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Half year or Quarter.

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Professional Cards.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL
LAND SURVEYOR,
Office in the Court House, Lachute. 174.

TAYLOR & DUFF,
Assignees, Accountants, Auditors, and Com-
missioners for taking Affidavits, in Provinces of
Quebec and Ontario. Accounts Collected,
etc., etc.
John Taylor, John M. Duff,
554 Notre Dame street, Montreal. Oct. 6-1.

MACMASTER, HALL & GREENSHIELDS,
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, ETC.
No. 181 St. James Street, Montreal.
D. MACMASTER, JOHN S. HALL, JR.
J. N. GREENSHIELDS.
Oct. 12, 17

LAJOIE, PERREAU & PEATH,
OFFICIAL ASSIGNEES
64, 66 and 68 St. James Street, Montreal.
J. LaJoie, Official Assignee for the City
of Montreal. Oct. 12, 17

**O. C. PERREAU, Official Assignee for the
District of Montreal.**
DAVID PEATH, Accountant and Commis-
sioner.
187.

HUGH BRODIE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner for Ontario and Quebec.
Exchange Bank Buildings, 349 Notre Dame
Street, Montreal. 181.

KELLER & FORAN,
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.,
Chambers 1, 2, 3 and 4 First Floor, Up-Stairs,
OVER
City and District Savings Bank, No. 178 St.
James Street, Montreal.
FRANK J. KELLER. THOMAS P. FORAN.

MCCLIDE ROY,
ADVOCATE.
No. 65, Place Jacques-Cartier,
(Vis-a-vis le Palais de Justice).
MONTREAL. 22-4.

Abbott, Tait, Wotherspoon and Abbott,
ADVOCATES, ETC.,
No. 11, Hospital Street, (First Floor) Montreal.
Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Q. C., D. C. L.
McDonnell M. Tait, B. A., LL. B.
John Wotherspoon, M. A., LL. B.
John Betham Abbott, B. C. L.
Oct. 5, 17.

PLACIDE LAFORT,
COLLECTING AGENT
And Bailiff of the Superior Court.
Collects and returns all moneys due to the
Crown (for Fines and Life Insurance Companies).
All business promptly attended to.
Sept. 12, 1877. 2-4.

SAM. MACDONALD,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner for taking Affidavits. Insur-
ance Agent, (Life, Accident and Fire). Re-
sident and Treasurer Montreal Council, and
Clerk of the Court of Sessions, Montreal.
St. Andrews, P. O., Sept. 21, 1877. 3-4.

W. M. SMITH, M. D., C. M.
BOA'S BUILDING,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, LACHUTE.
A. BERTHELOT,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Lachute, P. Q.
A. B. will negotiate promptly all monetary
and all kinds of business transactions put in
his charge.

B. STACHOUSE, L. D. S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be in St. Andrews from 4th to 15th of
every month, and in Lachute, at Mrs. Quinn's
Boarding House, the 16th, 17th, and 18th, of
each month. Pure Nitro Oxide Gas always
in readiness, and administered when required.

Business Notices.

A. W. OGILVIE & CO.,
PROPRIETORS,
(Glenora Mills) Montreal, Que.
Goderich Mills, Goderich, Ont.
Seaford Mills, Seaford, Ont.
Flour, Barley, Feed and Grain Merchants,
Montreal. Oct. 12, 17

THOS. ALLAN & CO.,
WATCH-MAKERS AND JEWELLERS.
361 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.
E. COX, Engraver,
On the premises.
Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired.
Oct. 12, 17

CHEAPSIDE,
ESTABLISHED A. D. 1819.
487 and 489 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
The Place for
Dry Goods, Silks, Kid Gloves, Fine Hosiery
A. A. MURPHY, Prop.
Oct. 12, 1877. y1

HENRY BEATTIE,
IMPORTER
389 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
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D. P. BEATTIE,
IMPORTER
Of East and West India and French Goods,
17 St. Sacramento Street Montreal. 871

JOHN CRILLY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PAPER ENVELOPES & PAPER BAGS
389 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Mills at Joliette, P. Q.
Fine Manila and four make paper a specialty
Jan. 18, 1878. 20-1.

LOUIS GOMILLE,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
Lachute, P. Q. Repairing done at very
moderate rates. Workshop in Bouches build-
ing, opposite Evans' store, Main street.
N. B. A working jeweller on the premises.
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THE WATCHMAN AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. I.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1878.

NO. 44

The Rights of Woman.

The right of Woman! What are they?
The right to labor and to pray;
The right to comfort in distress;
The right when others are, to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn;
The right to comfort all who mourn;
The right to lead the soul to God;
The right to feel the soul's high word;
The right to lead the Saviour's tread;
The path of meekness and of love;
The path of faith that leads above;
The path of patience under wrong;
The path in which the meek grow strong;
Such woman's rights our God will bless,
And crown their champions with success.

Trust.
I cannot see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know he saith, "Child follow me."
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly and so strangely barred before;
I only know God keep wide the door,
But I can trust.

I find no answer often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way;
And often have but strength to faintly pray,
But I can trust.

I wonder as, with trembling hand,
I set the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found,
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know God watches all my path;
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight;
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To know where, here, the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

SURLY TIM.
"Sorry to hear my fellow-workmen
speak so disparagingly of me! Well,
Mester, that's as it may be; you know,
Happen my fellow-workmen ha' made
a bit of a mistake—happen what seems
loike crumbliness to them ha' so much
crumbliness as summat else—happen I
mought do my bit o' complainin' too.
You munnot trust aw' yo' hear, Mester,
that's aw' I can say."

I looked at the man's bent face quite
curiously, and judging from his rather
heavy but still not unprepossessing out-
line, I could not really call it a bad
face, or even a sulky one. And yet
both managers and hands had given me
a bad account of Tim Hibblethwaite.
"Surly Tim," they called him, and each
had something to say about his sullen
disposition to silence, and his short an-
swers. Not that he was accused of
anything like insolence, but he was
said to be "glum loike," the factory people
said, and "a surly fellow well deserv-
ing his name," as the master of the room
had told me.

I had come to Lancashire to take the
control of my father's spinning-factory
a short time before, being anxious to do
my best toward the hands, and I often
talked to one and another in a friendly
way, so that I could the better under-
stand their grievances and remedy them
with justice to all parties concerned.

So in conversing with men, women,
and children, I gradually found out
that Tim Hibblethwaite was in bad
odour, and that he held himself dogged-
ly aloof from all; and this was how, in
the course of time, I came to speak to
him about the matter, and the opening
words of my story are the words of his
answer. But they did not satisfy me
by any means. I wanted to do the
man justice myself, and see that justice
was done to him by others; and then
again when, after my curious look at
him, he lifted his head from his work
and drew the back of his hand across
his warm face, I noticed that he gave
his eyes a brush, and glancing at him
once more, I recognized the presence of
a moisture in them.

In my anxiety to conceal that I am afraid
I spoke to him quite hurriedly. I was
a young man then, and by no means as
self-possessed as I ought to have been.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me,
Hibblethwaite," I said; "I have not
mean to complain—indeed, I have not
intended to complain, for Foxley tells me
you are the steadiest and most orderly
hand he has under him; but the fact is,
I should like to make friends with
you all, and see that no one is treated
badly. And somehow or other I found
out that you were not disposed to feel
friendly towards the rest, and I was
sorry for it. But I suppose you have
some reason of your own."

The man bent down over his work
again, silent for a minute, to my dis-
comfiture, but at last he spoke, almost
bucally.

"Thank yo', Mester," he said; "yo're
a kindly chap or yo' wouldn't ha' no-
ticed. An' yo're not far wrong either.
I ha' reasons o' my own, tho' I'm loike
to keep 'em to mysen most o' times.
Th' fellows as throw their slurs on me
wouldn't understand 'em if I were
loike to gab, which I never were. But
happen th' time 'll come when Surly
Tim 'll tell his own tale, though I of-
ten think he loike it wunnot come till
th' Day o' Judgment."

"I hope it will come before then," I
said, cheerfully. "I hope the time is
not far away when we shall all under-
stand you, Hibblethwaite. I think it
has been misunderstanding so far which
has separated you from the rest, and
that not last always, you know."

But he shook his head—not after a
surly fashion, but as I thought, a trifle

sadly or heavily—so I did not ask any
more questions, or try to force the sub-
ject upon him.

But I noticed him pretty closely as
time went on, and the more I saw of
him the more fully I was convinced
that he was not so surly as people had
imagined. He never interfered with the
most active of his enemies, nor made
any reply when they taunted him, and
more than once I saw him perform a
silent, half-secret act of kindness. Once
I caught him throwing half his dinner
to a wretched little lad who had just
come to the factory, and worked near
him; and once again, as I was leaving
the building on a rainy night, I came
upon him on the stone steps at the door
bending down with an almost pathetic
clumsiness to pin the woollen shawl of
a poor little wite, who, like so many
others, worked with her shiftless father
and mother to add to their weekly ear-
nings. It was always the poorest and
least cared for of the children whom he
seemed to befriend, and very often I
noticed that even when he was kindest,
in his awkward man fashion, the little
waifs were afraid of him, and showed
their fear plainly.

The factory was situated on the out-
skirts of a thriving country town near
Manchester, and at the end of the lane
that led from it to the more thickly po-
pulated part there was a path crossing
a field to the pretty church and
churchyard, and this path was a short
cut homeward for me. Being so pretty
and quiet, the place had a sort of at-
traction for me, and I was in the habit
of frequently passing through it on my
way, partly because it was pretty and
quiet, perhaps, and partly, I have no
doubt, because I was inclined to be
wistful and melancholy at the time, my
health being broken down under hard
study.

It so happened that in passing here
one night, and glancing in among the
graves and marble monuments as usual,
I caught sight of a dark figure sitting
upon a little mound under a tree and
reading its head upon its hands, and in
this sad-looking figure I recognized the
muscular outline of Surly Tim.

He did not see me at first, and I was
almost inclined to think it best to leave
him alone; but as I half turned away
he stirred with something like a faint
moan, and then lifting his head and
saw me standing in the bright clear
moonlight.

"Who's there?" he said. "Dost ta
want owt?"

"It is only Doncaster, Hibblethwaite,"
I returned, as I sprang over the
low stone wall to join him. "What is
the matter old fellow? I thought I
heard you gran just now."

"Yo' mought ha' done, Mester," he
answered heavily. "Happen tha did.
I dunnot know mysen. Nowts th'
matter though, as I knows on, only I'm
a bit out o' sorts."

He turned his head aside slightly
and began to pull at the blades of grass
on the mound, and all at once I saw
that his hand was trembling nervously.

It was almost three minutes before he
spoke again.

"That un belongs to me," he said
suddenly at last, pointing to a longer
mound at his feet. "An' this little un,"
signifying with an indescribable
gesture the small one upon which he sat.

"Poor fellow," I said, "I see now."
"A little lad o' mine," he said, slowly
and tremulously. "A little lad o'
mine an'—his mother."

"What?" I exclaimed, "I never
knew that you were a married man,
Tim."

He dropped his head upon his hand
again, still pulling nervously at the
grass with the other.

"Th' law says I beant, Mester," he
answered in a painful, strained fashion.
"I cenna tell mysen what God-a-
mought 'ud say about it."

"You don't mean to say the poor girl
never was your wife, Hibblethwaite?"
"That's what th' law says," slowly;
"I thowt different mysen, an' so did
the poor lass. That's what's the mat-
ter, Mester; that's th' trouble."

The other nervous hand went up to
his bent face for a minute and hid it,
but I did not speak. There was so
much of strange grief in his simple
movement that I felt words would be
out of place. It was not my dogged,
inexplicable "hand" who was sitting
before me in the bright moonlight on
the baby's grave; it was a man with a
hidden history of some tragic sorrow
long kept secret in his homely breast—
perhaps a history very few of us could
read aright. I would not question him,
though I fancied he meant to explain
himself. I knew that if he was willing
to tell me the truth it was best that he
should choose his own time for it, and
so I let him alone.

And before I had waited very long
he broke the silence himself, as I had
thought he would.

"It wur wellly about six years ago I
com here," he said, "more or less,
wellly about six year. I wur a quiet
chap then, Mester, an' had na many
friends, but I had more than I ha' now.
Happen I wur better nater'd, but just
as loike I wur loighter hearted—but
that's nowt to do wi' it."

"I had na been here more than a
week when ther comes a young woman
to mind a boom! I th' next room to me,
an' this young woman bein' pretty an'
modest takes my fancy. She wur na

loike th' rest o' the wenches—load
talkin' an' slattern i' her ways; she
wur just quiet loike and newt else.
First time I seed her I says to mysen,
'Ther's a lass let's seed trouble!' an'
somehow every time I seed her after-
ward I says to mysen, 'Ther's a lass
at's seed trouble!' It wur i' her eye—
she had a soft loike brown eye, Mester
—an' it wur i' her voice—her voice
wur soft loike, too—I sometimes thowt
it wur plain to be seed even i' her
dress. If she'd been born a lady she'd
ha' been one o' th' foine court, an' as
she'd been born a factory lass she wur
one o' th' foine sort still. So I took
to watchin' her an' tryin' to mak'
friends wi' her. But I never had much
luck wi' her till one morn' I was goin'
home through th' snow, and I seed her
after fightin' th' drift wi' nowt but a
thin shawl over her head; so I goes up
behind her an' I says to her, steady and
respectful so as she wouldn't be feart,
I says—

"Lass, let me see thee home. It's
bad weather fur thee to be out in by
thyself. Tak' my coat an' wrap thee
up in it, an' tak' hold o' my arm an' let
me help thee along."

"She looks up right straightfor'd i'
my face wi' her brown eyes, an' I tell
yo', Mester, I wur glad I wur a honest
man 'stead o' a rascal, fur them quiet
eyes 'ud ha' fun my out afore I'd ha'
done sayin' my say if I meant harm."

"Thank yo' kindly Mester Hib-
blethwaite," she says, "but dunnot tak'
off th' coat fur me; I'm doin' pretty
nicely. It is Mester Hibblethwaite,
beant it?"

"Aye, lass," I answers, "it's him.
Mought I ax yo' name?"

"Aye, to be sure, said she. 'My
name's Rosanna—'Rosanna Brent' th' folk
at th' mill allus calls me. I work at th'
loom i' th' next room to thine. I've
seed thee often an' often."

"So we walks home to her lodgin's,
an' on th' way we talk together friend-
ly an' quiet loike, an' th' more we talk
th' more I see she's had trouble, an'
by an' by—bein' only common workin'
folk, we're straightfor'd to each other
on our plain way—it comes out what
her trouble has been."

"Yo' prays wunldn't think I've
gon a married woman, Mester," she
says; "but I ha', an' I wedded and
rued. I married a sojer when I wur a
giddy young wench, four years ago, an'
it wur th' worst thing as ever I did
aw my days. He wur one o' yo're
handsome, fastish chaps, an' he tired o'
me as men o' his stripe allus do tire o'
poor lasses, an' then he ill-treated me.
He went to th' Crimea after we'd been
wed a year, an' left me to shift fur my-
sen. An' I heard six months after he
wur dead. He'd never writ back to me
nor sent me no help, but I couldna
think he wur dead till th' letter come.
He wur killed th' first month he wur
out fightin' th' Rooshians. Poor fel-
low! Poor Phil! Th' Lord ha' mercy
on him!"

"That wur how I found out about
her trouble, an' somehow it seemed to
draw me to her, an' make me feel kind-
ly towards her; twar so pitiful to hear
her talk about th' rascal, so sorrowful
an' gentle, and not gi' him a real hard
word for a' he'd done. But that's allus
th' way wi' women folk—th' more yo'
harrys them, th' more they'll pity yo'
an' pray for yo'. Why she wurma
been twenty-two then, an' she must ha'
been nowt but a slip o' a lass when they
wur wed."

(To be Continued.)

DIALOGUE.
THE HONEST YOUNG LAWYER AND HIS
CLIENT.

"Are you the lawyer?" said a young
man, hastily taking off his hat.
"Yes, sir, that's my business. What
can I do for you?"

"Why something of a job, I reckon.
The fact is I have got into a little
trouble, and want a bit of help." And
he took out a five dollar bill, and laid
it on the table.

The young lawyer made no motion
toward taking it.

"Client—hy don't you take it? I
don't call it pay, but to begin with,—a
kind of wage,—what do you call it?"

"Lawyer—Retention fee, I presume
you mean."

"Client—Just so, and by your taking
it, you are my lawyer, so take it."

"Lawyer—Not quite so fast, if you
please. State your case, and then I will
tell you whether or not I take the re-
tention fee."

"Client—Why mister, the case is
simply this. Last spring I was doing
a little business by way of selling meat.
So I bought a yoke of oxen of old Major
Farnsworth. I was to have them for
one hundred dollars."

"Lawyer—Very well,—What became
of the oxen?"

"Client—Butchered and sold out to
be sure."

"Lawyer—By you?"

"Client—Yes."

"Lawyer—Well where's the trouble?"

"Client—Why they say as I only gave
my note for them, I need not pay it, and
I want you to help me get clean of it."

"Lawyer—How do you expect me to
do it?"

"Lawyer—How came Major Farn-
sworth to let you have the oxen?"

"Client—Oh! the goodly old man wate-
suspected I was under age."

"Lawyer—What did you get for the
oxen in selling them out?"

"Client—Why somewhere between
one hundred and thirty and one hun-
dred and forty dollars,—they were no-
ble fellows."

"Lawyer—And so you want me to
help you cheat that honest old man out
of those oxen simply because the law,
this human imperfection, gives you the
opportunity to do it? No, sir; put up
your retention fee. I promised my dy-
ing mother never to do such a thing, and
I will sterve first. And as for you, if I
wanted to help you go to the State's
prison, I could take no course so sure
as to do what you offer to pay me for
doing. And depend upon it, the law-
yer who does help you, will be your
worst enemy. Plead minority! No;
go, sir, and pay for your oxen honestly,
and live and act on the principle, that
let what will come, you will be an honest
man."

