THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. 5. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, OCT. 7, 1881. NO. 6.

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, by W. J. SIMPSON & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.

Announcements or Notices 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 Situations Wanted, Fifty cents 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.

LACHUTE CARDS.

G. E. BAMPTON, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE,
(Office in Mrs. A. Burch's Buildings), Lachute, P.Q.

WM. SMITH, M. D., C. M.
BOA'S BUILDING,
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE, LACHUTE.

A. BERTHELOT,
NOTARY PUBLIC LACHUTE, Q.,
IS NOW IN A POSITION TO effect loans of money from the *Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien*, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on first-class mortgages, and from other sources, at from 7 per cent. upwards.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Office in the Court House, Lachute. 17tf

LACHUTE MARBLE WORKS,
George L. Meir, Proprietor.
Best material and work at LOWEST prices.
Workshop in MRS. BURCH'S building, opposite Fraser & McOuat's. 5ly

JOHN McNIECE,
TINSMITH,
WEST END, LACHUTE,
IS PREPARED TO DO EVERY description of Tinsmithing in the best style of the art. All his work is guaranteed to be what he represents it. Will keep always on hand a general supply of Tinware and house furnishing goods. He solicits a call from Country Dealers.

BUILDING LOTS
—AND—
MILL PRIVILEGES WITH WATER POWER,
At low prices and on reasonable terms, by
F. C. IRELAND.

DENTISTRY.
B. S. STACKHOUSE, L. D. S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST,
Is at Lachute, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month. And at St. Andrews from the 4th to the 15th of each month.
Private room, next to Fraser and McOuat's store.

MONTREAL CARDS.

ABBOTT, TAIT, WOTHERSPOON & ABBOTS,
ADVOCATES, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital Street (first floor), Montreal.
Hon. J. J. C. Abbot, Q. C., D. C. L.
Melbourne M. Tait, B. C. L.
Ivan Wotherspoon, M. A., LL. B.
John Betham Abbott, B. C. L.
Harry Abbott, B. C. L. Oct. 5 ly

H. R. HAMMOND, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital Street, Montreal.
Will be in Lachute on Mondays and Saturdays.
Messrs. Abbott, Tait, Wotherspoon & Abbotts, Counsel and Montreal Correspondents.

ARCHIBALD & McCORMICK,
ADVOCATES, COMMISSIONERS, ETC., ETC.
180 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL. 10yl

J. PALLISER,
ADVOCATE,
194 St. James Street. Montreal.

R. RANSOM & CO.,
PRODUCE MERCHANTS,
229 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
DEALER IN
Eggs, Lard, Fish, Cheese, Apples, Poultry, and all kinds of Country Produce. 211

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of
HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.
537 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL. 45yl

JAS. L. WISEMAN,
WOOD ENGRAVER AND DESIGNER,
169 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR!
THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS that has attended this preparation has established its superiority over all others for the following complaints:
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Complaints, Pains in the Chest, Side and Back, Sore Breasts, Abscess, Sores, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Scalds, Frost Bites, Hives, Influenza, Diphtheria, Asthma, Phthisis, Coughs, Colds, Earache, Headache, 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 Magnetic Oil that quickly permeates the system and effectually reduces inflammation and allays 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.
For sale by all dealers. Prepared only by
T. GRAHAM & SON.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Influence of Soil on Milk and Cheese.

HOW TO PRESERVE IMPLEMENTS.

Grain, Fruit and Other Crop Notes.

Two Pictures.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side,
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day—
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who around the world has been,
And 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long,
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field-patch to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Soil and Milk and Cheese.

An Englishman writes as follows to the *Country Gentleman* of the effect of soil upon milk and cheese:

I am positive the most intelligent and most practical dairymen in the United States, he says, have not a clear knowledge of the reason why the cheese is of that peculiarly rich and palatable flavor from one pasture, while it will be inferior from another appearing to have finer and better grass. There is no doubt that the native grasses which become established on the best grass land when long undisturbed by ploughing are the best adapted for cheese making. There is something beyond mere fertility of soil and the presence of the beet herbage, and also of the absence of weeds and objectionable grasses. I have farmed extensively in the most noted dairy counties in England. On the magnificent domain I farmed, my employer, who descended from the nobility of Henry VIII., was as proud of the fame of his cheese as of aught else belonging to the barony, but it was not the best land which produced the best cheese. We had fields which would make beef in half the time the dairy fields would, and yet it would spoil the cheese to let the dairy cows graze there. There is an error which the educated and leading agriculturists of the United States fall into, which is stating that the English dairy farmers usually feed much meal and other stimulating food to the dairy cows. This is a very great mistake. The practice of feeding anything but grass from May till October is unknown among the dairy districts. Dry, hilly soil is never chosen for dairying in England, but sound valley or good low land is generally the character of dairy farms. So well understood is the fact of adapting proper soil for dairying, and cheese-making in particular, that there is not one farm in a hundred which has half of it suitable to graze the dairy cow. Although it is a common expression to say "it is a first-class dairy farm," yet, taking a succession of farms averaging 250 acres each, in a distance of ten miles, and if each farm should contain about twenty fields, there would not be five fields out of the twenty which would make prime cheese, and often there would be only one large field which is used for grazing the milch cows upon, and probably it has been the only dairy field for hundreds of years. A dairy field is always a dairy field.

Nuts for Planting.

Nuts intended for planting should not be allowed to become dry, if it is desired to have them sprout the season they are planted. Immediately upon falling from the trees they must be inserted in soil, covering but slightly with light, friable earth or sand, and early the next spring the young plants will appear. In the case of walnuts it may be well to hull them before placing under ground. Owing to the difficulty experienced in transplanting all kinds of bearing trees, the seeds should be placed where the trees are desired to remain. Nuts intended for planting may be preserved over winter in slightly moist sand placed in a cool cellar, and of course set in the open ground as soon as germination begins, which will be very early.

Root Cellars.

The leading features of a good root cellar are, proof against frost, neatness, dryness, ventilation and cheapness. If a hill-side is conveniently near, it helps much to secure these desired ends. An excavation should be first made, in size depending upon the required capacity of the cellar, and in this erect a stout frame of timbers—posts with plank, or a log pen, and on which place a stout roof. The earth that has been excavated is thrown over the structure until the whole is covered to the depth of two feet. A door should be made in the exposed end of the cellar, through which the roots may be put in and taken out. The smaller the door (and still be convenient) the better, as it allows of less exposure to the frost. A quantity of straw pressed in the doorway will aid greatly in keeping out the frost. Every farmer with many roots to be stored should have a root cellar, either by itself or in the lower part of the barn. It is not well to store a large quantity of roots in the cellar of the house, as the gases rising from them during winter may cause sickness to the inmates.

How to Care for Implements.

They should be well cleaned before they are put away. It is not enough to remove the mud that adheres to them. All the gum and thick oil that remains on shafts and journals should be taken off by the aid of a piece of hard wood, fashioned so that it will have a sharp edge. Spirits of turpentine or some form of naphtha is generally needed to make thorough work. Iron and steel surfaces should be covered with oil as a protection against rust. If the paint is worn off from any portions of the woodwork a new coat should be applied. The implements should be put where they will remain dry and out of the way of doing injury to animals. If a farmer has no tool or carriage house they may be placed in the barn. If this is done it is better to put them on a scaffold than on the floor. The air in the upper part of a building is drier than in the lower portion. If left on the barn floor they are likely to injure horses and cattle that get loose. It is best to invert most implements on putting them away, as the lower portions are not as well finished as the upper. If a farmer has no buildings in which he can store his implements he will find it to his advantage to return them to the warehouse of the person who sold them to him to keep till next season. If no building can be found in which to store them the farmer should make a shelter out of such materials as he has. All kinds of implements can be kept very well if they are covered to a sufficient thickness with straw. They should be placed on a support of wood a few feet from the ground and straw piled over them in the form of a stack.

Harvesting Potatoes.

It is not best to harvest potatoes while the weather is quite warm, and the work should not be neglected till the ground becomes very wet from heavy rains, and there is danger from frost. It is difficult to harvest potatoes and have them in good condition when the ground is very wet, as much dirt will adhere to them, and make them likely to rot. Great care should be taken not to cut the tubers. It is best to sort them at the time they are picked up, placing in the cellar only those that are fit for the market. Those that are small, badly damaged, or cut, or which show signs of decay, can be placed by themselves and used to feed stock. Potatoes should not be exposed to the sunlight longer than is necessary to dry off the moisture that is on the surface of them. If left in the light for some time their quality is very much injured. If they remain till their color becomes green they are poisonous. Potatoes should be stored in a dark place, where the temperature is quite cool, not subject to much change, but not sufficiently cool to cause them to freeze. Potatoes keep their flavor best if they are placed where the humidity of the air that surrounds them is nearly uniform. To secure this, some persons who desire to have excellent potatoes for their own tables, place them in tight barrels and cover the top with a thick turf of grass. This plan excludes the light and keeps the potatoes at the requisite degree of dampness.

The Fruit Garden.

Blackberry and raspberry plants had better be set out in the fall, as they start growing so early in the spring. Blackberries should be six to eight feet apart in rows, and the raspberries about four by four feet. In picking the grapes for market it is best to use the grape scissors, which allow the bunch to be removed without handling and defacing the bloom. The thin-skinned varieties, like the Concord, will not keep long, but the tough-skinned kinds, as the Catawba, Iona and Diana, may be preserved in good shape until the holidays. To thus keep them the grapes must be well ripened, picked with care, and left in a cool room for a few days until the skin gets tough. Pack them afterwards in small boxes (3 to 5 lbs.), putting the fruit in from the bottom, and putting on the cover (bottom), with some pressure, and tacking fast. Lable the other side, which is the one to be opened. Keep in a dry and cool place until sent to market.

Other Jottings.

With very rare exceptions western farmers now prefer twine to wire for binding grain.

Mississippi County, Missouri, is the great watermelon region of the world. Over four thousand acres are this year devoted to watermelons alone, and the yield is about a carload an acre.

The *Scientific American* has a cut and description of a new hay-rick which is also used as a shelter for stock. It consists of two square inclosures with a passage way between them, which is covered by a peaked roof, the hay being placed in the spaces thus enclosed, and upon the rafters, being built up as high as necessary.

A farmer gives this method of destroying cabbage worms: Take of saltpetre and common salt each a tablespoonful, dissolve in a little hot water, and add twelve quarts of cold water. Apply to the cabbages in the heat of the day when the sun shines. If you apply with a good sprinkler, and do your work thoroughly, one application will be sufficient.

An extensive grape-raiser says: It is fairly proved that paper bags made of good manila paper, to cover the clusters of grapes while ripening, afford an excellent protection against mildew, birds and insects. Personal observation and experience have demonstrated their usefulness against human marauders or fruit thieves, provided green bags of the same tint as the foliage of the grape are used. But I find difficulty in getting good bags; the hot sunshine and rain fade out all the ordinary shades of green that I have been able to procure.

The Cimarron (Kan.) *News* has found a new and unexpected peril in the use of barbed-wire fences, and that is, that they act as lightning conductors. The *News* instances several cases of cattle that have been killed by lightning while standing near such fences in a storm, and the case of a farmer who received a severe shock while opening a gate made by simply hooking the wires to the posts. The remedy suggested is to use only wooden gates, and to make frequent ground connections with the wires.

It is now thought to be safely established that apples of good quality may safely be fed, to some cows, even as freely as a bushel or more a day. Many farmers, basing statements on their own experience, affirm that apples are worth more, in years when very abundant, for feeding to stock than for cider—even twice as much, some say, who have fed many hundred bushels. Fed with corn, they are said to be worth half as much as the corn. The general opinion as to their value is more moderate and reasonable. There is no well established difference between the feeding value of sweet and sour apples, although there is some prejudice in favor of the former. It is not based on any careful comparative test.

An English employer's liability to his workmen under the new Act, for injuries received in his service, does not end with his death. Probably it should not, but the defence in many cases may suffer materially in consequence. At the Bradford County Court recently the executors of a deceased iron-founder were sued for compensation by a workman named Whittaker, whose foot had been injured through alleged negligence, and the judge, Mr. Daniel, Q.C., allowed the highest sum that could be awarded under the Act, namely, three years' wages at £1 a week.

