The Stouffville Tribune.

Support Legitimate Home Manufactures and Enterprises.

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The Tribune

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Evening

AT THE OFFICE

MAIN STREET, STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.

$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Space	1 year.	1 year.	1 year.
One column	$20	$40	$25
Half column	40	25	15
Quarter column	25	15	10
Eighth column	15	9	6

Transient Advertisements—legal, municipal, &c., 8 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards one inch and under, $5 per year, $3 for 6 months, including copy of paper.

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Advs. of Farms for Sale, one inch and under 1 month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents.

Advs. of Stray Animals $1 for 3 insertions.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—TERMS CASH.

WM. MALLOY, B. A.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.,
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STOUFFVILLE, ONT.
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NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St. Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
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W. DAVIDSON. JNO. A. PATTERSON.
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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
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Spofford's Block.
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DR. SMITH,
DENTIST,
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.,
(L. D. S. of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons Ont., D. D. S. of Toronto University.)
Begs to inform the public of Stouffville and vicinity that owing to the increase of his practice and the solicitation of his many friends, he has permanently located here, and his office will be open daily, except Monday, for consultation and practice in Mertens' block, where he has been during the past year. Anæsthetics for painless extraction. Gold and crown work a specialty. Call if possible on Wednesday, Thursday or Friday to make appointment.

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Spofford's Block, Stouffville.
Office open every Thursday and Friday.

A. ROBINSON,
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for the counties of York and Ontario. Sales of farm stock, etc., attended to on shortest notice and reasonable rates. Stouffville, Ont.

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for the counties of York and Ontario. Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention. Charges moderate. Stouffville, Ont.

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My stock of Shaving Soap, Cosmetique, Magnesia, Leather Brushes, Strops, &c., is complete.
Also first-class Razors for sale and guaranteed Razor Honing and Shears Sharpening a specialty.
J. W. SHANKEL, Proprietor.

P. R. HOOVER, & SONS
Choice "Lily White" Family Flour
ALWAYS ON SALE AT
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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
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Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheep Skins, and all kinds of Grain.
Warehouse opposite Railway Station, Stouffville.

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"Baby was taken very bad while you was out mum," said the new servant girl. "Oh, dear!" said the young wife. "Is he better now?" "Oh, he's all right now; but he was bad at first. He seemed to come over quite faint; but I found his medicine in the cupboard." "Found his medicine! Good gracious! What have you been giving the child? There's no medicine in the cupboard." "Oh, yes, there is, mum. It's written on it." And then did that girl triumphantly produce a bottle labelled "Kid Reviver."

The Retort Courteous.

"Madam," said the gipsy, "let me tell your fortune?" "No; go away," snapped the elder female at the door. "Pardon," returned the gipsy; "I had not noticed that madam's fortune had been told years ago."

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MILLER, STARK & CO.
BANKERS,
Daley's Block, - - Stouffville.
MONEY TO LOAN
ON GOOD SECURITY.
Sale and Farm Notes Cashed
AND TAKEN FOR COLLECTION.
Drafts Issued on the Imperial Bank and its Branches, and on all points in Canada and the United States.
American Currency Bought and Sold.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed on deposits.
NOTES COLLECTED AT LOWEST RATES.
Office Hours—10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturday's 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.
W. J. STARK, Teller.
WALTER MILLER, Manager.

STANDARD BANK
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
CAPITAL PAID UP, $1,000,000
RESERVE FUND, $525,000
AGENCIES AT
Bowmanville, Cannington, Harriston, Bradford, Chatham, Markham, Brantford, Colborne, Newcastle, Brighton, Durham, Parkdale, Brussels, Forest, Picton, Campbellford, Stouffville.
ALSO AGENTS AT—
Montreal, New York, London, Eng., Winnipeg, Northwest Provinces and British Columbia.
Drafts issued and collections made on all points in Canada at lowest rates. Farmers' notes discounted. Sale notes and good business paper negotiated at current rates of interest.
A SAVINGS BANK
Has been opened in connection with the branch at
STOUFFVILLE
Where deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed thereon at current rates. Deposits of a special nature, trust funds, &c. received on favorable terms.
Office Hours: From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday's from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
For further information apply to
JOHN ELLIOTT, AGENT.

