

YOUNG FOLKS.

Brother Ned.
Of brother Ned, when three years old,
This very funny yarn is told:
One night I took him out with me
The pretty harvest moon to see.
But when I brought him into bed—
"Me want see moon again," he said,
Again we went into the night,
A cloud had hid the moon from sight.
"The moon is gone, you see," I said,
"And you must come in and go to bed."
Said little Ned, with sob and pout,
"Now, sister Alice, YOU BLOWED IT OUT!"

OLINDA QUANDA.

Olinda Quanda was one of the mightiest fairies of the forest. Her castle, which was built of pure gold, with windows in it of the rarest and most brilliant of diamonds, was hidden beneath the noisy waves of the stream. Here, underneath the water's surface, Olinda Quanda lived among a large number of other fairies, who all of them were servants.

Only once a year would Olinda Quanda and her servants leave the golden castle beneath the forest stream, and that was in the beginning of the spring, immediately after the ice had disappeared from the water and the snow had been driven from the ground and the trees by the warm rays of the sun. That was a very busy time for the fairies, because they left their house for a very important purpose. In short, they went throughout the vast area of Olinda Quanda's dominions to plant the seeds for all the beautiful flowers that grew within the wide wood. Flitting over the ground, they dropped a seed here and another one there, and thus the anemones, the wood-sorrels, the woodruffs, the dog woods and all the other beauties that grow beneath the shade of the forest foliage were brought to life.

The world had again laid off the heavy mantle of snow and ice; the dreariness of the woodland had already disappeared to make room for a scene of animation and a spring-like aspect. The little birds had again returned to their trees from the village barns, their places of refuge from hunger in the cold and pitiless winter, and Olinda Quanda was making preparations as well for her annual trip through her estate. As usual this was a busy day for the fairies, because it was quite a laborious task to get all the seeds for the many flowers ready. But at last everything was in shape, and the flight of the fairies commenced. Olinda Quanda as the Queen, of course, led the train and soon they were again in the midst of their occupation.

Suddenly, however, Olinda Quanda was startled by the sight of a sleeping young man, whose form lay across her course, under a hawthorn bush. She let out a scream of surprise, and immediately the young man opened his eyes. When he beheld the many beautiful faces of the fairies around him, and especially when he looked into the eyes of the lovely Olinda Quanda, he became bewildered at the dazzling sight before him. But when the fairy Queen again looked at the young man, whose face was very handsome, she ordered her servants to continue at their work while she remained and talked to the stranger.

"How did you come into this lone wood?" she asked the young man.

For a moment the sleeper could not find his power of speech, so much was he overcome by the sudden apparition of the beautiful Olinda Quanda. But her looks and manner made such a reassuring impression upon him that he felt she was well deserving of his confidence. "I am a very unfortunate young man," he at last burst forth, "because I have lost my bride, a young maiden as beautiful as you are. I am disconsolate, because I do not know how I shall ever be able to recover her."

"Will you not tell me how you lost her. May be I can help you to find her," said the fairy. "My power is great, and I have many servants at my command."

"Well," replied the young man, "I will tell you, though I do not see how you can help me. I am the prince of a great kingdom. The lands of my father, the King, are many, and his soldiers and generals number hundreds of thousands. My mother, however, died many years ago, and my father has since brought another Queen to our court, a woman who is as wicked as she is without a heart or affection. From the moment she entered our castle she showed a great dislike to me. Of course, knowing that my father was very fond of me, she never gave any open evidence of her hatred toward me, but she never omitted to harm me secretly. I must also tell you that she is a great witch and sorceress, and she is so clever in her devilish arts that my father is completely under her control, and it would be hard for any one to prove to my father how bad his wife is.

"It so happened, however, that I fell in love with the Princess Amalda, the daughter of the King who reigns in the country next to my father's dominion. Now Amalda was renowned the world over for her unequalled beauty and the great charm of her lovable disposition. When my stepmother heard, therefore, that I proposed to bring Amalda to our castle as the future Queen she at once attempted to persuade my father not to sanction the marriage. It is not necessary for me to say that she succeeded, but she never expected that I would form an important obstacle. When I was told that I must not marry Amalda I swore that I would do so in spite of everything, and at last my father told me secretly that he had no objection. That was all I wanted. The next day I went to Amalda's home, married her and started on my way back to my father's castle.