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.
Sabbath, July 7th, 1878.

**BIRTH OF CHRIST THE LORD.—Luke
xi. 8-20.**

Though the home of Joseph and Mary
was at Nazareth, Christ was born at
Bethlehem. It had been declared by
the sure word of prophecy that he should
be born there. Strange that he should
be born there, brought about by the
Roman Emperor. Little did he think
when he commanded the census to be
taken, and the people went to Bethlehem
and Joseph and Mary, that Christ should
be born there, and it was a means of
bringing about the fulfillment of the
prophecy.

Bethlehem is called the City of Da-
vid, because it was his native place.
The events which this lesson narrate,
transpired there. The shepherds abiding
in the field watching their flocks when
suddenly an angel appeared, announcing
the Lamb of God. He was born in a
stable and cradled in a manger, still
there was great pomp and splendor on
the plains. The Heavenly Choir was
there. The glory of God was there.

A heavenly host was there. There
were many there who understood the
importance of the occasion. Christ the
Saviour of the world appeared.

TEMPERANCE.
INTOXICATING DRINK IN WELLS AS-
SUMED.—A correspondent makes the fol-
lowing statements:—"According to the
report in the year 1877, at the County
Lunatic Asylum at Wells, (England)
there were consumed 7,881 gallons of
beer and porter and 22,789 gallons of
cider, 576lb. of tobacco, and 126lb. of
snuff, by about 600 patients and 100
officers and servants. Connect this with
another statement in the report, viz.,
that out of 19 heads of probable causes
of confinement of 85 males entered there
are 16, and of 107 females there are 11,
who are indebted to drunkenness for
their present position. I know that the
ratepayers have great cause to be thank-
ful to the Bath portion of the committee
for many most useful reforms at the
above institution, but it does seem pre-
posterous that these poor creatures and
their attendants should consume more
than 30,000 gallons of intoxicating
drink."—Bristol Times & Mirror.

**DR. WILARD PARKER speaking on
"The Hereditary Influence of Alcohol,"**
says, that the truth of the saying that
"drunkards beget drunkards," was re-
cognized as far back as the times of
Plato and Aristotle. The tendency of
children to inherit not only the physical
traits, but also the mental and moral
qualities of their parents, had been
clearly demonstrated. Physicians had
discovered that diseases of the body
were transmitted from father to son
through many generations. The records
of several families, and especially that
of the "Juke family," showed that the
effects of drunkenness extended through
at least seven generations. Alcohol was
an irritant—much as a grain of
sand forced into the eye—and the so-
called stimulating effects were only the
efforts of nature to throw off the offend-
ing substance. Alcohol disarranged the
nervous system and weakened the rea-
soning powers. Man acted either from
reason or from impulse. When reason
was destroyed by alcohol, the man was
left a prey to impulse, and was for the
time insane. When a man, under the
influence of alcohol, beat his wife and
children or killed a brother, he acted
not from reason, but from impulse.

The temporary loss of reason from
drinking alcohol, Dr. Parker said, was
not the only effect. The brain lost its
tone, and the entire system of the man
became tainted. He transmitted the
taint to his children. The child of a
drunkard would suffer, even if he should
remain temperate, many of the physical
diseases which resulted from the use of
alcohol, and would transmit these dis-
eases to his children. Sometimes this
taint took the form of an incurable res-
tlessness. Fifty per cent. of the idiots
were children or grandchildren of drunk-
ards. In New York the effects of drunk-
enness were to be seen on every hand.
Within ten years the number of hospi-
tals, insane asylums and infirmaries had
increased greatly in proportion to the
number of inhabitants. The lower por-

tions of the city were inhabited mainly
by descendants of those persons who
used alcoholic beverages freely. The
better class of citizens had been driven
further and further up town or across
the East River, and there was a con-
stant advance of the grog-shop keepers
and their customers into the lowest por-
tions of the island. About \$10,000,000
was spent each year for intoxicating
liquors in New York city, and during
the past ten years the valuation of prop-
erty in the city had decreased about
\$100,000,000. It became a time for
intelligent citizens to consider whether
some efforts should be made to stop the
advance of the rum traffic, or whether
the city should be given over entirely
to drunkards and their descendants.

ANCIENT ORDER OF RECHABITES.
The history of the Ancient Rechabites
of Scripture is involved in much obscurity,
as far, however, as their genealogy has been
ascertained, it is very interesting. From
the Scriptures we learn that they were the
descendants of Hobab, the son of Reuel or
Raguel, Moses's father-in-law, and were
called Kenites. They appear to have been much
respected, even at that early period, by the
Israelites, and were invited by them to come
and dwell among them; and it is pretty cer-
tain that they never afterwards deserted
each other until the scattering of the Jewish
nation. Indeed, many of the tribe seem to
have held high stations among the Jews.
Isaiah speaks of them, in the prophecy, as
"a strong people, who build their nest upon
a rock." In Chronicles, they are mentioned
as being "Scribes," and are called the
"Kenites" who came of Hemath, the father
of the house of Rechab.

Jonathan, the son of Rechab, also, it would
appear, was a companion of the kings and
princes of the land, and was with Jehu at
the slaying of the whole house of the wicked
Ahab in Samaria. It was he who gave his
sons that memorable command, "Drink no
Wine," the obeying of which afterwards
procured for them a peculiar blessing from
God. A blessing which, coming to their pos-
terity even to this day, as was proved by
Wolff, the noted traveller, who met with the
tribe, and describes them as still obeying in
all things the commands of their father; and
although their former allies are scattered
about over the whole earth, yet do they re-
main in the neighborhood of their ancient
homes, enjoying all their ancient privileges
and worshipping their true God; and are
now, according to the same authority, about
the finest men in the world.

From this peculiar, favored people, the
name of the "Ancient Order of Rechabites"
was taken, and the members of the
Order abstain from all that can intoxicate.

This Order spreads over the whole kingdom
of Great Britain, and it was necessary, for
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into several parts, or districts, each
consisting of an indefinite number of
Societies, technically called Tents, each
having the entire management of its financial
affairs; yet each acknowledging the general
authority of the District Council, the Exe-
cutive Council, and Annual Movable Com-
mittee of the Order, in all cases of disputes
or differences, and explanation of the laws;
and, in short, regulating their general con-
duct as Members of the Order.

THE WATCHMAN

Ottawa Valley Advocate.
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THE WATCHMAN

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. I. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1878. NO. 45

"Thy Will be Done."

The author of the following is a minister
in Wisconsin, who has just been forced to
leave his pulpit by a most painful and dan-
gerous disease. It reads like the personal
experience of a suffering but sustained soul.
It first appeared in the *Northeastern Chris-
tian Advocate*.

Not will of mine,
O Holy One,
Father Divine,
Thy will be done.
To keep or lose
Life's treasures won,
I would not choose;
Thy will be done.
Weak and distressed,
Life's path I run;
Thou knowest best;
Thy will be done.
Through sorrows night
Quench joys begun,
Thy will be done.
In pain and woe,
With pleasure done,
If thou guide so,
Thy will be done.

Without one ray
Of star or sun,
Thou art my Way;
Thy will be done.
Bright hopes of youth
May fade each one,
But thou art Truth;
Thy will be done.
Death's mortal strife
I would not shun;
Thou art my Life;
Thy will be done.

A. A. Hoskin.
SURLY TIM.
(CONTINUED.)

"How's ever, Rosanna Brent an' me
got to be good friends, an' we walked
home together o' nights, an' talked
about our bits o' wage and our bits o'
debt, an' th' way that wench had kept
me up i' spirits when I was a bit down-
hearted about owt, wuz just a wonder.
She wuz so quiet an' steady, an' when
she said owt she meant it, an' she never
said too much o' too little. Her brown
eyes allus minded me o' my mother,
though th' old woman deed when I were
nubbly a little chap, but I never seed
Sanna Brent smile th' out thinkin' o'
how my mother looked when I wuz
kneelin' down sayin' my prayers after
her. An' bein' as th' lass wuz so dear
to me, I made up my mind to ax her
to be summat dearer. So once goin'
home w' her, I takes hold o' her hand
an' lifts it up an' kisses it gentle—as
gentle as w' summat th' same feelin'
as I'd kiss the Good Book."

"Sanna, I says, 'bein' as yo've had
so much trouble w' yo're first chance,
would yo' be afraid to try a second?
Could yo' trust a lass again? Such a
non as me Sanna?"
"I wouldn't be feart to trust thee,
Tim, she answers back soft an' gentle
after a manner. 'I wouldn't be feart
to trust thee any time.'
"I kisses her hand again, gentler
still.
"God bless thee, lass, I says.
'Does that mean yes?'
"She crept up closer to me i' her
sweet, quiet way.
"Aye, lad, she answers. 'It means
yes, an' I'll bide by it.'
"An' th' lass never rue it lass,
said I, 'Tha's given thy life to me, and
I'll give mine to thee, sure and true.'
"So we wuz axed i' the church the
next Sunday, an' a month or there
wuz wed, and if ever God's son shone
on a happy mon, it shone on one that
day, when we came out o' church togeth-
er—me and Rosanna—and went to our
bit o' home, to begin life again. I
couldn't tell thee, Mester—their beant
no words to tell how happy and peace-
ful we lived for two year after that.
My lass never altered her sweet ways,
and I just loved her to make up for
what had gone by. I thanked God—a
mighty for his blessing every day, and
every day I prayed to be made worthy
of it. And here's just where I'd like
to ask a question, Mester, about sum-
mat that's worried me a good deal. I
dunno't know how it is that sometime
it seems that we're clean forgot—as if
he couldn't fasten hisen about our
troubles, and most like left em to work
out theinselves. Yo' see, Mester and we
aw so sometime. He shinks on us and
gives us a lift, but hasna thyeer need
times when the stop short and axed
thysen, 'Where's God's a'mighty that
he insa straightenin' things out a bit?'
The worlds in a power o' a snarl. The
righteous is forsaken and his seed beg-
gin' bread. And the devil's topmost
agin'. I've talked to my lass about it
sometimes, but I don't think I meant
harm, Mester, for I felt bumble enough
—and when I talked, my lass wuz li-
kened and smile, soft and sorrowful, but
she never gie but one answer.

"Tim, she'd say, 'this is only the
shop' and we're the scholars, and He's
teachin' us His way. We munnot be
like the children of Israel i' the Wild-
erness, and turn away fro' the cross
'cause o' the Sarpent. We munnot
say, 'There's a snake!' we mun say,
'There's the Cross and the Lord
gie it to us.' The teacher wouldn't be
of much use, Tim, if the scholars knew
as much as he did, and I allus think it
is best to comfort mysen w' sayin',
'The Lord's a'mighty. He knows.'
"And she allus comforted me too
when I wuz worried. Life looked
smooth, somehow, them three year
Happen the Lord sent em to me to
make up for what we was comin'.

"At the end o' the first year the
child wuz born, the little lad here,"
touching the turf with his hand, "Wee
Wattie, his mother c'd him, and he
wuz a fine, lightsome little chap. He
filled the whole house w' music day in
and day out, crowin' and crowin'—and
cryin' too sometime. But if ever yo're
a feyther, Mester, yo'll find out 'at a
baby's cry's music often enough, and
yo'll find too, it yo' ever lose one, that
yo'd give all yo'd gotten to hear even
th' worst of cryin'. Rosanna she
couldn't find in her heart to set the lit-
tle un out o' her arms a minute, and
she'd go about the room w' her eyes
aw leetled up, an' her face bloomin' like
a ship o' girl's an' if she laid him i' th'
cradle her head w'd be turnt o'er her
shoulder aw th' time lookin' at him an'
singin' bits o' sweet soundin' foolish wo-
man-folks songs. I thowt then 'at
them old nurse songs wuz th' happiest
music I ever heard, an' when Sanna
sung em they minded me o' hymn-
tunes."

"Well, Mester, before th' epring wuz
out Wee Wat was toddlin' round hold-
in' i' to his mother's gown, an' by the
middle o' th' next he was cooin' like a
dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like
hers. His eyes were big an' brown an'
straightforward like hers, an' his mouth
was like hers, an' his curls wuz the col-
our o' Brown bee's back. Happen we
set too much store by him, or happen it
wuz only th' Teacher again teachin' us
his way, but how's ever that wuz, I came
home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory,
an' my dear lass met me at th' d'or, all
white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be
brave an' help me to bear what she had
to tell.

"Tim, said she, 'the Lord ha' sent
us a trouble; but we can bear it togeth-
er, conna we, dear lad?'
"That wuz aw, but I know what it
meant, though the poor little lass had
been well enough when I kissed him
last."

"I went in an' saw him lyin' there
on his pillows strugglin' an' gaspin' in
hard convulsions, an' I seed aw th' over-
haul. An' in half an hour, just an' th'
sun crept across th' room, an' I touched
his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his
eyes aw at once.
"Daddy! he crows out. 'Si-ho-
Daddy!' an' he lissen up, catches at
th' floatin' sunshin', laughs at it, and
fa's back, dead, Mester."

"I've allus thowt 'at th' Lord's
mighty know what he wuz doin' when
he gi' th' woman 'at Adam gi' her
o' Eden. He knowed he wuz givin' her
a poor chap as couldn't do fur hisen;
an' I suppose that's th' reason he gi' th'
woman th' strength to bear trouble
when it come. I'd ha' gi'en clean in it
if he'da been dead by my lass when th'
little chap deed. I never tackled owt i'
a' my days 'at b'ry me as heavy as
lusin' him did. I couldn't bear th'
sight o' his bits o' playthings, I'd 'at
to cryin' an' shakin' like a baby. I kept
out o' th' way o' th' neighbors' children
even. I wasna like Rosanna. I couldn't
see quite clear what th' Lord meant,
an' I couldn't help murmurin' sad and
heavy. That's just loike us men, Mester;
just as if th' Lord wefted as had
give him his life for food day an' neet,
hadna fur th' best rest o' th' two to be
weak an' heavy hearted."

"But I gotten well over it at last,
an' we was beginnin' to come round a
bit an' look forward to th' toime we'd
see him agin' 'stead o' lookin' back to
th' toime we shud th' round bit o' face
under th' coffinlid. Th' day come
when we could bear to talk about him
an' moind things he'd said an' tried to
say his broken baby way. An' so
we wuz creepin' back again to th' old
happy quet, an' we had been for wellly
six month, when summat fresh come.
I'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it
happened. I'd kissed Rosanna at the
d'or an' left her standin' there when I
went up to th' village to buy summat
she wanted. It wuz a bright mornin';
light neet, just such a neet as this, an'
th' lass had followed me out to see th'
moonshine, it wuz so bright an' clear;
an' just before I starts she folds both
her hands on my shoulder an' says, soft
an' thoughtful—
"Tim, I wonder if th' little chap
sees us?"

"I'd loike to know, dear lass, I an-
swers back. An' then she speaks
agin'—
"Tim, I wonder if he'd know he was
ours if he could see, or if he'd forget?
He wuz such a little a fellow."
"Them wuz th' last peaceful words I
ever heard her speak. I went up to th'
village an' gotten what she sent me fur,
an' then I come back. Th' moon wuz
shinin' as bright as ever, an' th' flowers
i' her slip o' a garden wuz aw sparklin'
i' dew. I seed em as I went up th'
walk, an' I seed again of what she said
about th' little lad."

"Tim, she says, 'dunnet hate me,
lad, dunnet. I thowt he wuz dead
long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans
killed him an' I wuz free, but I munna.
I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an'
theer he is—the mon as I wuz wed to
an' left by. God forg' him, an' oh,
God forg' me!"
"Theer, Mester, there's a story for
thee. What dost ta' think o' it? My
poor lass wuzna my wife at aw—th' lit-
tle chap's mother wasna his feyther's
wife, an' never had been. That theer
worthless fellow as beat an' starved her
an' left her to fight th' world alone, had
come back alive an' well, ready to be-
gin agin'. He could tak' her away fro'
me any hour i' th' day, an' I couldn't
say a word to bar him. Th' law said
my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—
belonged to him, body an' soul. Theer
was no law to help us—it wuz aw on
his side."

(To be Continued.)

DIALOGUE.

VERNER—ALBERT—TELL.

VERNER—Ah! Albert, what have you
there?
ALBERT—My bow and arrows, Verner.
VERNER—When will you use them
like your father, boy?
ALBERT—Sometime, I hope.
VERNER—You brag! There's not an
archer in all Helvetia can compare with
him.
ALBERT—But I'm his son and when
I'm a man, I may be like him. Ver-
ner do I brag; to think that I some-
time may be like my father! If so,
then is it he that teaches me; for, ever
as I wonder at his skill, he calls me boy,
and says I must do more ere I become
a man.

VERNER—May you be such a man as
he, if heaven will; better, I'll not
quarrel with its work; yet I will con-
tent me if you are only such a man.
ALBERT—I'll show you how I can
shoot. (Goes out to fix the mark.)
VERNER—Nestling as he is, he is the
making of a bird will own no cowering
wing. (Re-enters Albert.)
ALBERT—Now Verner, look! (shoots)
there's within an inch.
VERNER—Oh! yet, it wants a hand.
ALBERT—A hand's an inch for me. I'll
ait it yet. Now for it! (While Albert
continues to shoot, Tell enters and
watches him some time in silence.)
TELL—That's scarce a miss if you
so near the mark! Well aimed, young
archer! with what ease he bends the
bow! To see those slender limbs be-
lieve a little strength, it lodge in them.
What little arch, his mother's palm on
my help, aim to pull a snowy
lyrant from his nest, and from these
chains a prostrate people led to liberty
I'd be content to live, living to see the
day! What Albert?
ALBERT—My father!
TELL—You raise the bow too fast.
(Albert continues to shoot.) Bring it
slowly to the eye.—You've missed.
How often have you hit the mark to-
day?
ALBERT—Not once yet.
TELL—You're not steady, I perceive.
You wavered now. Stand firm. Let
every limb be braced as marble, and as
motionless. Stand like the sculpture's
statue, on the gate of Altorf, that looks
life, yet neither breathes nor stirs.
(Albert shoots.) That's better! I see
well the mark. Hivet your eye to it! There
let it stick fast as the arrow would could
you but send it there. (Albert shoots.)
You've missed it again! How would
you fare suppose a wolf should cross
your path, and you along with your bow,
and only time to fix a single arrow?
Wouldn't do to miss the wolf!
You said the other day you were a man,
you'd not let Gessler live. 'Twas easy
to say that. Suppose you now, your
life or his depended on that shot! Take
care! That's Gessler—now for Liberty!
Right to the tyrant's heart! (Hits the
mark.) Well did my boy, Come here.
How easily were you up!
ALBERT—Before the sun.
TELL—Ay, strike with him. He never
lies about it in time to rise. Be
like the sun.

