisettes are more comfortable than the flannel collar and plastron. It is a good idea to possess both.

Seaside wraps are mantles with sling sleeves and a hood of scarlet or blue homespun. They are very stylish when made of boucle cloth.

The late wraps are short and trimmed with gilt or silver cord, and they are very unique. Scarlet cloth jackets are appropriate to wear with any dress.

Long white cloth ulsters are used for the gay resorts, but those most preferred are the checked or plaid English cloth.

Sailor hats of English straw are preferred for the seashore and for yachting. This straw resists the dampness.

Stiff wings and wide scarf ribbon, studded with straw beads, are used for trimming sailor hats.

Black and gilt stripes and red with gold are handsome for the mammas; and white with silver or gold for young ladies' shawls.

The postilion basque is made with a notched rolling collar, the basque and collar being bound with a narrow mohair braid.

Elaborate white serges and canvas dresses are trimmed with a vest a wide revers on the overskirt, of olive or old gold velvet, or corded with gilt or silver cord.

Striped flannels are used as parts of white or blue flannel suits. The shirt may be of inch wide with blue flannel drapery of plain blue flannel with revers and vests of the stripe.

The Late Earthquake in Jamaica.

The Panama *Star and Herald* gives some interesting details of the late earthquake and storm in Jamaica, which indicate a possible physical connection between the two phenomena. The earthquake occurred within four days of the anniversary of the historic convulsion by which the old town of Port Royal was thrown into the sea. The storm which began two days after the earthquake of last month was notable not so much for the violence of its winds as for the unprecedented severity of the rainfall, causing disastrous floods. At Kingston about fourteen inches of rain fell, the torrents coming down with slight intermission for over seventy-four hours, and at one point in the vicinity the downpour amounted to four inches in the space of three hours. The question arises whether this widespread torrential rain over the island was not indirectly caused by the earthquake. It has often been observed that after an earthquake the air temperature undergoes well marked fluctuations. Professor Milne states that the temperature of subterranean waters has been known to increase before earthquakes, and other writers have noted an abnormally high temperature of the atmosphere at the time of their occurrence, while after the seismic shocks cease the air is often suddenly cooled. What makes the connection between the recent Jamaica earthquake and storm more probable is that the precipitation attending the storm was so excessive, although the average rainfall over Jamaica during the whole month of June is not quite five inches.

Babies as Protectors.

A Brooklyn burglar was about to investigate the bureau drawers in a Classon avenue mansion one afternoon last week when he accidentally stepped upon the baby. He fled for his life. We told you so, young men. It has been our earnest endeavor, lo! these many years, to prove that a house without a baby is nothing but a cheerless mausoleum. As a protector a baby has proved itself to be invulnerable. The very presence of a sweet, musical cherub, with its rosy little mouth wide open and its lungs practising for future oratorical or musical triumphs, will paralyze the biggest burglar that ever walked. Henceforth let no house be without this attractive patent burglar ejector. If you have not a baby of your own, dear readers, hire one from your neighbors. If a genuine one is not to be had for love or money, purchase the biggest singing doll you can find and wind it up for twenty-four hours. —*N. Y. Journal.*

Youthful Speculations.

"Yes," said the parson at the tea-table, "young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjoy the other evening and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out and the buggy was smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control of his horse." "He must have been driving with one hand," flippantly suggested the minister's eldest son—a wild rake of a boy. "Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of 16, with a charmingly modest mein. And then everybody exclaimed in chorus: "Why, Edith!"—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

THE Emperor of Germany, who is now staying at Ems, will start shortly for Coblentz, where the Empress resides, and will remain with her for four days. From thence he will pay a visit to the Court of Baden and will occupy the chateau in the Isle of Mainau for five days. He will then repair to Wilbad-Gastein, for his "cure" of three weeks' duration. On his return journey His Majesty will stop for two days at Ischl and one day at Salzburg, and will finally proceed to the Castle of Babelsberg. Prince Bismarck, it is rumored, will go to Gastein in the beginning of August to meet His Majesty.

Rev Father Chiniquy has been lecturing in Western Ontario.

Rev. J. P. McEwen has accepted a call to Stratford Baptist Church.