R. J. DALEY,
INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE
—AND—
Financial Broker.
GENERAL AGENT FOR
The Sun Life Insurance Company
Agent for Leading Fire Insurance Co's.
MONEY TO LOAN
on Farm and Village Property.
Farms and Village Property for Sale and to Rent
Office: Daley's Block, Stouffville.

MEAT! MEAT!
NEW MEAT MARKET.
The undersigned is pleased to inform the public that he has opened a Butcher Shop in
STOUFFVILLE
On the Corner of Main and Market Streets, next to Daley's Hall, and intends to supply the wants of all who may favor him with their orders for
FIRST-CLASS MEATS
Of all kinds, at reasonable prices.
John McDonald.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.
J. W. TURNER,
LATE OF UXBRIDGE,
Successor to A. VonBuseck, will keep on hand a large and full stock of goods, consisting of first-class
HARNESS
SINGLE AND DOUBLE,
ROBES, BLANKETS,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
BELLS, WHIPS,
CURRYCOMBS,
BRUSHES, &C.
Repairing promptly attended to.
Every effort will be made to give entire satisfaction.

The Conversation Fiend.

"Goin' far, mister?"

They were in a third-class compartment of one of the expresses running from London to Liverpool. The question was asked by along-nosed, thin-lipped man with pointed chin, scanty whiskers, a slouch hat, and a hungry expression of countenance. He was resting his feet on the opposite side of the carriage, which seat was partly occupied by a passenger in a grey check suit. The passenger addressed turned partly around and took a look at his questioner.

"Yes, I am going to Crewe," he replied.

"My business there is to sell four shares of bank stock, dispose of my interest in a farm of eighty acres ten miles from town, and invest the proceeds in a clothing establishment. I am from St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. I got in the train there at 9:35 this morning. It was forty-five minutes behind time. My ticket from Euston cost me 15s. 2d. Had my breakfast about an hour ago. I'aid 1s. 6d. for it. This cigar cost me 3d., or five a shilling. I have been a smoker for about thirteen years. My name is Thomas Williams. I am thirty-nine years old, have a wife and four children, and am a member of the Congregational Church. I was formerly a chemist, but sold out to a man named Treadway, and I am not in any business now. I am worth, perhaps, £2,000. My father was a cooper, and my grandfather, a sea-captain. My wife's name was Carr before I married her. Her father was a surveyor. The children have all had the mumps, chicken-pox and measles. When I reach Crewe I expect to stop at an hotel."

He stopped. The long-nosed man regarded him for a moment with interest, and then asked, in a dissatisfied way:—

"What did your great-grandfather do for a livin'?"

Keeping the Sabbath.

Mother—"What, Gracie! Your doll's theatre out? Have you forgotten that it's Sunday to-day?"

Little daughter—"Oh, no, mamma! This isn't a play; it's a sacred concert."

IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS

ROBT. BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER IX.

When the two prisoners with their three captors came in sight of the Canadian volunteers they beheld a scene which was much more military than the Fenian camp. They were promptly halted as I questioned by a picket before coming to the main body, and the centry knew enough not to shoot until he had asked for the countersign. Passing the picket, they came in full view of the Canadian force, the men of which looked very spick and span in uniforms which seemed painfully new in the clear light of the fair June morning. The guns, topped by a bristle of bayonets that glittered as the rising sun shone on them, were stacked with neat precision here and there. The men were preparing their breakfast, and a temporary halt had been called for that purpose. The volunteers were scattered by the side of the road and in the fields. Renmark recognized the colors of the regiment from his own city, and noticed that there was with it a company that was strange to him. Although led to them a prisoner, he felt a glowing pride in the regiment and their trim appearance, a pride that was both national and civic. He instinctively held himself more erect as he approached.

"Renmark," said Yates, looking at him with a smile, "you are making a thoroughly British mistake."

"What do you mean? I haven't spoken."

"No, but I see it in your eye. You are underestimating the enemy. You think this pretty company is going to walk over that body of unkempt tramps we saw in the woods this morning."

"I do indeed, if the tramps wait to be walked over,—which I very much doubt."