ALBERT—What you would have me
like, I'll be like, as far as will to labour
joined, can make me.
TELL—Well said my boy! Kneel you
when you got up to day!
ALBERT—I did; and so every day.
TELL—I know you do, and think you
when you kneel, to whom you kneel!
ALBERT—To Him who made me father.
TELL—And in whose name?
ALBERT—The name of Him who died
for me and all men; that all men and I
should live.
TELL—That's right. Remember that
my son; forget all things but that—re-
member that! 'Tis more than friends
or fortune; clothing, food; all things
on earth; yes, life itself! It is to live
when those are gone, when they are
naught, with God! My son remember that!

A clergyman in Scotland, who was con-
ducting public worship in the open air, had
a portion of his notes carried off by the
wind. Not perceiving the circumstance, he
announced that he would now proceed to
the third head or division of his discourse
and hastily turned over his notes, remarking
two or three times, "Thirdly, my friends;
I say, therefore, on which an old man was sit-
ting by the side of the minister, and said
wi' the wind; it's over the kirkyard wa' air."

The Prince of Wales, out of consideration
for English sentiment, and respect for his
mother's wishes, abstains from participating
in Sunday races or other amusements during
his stay in Paris.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

Sabbath, July 14th, 1878.

CHILDREN OF JESUS.—Luke ii. 40-52.

From the birth of Jesus, we pass over
an interval of twelve years to the single
incident recorded of his boyhood. He
has been protected from the jealous king
Herod, by a flight into Egypt, and from
there is taken to his mothers home
among the hills of Nazareth. Here
communing with God and nature he
spends the years of his youth. Changes,
however, have taken place in the out-
world around; Herod has ended his
wicked reign, and his four sons rule the
dominions. Jerusalem belongs to a
Roman Province, and the Sceptre has
forever departed from Judah. At the
age of twelve Jesus is at the temple in
Jerusalem, when his father and mother
depart he remains behind. After three
days search for him they find him in the
temple listening to the learned men
charming them with his wisdom and
deep spiritual perceptions. He, how-
ever, goes forth in week obedience to
his quiet Galilean home, there to wait
till his Father shall summon him forth
to his work. The following practical
lessons may be gathered from a study
of this subject.

1. Parents should not only attend
the services of the Church, but accustom
their children to attend also.
2. Every event in youth has its in-
fluence in the formation of character
and shaping of life.
3. Every life has its awakening when
the soul first hears the call to "the
Father's business."

4. Events not understood now will
have their revelation of meaning here-
after.

The Dead Raven.

The subject of our story was only a
poor weaver, living in the little German
town of Wuppertal; a poor man in his
outward circumstances, but rich towards
God, and well known in his neighbor-
hood as one who trusted in th' Lord
at all times. His constant faith ex-
pressed itself in what became his habit-
ual utterance under all circumstances
of trouble and perplexity. "The Lord
helps," he was wont to say; and he said it
undauntedly, even when it looked as if
the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time
it was when, in a season of scarcity, work
was short, many hands were discharged,
and the master by whom our weaver
was employed gave him his dismissal:
After much fruitless entreaty that he
might be kept on, he said at last, "Well,
the Lord helps," and so returned home.
His wife, when she heard the sad news,
bewailed it terribly; but her husband
strived to cheer her with his accustomed
assurance. "Th' Lord helps," he said;
and even although as the days went on,
poverty pinched them sorely, nothing
could shake his firm reliance on Him in
whom he trusted. At last came the
day when not a penny was left, no bread
no fuel in the house, only starvation
stared them in the face. Sadly his
wife tidied and swept the little room
on the ground floor in which they lived;
the window was open, and possibly the
words were heard outside, with which
the weaver strove to keep up his cour-
age: "The Lord helps." Presently
a street boy looked saucily in, and
tossing a dead raven at the feet of the
pious man, "There saint! there is
something for you to eat!" he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven,
and stroking its feathers down, said
compassionately, "Poor creature thou
must have died of hunger. When, how-
ever, he felt its crop to see whether it
was empty, he noticed something hard,
and, wishing to know what had caused
the bird's death, he began to examine it.
What was the surprise when, on open-
ing the gullet, a gold necklace fell into
his hand! The wife looked at it con-
founded; the weaver exclaimed, "The
Lord helps," and in haste took the
chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him
how he had found it, and received with
gladness two dollars, which the gold-
smith offered to lend him for his present
need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket
and recognized it as one he had
seen before. "Shall I tell you the
owner?" he asked, when the weaver
eagerly replied, "Yes," was the joyful
answer, "for I would gladly give it back
into the right hands."
But what cause had he to admire the
wonderful ways of God, when the gold-
smith pronounced the name of his mas-
ter at the factory? Quickly he took the
necklace, and went with it to his former
employer. In his family too there was
much joy at the discovery, for suspicion
was removed from a servant, but the
merchandise was ashamed and touched;
he had not intended the gold necklace
to be so used, and he was not dis-
posed to give it back. "No," he said thoughtfully,
and kindly, "the Lord helps, and now
you shall not only go home richly re-
warded, but I will no longer have with-
out work so faithful and pious a work-
man, whom, alas! I had so evidently
wasted by and injured you shall remain
forth to be made in need." Thus he
who fed Lazarus by giving raven's proved
himself equally able to supply the needs
of his hired servant by the same hand
when dead.—Sword and Trowel.

Gossip passes for fact, and surmise for
history.
Vanderbilt is a man of refined tastes.
His bill for pictures recently purchased in
Europe is half a million dollars.

EDUCATIONAL.

I do not despise good men, even if they
are ignorant. A good man is of the perage
of heaven, and if Socrates would uncover
his head before such a nobleman, surely de-
ference will be shown him by a Christian. So
I think on such an occasion as this we ought
to satisfy the questionings of all our people
as far as possible, and give out in unmis-
takeable terms the declaration to the thousands
of our members, that spiritual life is the first
thing and is meant to be so in all our aims
and labors. In Greek and Roman mythology,
Jupiter held the first place among the gods,
the second place was vacant, no divinity
being worthy of a seat so near the supreme;
Juno occupied only the third. So I say this
evening, religious energy is to be the crown-
ing glory still of our God-honored Methodist
people, as with Demosthenes' secret of the
power of eloquence, action is the first thing,
the second thing and the third thing; so
with our Church life, its secret is in living
piety. Ye who tremble for the ark of God
among us, ask the Conference of our Church
throughout the Dominion, and from their
platforms there will roll out to the world,
during these weeks, this distinct message:
our strength, our glory, and our success are
still in old-fashioned revivals, in soul-convert-
ing energy, and in preachers who are bap-
tized with the Holy Ghost and with power.
This almighty Christianity that we desire as
a super-natural power that is known
only to the man of faith and prayer, and
so on through the ages it moves,
every now and again raising up in all
its native majesty and dignity to prove
that it is independent of kings and
emperors and armies and all the petty ambi-
tions and conceits of men, and only as we pos-
sess this supernatural power, are we strong.
"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon"
shall still be our weapon of warfare as we
are on in this great work. Extracted from
Rev. W. J. Shaw's address at the Educa-
tional Meeting of the recent Montreal Con-
ference.

He Believed in Immortality.
From Harper's Weekly.
In Mr. Bryant's poem, "The Flood of
Years," which was first published two
or three years since, are these lines:
So they pass—
From stage to stage of this abiding course
Of that fair river, broadened like a sea,
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring and send together hands and
claspings.
In joy inseparable the mother's arm
Again is folded round the child she loved.
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
But remembered to make sweet the hour
That overleaps them; would a heart be
bied.
Or broke are healed forever.

A Gentleman who had been sorely be-
trayed and so struck by the tragedy of
faith in immortality here expressed, that
he wrote to Mr. Bryant, asking if the lines
were to be understood as a statement of his own
belief. Mr. Bryant, instantly replied in the
following note, which has not been published
before, and which has a peculiar interest at
this time:

CUMINGTON, Mass. Aug. 10, 1878.
DEAR SIR:—Certainly I believe all that
is said in the lines you have quoted. If I
had not so much faith in the immortality of
the soul, I should not have written the poem
in the avowed life of the soul; and it
seems to me that immortality would be
so imperfect if without the recognition in
the life to come of those who are dear to us
here.
Yours truly,
F. N. BARNETT, Esq.

TEMPERANCE.

WINSTANLEY LODGE, No. 76 L. O. G. T.

Montreal, July 3, 1878.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.
SIR:—Last evening, Bro. Ayr, lecturer
for the Grand Lodge of the I. O. G. T.
for the province of Quebec, visited
this city on his way to the Ottawa coun-
ty, and attended the meeting of the
above Lodge, making it a more than
usually attractive one, by delivering a
very interesting and instructive ad-
dress to the members of the Order pre-
sent. During the course of his remarks
he showed clearly the evils attending a
life of even moderate drinking and the
good results of Total Abstinence, claim-
ing for the I. O. G. T. that it is the
best organization for effectually and
permanently carrying out the principles
of Total Abstinence.

Bro. Ayr has visited Stanstead, Sher-
brooke, Compton, Megantic, Brom-
field, Richmond and part of Drum-
mond Counties, and shows a good re-
port of the Order in the counties. In
Compton and Sherbrooke Counties the
Order is well organized and doing good
work. In that part of Megantic Coun-
ty where the Order is established, it is
working in a very efficient manner,
Inverness being especially named as the
Banner Town in the Eastern Town-
ships; they have local prohibition there
and it is strictly enforced. Bro. Ayr
brought his address to a close by urging
the members of the Order, whilst culti-
vating the higher qualities of the mind,
not to lose sight of the main principle
of our Order—Total Abstinence from
all that can intoxicate or tend to degrade
our manhood. One of our visiting
Brethren reported that the Rev. T.
Gules is in Stanstead County working
especially for the New Temperance Act.
The Sherbrooke County Lodge has called
a meeting for Thursday evening, 14th
July, at Waterville, for the purpose of
making arrangements for submitting
the new Act to the voters of that Coun-
ty, with almost a certainty of success.
Compton is also ripe for the work.
Apologizing for occupying so much of
your valuable space, I am,
I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,
S. J. SYMONS, W. O. T.

13 Rutland St.
Bishop McCloskey's manly protest
against the use of intoxicating liquors
at public gotten up for "Church pur-
poses" in the Roman Catholic diocese
of Louisville, U. S., contains something
quite as applicable to the liquor sell-
ers as there. He says, "money ob-
tained in this way brings with it no
blessing, either for priest or people.
Financial gain is a paltry compensation
for the ruin of souls." The last sen-
tence deserves to be written in letters
of gold.



FOR ARTHUR, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS
AND COLDS
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT FIFTY
CENTS AND ONE DOLLAR PER BOX.

All classes, irrespective of age and sex,
whether they have or have not been
in Chester's Cure, a panacea against all forms
of disease that are so prejudicial to the
best interests of the human race, and
the cure itself are so simple, that a child
may take it without fear. When you pur-
chase a

W. Andrews, March 20, 1878.

Advertising Terms.

Five lines and under, first insertion, 50 cents.
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.
Ten lines and under, first insertion, 1.00.
Above 10 lines, first insertion, 1.50.
Each subsequent insertion, 75 cents.
One year, (31 lines 10 parties), per year \$10.00.
Two years, 18.00.
Three years, 25.00.
One quarter column, per year, 5.00.
One half column, per year, 7.50.
One column, per year, 10.00.
Professional cards of not more than six lines, per year, 4.00.
A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements. Transitory advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.
Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Gilt Edged Butter—Wm. Hay.
British American Assurance Company—A. C. Gamble.

LOCAL.

A REPORT has been industriously circulated to the effect that the Gilt Edged Butter made by the COOKLEY SYSTEM does not contain any adulteration. Any person who would attempt to keep such samples as are being produced in this neighbourhood would deserve the execration of every connoisseur. It is impossible for any one to keep it—the demand being greater than the supply.

TESTIMONY.

A PRIDHAM, Esq., of Grenville, P. Q., writing under date of March 25th, 1870, says:—
"There never has been any medicine which has sold so rapidly here, or given a cure so quick and satisfactory, as the daily use of astonishing cures from its use. As my stock is nearly all sold, and I am unable to get more, I am a great sufferer, for I do not wish to be out of such a medicine. I believe it to be the best pain reliever ever introduced into this section of the country."
Again writing Sept. 22, 1877, he says:—
"In spite of the hard times and depression of trade generally, the demand for your Pain Expeller continues as good as ever. The supply I obtained from you last spring is all sold. By sending me another gross as soon as possible you will oblige."
Yours truly,
"A. PRIDHAM."

Seventeen excursion trains run into Ottawa on Dominion Day.

MR. F. HAMLIN, lost a fine horse by an stroke this week. He is pushing on improvements in his locality, and soon a new dam will be stretched across the river at Hamford Falls, affording facilities for immense manufacturing enterprises.

LACHUTE is fast filling up with persons seeking quietness and comfort from the heat and noise of the city. Allen's Hotel is literally packed, still there is room. If the surrounding farm houses would open their doors to city families, they would soon be full also.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—The *Argenteuil Advertiser* quotes approvingly an abusive article from the *Quebec Telegraph*, against the *WATCHMAN*; but we feel perfectly safe and can survive it as the character of the *Telegraph* is well known in Quebec, as is also that of the *Advertiser* in Argenteuil, both of which are famed for their acerbity.

PERSONAL.—One of our favorite lady friends has left us for a bright home of her own, Miss Calder, who was married last Monday to Mr. Heatfield of Chatham, by the Rev. Mr. King, at the residence of her brother Mr. John Calder. The happy couple started on their wedding tour by the evening train, carrying with them the good wishes of the people of Lachute for their future happiness and prosperity.

THE WEATHER.—Mr. VENDOR writes the *Ottawa Citizen* to say:—"We shall shortly have the cold relapse of weather anticipated by me, and probably with frost. August will give us another hot term, a much hotter than July has been, and this will be followed by a most remarkable cold relapse, possibly with a flurry of snow. Rains will commence with September, and the autumn will be wet. We shall have early falls of snow and a very wintry December."

"Rumors of changes in the proprietary and staff of our company. 'Twas ever thus," &c. &c. *Yield Progress* defunct."

THE *Ariel* who gave our contemporary the above piece of information pretends to know more about our business than we do ourselves. When a change is contemplated in the proprietary of this journal, we shall let our contemporary know; but then, he had better try and keep cool, as he seems to have the *WATCHMAN* on the brain. He had better go to his physician and get a soothing powder, else we fear the worst consequences might ensue now that the dog-days are upon us. Poor Frisk!

TEMPER IN A TEA POT.—The *Advertiser* is terribly exercised over calling those who located on lands in Argenteuil and Ottawa Counties, squatters; but if our own memory serves us right, it is not so long ago when he too, called them squatters, when he boastfully spoke of Mr. Meikle's getting them an extension of time. We went no disrespect to these honest people, many of whom we are personally acquainted with and respect, when we applied the term squatters to them—for such they are in reality as until such time as they have performed the settlement duties and got their deeds for their lands. And this our contemporary well knows, but he thought he could make a little political capital out of it,—that is all.

IMPROVEMENT AT LACHUTE MILLS.—A new frame over 150 feet long, has been built by Mr. James Fitch to replace the old one which has done service for about twenty-five years. This adds greatly to the appearance of the locality and affords extra power to the new factory. A new story is also being added to the Saw Mills by Mr. F. C. Ireland, to be used by Messrs. Simpson & Lane, as a Pulp Factory. We understand the improvements at the Mills since the first of April last, have cost over \$5,000, and this does not include the extensive machinery put in the Wooden-Ware Factory, which is turning out large quantities of manufactured goods every week. This must be another political dodge of the *World's* Tories.

We welcome back to Lachute Mr. Thomas Palliser, who had removed to Montreal last Fall. We are sure all his old neighbors and friends will be rejoiced at his making this his permanent home for the future.

