

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

Three million feet of boards will be used in the new C. P. R. elevator at Montreal.

The Mounted Police cut contract, 315,000 pounds, has been let to Charles Stewart at \$2 1/2 a pound.

A St. Thomas billiardroom keeper has been committed to gaol in default of payment of a fine under the Scott Act.

There is bad feeling between the whites and the Halfbreeds and Indians at Pincoo Albert, resulting from the rebellion.

An aged Customs officer, Leon Sanson, of Lewis, died recently, leaving behind him a daily record of fifty years of his life.

Four Douglas pines which were recently cut up in British Columbia contained together 20,580 feet. The largest was 55 inches in diameter.

During a recent storm in Pugwash, N. S., lightning struck the steeple of the old Episcopal Church throwing it down and setting fire to the building.

The municipality of Russell, Man., is considering a proposal to grant \$1,000 to assist Dr. Barnard in establishing an industrial farm within its bounds.

Laval University will ask for designs for its new buildings from all the architects in the Dominion. Prizes of \$500 each will be given for the three best designs.

A Woodstock, N. B., physician took some virus from the arm of a child which he had vaccinated. The father of the child used for the value of the vaccine matter and get a verdict for \$3.50.

It rumored along the line of the Welland Canal that the water is to be drawn off the levels this winter. The Journal says that this course will stop many manufacturers and throw hundreds of people out of employment.

Whisky pedlars visited Leon Lake, near Port Arthur, recently, and did a thriving trade. The result of their visit was that a pensioner drank himself to death and that a fight arose in which a man was shot in the eye.

Probably the youngest preacher in the world is I. E. Bill, Baptist, only 12 years of age, who preached a sermon on Sunday, the 27th ult., at St. Martins, N. B., to a large congregation. He is the son of Rev. I. E. Bill and the grandson of Rev. I. E. Bill, D. D.

Manitoba crop reports were recently published. The wheat yield is most satisfactory. An average of 16 to 20 bushels is commonly reported, and oats vary from light to fair. Barley is not up to the average, and root crops are a satisfactory crop. On the whole the results are better than expected, and the drought has been less injurious than was feared.

Rev. R. V. Rogers, a Kingston clergyman, died on Tuesday at the age of 84 years. He was a native of Bristol, Eng., and was the son of a commander in the English navy who saw service at Bonker Hill. He has resided in Kingston, with a short intermission, since 1850. Two sons—Mr. R. V. Rogers, barrister, Kingston, and Mr. H. M. Rogers, merchant, of Rochester—and two unmarried daughters survive him.

The wife of Rev. R. Campbell, of Montreal, with her son and Mrs. Evans, was riding in a caliche near Fraser's Forks. The horse, which was attached to the vehicle, was being led by the bride by a boy, while the picknickers were descending a steep hill, when it suddenly became frightened and bolted off at a frightful speed. Mrs. Campbell retained all her presence of mind, and clasping her child to her breast she clung fast to her seat. The animal left the road at the foot of the hill and dashed through an open field, straight for the Fraser River. They were within a few rods of the precipice, which hems in the river, and had given themselves up for lost when a boy who was working in a field caught sight of them. Throwing aside a rake with which he was working, he grasped a large fence rail, and holding it out at arm's length he ran before the horse and succeeded in making him turn away from the river. His act saved the lives of the occupants of the carriage.

The Antarctic Ocean.

The Antarctic Ocean occupies a position around the south pole similar to that of the Arctic Ocean at the opposite end of the earth. It fills all the space to the south of the Antarctic Circle. It differs vastly, however, from its northern homologue, for, instead of having land at its outer circumference, it has water. While the North American, the European, and the Asiatic oceans encircle the Northern Ocean, the Pacific, the Atlantic, and the Indian Oceans mingle their waters with those of the frozen zone at the south.

As it differs in physical conditions, so also it differs in having received much less attention from the world at large. While the aim of innumerable expeditions for the past four hundred years has been to find a northwest passage to Asia, to plant a flag at latitude 90°, or to rescue some unfortunate commander and his crew from a horrible fate, and while thousands of dollars have been expended, and hundreds of lives have been lost, there is a strange contrast offered when we turn to the far south. The expeditions which have been sent out by the great nations of the world to explore the vast watery expanse about the southern pole are so few as to be counted on the fingers of one hand, and all the ships which have left records of any extensive explorations beyond the Antarctic Circle might be counted on the fingers of two hands. And yet "within the periphery of the Antarctic Circle," says Lieutenant Maury, "is included an area equal in extent to one sixth of the entire land surface of our planet. Most of this immense area is as unknown to the inhabitants of the earth as the interior of one of Jupiter's satellites. . . . For the last two hundred years the Arctic Ocean has been a theatre of exploration; but, as for the Antarctic, no expedition has attempted to make any persistent exploration, or even to winter there." It is noteworthy, too, that in the voyages which have been made not a ship nor a life has been lost south of the circle. "It does not appear," says one writer, "that Antarctic voyages would be attended with any excessive degree of danger. . . . It may even be found that the Antarctic barriers are impenetrable; but this has certainly not as yet been demonstrated."

