Grant Co. News.

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—BY—
D. I. ASBURY
Editor and Proprietor.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. ORR, M. D.
Canyon City, Ogn.
Office on Main Street in Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Howard.

D. G. W. BARBER
Physician & Surgeon.
Canyon City - - - - Oregon.
Formerly of Iowa, has located here, and will attend Professional calls day or night.
☞ Office opposite News Office.

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Office in City Hotel.

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CANYON CITY, OREGON.

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DENTIST.
From The Dalles, has permanently located at John Day City.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention, and all money will be paid as fast as collected.

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Will practice in the Circuit Court at Canyon City, and before the U. S. Land Office at Lakeview.
Any business in the Land Office entrusted to us will receive the most prompt attention.
☞ Land cases solicited.

J. OLLIVER,
Proprietor of the
John Day Milk Ranch
Fresh milk delivered daily to my customers in John Day and Canyon cities. Give me your orders. J. OLIVER.

F. C. HORSLEY, M. D.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1848.
Canyon City, Oregon.
Office in his Drug Store, Main Street
Orders for Drugs promptly filled
No professional patronage solicited unless directions are strictly followed

The Grant County News.

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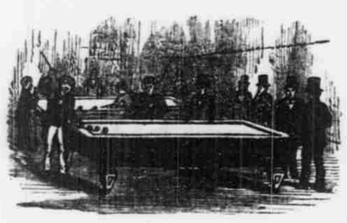

ANNEXATION OF CANADA.

The Disastrous Attempt to Accomplish It by Force—A Famous Retreat.

The present agitation concerning the relations between Canada and the United States recalls the time when the annexation of that country was proposed to be brought about by force of arms. The project was entrusted to the brave General Montgomery, assisted by the famous patriots, Colonels Ethan Allen and Seth Warner. While engaged in the invasion Ethan Allen was taken prisoner by the British and sent to England, where he experienced very harsh treatment.

It was Colonel Warner who twice conducted his men safely home, though the march was constantly surrounded by dangers. Once Montgomery sent them home because their time was out, and though they were willing to continue in service, they were without sufficient clothing, and none could be had in that country.

Colonel Warner had hardly arrived home before he heard that Montgomery had been killed, and the cause, as well as the lives of the men, were put in great jeopardy. He collected his men again and at once started for Canada to assist his countrymen in their extremity. But his efforts were of no avail, and it was soon found necessary to take up the line of retreat.

It was the dead of winter, and only necessity sanctioned moving the troops. The terror of pursuit and the rigor of the season furnished sufficient cause for alarm and haste. Colonel Warner remained with the rear of the army, and aided them in many ways most effectually as he was a man well posted in caring for the sick and this knowledge now came into excellent use.

He must keep the army in motion, not a day must be lost, and yet he was without any chest of medicines. But he understood the medicinal use of roots and herbs, and of proper care at critical times, and with these allies, he made an effectual fight against disease among his men.

When Ticonderoga was reached and the roll called, thanks to Seth Warner but few vacancies in the ranks appeared.

Col. Warner saved the lives of hundreds of men in this way, and he did a noble work, but it remained for his namesake, H. H. Warner, head of Warner's Safe Cure establishment, to give the same kind of remedies then used to the people of to-day, in "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." These remedies have been adopted after thorough trial and investigation, and they are remedies of established reputation. Being wholly vegetable, they can be used without any fear as to the results.

Among the new remedies is a Sarsaparilla for the blood, Hops and Buchu for the stomach and digestion, Cough and Consumption Remedy, Scalpine for the head and hair, Rose Cream for that terrible disease, catarrh, a Log Cabin Liver Pill, a Log Cabin Plaster and an Extract for internal and external use. Our readers may rest assured that there is merit in every article.

LATEST NEWS.

The New York Grant monument fund now amounts to $120,162.

The Sultan of Turkey has prohibited the further exportation of Arab horses.

A newspaper just started at Clay Springs, Florida, begins its salutation with: "Here we come; darn our fool souls."