HINTS TO CAMPERS.

Some Little Things that Add to the Comfort of a Trip to the Woods.

If a camping party wants to enjoy itself in the woods its arrangements must be made and carried out with regularity and system, says the New York *Sun*. A great mistake is frequently made at the outset in the making up of a party. A camp should never contain any but the most congenial spirits. A person may be a tip-top fellow as things go every day, and yet be a disturbing element in a camp. There should never be a "kicker" in the party. A man who will shirk any duty about a camp will set the whole party by the ears in a short time. You don't want with you the fellow who is always watching his chance to get the best place by the fire, the preferable corner for a bunk, or the browness trout for breakfast, or who is in unseemly haste to be the first on the brook or pond with his rod. Never go into camp with three in a party. There will be trouble, sure, if you do. It is a singular freak of camp human nature for men to divide into couples. Two out of your three campers will thus favor one another, and the third will naturally become dissatisfied. Two is company and three is none, in camp. Have your party an even number, whatever else you do.

To the party that intends to enter into the serious business of camp life, and expects to accept its unpleasant features in the same spirit that it enjoys the pleasant ones, there are many things that it is important to know. In these days campers carry their own tents. In the days when camping was camping, with no nonsense about it, we used to sling a few logs together in the shape of four walls, roof the inclosure with bark or boughs, and live contented in them. But tents are a great improvement over the old log cabins, if you can have them. If the party is not too large the ordinary A tent is preferable. Four persons are enough for one camping party. Select your camping site in a dry spot, near wood and water. In these days of canned meats, coffee, milk and other necessaries, and even luxuries, a party need not encumber itself with bulky supplies. Have plenty of spices. Canned coffee is to be preferred to the ordinary ground coffee. The grounds of the latter, however, are excellent preservatives of fish. By removing the entrails of fish and putting coffee grounds in their place, as well as in the gills, a catch may be kept fresh and sweet for a long time. Camp kits, containing all requisite utensils, are also provided to the hand of the camper nowadays. The best bed in camp is made by cutting hemlock boughs and placing them in layers on the ground in the tent, the butts of the boughs in one layer being placed all one way, and reversed in each succeeding layer. A bed of these boughs is soft, springy and fragrant, and will induce sound sleep to the lightest sleeper. Take plenty of blankets. The hottest summer days in the hills are followed by nights that are not only always cool but that frequently pass over the border of cool into the realm of cold. Wear cast-off clothing, eschewing all fancy camp suits. Wear woollen stockings. Campers expecting to fish in the ponds should carry their own boats, as they will find but sorry accommodations of that kind. Light cedar boats or folding canvas boats are to be chosen, as they are easily carried from one lake to another, if so desired. Come prepared with tackle for trout, black bass and pickerel, and equipped with guns for woodcock and summer duck, the only game to be expected before October. If a fall camp is anticipated the camper needs to be equipped for deer, pheasants, hare and rabbit, and prepared to be "loaded for b'ar."

If no member of a camping party is versed in woodcraft, which is likely to be the case in nine out of ten of the average parties that come from the city, they will be apt to find themselves in daily trouble in their unaided efforts to pry into the mysteries of the wilderness. It is important in such cases that the interests of the party should be in the hands of an experienced native to the manor born. It may seem an easy thing to the novice, for instance, to quit fishing on a brook toward evening, perhaps, and "just cut across" through the woods to camp; but even persons who are not novices know how difficult a thing that is to do. After walking for an hour or so, a much longer time than he supposed is possible for him to consume in reaching camp, he will suddenly awaken to the fact that he is lost. The moment he realizes this he will do just as hundreds like him have done before, and will at once begin to plunge aimlessly about to seek a way out. The more he does this the deeper he will entangle himself. When he finds that he has lost his way, let him stop, keep his head, and look calmly about him. If it is getting dark, and he receives no response to his shouts, the best and only sensible thing for him to do is to seek a dry spot near by, throw up a shelter of boughs or bark, and calmly make up his mind to go to sleep and await the appearance of daylight. No camper ignorant of the woods should be without a compass, and when he leaves camp he should always note the direction he travels. When the lost camper awakens in the morning he should locate himself by the sun if he has no compass, and then having