POPULATING THE NORTH-WEST.

The Large Influx of Settlers This Year.

Mr. S. O. Armstrong, colonization agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, states that this season has been far in advance of previous years as regards the number of emigrants who have taken up land in the North-West. From the beginning of the present year to the 1st of July, 1000 miles of country in the Province of Ontario between Mattawa depot on the Canadian Pacific Railway and Port Arthur has been settled and partly cultivated. In the Lake Nipissing district, immense tracts of fine land have been recently opened up, and whereas two years ago there was room for a dozen families, the agents now report plenty of good land capable of supporting hundreds. This district is so favorably regarded that 1700 families have settled between Mattawa and Carleton Place, all in the Nipissing district, and the little depots have become thriving towns with populations of from 200 to 2000 people. Among these may be mentioned Mattawa, North Bay and Sturgeon Falls. The extension and completion of the Algoma branch of railway to the Sault Ste. Marie, which was begun this month, will open up a still more extensive region, where settlers will be near the Great Lakes and take advantage of the facilities for navigation. Westward from Port Arthur there is a great deal of good land called "Brule," or land over which the fire has run several times clearing it of the timber and which quickly covers itself with a thick covering of grass. North-West from Rat Portage along the Winnipeg river to the Lake is a good stretch of black loam. This section has attracted a large number of French Canadians this year, the Roman Catholic Missionary at Fort Alexander having successfully invited them to come. The French Canadian settlements S. E. of Winnipeg on the Rat river have been strongly reinforced by their fellow countrymen from New England and Province of Quebec. On the Manitoba South Western Railway near the Turtle Mountains is a settlement from Labrador and the north coast of the St. Lawrence including families from the islands of St. Pierre in the Gulf. Apart from these the majority of settlers are from Ontario and the old country. Thriving settlements of Germans, Scandinavians and Hungarians have this year formed on the main line of the C. P. R. beginning about 250 miles west of Winnipeg on the Qu'Appelle River, between White Wood and Regina. About 700 families have settled in this district this year, a larger number than during any previous years. These people all express their intention of becoming naturalized Canadians and British subjects. They all express themselves pleased and satisfied with the country, and many of them have written home to their friends urging them to come over to them. The Calgary district has probably received the largest number and the better class of emigrants than any other section. The immense quantity of settlers' effects and the number of cattle imported into this section has been something unprecedented in the history of Canadian Colonization. Five thousand head of cattle were shipped there by one firm alone, that of Messrs. Gilroy and Co., and a constant influx of cattle is going on from the neighbouring States of Montana, Idaho and Dakota. Across the Rockies, beginning at Golden City and proceeding southward to the Montana and Idaho boundaries is a most extensive valley country, possessing a fine dry climate, good soil and abundance of wood and water. Coal has also been found in this district and is just beginning to be worked. About 100 families have settled in this region and there is ample room for thousands more. From Golden City to the second crossing of the Columbia river there is no land for settlement, but thence westward to Vancouver city and inland there is a great quantity of good land ready to be taken up. A number of settlers have already located themselves there, but the returns have not yet been issued. The Columbia and Keeney rivers have many streams running into them, where placer mining is going on, the majority of the miners being Chinese.

A steamer has been placed on the Columbia river running between Golden City and the Columbian Lakes. At several places in the vicinity quartz mining has begun. A considerable amount of capital has been invested, especially at the head of the river in the Similkameen and Granite Creek regions, about 200 miles due east of Vancouver Island.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT.

When one lives entirely with the course of nature, every day is fully lived. There are three little wicks to the lamp of a man's life, brain, blood and breath. There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song. The wealth of the world is the wealth of civilization, and civilization is the fruit of Christianity. As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom bed as great and durable profits from small and hasty efforts. When we look down upon the earth we think of the past; when we look up to the sky, we think of the future. The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands. Not to oversee workmen is to leave your purse open. A tyrant cannot well bind one end of a chain around the arms or legs of a people, without finding the other around his own neck. A mob is that man or woman who is always pretending to something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than they are. Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys. Patience is a moral mosquito net. Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing solid in it, but it cases joints wonderfully. Many a poor but honest man now wakes up feeling that before night some college may give him a degree.