"We had already traveled over three-fourths of our journey, when one day we had to halt in a deep wood, because Amalda was very tired and hungry from the exertions of the journey. While we were resting under a tree and I was contemplating what to do to get some food—I had sent our servants already to the nearest town to purchase something—an old and ugly woman came hobbling along the path on a stick. When she saw us she approached, and, looking very sharp at Amalda, she said:

"Well, my pretty little dove, what ails you?"
Before I could speak and tell the old crone to go about her business, Amalda replied that she was awfully hungry.
"Is that all, my little dove?" screeched the hag in a scolding, warbling voice.
"Well, come along with me; I will give you some food; I live close by here."

"Now, I did not trust the old woman, and I hesitated for a moment, but when I looked at my beautiful Amalda, who was almost faint with hunger, I got up, and leading Amalda along, we followed the old hag, who took us into a dilapidated, tumble-down log cabin not far off. When we arrived there, she got some vegetables from a cupboard, which I now remember were turnips. She handed a plateful of this food to Amalda, who was so hungry that she ate them. But, alas! no sooner had she swallowed a mouthful of these turnips than she fell to the floor of the cabin, her lovely form shriveled together. Everything before me disappeared—witch, cabin, Amalda, and all—and when I looked around again I saw nothing else except a turnip. Of course you can imagine my rage and anger. I was nearly frantic. I was about to grind that turnip into the ground with my heel when a sudden thought prompted me to pick it up and take it with me as a memento of my lost Amalda. I ran away from the place distressed, and I have been hunting all over the world to find a trace of my bride, of the witch, or of the cabin, but all in vain. Now you know my story, can you help me, do you think?"

"Have you still got that turnip?" asked Olinda Quanda.
"Yes, here it is," replied the prince, taking it from his pocket.

"Well, then, dig a hole right here and plant the turnip," the fairy commanded the young man, who mechanically obeyed. Then, after he had covered it up with earth, Olinda Quanda stooped down over the place where the turnip was buried and blew at the spot. Immediately the ground began to move, then it opened up, and within a few seconds a form grew up from the ground which resembled in every particular the shape of a woman. More and more it grew, and before very long a lady as beautiful as the fairy herself stood before the astonished young prince.

"Is it possible?" he cried. "Here is my Amalda, my beautiful bride brought to life again!"

"Yes," now said Olinda Quanda, "it is your bride, and no witch, however powerful, will be ever able to harm her again. But I know who was the witch you met in the woods."

"Who was she?" eagerly asked the Prince.
"It is your stepmother. But you hurry home and she will not escape from punishment."

The prince and Amalda departed, thanking the kind fairy over and over again for what she had done.

When the two arrived at the house of the prince the stepmother stood at the ostelgate, but no sooner did she see and recognize Amalda than she fell down dead.

The Dawn of African Civilization.

Events are evidently hastening on the day when the "Dark Continent" will be no longer an unknown land. The amount of attention which is just now being concentrated from many points upon the interior of Africa is, to use a much-abused term, phenomenal. The operations of the German Commercial Company and expeditionary forces; those of the British East African and the newly chartered South African Companies; the late blockade of the Zanzibar Coast; the powerful crusade which has been preached over Europe by Cardinal Lavigerie; the Anti-Slavery Congress which is just now sitting, as a result, at Brussels; and last, but not least, the return of Stanley with the remnants of his expedition and the heroic Emin Bey, from his marvellous trip into and through the very heart of the hitherto unexplored region; all these things may be taken as so many prophecies of coming events, involving the final opening up of the interior of the last great unknown land on the earth's surface. What may be the extent and usefulness of the new discoveries made by Stanley and his brave crew can be known only when he has had time to collect and give to the world the records of his travels. But what man has done man can do. The second expedition will have immense advantages over the first, and it can scarcely be doubted that Stanley's great exploits will be known to history as the first of the series of explorations and enterprises which finally throw open to the world the habitable parts of Central Africa. It will not, however, be to the credit of European civilization if motives of humanity do not, in the present and the immediate future, outweigh all commercial and scientific considerations. The atrocities of the Arab slave trade, as they are little by little revealed to the horrified world, almost surpass conception or belief. If ever there was an occasion which not only justified but demanded with all the imperative force of the noblest impulses of our rugged humanity, that the nations should unite to put down with a strong hand a diabolical iniquity, the doings of the Arabs in the interior of Africa surely furnish such an occasion. Every consideration of justice, every emotion of pity prompts the hope that the Brussels Congress will not dispense without having agreed upon the details of a scheme which shall result in putting an effectual check, at the earliest possible moment, to the work of death, and cruelty worse than death, now being carried on by the Arab slave traders. — [The Week.]