TRIAL OF OKA INDIANS.—On the 2nd inst., the Indians were again put on their trial at St. Scholastique, for the burning of the Roman Catholic church at Oka. His Honor Judge Johnson presiding. The usual difficulty in getting a mixed jury was experienced; finally it was composed of two English and ten French. They too, could not agree on a verdict, and had to be discharged, the Indians being admitted to bail.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for individual expressions of opinion in communications addressed to THE WATCHMAN. The real name of the writer must invariably accompany each communication to insure insertion, but not necessary for publication.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:—A great deal has been said here lately in the papers and on the platform about "brute force," jobbery and corruption in the late DeBoucherville Government; now it strikes me that if some of the parties here who have thus been so loudly denouncing that Government, would give a little more attention to what more immediately concerns them in the better management of Municipal and Scholastic matters they could then, with better grace speak against corruption in higher places. This parish has been saddled with many derivate no benefit, although it is contrary to law to do so, yet through misrepresentation and the laxity of the ratepayers who, it is asserted, were not properly consulted about the matter, of which the murmurs and outbreaks of indignation of the ratepayers from time to time against such doings is a proof; yet it has been so managed and brought about that up to the present time, none have the least chance of redress by appealing to the Law. This is a specimen of "brute force," a taking, by unfair means and sheer force of Law, the bread from the mouths of the children of the poor, and so arbitrary are they in enforcing the poor to contribute to its support that they have gone against the express declaration of Law in compelling them to support it; yet, strange to say, the most active in bringing on such a burden on the poor and those who help to keep such tyranny in existence, cry out against "brute force" and had legislation in others. It is clear to me that the parties referred to are not sincere in their motives, but are simply reiterating the sentiments of others, else why not follow out their principles in public matters at home in which they take the lead? I could fill two columns of your paper in reference to the bad management of municipal and scholastic matters; in fact the whole community around here is demoralized through the bad example and influence of those who are in power and take the lead in public matters, and who, judging by the offices they fill, ought to know better. The public is now in that state that none will stir in the way of bettering such matters, for the reason, that they have learnt from past experience that they will only get abuse for their pains, everything secret and otherwise would be brought to bear against them by the ruling party in power to thwart and hurt their influence and endeavours. To all appearance such parties are so narrow-minded that they cannot look beyond their own individual interest; the spirit of mendacity shown by some, and the selfishness of others to their own interests, coupled in contrast to that referred to above, and their outcries against bad government elsewhere is disgusting. Temperance principles are cast aside for the time being, for the sake of political party matters, and our taverns allowed to sell liquor in contravention of the law.

Yours truly,
B.
LACHUTE, 8th July, 1878.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:—You should watch the *Argenteuil Advertiser*. In the number of the 3rd July, "The Paterfamilias of Lachute are recommended to send Messrs. Holiday and Haney to Paris and back free." They receive \$1100 for teaching 41 weeks; 5 days in each week count 205 days; more than \$5 per day! What do you think of this? Is it not a political dodge?

Yours truly,
ENQUIRER.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR:—I have been shown a letter headed "Beneficial Colonel" (which heading I consider very appropriate although placed there ironically) in answer to my letter in the *WATCHMAN* of the 21st of June.
In the first place, I acknowledge the courteous manner in which he has spoken of me personally, but I think "One who sat on a Knapsack" might have mentioned a few of the many benefits our respected commanding officer has conferred upon the Battalion; such as a Rifle and Pans, which were fired for and won by Nos. 1 and 4 companies, I think, in the year 1865; and two silver cups which he gave at a shooting match at St. Andrews, one of which was won by the Lieutenant of No. 4 company. Does he think these were given to keep up the esprit de corps of the Battalion or otherwise? If "One who sat on a Knapsack" will give his real name, I might explain or answer some

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of the questions or remarks in his last letter; if not, he will have the fit to him; if, as I do not intend to take any further notice of one who likes to be "in the dark," I may mention before closing, that I have received congratulations and thanks, both verbal and in writing, from officers and other members of the corps, for my letter to the *WATCHMAN* in defence of our deserving Colonel.

JOHN SIMPSON, Capt. & Lt.-Col.,
Com'g No. 4 company, 11th Batt.
Lachute, July 9th, 1878.

Dr. Christie and his Meetings.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:—Having been obliged to go to Montreal, on important business on the 5th of July, I was compelled to forego the pleasure of hearing the Doctor explain his parliamentary career. On my return I was informed that Dr. Christie alluded to me, in a way damaging to my character, and tried to fasten on me the authorship of a circular issued by the Conservative Association of this County, which he was pleased to style a "kiss of lies," up to learning this I immediately wrote to the Doctor requesting him to meet me in a public meeting to be called at Lachute. His reply was an evasion. He informed me that he was going to hold meetings at Wentworth and East Settlement, and alluded in no way to my request for a meeting at Lachute. I immediately replied that I did not feel disposed to follow him about the County as most of his meetings were very sparsely attended, and as everybody will allow, would be no place to reply to charges made against me at Lachute. His answer to this was of the same tenor as his first. He endeavors to make it appear that I formulated charges against him, and says that having held twenty meetings in the County not one of his accusers had the manliness to meet him face to face. It was not at all likely that any Conservative would shrink from meeting Dr. Christie, so far from being afraid to do so, I with others went to attend his first meeting here. We passed the Court House, which was lighted up on our way to the Hotel to get a book required by one of my friends, we found to our utter astonishment upon our immediate return—the lights out and the Court House closed.

The Doctor says at the close of his last letter that he does not feel called upon by fair play or the common rules of debate to repeat his meeting at Lachute. Surely he does not think it fair play or in keeping with the rules of debate to attack a man when he is absent.

Yet he did this, and moreover he has repeated a meeting at Lachute. I can only characterize his letters as evasive. He does not wish to meet me, though he says if I will make "distinct and specific charges against him," and call a meeting of my own, he will do so. He knows well that I have formulated no charges against him personally. The meeting was requested properly to aspersions thrown upon my character by the Doctor. I will however state here most positively that I am prepared to uphold the circular, issued by me as a "kiss of lies," but by the Liberal Conservative Association of this County, and I am prepared, if the Doctor will meet me as requested, to prove the truthfulness of that circular from the Hansard. It is childish and worse than folly for a person holding the position that the Doctor does as Member of Parliament to complain of criticism on his public conduct—no personalities outside of a political nature have ever been used by me against him, but differing, as I do from him on public matters, I have a perfect right to call in question his proceedings and votes in the House. I now close by subscribing my name, as I have always done, when I have anything personal to say about Dr. Christie.

F. C. IRELAND.
Lachute, July 10th, 1878.

Quebec Correspondence.

QUEBEC, July 9th, 1878.

The session still drags its weary length along and bids fair to last another fortnight at least. For the past week, the time of the House has been fully taken up with a discussion of the Estimates. Mr. Joly would wish that the Opposition should, like his immediate followers, swallow the financial policy of the Government without remonstrance. More than one of Mr. Joly's supporters have told me they do not agree with the details of the policy, but are obliged to support him none the less, for fear it would be said they had been bought by the other side.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

MONTREAL, July 11, 1878.

Flour.—Moderate good demand, and light supply is firmer.
Superior Extra, \$1.15 to \$1.20
Extra Superior, \$1.10 to \$1.15
First, \$1.05 to \$1.10
Second, \$1.00 to \$1.05
Third, \$0.95 to \$1.00
Fourth, \$0.90 to \$0.95
Fifth, \$0.85 to \$0.90
Sixth, \$0.80 to \$0.85
Seventh, \$0.75 to \$0.80
Eighth, \$0.70 to \$0.75
Ninth, \$0.65 to \$0.70
Tenth, \$0.60 to \$0.65
Wheat.—Quiet at \$1.00 to \$1.05 for No. 1.
Oats.—Quiet at \$0.45 to \$0.50 for No. 1.
Barley.—Quiet at \$0.40 to \$0.45 for No. 1.
Rye.—Quiet at \$0.35 to \$0.40 for No. 1.
Corn.—Quiet at \$0.30 to \$0.35 for No. 1.
Sorghum.—Quiet at \$0.25 to \$0.30 for No. 1.
Millet.—Quiet at \$0.20 to \$0.25 for No. 1.
Buckwheat.—Quiet at \$0.15 to \$0.20 for No. 1.
Clover.—Quiet at \$0.10 to \$0.15 for No. 1.
Hay.—Quiet at \$0.05 to \$0.10 for No. 1.

Gilt Edged Butter.

GILT EDGED BUTTER.

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British American Assurance Company
FIRE AND MARINE.
Established 1833.
Capital \$1,000,000. Assets \$1,100,000.
Farm Risks at lowest Rates.
HEAD OFFICE OTTAWA.
F. C. GAMBLE,
Agent, Lachute.

For Sale.

AT THE

Watchman Office,

Blank Notes and

Joint Notes of hand,

Blank Orders,

Bill-Heads,

Orange Certificates.

Summons &c.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

No. 1 School Municipality of J. Atham.

A Special meeting of the Board of Comptrols

on Saturday the 13th of July, at one o'clock,

p. m., for the purpose of engaging Nine

Teachers for this Municipality. Applications

can be made either in person or by letter, to

J. B. Corbin, Esq., Chairman, or to the

Municipal Council, at the Municipal Office, at

Lachute, on or before the 10th inst., and on

forms supplied by the Comptrols.

By Order, J. CORBIN,
Comptrol.

Noted at Mt. St. June, 1878.

Notice to Farmers!

The undersigned has just received his stock of

Harvesting

Implements,

Consisting of Grass Cutters, "Oshawa Chisel,"

"Red Rover," "Tip-Top," "Domination,"

"Champion," and "Eureka." Cradles Haythes

of the best make, and the "Grass" and "Grass"

Cradles, "Hawthorn," Field Hoes, "Star" and

"Grass" Mowers, all of the best quality, and

a complete assortment of all the best and

heavy hardware, all of which will be sold at

very much reduced prices.

THOS. BIRKETT.

Dynamite! Dynamite!

The undersigned has just received his stock of

Dynamite, and is prepared to supply all

orders at the lowest prices.

THOS. BIRKETT.

Agent for Ottawa and vicinity.

67 RIDEAU STREET OTTAWA.

P. S.—A liberal reduction to parties requiring

a quantity.

HUTCHINSON & WALKER,

ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, &c.

112 St. Francis Xavier Street.

[JUDAS' NEW BUILDING]

ADJOINING OLD POST OFFICE.

M. HUTCHINSON, B.S.L., W.S. WALKER, B.C.L.

Lachute Foundry,

Established at Lachute, Co. of Argenteuil,

JOSEPH PILON, & Co.

(At about 40 feet from the Station of the Q.

M. & O. R. R.)

At the Foundry will be cast all kinds of

Farm and House-hold implements, Machinery,

and such as Ploughs, Harrows, &c. and

all kinds of Castings, and will be made to order

at the shortest notice, and at the lowest prices.

A Turning Lath for Iron and Steel, and to the

NEW PATENT STEAM PUMP, AND PREPARED

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO AND AT REASONABLE

PRICES.

All Orders left with Mr. PHILIPPE LAFRANCE,

Contractor, No. 872 St. Catherine St.,

Montreal, will be sent to the undersigned, who

will receive prompt attention.

JOSEPH PILON, & Co.

Foundrie de Lachute,

(COMTE D'ARRENTVILLE),

ST. LIEU PAR

Joseph Pilon & Co.

(A 40 pieds de la Station de la Q. M. & O. R. R.)

Fondrie de Lachute, Co. de l'Argenteuil, Co. de

l'Argenteuil, Co. de l'Argenteuil, Co. de l'Argenteuil,

Co. de l'Argenteuil, Co. de l'Argenteuil, Co. de l'Argenteuil,

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Watchman Office,

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CHEAP FOR CASH.

No. 1 School Municipality of J. Atham.

A Special meeting of the Board of Comptrols

on Saturday the 13th of July, at one o'clock,

p. m., for the purpose of engaging Nine

Teachers for this Municipality. Applications

can be made either in person or by letter, to

J. B. Corbin, Esq., Chairman, or to the

Municipal Council, at the Municipal Office, at

Lachute, on or before the 10th inst., and on

forms supplied by the Comptrols.

By Order, J. CORBIN,
Comptrol.

Noted at Mt. St. June, 1878.

Notice to Farmers!

The undersigned has just received his stock of

Harvesting

Implements,

Consisting of Grass Cutters, "Oshawa Chisel,"

"Red Rover," "Tip-Top," "Domination,"

"Champion," and "Eureka." Cradles Haythes

of the best make, and the "Grass" and "Grass"

Cradles, "Hawthorn," Field Hoes, "Star" and

Building Lots
AND
Mint Privileges with Water Power,
FOR SALE
At low prices and on reasonable terms by
F. C. IRELAND.

WOODEN WARE
FACTORY.
MOULDINGS,
DOORS, SASHES,
ZINC WASHBOARDS,
CLOTHES HORSES,
PASTRY BOARDS,
&c. &c.,
For Sale at the lowest Prices, by
F. C. IRELAND.

Orders for Turned Ware, of all descriptions, and specialties in fine wood work executed promptly.
F. C. Ireland,
Lachute.
June 6th, 1878.

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INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA
IS THE ONLY CANADIAN COMPANY
solely devoted to insurance against accidents, and which has made the special object of its policy holders, and being for
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Alone, is able to transact the business upon the most favorable terms and liberal conditions, as well as upon a secure basis.
BONUS
EVERY 5 YRS TO NO.-CLAIMANTS
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GAVIN J. WALKER, Agent, Lachute,
12-31

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
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GRAHAM'S
Pain Eradicator!
THE remarkable success that has attended this preparation has established its superiority above all others for the following complaints:
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Spinal
Complaints, Pains in
the Chest, Side and Back,
Sore Breasts, Abscesses, Sores,
Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Wounds,
Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Scalds,
Frost Bites, Hives, Influenza,
Diphtheria, Asthma,
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Etc., Etc.
The cause that produces it must be removed for this purpose
Graham's Pain Eradicator,
is the best means. It is a Vegetable Magnet in Oil that quickly permeates the system and effectually reduces inflammation and always the irritation of the Nerves, thus giving the natural elasticity to the joints, strength to the muscles, freedom from pain, and a healthy tone and action to the system.
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THE CALKINS CHAMPION WASHER.
Is the cheapest and most perfect one in the market, is easily handled. Does not wear the clothes, or break buttons. Never gets out of order, and will give you the only washer that can be ALLOWED to be used upon to do its work thoroughly well, and give entire satisfaction. No matter what sort of clothes, thick or thin, heavy or light, they are all washed perfectly in a very short time. PRICE ONLY SIX DOLLARS.
Agents wanted every where.
STOCKTON, ROSSITER & Co. Toronto Sole Manufacturers. Montreal branch, 171 Beaver Hall, S. S. BAKER, Manager.

Decisions Regarding Newspapers.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed in his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. In suits for subscription, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published although the subscriber may reside elsewhere.
4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post-office, or refusing to leave them, is not evidence of PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, RIDAY, JULY 10, 1878.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR TILLEY of New Brunswick, having accepted the Liberal Conservative nomination for the city of St. John, has forwarded his resignation of his present office to the Governor General. This looks like a bright exhibit for the Liberal Conservative party in the Eastern provinces.

The Free Trade argument that protection increases the price of the article is well answered by pointing to the price of steel rails in the United States. Finding that it only required the aid of a protective tariff to develop the manufacture of steel rails in the States, an import duty of \$28 per ton was put on this article. It might be supposed that the price would go up at least by the figure of the duty. In fact this is Mr. MACKENZIE'S doctrine. Whereas some years ago the price of steel rails was \$115 per ton it has come down to \$48 under the influence of the very protection which the Grit Government maintains would increase the price to consumers and bring about the ruin of Canada.

The great events of the week have arisen out of the proposals to celebrate the Twelfth of July in Montreal, and a conflict of creeds was threatened which bade fair to assume dimensions of the most alarming character. Strong in what they conceived to be their rights as men and as citizens, the Orangemen announced their intention of walking in vindication of the privileges to which as British citizens they laid claim. The Roman Catholics protested that they should not do so; saying that if they ventured on the streets in the manner proposed there would be bloodshed. Backed up, it is supposed, by the brethren in the West, these threats only served to make the followers of King William more firm in their declarations, and this, with the position occupied by the Mayor, whose conduct has almost everywhere been commented on to his disadvantage, the crisis became all the more alarming. A meeting of Magistrates was held at which so strong was the feeling of His Worship and others, that six Justices of the Peace deemed it expedient to call in the aid of the Military. This was accorded by the authorities at Ottawa. On the 11th July some of the Military arrived in the city for the purpose of maintaining the public peace, and on that morning was resurrected an Act of 1839, which had passed in the days immediately following the rebellion, against certain disloyal and seditious organizations, and which in 1861 had become a part of the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada. Armed with this, and the opinion of several lawyers who were of opinion that this enactment covered the case of the Orangemen, the Mayor took his action. He seized and searched the Orange Hall, on the plea, it is said, of searching for arms which he had reason to suppose were concealed there, and as his actions became one after the other, the disquiet increased. Ostensibly to protect the public peace, but, as some have claimed, with a view to suppress and club the Orangemen, he had 500 special constables sworn in, who were of a class that does the city infinite credit. Meantime the Orangemen having reason to suppose that in the exercise of what they claimed to be their rights they would be amply protected by the Military, notified the members who had promised to come from the West and give them aid and countenance, that it would be unnecessary for them to come down. To this opinion the calling out of over 3000 troops gave ample colour; but the fact was that General STURGEON had been sent down, but not invested with magisterial or discretionary powers as had been expected, but merely to act as a *sanctus sanctorum* when called upon, the intention being to let Mr. BEAUDRY and his maintain the peace so far as they were able. Many strong Protestants on the publication of what had been considered an obsolete law and of the opinion concerning it, which were to the effect that it constituted the Orange organization an illegal combination, advised that the procession be foregone until the question of their legality had been settled by the Courts, but this was rejected, and so the turmoil and unrest in the city increased. On the morning of the Twelfth the brethren assembled at their Hall, and Mr. BEAUDRY having

made the disposition of his constables on the street with a view to preventing the procession, massed them at the door of the Orange Hall, where the members were kept, as it were, in a state of siege, several of them having been arrested as they came out of the building. The Orangemen finally passed over their procession, and so what threatened to be the occasion of bloodshed has meantime been averted. But bad blood has been created which boils, and will continue to boil, unless something be done. It is a positive fact that for a year past Montreal has been in the hands of the mob, that its business has suffered in consequence; and this can only be readjusted by a general coming together and the adoption of such steps as shall define what the absolute right of associations or individuals are without respect to any considerations except those of justice. Unless this be done, it is certain that anarchy and confusion will for long hold sway over the grand old Province of Quebec. In meeting the subject questions of religion or nationality have to be cast aside, and what is done must be absolutely just—and nothing more.

