NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Printer Wanted Pembroke Observer.
Lace Shawls—Allans, McKinnons & McMoran.

MR. CURRIER'S

Central Committee will meet this evening at 8. A full attendance is requested as business of importance will be brought forward, and canvassers are earnestly solicited to bring in their returns for the respective wards.

July 19, 1872.

MAYOR MARTINEAU

will address a public meeting

AT THE

FRENCH CANADIAN INSTITUTE,

On FRIDAY at 8 o'clock P. M.,

And on MONDAY, at

JOSEPH LAVIGNE'S HOTEL,

Broad Street, Chaudiere, at eight o'clock, P. M.

Ottawa, July 18, 1872. 2025 2

The Ottawa Times

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1872.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

The Russian Crown Prince and his consort will visit London next month.

Among the news which reaches us from Australia is the important action of the Victoria Chamber of Commerce in protesting against the ratification of the California Mail Contract, made by Premier Duffy, whose ministry being defeated on the question of improper patronage has resigned. Mr. Francis, the new Premier, annuls all negotiations with Mr. Webb.

Mr. Æmeluis Irving of Hamilton has been nominated by the Grits.

A telegram from Buckingham says: Mr Alonzo Wright, M. P., arrived here yesterday afternoon on a visit to his constituents in company with Mr. James McLaren, whose guest he has since been. To-day, accompanied by Dr. H. H. Sauvé and Mr. John Higginson, he called on the leading men of this village, and every where met with a warm reception from all classes; his reception in Templeton and Ange Gardien yesterday was most cordial. He leaves for Lochaber and Thurso this afternoon, and will visit St. Andre Avelin, St. Angelique, and the parish of Notre Dame de Bonsecours during the remainder of the week. On Monday he leaves for the Gatineau Valley. The notorious LaDue paid our village visit this morning. He is at present going the rounds accompanied by the agent of the Montreal Telegraph Company. He need look for no support in this section.

The first sod of the North Shore Railway was turned yesterday by Madame Cauchon.

We understand that Sir Francis Hincks has had no less than four constituencies offered to him. No wonder that the electors are anxious to have the honor of claiming so able and successful a statesman as their representative.

It is always gratifying to Canadians to hear of the prosperity of the Mother Country. In the London *Times* we find an article congratulating the people of the United Kingdom upon the satisfactory condition of affairs. The manufacturers have more orders than they can fill. Railway receipts are larger than ever before and railway stocks are selling at higher prices. The Government revenue for the last quarter is nearly six millions of dollars in excess of what it was during the same period of last year. So general is the prosperity of the Kingdom that new speculations are heartily taken up, and projects are considered that would stand no chance in ordinary periods.

THE VALUE OF THE NORTH WEST.

The Grits have discovered, since the acquisition of the North West, that that immense territory, though nearly as large as the United States, is worth next to nothing, and that the Government did very wrong in paying so much as £300,000 for its purchase. In one of his recent very eloquent and successful speeches, the Hon. William Macdougall made mention of a fact which shows very conclusively the unprincipled nature of Mr. George Brown's position in reference to this matter. He now tells us in the columns of his organ that the North West territory is almost valueless. But Mr. Macdougall stated that the Hudson Bay authorities in England demanded two millions for their property, and asserted that Mr. Brown, when in England, had told them that Canada would give them 'a million' without a moment's hesitation, and this rash statement of Mr. Brown was the greatest difficulty Sir George and himself had to overcome in reducing the demand of the company to £300,000. What have Mr. Brown and the Grits to say to this? From this a fair idea may be formed of the general character of the tactics of the Opposition.

SIR JOHN IN THE WEST.

The Hamilton *Spectator* says that at the meeting held in that city on Saturday last, a gentleman who has always until now voted with the Grits, said, "I was mentally comparing Sir John and Mr. Blake, and I came to the conclusion that Blake is the better speaker, but that Sir John is the honester and sincerer man." One of the most important of the many beneficial results which spring from Sir John Macdonald's tour in the West, is that the people, becoming better acquainted with him, are taught how untruthful and utterly unfounded are the charges which have been so constantly brought against him by his political opponents. In Western Ontario, more especially, there are a large number of persons who have long been in the habit of reading the Toronto *Globe*, and implicitly believing in it. Day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, they have seen the Premier of Canada represented as a "corruptionist," as a dishonest and insincere man, until they have ceased to question the truth of these assertions on the part of his arch-enemy, and have come to regard Sir John as the type and embodiment of all that is bad. When, however, they hear, as some of them lately have done for the first time in their lives, the truth concerning some of the more important events in Canada's political history, when they hear the correct explanation of many of those circumstances in reference to which the action of Sir John and Sir John's Administration has been most foully calumniated and misrepresented a new light dawns upon them, and doubts as to the veracity of the organ in which they have so long placed implicit confidence arise within their minds.