How to Oculat Properly.

If you are tall and she is short, you must stand erect, draw her close to your side, bend your head somewhat so that your lips will rest respectfully on her forehead, place her right hand over her shoulder, then your left arm around her waist. By this time her left hand will be snugly imprisoned in your right hand. She will raise her face to look up at you. Draw your arm for a moment from around her waist and gently tip her head backward and to the side, then—well, that is one way.

The other is, if she is tall and you are short, stand on your toes, not on her toes, mind. Draw her head down nicely until her lips are on a level with your forehead. By that time your lips will be on a level with her diamond collar-button. You will look up to her, of course. Your eyes, by their proximity to her lips, will read what she is about to say. If their motion bodies any good, then it is safe for you to make the exertion. If they bode evil, why, a la Aunt Bridget, "stay where you are, stay where you are." This is the other way.

Next, if you are both of the same height and proportions, you will—but there, space is valuable. — [St. Louis Critic.]

Stock men.—Speculators.

The Board of Trade.—A shopkeeper's sign.

MARRIAGE.

When It Is Declared a Failure by Men and Women.

Marriage is a failure, the men say, when a wife thinks more of her relatives than of her husband;

When a wife believes that her husband must love her whether she deserves it or not;

When a wife stoops to her husband's level and tries to equal him in being mean;

When a wife fails to realize that patience and gentleness are more natural with her than with a man;

When a woman marries for convenience and pretends that she marries for love;

When a wife pays too much attention to her husband's old vows and not enough to the nature of the man she has actually married;

When a wife insists that her husband shall be as good as her mother, instead of as good as her father;

When a wife says that if her husband earns \$3 a day he ought to put \$2 50 of it in her lap every night as "her share."

When a wife who is not expected to do any such work says in the presence of the neighbors that she was not "raised" that way, and will not saw the wood;

When the wife blames all the trouble on the husband instead of accepting her share;

When a woman imagines that all the women in the world are in love with her plug of a husband;

When a wife expects the fact that she is a mother to compensate for all her failures.

Marriage is a failure, the women say, when a man says he cannot control his temper when with his wife and children, although they know he controls it when provoked by a large, muscular man enemy;

When a man is a liar and his wife knows it;

When a man is liberal, and fair, and cheerful with every one except his wife;

When a man is fool enough to expect that an angel would marry him;

When a man is patient and cringing with men who do not care if they displease him, and impatient with her sick children;

When a man expects that his wife ought to buy as much with \$1 as he himself can buy with \$2;

When a man frets because his wife did not love him before she knew him;

When a man expects the fountain to be higher than the head—when he expects a better home than he provides;

When a man blames his wife because there is a large family of children.

When a man smacks his lips in recollection of his mother's cooking, and forgets he had a better appetite as a boy than he has as a man;

Pursued by Crocodiles.

On the Congo, near the equator, live the Ba-Ngala, with whom the explorer, Stanley, had his hardest battle when he floated down the great river. They are the most powerful and intelligent of the Upper Congo natives, and since Captain Coquilhat established a station in their country, four years ago, they have become good friends of the whites.

An exciting event occurred recently in one of their many villages, and Essalaka, the chief, went to Captain Coquilhat and told him the story:

"You know the big island near my town?" he said. "Well, yesterday, soon after the sun came up, one of my women and her little boy started for the island in a canoe. The boy is twelve years old.

"He says that while his mother was paddling she leaned over to look at something in the water. The next moment a crocodile seized her, and dragged her from the canoe. Then the crocodile and his mother sank from sight.

"The paddle was lying in the canoe, and the boy picked it up to paddle back to the village. The crocodile was swimming towards the island; he could tell this by the moving water.