CERTAIN ORGANS of the Free Trade stripe frequently—when arguments fail—assert that the advocates of protection are a mere selfish class, only desirous of obtaining protection for their own benefit. To impress this upon their readers they publish conversations alleged to have taken place between a certain mysterious individual—generally designated by a letter, and a protectionist—a manufacturer. Our Grit friend here, not to be behind hand, served up last week for his admirers a dialogue of this kind. The mysterious individual this time is Mr. X., who is of course an intimate friend of the editor. Mr. X. is kind enough to give the gist of what passed between him and the manufacturer. The latter takes Mr. X. into his confidence and letting the cat out of the bag, informs Mr. X. that he is really making a good thing but—"you know"—with a sly dig in the ribs—"protection will give us more and who cares, *après ça*." A little French is always necessary—it gives the affair a tone. Can anything be more silly than this? Surely the astuteness of our Grit contemporary, of which he so often boasts, must be deserting him. He must try another tack. No intelligent man will believe that a manufacturer, a business man, with the slightest apology for common sense would express himself in such a way, even if he thought it. We fancy the manufacturing friend of Mr. X. must be of the same class as the father of the boy who, on being asked why he was crying, replied: "My father who was a wealthy merchant yesterday, is a ruined man to-day." "Why said his questioner," that was a very sudden fall how was it? The boy replied: "Sudden it was, he took a bogus \$2.00 bill yesterday at his pawnshop stand and it broke him." The same silly arguments used by the Free Traders of to-day, were tried before and have most signally failed. Instead of the States being ruined by Protection, they stand to-day, one of the most prosperous countries in the world. The great minds of England, are beginning to see the folly of Free Trade theories. Germany is waking up to see it too. Surely we in Canada are not going to allow a handful of experimenters to bring us down to the humiliating position, of being dependent on the United States.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has had his triumph, in it is to be hoped, the final adjustment of that most warring Eastern question, which for years has been the bete noir of diplomats. Should the whole thing come out as expected, he will indeed have reason for self congratulation, and the whole British nation will have cause to feel proud of him.

LORD BEACONSFIELD and the British protectorate he has just established over Asiatic Turkey are the subject of a note sent to the *Sun* by a young man who has been studying yesterday's news. The substance of the young man's speculations may be presented thus: BEACONSFIELD is a Jew; BEACONSFIELD has negotiated the new protectorate, Syria, in which Palestine and Jerusalem are located, is one of the Turkish provinces that are placed under the British protectorate; according to the terms of the protectorate, the Governors of Turkish provinces are to be appointed with the approval of the British Government, of which BEACONSFIELD is the Premier; the appointment of the Governor of Syria, in which are Palestine and Jerusalem, will be under control of BEACONSFIELD; BEACONSFIELD will, therefore, be the ruling power at Jerusalem over ancient Palestine; he will place a Jew in the office of Governor; the Jews will again rise to power at the seat of their ancient glory; the laws of Moses and the old Jewish system will be restored; and thus we may discover the key of BEACONSFIELD'S Eastern policy, and behold the consummation of his Jewish ambition. These are the speculations of the young man who has written to the *Sun*.

FOR THE "WATCHMAN" MILITARY COLUMN.

THE MILITARY FORCE ON THE TWELFTH IN MONTREAL.

The City corps who were on duty in Montreal on the 12th instant, consisted of the Montreal Cavalry Troop, told off as a squadron, under command of Capt. Tees; the Victoria Rifles, Col. Hanley; 5th Royal Fusiliers, Col. Crawford; 6th Fusiliers, Col. Martin; Prince of Wales Rifles, Col. Bond; Mount Royal Rifles, Col. Labranche; Montreal Garrison Artillery, Col. Fraser; and the St. Jean Baptiste company, Capt. Kirwin; this force was kept as a reserve and stationed on Dominion Square the whole day. The country battalions called in were composed of the 50th, under Col. McEachern, C.M.G.; 54th, Col. Lord Aylmer; 55th, Col. Dabson; 51st, Col. Rogers. A and B Batteries from Kingston and Quebec, under the command of Colonel Strange of H. M. Royal Artillery, had a mounted detachment armed with Lances. The Montreal Engineers, under Major Kennedy, and the 11th Beaufort Rifles, were stationed at St. Helen's Island. The Montreal Field Battery, under Colonel Stevenson, were kept in their Camp at the Lacrosse grounds, ready to start at a moment's notice. Lieut. General Sir Selby Smythe, C.B., was in command of the whole force, and Colonel Fletcher, D.A.G., of the Montreal Brigade. The Staff consisted of Captain Smythe, A.D.C. to General Smythe; Col. Whitehead, Victoria Rifles, acting A.D.C. to Lieut. General; Col. Bacon, Brigade Major; D. A. General Harwood; Col. D'O'Leary, Brigade Major, and other officers.

The appearance of the Troops, comprising about 3,000 in all, was a credit to the Dominion, and their discipline and steadiness under arms all that could be desired. The positions of the different corps were chosen with great judgment, and had the troops been called upon to act against the mob, could have been handled by the General commanding with great celerity and terrible effect. Colonel Bacon was, as usual, very active in his position as Brigade Major, and indeed every officer and man seemed to feel the responsibility entailed on them on this momentous occasion, which has so far happily passed over without the bloodshed anticipated. The worst feature in the affair is the infamous, unjust and scurrilous pamphlet lately issued in the French language, "*Les Orangistes*," in which Orangemen, Free-Unionists and Protestants of all denominations are classed together as in league to insult and, if possible, exterminate all Roman Catholics; this wicked brochure has worked upon the feelings of the French Canadians of the city to a very great extent, and may be productive of the worst results.

With few exceptions all the stores in the principal streets were closed on the 12th, and many, it is reported, strongly barricaded inside. On the evening of the 12th, all the guards at the Armories were doubled, and the whole force under orders to assemble promptly if required. On Saturday the country troops and the A battery left Montreal for their respective Head Quarters. The only accident that occurred was that of a Trooper of the Montreal Cavalry wounding himself in the hand whilst loading his carbine.

LATEST NEWS.

An armistice has been effected between the Turks and Cretans. Sir Garnet Wolsey arrived at Malta on Wednesday, at 3 p. m.

Preparations for the elections in Germany indicate that a hard struggle will take place.

It is thought that the Greek boundary question will have to be referred to the Powers for settlement.

The obsequies of the Queen of Spain took place on the 17th. Forty thousand persons were present.

The harvest of a large district of Thessaly, in Greece, has been totally destroyed by incendiary fires.

The number of prostrations by sunstroke in St. Louis on the 15th, was near 150, of which from 40 to 50 were fatal cases.

A secret allegation, indicating the future policy of the Vatican towards the Powers, was submitted to the Cardinals at the Papal Consistory, on the 15th.

The strike among the coalminers in France is spreading, and the authorities have been obliged to interfere.

There were 54 deaths from the effects of the heat in St. Louis on Monday. Yesterday the weather seemed to be moderating slightly.

The training ship *Euridice*, capsized and sunk off the Isle of Wight in March last, has been lifted and moved a short distance inland by a barge.

Ten thousand nail-makers in the Staffordshire district have struck for a 30 per cent. advance in wages. Another 10,000 will join them by the end of the week.

A despatch from Paris says the Department of Nord, the centre of the greatest coal works of France, is now the scene of a general strike among the coal and iron workers.

The Union Pacific Railway has received 60 days' notice of the intention of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. to cancel the combination contract existing between the two companies.

A Russian force is reported to have left Tashkent, it is rumored with the intention of invading Bokhara. The Paris *Temps* says this is Russia's answer to England's occupation of Cyprus.

The *Daily Telegraph* believes that the British flag was hoisted at Cyprus on Monday by Lord John Hay, Commander of the Channel squadron, who had sailed orders to that effect to be opened on receipt of a telegraphic despatch.

THE OCCUPATION OF ROMANIA BY THE HUNGARIANS.

The occupation of Romania by the Hungarians, by the Austrians, is a young one, so looked upon with less active hostility by the population of those provinces.

The Hungarians in the Gulf of Saros are reported to have fired on an unarmed boat from a British war vessel in the Gulf of Saros. The boat had been sent for some sailors who had been detained in the Russian lines.

The steamship "Montana," of the Williams & Goun Line, which left New York on the 2nd instant, and concerning the safety of which some fears were entertained, arrived at Liverpool yesterday. The delay was caused by the breaking of the main crank.

The Times' editorial summing up the labors of the Congress says: It has made changes which transform an empire; has removed long standing causes of discontent; has pacified, we may hope, provinces torn by dissension and murder, and placed barriers between rival forms of implacable bigotry, and it has bridged the power of the Porte, and it has given peace to Europe.

London, July 16. At Wimbledon, today, trooper Langstroth, of the 18th Regiment, New Brunswick, scored 34 out of a possible 35 in the Arthur prize competition.

London, July 16. The Times, in a leading editorial, says Lord Beaconsfield will be welcomed in London today, as the chief actor in one of the most honorable triumphs in the modern diplomacy of England. To the fame of a distinguished English statesman, he has added that of a singularly successful foreign minister, and it would be hard to say what greater distinction can remain for him.

A boy in Bushwick is six feet and a half in his stockings and is only 14 years of age. His name is Edward Blake and he lives at 7 A. M. Street.

A heavy shock of earthquake was experienced at Murray Bay on Tuesday at 7 A. M. Enology has exhausted itself in praising Earl Dufferin as Governor-General and as a man.

It is announced that Hon. F. B. Chandler, Legislative Councilor, is to be appointed Lieutenant-Governor.

Whilst driving in the vicinity of Ironsides, near Ottawa, Mr. J. C. Vennor, thrown from his buggy and received internal injuries, but not of a serious character.

For six days up to the 3rd instant inclusive, the thermometer has indicated 97° in the shade in Montreal, the hottest spell for twenty years.

The ship "Everest," 1700 tons, said to be the largest vessel on the coast, ever built in the Province of Nova Scotia, was launched at Bellevue's Cove, Digby County, last week.

Mr. Mackenzie stated recently that a very large number of the men employed by the contractors on the Welland Canal had come from the United States, in consequence of having been unable to find work there.

BELLEVILLE, July 9. The crops are favorably reported upon, although late rains have prostrated barley to some extent. The extreme heat has had an unfavorable effect, and the potato beetle has done some damage.

A TURTLE WITH A HISTORY.—Mr. Rogers, river driver at Bristol, Carleton Co., has just picked up a turtle from the river, its shell bearing the initials "A. T.," "G. M.," "G. B.," and 1874.

BROCKVILLE, July 10. At 10 30 a violent wind and rain storm from the north west swept over our town, breaking windows, blowing down trees, unroofing boat-houses, tearing covers off steam yachts, knocking down Dominion Telegraph poles, twisting the tops of church steeles, and doing great damage to the crops. The large chamber of the Brockville chemical works, three miles from here, was blown down, causing a loss of \$5,000.

UNITED STATES.

The heat in St. Louis is abating, with prospects of rain.

There were fifteen cases of sunstroke in New York on Saturday.

About 350,000 acres of heavily timbered Virginia land was recently sold by auction for an average of one cent per acre.

In Southern Missouri and Kansas the heat during the day has been so intense that harvest operations have had to be carried on by moonlight.

The freshmen's 8-oared race between Harvard and Cornell Universities at Auburn, N. Y., was won by the latter by three lengths.

The Indian trouble is beginning to assume a serious aspect for the United States, and General Sherman is sending forward all available troops to the Northwest.

A FLYING MACHINE.—A Professor Ritchell is exhibiting a flying machine in Boston, which, if the accounts given of it are true, bids fair to solve the problem of aerial navigation.

NEW YORK, July 10.—The *Herald's* New York special reports an outbreak of Asiatic cholera. Clara Draper died on Monday night. Her body turned instantly black and the stench very soon became highly offensive. Two other deaths are reported.

Besides Coney Island, Long Branch is now very accessible, and excursion steamers take passengers up the Hudson and on the Sound at moderate prices. Never before, indeed, were the various resorts in the vicinity of the city in so good a condition as they are now, while Central Park is blossoming with a beauty which only a spring and summer of abundant rains can nourish.

The people who are obliged to stay in town this season, if they have a little money to spend for pleasure, can get through the warm days very comfortably, and likely enough, they will find themselves just as vigorous, when autumn comes, as their richer neighbors, who are now fanning themselves on the piazza of country hotels.

At a meeting of the Chicago Board of Trade on Thursday, one of the members said, "We have never had such a wheat crop as is now being reaped. If there is no war in Europe, wheat will be down to 75 cents a bushel by October. Our farmers will not be able to sell all they have. They must feed it to their hogs or send it into Canada." All of which is cheerful reading for the Canadian farmer.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett will be at Newport the latter part of next week, and will enter upon the occupancy of the villa on Bellevue avenue, known as "Fair Lawn," which is owned by Mr. Levi P. Morton, of the banking house of Morton, Bliss, & Co. Some of Mr. Bennett's employees have already arrived, and are now engaged in arranging the premises for the reception of the guests. It is understood that he will bring several fine polo ponies with him from Europe for his own use. Miss Bennett, his estimable sister, will accompany him, as usual. Nothing is known here of her rumored engagement to Lord Rossmore.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—"The cargo of the last steamer 'Idaho' furnishes us an index of the current contributions of America to the Old World. It comprises 141 packages of agricultural implements; 77,000 pounds of bacon; 98 packages of cloaks; 17,311 bushels of corn; 1,904 bales of cotton; 200 tons of fresh meat; 104 bales of hops; 58 borses; 75 tierces of salt meat; 2 cases of machinery; 5 pianos; 12 kegs of printing ink; 25,458 bushels of wheat, and 12 packages of manufactured goods." All of which is pretty good for one ship sailing from a country that has been protected to death.

Saved by Buttermilk.

It is related that on one occasion an electoral district was saved by buttermilk. The Conservative candidate feeling rather depressed, partook freely of the cooling beverage; and going into the contest with renewed vigor, came out with flying colors. However that may be, it is certain a man named Wm. Hodgins, of London, Ontario, would have been a definite cinder to-day, and we would have been reporting an inquest and a startling case of cremation at one and the same time, had it not been for two pails of buttermilk freely administered to him by his servant girl.

The circumstances, as we have heard them from the very best authority, are as follows: It appears Hodgins, after partaking freely of liquor, staggered up to bed, and in doing so upset the lamp, setting fire to the bedclothes and himself. There is not the slightest doubt that the unfortunate inebriate and the house and contents would have been consumed had it not been for the entrance of the servant girl carrying two pails of buttermilk.

Notwithstanding the smoke was dense to suffocation almost, the girl, with wonderful presence of mind, poured the buttermilk over Hodgins and the bed, and succeeded in partially extinguishing both. She next took Hodgins by the feet and dragged him on to the door, where she put the rest of him out. His hair and whiskers were badly singed, and he was nearly suffocated. Without waiting to ascertain whether he was dead or not, this brave young girl dashed upstairs to the hired man's room. This fellow was also like his master, in a heastly state of intoxication. Laying hold of him by the head the girl soon bumped him on the floor. Rushing down stairs, the girl once again fought the fire, and after almost superhuman efforts, saved the house from being burned down. This should prove a warning to drinkers to provide themselves with safety lumps.

An Exciting Spectacle.

At about 7 o'clock on Thursday, June 27th, a terribly exciting spectacle was presented on Bridge street near the post office. It was that of a two year old babe, close to the edge of a slippery tin roof, with no seeming alternative but that it must fall to the ground, a distance of probably forty feet, and be killed on the spot. The child was a little boy, son of Dr. Potts, and had succeeded in crawling through an attic window which had been left open. The roof being as we have said, of tin, the little one slipped down to its very edge, being stopped only by the eave-trough. A large number of spectators had gathered on the opposite side of the road, watching the terrible spectacle with bated breath. One from amongst them, a young man, whose name we have not learned, ran across to inform the parents of the situation of their child, which meanwhile had started to crawl up the roof again. It slipped a little, but in a few seconds the young man spoken of leaped far out of the window, and being able to reach the child, drew it in, and to the relief of the intense feelings of all, placed the child in safety. The rescuer ought to receive some mark of public approbation.—*Belleville Intelligencer*.

The newest buttons for dresses are postage stamps.

One cannot be amiss with postage stamp buttons, bank-bill sleeve buttons, and the coin of all nations about one's neck. An old lady, an American, of inborn puritanical ideas, was lately checked at the wish expressed by her daughter to have her dress buttoned up with the French postage stamp buttons, taken, as this dear old soul surmised, from some of the heathenish pictures in the Louvre, as if they had no good men in France whose faces they could use for this purpose. If the fashion was imperative let her daughter use American postage stamps; she had no objection to her having two rows of those, even if they were expensive. Fancy the head of the Father of his country sold by the dozen to decorate the front of a princess' pousaïse! To such base uses we do come.

Mr. Bessemer lately said that he remembered one of the great failures he made in his earlier experiments arose from his not rolling while the ingot was hot. He took advice strongly given to him by Sheffield manufacturers, who were used to their own mode of producing steel, and he learnt from them, as a fact, that a steel ingot must never have the hammer upon it while hot, and that it must never go to the rolls while it was hot, but that it must be left to cool, and the next day it was to be reheated.

The *Guelph Mercury* of a recent date says:—"A letter has been received from Manitoba which states that William McAllister, formerly of Guelph, has purchased a four hundred acre farm, within thirteen miles from Winnipeg, from James Barclay. Wm. McDonald will work the farm with him; George Wardrope is securing a farm in the neighbourhood, and Winer Wardrope will accompany a surveying expedition during the summer months. They all think there is no country like Manitoba."

FAST TYPE SETTING.—In relation to fast type setting under difficulties, the following story is told by an old compositor: "You make talk about setting up type in a rush, and making fast time, but when I was young and my fingers were nimble and my elbows limber, I used to be counted a pretty good compositor. I remember on night in particular when I set three thousand lines an hour out of a bag by moonlight, and had to take every letter to the window to see what it was."

