

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Tab Butter, 18c. In order to reduce our immense stock of fine tub butter we have reduced the price to 18c per lb.—Jas. Crawford.

How the Myles Rests.

The prop. Myles is likely to be raised in a few days. She is resting on the remains of an old vessel, and eighteen feet of the steamer is eight or nine feet from the bottom of the lake.

They Feel Satisfied.

The conservators are willing that there should be a protest, "for," they say, "we have the satisfaction of knowing that no personal charges can be brought against Sir John." Indeed?

Their Golden Wedding.

On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Peter McKim celebrated their golden wedding. The happy couple lived at Catarqui and Kingston for many years. Both are still hale, Mr. McKim being especially active.

The Slide Was Terribly Swift.

The toboggan slide was in splendid shape yesterday. It was iced from top to bottom, and the toboggans went down it at a fearful speed. A number of ladies were slightly injured, and one young man seriously.

B. Laurance's Spectacles.

The only sure aids to perfect vision, at J. G. King's drug store. Buy none other. See every pair is stamped "B.L." Imitations abound. The frame may sometimes be closely imitated, the lens never.

Death of Dr. Patterson.

The death from consumption is announced, in Toronto, of Dr. Patterson, son of Robert Patterson, Portland, and for some time a practitioner in that township. He was a graduate of the Royal college.

Pomeroy's Petrolene Plasters.

Jas. McKeon, druggist, of Hudson, Mass., says of the above: "I am more than pleased with your beautiful goods; they give entire satisfaction." Of all first-class druggists and J. G. King, Kingston.

Going at a Good Gait.

Waxford was driven a mile over a snow path on a half-mile track in Ogdensburg, Wednesday, in 2:30 minutes. Annie Bird, another promising stepper, was driven on the same track in 2:33 minutes.

The Darwinian Theory.

Dr. Alfred Wallace, of London, Eng., will lecture on "The Darwinian Theory" in convocation hall on Tuesday, March 8th. As he only lectures in Kingston and Toronto, much interest will centre in this first authoritative statement of a much debated and disputed question.

The Capital Stock Increased.

To-day a special meeting of the shareholders of the Kingston & Pembroke RR. company was held, and the directors were authorized by it to increase the capital stock to \$1,500,000, the proceeds of the sale of stock to be applied in redeeming the outstanding bonds of the company.

The Recount Settled Upon.

This morning Mr. H. M. Mowat applied for and obtained from his honor, Judge Price, an appointment and summons for a recount of the ballots in the recent election, on the ground that certain of the same were either improperly counted or rejected. The recount takes place on Tuesday next at 10 o'clock.

Moore's Branch of the Army.

Major Moore, who severed his connection with the salvation army, controlled by General Booth, established an army on his own account in the United States. He is now forming branches of his organization in Canada, and has attacked Ottawa, Smith's Falls, and Madoc. Sergt. G. Elliott, of this city, will take charge of the latter station.

A Talk on Social Purity.

Chas. James and J. F. Cookson, of the Gospel Purity Association, London, Eng., will talk to young men upon "Social Purity" in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Monday evening. Both gentlemen are musical; Mr. James will sing several solos. All young men are invited to attend. A collection will be taken to defray expenses. Mr. James will also give a lecture to the public the following (Tuesday) evening.

It Was a Very Trivial Affair.

John V. Vanalstine, reeve of North Frontenac, has been unseated as he did not have the necessary property qualification when elected. It appears that there was \$9.75 interest past due on a mortgage against Mr. Vanalstine's property and he lacked that amount of being qualified. It is certainly a trivial matter to unseat a man for, but it is the law. The election was therefore voided with costs.

Railway Accident.

A serious smash-up occurred at the Grand Trunk railway station, Napanee, on Thursday. At ten minutes to seven o'clock as a freight train was passing over the switch on its way east a flat broke, throwing two cars laden with logs over a embankment, and four or five others off the track. About forty or fifty horses were killed and many others had their legs broken and were otherwise injured. The damage will amount to several thousand dollars.

The Hotel Arrivals.

Arrivals at the British American Hotel—Jos. Martin, W. M. LeMessurier, D. W. Ross, R. B. Ross, W. H. Leavitt, Montreal; W. R. Bartlett, Milford Lewis, Cleveland; Miss F. Bushnell, Cape Vincent; S. S. Lazier, J. E. Thomas, Belleville; J. K. Kerr, W. G. H. Lowe, E. S. Boyden, T. S. G. Popley, R. Sewell, Thos. McCormick, Toronto; E. J. Baker, Geo. B. Kerrick, New York; Mrs. R. Irvine, Miss F. Miller, Detroit, Mich.; J. R. McLean, Carleton Place.