THE FARM.

Scissored and Pinned.

Many farmers trust too much to luck and the moon and do too little close figuring. The decayed branches of old trees should be promptly removed. Their unwholesomeness is the least of their evils.

Keep the roadsides free from stones and rubbish, and neatly mown. Don't let them be a nursery of weed seeds.

If the manger or feed box be so foul as to emit a sour smell from any cause, it should be carefully cleansed and washed with a solution of soda or potash until perfectly sweet again.

The bee does not deface your fields by clipping the growing grasses, like the domestic animals; it does not mar the garden plants or levy taxes on your grain. Bees differ from the whole insect world. No tree, shrub, plant or flower is injured by their presence.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman tells of butter pressed in a mould so as to look exactly like a large fine strawberry. One of these berries stood beside each plate, and an extra supply stood in the centre of the table on a fruit dish. Gold-edged butter, in such fancy shapes, should sell for higher prices even in hard times.

The Scientific American is right when it says: "Nothing will purify and keep a stable so free from odors as the free use of dry earth, and every one keeping horses or cattle will find it pays to keep it at hand to be used daily. A few shovels full of earth scattered over the floor after cleaning will render the air of the apartment pure and wholesome."

In our present system of education—new, happily, rapidly passing away for a better one—we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working; and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense.

It is estimated, and safely so, that a good well-fed cow puts ten dollars worth of manure on about the four acres of land it takes to keep her for a year on most farms. Putting that amount of fertilization on the soil of a fairly good farm soon makes its produce so that one cow cannot eat the produce of four acres, and the result is more mouths to feed and more milk, or larger grain crops to sell.

The desire to get on in the world, to surround one's self with the creature comforts necessary to happiness, to possess even of the luxuries of life should be strong in the breast of every tiller of the soil. He has health and strength. The free, pure air of heaven is his to breathe. Beautiful creatures fresh from the hand of God are spread out before him. But these should not satisfy him. He should seek to make his home a bower of love and beauty—flowers, birds, and sunshine around it, within the peace and content which comes of making the highest use of the blessings God has given us.

Some Profitable Experiences.

A gentleman writes:—Two years ago I leased four acres of run-out pasture land to be planted with potatoes. One ton of phosphate was used for the crop. They were head twice, and when dug a plow was run through the rows, turning out most of the potatoes to the surface. 634 bushels were raised on the field. I intended to sow it to rye in the fall but did not do it. In the spring of 1885, I sowed it to oats and seeded it down. I did not keep account of the number of bushels raised on the field, but they were very heavy oats weighing 38 pounds to the bushel. I did not plow the field, but harrowed it over with a Share's harrow, sowed my oats and fertilizer, and harrowed them in—using one ton of Lister bone and 10 bushels of unleached ashes at time of seeding. Last fall I could have cut a good crop of rye had the stone been plowed up. This spring I plowed up the stone, and have out eight tons of good quality hay according to my estimate, which I do not think is too high. I am satisfied if farmers would use more pure bone and less adulterated phosphates, they would receive greater and more lasting results.

ODE TO LAKE ONTARIO.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

Thou inland sister-sea, Ontario! To glide upon thy bosom is sublime; There feel thy peaceful, steady, onward flow. Ceaseless and constant as the course of time! Thy waters seem the same,—yet ever new— Fed by a thousand streams on either side; The same clear sky—the same thy depths of blue— Free as the nations bordering on thy tide! Vast upper-lakes feed thee with liberal hand, From higher lands as new as thine hath been, Where still the Indian and his wigwam stand, He half amazed with what his eyes hath seen! To thy embrace, like gallant lever hold, Niagara rushes in his mad career, Till tired and spent, past whirling eddies cold, He calmly sinks to rest when thou art near! Last of the inland seas!—yet nearest home— Thy waters soon shall swell the mighty deep, And mingle with the ocean's briny foam, There shalt thou rest—and there for ever sleep! People who live in glass houses should have certainties.

Near at Hand.

It is stated that Heward spent his youth in dreams of heroic deeds and impossible ventures for the help and elevation of un-civilized nations. Being captured while at sea by a French privateer, his attention was drawn to the cruelties practised on prisoners, and on his release he began an inspection of the jail in his native village. The reform he inaugurated spread throughout all the prisons in Europe.