The best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, when asked by a lady if he believed in them. "No, madam; I have seen too many to believe in them."

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This is the First and only
Canadian Company
Devoting itself solely to the business of
Insurance Against Accidents.

And is the only one that has made the required deposit with Government for the special security of its Policyholders. It therefore solicits with confidence the preferential support of the Canadian public.
WILLIAM HAY, Agent.
Lachute, P. Q.

PHOSPHATES.
Metals. Minerals.

OWNERS OF LANDS having deposits of Phosphates, or other minerals or metals, are invited to send samples, with a clear description as possible, of the quality of the material they desire to sell or develop the same.
Address, W. A. LEGGO, Lachute, P. Q.

ADVICE.

MANHOOD, WOMANHOOD, FREEDOM, A new and accurate position. How youth and middle age (both sexes) may restore their shattered constitutions, especially if arising from early indiscretions. Herein lies your only safety; by a professional gentleman of rare ability. High Canadian testimonials. Mention this in your advertisement for answer. See advertisement headed "Advice" at J. Y. EGAN, Hamilton, Ontario. 41 m.

RUPTURE.

FREE by mail. EGAN'S IMPERIAL SAFETY PAD TRUSS: gives immediate relief; cures in 4 to 6 weeks. Endorsed by all medical authorities. The most valuable surgical invention of the century. The secret of cure, this Truss holds ruptured parts in exact position, and can be worn night and day with great comfort. Very cheap.
Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Hamilton, Ontario. 41 m.

M. D. E. LEWIS, CHEMIST.
DEAR SIR—Those Dr. Harvey's Antibilious Purgative Pills, which you recommended to me, when in your city, are indeed a superior pill. Those pains in my back, stomach and head have disappeared. I have some of this biliousness now, have recommended them to others with the same good effect. Thanks to you, I think that my doctor's bill will be a little smaller this year than last.
Yours truly,
HENRY DAVIS, Hemmingford.

MILLINERY.

MRS. CLARKE, successor to Miss Morrow, wishes to inform the ladies of Lachute and vicinity, that she has now on hand, and will keep, a choice selection of
HATS, SHAPES, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, ETC., ETC., of the very latest fashions and styles. Straw hats altered and dyed. Feathers curled. Give her a call and see her goods; satisfaction guaranteed. 376

THE NORTH RAILWAY HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the travelling public that the above hotel is now opened for the reception of guests, where they will find FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION, the house being new and well finished. Good table d'hôte and a place will do well to stop at this house.
Sample rooms for Commercial men.
Give him a trial.
ISAIE TAILLEFER.

Canadian Lion.

The above First-class Stallion
WILL STAND THIS SEASON
EACH WEEK AS FOLLOWS:
On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at the Proprietor's Stables, Lachute.
On Thursday, at Saucé's Hotel, St. Andrews.

Terms Reasonable.
J. A. BEDARD, Proprietor.
Lachute, May, 1878.

C. GEIGERS, UNDERTAKER.

Begs to announce to the inhabitants of Lachute, and the surrounding country, that he has opened a
COFFIN STORE
at Lachute, where he is prepared to execute all orders for
FUNERALS,
that may be required.

He has had twenty years experience, and guarantees to give satisfaction equal to city supplies and prices.
A good Ash Coffin (trimmed) \$15.00
Black Cloth " " 10.00
A good Common Coffin " 5.00
Please give him a call when required, at Centre Lachute. 30m.

NOTICE!

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INFORM his numerous customers and the public generally, that he has disposed of his Store Business to
Messrs. W. BANFORD & CO.,
and in retiring, tenders his sincere thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage accorded to him during the last twenty years.

Customers' accounts will be furnished as soon possible, and an early settlement is requested, as this branch of his business must be closed up without delay.

He would also take this opportunity of commending his successors to the confidence of the public, and requesting continuance to them of their patronage as long extended to himself.

P. LANE.
Feb. 25, 1878.

With reference to the above, we beg to state that we intend carrying on a
GENERAL BUSINESS
in the stand so long occupied by Mr. Lane, and will endeavour to enter to the wants of the public, in such a way as will warrant their confidence. Terms made known at our office.
W. BANFORD & CO.
March 8, 1878.

JAMES BARLEY CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

IS PREPARED to take contracts and execute all kinds of work in his line, upon reasonable terms.
Lachute, P. Q., Sept. 7, 1877.

FACTS FOR

THE
HOLMAN LIVER CO.
Read Every Word.

IT is a settled fact that the HOLMAN LIVER CO. has made warmer friends, has grown faster in favor than all the world's treatment combined. The Holman Liver and Stomach Pad cures the severest chronic Liver and Stomach difficulties. It has proved efficacious in at least nineteen-twentieths of all the diseases man is heir to. To the permanently afflicted, and the periodical sufferer, now is the time to apply the Holman Liver Pad and Plaster, thereby saving a world of trouble. The Pad is Nature's own law, the principle of absorption. The reasons are simple enough. The Pad is applied immediately over the vital Liver and Stomach, the seat of the nervous system, which pervades the digestive organs. It contains harmless medical and vegetable elements that absorb all poisons and diseased fluids from the blood and stomach. The Holman Liver and Stomach Pad is NOT A PATENT MEDICINE, but a SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE. The Pad is oval-shaped, 14 1/2 inches, 1 inch in thickness, and filled with fine medicated vegetable compounds. It is suspended about the neck and worn next the person, over the pit of the stomach. The Pad is a sure cure for Liver Complaints, Bilious Disorders, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhea, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Paralysis, Scabies, Lumbago, Obstructions in the system, Dropsy, Kidney Difficulties, Heart Disease, Intermittent Fevers, Headache, Stomachic Acute Pains, and Fever and Ague. Thousands of women bear testimony to the miraculous results in all diseases peculiar to their sex.

The Holman Liver and Stomach Pad is the most wonderful Discovery of the Nineteenth Century and marks a new era in the history of Medical Science.
THIS IS WHAT THE PUBLIC OF CANADA Read the following Testimonials.
D. M. BAIRD, Manufacturers' Agent, 20 St. James Street, Montreal.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO. GENTLEMEN, I have worn one of your Liver Pads for about 20 days, and have completely cured me of a very bad attack of dyspepsia. After being once used, the Pad speaks for itself, and is a genuine cure for the worst cases of Liver and Stomach difficulties. I would like to tell it to all my friends suffering from the above. Respectfully yours, D. M. BAIRD.

GANAQUE, November 6th, 1877. HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO. Dear Sir, I have been wearing the Pad two weeks, I feel like another man. It is now four weeks since I put it on, and I am enjoying myself. I shall with pleasure recommend Holman's Pad to all parties suffering from Liver complaint, etc. Yours truly, 333 St. James Street, Wm. J. JOUFFE.

MONTREAL, December 1st, 1877. HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO. GENTLEMEN, I have thoroughly tested the efficacy of the Holman Pad, as my wife was cured of sick headache, which was at times accompanied by biliousness, and was at times accompanied by biliousness, and was at times accompanied by biliousness. Several of my friends of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. The Pad has never failed where I have known it to be used. I heartily recommend Holman's Pad to all suffering from stomach and liver complaint and fevers. Yours truly, 333 St. James Street, Wm. J. JOUFFE.

THE PAD COSTS BUT \$2.50 AND \$3.50 the latter only used in old and complicated cases. Consultation and explanations free of

Advertising Terms

Five lines and under, first insertion, 12¢
Each subsequent insertion, 10¢
Ten lines and under, first insertion, 15¢
Above 10 lines, first insertion, 20¢
(per line)
One square (24 lines x 10 lines), per year, \$10.00
One square, per year, 25¢
One quarter column, per year, 30.00
One half column, per year, 35.00
One column, per year, 40.00
Professional cards of not more than 10 lines, per year, 40.00
A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.
Advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until withdrawn and charged accordingly.
Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing.

LOCAL.

TESTIMONY.

A PRIDHAM, Esq., of Greenville, P. Q., writing under date of March 25th, 1870, says:—
"There never has been any medicine which has sold so rapidly here, or given such a high recommendation, as your 'Pain Expeller.' I have used it for several years, and it has cured me of my 'Pain Expeller,' for I do not wish to be out of such a medicine. I believe it to be the best pain reliever ever introduced into this section of the country."
Again writing Sept. 22, 1877, he says:—
"In spite of the hard times and depression of trade generally, the demand for your Pain Expeller continues as good as ever. The supply I obtained from you last spring is all sold. By sending me another gross as soon as possible you will oblige."
Yours truly,
A. PRIDHAM.

We have no doubt Mr. Ireland is much obliged to our contemporary for copying the printed heading of the sheet on which one of his letters to Dr. Christie changed to be written; thus gratuitously advertising his Factory.

FRISK says: "anonymous slanderers and maligners do not like being brought to book, and they will find an assumption of injured innocence played out, character tell." Quite true, Frisk. You know how it is yourself, your character tells considerably.

FRISK has been of late behaving pretty well for him. The strain has been too great, however, and he has broken out again in his old style of abuse instead of argument. Does he expect us to wade through mire enough to reply to all this? Bah! it is nauseating—the thing can't be done—it is not in our line.

BEEF FOR GLASGOW.—Mr. F. C. Ireland has a communication from a gentleman in Dundee, Scotland, wishing to open up a trade with that market, for twelve or fifteen good beef cattle a week, in the short time. Cash will be paid for the cattle as soon as shipped. Any person wishing to enter upon this business, which will do him a benefit to the place, will do well to communicate with Mr. Ireland at once.

NESTLETON MAGNA.—This is a new book of rare interest. To read it, is like taking a holiday among rural scenes with sparkling delights, where pleasures abound throughout the stay. It blends together the respectable poor, the proud aristocrat and the low characters of vice and crime, and shows how they can all be brought under the influence of religion, and made work together for the good of the community. The pictures in this story are presented in fiction, whatever can be taken to the objection, whatever can be taken to the authors style and aim. Everybody should read it. For sale by C. W. Coats at the Methodist Book Room Montreal.

The Patent Sheet is guilty this week of a bare faced falsehood. In trying to wriggle out of the fact, that Dr. Christie's meetings were false, he states that the notices were torn down by the Opposition. This is a mere fabrication manufactured out of whole cloth by the moral Editor. He is excusable to a certain extent, as it is necessary by hook or by crook to bolster up a falling cause, even at the expense of truth. Every store in the village contained a hand bill announcing the meeting. Another cause of failure he states was his absence. Goodness, gracious! Please Mr. Patent Editor, don't go away again, the County will be entirely lost without you, you are invaluable. He also seems to take exception to our statement, that the second meeting was comprised of men women and children, is there any thing dishonorable in the name of woman? We think not. But the attempt of this man to fasten on us, the odium of insinuating by using the word woman that improper characters were present is worthy of the man, wholly in keeping with his character. We do not think that the "Honorable women" of Lachute, have any need of the champion ship of the Patent Editor.

THEY STICK AT NOTHING.—Some of the Grits are circulating a story to the effect that, the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott was the means, a few years ago, of adding this county with a tax to build St. Andrews Bridge. They know to be false. St. Andrews Parish alone paid for building their bridge. There was a lawsuit, however, connected with that bridge, the costs of which were placed upon the county; but the Hon. Mr. Abbott never even appeared as lawyer in the case, though he may have been consulted in the matter of appeal. Few members of Parliament have done more for their constituents, than the Hon. Mr. Abbott has done for the people of Argenteuil, and we are much mistaken if he does not prove their appreciation of him when election day comes, notwithstanding all the false reports, which his opponents can conceive of and circulate about him. Let the friends of Mr. Abbott work the harder for every such story the Grits circulate against him. He is the man to represent this county, and he will represent it, if his friends only exert themselves as they should do.

Rev. Joseph Cook has defined Communism as a system involving the abolition of five things:—Inheritance, nationality, family, religion and property.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

The congregations of the Methodist Church, met together on Wednesday evening last, and had a very interesting time in bidding farewell to the outgoing Ministers and a welcome to the Rev. E. Robson, the new pastor. Berries and cream, and other good things were provided in abundance by the ladies. The following addresses were presented by the chairman, Mr. F. C. Ireland, and the replies to each as follows:

LACHUTE, July 17th, 1878.

TO THE REV. D. WINTER.

DEAR BROTHER:—Looking back over the three years of your Ministerial labours among us on this Circuit, we cannot help expressing our feelings of gratitude to God for having blessed your labours and given us general prosperity throughout our borders. From a mission we assumed the position of a circuit, and now have taken another step to that of a station. We cannot but express ourselves as satisfied with your abilities as a Minister, your disinterestedness as a Superintendent, your labours as a pastor, your sympathy as a friend, and your faithfulness in all the departments of arduous duty. Upon leaving us for another field of labour we pray Heaven's richest blessings upon you, your partner in life and your child, may God bless you all, and still make you a blessing to others.

JAMES FISH,

Recording Steward.

For Methodist Church.

MY DEAR PEOPLE:—It is with mingled feelings of gratitude and sorrow that I attempt to reply to the beautiful address you have just read me. I am grateful to God that I have had health and strength to perform my labours among you during the last three years. And when I tell you that in the prosecution of my work, I have travelled nearly 8000 miles, preached about 800 sermons, besides leading prayer and class meetings, baptized 197 persons, 23 of whom were adults, celebrated 34 marriages and attended 31 burials, besides my work as pastor, you will easily conceive that I have not been idle. I am also grateful to God that my labours have not been fruitless. The year that is now closing has been specially marked by a display of God's power to save. Again I would express my gratitude to God and to you, my dear people, for the interest you have taken in the welfare of my family and myself. We have not lacked any good thing, you have kindly ministered to our necessities and have proven yourselves true friends of your pastor. I regret that I have not been more worthy of your esteem and affection. Yet I have the consciousness that I have tried to do the best I could for you and the cause of God, and I am sure you are sufficient charitable to attribute my errors to a want of judgment rather than to intention. And now it is my duty, and one of the hardest I have ever performed, to say "Goodbye." I do so assuring you, that although a melancholy interest attaches itself to Lachute from the fact, that one of my children lies sleeping in your graveyard here, I shall ever look back upon my stay on this Circuit with feelings of deepest interest and shall ever pray for your prosperity. And when we have all finished our course on earth, may we meet in the upper sanctuary, where the farewell tear is never shed and the last "goodbye" is never uttered.

D. WINTER.

LACHUTE, July 17th, 1878.

TO THE REV. J. V. McDOWELL.

DEAR BROTHER:—The time having come for you to take leave of your work upon this circuit, we cannot let this occasion pass without expressing our esteem for you as one of God's labourers in the Gospel vineyard. We believe there has been good accomplished through your agency, and many warm friends won to the cause of God and Methodism as the result of your sojourn among us. Our prayer is that you may be successful in the work which God has called you to perform, and that where ever your lot may be cast in the future, the good hand of the Lord may be upon you. We shall ever watch your career and trust it will be ever upward from year to year and characterized by winning souls to Christ, then Heavenly laurels will crown your labours and an imperishable reward will await you above.

JAMES FISH,

Recording Steward.

For Methodist Church.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:—This evening terminates the happiest period of my past life. During the few short months that our path through life and journey to the bar of God have run parallel, there have sprung up ties of friendship that shall be as enduring and as un fading as eternity. The zealous Christian spirit ever evinced by our much beloved superintendent, has won for him my highest esteem and undying admiration, and I shall ever thank God that my life of Christian toil was inaugurated under the jurisdiction of such a noble and zealous Christian. The generous forbearance manifested by you as a Christian people, and the unparalleled sympathy displayed amid all the imperfections that have characterized my efforts for good amongst you, have not passed unnoticed. The genial reception ever given to me at your homes—the happy greeting and edifying social intercourse enjoyed—the fervent prayers that have ascended in my behalf have most assuredly taught me how to love and esteem you—and for all the kindness shown towards me, you shall be kept in everlasting remembrance. I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my gratefulness to God, and rendering my most sincere thanks to the kind friends with whom it has been my privilege to abide. Words cannot express my gratitude for the hospitality unceasingly rendered by my host and his excellent lady, and

I am sure, I am not using extravagant language, neither is it any reflection on any one, when I say the kindness I have received could not be exceeded by the utmost limit of that of my nearest relatives—I shall ever cherish in my sweetest memory, my brief stay in Lachute, and hope to meet many, yes, all of you in that grand eternal reunion at the right hand of God—till then may Heaven's richest blessing be yours.
Goodbye,
J. V. McDOWELL.

LACHUTE, July 17th, 1878.

TO THE REV. E. ROBSON.

DEAR BROTHER:—We heartily welcome you to this Station, and shall endeavour to make your stay among us agreeable to yourself and family as lies in our power to do. We trust you have come to us in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, and that your ministrations will be crowned with success; though we are strangers in one sense, yet we have seen so much of itinerant life—we have met and parted with so many of the Ministers of our Church—that we greet you not as a stranger, but as one whom we know and esteem. We shall unite our prayers with yours that you may have wisdom and grace in the discharge of the arduous duties of this station with acceptance, pleasure and profit to all, and that when we are called on to separate, in the order of the directions of our Church discipline, we may all look back upon happy and prosperous years spent together.

JAMES FISH,

Recording Steward.

For the Methodist Church.

Mr. Robson verbally replied: he thanked them for the very cordial reception they had given him, meeting him as they did with words of welcome. He knew how his brother Winter must feel in leaving this dear people, from which he felt himself, and they in parting with him, but he trusted that when they come to know each other they would become equally as united and fond of each other, and that when the time of separation came round he prayed God that they might all meet in Heaven where no farewell words are spoken.

A very enjoyable evening was spent, except the oppressive atmosphere which was hard to bear, and the words good bye were a little dampening to many eyes. Votes of thanks were given to the ladies who got up and superintended the festival and to the choir for their very efficient services.

Mr. Winter left here for his new field of labour on Thursday morning, followed by the good wishes and prayers of the people he has so faithfully served for the past three years.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for individual expressions of opinion in communications addressed to THE WATCHMAN. The real name of the writer must invariably accompany each communication to insure insertion, but not necessary for publication.