"That's just where you make the mistake. Most of these are raw boys, who know all that can be learned of war on a cricket-field. They will be the worst-whipped set of young fellows before night that this part of the country has ever seen. Wait till they see one of their comrades fall with the blood gushing out of a wound in his breast. If they don't turn and run, then I'm a Dutchman. I've seen raw recruits before. They should have a company of older men who have seen service to steady them. The fellows we saw this morning were sleeping like logs in the damp woods, as we stepped over them. They are veterans. What will be a mere skirmish to them will seem to these boys the most awful tragedy that ever happened."

Some of the volunteers crowded around the incomers, eagerly inquiring for news of the enemy. The Fenians had taken the precaution to cut all the telegraph-wires leading out of Fort Erie, and hence those in command of the companies did not even know that the Fenians had left that locality. They were now on their way to a point where they were to meet Colonel Peacock's force of regulars,—a point which they were destined never to reach. Stoliker sought an officer and delivered up his prisoners, together with the incriminating paper that Yates had handed to him. The officer's decision was short and sharp, as military decisions are generally supposed to be. He ordered the constable to take both of the prisoners and put them in jail at Port Colborne. There was no time now for an inquiry into the case; that could come afterwards; and as long as the men were safe in jail everything would be all right. To this the constable mildly interposed two objections, namely, that he was a constable, but in the position of guide and man who knew the country. In the second place, there was no jail at Port Colborne.

"Where is the nearest jail?"

"The jail of the county is at Welland, the county town," replied the constable.

"Very well take them there."

"But I am here as guide," repeated Stoliker.

The officer hesitated for a moment. "You haven't handcuffs with you, I presume?"

"Yes, I have," said Stoliker, producing the instrument.

"Well, then, handcuff them together, and I will send one of the company over to Welland with them. How far is it across country?"

Stoliker told him.

The officer called one of the volunteers, and said to him,—

"You are to make your way across country to Welland and deliver these men up to the jailer there. They will be handcuffed together, but you take a revolver with you, and if they give you any trouble, shoot them."

The volunteer reddened and drew himself up. "I am not a policeman," he said. "I am a soldier."

"Very well, then, your first duty as a soldier is to obey orders. I order you to take these men to Welland."

The volunteers had crowded around as this discussion went on, and a murmur rose among them at the order of the officer. They evidently sympathized with their comrade's objection to the duties of a policeman. One of them made his way through the crowd, and cried,—

"Hello! this is the professor. This is Mr. Renmark. He's no Fenian." Two or three more of the University students recognized Renmark, and pushing up to him, greeted him warmly. He was evidently a favorite with his class. Among others young Howard pressed forward.

"It is nonsense," he cried, "talking about sending Professor Renmark to jail. He is no more a Fenian than Governor-General Monck. We'll all go bail for the professor."

The officer wavered. "If you know him," he said "that is a different matter. But this other man has a letter from the commander of the Fenians recommending him to the consideration of all friends of the Fenian cause. I can't let him go free."

"Are you the chief in command here?" asked Renmark.

"No, I am not."

"Mr. Yates is a friend of mine who is here with me on his vacation. He is a new York journalist, and has nothing in common with the invaders. If you insist on sending him to Welland I must demand that we be taken before the officer in command. In any case he and I stand or fall together. I am exactly as guilty or innocent as he is."

"We can't bother the colonel about every triviality."

"A man's liberty is no triviality. What in the name of common sense are you fighting for but for liberty?"

"Thanks, Renmark, thanks," said Yates, "but I don't care to see the colonel, and I shall welcome Welland jail. I am tired of all this bother. I came here for rest and quiet, and I am going to have them if I have to go to jail for them. I'm coming reluctantly to the belief that jail's the most comfortable place in Canada, anyhow."

"But this is an outrage," cried the professor, indignantly.

"Of course it is," replied Yates, wearily; "but the woods are full of them. There's always outrages going on, especially in so-called free countries; therefore one more or less won't make much difference.—Come, officer, who's going to take me to Welland? or shall I have to go by myself? I'm a Fenian from way back, and came here especially to overturn the throne and take it home with me. For heaven's sake know your own mind one way or other, and let us end this conference."

The officer was wroth. He speedily gave the order to Stoliker to handcuff the prisoner to himself and deliver him to the jailer at Welland.

"But I want assistance," objected Stoliker. "The prisoner is a bigger man than I am." The volunteers laughed as Stoliker mentioned this self-evident fact.