Charles Dickens, while a boy in Jones's school, was in the habit of writing romances for the amusement of his companions of the most vague and lofty character. His great fame came to him through his pictures of Mrs. Minnis over the way, of the policeman, shop-boys, butchers and cooks who came in his way in his daily walks in the streets of London.

A middle aged merchant in one of our large cities complained a couple of years ago that he had been thwarted in his true work in life.

"My hope was to carry Christianity and civilization to some heathen nation. Then I should not have lived in vain. But I have been anchored here inexorably."

"The heathen have come to you," said his friend, nodding to the Chinese laundryman, with his wooden shoes and pig tail, who was passing.

The hint was taken. Mr. Blank went to Ah Sing's laundry and made a friend of him, persuaded him to come with four of his friends to his house, twice a week, to learn "Mellon 'ligien." There are now nearly seventy Chinese men in a Bible class taught by Mr. Blank, of whom a large percentage are sincere Christians.

It is the habit of young and imaginative people to search the far horizon for their career, their work and rewards in life.

Of one fact they may be sure, that when God has work for a man to do in the world, He puts it within his reach.

The great authors and painters of all ages have earned success by depicting that which was most familiar to them.

Here in our every-day life, in the commonplace kindfolk, trades-people and servants that surround us, is material for all the power in our brains or souls.

The religion, too, which will save a man is not a far-off, visionary rapture, it is in his heart and in his mouth while he is about his daily work.

An humble work-woman taught an English shoemaker the happiness of a spiritual life. On the shoemaker's wall was a map, and the shoemaker looked at it at times while at work, and it conveyed to him the impression that the large part of the world was ignorant of the inward light and joy that made of his life a psalm. The map haunted him night and day. It became an inspiration and in the heart of this man English evangelical missions were begun. He is honored here, but we can not doubt that the poor work-woman has her reward in being among these who, having turned many to righteousness, "shine as the stars."

Miss Alcott, whose own life has been very practical and useful in meeting the duties of her home and town, was once handed an autograph book, and asked to write a sentiment in it. She wrote, "Do the duty that lies nearest you." The thought recalls these simple but telling words of Scripture,—"He first findeth his own brother Simon." But work for others does not end where it began; it is progressive; its influence grows, and is eternal.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Red ants will never be found in closets or drawers if a small bag of sulphur be kept in these places.

Shears with two blades and a spring back were used in old Rome for clipping sheep, hair and hedges.

A good pen-wiper for steel pens is a piece of raw potato. It removes the ink crust and causes a smooth flow of ink.

The petrified skeleton of a whale over thirty feet long has been discovered by an officer of the Coast Survey on a range of mountains in Monterey county, Cal., over 3,300 feet above the sea level.

The peculiar varnish-like lustre of the petals of the buttercup is attributed by Dr. Mebus, who has recently been investigating it, to a "highly refractory yellow oil existing in the epidermal cells, increased by the fact that the layer of cells of the mesophyll is densely filled with minute starch grains."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat calls attention to the rich but undeveloped sulphur interests of Louisiana. The World's Fair at New Orleans happened just in time to direct attention to the stores of salt, kassia and other leading interests. In Calcasieu there is a sulphur deposit seventy-five or eighty feet thick.

According to Wright, many of the finer grades of transparent soap sold in England do not contain glycerine, as advertised, but sugar. Sugar seems just as well adapted to making transparent soap as glycerine. As sugar is admitted into England free of duty, and is hence very cheap, this application of it becomes possible.

The physicians at Pennsylvania Hospital, at Philadelphia, have fitted up a pretty tent of snowy canvas on the hospital grounds, and provided it with couches, douche baths, &c., for the purpose of treating sunstroke cases. A corps of professional men are constantly on duty, ready to restore all brought in who are suffering from heat or exhaustion.

The following, though old to some, may be new to others, and will enable the latter to make a simple barometer for themselves: Two drams of camphor, half-dram of pure saltpetre, half-dram of muriate of ammonia and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a very good weather guide. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change minute stars will rise up in the liquid, while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the combination.

"Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" asks four-year-old Mammie. "Yes, dear; I do not care if you do." "Thank you, ma," was the demure reply. "I've been."

If your flatness troubles you by dropping black spots from the top or sides when greasing, take them in a pan of soapuds and give them a thorough washing, and dry quickly to prevent rusting.

Seeing Life.