It is in this way that a large amount of good will result from the meetings which Sir John Macdonald and Sir Francis Hincks are now holding. Brought face to face with the people they can do much to lead public opinion aright, and to destroy the effect of the misrepresentations which have been scattered far and wide by their unscrupulous foes. They cannot perhaps tell them anything which is really new, inasmuch as there is nothing new to tell nor any important public question to speak upon which has not already been freely and fully discussed in Parliament. But the Premier and the Finance Minister can tell some of those bigotted old Grits of the West, who think it almost a crime to look at any other paper beside the *Globe* but may possibly by motives of curiosity be impelled to come and have a look at the two "corruptionists," some truths which will be fresh to them, and to present certain public questions to them in an aspect which will be altogether new and original. The *Globe* asserts that all that Sir John and Sir Francis can say will not change a single vote in Ontario. It does not really believe this, however, or it would scarcely be so wildly indignant at the two ministers for venturing to come and lay before the electors that plain statement of facts which the gentleman who controls the *Globe* has so long been striving to suppress and distort.

The speeches which have been made at Peterborough, Hamilton, and elsewhere carried conviction with them. No one who only read them even can fail to be impressed with the fact that the speakers were sincere and really meant and believed what they said, while those who had the advantage of listening to them, like the Hamilton Grit to whom we have referred, cannot but become convinced that the man whom they have been taught to believe was a mere political charlatan is an honest patriot and an able statesman, and that the Government, which for five years has been so persistently abused, has in reality been the best and most successful that Canada ever saw, productive as it has been of general prosperity, the spread of Union sentiment, and the extension of the boundaries of the Dominion.

It is not necessary that we should enter into any comparison between the oratorical efforts of the leaders of the Government and the leaders of the Opposition. Mr. Blake is a fluent speaker and an able lawyer, and is therefore able to make the best of a bad case. No one however who has listened to him in the House of Commons or elsewhere was ever impressed with the idea that he was giving utterance to his honest convictions. On the contrary he rather gives one the idea of a special pleader, who labours hard to persuade his hearers that his heart is in the work, but fails ignominiously.

THE OLD GAME.

We have had abundant evidence to prove that there is no amount of misrepresentation to which the Grits will not stoop in order if possible to injure a political opponent. One of the latest and dirtiest of their tricks of this nature was perpetrated a short time since by the Grits of Welland and some of the surrounding counties. The story was industriously circulated by them that the improvements proposed on the Welland Canal was a mere sham on the part of the Government to influence the elections. The despicable character of this story is shown by the following letter from Hon. Mr. Langevin to Mr. T. C Street:

OTTAWA, July 3, 1872.

I see that the St Catharines *Daily Times* is still at its old game, which consists in the circulation of false news, or exaggerated statements, in order to damage the Government and our friends.

"It states now that the Government have no intention of proceeding with the enlargement of the Welland Canal, and all that we have said, and all the money we have obtained from Parliament, is a mere electioneering dodge. I need not tell you how false that statement is, when you must know, and it is well known throughout the country, that we are now preparing the working plans for that enlargement and the tenders must be called for within a short time for the execution of those plans. If we could have expended more than a million of dollars this year upon this work we would have asked it from Parliament and obtained it, but it is an impossibility to do more than is proposed in one year. Next session we will obtain a new vote, and hope to complete the enlargement within four years from the commencement of the work.

Yours very truly,
"HECTOR LANGEVIN."

A STAINLESS GOVERNMENT.

The Montreal *Witness*, a determined opponent of the Government says, Chief Justice Morris retires from the Ministry "without a stain on his character" as a public man. No more noble testimony could be borne to any man, and we all know it is well deserved. If it is true of Mr. Morris, it is also generally true of the Government of which he was a member. Every one had confidence that, if anything like corruption or maladministration was attempted by the Government, Mr. Morris would not have remained in it. That he remained in it so long, and left it with only kindly feelings towards its members, speaks volumes for its integrity. In fact, no charges of corruption or anything of that kind are brought against the present Dominion Government. In this respect it is more favoured than any Government which has existed in Canada. There are charges of want of judgment, charges against some of the legislation as not being in the interests of the country, and against others as being ahead of the requirements of the country; but all this is merely matter of opinion, and in no wise affects the character of the Government. We have confidence that the Government will be conducted in the future as in the past. We therefore wish to see them supported in the present contest. What a bitter exchange it would be to displace such a Government for the men who in the short time they have been administering the affairs of Ontario, have been guilty of almost every act of corruption possible to a Government!