When the Prince of Wales visited Liverpool the other day, a zealous shopman on the way put over his door a large, red, covered board bearing the words: "May the Lord convert the Prince." The man stepped out into the road to observe his handiwork, when a brougham and a pair of horses driven rapidly down the hill knocked him down, and the horses trampled over him, inflicting injuries. The result was that the board and inscription were removed without delay before the Prince reached the place.

A girl slid from the arms of her partner in a waltz at Davenport, Iowa, and died instantly. The cause was heart disease.

A CALLOUS MURDERER.

He Deliberately Assassinates his Wife in Cold Blood—His Cunning but Cool Behavior.

The tragedy at St. Anaclet, the neighboring parish to Rimouski, of which mention has already been made, and of which we have just received the following details, appears to have been one of the most horrible murders ever perpetrated in the country. The accused, Francois Moreau, and his wife and supposed victim, Demerise Roy, left the house together on the morning of Friday last to work at the hay in their fields, and during an interval of rest in the middle of the day to gather nuts. Emma St. Lauranty, a girl of 13 years, daughter of the woman by a former marriage, remained alone in the house on the express order of Moreau, and despite the appeals of her mother that she be allowed to accompany them. About 5 o'clock in the evening Moreau returned home alone and inquired from Emma if her mother had returned. Receiving a negative reply he went to Francois Lemieux, a neighbor, making inquiries concerning the woman, but without obtaining any information of her. A search was immediately instituted by all the neighbors, with lanterns, but no traces of the missing woman were discovered until next morning, when one Lemieux came across a track as if something heavy had been dragged over the ground, and following it up, came upon the body of Demerise Roy dit Lauzon. The remains were put in a vehicle and driven to her brother's house. Moreau did not follow the others there, but returned alone to his own home. He was brought over, however, to the inquest, and when asked if he knew the deceased, he coldly said "Yes." Being asked who the person was, he answered, in the same unimpassioned manner, "My wife." The *post-mortem* examination showed that all the organs of the body were in a healthy condition, but that the victim had lost all her blood by a rupture of the temporal artery. The jury on Wednesday returned the following verdict: "That Demerise Roy dit Lauzon was assassinated on the 16th September instant, in the parish of St. Anaclet, district of Rimouski, and that death is due to wounds inflicted upon the head by an arm or other instrument, and that Francois Moreau, the husband of the victim, having been the only person seen that day in company with the said Demerise Roy dit Lauzon, it appears by the proof that the said wounds were inflicted on the head of the deceased by the said Francois Moreau."

Is the Earth's Interior Solid?

Sir John Lubbock, in the opening address to the British Association at York on August 30th startled the scientific world with a new theory of the physical character of the globe. Scientists have almost universally held the view that the interior of the earth is a fluid mass intensely hot, but the President of the association asserted that this theory "is now very generally admitted, both by astronomers and geologists, to be untenable." The prevailing feeling of geologists, he added, has been well expressed by Professor Le Conte, who says: "The whole theory of igneous agencies—which is little less than the whole foundation of theoretic geology—must be reconstructed on the basis of a solid earth." This will be news to many able physicists, but it will strike unsophisticated minds with no little force that if, as Professor Le Conte says, the old theory must be reconstructed, then the pretentious fabric of "theoretic geology" founded upon it and the inferences of which many geologists have not scrupled to put before the utterances of revelation itself must be discarded as baseless conceits. Sir John Lubbock certainly seems to exaggerate the scientific sentiment which rejects the old theory of the earth's internal fluidity. But that sentiment appears to be gaining ground. At the session of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 22nd ult. M. Roche read a paper arguing in favor of a solid globe, and concluding mathematically that its interior mass is two and one-third times as dense as its crust, the nucleus, as to specific weight, being analogous to meteoric iron, while the exterior coating is comparable to aerolites of a stony composition.

Piling Wood.

Many people who handle wood do not know that if they wish the bark to come off they should pile it bark down; if they wish to retain the bark the opposite should be done. A correspondent writes to the Detroit *Post-Tribune*, giving his experience, as follows: "I have sold wood for over forty years in Michigan, and I find that when split wood is corded up the bark remains on until I sell and measure up the wood, and all that is piled bark down the bark falls off and measures nothing; besides, there is more heat in the bark than in the sap of the log. The most and best ashes are also in the bark. I have on my place now some maple wood that was chopped nine years ago and corded bark up, and the bark would hold on if I would draw the wood to Saginaw (18 miles) and cord up and measure; besides the bark is lighter to draw. Where the bark is piled down the water runs in around the wood and makes it dozy, wet and heavy. Tell your neighbors to try it. Railroad companies will save thousands of dollars by piling their wood bark up.

THE gifts are pouring in upon the family of the late President. Taking together his large life insurance policies, his real estate in Mentor and Washington, his personal property, and the subscriptions to the fund raised for him, which already are over $300,000 and probably will reach upward of $400,000, Mrs. Garfield will doubtless have at her disposal over half a million dollars. As the retired life to which her instincts and her affliction alike prompt her will not expend even the annual interest of this sum, should Congress continue to her the salary of her husband as President through his term, she will doubtless have, four years hence, at least $700,000; and her five children will probably inherit independent fortunes of $150,000 each, in case they should all live to inherit. In addition, the opportunities thrown open to the children of a President to easily acquire fame and fortune are illustrated by the cases of U. S. Grant, jun., Col. F. D. Grant and Secretary of War Lincoln.

Dr. Hubert Larue, public analyst and inspector of goods for Quebec, and professor in Laval University, died on Sunday, aged 48. He was first cousin of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Letellier.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is about to erect at Longwood to her lamented husband's memory a monument in the shape of a circular Greek altar. It is to bear on the top a lamp with a flame, and on the round a bronze bas-relief portrait.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.

Amusing Breach of Promise Case in Toronto.

THE LADY WORSTED,

Because She Wanted to Have the Money but Not the Man.

TORONTO, Sept. 27.—The breach of promise case of Tillson vs. Faulkner was tried in the Assize Court to-day before Justice Cameron and a jury. Plaintiff, who is a widow and resides in this city, sues defendant, a rich old Etobicoke farmer, for alleged refusal to carry out his promises of marriage. Up to the time of trial it was understood she had a pretty good case against the Granger, but the evidence turned out different. Her case rested on a written agreement of marriage. The couple went to a clergyman to have the knot tied, but for some reason or other the fair one backed out, and had the ceremony postponed. Another date was agreed upon, and Faulkner and his betrothed visited a large dry goods house in this city to buy the trousseau. While in the store they quarrelled as to the number of yards Mrs. Tillson should have for her dress. She wanted enough for a train, but the old man could not stand it, and called her a clutch and addressed her very offensively. She left him in a virtuous state of indignation, and since then they seldom met, but now seeks damages for failing to carry out his agreement. The case was heard with much amusement in Court. Neither plaintiff nor defendant was called, but the latter kept the Court in constant roars by his eccentric conduct and frequent interruptions, and the Bench more than once threatened to put him under lock and key. Faulkner frequently stated he was ready to marry her at any time. His counsel pointed out that he had never refused to fulfil his agreement, which contention was contained in evidence. His Lordship, too, told the jury that once the plaintiff signed the agreement she must take him with all his faults and said that she had not signed the contract to marry the property, but the man, including his foul mouth. The jury was not long out and gave a verdict for defendant.

Help the Girls.

(Montreal Star.)

It is a misfortune for some girls to have been reared "respectably." The desire to dress and to avoid remunerative employment follows them, if overtaken by financial disaster, and they wear their lives away in moaning over misfortune when they should be putting their shoulders to the wheel. They fret and sigh, and know not what to do, for they are debarred from their early associations by their impecuniosity, and they cannot muster the courage to face the world in their sorrow. They spend their lives in dark seclusion, knowing few and not known by many. They become an incumbrance to themselves, and they frown at a fate which can only be remedied by their own resolution and energy. They may be worthy, but worth rises slowly when depressed by poverty. They may be good, but their goodness is hidden under a bushel when it is hidden in the darkness of despair. Employment for respectable girls is scarce. But few places will take them as clerks, and the openings in telegraph and other offices are not many. School teaching is about the only recourse, and so the girls who are reared respectably are between the two extremes—happy competency and industrious labor. There is no class of girls to be more pitied than girls who have been reared respectably but who have been obliged to abandon their old haunts and their old customs and take to the new life consequent on their poverty. The men, or the association, that can devise means for the employment of such girls will deserve well of the world. We have charitable associations without number for servant girls and orphans, but girls who have been reared respectably attract little attention, no matter how much they suffer by their surroundings. No one feels the shaft of poverty more than they do. They are not accustomed to it. Their early lives were in a different channel. Poverty to them is additionally cruel because unexpected. They probably had no hand in their own misfortunes, but they are the principal sufferers. They have to bear the weight, because others bore the pleasure. And they are the most helpless of creatures. They may be willing to work, but they do not know what to work at, or how to get suitable employment. There are no institutions to help them, and so they live on, pining their lives away, growing old in idleness and in sorrow, and sinking down the typical old maids of life, whose misfortune has been to have been reared unfit to make their own way in the world, and not able to support the style to which they may have been accustomed. But there should be a remedy for all this. There should be some means of assisting such girls, just as there is of assisting those who are perhaps less deserving. We see no reason why some society should not exist to help girls who have been reared respectably to get situations as clerks, as societies exist to provide for the destitute and often for the unfortunate. We should guard virtue by enabling it to struggle against temptation, as well as endeavor to raise it when it stumbles and falls.

Sir William Collins, who was knighted at Holyrood by the Queen, is the head of the celebrated publishing firm of William Collins, Sons & Co, with which he has been connected for upwards of fifty years. For three years he was Lord Provost of Glasgow, and while in office did much for the improvement of that city. He originated a subscription for the distressed working classes and one for the unfortunate shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank, both of which found a hearty response. He has been through life a prominent member of the Liberal party in Scotland, and for several years has been President of the Scottish Temperance Society. Few men are more respected in the west of Scotland.

Working men are some of the ministers of the Lutheran ministerium, of Pennsylvania where 2 pastors serve 9 congregations each, 8 pastors 7 congregations, 5 pastors 6 congregations, 12 pastors 5 congregations, 15 pastors 4 congregations each. Forty-three of the pastorates are German, 35 are English, and 68 are German-English.

The British Consul at Kiukiang, China, says that the Chinese are too much wedded to their wadded cotton dresses to make their country a good market for imported woollens. But the Government have recognized the desirability of woollen clothing for the troops, and have started a mill where coarse blue cloth is made at a rate lower than it could be imported.

A DISCOVERY IN HYDROPHOBIA.

A Possible Protection Against a Fearful Malady.

Dr. V. Galtier, a veterinary surgeon of Lyons, France, has lately made a most remarkable and valuable discovery in regard to rabies. It is well known that the virus by which rabies is communicated from one animal to another, and which produces hydrophobia in the human subject, is contained in the saliva of rabid animals. Hitherto it has been supposed that in order to communicate disease this virus must enter into the circulation, but Dr. Galtier has found that this is a mistake. The virus acts by being brought in contact with the nerves, and when introduced into the circulation it acts as a preventive of the disease. Astonishing as this assertion may seem, there is apparently no room for doubting it. Dr. Galtier injects the saliva of a mad dog into the veins of ten sheep, and at the same time placed saliva of the same dog in contact with the nerves of ten other sheep. The latter all died with every symptom of rabies, while the other ten remained perfectly well. He also ascertained that when the virus of rabies was injected into the veins of sheep it was impossible to produce rabies in them by any subsequent experiments. He has thus discovered that hydrophobia is purely a disease of the nerves, and that to inject the virus of rabies into the circulation is a certain protection against the disease, at least in the case of sheep. This discovery ought to please the homœopathists, for it shows that after all the ancient homœopathist who taught that the hair of a dog was the proper remedy for his bite was right in principle and erred only in detail. We now know that the virus which produces hydrophobia when brought into contact with the nerves prevents it when introduced into the circulation, and we may regard it as probable that even if the disease cannot be cured when it has once become fully developed, it can be aborted by a prompt injection of the virus into the veins of the person who has been bitten by a rabid animal. To say that it is extremely improbable that safety against hydrophobia can be secured by the method proposed by Dr. Galtier is no argument against it. Nothing could seem more improbable than Jenner's assertion that to inoculate a person with the cow-pox would secure for him immunity from small-pox; but experience has proved that Jenner was right. If Dr. Galtier has really found a sure protection against hydrophobia, he will deserve to rank with Jenner in the gratitude of mankind.—*N. Y. Times.*

Latest Scottish News.