"If any one likes to go with you he can go. I shall give no orders."

No one volunteered to accompany the constable.

"Take this revolver with you," continued the officer, "and if he attempts to escape shoot him. Besides, you know the way to Welland, so I can't send anybody in your place, even if I wanted to."

"Howard knows the way," persisted Stoliker. That young man spoke up with great indignation:—

"Yes, but Howard isn't a constable, and Stoliker is. I'm not going."

Renmark went up to his friend.

"Who's acting foolishly now, Yates?" he said. "Why don't you insist on seeing the colonel? The chances are ten to one that you would be allowed off."

"Don't make any mistake. The colonel will very likely be some fussy individual who magnifies his own importance and who will send a squad of volunteers to escort me, and I want to avoid that. These officers always stick by each other: they're bound to. I want to go along with Stoliker. I have a score to settle with him."

"Now, don't do anything rash. You've done nothing so far, but if you assault an officer of the law that will be a different matter."

"Satan reproving sin. Who prevented you from hitting Stoliker a short time since?"

"Well, I was wrong then. You are wrong now."

"See here, Renny," whispered Yates, "you get back to the tent and see that everything's all right. I'll be with you in an hour or so. Don't look so frightened. I won't hurt Stoliker. But I want to see this fight, and I won't get there if the colonel sends an escort. I'm going to use Stoliker as a shield when the bullets begin flying."

The bugles sounded for the troops to fall in, and Stoliker very reluctantly attached one clasp of the handcuff around his own left wrist while he snapped the other on the right wrist of Yates, who embarrassed him with kindly assistance. The two manacled men disappeared down the road, while the volunteers rapidly fell in, to continue their morning's march.

Young Howard beckoned to the professor from his place in the ranks. "I say, professor, how did you happen to be down this way?"

"I have been camping out here for a week or more with Yates, who is an old school-fellow of mine."

"What a shame to have him led off in that way! But he seemed to rather like the idea. Jolly fellow, I should say. But I wish I had known you were in this neighborhood. My folks live near here. They would only have been too glad to be of assistance to you."

"They have been of assistance to me, and exceedingly kind as well."

"What? You know them? All of them? Have you met Margaret?"

"Yes," said the professor, slowly, but his glance fell as it encountered the eager eyes of the youth. It was evident that Margaret was the brother's favorite.

"Fall back, there," cried the officer to Renmark.

"May I march along with them? or can you give me a gun and let me take part?"

"No," said the officer, with some hauteur; "this is no place for civilians." Again the professor smiled, as he reflected that the whole company, as far as martial experience went were merely civilians dressed in uniform, and he became grave again when he remembered Yate's ominous prediction regarding them.

"I say, Mr. Renmark," cried young Howard, as the company moved off, "from what Yates told us yesterday you might make them uneasy. I'll get leave when this is over and drop in on them."

The boy spoke with the confidence of youth, and had evidently no premonition of how his appointment would be kept. Renmark left the road and struck across country for the tent, which he reached without further molestation, finding it as he had left it.

Meanwhile, two men were tramping steadily along the dusty road towards Welland, the captor moody and silent, the prisoner talkative and entertaining. Yates's conversation often went beyond the entertainment, and became, at times, instructive. He discussed all the affairs of both countries, showed a way out of all political difficulties, gave reasons for the practical use of common sense in every emergency, passed opinions on the methods of agriculture adopted in various parts of the country, told stories of the war, gave instances of men in captivity murdering those who were in charge of them, deduced from these ancedotes the foolishness of resisting lawful authority lawfully exercised, and in general showed that he was a man who respected power and the exercise thereof. Suddenly branching to more practical matters, he exclaimed,—

"Say, Stoliker, how many taverns are there between here and Welland?"

Stoliker had never counted them.

"Well, that's encouraging, anyhow. If there are so many that it requires an effort of the memory to enumerate them, we will likely have something to drink before long."

"I never drink while on duty," said Stoliker, curtly.

"Oh, well, don't apologize for it. Every man has his failings. I'll be only too happy to give you some instructions. I have acquired the useful practice of being able to drink both on and off duty. Anything can be done, Stoliker, if you give your mind to it. I don't believe in the word 'can't' either with or without the inverted commas."