In Massachusetts there is a fine of $25 for taking a bird's nest.

Bad cooking on the part of the wife is held by a Texas judge to be good ground for a divorce.

CURRENT NOTES.

There is an old proverb which teaches us that *rira bien qui rira le dernier*. Mr. Henry Nash, a fly-proprietor, who has his residence on Twickenham Common, had occasion lately to reflect upon this wholesome maxim. Mr. Nash in common with a great many people cherishes a profound dislike to the tax gatherers, and recently a splendid idea of playing a practical joke at the expense of these gentlemen occurred to him. Soon after, the collector and parish constable paid Mr. Nash another visit, stating that they had come to collect arrears of local taxes and that they had a distress warrant. Mr. Nash received his guests with great affability, and begged they would make themselves at home. To this they urbanely responded by beginning to take an inventory of the furniture. Mr. Nash stepped out for a moment, and then returned with a hive of bees, which he placed upon the table, and exclaimed, "Take an inventory of them"—and immediately rolled himself up in the muslin window curtains. The bees promptly attacked the invaders in full force, and the collector and his aids flew in confusion, uttering terrible imprecations, while the ingenious Nash rolled upon the floor suffocating with laughter. The trick was entirely successful as all the officials were badly stung, but the raptures of Nash were somewhat abated when, on the following morning, he was fined forty shillings and costs, and ordered to sojourn for a month in the House of Correction as the penalty of his little joke.

The California orange trees are something more than ornaments. San Francisco received last year from Los Angeles orchards 1,783,000 oranges. This year the receipts were 4,000,090 up to the 20th of June, and the supply pretty well exhausted. Besides these there were 5,000,000 received from the South Sea Islands and coast ports south of the Gulf of California. The total receipts for the year to date were about 9,000,000, and their average price $40 per thousand, or four cents per orange. Thus given $360,000 for the crop marketed to San Francisco, and $160,000 is for the Los Angelos share of it.

It is related of a Teutonic juryman, upon being remonstrated with by a fellow juror for sleeping while an important witness was on the stand that he ejaculated in an impatient aside, "Never mind vot de witness say; joost wait till de lawyers talk, und den you know all about it!" This has generally been regarded as a good story on the Germans, but a Detroit Justice of the Peace, a few days since, placed this simple remark in the shade. The opposing attorneys in a trial were arguing the admissibility of a certain line of evidence upon which the whole theory of the defence rested, the complainant's lawyer, opposing the introduction of the evidence, well knowing that upon this point depended his case. The Justice ruled that the evidence could be put in, but remarked to the defendant's counsel, 'Mr X—, it's no use for you to take up the time of the court; I have already decided against you!'

The "Pall Mall Gazette" recently reported the fact that a man at Exeter has sold his wife for £50. At the Exeter police court on the 26th ult. the wife, a smartly dressed woman, applied for a summons against her husband for refusing to maintain his children, he having that morning turned them out of doors. She had also been threatened by him, and she was afraid he would do her some harm. After some further conversation it came out that the complainant and her husband separated some time since, he selling her to another man for £50, and agreeing to take two of the children and she the rest. Since, however, he had sold her he had followed her about and abused her, and annoyed her in various ways, and now he had turned the children he promised to support out of doors, and told her to keep the lot. In answer to the bench as to how she supported herself, she said she received money from the man to whom she was sold. The bench said they could not help her, she must apply to the Corporation of the Poor for relief; they would summon her husband. She had brought this upon herself. She had consented to be sold, and therefore could not expect to have any peace. They thought it was a disgraceful case, and that she did not deserve any protection. If her husband threatened her violently or assaulted her, then they would grant her a summons. The applicant then thanked the bench, and left the court.

The remaining portions of the magnificent jewels, fans, mounted parasols, and various articles which come under the term of "bijouterie," "the property of a distinguished personage," says the London newspapers, are now on view at Messrs. Christie and Mason's auction rooms in Bond street. Among them we are told, is a suite of emerald and brilliant ornaments, in all 27 pieces, and forming the finest known collection of emeralds. They form the suite well known as having been worn by the Empress of France on great State occasions. A brilliant brooch, formed as a double pink, is reputed to be the finest example of diamond setting seen in modern times. But the "Metternich earrings," also exhibited, have an almost equally high name. A pearl necklace, composed of 41 large pearls, is of the highest quality. Many of the pieces are set or chased with the Imperial initials, a gold snuff box bears the cipher of the Pasha of Egypt in brilliants, and one of the parasols is ornamented with a gold crown. There are many smaller articles of jewelry besides the great pieces.