A herring crew at Fraserburg caught a young whale 15 feet long in their nets recently, and sold it for £3.

The Rivers Doon and Ayr have recently been greatly swollen, overflowed their banks, and done great damage to the crops.

The Tweed recently rose seven feet, and it and its tributaries overflowed the banks, and caused great damage to the surrounding crops.

A baker of Edinburgh, an old Dumfriessian, presented each of the men of the London Scottish, on leaving Edinburgh after the review, with a large tin of oatcakes, as a memento of their visit.

In the parish of Deerness, Orkney, a meeting has been held, at which, it is reported, the conclusion was come to that there was no certain cure for the increased rents in Orkney but a Land League.

On Dryburgh water, Mr. David Johnstone, fisherman to Colonel Forbes, The Holms, caught a yellow trout weighing 7 lb. 10 oz., which was in fine condition, and extremely well shaped.

The returns of shipbuilding on the Clyde show that during August seventeen vessels had been launched, of a total tonnage of 28,500. Of that amount Dumbarton, Greenock and Port Glasgow contributed nearly 20,000 tons.

During the Royal review at Edinburgh the statues of Sir Walter Scott, Christopher North, Lord Clyde and other Scottish *notabiles* were literally wreathed from head to heel in bower garlands, which the rain kept as fresh as their memories will ever be in the hearts of all true Scotsmen.

A biscuit manufacturer in Kinning Park District was fined 5s. in each case for employing 11 women for a period of 31 hours continuously. He admitted the breach of law, but said the women had asked to be allowed to work the 31 hours in order that they might get away on Fair Friday.

Three English ladies spent a night in August on Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland. They went up without a guide, missed their way, and had to remain on the summit all through a night of heavy rain. Two guides were sent in search, and found the lost ones greatly exhausted at the top of a steep ravine.

The King of the Sandwich Islands was entertained at a banquet in Glasgow on Sept. 7th by the Lord Provost and magistrates. In replying to the toast of his health, His Majesty stated that in the construction of his kingdom they had been benefitted by the advice of the people of Scotland. They had Scotchmen in the administration of the Government and at the head of their judicial work. Besides their political connection with Scotland, they had been much indebted to the people of Scotland for supplying them with machinery, which had been the means of adding greatly to the prosperity of the country.

An occurrence of a most singular character has taken place in one of the swimming ponds in connection with the Dundee public baths. The water is let off into the river at low tide, and the pond is refilled from a tank on the premises. While the pond was being emptied the other day a lad named Johnston, contrary to the rules of the establishment, sprang in feet foremost to have a bathe. To the consternation of those present he did not return to the surface, and his next appearance was at the door of the baths naked and bleeding. The suction of the water had drawn him through the pipe a distance of between 20ft. and 30ft., and had shot him as if from a catapult, into the River Tay. The pipe is only 12in. in diameter. Johnston says on leaping into the pond he felt as if some one had seized him firmly by the feet; the next moment all was dark, and he was propelled into daylight and the river.

Although the Queen has had the royal apartments of Holyrood rehabilitated for her reception, the chapel remains roofless. It is a beautiful structure, and its vaults are still the burial place of many historic Scotch families. In these days of restoration, it is somewhat remarkable that it should be permitted to remain thus dilapidated.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—No true woman will use her husband's slippers to keep tacks in.

—Mrs. Jamieson, wife of the Toronto clothier, will, it is believed, recover.

—A man with an impediment in his speech never speaks well of anybody.

—To a man who has no money to spend it makes but little difference where he spends his time.

—An enterprising book-publisher is about to issue the Comet series. It will be devoted to tales.

—Strange as it may seem, there are plenty of people who are happy only when they are miserable.

—"My re-specks to you," as the fly said to the druggist who had just completed cleansing his show-window.

—Water is becoming so scarce in New Jersey that some of the saloon-keepers are thinking of running on half time.

—A London paper says that Ashmead Bartlett Coutts is growing old very rapidly. Nevertheless, he can't overtake his wife.

—Comets are getting so plenty that Jupiter and Mars and the rest of 'em can't step out doors without treading on their tails.

—The French troops had better make the North African nomads no madder. They are already getting thrashed badly enough.

—Sitting Bull wears his hair very long. The trouble was that he would never permit the white people of his vicinity to wear their hair very long.

—A public meeting is be held in Kingston for the purpose of discussing the Provincial Fair, and preparing a petition to be presented to the Government on the subject.

—A Frenchman has discovered that the principle of the revolver was put into practical application by a gunmaker at St. Etienne in the eighteenth century. He has much to answer for.

—There is some talk of a branch of the G. W. R. from Clinton to Goderich. It remains to be seen whether Goderich and other places interested have steam enough to make it an accomplished fact.

—The Home District Mutual Fire Insurance Company is being wound up after a career of forty-four years. Its headquarters were in Toronto, and Hon. John McMurrich its President for twenty years.

It is remarkable that the agricultural depression so widespread in England has been little felt in Wales. The most prosperous English counties agriculturally at the present time are Devon and Cornwall. The extremes meet.

—The Senate of Knox College, Toronto, offers a scholarship of $100 for the best essay on "Scriptural authority for Presbyterianism in its essential principles," to be competed for by all who shall be theological students during the coming session in the various Presbyterian Colleges throughout Canada.

—There are many ways of turning an honest shilling, but we do not remember to have met with a more original one than the Secretary of the late Temperance Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, London, had hit upon. Anybody wanting to see this gentleman, no matter what his business with him may be, had to pay a shilling at the turnstile.

—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says that "Llanfairpwichgunyugerobwichllandysailiogogo," the name of a Welch parish, is pronounced as if written thus: "Thlanvirepoolchgwingergoboolchthlandisiliogogo." This timely explanation will probably prevent any serious misunderstanding, but the Detroit *Free Press* thinks the majority of the people will keep right along pronouncing it as it is spelled.

Characteristic Wedding Out West.

(From the Oil City Derrick.)

Camping near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the Postmaster.

"It is now half-past 2, and at 3 there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Burton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected Justice of the Peace about a month ago, and, as this will be his first attempt at a marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old 'Squire's cabin. We found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, the durned galoots that got up these 'yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half a dozen times, an' can't find a word about matermony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh!" said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people 'll never question the legality of the thing. "I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the 'Squire, who began:

"Feller-citizens, this 'yar man an' this 'yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game of tuk to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor o' me perceedin' as orthorized by the law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Coutary, 'No.'"

Nobody said "No."

"The motion's carried unanimously, an' the court rules that thar hain't nuthin' to pervent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins!"

The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar thet ye'll freeze to 'Mandy furever an' ever? That ye'll love 'er, an' pervide fur 'er, an' treat 'er squar an white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws o' the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that you'll nuss him in sickness an' be squar' to him in wellness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offences; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as Justice o' the Peace, in an' for this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, and you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalize ye to remain as sich now an' forevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees and costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your soul, an' bless this union with His heftiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

The "Nun of Kenmare" is seriously ill. An overworked nervous system is said to be the cause. The hope that one who has done so much for her poorer countrymen may soon be restored to health will be joined in by all who can appreciate sincerity of purpose and a life of self-denial.

Decisions Regarding Newspapers.

1. Any person who takes a newspaper 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 subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published though the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 7, 1881

THE LAND POLICY OF THE C. P. R.

The policy adopted by the Canada Pacific Railway Company in the disposal of their lands is the correct one, and we are sure will meet with general approbation, namely, to sell *only* to actual settlers, who are to bind themselves to the building of houses and the cultivation of the soil. These conditions require the payment of all taxes, the cutting of no wood, except what is necessary for fuel or fencing or for the erection of buildings, the bringing under cultivation, within four years, of three-fourths of the land purchased. But if the settler erects buildings and resides on the land for at least three years out of the four, then the bringing under cultivation of one-half the land purchased within four years, shall be considered a fulfilment of the conditions. The price of the land is kept at the figure already announced, $2·50 per acre, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five annual instalments. When these conditions are complied with the deed will issue, and the fee simple of the land will pass to the purchaser. Every purchaser will be allowed a rebate of one-half the purchase money for every acre of land brought under cultivation during four years; or if he has erected substantial buildings and resided on the land, the time within which he may claim the rebate will be extended. The only further condition is that the Company claim—in the event of their railway or any of its branches passing through the land—the right to take, without charge, a strip two hundred feet wide, for right of way. The failure to comply with these conditions, operates as a forfeiture by the purchaser of any improvements made, or money expended in the land, and of all payments made to the Company. We copy the following from the Winnipeg *Free Press* on this subject, which we commend to the attention of our readers.

C. P. R. LAND DEPARTMENT.

Under the terms of the contract between the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the latter is to receive, in addition to the subsidy of $25,000,000, a grant of 25,000,000 acres of land in consideration of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Calendar to Thunder Bay and from Winnipeg to Kamloops and the maintenance and operation of the whole line from Calendar to Port Moody. The land to be allotted to the Company is to be the odd numbered sections, exclusive of school reserves, comprised within a belt extending back twenty-four miles from the main line on both sides from Winnipeg to the Rockies, but the Company is not required to accept any land which is not fairly fit for settlement, and as the land to be handed to the Company within the belt mentioned will not aggregate 25,000,000 acres, the balance is to be made up from other portions of the fertile belt, within the 49th and 57th parallels of north latitude, by the grant of similar alternate sections extending back 24 miles deep on each side of any branch lines built by the Company or upon any common front lines agreed upon between the Government and the Company. Upon the construction of any portion of the railway of not less than 20 miles and its completion for operation, the land grant thereby earned has to be handed over to the Company.

Early in May the Company, having taken into consideration the organization of a land department to deal with the vast acreage to be awarded as the line progresses, decided to establish the head office in Winnipeg, and appointed Mr. J. H. McTavish, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company here, as Land Commissioner. Mr. C. F. Kindred, formerly chief clerk of the Northern Pacific Land Department in St. Paul, was subsequently appointed Assistant Commissioner, and the organization of the department has been rapidly completed by Mr. McTavish, who secured the premises formerly occupied by the Bank of Montreal here for offices. Land examiners have been in the field for some time past, and the office staff have been busily engaged recording and classifying the applications which have been made to purchase lands. Over 1,000 applications have already been received, the amount of land represented by them amounting to about 720,000 acres. On Monday, the 26th, the Department will commence to deal with these applications, and will on and after that date be prepared to sell land. In all cases in which persons have settled on railway lands in good faith and made reasonable improvements, their claims will be respected, and they will be allowed to purchase the land on the Company's advertised terms.

The Company has decided to sell only to actual settlers or to persons who agree to cultivate and otherwise improve, and the pernicious evil of speculators buying large tracts and locking them up will thus be avoided. The price of lands will be $2.50 per acre, one-sixth in cash and the balance in five equal annual instalments. The form of contract which has been prepared provides that until the final payments are completed, all improvements placed on the premises shall remain; that the purchaser will regularly pay all taxes, and that he will cut no wood or timber upon the land except for fuel and fencing and the erection of buildings thereon. It is provided that the purchaser shall, within four years after the date of the agreement, bring under cultivation, and sow and reap a crop on three-fourths of the land, but if he shall erect buildings thereon, satisfactory to the company, and shall reside thereon continually for three years at least of the four years, then at least one-half of the land shall be by him so cultivated and cropped within four years. It is further provided that the purchaser will be allowed a credit of $1.25 per acre for each acre cultivated and cropped during the four years, or if he erect buildings and reside on the land continuously, then the period during which breaking may be made and allowed for will be extended. On the completion of the payments and the performance of the terms of the agreement, the Company will give a deed conveying the land in fee simple, reserving, however, a strip or strips 200 feet wide to be used by the Company for right of way or other railroad purposes, wherever the line of the C. P. R. or any branch thereof is or shall be hereafter located over the land. If the purchaser fails to carry out the terms of his agreement, all his rights, etc., in the land will cease, and it will revert to the Company, but the Company may, in its discretion, revalue the land and make a new sale of it to the purchaser at the revaluation.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. 27y1

THE LORETTE PIC-NIC SPEECHES.