"With a sudden resolve to try to save his mother the boy paddled after the crocodile. The creature reached the island and went out on land. He laid the woman's body on the ground. Then he went back into the river and swam away. He was going after his mate.

"The boy paddled fast to where his mother was lying. He jumped out of the boat and ran to her. There was a big wound in her breast; her eyes were shut, and he thought she was dead. He could not lift her; he dragged her body to the canoe. The crocodile might come back at any moment and kill him; but he worked like a hero. Little by little he got his mother's body into the canoe; then he pushed away from the shore, and started home.

"Suddenly we heard shouting on the river and saw the canoe, with the boy paddling as hard as he could. Every two or three minutes he would look behind him. The crocodile and his mate were after them.

"If the crocodiles caught the canoe, they would upset it with a blow, and both the boy and his mother would be lost.

"Eight or nine of us jumped into canoes and started to the rescue. We came up when one of the crocodiles was not more than an arm's length away. We scared the beast off, and brought the canoe to shore. When the boy tried to walk he fell down, he was so frightened and tired.

"We thought the woman was dead, but in a little while she opened her eyes and asked for the boy. We laid him beside her, she stroked him a few times with her hand; but she was hurt too badly. She soon closed her eyes, and did not open them or speak again. Oh, how the boy cried! But he had saved his mother's body from the crocodiles."

An Essalaka told this story the tears coursed down his cheeks. Instances of strong affection are frequently seen among the people of this tribe.

Are women more charitable than men? The London street sweepers don't think so. One of them on being asked his opinion replied that it was no use asking ladies for a gratuity; they never did and never would give a poor man anything. Another said that a lady occasionally gave him a penny when her purse was handy. And still another said that he never heard of a lady even noticing a poor sweeper. — [N. Y. Trib.]

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An American Prof. Describes Some of Its Beauties.

Prof. Albert S. Rickmore lectured on "British Columbia" recently, at the American Museum of Natural History. Prof. Rickmore was particularly happy in this lecture, for it included a territory which the lecturer had traversed only last summer. He started out with a map of Canada and the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway, illustrated Winnipeg, the Cree Indians, and Manitoba, and then came to the Canadian National Park, whose natural beauties he exhibited by means of his stereopticon and graphically described.

The scenes chosen were the Bow River and the Bow River Falls, the Cascade Mountain from Upper Hot Springs, Devil's Lake, Kicking Horse Pass, Mount Stephen and Cathedral Peak, front and west views from Field, and the Ottertail Mountains. The Columbia River afforded some beautiful views, and then the lecturer passed to the Selkirk Mountains, showing Mount Carroll, the Hermit Range, snow sheds and Glacier Range, and Glacier Station. Mount Oheops was shown, and then came the Great Glacier, of which an exhaustive description was given. The front of the Great Glacier was an imposing picture.

The glacier and Mount Sir Donald made an admirable combination. The glaciers were seen from the snowfield and Eagle Peak and Mount Sir Donald was shown from the Loop, as were Mount Atkinson and Ross Peak. There were also the mountains at Revelstoke the junction of North and South Thompson Rivers, the Bridge over the Fraser, Fraser Canon, below North Bend, above Spuzzan, and at another point above Yale. The banks of the Lower Fraser made a pretty picture, as did the old Cariboo road. A burnt woods, a loggers' camp, a forest at English Bay, a long jam, and saw mills at New Westminster combined to give a definite idea of the amount and character of the vast timber resources of this region.

The lecture closed with views of New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, and Esquimalt.

The attendance was so large that the seating capacity of the new lecture room was severely tried. Next Saturday Prof. Rickmore will continue his journey from Vancouver to Alaska, and will fully explain and illustrate the geological character of the latter.

Cultivation of Cork.

Corks are an article of convenience to which little attention is commonly given, and yet immense fortunes have been made in their production. Their cultivation and manufacture form an important item in the industries of Spain. An account of this from Mr. Day's work on that country is of interest.