A curious little structure, we are told, has just appeared in the streets of Birmingham. It is called the "cabman's rest," and is neatly made of stained wood and glass. It contains sitting accommodation for several men, and has a locker for their food. There is also an apparatus for cooking. The current expenses of the cabman's rest are to be defrayed by the subscriptions of the drivers who avail themselves of its advantages. Its cost has been about £70, and it is the gift of the town mission, who intend, it is stated, to supply it with literature of an "instructive and moral tendency."

The Synod at present sitting in Paris adopted by 61 votes against 45 the profession of faith proposed by Professor Bois, an Orthodox member. This declaration states that the Reformed Church remains faithful to the principles of faith and liberty upon which it was founded. It proclaims the sovereign authority of the Holy Scriptures in matters of faith, salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. It preserves and maintains as the basis of its teaching, worship, and discipline the great Christian facts presented in the sacraments celebrated in religion, and the solemnities expressed in the Liturgy, particularly in the confession of sins in the creed and in the Liturgy of the Holy Communion.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, a region thirty miles long by thirty broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white, glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train," which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley some came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader and broke off from the party. The leader turned due west; so with the people and wagons and flocks he travelled three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the white sand bounded by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mother's breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the mother's followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered, and raved, and died. After a week's wandering a dozen survivors found some water in a hollow of a rock in mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now, after twenty-two years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron work and tires are bright and the shriveled skeletons lie side by side.—*Springfield Republican.*

"DOLLY VARDENS."

"YOU WANT, WHAT?"

Yes, that is exactly what we said to the wife of our bosom, in response to what we considered a very revolutionary exclamation on her part. We had just got home to tea, had taken up the paper and were nobly struggling with a very lucid editorial, which went to show, in a remarkably thrilling manner, that if the duty on the raw material of cotton was reduced one sixteenth per cent, that exactly 9,854 mechanics would be reduced to starvation, and the average duration of their existence depressed to the logarithm of 54,852. We laid down the paper, took our glasses off, rubbed them with our handkerchief, readjusted them upon the bridge of our Grecian nose, and looking strait at the partner of our joys, sorrows and salary, said:—

'You want, what?'

"A DOLLY VARDEN,"

the old lady exclaimed, somewhat excitedly, at the time spilling the cup of she was handing us over the lastborn's rather defenceless head. After the baby had been suppressed, which took some time, she replied:

"A Dolly Varden!"

With all the solemnity of which we are possessed, and we have enough to change a plank into a coffin by simply looking at it, we arose in our seat, and with that celebrated wave of the hand of Henry Clay when he bade farewell to the Senate, said:

'Now, as I take it, Dolly Varden was the lovely daughter of Gabriel Varden, the locksmith of London, and as will be ascertained by a reference to 'Barnaby Rudge,' written by the late lamented Charles Dickens in this view of the case, if I who am but in the prime of life, should have said, 'I would like to have a Dolly Varden—'

'You're a fool, old man; sit down. I'll show you what I mean. Matilda, bring your father the last number of Harper's Bazaar.'

Matilda is our eldest, the flower of our flock, her father's pride, her mother's joy. She arose, took position No. 3 of the dancing lessons taught in the very select academy of Prof. Hoppety-skippet, where she is a scholar, and glided like a sunbeam from the room. (We would not like to be qualified to the fact that we ever saw a sunbeam glide from the room, but but that's the way the writers put it, and that's the way she glode).

She returned with the paper, and our wife proceeded at once to move upon our intrenchments with what she meant by 'Dolly Varden.' The wonders of this dress at last stole upon our mind. We were told that it was all the rage, that nothing else was fashionable, and that the our position in society depended upon having at least one Dolly Varden in the family.

In an evil hour we consented. The Dolly Varden should be bought and with many an inward groan we counted out the cash.

We had not as yet had our eyes gladdened with a sight of this wonderful creation of fashion. The description given us was vague and hazy, but we waited the *denouement*. And we don't wait in vain. We saw that Dolly Varden at last, and the shock in our nervous frame was tremendous.

Returning home one night we missed from the supper table the presence of our wife. To Matilda we said:

'Where is your mother, child?'

'Her dress has just come home, and she wants to surprise you in it,' answered our daughter.

Suddenly the door swung open, and a lady entered.

There was a wild look in her eye, as we imagined, and she was attired in the most outlandish style, having on a dress with sun flowers and cabbages and pumpkins worked all over it, and a lot of snakes squirming around for a background.

Rising, we said, 'Madam, whom do you wish to see?'

She simply stared at us.

'Poor thing! she's crazy,' we added. 'Just look with what grotesque fancy she has bedecked herself. Speak to her, Matilda, or call your mother; and having said this we sighed compassionately, and shook our head in a mournful manner.

Suddenly that weird female made a bolt at us, grasped our Adam's apple in a fiendish manner, and choked us until our face looked like a banner of the Commune.