The Hon. McKENZIE BOWELL said that the population, the grain and other produce of the Great North West would be certain to be carried over the Q. M. O. & O. R. R. He also said—"Mr. Blake went from place to place extolling the neighboring Republic as a happier home for settlers than our own North-west. During his recent visit to the Northwest a remarkable fact struck him: that 19 out of 20 of the settlers there are Conservatives, while those of Dakota are constant readers of the *Globe* and other Liberal organs. If any of his hearers contemplated leaving the province, he asked them for their own good to go to the Northwest, where their language, religion and laws are guaranteed, and where they would find some of the finest land in the world."

The Hon. Mr. CAROX said—"Since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1855 in 1866, the country had been anxiously waiting that the United States would do for Canada what the latter was doing for it. But the Americans could not be brought to terms, and Canada, by the great verdict of the 17th September, 1878, pronounced that the time had come when it was necessary for her to act differently than she had done. To-day the factories are all employed, and new ones are being raised every day. The workingman is paid good wages, and is in a position to make his family happy. The farmer never reaped such benefits from the products of his farm as he does at present. Capital is employed and the foreign confidence in Canada has been re-established. Our bonds, which, under the Mackenzie administration, sold in 1874 at 93 and 94 per cent., are now anxiously looked for on the London market at 107 and 108, and have a higher standing than the much vaunted and prosperous colony of Australia. One thousand eight hundred and fifty men are employed to-day in the cotton factories alone who were idle in those days, and 50,000 more men have employment all over the country. Eighteen million dollars more are deposited in the savings banks than in 1878. The surplus in the Dominion Budget reaches to-day the sum of $4,132,000. All these facts are undeniable, and prove conclusively that the National Policy has saved the country. The tax on tea and coffee, which cannot be produced in Canada, will be taken off at the next session (cheers). The Conservatives had already taken if off prior to '73, but the Liberals immediately on coming to power re-imposed it.

Sir LEONARD TILLEY said that he had had the task of working out the idea of the National Policy, and of framing the tariff, and of placing the whole thing in a formal shape on the Statute Book. If any merit was due him for this he might assure them that he had already received his reward. Notwithstanding the fact that the National Policy had been approved of by the immense majority of the people, that its beneficial effects were above argument, the Opposition was not to be brought to patriotically adopt the only thing at our command which could and did save Canada from the desperate position in which it had been placed by the predecessors of the present Government. He, for one had risen in the House of Commons time and again for the purpose of convincing the Opposition of these facts, and had always backed up his assertions by the strongest possible arguments, which could not be replied to effectively, for they were mostly composed of figures (hear, hear.) What was more convincing than the fact that $19,000,000 more have been deposited in the banks last year than under any of the years during which the Liberals were ruling the country. This large amount is the hard earnings of the mass of the people, and no workman to-day will deny for a moment that he is far better off than he ever was before.

Here is a point about the prices being higher now than formerly prior to the adoption of the protective tariff the American and English cotton factories had the almost exclusive control of the Canadian market, and our people had no possible opportunity to invest their capital in this trade. We said that we would make this industry flourish, and we have fulfilled our promise. (Cheers.) The cotton goods manufactured in Canada now sell at Massachusetts prices, which is lower than the figure at which they sold under Liberal administration, when only a duty of 17 per cent was levied on them. Sugar to-day was actually cheaper, judging by the experience of 1877-8, it could be bought for in New York and imported under the Cartwright tariff. He dwelt generally upon the great impetus that had been given to industries of every kind, and predicted from what he knew of the country, a brilliant victory for the policy in 1883.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A *Star* Reporter has been interviewing the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, anent the sale of the North Shore Railway and the time for holding the Local elections; but all he could pump out of the hon. gentleman did not amount to a row of pins.

—The Liberal party in Quebec may lose its head completely at the next general elections. It is said that Hon. M. Joly is going to Europe with his family for a stay of two years, and that M. Turcotte will transfer his household gods to Manitoba.—*Star.*

—His Excellency the Governor General is expected to return from his tour through the North West territory to Ottawa this week. He will go down to Quebec by the end of the month to meet the Princess Louise, who is expected out by the *Parisian*: The return of Her Royal Highness will be hailed with satisfaction by all classes in Canada, who will be glad to welcome her back and see her again among them restored to health and able to discharge the functions of her position so unfortunately interrupted by the accident at New Edinburgh.

Set back 42 years.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint; Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 20, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)
—*Sunday Mercury*

MASONIC.

The Grand Lodge of Quebec held its annual session in Montreal on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week, and was presided over by the Grand Master in person. The attendance was large, and considerable important business was transacted.

The following officers were elected: Grand Master, M. W. Bro. J. H. Graham, L. L. D., Richmond; Dy. Grand Master, R. W Bro Hobart Butler, Bedford; Gr Sen Warden, R W Bro Charles D Hanson, Montreal; Gr Jr Warden, R W Bro John Godwin, Three Rivers; Gr Chaplain, R W Bro Rev John Scrimger, Montreal; Gr Treasurer, R W Bro J H Stearns; Gr Registrar, R W Bro Thomas Simpson, Montreal; Gr Secretary, R W Bro John H Isaacson.

District Deputy Grand Masters as follows:

R W Bro Edson Fitch, for Quebec and Three Rivers; R W Bro J Frederick Walker, for Montreal; R W Bro John Massey, Jr, for Bedford; R W Bro A F Simpson, for St Francis; R W Bro Dr A Lyon, for Ottawa.

Our columns being crowded this week, we are unable to give a more full report, but will endeavor to do so in our next.

Fresh air is indespensable, but when you need a fresh pen be sure it is one of Esterbrooks make. Wholesale agents in Montreal, Robert Miller, Son & Co., 15 Victoria Square.

BIRTHS.

WATSON.—At Maudan, Dakota Territory, the wife of William Watson of a son.

CLELAND.—At Lachute, on the 2nd inst., Mrs. Michael Cleland of a daughter

DEATH.

FARRELL.—At Menomenee, Michigan, on 2nd October, of typhus fever, Keyran Farrell, fourth son of Patrick Farrell, Centerville.

Exhibition 1881!

Having been awarded
Eight First Prizes &
DIPLOMAS OF HONOR
at the Dominion Exhibition, Montreal, 1880, for my instruments, which have thus been proclaimed superior to all others; I propose remaining
Hors Concours
this year, and holding an Exhibition of PIANOS and ORGANS at my
PIANO ROOMS,
to which the musical public are respectfully invited.

Intending purchasers should avail themselves of this favorable occasion to secure a musical instrument.

I shall have in stock from
75 to 80
Canadian, American and European PIANOS & ORGANS,
carefully selected, and at greatly reduced prices, for the occasion.

ONE PRICE ONLY AND THE LOWEST.

NO AGENTS.

L. E. N. Pratte,
280 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

REWARD.—A reward of $10 will be given to any person who will give such information as will lead to the conviction of the person or persons guilty of throwing a stone through the window of Olivet Hall on Thursday evening, the 29th inst.

James Fish.

Lachute Mills, 29th Sept. 81.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION.
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no Other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

WM. BANFORD
is agent for
McCall's
NEW YORK BAZAR PATTERNS,
and keeps a full stock on hand.
Orders may be left with J. Banford & Co., at West End Store, and will be promptly attended.
Lachute, Oct., 1881. v3 n6 1y

L. Gobeille,
WATCHMAKER,
LACHUTE.
Mr. Gobeille claims to excel as a watchmaker, so that all orders entrusted to him will be executed in a workman-like manner, and at low rates.
v5 n6 1y

The Continental Clothing Store,
66 BONAVENTURE ST.
MONTREAL.
New Store! New Goods!
Gents'
Youths'
and Children's
Suits and Overcoats
AT
BOTTOM PRICES.
FINE CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
A full line of
GENTS' FURNISHINGS.
SMITH & CO.,
66 BONAVENTURE ST.,
MONTREAL.
v5 n6 1y

Portrait of Garfield.
SIZE OF SHEET, 19 x 24,
With his Autograph, acknowledged by himself to be the best likeness in existence.
$7.00 per hundred,
SINGLE COPIES, 25 cents.
Copy of Autograph Letter given with each picture. Address,
Shober & Carqueville Litho. Co.,
119 MONROE ST., CHICAGO.
40,000 sold in Chicago inside of 48 hours.

S. CARSLEY'S CARPETS.
Just received, a large and fine assorted stock of Carpets, all of the newest designs.

TAPESTRY!

Good Tapestry Carpets only 47c per yd.
Very good Tapestry Carpets only 50c per yd.
Splendid Tapestry Carpets, for 55c and 67c per yd.
Beautiful Tapestry Carpets only 90c and 83c per yd.

SCOTCH UNION!

If you want to buy good Scotch Union Carpets cheap,

GO TO S. CARSLEY'S.

Good Scotch Union Carpet only 65c per yd.
Very good Scotch Union Carpet only 85c per yd.
Splendid Scotch Union Carpets only 95c per yd. Don't fail to see them!

COCOA MATTING!

At S. Carsley's you will find a large lot of Cocoa Matting, good quality, at the very lowest prices.

AT S. CARSLEY'S

You can buy first-rate Cocoa Matting from 31c to 75c per yd.

S CARSLEY'S BLANKETS!

Just come in from the very best manufacturers, a large lot of White Wool Blankets, good value.

S. CARSLEY'S FLANNELS!

Now is the time to buy your Winter Flannels, and remember buy them where the largest stock is kept, and where the best value is given.
Good White Flannel only 16c per yd.
Useful Red Flannel only 15½c per yd.
Useful Grey Shirting Flannel only 28c.
Useful Checked Shirting Flannel from 12½ and upward.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY A BLACKsmith, apply to
JAMES DENSMORE,
5 2 ins STONEFIELD.

Agent for The Waltham Watch.
Watches! Watches! Watches!
NOW IS THE TIME TO GET A WATCH.
Watches for.....$22.00
Watches for.....19.00
Watches for.....12.00
Watches for.....6.00
ALL PRICES.
C. W. HUGHES,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
MASKET SQUARE, LACHUTE.

ROBERT STEVENSON,
DEALER IN
First Class Organs and Pianos
Old Instruments taken in exchange.
Pianos and Organs sold on Instalments.
Tuning and repairing done at reasonable rates.
Lachute, Feb. 23rd, 1881 28tf

Great Trade Sale.
AT THE
Montreal House, St. Andrews
We will offer the largest and best stock in the Country at a great reduction until the first of March.

TWEEDS.
English, Scotch and Canadian, to suit the fancy and purse of all.

DRESS GOODS.
Of all shades and quality at ten per cent below Wholesale Price.

GREY COTTONS.
Having on hand a large stock of Grey Cottons and Prints, we have reduced them to first cost.

GROCERIES.
Teas a speciality at 35c, 40c, and a first class tea at 50c.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
Ladies' Cloth Boocotees, Button and Lace, at twenty-five per cent below cost price, to clear them out.

All our Stock must be sold before that date. Come and examine goods and prices.—No objection to show goods. Our marks are all in plain figures, so customers can see for themselves.

G. & M SIMPSON.
St. Andrews, Jan. 25, 1881. 39tf

New York
Millinery Establishment.
MRS. E. JUVET has just opened a first-class Millinery Establishment in the village of
ST. ANDREWS.
It will no longer be necessary for the ladies of the village and surrounding country to go to Montreal for the most fashionable bonnets and hats. Her goods will positively eclipse anything heretofore seen in the village. Her stock consists of
LADIES', MISSES' AND INFANTS' HATS
of every description and shape; old ladies' and matrons' bonnets, French and English flowers, ostrich feathers, vulture feathers, and fancy feathers in all the newest colors; Jet bonnet trimmings, bonnet and hat shapes, Spanish lace ties, silk ties, ladies' Tuscan bibs, infants' bibs, white, Tuscan, and black ruffling, jet collars, dress caps, widows' caps, real laces, Spanish laces, shaded plushes, shaded plush, and satin ribbons; silks and satins in the newest shades, silk velvets, velveteens, dress fringe, cord and tassels, bonnet ornaments, bonnet crape, widows' borders, black and cream silk fishus, shaded plush ties, shaded chenille girdles, chenille nets, fur hats, etc.