Lower Island Wedding.

The nuptials have already been recorded of William Clement, of Gananoque, and Miss Annie Garrah, of Howe Island. The bride was warmly congratulated by many friends, who wished her a long time of happiness and prosperity. Among the presents received were: From Israel Garrah, the bride's father, parlor and dining-room sets; the bride's mother, silver cist; Mrs. Clement, sr., white spread; Mrs. Bushy, damask table cover; Mrs. J. Clement, globe lamp; Mrs. Keyes, sr., silver pickle stand; Mrs. F. X. Laehane, set fruit dishes; Miss E. Clement, dozen glass dishes; Miss L. Clark, amber water set; Mrs. King, set of silver spoons; Mr. Morgan, silver ring; Miss Sophia Garrah, water pitcher; Maggie R. Keyes, work basket; Mrs. J. Coman, glass set; Miss Kate Keyes, cushion; Mr. King, table spread; Mrs. Edwards, of Gananoque, a rocking chair.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

PARAGRAPHS PICKED UP BY OUR BUSY REPORTERS.

The Spice of Every Day Life—What the Public are Talking About—Nothing Escapes the Attention of Those Who are Taking Notes.

New dress goods cheapest at Hardy's. A new lighthouse is to be built on the long pier at Portsmouth.

The Oswego base ball club reports at Philadelphia the first week in April.

A corps of General Moore's salvation army has been organized at Belleville.

The penitentiary has greatly improved the approaches to the tramway on the brow of the hill.

Architect Gillen is preparing plans for two brick houses to be built for Alfred Martin on Clergy street.

The Royal skating rink was in good condition last evening, and an unusually large number of skaters were present.

The Rathbun company has 475 employees in Deseronto. All told, in their different agencies, it has over 2,000 men.

Early rose potatoes, Labrador herrings, fresh haddock, cod fish, fresh mackerel, fresh herrings.—Jas. Crawford.

It is estimated that about forty persons will take advantage of the rates to Washington to be offered on Thursday next.

Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, of Toronto, will be at the British American hotel, Kingston, Wednesday and Thursday, the 2nd and 3rd of March.

E. C. Hiscock has sold his double frame house, corner of Earl and Frontenac streets, to Mr. McCready, of Garden Island, for \$1,600.

On Monday S. Higbie, charged with having passed bogus money at the Union hotel, will be tried in the judge's chambers on Monday.

The Canada Health Journal says of Kingston that although the average mortality has not been high, it was very high in January, nearly 30 per 1,000.

The armory of No. 4 troop of cavalry has been removed from Picton to Ameliasburg, so that the accoutrements can be under the supervision of Capt. Halliwell.

The Rev. Goshn El Howie, M.A., the blind lecturer, a native of Mount Lebanon, Syria, will lecture in Convocation hall on Friday evening, March 4th.

Mr. Frank Lazarus, the optician, will be at the store of Mr. W. J. Wilson, Princess street, until Saturday evening. Persons will find it to their advantage and be suited with the best spectacles in the world.

We are holding the largest quantity of tub and fresh butter in this city; in order to reduce our stock we are selling fine tub butter at 18c, and rolls at 23c per lb.—Jas. Crawford.

Hurrah for the grand carnival at the royal on Monday night. Grand illumination, grand sight; battery band in attendance; big crowd going; skating early; have your costumes ready. Admission only 20c.

The balance of the season we will sacrifice our stock of choice furs at greatly reduced prices to make room for the largest and most stylish stock of stiff and soft hats ever brought into the city of Kingston. J. B. Page & Co.

The truly good Berlin News says: "Bets have been running two to one in favor of Kranz. Betting is no doubt wicked, but it shows generally how the wind blows." This good man is a lay preacher, and therefore, he strikes a parallel with the Tennessee pastor who arraigned, with righteous indignation, the participants in a cock fight with poultry of an adjoining town, and wound up with the happy and consoling reflection, arising out of so much disgrace and wickedness, that "Our cocks won the day."

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Whose Movements, Sayings and Doings Attract Attention.

Capt. Mallat left for New York to-day. F. Morrison left to-day for Hamilton, Ohio.