We had scarcely breath enough to gasp, 'Woman what mean you? Matilda, spring a rattle out of the parlor window!' when the supposed maniac flopped us down into a chair, narrowly missing crushing George Agustus, our three-year old, to death, who had just slid off, and said, or rather shrieked:

'You don't know me? I'm crazy, am I? You don't know your wife?'

Our under jaw dropped in the cheerful manner appertaining to skeletons at the museum, and we could do no more than look with a sort of idiotic stare, first at the speaker and then at Matilda.—That lovely child at last said, 'Don't you know ma, father? That's her Dolly Varden she put on to show you.'

After gasping awhile, and rolling our eyes around, and putting our hands to our head, and chuckling wildly to our self, we came to our senses, and the idea suddenly flashed upon us, that this was the lady who loved, honored and disobeyed us, and the snakes, the flowers and the cabbages constituted the Dolly Varden.

Then we towered to the height of our indignation, and said in a calm, measured and sepulchral tone.

'You can't blame me, madam, for supposing you were an insane woman; and now that I know that you are really the mother of these interesting children, will you have the kindness to retire to the sanctity of your chamber and peel yourself of that piece of furniture chintz or window curtain or whatever you call it?'

'Window curtain! chintz!' said our spouse; 'why it's you that's out of your head. That's a Dolly Varden, and a very pretty pattern too.'

'Madam' we replied, 'we may be out of our head, but if that is a Dolly Varden we are most decidedly out of pocket. Why, it looks like a circus dress, and the idea of a woman at your time of life—'

'My time of life?'

'Yes; your time of life. The next thing, I suppose, you will be practising the trapeze act in the back yard—'

'See here now—'

'Why, it is enough to give a man the *delirium tremens* to look at it. Who ever saw such a pattern? It's flash wall paper run mad.'

'Samuel—'

'You look exactly like some Japanese tea sign—'

'Will you—'

'I won't do anything of the kind. You just bounce out of here with that Feejee battle flag, or you'll scare the baby to death,' and, having spoken our mind, we sat down.

There was an ominous pause for a moment and then Matilda said:

'Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, father. It's all the style, and I am going to have one, too: there now.

We felt our brain reeling.

'Yes, and I want one; all the girls have got them.' Thus spoke Marie, our second eldest.

We felt it coming on—we knew we were going mad.

'Any more?' we gasped; 'are there any more? Hadn't the baby better have one? I guess I'll get one myself. How do they make up for pantaloons. Ha! ha! ha! (demoniacally). Let me have a Dolly Varden. Let me clutch it. Bring me a pattern of monkeys scaling lamp-posts. How would a Chinese puzzle look, or a map of Fairmount Park?'

BY TELEGRAPH.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, July 18

The reply sent by Lord Dufferin to the Mayor of Laprairie, in acknowledgment of the address lately presented to him, gives much satisfaction to the inhabitants.

Dr. Blanchet, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Count Von Bruges, of the Foreign Office Berlin, Prussia, are in the city; also General Lord Aylmer of the British army.

The men in the employ of C. D. Edwards, safe manufacturer, struck this morning.

Sixty emigrants, chiefly mechanics and laborers, arrived yesterday and await employment.

Napoleon Robadoux, for stealing a bottle of gin, was to-day sent for three years to the Reformatory.

Raining all day; heat moderate.

DOMINION NOTES.

Ailsa Craig is happy in the possession of a duck with a foot growing out of its head.

The owner of an Oshawa boot and shoe store missed $70 from his store a day or two ago, and had a workman arrested. Then the money was found where the owner had obliviously placed it.

A clergyman attended one of the late religious conventions at Halifax, who had never seen a locomotive or a rail car before, though sixty years old. He thinks they are improvements upon the old methods of travel.

We regret to hear that loss of life has resulted from the pitiable disturbance which disgraced Dominion Day at Sorel. The victim was a poor labouring man named Francois Bergeron, who eked out a scanty living by doing odd jobs about the town. On the day in question, thinking he might make a little money, he procured the loan of a carriage and all went well with him until the riot began. He was on the wharf with his vehicle when the crowd swept down, rendering it impossible for him to drive away. For some time, seated on his box, he was between the two fires—bottles from the boat, and bricks, coal and rock from the townspeople. He got badly cut on the face, but the worst injury was a ghastly cut on one of his hands extending across the base of the thumb. For a few days he imagined he would soon recover from his wounds, but the fearful fact began to make itself apparent that he was to die from lock-jaw. Thus he did die, suffering agonies on Friday last.

The Toronto new post office is nearly completed. The contractor was given two years to finish it, but he will have fully six months to spare.