Stoliker did not answer, and Yates yawned wearily.

"I wish you would hire a rig, constable. I'm tired of walking. I've been on my feet ever since three this morning."

"I have no authority to hire a buggy."

"But what do you do when a prisoner refuses to move?"

"I'd make him move," said Stoliker, shortly.

"Ah, I see. That's a good plan and saves bills at the livery-stable."

They came to a tempting bank by the road-side, when Yates cried,—

"Let's sit down and have a rest. I'm tired out. The sun is hot and the road dusty. You can let me have half an hour the day's young yet."

"I'll let you have fifteen minutes."

They sat down together. "I wish a team would come along," said Yates, with a sigh.

"No chance of a team, with most of the horses in the neighborhood stolen and the troops on the roads."

"That's so," assented Yates, sleepily.

He was evidently done out, for his chin dropped on his breast and his eyes closed. His breathing came soft and regular, and his body leaned towards the constable, who sat bolt upright. Yates's left arm fell across the knees of Stoliker, and he leaned more and more heavily against him. The constable did not know whether he was shamming or not, but he took no risks. He kept his grasp firm on the butt of the revolver. Yet, he reflected, Yates could surely not meditate an attempt on his weapon, for he had a few minutes before told him a story about a prisoner who escaped in exactly that way. Stoliker was suspicious of the good intentions of the man he had in charge; he was altogether too polite and good-natured; and, besides, the constable dumbly felt that the prisoner was a much cleverer man than he.

"Here, sit up," he said, gruffly. "I'm not paid to carry you, you know."

"What's that; What's that? What's that?" cried Yates, rapidly, blinking his eyes and straightening up. "Oh, it's only you, Stoliker. I thought it was my friend Renmark. Have I been asleep?"

"Either that or pretending,—I don't know which, nor do I care."

"Oh! I must have been pretending," answered Yates, drowsily; "I can't have dropped asleep. How long have we been here?"

"About five minutes."

"All right." And Yates's head began to droop again.

This time the constable felt no doubt about it. No man could imitate sleep so well. Several times Yates nearly fell forward, and each time saved himself, with the usual luck of a sleeper or a drunkard. Nevertheless Stoliker never took his hand from his revolver. Suddenly with a greater lurch than usual Yates pitched head-first down the bank, carrying the constable with him. The steel band of the handcuff nipped the wrist of Stoliker, who, with an oath and a cry of pain, instinctively grasped the links between, with his right hand, to save his wrist. Like a cat Yates was upon him, showing marvellous agility for a man who just tumbled into a heap. The next instant he held aloft the revolver, crying triumphantly,—

"How's that, umpire? Out I expect."

The constable with set teeth, still rubbed his wounded wrist, realizing the hopelessness of a struggle.

"Now Stoliker," said Yates, pointing the pistol at him, "what have you to say before I fire?"

"Nothing," answered the constable, "except that you will be hanged at Welland, instead of staying a few days in jail."

Yates laughed. "That's not bad, Stoliker, and I really believe there is some grit in you, if you are a man-catcher. Some day you were not in very much danger, perhaps you know. Now, if you should want this pistol again, just watch where it alights." And Yates, taking the weapon by the muzzle, tossed it as far as he could into the field.

Stoliker watched its flight intently, then putting his hand into his pocket he took out some small object and flung it as nearly as he could to the spot where the revolver fell.

"Is that how you mark the place?" asked Yates, "or is it some spell that will enable you to find the pistol?"

"Neither," answered the constable, quietly. "It is the key of the handcuffs. The duplicate is at Welland."

Yates whistled a prolonged note and looked with admiration at the little man. He saw the hopelessness of the situation. If he attempted to search for the key in the long grass the chances were ten to one that Stoliker would stumble on the pistol before Yates found the key, in which case the reporter would be once more at the mercy of the law.

"Stoliker, you're evidently fonder of my company than I am of yours. That wasn't a bad strategic move on your part, but it may cause you some personal inconvenience before I get these handcuffs filed off. I'm not going to Welland this trip, as you may be disappointed to learn. I have gone with you as far as I intend to. You will now come with me."

"I shall not move," replied the constable, firmly.