HAVING ENGAGED
A FIRST-CLASS MILLINER,
she anticipates giving entire satisfaction to all those leaving their orders. From her experience in the business, she feels confident that she will not only merit, but receive a large share of public patronage. Call and
EXAMINE HER STOCK,
WHICH IS
QUITE COMPLETE.
Grand Opening on Oct. 1st, 1881.
4c 3 3m

BREAD—HOPE'S—BREAD
J. HOPE'S BREAD still leading as testified by the almost unprecedented demand for his
HOUSEHOLD LOAF!
necessitating the employment of extra hands in the Bakery, and the putting on the Road of another Double Horse Wagon, to supply his increasing numerous customers in the country around Lachute.

The quality of his Bread is rated A 1 by all.
Twists, Scones, Rolls, Graham Bread, &c.
Cakes of all kinds.
Candies (The Best) and always fresh.

The following list of Stores keep his bread for sale, and see that the brand HOPE is on each loaf:—

LACHUTE.
W. Banford & Co., East End.
G. L. Meikle, Post Office.
J. Patineaud, Montreal House.
J. & R. Banford, Cash Store.
Fish & Ireland, Mills.

ST. ANDREWS.
F. N. Beatie, Farmers Exchange.

GREECE'S POINT.
Heaney, Stewart & Co.
Waddle Brothers.
W. Forman.
Mrs. M. Rinnon.

CHATHAM.
J. Cushing.

CHATBORO.
C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.
F. Labiane.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
141f LACHUTE BAKERY.

PLACIDE LATOUR,
BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.
COLLECTING AGENT,
Private Detective,
and confidential
Secret-Service Agent.
All business promptly attended to.
v5, 1 1y



Wm. MURRAY,
No. 71 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.
Watchmaker,
AND
JEWELLER.
3 m-1

PARKS' PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
195½ St. James St., Montreal.
We call special attention to our PANEL or TABLET PHOTOS, one of the latest novelties. Also, a new patent process of producing large Photos, worked very fine. Our REMBRANT or SHADOW PORTRAITS are the finest produced; and the SOLOMON or PHOTO-RELIEF are very fine for frame or easel. All negatives preserved. We have a stock of negatives from the Inglis' estate. Solar Printing for the Trade. Copying, enlarging, and finishing, in Oil, Water Color, and Ink.
☞ We respectfully solicit your patronage.
1 m-3

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD
A never failing, Permanent Cure for Lame Back, Piles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, or attendant complaints.
INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE,
From Doctors, Druggists Merchants, Farmers

GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.
Picton, April 20, 1881.
Gentlemen,—I find that your Pads are giving entire satisfaction, and wish you increased sales for so valuable a remedy for disease of the kidneys.
Signed, Dr. J. B. MORDEN.

OF SERVICE TO PATIENTS.
Lime Lake, April 23, 1881.
Gentlemen,—Your Pad has been of service to some of my patients already.
Signed, Dr. JNO. MAXWELL.

PRICES—Child's Pad, $1.50; Regular Pad, $2; Special Pad, for Chronic Diseases, $3.
Obtain from your Druggist our Pamphlet, Testemonials, etc.
Pads sold by
W. T. WHITE, Grenville.
J. L. WOODLEY, "
THOS. CHRISTIE, Lachute.
F. X. BERTRAND, "
ALP. CARRIERE, St. Sebelastique.
JAS. LANGLOIS, "
And all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines
27tf

N. H. DOWNS' Vegetable Balsamic ELIXIR!
This valuable medicine is purely vegetable, the discovery of which was the result of many years' close study, in order to discover the cause, the symptoms and the cure—viz.:
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis,
and every species of oppression of the Chest and Lungs, In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered its efficacy has been invariably manifested, convincing the most incredulous that
CONSUMPTION
Is not incurable, if properly attended to.—Consumption, at its commencement, is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the lungs; then an inflammation, when the cough is more observable, but rather dry; then becomes local fever and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all morbid irritations and inflammations from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration,
IT HEALS THE ULCERATED SURFACES
and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of no drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, generally destroys the hectic before the cough is entirely gone. Consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions for cure of pulmonary diseases. Price 25cts. and $1 per bottle. Sold everywhere.
HENRY, JOHNSONS & LORD, Props.
MONTREAL, P. Q.

Auction Sale.
THERE WILL BE SOLD BY PUBLIC Auction, on
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1881,
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,
AT THE
Residence of F. J. FYFE, of LACHUTE,
the following household effects: 2 iron bedsteads, mattress, 1 wooden bedstead, 2 cane-bottom chairs, 2 wash-stands, 1 bed-room table, 6 hair-cloth chairs, 1 parlor table, 2 rocking chairs, 1 extension dining-room table, 1 cupboard, 1 kitchen table, 6 strong kitchen chairs, 1 good cooking stove, 1 box stove, 2 tubs, 1 spade, 1 axe, 1 saw, milk dishes and pails, cooking utensils, crockery, window cornices, and several other articles.
TERMS: $5.00 and under, cash; over that amount 9 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

Parties Wishing
TO
PLANT GRAPE VINES
and small fruits should
Forward their Orders at Once,
TO
Gallagher & Gauthier,
101 ST. FRANÇOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL,
proprietors of the
Beaconsfield Vineyards,
NEAR
POINT CLAIRE.

FALL 1881.
New Dress Goods!
Costume Cloths only 16c,
Our Black Cashmeres are cheaper than ever.
TWEEDS in great variety.
FLANNELS
from the best makers.
All wool, grey, 32 cents per yard.
" scarlet, 15 " "
Canton, fair quality, 11 cents per yard.
PRINTS, fast colors, 4 " "
WINCEYS 5 cents and upwards.
A lot of Knitting Yarns to be sold cheap.
TRY THE LI-QUOR TEA!
A handsome volume with every 3 lbs. of Tea.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.
THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
C. T. WALES & Co.,
Sep. 14.
11f St. Andrews.

FOR SALE CHEAP
AT
Wm MURRAY'S
NO. 71 ST JOSEPH STREET,
MONTREAL.
A Few Gold Watches and Chains.
3 m-1

J. & A. LOWE,
HAVING NOW RECEIVED THEIR
SUMMER STOCK,
IN ALL THE
NEWEST STYLES.
They offer the public a Trimmed Hat from $1.00 to $5.00. Also, a new line for children. New Dolman Mantles for spring and fall wear at very reasonable prices. 34tf

CHESNUT COAL.
We have just received a large lot of Chesnut Coal, which we will sell cheap for cash.
G. & M. SIMPSON.
St. Andrews, Aug. 25th, 1881.

LAMPS! LAMPS!
FRED R. COLE,
418 & 420 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.
Manufacturer and Importer. Lamps & Brackets. Coal oil Chandeliers &c.
FINE AMERICAN KEROSENES.
3 m-1

Dr. G. W. PRENTISS.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: NORTH STREET
Grenville Village,
Province of Quebec.

MONTREAL HOUSE
LACHUTE.
My Fall Stock
is now
Nearly Complete.
I am daily in receipt of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &c
Men's Long Boots from $2.00
Boys' " " " 1.50
Women's Boots
IN GREAT VARIETY.
Crockery at greatly reduced prices, of which I have a large stock.
J. PATENAUDE,
v5 n1 1y

Notice to Creditors.
PARTIES INDEBTED TO THE UNDERsigned are hereby notified that all accounts or notes due, and unpaid by the 25th inst., will be put in hands for collection.
JOSEPH PATENAUDE.
Lachute, Oct. 5th, 1881. 6 2 ins.

LUMBER! LUMBER!
FOR SALE.
PINE, SPRUCE and HEMLOCK, in lots to suit purchasers. Apply to
JOHN CAMPBELL,
Dalesville.
Or A. A. DICKSON,
Montreal.
May 16th, 1881. 38tf.

Bedding House!
First Prize
ON
Mattrasses,
Pillows, &c.
G Armstrong &Co.
Victoria Square
MONTREAL.
v4 n11 1y

A. McLENNAN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Dealer in
Tea,
Sugar,
Highland & Irish Liquors.
Butter, Eggs, &c., &c., sold on Commission.
ORDERS FROM COUNTRY PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.
92 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. 11.

S. MYERS
DEALER IN
JEWELLERY & WATCHES
A SPECIALTY IN DIAMONDS.
225 McGill St., Montreal.
Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets.
WATCHES AND ALL KINDS OF JEWELLERY REPAIRED.
June 1881 40-1y

REAL ESTATE.
FARMS & VILLAGE PROPERTY
IN
Grenville Village & Adjoining Townships
FOR SALE CHEAP.

GRENVILLE VILLAGE.
10 Lots with dwellings and outbuildings from $300 to $700 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot	4 in 1st Range,	$ 8 0 00
S W ¼	"	5 in 4th Range,	300 00
N ½	"	14 in 5th Range,	200 00
S ½	"	18 in 5th Range,	200 00
S part	"	11 in 3rd Range,	500 00
S ½	"	25 in 4th Range,	200 00
S ½	"	18 in 4th Range,	400 00
S ½	"	10 in 5th Range,	800 00
S part	"	11 in 6th Range,	400 00
N ½	"	27 in 7th Range,	800 00
S ½	"	6 in 3rd Range,	1000 00

HARRINGTON.

N ½	Lot	13 and 14 in 2nd Range,	1600 00
S ½	"	19 in 4th Range,	100 00
W ½	"	18 in 5th Range,	300 00

ARUNDEL.

S ½	Lot	16 in 7th Range,	600 00

Apply to
ALEXANDER PRIDHAM,
Grenville, P. O.,
24 y. Co. Argenteuil, Que.

FOR SALE.
THAT desirable farm belonging to the estate of the late JAMES CONNOLLY, Esq., situated in Chatham, P.Q., on the bank of the Ottawa River, between Stonefield and the village of Grenville and being within easy access of the Railway and Steamboat, and also of Churches, Schools and Stores. The farm contains something over 80 acres, and has a house, barn and stable erected on it. Price $1000 and payment of a small ground rent. The ground rent can be paid off as well. A large proportion of the purchase money may remain in the hands of the purchaser by payment of interest. For further particulars apply to A. PRIDHAM, Esq., Grenville, P. Q., IRELAND, Lachute Mills, or Rev. JAMES H. DIXON, 71 Coursol Street, Montreal.

THE NEW HAT STORE.
K. MacDIARMID,
HATS, CAPS & FURS,
No. 16 St. Joseph Street,
(*Next door to American House*)
MONTREAL.
Old Furs Dressed and made over
3 m-1

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership formerly carried on under the name of J. & R. Banford has been dissolved by mutual consent, R. Banford retiring from the business. The business will now be carried on by J. Banford & Co.

JACKSON BANFORD.
ROBERT BANFORD.

Lachute, Sept. 20, 1881.

N. B. All parties indebted to the late firm of J. & R. Banford will settle with J. B. & Co.
1-1 (m).

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce st.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King Street West, Toronto, W. W. BUTCHER, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.



LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets every second WEDNESDAY evening, in VICTORIA HALL, at 8 p.m., sharp.

Advertising Terms.

Six lines and under, first insertion,	50 cents
Each subsequent insertion	12½ "
Ten lines and under, first insertion,	65 "
Above 10 lines, first insertion (per line)	5 "
Each subsequent insertion	2 "
One sqr. (24 lines Nonpariel,) per year	$15 00
One-quarter column, per year	20 00
One-third column per year	30 00
One-half column, per year	50 00
Three-fourths of a column	65 00
One column, per year	80 00
Professional cards of not more than six lines, per year	04 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.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLE for LACHUTE.