Fifty cabinet makers arrived at Toronto on Saturday last from Germ ny to work in Hay & Co's. factory.

At a very influential meeting at London on Monday night, Mr. John Carling was unanimously and enthusiastically nominated to run for the Commons at the ensuing election. There will be no opposition. Nothing can resist Mr. Carling's well deserved popularity.

Dr. Maclean, Kingston, has been called to the chair of Surgery in the University of Michigan, one of the leading and best colleges in the United States, having the largest number of students.

The electors in Kent are considering a conundrum at present. They are anxious to know where the money, which Mr. Stripp is so plentifully scattering through the county, comes from. Referred to Hon. McKenzie, treasurer of Ontario.

At Clifton on Tuesday as a gentleman, name unknown, was walking between the Lower Suspension Bridge and the Whirlpool, he discovered blood on the edge of the bank, which excited suspicions of foul play. He immediately returned to Clifton and got a couple of young men from the village to go below the bank. They there found a place where the body of a man had fallen on the rocks; pieces of skull and brains were scattered about. The body had been thrown into the river, so no clue was left as to whom either the murderer or murdered were.

The Government of British Columbia offers a premium of $250 for an essay which shall be adjudged to set forth, in a clear, comprehensive, and compendious form, the capabilities and resources of the province, and its advantages for settlement.

A novel undertaking to Canada is now being carried out by Messrs. Crepin and Paquet, of Quebec. The new undertaking in which they have engaged is the preparation of beef soup and sardines, which, sealed in tin vessels, are so prepared as to keep sweet and good for five years, being particularly adapted for use on shipboard or on long voyages, and for the use of invalids. The sardines are procured in abundance at the river Ouelle, to which place the tin vessels in which this dainty species of the finny tribe when prepared are preserved, are sent from Quebec, where the boxes are made, the beef and soup being prepared at their establishment in the city.

Mayor Cour-ol, with an enlightened liberality which does him credit, has signified his intention of giving several prizes to the public schools of both denominations.

The Hon. J. H. Pope, the Minister of Agriculture, will not be opposed. The people of Compton feel justly proud of having a Minister as their representative, and of Mr. Pope's earnest efforts for the promotion of immigration.

Dr. Williams has brought another brick of gold—the product of his Marmora mine—to Belleville. It weighs nearly 26 oz. The Marmora gold is exceedingly fine—lacking but about 45 one thousand parts of entire purity.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH.

Hirsm Dell is writing a series of interesting letters in the Strathroy *Age* on "Roughing it in the Bush," or personal reminiscences of forty years ago. Such letters are of incalculable interest and benefit to the younger generations of any locality, giving to the youth an example of pluck and push worthy of imitation, and affording a knowledge of early history to many who would not otherwise acquire it. Could not some of the pioneers of Ottawa employ their leisure profitably in placing upon record the events connected with the early settlement of this place? Mr. Dell begins his narrative in these words:

"It is just forty years ago to-day since I first set my foot in the township of Adelaide. Just imagine yourself ten miles in the woods, with no roads, no clearings, or any house, and you will have some idea how things looked here forty years ago. We had nothing but a blazed line where the surveyors had gone through surveying out the land. We had to choose our lots by the numbers that were cut on the stakes. There were four of us, all young men; I was just turned off twenty-one, and the oldest. When I took a look round I could only see trees; trees on the left of me, trees on the right of me, trees behind me, and trees in front of me. I had nothing but an axe, five dollars in money, some clothes and some bedding"

Our stock of Carpets is now complete, and is one of the largest and best assorted ever offered in the city, having placed our orders early last autumn, we are enabled to sell much unde. present prices.
RUSSELL & WATSON.

The newest designs in (English) Oil Cloths, from 80c to $1 40 the square yard, at
RUSSELL & WATSON'S.

SONG OF AN EMIGRANT.

Land of the lakes and the bright shining river,
'Tis long years ago since I made thee my home,
Loth was my heart from its old love to sever,
Fond memory ne'er ceased through its beauties to roam.

Scotia, my country! Thou land of my fathers',
How fervent and frequent my prayers were for thee,
No bird for its young the wild berry that gathers,
Ere held nest so precious as thou art to me.

'Tis long years ago, I have said, since I left thee,
Are the sweet ties of memory less strong than of yore?
No! of naught of its love has time ever bereft thee,
The longer its vista, it loves thee the more.

Yet, now I've a home that divides my affection,
With thine that while living, I ne'er can forget,
The one of my youth has my fond recollection;
But on that I hold now are my dearest hopes set.

Dominion of Canada! Land of my choice,
How fervent and frequent my prayers are for thee,
No birds that thy streams or thy forests rejoice,
Have a happiness full as thy progress gives me.