Many sheep are being destroyed in Delaware county, New York, by small bugs, which burrow into their heads and kill them.

Bears, panthers, wolves and wildcats still infest DeSoto county, Florida, and during December $149 was paid in bounties for scalps of these animals.

The unusual phenomenon of snow falling from a clear sky, was witnessed recently at Livingston, M. T. The nearest clouds overhung the mountains, five miles distant.

Aunt Hannah Cary, an old negress one hundred and ten years old, living at Montevallo, Alabama, is now cutting a new set of teeth. She has had her second sight for some time.

A man fell from the gallery into the orchestra of a New York theatre lately. As they were carrying him out the door to a drug store he sigh'd, "Where's my return check?"

Cars Strong, a clockmaker and miner, died recently in Boston, leaving a fortune of $35,000 and a miscellaneous collection of clocks and watches, numbering several hundred. Nobody knows who his heirs are, if any.

A novel case was taken before a New York Police Justice the other day. A female fiend sued the daughter of a neighbor, charging that the latter shouted "white horse" every time the complainant went out of the house.

A farmer in Accomack county, Virginia, a few days ago, while digging a post hole, came upon a pot full of gold and silver coin. It is supposed to have been buried by a Tory who went to England at the outbreak of the revolution.

A patented nose is something new in the line of specially protected inventions. It is a dancing master in New Jersey who has the patent, and his idea is a mirror dance in which a second lady dances behind an empty frame as a reflection of the first lady in front.

Gladstone's commendation of the results of the mission of Chamberlain, his political enemy, and the overwhelming vote in favor of the credit of the expenses of the mission is pretty good evidence that England has got the best end of the fisheries negotiations.

Potsdam V. Nasby, who is said to have made $1,500,000 by his humor was earning but a few dollars a week when began his famous letters. Josh Billings sold his "Essay on the Mule" for $150, and Artemus Ward, before he tried fun, was a newspaper reporter at $12 a week.

Senator Call, of Florida, ought to be "called in." He is altogether too antiquated in his ideas. He has not yet got rid of the ancient notion that the United States is a receptacle of the riff-raff of the world, China included. He knows too much—in his own conceit.

The Salvation army in London, to relieve as far as possible the distress which prevails at the East end, have acquired large premises in Limehouse, where they will establish a cheap food depot. For one penny an adult receives refreshment and night's lodging or soup and bread. For a halfpenny he receives either bread or soup. Children are given a basin of soup for a farthing, and bread for an additional farthing.

Mr. Terry, of Valdosta, Ga., thought the other night that his house was getting a shaking up by an earthquake. He rose and got a lantern, and examined the premises. What he discovered was that a cow had got under the house, and was jarring it with her back and horns. How she got there was a mystery. Mr. Terry had to dig a ditch for her to walk out through.

A Sensible Kind of Match.

Among all the "matching" cranks who have yet appeared, who have contested walking-matches and eating-matches and drinking-matches, who have proved the smallness of their heads by the size of their stomachs, or the weakness of their brains by the strength of their muscles, there has not been one, until last week, who was worth a seconds thought from any one who had a thimbleful of brains. But at last there has come one possessed of a matching mania which is certainly of interest, and which may be of use to the bewildered victims of modern rush and hurry. He wants to get up a sleeping-match. He sends out a challenge to all the rest of the world and engages to sleep against any one for the space of 124 hours. And his backers declare that their money talks. The readiness with which his challenge has been accepted by three other gentlemen, one of whom says he can go away beyond the challenger's limit and never know that he has snored at all, shows that sleeping has become a professional matter, like living on water or eating quails or hard-boiled eggs by the dozzed.

It is not stated whether these gentlemen belong to the scientific or sporting world, whether they are to be classed with Dr. Tanner or with the clam-eating enthusiasts. But the two professions have lately become so closely linked—as to prove by by the welcome which Professor John Sullivan receives in one and the ease with which he fraternizes with the other—that it does not matter much whether they wish to take their five day's sleep for glory, for the good of humanity, or for the benefit of their purses.