GOING WEST.

Leave Lachute—	Mixed	5.22 a. m.
" "	Express	10.06 a. m.
" "	Express	6.52 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Leave Lachute—	Mixed	6.18 a. m.
" "	Express	11.05 a. m.
" "	Express	7.50 p. m.

MAIL HOURS.

Mails going West close at ..... 9.45.
Mails going East close at ..... 10.45.
Registered Letters five minutes earlier.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Downs' Elixir—Henry, Johnson & Lord.
S. Carsley's carpets—S. Carsley.
Business card—W. Banford.
" " —L. Gobeille.
Watches—C. W. Hughes.
Portrait of Garfield—Shober & Carqueville Litho. Co.
Continental clothing store—Smith & Co.

LOCAL.

We publish to-day the Prize List of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil. Parties wanting numbers containing it can be accommodated by calling at the WATCHMAN office,—price 5 cents.

Dr. Fowlea's Extract of Wild Strawberry

Cures cancer of the stomach and bowels, dysentery, cholera morbus, and all summer complaints.

We regret to learn that the St. Therese College was burned down on Wednesday at noon. All efforts to subdue the flames were fruitless, the fine building was burned to the ground. The Superior of the college places the loss at $150,000. The insurance amounts to $41,000. It is not known how the fire originated, but is supposed to be accidental. There were at the time about 300 pupils at dinner in the building, but fortunately all escaped safely.

A General Alarm

Is needed when the frame is consumed with fever as with a slow fire, brought on by sluggishness of the kidneys, or torpidity of the liver; Burdock Blood Bitters will act on the system like a chemical engine, and remove all fever and restore to normal state of health. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

CHURCH BUILDING.—Our Methodist friends have at last commenced the building of their new Church. Ground was broken by Messrs. Chapman & Mattinson, the Contractors, on Monday last, and the building is to be pushed forward with all despatch, so that it may be covered before the winter sets in. The building is to be of wood cased with brick—size 55 feet long by 38 in width.

For dysentery, diarrhea, and all summer complaints use the greatest of all pure, simple remedies—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is pleasant, rapid, reliable and effective. For sale by all dealers. T. Milburn & Co., Proprietors.

On the day of the Consecration of St. Simeon's church, Lachute, there will be divine service at 11 a. m. The Bishop and a number of the clergy of the city and deanery will be present. Canon Baldwin will preach the opening sermon. There will be a missionary meeting at 6 p. m. of the same day. The Lord Bishop, Canon Baldwin, Dr. Sullivan, and other of the clergy, will deliver addresses.

No Wonder.

Many a man's love has been turned into loathing on account of unsightly eruptions on the face, and of offensive breath of his fiancee. This trouble could have been avoided if she only had sense enough to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial sizes 10 cents.

SEVERE FROST.—On Tuesday night we were visited with a severe frost, which completely destroyed the bloom of our flower gardens for this year, as well as garden roots generally—every thing was wilted down—tomatoes, peppers and celery suffering particularly. It was so unexpected that people were not prepared for it so early in the month—October being generally warm and balmy till near its close. It will be a severe affliction to our lady friends, and also to the gardeners and farmers whose root crops were not fully grown or ripened for taking out of the ground.

Fancy Drinks.

Burdock Blood Bitters is not a fancy drink, but a pure medicinal tonic, alterative, laxative and nervine, whose effect is to purify, restore and build up the impoverished blood and enfeebled body. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

HAS STOOD THE TEST.

N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir has been in use for half a century in the United States and Canada; and the thousands who have used it have never found it to fail, as a certain and speedy cure for coughs, colds, croups, asthma, diseases of the lungs and consumption. The inventor has been blessed by thousands as a benefactor of humanity, and when half a century more shall have gone by his name will still be a household word, while many of the great names now so honored and revered shall be forgotten. The fame of the Elixir, so long ago established, gains wider renown each year, for all who use it spread abroad the news of its efficacy more effectually than any medium of advertising could do.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE POST:

DEAR SIR,—As the summer season is about over, the short days and cold nights hasten our people back to the busy commercial metropolis again Spare time during the long evenings enables the wanderers' mind to review the many plesures and places of interest visited during the past season, which if profitted by, will be a guide in seasons to come to make a selection from, for there are many such in close proximity to Montreal, that nature has favoured and requires only the guiding genius of the man of energy to make it inviting, as is done in similar instances on the other side of the line 45. But as an exception, there is one place which deserves particular mention, located about forty miles west of Montreal, on the line of the Occidental Railway, and that place is Lachute, a thriving, healthy, active little town. The county seat of Argenteuil, where many Montrealears have passed a pleasant summer retreat, thanks to the energies of one of its leading citizens, Mr. F. C. Ireland, who seems to be alive to the interest and wants of the place, who has by his indefatigible labors succeeded in bringing it into importance, by encouraging capitalists to embark in their varous industries; it boasts of one of the finest and most substantial paper manufacturing establishments in the Dominion, whose product took first prize at our late exhibition, also a wobden ware factory, their grist mill the same. There is also a woollen mill, a saw mill, a rope walk, two foundries, a machine shop, a carpenter's shop, quite a number of stores, a few hotels, and last but not least, an enterprising weekly journal that keeps its county subscribers well posted in the news of the Domision, the city market reports, etc. Besides, a local exhibition is held during the year, enabling farmers to compete with each other and regulate their sales by city prices. Its municipal corporation, as well as the county courts, held periodically, serve to make it the most flourishing little town between Montreal and Ottawa. Other places located nearer Montreal, and favored more in many ways, have not only the same, but greater advantages, and have not profitted by them through lack of energy of its people. Lachute outstripped them and took the lead; and to whom does Lachute owe its present advanced state? To the leading and moving sprit of Mr. F. C. Ireland, whose character, public and private, stands unblemished; whose dealing, though particular to the most minute detail, no one can say dishonest in the slightest degree; such a man should be entitled, in the strict sense of the word, to the confidence of the people Not only is he able and willing to look after the welfare of the county in general, but Lachute in particular; and if the county could boast of the same progress as Lachute it would be to the interest of the people to bring about that change by selecting him as their local representative this fall. And as time passes away rapidly, it may not be any too soon to begain at once. There are three other gentlemen in the county—strong Conservatives, who are eligible. One of three already has had a trial. The others am isolated in location, while none of them have a claim on the feelings of the people as strong as Mr. Ireland—that is to say, has done so much for them—for the good done in any particular part naturally affects the whole county in a favourable manner to a lesser or greater extent.

The present representative is a very worthy gentleman, but entirely too inactive for the many wants of the county. Besides having had his turn in the Quebec Parliament, is in honour duty bound to refrain from coming forward again, but allow another to try and benefit the county. Therefore, if the good people of Argenteuil will only unite in choice of Mr. Ireland, and leave party politics out of the question, and consider the importance of their own interest by putting the right man in the right place, it will be highly creditable to the intel ligent electors of the county, and Lachute will soon become a Lowell or a Birmingham as a manufacturing centre. It would well repay the people of the county to make the trial; they have nothing to loose and everything to gain by the change. The farmers would no longer have to look to Montreal as a market for their produce; warehouses would be built, agencies of banks and commercial houses established, branch railroads built and manufactories of all branches of industries and commerce encouraged there by interchange of money and products, prosperity will smile and make them a happy poeple, is the sincere wish of one of its.

TRANSIENT VISITORS.

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Republican*

Life of Garfield.

(Guelph Daily Herald, Sep. 23, 1881.)

We have just examined advance sheets of the "Life of Garfield," from the World Publishing Co's. Office, Guelph. It contains about 700 pages, beautifully printed on good paper, and profusely illustrated with some 30 engravings, including a steel plate of Gen. Garfield and Arthur; this is the only authentic work published, endorsed by the family and relatives of General Garfield. Read the following endorsement from B. H. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, Ohio, the most intimate friend that Gen. Garfield had: "I beg leave to say that I regard this book as most valuable, and well worthy of a general circulation.—B. A. Hinsdale." This work is being issued by the World Publishing Company in connection with the largest publishing house in the United States, and neither labor or expense has been spared to make the work all that it should be. Several cheap imitations are on the market; be sure you see the "Life of Garfield" that you buy is written by James D. McCabe, the great American Historian, author of "Pictorial History of the World," "Pathways to the Holy Land," "History of the United States," &c., &c. Also be sure the work you buy is nine inches long and six inches wide. About 700 pages and profusely illustrated. The cheap catch-penny editions that are being advertised do not compare with them in any way; buy only the best.

AGENTS WANTED. Apply to the World Publishing Co., Guelph.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering

Brown's Household Panacea, has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a pain or ache. "It will most surely quicken the blood and heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea, being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 22 1

PRIZE LIST

OF THE

County Agricultural Society for 1881.

List of prises awarded at the Agricultural Society show, held on the 28th of September 1881, at Lachute, kindly given us by the Secretary, Mr. G. J. Walker.

Horses.

JUDGES: Peter McMartin, Hugh Fraser and Charles Lalande.

Mares and foals, draught—10 entries.

Walter McOuat, Lachute,	1st
James Bradley	2
Joseph McKimmie	3
Henry Griffith	4
John Summerby	5
James McGregor	6

Mares and foals, saddle,—13 entries.

John Boa	1st
Nelson Albright, Bay	2
Thomas Barron	3
Peter Gordon	4

Studs—3 *years*—1 entry

Harvey Mathews	

Studs—2 *years*—7 entries

Thomas Smith	1st
Michael Briarton	2
James Bradley	3

Colts—1 *year*—12 entries

Andrew Todd	1st
Richard Muir	2
Mrs. Nichols	3

Fillies—2 *years*—12 entries

John Clark	1st
George Smith	2
Walter McOuat, Branch	3
Adam Gowanlock	4

Carriage Horses—2 entries

Martin Burwash	1st
Stephen H. Burwash	2

Horn Cattle.

JUDGES: John Morin, Ebenezer Hendrie and Thomas Dobie.

AYRSHIRE CLASS.

Aged Bulls—3 entries.

John Hay	1st
David Morin	2
William Buchan	3

Bulls—2 *years*—2 entries

James McOuat, R. Rouge	1st
Robert Doig	2

Bulls—1 *year*

John Hay	1st
David McFarlane	2

Bull Calves.

George Fraser	1st
Robert Todd	2

Milch Cows.

John Hay	1st
George Fraser	2

Heifers—2 *years*—1 entry

John Hay	1st

Heifers—1 *year*—3 entries

John Hay	1st
Alex. McFarlane	2
George Fraser	3

Heifer Calves—2 entries

John Hay	1st
George Fraser	2

GRADE CLASS.

Aged Bulls—5 entries.

Gavin J. Walker	1st
John Boa	2
James Wilson	3
Joseph McKimmie	4

Bulls—2 *years*—4 entries

James Bradley	1st
Peter Gordon	2
John Stewart	3
John Summerby	4

Bulls—1 *year*—9 entries

William Hume	1st
Robert Watson	2
William Drew	3
Archibald Boa	4

Bull Calves—10 entries

Donald McCallum	1st
Leon Le Marche	2
James McOuat, Chatham	3

Milch Cows—14 entries.

James McOuat, River Rouge	1st
James McOuat, Chatham	2
Walter McOuat, Lachute	3
James C. McOuat, River Rouge	4
George Fraser	5
Peter Gordon	6
John Hay	7
Nelson Albright, River Rouge	8

Heifers—2 *years*—15 entries.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Grenville	1st
John Gordon, River Rouge	2
Peter Gordon	3
John Hay	4
James C. McOuat	5

Heifers—1 *year*—20 entries.

Thomas Morrison	1st
Mrs. Alexander Paul	2
John Hay	3
Nelson Albright, River Rouge	4
Thomas Morin	5

Heifer calves—12 entries.

James McOuat, Chatham	1st
George Fraser	2
Walter McOuat, Lachute	3

SHEEP.

JUDGES: Donald McCallum, B. Beauchamp and Archibald Oswald.

Aged Rams—9 entries.

Robert Woods	1st
Robert Crosier	2
Thomas Morin	3
Thomas Smith	4
Andrew Walker	5

Rams—1 *shear*—15 entries

James Wilson	1st
Peter Gordon	2
John Doig	3
John Clarke	4
Robert Doig	5

Ram Lambs—22 entries.