OLD COUNTRY ITEMS.

Mr. Arthur Helps is preparing a memoir of Mr. Thomas Brassey, the well-known contractor and engineer. It is dedicated to Her Majesty.

The Committee of the Cobden Club have decided that, in the presence of the grave events connected with free trade on the Continent of Europe and in the United States, it is advisable that an international conference on the subject should be held in London in the early part of next year.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is sending to the Exhibition in Dublin the historical collection of gold and silver plate in his possession, which was presented to Queen Anne by the Duke of Marlborough.

Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne, who has been very closely engaged lately, is about to visit the Highlands of Scotland for a sojourn of a month or so.

It is said that the editorship of *Good Words*, made vacant by the death of Dr. Norman Macleod, will be offered to Canon Kingsley.

Mr. Edmund Yates, whose retirement from the Post Office.we some weeks ago announced, was, a few evenings since, entertained at a dinner given to him by the officials of the General Post Office, at Willis's Rooms, upon his retirement from the service.

The agricultural laborers of Dorset are agitating for weekly wages of 15s. in cash or 12s. with perquisites. In this demand they are supported by the Laborers' Union, which is represented in the county by several delegates, who have held a series of open air meetings.

At the funeral of Dr. Norman Macleod, in Campsie Churchyard, Dr. Robertson, by command of the Queen and the Royal Family, placed on the coffin three *immortelles*. The first, from Her Majesty, bore the inscription, "A token of respect and friendship from Queen Victoria." The second was "A token of respect from Prince Leopold;" and the third was "A token of respect from Princess Beatrice."

Marguerite Dixblanc, who was condemned to death for the Park-lane murder, has been reprieved.

Mr. P. J. Smith, M.P., who claimed £2,500 damages from the publisher of the *Waterford Citizen* for libel, has got a verdict for 6d.

According to the *Record*, the amount of remuneration to be paid to Sir Roundell Palmer for his professional services in regard to the Washington Treaty, has been variously stated at sums as low as £16,000 and as high as £30,000.

The late Mr. Thomas Helme, of London, has left £10,000 to the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals; £5 000 each to fourteen other societies, besides smaller bequests.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A girl, young and pretty, and above all gifted with an air of admirable candor, lately presented herself before a Parisian lawyer.

'Monsieur, I have come to consult you on a grave affair. I want you to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?'

The gentleman of the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, and then being sure that no one overheard him, replied hesitatingly;

'Mademoiselle, according to our law, you always possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him; you can then go before a judge and swear that he is your lover!'

'And will that suffice, Monsieur?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition'

'Well?'

'Then you will produce witnesses who will make oath to having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections.'

'Very well, Monsieur I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day.'

A few days afterwards the young lady returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely gave her time to seat herself, questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

'Capital! capital! perserve in your design, Mademoiselle, but the next time you come to consult me, give me the name of the young man you are going to make so happy in spite of himself.'

A fortnight afterwards the young lady knocked at the door of the counsel's room. No sooner was she in than she flung herself into a chair saying, that the walk had made her breathless. Her counsel tried to reassure her, made her inhale salts, and even proposed to loosen her garments.

'It is useless, Monsieur,' she said, 'I am much better'

'Well, now tell me the name of the fortunate mortal.'

'Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is yourself!' and the young beauty, bursting into a laugh, 'I love you, I have been here three times times tete-a-tete with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany me to a magistrate,' gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is, that he adores his young wife, who makes an excellent housekeeper.'

Four cases Cornices, Poles, Cornice Ends and Stair Rods. Just opened at
RUSSELL & WATSON'S.

Tapestry and Brussels Carpets are now offered at from 10c to 20c per yard under present value. Those requiring Carpets of any kind would do well to look through the stock now shown by
RUSSELL & WATSON.

Hearth Rugs, Coca and Wool Mats, of every kind, shown in great variety, at
RUSSELL & WATSON'S.

A FASHION STORY.

The Swiss *Times* has the following story from its Paris correspondent:

A great many people do not know how to put fine clothes on. There was a robe made by one of the best Paris tailors last week for a princess, who suddenly had to take to mourning, and it was left in the hands of the omnipotent artist who had fancied it. The simple fact that it had been made for a princess, whose waist is only sixty centimetres in circumference, and whose figure is faultless, rendered the possession of the abandoned toilet a matter of rivalry in the circles of the *chic*. Every beauty declared it would certainly fit her, and went to see it, but the tailor, after a glance at the struggling competitors, declared it would never hook, or never be long, or wide, or short enough, much preferring to keep the rejected robe than to see his clients ill dressed.