LACHUTE, July 18th, 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATCHMAN.
DEAR SIR:—I have been shown an article in the *Advertiser*, upon the correspondence between Dr. Christie and myself, which is not worth noticing, (although it may please some of his readers who love such low scurrilous abuse,) but I am pleased that the correspondence is published in full that the people who read it may see that Dr. Christie does not deny in his letters, that he made aspersions upon my character. He does not deny that he styled the contents of the circular issued by the Liberal Conservative Association as a "tissue of lies," and that all may see he evades the privilege I asked of him.
Yours truly,
F. C. IRELAND.

One of the curiosities at the Paris Exposition is to be the smallest book that was ever printed in any language—a marvel of typography. It is a microscopic copy of Dante's "Divina Comediet," printed in Padua, bound in velvet and silver, and so small that it may be worn as a charm, hanging from the watch chain. A microscope is needed to read it.

Prince Bismarck is not an early riser, and is fond of sitting up late at night, chatting over a bottle of wine or a glass of beer. It is said that nearly all his diplomatic negotiations, beginning with General Götter's confidential overtures in 1866 for an alliance between Italy and Prussia, until the most recent *pour parler* on the Eastern question, have been transacted by him in a convivial way in the nocturnal hours.

JAMES FISH,

Recording Steward.

For Methodist Church.

THE UNITED STATES have an Indian war on their hands, and find it necessary to recruit an army of at least 25,000 men. The war has begun, but it is not ended. By the time it is, perhaps they will have learnt that justice is a law better kept than violated, even in dealing with Indians. Canada gets no such trouble—because Canadians act fairly and in good faith.

The "Jingo" critics of London, who have been so fearful that "British interests" would not be sufficiently protected at the Congress, now have an opportunity of revising their opinions. With Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus, occupying the easternmost west of the Mediterranean, in her possession, with Egypt and Asiatic Turkey practically under her protectorate, and with the strong frontier of the Balkans as a defense against Northern aggression, England may well be considered as the chief gainer in the struggle at Berlin. All this she has secured without firing a shot, and by the expenditure of a comparatively small sum. Russia, on the other hand, after a war that has strained her resources and internal organization to the utmost that has involved the loss of \$600,000,000 and 200,000 lives, finds her conquest narrowed down to the thin strip of Roumanian Bessarabia and two barren strongholds in Armenia. No wonder there is lamentation in Moscow and indignation in St. Petersburg.

COLONNE FRANCAISE.

On croit que la législature de Québec sera prorogée à la fin de cette semaine.
UN MARIAGE.—On lit dans le *Nouvel Univers*:
"Ce matin, M. George Lessard, âgé de 98 ans et six mois, conduisant à l'autel Dils Thiriot Legault dit Deslauriers, âgé de 50 ans. Le nouveau marié qui est français de naissance et servi trois ans sous Napoléon Ier et fit avec lui la campagne d'Egypte. Il émigra au Canada à l'âge de 28 ans et s'enrôla comme volontaire en 1812; il reçoit actuellement une pension du gouvernement. Il joint de la plénitude de ses facultés et prétend avoir encore 20 ans à vivre. D'après ce qu'il dit, son grand père aurait été médecin du roi de France et serait mort à 180 ans, mais son père n'aurait atteint que 122 ans."

Dans un gracieux discours prononcé en français à Rimouski, samedi, en réponse à une adresse de bienvenue présentée par le maire de cette ville au nom de ses concitoyens, le gouverneur général a parlé de son prochain départ du Canada, son second chez lui,—home. Il est donc certain maintenant que son terme d'office ne sera pas prolongé.
Il est raconté que Lord Dufferin sera nommé marquis à son retour en Angleterre.
La procession des orangistes à Mont-réal n'a pas eu lieu, grâce à la fermeté de M. le maire Beaudry. La paix a été maintenue toute la journée, à part quelques coups de poing de peu d'importance.

A Québec les orangistes ne se sont pas montrés dans les rues avec leurs insignes. Il n'y a eu aucune célébration du 12 juillet.
A Toronto, le 12 juillet a été célébré avec grande pompe. Les orangistes ont été furieux d'apprendre que leurs frères de Montréal étaient empêchés de faire leur procession. Ils ont passé des résolutions blâmant la conduite du Maire Beaudry de Montréal et l'adoption du bill des processions de partis par la législature de Québec.

On lit dans la *Gazette de Stord*:
De dévastateurs incendies ravagent actuellement les riches forêts de la province. Qui pourra dire la valeur des pertes qui en proviennent!
Du reste, c'est une vieille histoire. Chaque année, la chose arrive et il n'y a de différence que dans la plus ou la moins de dommages.

Mais cette année, s'il faut en croire les rumeurs, les bernes sont dérangées. L'incendie est quasi-général; dans le district de Montréal comme dans celui de Québec, dans les Cantons de l'Est comme sur les bords du Lac St. Jean, le danger sur augure de jour en jour, on signale même la destruction de nombreuses constructions.

En l'an prochain, nous aurons encore à enregistrer la même chose; car les feux de bois semblent vraiment être entrés dans le programme des choses ordinaires.

En vérité, il est plus temps que jamais d'y songer; il faut que nos hommes publics s'en mêlent.

On estime qu'il meurt annuellement aux Etats-Unis 80,000 personnes, de l'abus des liqueurs fortes.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 10.—In a storm yesterday, the barn of D. T. Shaefer was struck by lightning at Haddam, and Hezekiah Shaefer, of Shandon & Co., publishers, New York, was killed.

MARRIED.

BRENNAN, DEX.—This morning (10th July 1878), at the Dominion Church, Ottawa, by Rev. J. V. McDowell, M. A., M. D., to Dora E., eldest daughter of George Cox, of all that age.

Commercial.

LACHUTE MARKET.

LACHUTE, July 18, 1878.
CORN AND FLOUR.—Flour, extra, \$2.50 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 1, \$2.25 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 2, \$2.00 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 3, \$1.75 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 4, \$1.50 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 5, \$1.25 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 6, \$1.00 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 7, \$0.75 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 8, \$0.50 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 9, \$0.25 per 100 lb. Flour, No. 10, \$0.00 per 100 lb.
COARSE SALT.—Per bag, \$0.75.
PEPPER.—Black, per 100 lb., \$12.00. White, per 100 lb., \$10.00.
HIDES AND FURS.—Cowhides, \$5.00 to \$5.20 per 100 lb. Catfurs, 20c. to 25c. each. Sheep skins, 40c. to 50c. each.

OTTAWA MARKETS.

OTTAWA, July 18, 1878.
There was a very good attendance today. The market was active with very few changes in quotations.
HOGS.—Held.—Lamb, per lb., 12c. Pork, per lb., 10c. Bacon, per lb., 12c. Butter, per lb., 15c. Eggs, per 100, \$1.50. Chickens, per 100, \$1.00. Turkeys, per 100, \$1.50. Ducks, per 100, \$1.00. Geese, per 100, \$1.00. Corn, per bushel, \$1.00. Oats, per bushel, \$0.75. Wheat, per bushel, \$1.50. Rye, per bushel, \$1.00. Barley, per bushel, \$0.75. Potatoes, per bushel, \$0.50. Apples, per bushel, \$0.75. Peaches, per bushel, \$0.75. Plums, per bushel, \$0.75. Cherries, per bushel, \$0.75. Strawberries, per bushel, \$0.75. Raspberries, per bushel, \$0.75. Blackberries, per bushel, \$0.75. Currants, per bushel, \$0.75. Grapes, per bushel, \$0.75. Figs, per bushel, \$0.75. Dates, per bushel, \$0.75. Olives, per bushel, \$0.75. Almonds, per bushel, \$0.75. Pistachios, per bushel, \$0.75. Walnuts, per bushel, \$0.75. Pecans, per bushel, \$0.75. Cashews, per bushel, \$0.75. Macadamia, per bushel, \$0.75. Brazil nuts, per bushel, \$0.75. Pine nuts, per bushel, \$0.75. Sunflower seeds, per bushel, \$0.75. Cotton seeds, per bushel, \$0.75. Hemp seeds, per bushel, \$0.75. Flax seeds, per bushel, \$0.75. Linseed, per bushel, \$0.75. Castor oil, per gallon, \$0.75. Olive oil, per gallon, \$0.75. Saffron, per pound, \$0.75. Turmeric, per pound, \$0.75. Ginger, per pound, \$0.75. Cloves, per pound, \$0.75. Cinnamon, per pound, \$0.75. Nutmeg, per pound, \$0.75. Mace, per pound, \$0.75. Vanilla, per pound, \$0.75. Sassafras, per pound, \$0.75. Camphor, per pound, \$0.75. Benzoin, per pound, \$0.75. Storax, per pound, \$0.75. Myrror, per pound, \$0.75. Frankincense, per pound, \$0.75. Gum arabic, per pound, \$0.75. Tragacanth, per pound, \$0.75. Gum resin, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Peru, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Tolu, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Capivi, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Sassafras, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Wintergreen, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Lemon, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Peppermint, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Eucalyptus, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Rose, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Styracine, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Myrtle, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Clove, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Nutmeg, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Cardamom, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Allspice, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Anise, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Fennel, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Dill, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Parsley, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Celery, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Carrot, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Turnip, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Onion, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Garlic, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Shallot, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Leek, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Asparagus, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Bean, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Pea, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Lentil, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Chickpea, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Broad bean, per pound, \$0.75. Balsam of Kidney bean, per pound, \$0.75. 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ers now when and where to find them in season.

The above paper is printed and published
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
at LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province
of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, by K. E. R.
S. J. & Co.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—ONE DOLLAR,
if paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY
CENTS at the end of the year.
Advertisements of a personal or
business nature, in the Editorial, Local or
Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents
per line for the first insertion, and Twelve
and a-half cents for each subsequent insertion.
Advertisements of a general nature, Fifty
cents for the first insertion, and Twenty-five
cents for each subsequent insertion.
Special arrangements of an advantageous
character made with Merchants for the Year,
Half year or Quarter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All Communications intended for insertion
should be written on one side of the paper
only.
We cannot undertake to return rejected
communications.
Correspondents must invariably send us
confidentially, their name and address, but
not necessarily for publication.

Professional Cards.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL
LAND SURVEYOR,
Office in the Court House, Lachute.
1716.

TAYLOR & DUFF,
Assignees, Accountants, Auditors, and Com-
missioners for taking Affidavits, in Provinces of
Quebec and Ontario, Accounts Collected,
etc., etc.
John Taylor, John M. Duff,
335 Notre Dame street, Montreal.
Oct. 5-1.

MACMASTER, HALL & GREENSHIELDS
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, ETC.
No. 181 St. James Street, Montreal.
D. MACMASTER, JOHN S. HALL, JR.
J. N. GREENSHIELDS.
Oct. 12-17

L. LAJOIE, PERRAULT & SEATH,
OFFICIAL ASSIGNEES
61, 63 and 65 St. James Street, Montreal.
L. J. LAJOIE, Official Assignee for the City
of Montreal.
G. O. PERRAULT, Official Assignee for
the District of Montreal.
DAVID SEATH, Accountant and Commis-
sioner.
1817.

HUGH BRODIE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner for Ontario and Quebec.
Exchange Bank Buildings, 346 Notre Dame
Street, Montreal.
1817.

KELLER & FORAN,
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &C.
Chambers 1, 2, 3 and 4 First Floor, Up-Stairs,
OVER
City and District Savings Bank, No. 178 St.
James Street, Montreal.
FRANK J. KELLER, THOMAS P. FORAN.
OCT. 12-17

E. UCLIDE ROY,
ADVOCATE.
No. 68, Place Jacques-Cartier.
(Vis-a-vis le Palais de Justice.)
MONTREAL.
22-1

Abbott, Tait, Waterspoon and Abbott,
ADVOCATES, ETC.
No. 11, Hospital Street, (First Floor) Montreal.
Hon. J. C. Abbott, Q. C., D. C. L.
Malbaume M. Tait, B. C. L.
Ivan Waterspoon, M. A., L. L. B.
John Betham Abbott, B. C. L.
Oct. 3-17.

P. LACROIX,
COLLECTING AGENT
And Bailiff of the Superior Court.
Collects all moneys and executes all orders
of (Fire) and (Life) Insurance Companies.
All business promptly attended to.
Sept. 12, 1877.
2-17.

SAM. MACDONALD,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner for taking Affidavits, In-
surance Agent, (Life, Accident and Fire), Sec-
retary and Treasurer Municipal Council, and
Clerk of Commissioners of the County of
St. Andrews, P. O., Sept. 21, 1877.
2-17.

W. M. SMITH, M. D., C. M.
DOA'S BUILDING,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, LACHUTE.
A. BERTHELOT,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Lachute, P. Q.
A. B. will negotiate promptly all monetary
and all kinds of business transactions put in
his charge.

B. S. STACKHOUSE, L. D. S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be in St. Andrews from 10 to 12 o'clock
every morning, and in Lachute, at Mrs. Quinn's
Residence, from 10 to 12 o'clock, and 1 o'clock
of each month. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas always
in readiness, and administered when required.

Business Notices.
A. W. OGILVIE & CO.,
PROPRIETORS,
Glenora Mills, Montreal, Que.
Goderich Mills, Goderich, Ont.
Seaforth Mills, Seaforth, Ont.
Flour, Barley, Feed and Grain Merchants,
Montreal, Oct. 12, 91

THOS. ALLAN & CO.,
WATCH-MAKERS AND JEWELLERS.
361 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.
E. COX, Engraver,
On the premises.
Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired.
Oct. 12, 91

CHEAPSIDE,
ESTABLISHED A. D. 1819.
47 and 49 Notre Dame Street, Montreal,
The Place for
Dry Goods, Silks, Kid Gloves, Fine Hosiery
A. A. MURPHY, Prop.
Oct. 12, 1877.
91

HENRY BEATTIE,
IMPORTER
And Wholesale Grocer, 132 McGill Street
Montreal.
871

D. P. BEATTIE,
IMPORTER
Of East and West India and French Goods,
17 St. Sherburne Street Montreal.
871

JOHN CHILLY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PAPER ENVELOPES & PAPER BAGS
382 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
Mills at Joliette, P. Q.
Fine Manila and four sack paper a specialty
Jan. 18, 1878.

LOUIS GIBBIE,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
Lachute, P. Q. Repairing done at very
moderate rates. Workshop in Church's build-
ing, opposite Evans' store, Main street.
N. B.—A working Jeweller on the premises.
19

THE WATCHMAN

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. I.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1878.

NO. 47

(For the WATCHMAN.)

Be in Earnest.

Be in earnest! men and women,
Life is not the summer dream
Of the careless child that gathers,
Dances in the noontide beam.
It hath conflict, it hath danger,
It hath sorrow, toil and strife;
Yet the weak alone will falter
In the battle field of life.

There are burdens you may lighten,
Tollings, struggling ones to cheer;
Tear-dimmed eyes that you may brighten,
Thorny paths that you may cheer.
Erring ones, despised, neglected,
You may lead to duty back;
Beacon lights to be erected
All along life's clouded track.

There are wrongs that must be righted,
Sacred rights to be sustained—
Truths though trampled long and slighted,
Mid the strife to be maintained;
Heavy, brooding mists to scatter—
Mists of ignorance and sin.
Superstitions thoughts to chatter,
Would you let the daylight in.

Bondless is the field and fertile,
Let the ploughshare deep be driven;
So, at length, the plentiful harvest
Shall loom smiling up to Heaven.
Sow the seed at early morning
Nor at evening stay thy hand;
Fruitful fruits the earth adorning
Shall at length around the stand.
Brownsville, July 18th 1878.

My Husband.

Who in my youth said, "Dearest, come,
Forsook your precious childhood's home,
And with me o'er the wide world roam?"
My husband.

Who gently led me in the way,
And caused my heart to bleed the day
That took me from my home away?"
My husband.

Who at first sounding of alarm
Would fold round me his loving arm,
To shield me from impending harm?"
My husband.

Who at first taken of distress,
Excluded by restlessness,
Of soothes me with his fond caress?"
My husband.

Who, when I long watchful nights there be,
When sleep—sweet sleep—won't come to me,
Will keep me awake for company?"
My husband.

Who when I, with each nerve unstrung,
Next morn' move round my cares among,
If I should fret, would "hold his tongue?"
My husband.

When, in my haste, to mar our bliss
One word is thoughtless said amiss,
Who asks forgiveness with a kiss?"
My husband.

Who through all changing scenes of life
The bright, the dark, the peace, the strife,
Would call me naught but "precious wife?"
My husband.

When on the couch of suffering laid,
With throbbing pulse and aching head,
Who anxious watches round my bed?"
My husband.

Who, when of kindred dead bereft,
And my sad heart in twain is left,
Proves that my dearest friend is left?"
My husband.

When overwhelmed with grief and fears,
And through the gloom no star appears,
Who cheers my heart and wipes my tears?"
My husband.

Who, when I've done with all below,
And death's dark shadows round me flow,
Would fain with me o'er Jordan go?"
My husband.

WHAT OUR BOYS ARE READING.
BY PROF. W. G. SUMNER.

Few gentlemen who have occasion
to visit news-offices, can have failed to
notice the periodical literature for boys,
which has been growing up during the
last few years. The increase in the
number of these papers and magazines,
and the appearance from time to time,
of new ones, which, to judge by the pic-
tures, are always worse than the old,
seem to indicate that they find a wide
market. Moreover, they appear not
only among the idle and vicious boys
in great cities, but also among school-boys
whose parents are careful about the in-
fluences brought to bear on their chil-
dren. No student of social phenomena
can pass with neglect facts of this kind,
—so practical, and so important in their
possible effect on society.