"Very well, stay there, said Yates, twisting his hand around so as to grasp the chain that joined the cuffs. Getting a firm grip, he walked down the road down which they had tramped a few minutes before, Stoliker set his teeth and tried to hold his ground, but was forced to follow. Nothing was said by either until several hundred yards were thus traversed. Then Yates stopped.

"Having now demonstrated to you the fact that you must accompany me, I hope you will show yourself a sensible man, Stoliker, and come with me quietly. It will be less exhausting for both of us, and all the same in the end. You can do nothing until you get help. I am going to see the fight, which I feel sure will be a brief one, so I don't want to lose any more time in getting back. In order to avoid meeting people and having me explain to them that you are my prisoner, I propose we go through the fields."

"Just as you please," replied the inevitable. The constable was wise. The two crossed the rail fence into the fields and walked along peaceably together, Stoliker silent as usual with the grim confidence of a man who is certain of ultimate success, who has the nation behind him with all its machinery working in his favor; Yates talkative, argumentative, and instructive by turns, occasionally breaking forth into song when the unresponsiveness of the other rendered conversation difficult.

"Stoliker, how supremely lovely and quiet and restful are the silent scented spreading fields! How soothing to a spirit tired of the city's din is this solitude, broken only by the singing of the birds and the drowsy droning of the bee erroneously termed 'bumble'! The green fields, the shady trees, the sweet freshness of the summer air, untainted by city smoke, and over all the eternal serenity of the blue and cloudless sky,—how can human spite and human passion exist in such a paradise? Does it not all make you feel as if you were an innocent child again, with motives pure and conscience white?"

If Stoliker felt like an innocent child he did not look it. With clouded brow he eagerly scanned the empty fields, hoping for help. But if the constable made no reply there was an answer that decidedly checked and put all thought of the beauty of the country out of his mind. The dull report of a musket far in front of them suddenly broke the silence, followed by several scattering shots and then the roar of a volley. This was sharply answered by the ring of rifles to the right. With an oath Yates broke into a run.

"They're at it!" he cried, "and all on account of your confounded obstinacy! I shall miss the whole show. The Fenians have opened fire, and the Canadians have not been long in replying."

The din of the firing now became incessant. The veteran in Yates was aroused. He was like an old war-horse who again feels the intoxicating smell of battle-smoke. The lunacy of gunpowder shone in his gleaming eye.

"Come on, you loitering idiot!" he cried to the constable, who had difficulty in keeping pace with him,—"come on, or by the gods, I'll break your wrist across a fence rail and tear this brutal iron from it."

The savage face of the prisoner was transformed with the passion of war, and for the first time that day Stoliker quailed before the insane glare of his eyes. But, if he was afraid, he did not show his fear to Yates.

"Come on, you!" he shouted, springing ahead and giving a jerk that sent the handcuffs well known to those who have to deal with refractory criminals. "I am as eager to see the fight as you are."

The sharp pain brought Yates to his senses again. He laughed, and said, "That's the ticket. I'm with you. Perhaps you would not be in such a hurry if you knew that I am going into the thick of the fight and intend to use you as a shield from the bullets."

"That's all right," answered the little constable, panting. "Two sides are firing. I'll shield you on one side, and you'll have to shield me on the other."

Again Yates laughed, and they ran silently together. Avoiding the houses, they came out at the Ridge Road. The smoke rolled up above the trees, showing where the battle was going on, some distance beyond. Yates made the constable cross the fence and the road and take to the fields again bringing him around behind Bartlett's house and barn. No one was visible near the house except Kitty Bartlett, who stood at the back, watching with pale and anxious face the roll of the smoke, now and then covering her ears with her hands as the sound of an extra loud volley assailed them. Stoliker lifted up his voice and shouted for help.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Truthful.

"And this maid—is she truthful?" asked the lady of the reference.

"Very. That is why I discharged her. She wouldn't tell people I was out when I was in."

Right Word After All.

Uncle Mose—"I don't like dat yaller nigger dat's callin' on my daughtah for a cent. He am too mucilaginous."

Watts—"What in thunder do you mean by saying that he is too mucilaginous?"

Uncle Mose—"I mean dat he's stuck on himself, ob co'se."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Old Pioneer.