Harvey Warner, Wilton, has purchased a residence in Napanee for his mother. Mrs. Fenwick, nee Miss Maggie Barr, sings in Woodstock on the 15th inst.

W. Gunn, who has been visiting his parents here for some days, left for Albany to-day.

E. Harmer, who has been visiting friends in New York city, returned to the city to-day.

Mrs. Boyle, wife of Robert Boyle, county clerk, Picton, died on Saturday after months of suffering.

W. T. Yarwood, merchant tailor, Picton, who has been in poor health for some time, died on Tuesday.

Miss Underhill will enter upon her duties as head nurse of the Kingston hospital on March 15th.

Thomas Chambers, of this city, has a good situation in the malleable iron works at Oshawa.

Prof. Crooks, Kensington, Illinois, has been engaged as master of the Rathbun company's band, Deseronto.

A. J. Wood, of Kingston, was groomsmen at the marriage of Miss Arvilla Clarke, of Camden, to James Merrin, Belleville.

W. H. Fraser, dominion appraiser, is dying of inflammation of the lungs at Ottawa. He is related to Capt. Middleton.

Dr. Elkington, township clerk of Palmerton, arrived to-day with the election ballot box. This township gave the banner majority for Shibley, 51.

It is rumored that Wilder Bros., who conduct the Crown house, Watertown, N.Y., are about to take possession of the St. Lawrence hotel at Cape Vincent.

To-day A. B. H. Card, after taking a penmanship course in the Dominion business college has graduated. He intends teaching penmanship at Cobocook, where he lives.

The students of the college, with whom he was very popular, regret his departure from amongst them.

The Gascoine Case.

KINGSTON, Feb. 26.—(To the Editor): So far as I am aware it is not the fact, as stated in your report of the Gascoine case, that Mr. Machar took a "prominent part in working up the case against me," or that I have entrusted him with thousands of dollars. His only professional relation to me has been that in a business matter already placed in his hands by other parties. He has as far as possible faithfully protected my interests, and I am perfectly satisfied with the manner in which I have always been treated by him.—JOHN BRANTFAN.

[The report in question was that of remarks of counsel, and the accuracy of it that respect is not attacked.—Ed. WHIG.]

For the Finest Tub Butter, 18c. Our stock of fine tub butter is very large, and we are now offering it at 18c per lb.—Jas. Crawford.

Frillings and collars, cheap, at Hardy's.

THE THINKER'S POET.

He has Lately Added Another Volume to the Best of his Works.



ROBERT BROWNING.

The publication of "Parleyings" is an event of importance to the increasing number of disciples sitting at the feet of Robert Browning, believed by them to be the most intellectual of living poets. Boston, of American cities, is not alone embracing Browning clubs within its most honored institutions. While the author of "Men and Women," one of the profoundest books of the century, has a voice through it only to educated and thoughtful people, he is also the delight of the school children, who all learn to recite the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." In short, Browning is one of the most influential of contemporary writers, and the appearance of a new work from his pen is fitly celebrated by the publication of an excellent likeness of the poet-philosopher.

He was born near London, England, in the year 1812, and educated at the London University. When twenty-four years of age, his drama of "Parascelesus" was given to the world, and made for its author immediately distinction. "Strafford," his next production, was produced on the stage, unsuccessfully, even though the eminent Macready personated the hero. In 1856 appeared "Men and Women," perhaps Browning's greatest work, containing poems which, writes a competent critic, "for depth and subtlety of conception, profound analysis of the human mind in its most delicate and impassioned conditions, and abstract speculative insight, are unsurpassed in the English language." If as some think, in vigor and brilliancy of thought Browning is above Tennyson, he does not nearly equal him in melody of versification and artistic beauty of style. He is often obscure, and as often Shakspearean in the lucidity and aptness of his expression. Among Browning's works previously unmentioned are: "The Ring and the Book," "Prince Hohenstien Schwangau," "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," "Aristophanes' Apology," "The Inn Album," "Pacchiarotto, with Other Poems," "The Two Poets of Croisic," "Dramatic Idyls," "Agamemnon" and "Ferdinand's Fancies." The full title of his latest book is "Parleyings with Certain persons of Importance in their day, to wit, Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, George Bubb Dodington, Francis Farini, Gerard de Lairese, and Charles Arvon."