Miss Laura Webster, whose sleeping performances have been told in the Examiner, in her three month's nap, went so far ahead of what any of these professional sleepers say they can do, that in comparison their five day's sleep is a mere momentary snore. The doctors say she lost her will power, so was unable to wake up. Perhaps Mr. Debois and Mr. Benson and the rest of these professors of sleep shut up their several will powers in the closet before they lie down to their little snooze. Perhaps they manage to remain blissfully unconscious of several mornings of milch-wagons, several evenings of next door pianos and several days of orange-peddlers at the front door by bracing up the will power and setting it bolt upright by the bed.

But however it is done, if they really sleep a natural, restful sleep for five days, and will tell how it is done, champion belts and gold medals ought to be poured down upon them like a Panama rain.

Unwillingness to waste time in bed and inability to sleep after we get there, keep American nerves wound up to a state of tension which is pretty sure to cause something to break some time. If a prophet and professor of sleep will arise who will prove the possibility of sleeping as long as one wishes, and show how it can be done, his fortune is as good as made.—S. F. Examiner.

☞ Subscribe for the GRANT COUNTY NEWS, that you may obtain a correct knowledge of the "mines," etc., of Eastern Oregon.

Grant Co. News.

In Mexico.

The presidential campaigh has opened in Mexico, and General Porfiro Diaz is in the lead, with no second or third candidate who seriously expects to see official daylight.

President Diaz has already shown the people of the little republic his mettle and won their confidence. He carries things with a steady and even hand, is strong, cautious and conservative. His administration means peace and stability to commercial interests. The opposition to him between now and June, when the election occurs, will not probably bring any political crisis to excite any unusual popular feeling. The past is Diaz's guarantee for the future, and the voters are mostly satisfied with it.

But these young republicans of the Southwest are sadly behind the times. They have no torch-light processions, no bands of music, no mass meetings, no magnificent oratory, not much vituperation, which always decorates a contest with us, and not even a business panic. No primary meetings, no ward bosses, no political pulls, not much of a campaign fund to distribute among the "boys,"—why, Mexico is hardly civilized yet.—Ex.

Prompt Dispatch of a Weather-Wise Croaker.

An editor was found in his sanctum bending over the mangled body of a man and holding in his hands an ax reeking with gore. He was seized and taken before a magistrate. The judge eyed him sternly and said;

"Prisoner, you are charged with the awful crime of murder. Do you plead guilty or not guilty."

"Guilty, your honor, but there are extinuatin' circumstances."

"Name them, sir."

"Well, you see, the deceased came into my office, and backed up to the stove and grinned a sickly grin and said ter me, said he: "I tell ye what, a stove feels good ter-day." It was the one hundred and sixteenth man who made that remark since breakfast, your honor, and I—well, my passions got the better of me and I seized the ax and—"

"Brained the villain," yelled the judge, excitedly. "Heaven bless you' sir, you are a public benefactor. Sheriff," he continued in a voice choking with emotion, "wipe the blood off the gentleman's ax and give it back to him. Court's adjourned. Mr. Prisoner, won't you come and have something warm with me?"—Sioux City Sun.

Rebuked by His Shocked Parent.

"Well, Bertie, dear, have you been a good boy at school to-day?" asked a Kalamazoo mother of her son of ten years.

"You can jest bet I was," replied Bertie. "The boy that's perfect in our room for a month is going to get a prize, and I'm going to freeze on to it myself."

"Bertie!" cried his shocked parent, "I want you to stop using those vulgar slang words and phrases. Where you catch on to all of them is a mystery to me. Every other word you speak is a slang expression, and I want you to drop it, sir. Talking about 'freezing' on to anything! What are you giving us boy? Do you expect me to tumble to any such vulgarity as that? Not if I know myself, I don't. Now you lihgt out, and let it be a cold day before I hear any more such talk from you, and don't you forget it."—Detroit Free Press.