The cork tree is an oak which grows best in poorest soil. It will not endure frost, and must have sea air, and also an altitude above the sea level. It is found only along all the coast of Spain, the northern coast of Africa and the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

There are two barks to the tree, the outer one being stripped for use. The cork is valuable according as it is soft and velvety. The method of cultivating it is interesting. When the sapling is about ten years old it is stripped of its outer bark for about two feet from the ground; the tree will then be about five inches in diameter, and say six feet up to the branches. This stripping is worthless. The inner bark appears blood red, and if it is split or injured the tree dies.

After eight or ten years the outer bark has again grown in, and then the tree is again stripped four feet from the roots. This stripping is very coarse, and is used as floats for fishing nets. Every ten years hereafter it is stripped, and each year two feet higher up, until the tree is forty or fifty years old, when it is in its prime, and may then be stripped every ten years from the ground to its branches, and will last two hundred years. It is about twenty years before anything can be realized from the tree, and for this reason the Spaniards, who are not fond of looking after posterity, plant few new trees.

Ye City Hunter.

When the frost has stripped the branches,
Left them leafless, seeming lifeless;
When'er every lake and river
Rests a dream of coming snowstorms,
Then the wild duck starts and shivers,
Calls in accents loud and urgent
To his mate that lingers with him,
Meaning time has come to vacate,
To take wing for warmer climates,
Where the gentle snow squall comes not.

Then, too, sallies forth the hunter,
With his gun upon his shoulder;
Sniffs the frosty air with pleasure,
Says, with smiles and winks unnumbered,
"Now, I'll get me to the forest,
To the lake and to the river;
I will draw the duck and partridge
To my game-bag, as the full moon
Draws the mighty tides of ocean;
Laden with my spoils of hunting
I will wander home at evening,
And the people all will cry out,
'Lo! here comes the modern Nimrod,
Crown him chief of lucky hunters.'"

Shadows gather; evening slowly
Blots the sunshine from the landscape;
Or the meadows comes the hunter,
But his steps are slow and weary.
Empty is the luckless game bag.
Empty is the useless shot pouch,
Empty is the gun he carries,
And his heart is sad within him.
But a brilliant thought comes to him,
As he steers his footsteps homeward;
Through the back streets skulks he slyly,
Snatches into a wayside market,
Buys a brace or two of partridge,
Then, with conscience husbed and stifled,
Peddles them home, the mighty hunter.

A Pathetic Scene.

"Ah," said the gray-eyed wayfarer at the railroad lunch counter, "this is the old place. I recognized yonder landmark at once."

"What landmark?" inquired the cashier considerably.
"Forty years ago when I travelled over this road," continued the stranger in a choking voice, "I carried my initials and the date on yonder piece of apple pie. I see you are still. Excuse an old man's tears." — [Albany Argus.]

BISHOP TAYLOR'S MISSIONARIES.

Reports From Brussels that They Had Endured Terrible Hardships.

A year or so ago one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries returned with his wife from the Congo, and reported that the party whom the Bishop had led from the Congo to the great river were so poorly equipped with the necessities of life that the suffering and destitution existed. The report was denied by friends of Bishop Taylor, and the returning missionary was accused of great exaggeration.

His story, however, seems to be fully confirmed by a report just published in the "Mouvement Geographique" on the Congo missions. Considerable credence is given to the Taylor mission, which is said to have been "most unfortunate in its language." It is said in the first place that Bishop Taylor

WENT TO THE CONGO.

with the idea that after he had reached Stanley Pool he could gain the country of the Baluba, his chief destination on the Congo River, by means of barges and sailboats. He built at Stanley Pool. He gave up the idea as soon as he reached the Congo, and is said to have abandoned at Banana, near Vivi a considerable part of the stores he brought at great cost from America, and found them wholly unsuited to the needs of his expedition. When he returned to Europe and America to get funds to build a steamer he left a part of his people at Vivi, and only by a tent, and a very poor one at that. The sufferings of the party were severe, and were a number of deaths, and several missionaries returned home.

When, a year later, Bishop Taylor's steamer, which cost thousands of dollars, reached the Congo, it was found that through miscalculation certain parts of the steamer were so heavy and unwieldy that the vessel was unable to ply between Boma and Vivi.

VIVI COULD NOT CARRY THEM.

This was also the case with regard to the steam machine by which the Bishop had expected to haul the heavy parts of the steamer along the Congo rapids. The result was that the transportable parts of the vessel were carried to Vivi, where in two years they have been lying unused.