Mr. Browning was married in the year 1846, to Elizabeth Barrett, better known as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest English poetess. She died in 1861.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

The Services for To-morrow Chief Sampson Successful in His Mission.

Sam Jones received \$19,000 for one month's work in Boston.

Kingston presbytery meets on Monday, March 21st, in Kingston.

Rev. J. W. Sparling has been to Picton delivering a missionary address.

Rev. D. Y. Ross, of Westport, recently preached most acceptably at Scarborough.

Rev. Dr. Mowat preaches in the First Congregational church to-morrow.

Rev. Dr. McCrae, of Cobourg, will preach in convocation hall to-morrow afternoon.

Rev. D. L. McCrae, of Cobourg, will preach in Chalmers' church to-morrow morning and evening.

Mr. Joseph Hall will conduct services in the Methodist church, Portsmouth, to-morrow evening.

Rev. Dr. Jackson is lecturing on "Church History," in the Congregational college at Montreal.

Rev. T. W. Joliffe has been invited to become the pastor of St. Paul's church, Toronto, for the third year.

Special services for members of the salvation army only, were held in the barracks on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. They were conducted by Captain and Mrs. Lawson.

Chief Sampson Green, who went to England to raise funds for the Tyendinaga mission, succeeded admirably. He expects to sail for Canada about the middle of April. He had the pleasure of hearing the Bishop of Ontario preach in one of the churches in London.

Rev. J. W. Sparling, M. A., will officiate at both services in Sydenham St. Methodist church to-morrow, special evangelistic service in the evening. Subject of sermon "Samuel the Prophet in contrast to Saul, the deserted man."

The new Bridge St. church, Belleville, is to be opened on 12th May. Revs. Drs. Carman and Williams will dedicate it. On three Sundays Revs. Drs. Sutherland and Briggs, Toronto; Rev. M. W. McLean, Belleville; Rev. Dr. Joyce, Cincinnati; and Rev. Sam Jones will officiate.

It is the duty of every person who has used Beecher's German Syrup to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing consumption, severe coughs, croup, asthma, pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 30,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German Syrup cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all druggists and dealers in the United States and Canada.

Large market this morning.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

AN INTERESTING REVIEW OF THE PAST WEEK'S DOINGS.

The Stewart Family and its Revelations—The Reminiscences Which Two Deaths Suggest—A Coachman's Laisson, and How it Ended.

[Special Correspondence.] BROOKLYN, Feb. 25.—Those who have read my letters for the past few years, and who remember my account of Mr. Stewart's death and the disposition he made of his vast estate, will not be at all surprised that the heirs at last have called on Judge Hilton for an accounting. The skeleton so successfully hid behind the door is at last to be dragged forth, and among other curious facts it will now be made public if an empty mausoleum occupies the crypt of the splendid cathedral at Garden City, or whether the bones of Alexander Turney Stewart repose beside the ashes of his wife.—What a feast for the lawyers! What a precious morsel for the millions who love a little bit of scandal better than they do their prayers! Both of the co-respondents, whose colossal possessions are the cause of this unseemly war, are beyond the reach of praise or blame.

"Nor steel, nor poison, malice, Domestic or foreign levy, Nothing can touch them further."

But on trial the secret history of dead and buried years will be dragged into the light of open day. Scandals, only hinted at in past years, will be headed in cold print with leaded lines as choice items of the latest news. Characters that have hitherto been sustained by the length of their rent-rolls, and the strength of their bank accounts, may be blasted beyond reclaim. Not a pleasant prospect, you say? Perhaps not. But what could you expect from such a life. And with the news of the suit against Judge Hilton comes the intelligence that all of the late Mrs. Stewart's wardrobe is to be disposed of to the highest bidder by auction, the only restriction being that no one will be admitted to the sale but relatives and friends, of which, however, there are several hundreds. I don't know how it may affect those who are in the habit of making merchandise of the dead, but to me there is something inexpressibly shocking in this sale. Imagine the auctioneer roaring out the price of the golden puff-box from which she rouged and powdered her faded charms, and dangling from his coarse fingers the dainty golden curls in which she was arrayed by her faithful maid two days before her death, and with which the faded and decrepit old woman of eighty years tried to restore the beautiful Cornelia Finch of sixty years before, her pocket handkerchiefs, her stockings, and all the little trinkets that were dear to her heart. Going, going, gone!

"Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher: "All is vanity."