The writer was confirmed in the de-
termination to examine this literature,
by observing, last summer, the eager-
ness with which some of these papers
were read, and the apparent famili-
arity with which they were discussed, by
a number of boys, who seemed to be re-
turning from boarding-school, and to be-
long to families which enjoy good so-
cial advantages. The number of copies
examined for the present purpose was
not large, but they were taken at ran-
dom and from all the different periodi-
cals to be found.

lowed by men. When the stories even
nominally treat of school life, they say
nothing of school life. There is simply
a succession of practical jokes, mischief,
outrages, heroic but impossible feats,
fighting, and horrors, but nothing about
the business of school, any more than
the business of the house in which the boys live
is a summer boarding-house. The
sensational incidents in these stories are
introduced by force, apparently for the
mere purpose of producing a highly
spiced mixture. One of the school sto-
ries before us has a "local color" which
is purely English, although the names
are Americanized. The mixture is ridi-
culous in the extreme. The hero is the
son of a "country gentleman" of
Ohio, and comes to school with an old
drunkard, "ex-butler" of the Ohio
country gentlemen, whom he allows to
join him at the Grand Central Depot.
This scandalous old rascal is kept in the
story, apparently because an old
drunkard is either a good instrument or
a good victim for practical jokes.
The hero goes to dine with a gentle-
man whose place, near the school, is
called the "Priory." While waiting
for dinner he goes out for a stroll in the
"Park." He rescues a girl from drown-
ing, sends back to school for another
suit of clothes, goes out again and takes
a ride on a bison, is thrown off, strikes,
in falling, a professor, who is fortunate
ly far enough to break his fall, goes to
the "snake-house" with the professor,
is fascinated by the rattle-snake which
gets loose, seizes the reptile and throws
it away after it has bitten through the
professor's trousers—all before dinner.
All the teachers of course are sneaks
and backslurs. In this same story,
one of the assistant teachers (usher, he
is called) gets drunk and insults the
principal, whereupon the latter holds
the nozzle, while he directs some of the
boys to work a garden pump, and throws
water on the assistant, who lies help-
lessly drunk on the grass—all of which
is enforced by a picture. There is not
a decent good boy in the story. There
is not even the old type of a sneaking
good boy. The sneaks and bullies are
all despicable in the extreme. The
heroes are continually devising mis-
chief which is mean and cruel, but
which is here represented as smart and
funny. They all have a dare-devil
character, and brave the principal's rod
as one of the smallest dangers of life.

There is a great deal of the traditional
English brutality in exaggerated form.
The nearest approach to anything re-
spectable is that after another boy has
been whipped for mischief done by the
hero, the latter tells his friend that
they ought to have confessed, but he
gives the crushing rejoinder that then
there would only have been three flog-
ged instead of one.

Another type of hero very common
in these stories is the city youth, son of
a rich father, who does not give his
son as much pocket money as the lat-
ter considers suitable. This constitutes
stinginess on the father's part, although
it might be considered pardonable, see-
ing that these young men drink cham-
pagne every day, treat the crowd gen-
erally for \$100 a game. The father, in
this class of stories is represented as se-
cretly vicious and hypocritically pious.
In the specimen of this class before us
the young man is "discovered" in the
Police Court as a prisoner, whence he
is remanded to the Tombs. He has
been arrested for collaring a big police-
man, to prevent him from overtakeing a
girl charged with pocket-picking. He
interfered because he judged from the
girl's face that she was innocent, and it
is suggested, for future development in
the story, that she was running away
from insult, and that the cry of "stop
thief" was to get help from the police
and others to seize her. The hero, who is
the son of a man worth five millions,
and who is in prison under an assumed
name, now sends for his father's clerk
and demands \$1,000, saying that other-
wise he will declare his real name and
disgrace his family. He gets the money.
He then sends for a notorious Tombs
lawyer, to whom he gives \$500. With
this sum his release is easily procured.
He then starts with his cousin to imi-
tate the latter into life in New York.
They go to a thieves' college where
they see a young fellow graduated. His
part consists in taking things from the
pocket of a hanging figure, to the gar-
ments of which bells are attached, with-
out causing the bells to ring. Of this
a full-page illustration is given. The
two young men then go up the Bow-
ery to a beer saloon, where the hero
sustains his characters by his vulgar
familiarity with the girl waiters. Next
they hear a row in a side street. They
find a crowd collected watching a wo-
man who hangs from a third-story win-
dow, while her drunken husband beats
and cuts her hands to make her fall.
The hero solves this situation by draw-
ing his revolver and shooting the man.
As he and his companion withdraw un-
observed, the former wards off the com-
pliments of the latter by saying mod-
estly that he could not bear to stand there
and see such a crowd looking on, and
not knowing what to do, so he just did
the proper thing. Next day the hero,
meeting the thieves' college graduate in
the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel,
agrees to receive a school for him any
booty he may seize in the bar-room;
which he does. At night he and his
friend go to a disreputable masked ball,
where the hero recognizes his father in
disguise among the dancers. Securing

a place in the same set, during a pause
in the dance he snatches the mask from
his own face and his father's at the
same moment. This edifying incident
is enforced by a full page illustration.
A friend suggests the question, What
demon of truthfulness makes the artist
put such brutal and vulgar faces on the
men? In this class of stories fathers
and sons are represented as mortal en-
emies, and the true position for the son
is that of suspicion and armed peace.

Another type of hero who figures
largely in these stories is the vagabond
boy, in the streets of a great city in the
Rocky Mountains, or at sea. Some-
times he has some cleverness in sing-
ing, or dancing, or ventriloquism or
negro acting, and he gains a precarious
living while roving about. This vagabond
life of adventure is represented as
interesting and enticing, and when the
hero rises from vagabond life to flash
life, that is represented as success. Re-
spectable home life, on the other hand,
is not depicted at all, and is only refer-
red to as stupid and below the ambition
of a clever youth. Industry and econ-
omy in some regular pursuit, or in
study are never mentioned at all. Gen-
erosity does not consist even in luxu-
rious expenditure, but in wasting money.
The type seems to be that of the gam-
bler, one day "flush" and wasteful, an-
other day ruined and in misery.

There is another type of boy who
sometimes furnishes the hero of a story,
but who also figures more or less in all
of them. That is the imp of mischief
—the sort of boy who is an intolerable
nuisance to the neighborhood. The
stories are told from the standpoint of
the boy, so that he seems to be a fine
fellow, and all the world, which is
against him, is unjust and overbearing.
His father, the immediate representative
of society, executes its judgments with
the rod, which is again an insult to the
high-spirited youth, and produces on
his side either open war, or a dignified
retreat to some distant region. Here
is a story, for instance, of a boy who
was left in charge of a country grocery
store. To amuse his leisure, he takes
a lump of butter from the stock and
greases the platform in front of the
store. Several village characters, among
them an old maid, the parson, and the
squire, come to perform on this arena,
for the amusement of the youth and
one or two of his friends. While the
squire is trying to get up or get off
the platform, the owner of the grocery
returns, and he and the squire have a
fight on the grass-plot over the question
whether the grocer greased his own
platform or not. Next comes Nemesis
in the shape of boy's father. The con-
versation between these two and the
denouement may be worth quoting. In
the colloquy at the end there seems to
be a reminiscence of Fisk.

"James," said he, "you are break-
ing my heart with your incorrigible
conduct."
"Is dat a chowder-gag?" calmly in-
quired Jimmy.

"Slang—slang, always slang!" groan-
ed his father. "James, will you never
reform?"
"Don't want; I'm good enough
now."

"Think of what you might be, a
pattern boy, a—"
"Brass-bond angel, silver-plated
cherub, little tin missionary on rollers,"
put in Jimmy apparently in confidence
to a fly on the ceiling.

"Actually sassing his protector," the
deacon said. "Oh, James, you wicked
son of Belial!"

"Pop's name was Dennis, and he was
a short-haired Cincinnati ham," in-
dignantly corrected Jimmy. "I don't
know anybody named Belial!"

The deacon made a horrified month.
"Will you never hearken in quiet-
ude and meekness of spirit to words of
reproval and advice?" said he.
"Darned sight rather listen to funny
stories," muttered Jimmy.

"You are hopeless," said the deacon,
"and I shall have to chastise you."
"Dat means a week's soreness,"
Jimmy reflected; then he changed his
tone. "Let me off this time, dad, and
I'll be the best boy you ever saw after
dis." Stay in nights, stop chewing to-
bacco, clean my teeth every morning,
and wait the life out of anybody dat
won't say their prayers regular, and go
to church every day in the week."

The deacon nodded his head the
wrong way.

"You can't play that on the old man
again," he said; "it's lost its varnish;
it's played out. Step up, my son."

Unwillingly Jimmy stepped up. In a
moment he was stepping up more than
ever, for the deacon was pelting
him all over with a stout switch which
felt the reverse of agreeable; but finally
he was released, and crawled dolefully up
to bed. There are things nicer than go-
ing to bed at four o'clock, on a bright,
breezy fall day, and Jimmy knew so.

"This hero is getting awful stale," he
meditated, rolling and tossing in his
cot, "and you can smother me with
fish-cakes if I stand it. I'm going to
run away and come back to dis old one-
horse town when I'm a man, in a gold
band wagon with silver wheels and six
Maltese mules a-draw-in-it. Probably
the old man will be in the poor-house
then, swallowing shadow soup with an
iron spoon, and it will make him cranky
to think dat he didn't used ter let me
have my own way and boss things.
Yes, by golly, I'll give him the sublime
skip."

The songs and dialogues are almost
all utterly stupid. The dialogues depend
on any interest they have, on the most
rapid kind of negro minstrel buffoonery.
The songs, without having any distinct
character, seem often to be calculated
to win applause from tramps and rich-
ters. The verse, of all before us, which
has the most point to it, is the follow-
ing. What the point is, requires no
elucidation:

Bob Tweed is a man most talked about now,
His departure last winter caused a great row.
Of course we all knew it was not a square
game,
But show me the man who would not do the
same.

When Sweeney, Ganet, and Dick Connolly
looked flight,
He stood here alone and made a good fight;
He did wrong, but when poor men were great
in need,<
But show me the man who would not do the
same.

These stories are not markedly pro-
fane, and they are not obscene. They
are indecisibly vulgar. They repre-
sent boys as engaging all the time in
rowdy types of drinking. The heroes
are either swaggering, vulgar swells,
of the rowdy style, or they are in the va-
gabond mass below the rowdy swell.
They are continually associating with
criminals, gamblers, and low people
who live by their wits. The theatre of
the stories is always disreputable.
The proceedings and methods of persons
of the criminal and disreputable classes,
who appear in the stories, are all de-
scribed in detail. The boy reader ob-
tains a theoretical and literary acquain-
tance with methods of fraud and crime.
Sometimes drunkenness is represented
in its disgrace and misery, but general-
ly drinking is represented as jolly and
entertaining, and there is no suggestion
that boys who act as the boys in these
stories do ever have to pay any penalty
for it in after life. The persons who
are held up to admiration are the heroes
and heroines of bar-rooms, concert sa-
loons, variety theatres, and negro min-
strel troupes.

From the specimens which we have
examined we may generalize the follow-
ing in regard to the views of life which
these stories inculcate, and the code of
morals and manners which they teach:
The first thing which a boy ought to
acquire is physical strength for fighting
purposes. The feats of strength per-
formed by these youngsters in combat
with men and animals are ridiculous in
the extreme. In regard to details the
supposed code of English brutality pre-
vails, especially in the stories which
have an English local color, but it is
always mixed with the code of the re-
volver, and in many of the stories, the
latter is taught in its fulness. These
youngsters generally carry revolvers
and use them at their good discretion.
Every youth who aspires to manliness
ought to get and carry a revolver.

A boy ought to cheat the penurious
father who does not give him as much
money as he finds necessary, and ought
to compel him to pay. A good way to
force him to pay liberally, and at the
same time to stop criticizing his son's
habits, is to find out his own vices (he
always has some) and then to levy
black-mail on him.

Every boy who does not want to be
"green" and "soft" ought to "saw the
elephant." All fine manly young fel-
lows are familiar with the actors and
singers at variety theatres, and the girl
waiters at concert saloons.

As to drinking, the bar-room code is
taught. The boys stop in at bar-rooms
all along the street, swallow drinks
standing or leaning with rowdy grace
on the bar. They treat and are treat-
ed, and consider it insulting to refuse
or to be refused. The good fellows
meet every one on a footing of equality
—about all in a bar-room.

Quiet home life is stupid and unman-
ly. Boys brought up in it never know
the world or life. They have to work
hard and to bow down to false doctrines
which persons and teachers, in league
with parents, have invented against
boys. To become a true man, a boy
must break with respectability and
join the vagabonds and the swell mob.

No fond young fellow, who knows
life, need mind the law, still less the
police. The latter are all stupid louts.
If a boy's father is rich and he has
money, he can easily find smart lawyers
(advertisement gratis) who can get the
boy out of prison, and will dine with
him at Delmonico's afterward. The
sympathies of a manly young fellow are
with criminals against the law, and he
conceals crime when he can.

Whatever good or ill happens to a
young man he should always be gay.
The only ill in question are physical
pain or lack of money. These should
be borne with gaiety and indifference,
but should not alter the philosophy of
life.

As to the rod, it is not so easy to
generalize. Teachers and parents, in
these stories, act faithfully up to Solo-
mon's precept. When a father flogs
his son, the true doctrine seems to be
that the son should run away and seek
a life of adventure. When he does this
he has no difficulty in finding friends,
or in living by his wits, so that he
makes money, and comes back rich and
glorious, to find his father in the poor-
house.

These periodicals seem to be intended
for boys from twelve to sixteen years
of age, although they often treat of older
persons. Probably many boys outgrow
them and come to see the folly and
falsehood of them. It is impossible,
however, that so much corruption
should be aloft and not exert some in-
fluence. We say nothing of the great
harm which is done to boys of that age
by the nervous excitement of reading

harrowing and sensational stories, be-
cause the literature before us only par-
ticipates in that harm with other litera-
ture of far higher pretensions. But
what we have said suffices to show that
these papers poison boys' minds with
views of life which are so base and false
as to destroy all manliness and all
chances of true success. How far they
are read by boys of good home influences
we are, of course, unable to say. They
certainly are within the reach of all.
They can be easily obtained and easily
concealed, and it is a question for par-
ents and teachers how far this is done.
Persons under those responsibilities
ought certainly to know what the charac-
ter of this literature is.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

Sabbath, July 28th, 1878.

JESUS AT NAZARETH.—Luke iv. 16-30

From the banks of the Jordan Jesus
passes to the scene of his temptation in
the wilderness. Then returning, tried
but triumphant, again he receives the
reverent testimony of John the Baptist
among whose followers he finds his ear-
liest disciples. With these as witness-
es, he works his first miracle at the
marriage feast in Cana. His next act
as Messiah is to visit his temple in
Jerusalem and expel from its courts the
herd of traders and money exchangers.
At this time occurs the wonderful con-
versation with Nicodemus concerning
the new birth. On his homeward jour-
ney he pauses at Jacob's well in Sam-
aria, and after his return to Galilee
works another miracle at Capernaum.
He now appears once more among the
familiar scenes of Nazareth, no longer
as a carpenter but as Christ. He speaks
gracious words, but receives cruel treat-
ment, and forever leaves the city so
highly honored, yet so utterly unworthy.
The following practical lessons may be
considered by a study of this question:

1. The greatest men are least hon-
ored at their homes.
2. Those who read the old Testament
aright will find Christ everywhere on
its pages.
3. A slight prejudice will obscure a
great light of truth.
4. Scripture is to receive its inter-
pretation in the facts of experience.
5. Doubt is the first stage of unbel-
ief—and persecution is the last.
6. God cares for his own and will not
suffer his Son to die until his work is
done.

How to Avoid Sunstroke.

The following circular, giving in-
structions how to avoid sunstroke, was
issued last week by the New York
Board of Health, and is of general in-
terest during the present "heated
term."

"Sunstroke is caused by excessive
heat, and especially if the weather is
"muggy." It is more apt to occur on
the second, third, or fourth day of a heat-
ed term than on the first. Loss of
sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping
rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants pre-
dispose to it. It is more apt to attack
those working in the sun, and especially
between the hours of 11 o'clock in the
morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon.
On holidays wear thin clothing. Have
as cool sleeping rooms as possible.
Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary
fatigue. If working in doors, and there
is artificial heat—laundries, &c.—see
that the room is well ventilated.
If working in the sun, wear a light hat
(not black, as it absorbs heat), straw,
&c., and put inside of it on the head a
wet cloth on a large green leaf; fre-
quently lift the hat from the head and
see that the cloth is wet. Do not check
perspiration, but drink what water you
need to keep it up, as perspiration
prevents the body from being over-
heated. Have, whenever possible,
an additional shade, as a thin umbrella
when walking, and a canvas or board
cover when working in the sun. When
much fatigued do not go to work, but
be excused from work, especially after
11 o'clock in the morning on very hot
days, if the work is in the sun. If a
feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache,
or exhaustion occurs, cease work imme-
diately, lie down in a shady and cool
place; apply cold cloths to head and
pour cold water over head and neck. If
any one is overcome by heat, send im-
mediately for the nearest good physician.
While waiting for the physician, give
the person cool drinks of water or cold
black tea, or cold coffee, if able to
swallow. If the skin is hot and dry,
sponge with, or pour cold water over
the body and limbs, and apply to the
head poultice of cloths wrapped in a towel
or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand
keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour
cold water on it as well as on the body.
If the person is pale, very faint and
pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia
for a few seconds, or give him a tea-
spoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia
in two tablespoonfuls of water with a
little sugar.

Says the Chatham Planet.—"A com-
paratively new industry is assuming
considerable proportions among the
swamps and creeks of Essex. Two and
a half tons of frogs were lately shipped
from that county to Cincinnati. This
is a native industry that Mr. Macken-
zie's mail-administration can't affect if
the frogs attend to their business, and
for our part we would just as soon have
a foreign market for this line of prod-
uce."



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