There the lovely thing hung. It was striped Pompadour corded silk, having the following design: A blue lavender satin stripe and a wide one, on which soft tinted flowers were twined together by bluish lavender bows. It was a perfect miniature in point of workmanship; made with a camargo train, and trimmed with lavender satin, over which fell *plisses* of organdie bordered with narrow lace. It had an open bodice trimmed in the same way, with a lavender satin vest underneath, and the sleeves *a la* Louis XV., were sufficiently open to disclose waves of snowy *plisses* and lace on a no less white arm. Of course it was tempting besides being a "splendid occasion."

At length, a gentleman who deals in hides came up from the provinces with his mother, for the purchase of a "*corbeille de mariee*," intended to be presented to his future bride, who, though a daughter to a dealer in patent blacking, is a millionnaire, in a multiplied form. "plusiers fois millionnaire," as the Parisians say. The fame of the Pompadour robe reached the future bridegroom, and he drove to see it, with his mother, who had a list of Mlle. Marguerite's measure. The length of the arms, skirt, breadth and everything coincided admirably; Mlle Marguerite's waist was even one centimetre smaller, but the future mother-in law was determined the bride should not have it. "No, my son, it suits me," was the reply, when they reentered the carriage, and in the evening it was put on by the old lady, who split it, and stretched it, and floundered about in it, looking very awful at the dinner party she went to, and as she had not been undressed since her seventeenth birthday.

SIR JOHN ON THE STUMP.

From the St. John Telegraph.

The present canvass was opened with so much personal rancor by the *Globe*, and has been conducted by the Upper Canada press and politicians with so much bitterness, that it is refreshing to read the report of one speech in which there is no denunciation of opponents, no clap-trap generalities, no inflated boasting. That speech has been made by the man who has been abused the most, by the man who has most reason to boast—Sir John A. Macdonald. He allows the taunts and lies and sarcasms of his opponents to pass unnoticed, and contents himself by giving a mere matter of fact resume of the events of the past five years. He does not impugn his rivals' motives, denounce their acts, quote their inconsistencies, sneer at their professions; but merely names the instances in which they have opposed his measures. It is gratifying to us to find that Canada has one statesman who scorns the use of the weapons of detraction and misrepresentation. His example must have an influence for good. The opponents of Sir John will find out, perhaps, that decency as well as honesty is the best policy, and be ashamed of having charged a rival politician with having broken a marriage engagement in his youth. It is a great mistake to attempt to gain power with the weapons of calumny and detraction. They are so easy to wield that the inexperienced who are not restrained by principle grasp them eagerly. The example of moderation that has been set by the most successful political leader this country ever had, should be a light for the guidance of the smart young candidate for popular favor.

DR. WHEELER'S CELEBRATED BLOOD FOOD OR TONIC.

The Compound Elixir of PHOSOPHATES and CALISAYA. This elegant and agreeable preparation has become a great favorite on account of its perfect reliability in the treatment of derangements of the Stomach, Liver Complaint, and Disease of the Kidneys. It speedily relieves the pain and move of fullness so often felt by the dyspeptic after eating. Acidity, Flatulence, Constipation, and the bilious Headaches that attend all cases of weak digestion. In diseases peculiar to women it acts like a charm, correcting all irregularities and exhausting discharges, and restoring perfect vigor to the body and color to the complexion. Its remarkable curative action depends upon its peculiar properties as a purifyer of the vital agent, the Blood, and perfecting the healthy formation of all the tissues of the body. It is delightful to take permanent in its effect, with no liability of a relapse, and positively without the slightest injury to the most delicate child. Sold at $1.00 per bottle.

PRINTER WANTED.—Wanted immediately a General Printer. Address, stating terms required.
PEMBROKE OBSERVER.
Pembroke, July 17, 1872. 2029 4

United to Support—Not Combined to Injure.

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.

A Grand Moonlight Excursion under the auspices of the OTTAWA TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 102, to Butternut Grove and Return, on Steamer "ALEXANDRA," will take place on MONDAY EVENING, JULY 22nd, 1872. Gowan's Celebrated Quadrille Band will be in attendance. Refreshments will be supplied at city rates, by L. K Clisby of the Commercial House. The Boat will leave the Queen's Wharf, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Tickets: Lady and Gent, 75cts; Single Tickets: 50cts. To be had at J. H. Gowan's, Sparks street; F. Broderick's, Sussex street; C. E. Huckett's, Sparks street; and from the Committee, J. F. Crozier, A. Haskins, T. Lacey, I. Howell and Ed Simpson, and from members of the Society. No intoxicating liquors allowed on board.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

T. F. WALKER, President. J. F. CARRUTHERS, Secretary.

Ottawa, July 18, 1872. 2025 3

MILLS FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Grist, Carding and Fulling,

With