Fifty wigs, not one with a grey hair in, all of them of that soft golden color in which her heart did so much delight; three hundred gowns, all of them rich and costly; shawls from Indian looms and laces of fabulous value; and even the under-clothing of the dead woman under the hammer. Going, going, gone! New York has heard much of Stewart's thrift during the last fifty years, but it was unprepared for anything like this. A man who has been such a beneficiary of the Stewart estate as Judge Hilton has, and having the whole matter in his discretion, might have called the discontented heirs together and by appraisal have set a money value on the goods and kept them from the public eye. But he has chosen the other course, and in so doing he has shocked the better sense of the entire community, and I shall not be surprised any day to see an advertisement in the New York World, addressed to the keepers of dime museums throughout the country, offering for sale the bones of the dead millionaire, with satisfactory certificates duly authenticating their genuineness. That they would bring a good round sum I have not the least doubt; and in the hands of Barnum or Buffalo Bill they might be made to add some thousands to the princely Stewart estate. Garden City is to be dismembered and sold, and this is the end of Alexander Turney Stewart's life work. Fifty millions, and—nothing!

Mrs. McGinnis is dead. Who is she? you ask. The youngest daughter of the late Wm. M. Tweed, of ring memory, and the heroine of the diamond wedding. Women have been married and given in marriage before, but never on this continent was seen anything like the nuptials of this dead woman. At the time of her marriage her father was as virtually the autocrat of New York as the czar is autocrat of the Rumanias. Nothing like her *trousseau* had even been seen here previous to that time. It seemed as if all New York hastened to do honor to the new princess. Tradesmen and politicians poured in their gifts, and men of the highest character were not ashamed to be found among the donors. Tom Fields sent a diamond necklace and earrings that cost five thousand dollars, and W. E. King jewels that cost five thousand more. It took one immense room to hold the bridal gifts, and the money value was estimated at \$150,000. On the day of the wedding all official business was suspended throughout the city, and many of the great stores closed early in the afternoon. The beautiful young bride wore big diamonds as buttons for her white satin garters, and the jewels on her person represented \$56,000. The heroes and heroines of that proud night have gone down to prison; Tom Fields died in exile; Connolly and Sweeney were fugitives from justice; Jim Fisk was assassinated; Ingersoll and Garvey went to states' prison; Prince Harry Genett died in the states' prison; two died in lunatic asylums; and one proud beauty—the wife of Tom Fields—perished in the gutter in front of the princely mansion on Fifth avenue where formerly she had presided as a queen. And so they pass away. Notwithstanding his ill-gotten millions the father of this dead woman passed away looking through prison bars; and right here I am reminded that this week also passed away Tweed's private secretary, Foster S. Dewey. Mr. Dewey may not have been a great man, but he was marked as the possessor of that uncommon quality among men, gratitude, which after all is one of humanity's brightest and rarest jewels.

Foster Dewey, as the private secretary of Tweed, knew all the villainy of the ring, but so skillfully did he guide his hand, that when justice, like an avalanche, came down on the guilty crew, Foster Dewey escaped without a scar. He had profited by his opportunities for plunder, but kept out of the clutches of the law, and when the thousands who had profited by the bounty of the master fled, affrighted at the fierce cries of his enemies, Foster Dewey stood by his old chief to the last and spent his fortune freely in trying to secure his release. He never deserted the man who had befriended him, and when the end came he stood by the dying couch and soothed his last hours with

his friendship and love, which even death and disgrace could not shake.

Larry O'Brien was laid to rest this week. Thousands turned out to Larry's funeral, for he was one of the best known men in town. He was a gambler by profession and a fighter of considerable renown. A couple of years ago he got into a fight with another gambler who literally cut him to pieces with a huge bowie knife. As he fell on the sidewalk some one rushed up, and seeing his condition, cried out, "Send for a doctor!" "Oh, never mind the doctor," gasped Larry, "send for a priest." With careful nursing Larry pulled through, but he never was the same man again. He wandered about from place to place like a ghost, and finally died in Nassau a couple of weeks ago.