In summer I poke roun' out doors
An' kinder help to do the chores;
I try to be some little good
An' chop an' fetch the kindlin' wood;
I judge a man should still be brave
Long as he keeps outside the grave.
And do his work, however small,
An' poke about till he sinks down
An' darkness comes an' covers all—
An' so I poke an putter roun'.

This tremblin' han', these shakin' bones
Once cleared these fel's er trees an' stones;
This han' it pressed my young bride's han'
An' led her through this unknown lan'.
The wolf an' bear prowled roun' our door,
But we wuz happy, young an' poor.
But that dear han' in simple trust
Long years thet han' hez mixed with dust—
But still I poke an' putter roun'.

The woods is cleared, the swamps is sweet
With wavin' fel's of grass an' wheat
The lonesome woods hez all made room
To let the pear an' apple bloom.
An' where wuz once the wild wolf's den
Is happy homes er happy men,
But the ol' man who led the way
An' cut the first dark of forests down,
Now sundown shadders cloud his day,
Can only poke an' putter roun'.

'Twas here we passed life's early morn,
'Twas here our boys an' girls wuz born,
She learned their baby feet to stray
Through the rough forest's tangled way.
The girls, now fair as she was then,
The boys growed up to strappin' men
Forgit the pathway to her grave,
But I can keep the strong woods down,
An' flowers above her dust shall wave
While I can poke an' putter roun'.

The great woil' moves so fast to-day
It leaves an' ol' man by the way.
Forgits the work that he her done
An' all his toil beneath the sun;
An' all its voices seem to say:
"Stan' back, ol' man, keep out the way!"
I hear the voices' cruel roar,
I go; the night is settlin' down.
An' p'raps they'll miss me w'en no more
The ol' man pokes an' putters roun'.

The Use of Salt in Agriculture.

Under the Auspices of the Federation of the Lancashire Farmers' Association, England, a lecture was given in the Technical School, Blackburn, by Mr. W. Chrimes, of Winsford, Cheshire, upon "The Use of Salt in Agriculture," which we give, as follows:—

The lecturer said the subject of salt was one of the most important that could be brought before an agricultural or scientific audience. It was astonishing that a substance which might be called a "life preserver of man and beast should be understood or valued so little. Cato in 150 B. C. recommended salt for preserving hay and washing scabby sheep. Virgil mentioned it as beneficial to cattle. In 1748 Dr. Browning wrote that it fertilizes the soil; it arises in vegetables and from them is conveyed to animals; it is the universal condiment for animal food, and of all substances endowed with life. When it was discovered that a large quantity of salt was present in the blood of man and other animals (there being more than 50 per cent. of salt in the ash of blood), its importance to life was at once perceived. All animals were fond of salt. In the United States of America the herds of wild cattle would travel hundreds of miles in search of salt marshes, or "salt licks." In our own country cattle were found to prefer salt marshes. Cattle kept without salt suffered greatly, and lumps of rock salt should be kept within their reach at all times. Healthy action of the organs could not exist without salt being introduced into the system. The proportion of salt in the blood was fixed, and if sufficient was not waste took place, and required quasing. animal would go in the direction into which the latter the higher the Russian guest will esteem his entertainer, who must pour the cognac out himself, not into a liquor glass, but into a Bordeaux glass, and it is indispensable that he should drain the entire bunker to the health of his guest before the latter has time to put the glass to his lips. Each time you make a speech at dinner, or at any other repast, be careful to have your glass filled to the brim before you begin speaking, and the moment you have concluded your remarks drain your glass to the very last drop at a gulp, since if the slightest heeltap remains, it means in the eyes of the Russians that your remarks have been insincere."

This was followed to the letter. The Russians stood up to their duties amazingly, but the French fell fast, and a letter written just as the Russians had departed says:—

"It is almost impossible to meet a Frenchman at the present moment who does not complain of suffering from what he delicately terms 'une affreuse migraine,' which he accompanies with expressive gestures and plaintive exclamations of 'ma pauvre tete, ma pauvre tete' (my poor head, my poor head)."

CANADAS EL-DORADO.

One Hundred Ounces of Silver to the Ton of Ore is a Low Average in Kootenay.