The Bishop, however, has not despaired of ultimate success, and at present he is endeavoring to carry his steamer along the north bank of the river to Manyanga. Meanwhile the missionaries who, as is well known, are expected to be

MAINLY SELF-SUPPORTING, are scattered along the lower river, and their intended destination, and are likely as they can. Their principal resource being fishing and fowling.

In the environs of Banana, the port at the mouth of the Congo, are three of the Taylor missionaries, a man and his wife and an American colored woman. They live in a poor little hut, and give instruction to a few children. At Kimpoko, on Stanley Pool, are four Taylor missionaries, three men and a woman. According to the report they are extremely poor. The station was established by Bishop Taylor when he first went to the Congo, and the missionaries are not conducting any work and their chief occupation is killing hippopotami in order to exchange the meat for the natives for food that they can eat. The station has two temporary stations in the tract region whose purpose is to recruit men to carry his steamer to Stanley Pool, and they will disappear as soon as his missions are established on the Upper Congo. A few of the party are at Vivi guarding the pieces of the steamer.

Old War Oris.

Between the war cries common throughout Europe in the middle ages and the song of the later centuries there is a difference, although the object, which is to animate the troops by some common endeavor subject of reference at the moment of attack, remains the same. War oris generally are of three things—the name of the leader, the place of the rendezvous, the standard. For an example of the latter, the cry of the family of Bourbon is simply the name "Bourbon." Sometimes a cocoonium was added, as in the case of the "cri de guerre" of the Counts of Hainaut, "Hainaut's Noble." Those of the kind of rendezvous were abundant in Scotland, the consequence of the localization of particular districts, and the practice prevailed of collecting them at a particular place in times of danger by means of a senger or the "fiery cross." They were taken from the names of patron saints of the King of England was "St. George."

"Advance our standards, set upon our towers,
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inquire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them!" — [Richard III.]

The King of France cried "Montjoie St. Denis"—the former word being in allusion to the fact that the King of France is supposed, to certain little mountains which crosses were erected on the way to Paris to St. Denis for Milan had been taken. The Duke of Milan had been taken. Sylvester Petra Sancta, a quality term, "Milan the Valiant." An old French proverb speaks of some other war oris, somewhat different from the above: the "Cri de Montmorency," the "Cri de la premiere Christian," and the "Cri de la nation, as that of the Emperor, "Cri de la sinistre," a sufficiently expressive direction to the soldiers of fighting charges. When modes of fighting changed, war oris were laid aside or transformed into mottoes to the crests of the families which they had been used. The latter case with a large proportion of the Scotch family "logans" (war oris) the favorite battle cry of the Irish was "The war oris were evidently indulged in by the soldiers in Homer's day, for the solemn silence in which the Greeks marched to battle and the wild shouts which characterized the Trojan warriors. The Greeks stood in great awe of the General; the cosmopolitan nature of the Trojan Army did not leave room for any special patriotic sentiment.

Her Reason.

Mother: "Why will you persist in being so tightly when you dress for church?"
Maude: "Why, mother, you've always tried to impress upon me the propriety of before me."

PERS
W. T. Jackman
G. S. Bowes was
for Xmas.
Oscar Wright is
for a holiday.
Geo. Pickell is l
the holidays.
Herb. Hall is do
for some days.
P. McCullough,
in Georgetown.
Miss Storm is
holidays in Toron
Mr. Gus. Truss,
Markdale last wee
Sanders Wright
tobe last week.
Andrew Hill, o
Xmas in Markdale
Miss Maggie W
Toronto for a wee
Miss Jennie D
spent Xmas in Ma
Miss Rooke dine
ering in Toronto o
Mrs. A. Hill, o
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Master Will. D
Toronto Medical C
Miss Maggie M
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Mr. G. Thomas
ton, spent Xmas
part.
Mr. and Mrs. A
from Toronto an
weeks.
Master Will.
Veterinary Colleg
holidays.
R. O. Whitby,
Toronto, and his
Xmas in Markdale
Master Fred. A
Rev. N. A. McDi
up to the great
Christmas.
Master John Du
week for Hamilton
his Artist professi
ed young man in h
his mark.
Mr. W. S. Abe
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and will return in
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