Robert Todd	1st
John Hay	2
George Fraser	3
Mrs. Alexander Paul	4
A. D. Loynachan	5

Best kept Society Ram—6 entries.

Charles Albright	1st
William McOuat, Hill	2
Mrs Nichols	3

Aged Ewes—12 entries.

David Morin	1st
William Hume	2
Thomas Smith	3
James McOuat R. R.	4
Thomas Morin	5

Ewes—1 *shear*—18 entries.

Robert Crosier	1st
Thomas Smith	2
James McOuat, River Rouge	3
George Fraser	4
William Hume	5

Ewe Lambs—13 entries

Thomas Morin	1st
William Hume	2
Robert Crosier	3
Robert Woods	4
David Morin	5

SWINE.

Judges same as on Sheep.

Boars—5 entries.

John Summerby	1st
William Hume	2
Thomas Todd	3
John Boa	4

Sows—13 entries.

John Summerby	1st
David McFarlane	2
Thomas Morin	3
William Hume	4

POULTRY.

JUDGES: John McFaul, Mathew Moody and John Hope.

In this class the judges considered it best to make two classes, one under the head of English Geese and one under the head of Canadian Geese.

English Geese—12 entries

George Fraser	1st
Duncan McGregor	2

Canadian Geese.

Nichol McKeracher R. R.	1st
Thomas Todd	2

Turkeys—7 entries

John Clarke	1st
Thomas Smith	2

Ducks—4 entries

Andrew Todd	1st
Andrew Walker	2

Other Barnyard Fowls

John Hay	1st
John Doig	2

An exhibit by Hamelin & Ayer in this class the judges consider worthy of mention.

Produce.

An exhibit of Oatmeal by Earle Bros., of Chatham Mills, considered by the judges an extremely fine specimen and worthy of the highest recommendation. An exhibit of Wheat by D. Ogilvie, of Grenville, and an exhibit of Egyptian corn by Richard Orr, of Grenville, considered worthy of honorable mention; also an exhibit of Honey by James McGregor, of Lachute, considered worthy of honorable mention.

Butter—47 entries.

JUDGES: William Ransom, Charles Langlois and William McClintoch.

John Martin	1st
George Morrisson	2
Robert Morrisson	3
Nelson Albright R.R.	4
Charles Albright	5
James McOuat R. R.	6
George Hill	7
James C. McOuat, R. R.	8
David Morin	9
William McOuat, Hill	10

Cheese—14 entries.

Same Judges as on Butter.

David Black	1st
Walter McOuat	2
John McGregor, Lachute	3
John Doig	4
James C. McOuat	5
Robert Doig	6

Home-made Bread, Buns and Fruit.

Bread—18 entries.

Charles Albright	1st
John McGregor, R. R.	2
Andrew McFarlane	3

Buns—19 entries.

Charles Albright	1st
Alex. McFarlane	2
George Fraser	3

Fruit—4 entries.

Thomas Burwash	1st
Charles Albright	2
John Hay	3
Martin Burwash	4

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

JUDGES: John Robertson, William Vipord and Mathew Burwash.

Stuffs—10 entries

Louis Fournier	1st
David Morin	2
Andrew Walker	3
Robert Todd	4

Dressed Cloth—15 entries.

William Buchan	1st
Robert Todd	2
James R. Cleland	3
Richard Muir	4

Plain Flannel—6 entries.

Charles Albright	1st
Duncan McGregor	2
William Buchan	3
Richard Muir	4

Fancy Flannel—13 entries.

Charles Albright	1st
Robert Todd	2
William Buchan	3
William McFarlane	4

An exhibit by Andrew McFarlane, of Upper Lachute, highly recommended.

Blankets—7 entries.

Duncan McGregor	1st
Daniel McMartin	2
Martin Burwash	3
William Buchan	4

Quilts and Coverings—11 entries

Andrew Walker	1st
Archibald Boa	2
David Morin	3

A quilt exhibited by Mrs. Nichols, of the Branch, considered by Judges worthy of special mention.

Woollen Shawls—6 entries.

Stephen H. Burwash	1st
Duncan McGregor	2
Andrew Walker	3

Knitted Work—14 entries.

George Morrisson	1st
George Hill	2
James R. Cleland	3
James Wilson	4

Home-made Carpets—5 entries.

Charles Albright	1st
Andrew Walker	2

Fancy Work—14 entries.

Hamelin & Ayer	1st
James Clarke	2
George Morrisson	3

Best collection of cloth, tweeds &c., made and exhibited by manufacturers in the County

Hamelin & Ayer	1st
Robert Morrisson	2

Woollen Yarn—6 entries.

Duncan McGregor	1st
David McOuat	2

Fancy Work

Alfred Center	1st
David Black	2
Mrs. Alexander Paul	3

House Plants

Thomas Barron	1st
James McGregor	2

The three last class of exhibits are special prizes given by Jas. B. Cushing, Esq., of Chatham. The Hon. J. J. C. Abbott's subscription to the Society will be given, as requested by him, as an additional prize on 1st premium butter, cheese and Ayrshire male cattle.

The Ploughing Match will be held this year on Mr. Henry McRae's farm, East-settlement, on the 26th of October.

Top off with a Bit of Pie.

What a peculiar American custom, and one which, together with hot cakes and excess of butter, lays the foundation for first-class cases of dyspepsia, Better use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

Rock Bottom!
Still Further Marked Down!
SURPRISING REDUCTIONS IN
Ready-Made Clothing
CLOTHING SEASONABLE,
Durable, and Fashionable,
To be sold AT COST during the present month
—AT THE—
Boston Clothing Store,
41 and 43 St. JOSEPH Street.
This has been the busiest season we have yet had, and we are keeping it up by selling a great many lines
AT COST!

SERVICEABLE COATS, Assorted Sizes, for	$2.00		
FASHIONABLE " " " "	2.25		
DURABLE WOOL " " " "	2.50		
Odd lines and best value ever offered in this City!			
STYLISH PANTS, former prices	$1.30	for	$1.00
SERVICEABLE PANTS " "	1.55	"	1.25
FASHIONABLE PANTS " "	2.00	"	1.50
ALL-WOOL PANTS " "	2.65	"	2.00

BONA-FIDE PRICES.
HAVE YOU BOUGHT A SUIT OF *OUR INDIGO BLUE SERGE*
REDUCED 25 PER CENT.
AT
The Boston
ONE-PRICE CLOTHING STORE,
41 AND 43 ST. JOSEPH STREET.
v5 n38m.

HATS! HATS!
STRAW HATS
AND
LIGHT FELT
SUMMER HATS.
All the LATEST NOVELTIES,
TO BE HAD AT
Riepert Bros.,
97 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,
MONTREAL. 7y

Important Advertisement.
To Cash or Produce Buyers.
BUTTER, EGGS & PORK WANTED!
ALL WHO WISH to get good value for their money can do so by buying their Cottons, Prints, Linens, Lustres, Mohair, Flannels, Tweeds, Ducks, Checked Cotton, for shirts, and Ready-Made Shirts, Overalls; also, Ready-Made Clothing and Rubber Coats, at
F. X. BERTRAND'S,
West End, Lachute.

BOOTS & SHOES.
Having received my stock of Boots and Shoes I can offer a good article for the money, and a large assortment to choose from.
FARMERS' HAYING TOOLS.
Scythes, Snaiths, Forks, Grind Stones, and Scythe Stones at the lowest price.
I have always on hand a large stock of
GROCERIES
at the lowest prices. Teas from 20c. to 50c., excellent quality.
PATENT MEDICINES
at reduced prices; and a sure cure for all who suffer is the STARR KIDNEY PAD, wholesale and retail, with testamonials from
F. X. BERTRAND,
"WEST END CHEAP STORE,"
LACHUTE.

Lachute Mills Flour.
RE-OPENING NOTICE.
AFTER EXTENSIVE REPAIRS the Mills are now running again. New flume, new water wheel, new bolt, new run of stones, and everything put in first class working order for Gristing and Manufacturing, so that the one will not interfere with the other.
Flour! Flour! Flour!
Merchants, Bakers and Farmers can be daily supplied with the very best flour in the Dominion, made from the best wheat and sold at the lowest prices.
See Our Prices!
before purchasing elsewhere.
Every bag of the flour guaranteed.
Sales Made For Cash Only.
Fish & Ireland.
Lachute Mills, July 27th, 1881. 6

Removed!
To our new and
EXTENSIVE PREMISES,
And in order to make our opening a success, we have decided on giving the Public a benefit in the way of Extensive lines of
CHEAP DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, &c., &c.,
And to house-keepers our full Stock of Carpets, &c., cannot be surpassed in the Dominion, as to Styles, Quality and Price.
Merchants can now be supplied with full lines at lowest trade prices.
LIGGET & HAMILTON,
51 & 55 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
OLD ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH. 35y1

O. R. N. Co.

MARKET LINE.
THE Steamer "PRINCESS," (Capt. Peter McGowan) will, as usual, run regularly between CARILLON and MONTREAL, calling at St Andrews.
Leaves CARILLON Mondays and Thursdays, about 6 p. m.
Leaves MONTREAL Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 6 a. m.
Freight at LOW Rates.
R. W. SHEPHERD,
29tf President.

MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE

AN AUTOMATIC REED ORGAN.
WITH our ORGUINETTE AND PERFORATED MUSIC PAPER, a mere child, without any musical education, can produce an endless variety of excellent music.
OUR ORGUINETTE is no catch penny trap, but a Musical Instrument of real merit, which has become Standard in the United States, where 5,000 Orguinettes per month are sold.
OUR ORGUINETTE AND MUSIC PAPER
will last for many years, no matter how often played, and will not get out of order.
PRICES, $10 TO $16. Send for Illustrated Catalogue to W.F. ABBOT & CO.,
1 to 21 VOLTIGEURS STREET,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES. MONTREAL.
ORDERS TAKEN AT "WATCHMAN" OFFICE FOR ORGUINETTE.

MANHATTAN FEED, For HORSES, CATTLE MILCH COWS, SHEEP and PIGS.
IT is a source of health, because it keeps the organs in a natural healthy tone. It sets as a relish, promotes perfect digestion, and purifies the blood, thereby keeping the coat in a free and glossy condition. THEY EAT! BUY IT! For sale by
W. BANFORD,
83-6m General Merchant, Lachute, P.Q.
Sole manufacturers R. W. SMITH, & Co., 698 Craig St., Moutreal.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES DIARRHŒA AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS

Mrs. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDER is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in children or adults. Price 25 cents, or 5 for $1.00.
Mrs. FREEMAN'S NEW DOMESTIC DYES are perfect in every color. For brightness and durability they have no equal. Price 15 cents per package.

Election! Election!
[-o-]
WHILE SOME PEOPLE are going crazy over the probable result of the pending election, keep your head cool and allow your judgment to lead you to where you will find the best value for your money.
I hear, in fancy, some one saying,
"Where Can Such An Advantage Be Obtained?"
Hundreds of satisfied customers answer emphatically,
AT
"The Farmers' Exchange,"
where everything is kept for sale that people require at exceptionally low prices.
The above establishment is a general store in every sense of the word.
Customers are attended to promptly, and stocks are kept up so well that I am very seldom asked for anything I cannot supply; while nearly every day someone says, "Why! do you keep that too? I hunted all Lachute for it without finding any?"
5 PER CENT off on all cash purchases.
10 PER CENT off on all patent medicines, for cash.
Sandy Paul.
Brownsburg, July 30th, 1881.

THE WISEST
HOUSEKEEPERS
USE
STRACHAN'S
Gilt Edge Soap
AND
Are Happy!
All Leading Dealers Sell It.

LIME! LIME!
THE undersigned has constantly on hand a large supply of the best quality of lime which he will sell at the old price.
THOMAS C. NOYES.