Boys often talk of "seeing life" in a way that argues ill for their future. Many of them see life to the destruction of all noblest and truest within them, and they love them. An exchange tells the following pathetic story of a boy who had seen life.

Although he was shackled to a negro, and was on his way to Jefferson City to serve a two years' term for petty larceny, Ed Donnelly, a handsome, intelligent, and energetic young man, was in the custody of Sheriff Conkley, who was in charge of him and three other convicts. Ed was from time to time, and looked out upon the bright country which the train was making through with apparently no thought of dreary future before him. Suddenly, in the midst of his merriment he dropped his head, drew his slouch cap down over his eyes and became silent.

"What's the matter, Ed?" Conkley asked, as he tipped the hat up and looked at his prisoner's face.

"Nothing," the young fellow answered, "I'd like to know what the matter with you?"

"There's somebody on the train I want should see me. Allow me to buy my cap over my face, Mr. Conkley."

"Certainly, hide your face if you want to," said the officer.

Half an hour later, during which the handsome young convict remained motionless with his hands covering his face and his hat drawn over both, two other men came along. They halted for a moment, and looked at Conkley's unshaken view excited the interest of the other two men, who scanned him from head to foot with pitying eyes. Turning to Conkley, he said:

"That poor boy's repentance comes late, sheriff. Terrible! Terrible! I know a boy just about his age—a wild, wayward boy, whom I have not seen for months. Whether he's living or dead, I know not; but rather than have him in such plight as that I'd see him lying!"

"Father! I don't!"

The hat was flung off, and, with eyes brimming with tears, the face of the boy looked into the face of the father. The boy outstretched his hands—ones of freedom, the other shackled to that of a man—his father, who seized them and held them tenderly. They were permitted to sit and talk together during the remainder of the ride, and when the penitentiary gates were closed upon the son, the father still gazed near the spot, as though he could not leave it.

All of One Family.

It was the first of July. The great city railway station was crowded with gay, well-dressed people, on their way to some summer resort in the mountains or by the sea. In odd contrast to them was a group of neglected Italian emigrants, with whom a military official was arguing.

"I tell you this is not your station!" bawling his voice, as people are apt to do at foreigners. "At the other end of the city, Emigrant station. Two miles, come, come out!"

The man of the party shook his head steadily, muttering "Tollido" as his only answer, and holding out a bit of written paper.

"Teledo, Ohio," read the train-haul. "The idea of a lot of wretches as you are degg going half round the world with nothing but that scrap of paper to guide them!" he ejaculated to his companions.

He bustled away, and the emigrants shrank back into their corner. The man looked at his pale, hunger-bitten little girl and his wife, and then at the groups who were chattering and laughing about him. Some young girls drew their light dresses aside as they passed him, and a stout-looking, middle-aged woman muttered something to them about "the country being an asylum for paupers." The poor Italian scowled with bitter envy at a party of young fashionable men. He carried a stick, with a few rags in a bundle; they were equipped with costly rifles and fishing tackle.

Maletesta looked as though he felt himself an outcast from the happy human race. There was no tie between him and those well-to-do people.

A moment later there was a cry, a fall, and a sudden rush of the crowd toward him. His child, a pretty little girl, had fallen from her mother's knee and lay on the stones floor as if dead. The wretched Italian threw himself down beside her.

"Ah Oia! Figlia mia!" he cried, in a voice that made the tears start to the eyes of many a woman.

In a moment the great room was alive with help and friendliness. One of the young men had the child on his knee, quietly. "I am a physician," he said, quietly. "She is not dead. It is the heat and hunger. Lem, go to the nearest drug-shop and bring"—lowering his voice—"and, well, got some milk from the restaurant."

The young men dropped their guns and hats, and ran; old men, young girls, and negro waiters crowded forward with help. When the child recovered, a dozen hands led Maletesta and his wife to the waiting room, and somebody went round with a hat, collecting a fund for their relief. The young doctor still held the child, looking it carefully, when the old lady, so long or haughty and sour, came up to him.

"As soon as the baby is fit to be nursed, I will take them all home with me. The man will take them all home with me. My husband is a vine-dresser, it seems, and my husband shall have their own roof over their heads before night."

The Italian and his wife stood beside her, crying and kissing themselves. They were believers in the Pope, the doctor was a Baptist, and the good woman a Methodist, but the single touch of suffering had made them all children of one Father.

To clean a porcelain kettle fill half full of hot water and put in a tablespoonful powdered borax; let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains, scour with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax.

A backbiting woman exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair at a neighbor's. "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." "That isn't your fault," quietly responded the neighbor.