After a bitter struggle the women suffragists have finally triumphed in the senate of New York. Now for the lower house and then for the governor. So far the women have done well; they have steadily battled for their rights and they have won their way, step by step, from darkness to daylight. The men who are so afraid of women's voting ought to take a turn down through the lower wards of New York and Brooklyn. Look at the brutal, drunken material that decides our municipal, state and national elections! Look at the vile crew that sent Jim Campbell to congress and helped to make Fatty Walsh the guardian of the tomb. The most respectable and intelligent club in New York to-day is a women's club. Some of the best work in journalism and art is done by women. In medicine there are dozens of women who hold their own with the best of our medical faculty, and wherever an avenue has been opened for her she has improved it and done well. It is but a poor compliment to our mothers, our wives, our sisters and our daughters to say that we are not willing to give the same privileges to them that we accord to the ignorant rabble who crowd our great cities and decide our elections. One woman like Catherine Wolf, or Jennie June, or Mrs. Dr. Lozier is worth a million of such rascals, whose only idea of American suffrage is, how much it can be sold for at the polls.

A lively sensation occurred early in the week in a suburb of Brooklyn. A rich gentleman named Woolsey had a fine country seat and employed a coachman who handled the ribbons to perfection. The coachman had a nice wife and two children, and as he seemed to lead a life above reproach, and had a fine baritone voice, he soon distinguished himself in the village choir, and was proposed for one of the deacons. He complained to Mr. Woolsey that the moral character of his assistant shocked him, whereupon the footman was discharged and the coachman was commissioned to hire another, which he did. He soon found a footman, a pleasant young chap, who became quite a favorite with everybody, and with no one more than the coachman. Wherever the boy went the coachman went, and wherever the coachman went the boy went. They took long evening rides together, and on two or three occasions they were detained all night on business. Last week an avenging husband appeared on the scene with a shotgun, hunting a runaway wife and looking for a coachman who had lured her away from his home. The coachman and the boy disappeared that night and have not been heard of since. Moral—Keep your weather eye on the coachman and your lee eye on the groom.—BROADBRIM.

KINGSTON ELECTION CASE

Dr. Stewart's Calculations—His Action in Regard to Previous Contests.

KINGSTON, Feb. 24.—(To the Editor): With reference to mine of the 19th, in your issue of yesterday, let me say that I shall be glad to communicate with those desirous of attaining the object in view by me, and which I have for twenty years been labouring to attain, viz., purity of elections in the dominion of Canada.

In 1867 I opposed John A. Macdonald for the dominion parliament, and Maxwell W. Strange for the legislature. The text on which I expatiated on that occasion, on the hustings, at the court house was: "He that shaketh his hands from the holding of bribes shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; his bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." It turned out, however, that I had only been enacting, as it were, the part of the monomaniac who cast his pearls before his swine under the delusion that his swine would digest his pearls, for both John A. Macdonald and Maxwell W. Strange were elected.

In 1872 John Carruthers, who had unsuccessfully opposed Thomas Kirkpatrick in the county in 1867, intervened between John A. Macdonald and me in the city, and was beaten. I filed a petition against John A. Macdonald in the election court for bribery and corruption by himself and by his agents, by which John A. Macdonald was unseated, and by which he would have been disqualified from sitting in the house of commons for seven years had not John A. Macdonald's "man Friday," Mr. Alexander Campbell, been permitted to decamp to the neighbouring republic to avoid a subpoena being served upon him. Notwithstanding my failure, however, to disqualify John A. Macdonald by reason of Campbell's flight to yankeeland, Chief Justice Richards adjudged me the whole costs of my attempt to disqualify him, which costs were taxed by B. M. Britton as my attorney, and by R. T. Walkem as John A. Macdonald's attorney, at \$375, and which said Walkem promised said Britton would be paid shortly after the said taxation.

To defray the expenses that were to be incurred by me in the prosecution of said petition twenty-four persons subscribed among them \$1,240. Of these twenty-four persons six wrote their names for \$100 each and five for \$50 each. The only one of these eleven persons, however, who paid the amount which, by their handwriting I have in my possession, they promised to pay, was George Robertson. Now, deducting Mr. Robertson's \$100 from the \$900, and adding the five fifties and Sir John A. Macdonald's \$375, we have the sum total of \$1,374. With this sum, I propose to stamp out bribery and corruption at elections, in that part of her glorious majesty's dominions which extends from the great Atlantic to the great Pacific, and from the great Yankeeland to the greater aurora borealis.—JOHN STEWART.

Mr. C. Ainsworth is willing to put up \$200 that his stallion, "Grover Cleveland," can trot a mile faster than Mayor Carson's horse, "Grey Eagle."

Weather Probabilities. Strong east and south winds, generally cloudy and milder, with occasional snow or rain; colder west and north winds to-morrow.