Mr. Robert Machray, of Montreal, who went recently to investigate the silver district of West Kootenay, B.C., has returned to that city. In an interview Mr. Machray said: "The Kootenay district is divided into two sections, East and West Kootenay. With the eastern section I am not personally acquainted; but I have spent several weeks in the western section, especially investigating the Kaslo-Slocan mining camp. Kaslo is at present the chief town of this district, and notwithstanding the slump in silver it is a lively little burg. Most of the mines lie within twenty or thirty miles of Kaslo. Of these the most important are "Slocan Star," "Mountain Chief," "The Washington," "The Idaho," "The Dardanelles," "The Payne Group," "The Chambers Group," "The Noble Five," "The Blue Bird," "The Reacau," "The Reid," "The Robertson," "The Eureka" and others. This mining camp is one of the richest in the world and so far is not half prospected. Bodies of ore laid bare by the swift descending glaciers are plainly exposed on the mountain sides. A low average of silver in this district is 100 ounces to the ton. In most cases in developed properties the results are very much larger. One shipment from the Dardanelles mine of twenty tons yielded over 500 ounces to the ton. The general character of the ore body is galena with from 65 to 80 per cent. of silver-carrying lead. The general geological character of the district is a dark limestone or schist with dykes of porphyry. These mines, so far as developed, have yielded ore so rich that the depressions in silver may become even more marked, and yet they can be worked with a very reasonable profit.

Of course there may be many disappointments. Every prospect is not mine. But enough work has been done to show that the Slocan country is almost the richest in the world."

An English Captain's Mysterious Death.

According to a French paper, a retired English sea captain, who lived at Havre, recently went to London in order to obtain possession of a sum of £8000 left to him by will. While walking in a street of the British metropolis after having received his money he dropped down dead, and the sum given to him under the bequest was taken out of his pockets by persons unknown. Another vague account of the affair has been published, says a Paris correspondent. It is stated that the retired master mariner went to London with his wife, a Frenchwoman, and took only 30,000 francs, arranging that the remainder should be forwarded to him through a French bank. He had an apoplectic attack in the streets, was conveyed in a dying condition by somebody to an hotel, and after his death no money or papers of any kind could be found in his pockets.

"The bill-board" makes an actor glad; his board bill makes him tired.

The chances of a person being killed in a 24-mile railroad ride are said to be but one in 1,491,910.

Farm Notes.

Be sure and put all tools carefully under shelter before they are rusted or otherwise damaged.

In building corn cribs, raise the floors from the ground high enough to prevent rats harboring under them.

Provide enough bedding for your animals so they will be comfortable in cold weather. Leaves, straw, etc., are good.

Continue tile draining until you are done or the weather stops further work. Underdrains, well put in, always pay.

Treat the farm hand humanely but impress upon him that his work must be done regularly, honestly and thoroughly.

Attend the Literary Society if there is one in your neighborhood; take part, and thus benefit others as well as yourself.

Have a box in the back part of the corn wagon and into it throw the best formed ears. Dry these and put in a secure place for seed next season.

Try stacking some of your corn fodder this year and see how much more valuable it is than when left in the field to be damaged by the weather.

Clean up about the barn and yards removing all manure and rubbish before it freezes. It can not then be handled and is quite a nuisance all Winter.

If the straw has been stacked where stock can run about it fence new before the ground freezes. Use boards, rails, slats, or such like, but never wire, as some of the animals are sure to be injured upon it before the Winter is over.

FRANCO-RUSSIAN DRINKING.

The Gauls Unable to Keep Up with the Hard Headed Muscovites.

Paris correspondence tells of the extraordinary increase of drunkenness in Paris caused by the Russians, or rather by the duties the French took upon themselves as entertainers. There was a great deal of talk before the Russians arrived as to the rules and regulations of the administration of hospitality, and this is the receipt that was adopted for rendering Russian guests happy.

"If you invite a Russian to dinner make a point of offering him a seat at the table. Place the latter the higher the Russian guest will esteem his entertainer, who must pour the cognac out himself, not into a liquor glass, but into a Bordeaux glass, and it is indispensable that he should drain the entire bunker to the health of his guest before the latter has time to put the glass to his lips. Each time you make a speech at dinner, or at any other repast, be careful to have your glass filled to the brim before you begin speaking, and the moment you have concluded your remarks drain your glass to the very last drop at a gulp, since if the slightest heeltap remains, it means in the eyes of the Russians that your remarks have been insincere."

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