No Patent, No Pay
PATENTS
obtained for mechanical devices, medical and other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Infringements, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to. We make preliminary examinations and furnish opinions as to patentability, free of charge, and all who are interested in new inventions and to owners are invited to send for a copy of our "Guide for obtaining Patents," which is sent free to any address, and contains complete instructions how to obtain Patents, and other valuable matter. During the past few years we have obtained nearly three thousand Patents for American and Foreign inventors, and can give satisfactory references in almost every county in the States.
Address: LOUIS BAGGER & Co., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Drexel Building, Washington, D. C.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY!
Ploughs and Plough castings of all kinds.
Stoves in great variety.
Agricultural and general machinery of all kinds made and repaired.
Mower Extras always on hand.
Oil expressly for mowing machines.
School Desks and Seats for Public Halls.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all our work.
McOUAT & McRAE.
Lachute, March 31st, 1881. 41y

ATTENTION!!
Received and to arrive full lines in fall goods, viz:
Winceys,
Costume Cloth,
Serges,
Flannels,
Clouds,
Cottons,
Sheetings,
Prints,
Boy's, Youth's and Mens' Underwear in all prices.
Boots and Shoes a Specialty.
Large assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS & LADIES' HAT BOXES ALWAYS on hand CHOICE GROCERIES.
Sole agents for the
Celebrated Crompton Corsets.
Good Goods,
Low Prices and Fair Dealing.
H. GILES & SON,
Lachute, Sep. 1881. 4y

PLATED KNIVES, FORKS, Cruets, Butter Coolers,
FOR SALE CHEAP AT
Wm. MURRAY'S,
NO. 71 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
MONTREAL.
9 m-1



National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.



AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

By the author of "What He Cost Her," "Gwendoline's Harvest," and other popular novels.

CHAPTER VII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Has Cyril's death made you so very sad, Ralph, that not even *I* can comfort you?" asked Mrs. Clyffard of her husband, as he sat in a small chamber communicating with his dressing-room, and in which he was accustomed to transact his business affairs. He smiled, not sadly, but gratefully, lovingly, in her false sweet face, yet gravely shook his head.

"You always comfort me, dear one. If I were dejected on my own account only, you would soon cheer me. But it is not so, Grace, although many would be sad who knew their doom had been spoken, who felt as I feel"—he laid his hand upon his heart—"that I have had my warning, and must soon go; yet I do not repine for that matter."

"I will not combat your opinion, love," answered she, "fallacious and ill-grounded though I believe it to be; with me, whatever you think is sacred."

"Sweet Grace, how I love you!" returned the old man. "It is only for your sake that I regret to go. I have reigned here my allotted time; how gladly would I leave all to my successor, heaven knows, if I might only think he would hold it. Poor Rue! poor Rue!"

Ralph Clyffard bent his head, and hid his face. His wife's arm still encircled his neck; her voice was low and soft, and seemed to tremble with love and pity; but her eyes looked down upon him with contemptuous scorn.

"And what is to prevent Rupert from holding his own, husband? Nothing save a dark legend of your house—a morbid fantasy of your own—a——"

"Did you never read my Uncle Roderick's will, Grace?" interrupted Ralph.

"His *will!*" cried Mrs. Clyffard, involuntarily withdrawing her caressing hand. "I never even heard that he had made a will. I did not know that he *could* have made a will. Is not the land entailed? Father to son, uncle to nephew; has it not been so with your ancient race!"

"It has ever been so," returned her husband gloomily. "Father to son, but never son's son, since Guy's time."

"Aye, aye," exclaimed Mrs. Clyffard impatiently; but masking her apprehensions with a great effort, she added, in a soothing tone: "Let us not talk of that, Ralph; let us not think of it, if possible." Then, with affected carelessness, she added, "Is yonder dusty parchment at your elbow this said will."

She reached her hand towards it, but he was beforehand with her, and gently, but firmly, he retained his hold upon it. "Nay, do not open it, Grace, for mere curiosity's sake."

If he could but have seen her face in its rapacious earnestness—the intense longing in her greedy eyes; if he could have known what it cost her to restrain the nervous twitching of those taper fingers, he could scarcely have talked of curiosity—it was cupidity aghast with fear.

"I will tell you all that Roderick would have me tell, wife, if he were alive, I hide nothing from you—nothing."

"Nothing, Ralph," returned she tenderly, her mind straining after the precious parchment like a greyhound in the leash. "If I thought you kept a secret from me, it would kill me."

"Would it so, dear one? Then, since I would have you live, you shall hear my Uncle Roderick's will. He herein leaves Clyffe to Arthur his son, and Cyril after him, for thirty years, and then——"

"But he could not leave it, Ralph. How mean you then he left it?"

"He thought he could. He was—mad the second son, and yet mad; think of that, Grace! No lawyer has ever seen this writing; it would count as nothing in his eyes; he would smile at the dead Clyffard's ravings, and I do not choose that any man should do that. For thirty years willed he Clyffe to my father and my brother, after which he shall return—so it runs—and resume his own again. I have seen his coffin in the chapel vault closed with a mighty lock like yonder chest—save that it opens from within as well—and a key is buried with him, that he may arise, and let himself out when the time comes. The thirty years will very soon be ended."

"I trust, Ralph, that you do not believe——"

"Fear not, Grace," interrupted her husband quietly; "I keep my own wits still, although they are sorely tried. I almost wish it was not so, and that I could deem that dead Roderick might come to life again. It is worse to think that he was mad, having no right to be so; and rather than men should know the contents of this sad will, I would lose many a fair acre of those which it so strangely devises. It was the mere reading of it which set me sorrowing. How goes it with Rupert, think you, Grace?"

"He looks bravely, husband. He will fitly wear your honors after you, though not, I trust, *for* long, long years to come."

"He has heard the news, I suppose?"

"I told him myself, Ralph, lest some vulgar tongue should wound him with the rough delivery of it; and charged the household not to speak of it within his hearing."

"You should have charged them not to speak of it at all," returned the husband sternly. "Great heavens are the misfortunes of our house to be the talk of grooms!"

"We cannot chain the tongue, Ralph; and since the law forbids to cut it out, as your high handed race were wont to do when a menial's speech displeased them, the most we can do is to direct its course."

"As wise as fair!" repeated Ralph in a low tone. "You have done right, Grace, as you always do."

"Nay, husband, I have only done my best. Little, indeed, is the best I can do, in return for what I have received at your hands. I was low, and you lifted me up; I was base, and you set me in honor." A shadow flitted over her husband's brow. "Not," she continued, "that I ever think of these things now, save when I am alone with you, as now. I have left the past behind me altogether. Connected with your race, although by marriage only, I feel myself well-born."

"That is rightly said, Grace. The Clyffards, like the king, confer nobility itself. Never speak, then, of what was once your lowly lot, even to me. You are mistress of Clyffe; you will be so after I am gone—that is until——" Ralph Clyffard paused and sighed, the wave of thought overtaken by another ere it could break in speech. "And what did Rupert say when you told him of poor Cyril?"

"He said he was grieved to hear it, but scarcely surprised. He hoped Uncle Cyril would be buried at the Hall and not at the Dene." Ralph shuddered. "Then he seemed lost in thought, and answered me at random; but presently on some trifling interruption—it was the organ in the gallery, played by Mildred Leigh, I think—he brightened up at once. Music is good for him, and the companionship of the young. It is but a dull life he leads here, and fit to make a young man sad."

"Raymond is not sad," returned her husband, like one who, to gain time, urges something which he knows has but little force.

"That is true," answered Mrs. Clyffard subtly. "To chase the stag, the fox, the otter, is happiness enough for Raymond. He might have been a huntsman born, for any instinct of gentle birth that he possesses. Nay, even a huntsman would have some reverence for the race which he served, whereas Raymond——"

"Well, wife, what of Raymond?"

"Nothing, Ralph—nothing. You are grave enough already, without my saddening you further. And, after all, perhaps he only does it to vex *me*. He does not love his step-mother; that is only natural. A man's sons, unless they are dutiful, like Rupert, too often resent their father's second marriage."

"Resent it!" cried Ralph Clyffard, starting up and smiting the table with his fist—"resent it! What! is he his father's tutor? Am I to be told my duty by this rude boy? Have I robbed him of gold or lands that he should be envious of me? Does he grudge an old man that which renders the last few years of his life less lonely, less drear? Even had we children, he would have his mother's portion; they would not rob him of a silver piece. Nay, I have left him thrice as much besides. Unnatural, undutiful, base!"

"Hush, Ralph—hush. Be calm. Do nothing in anger. Let poor me, at least, be not the means of sowing dissension between father and son; for he is your son, you know, after all. What I was about to say was only this, that knowing how dear to me is the honor of your house, and with what worship I look upon the Clyffards, alien though I be, he scoffs and sneers at what should be held most reverend, at least, by one of their own blood; nay, he says, 'blood' is nothing. 'Why not bone—a gentleman of bone? If old blood is so precious, why then are old bones so cheap?' But I fear I vex you, husband."

Ralph Clyffard's eyes were flashing fire. One hand clung to the table, grasping it like a vice; the other hand was pressed against his heart. His white lip moved as with a spasm twice and thrice before they could shape "Go on."

"There is little more to say, Ralph; I have said already more than I intended. You must please hold this a secret; you must understand it is to me alone he thus speaks out. He flings his gibes about at all, 'tis true, making a mock of ancestry; but he keeps his worst for me, because as I have said, he knows the barb goes home. His aim at me is the surest when he strikes through you and yours. For instance——"

"Ay, for instance," gasped Ralph Clyffard; "Give me that."

"He says 'the fair woman,' for whose sake Bertram killed his brother, and whom you yourself——"

Ralph uttered a cry of horror. "I see her now!" cried he. "Some death is coming or the curse is falling. Look—look; *there—there!*"

"Dear husband, you are pointing to the mirror; you behold only the reflections of myself." She spoke as lightly as she could, but her voice trembled with genuine terror. "Dear Ralph, 'tis I. Don't you know your Grace?"

He shrank from her caress with almost loathing. "Touch me not!" cried he, repelling her with one hand, while he shaded his eyes with the other. "I cannot bear it; so like—so like! was it indeed the mirror?"

"Look for yourself," said she, "and at the original." She smiled her sunniest smile, and, with her head aslant, shook her fair locks about her in a shower of gold. As different looked she from that rigid form which, with menacing finger, had just glassed itself before Ralph Clyffard's gaze, as Hebe from Atropos.

"Fair Grace!" cried he, enraptured, "how beautiful you are! it makes me young to look at you! How could I ever mistake you for another, far less that dread spectre—harbinger of ill! Thrice have I seen it. Was it not thrice, Grace? I can think now of nothing but of thee."

"You told me thrice, Ralph, and that it boded death, or worse; and on the fifth day these messengers arrive telling of Cyril's end. This must be more than chance."

"Ay, more than chance indeed."

"Yet Raymond says there is no 'fair woman' at Clyffe save me—a cruel saying, when we think of what she was."

"Does he dare to say that much?" exclaimed Ralph hoarsely. "Does he think I am befooled, then?"

"Nay, he knows nothing of what you have seen. How should he, husband, save through me alone?"

"True—true; he makes light of the legends of our house."

"Makes more than light, sir; makes merry with them, as with a church-yard tale told by a sexton to keep boys from playing leap-frog on the tombs; has no more reverent word for any of them than hobgoblin bogle; and no more courteous term than dupes and fool for those who have cause to know better. She waited, looking for a storm of wrath, but this time it did not come. Ralph's mind had been working in a direction which, with all her skill, she could not follow. Like some out manœuvred general, who suddenly finds his beleagured foe at large, having emerged behind him underground by sap, so she stared, foiled, in her husband's quiet face, and listened to his measured tones.

"This may be as you say, Grace; nay if *you* say so, it is—and yet I must not be hasty. He was my late wife's favorite son."

"Parents should have no favorites, Ralph. If *she* spoiled him, that is no reason why you should complete his ruin."

"You say well, Grace; parents should have no favorites; there is no selfishness which works such ill as undue partiality in father or mother towards any of their offspring."

"Where it *is* undue," slid in the woman.

"And if, in spite of duty, such a feeling creeps into a father's heart, not only should he not exhibit it, but should strive by all means to make up to the less beloved child for the injury he has involuntarily done him. At times, I fear, upon the contrary, I have been harsh to Raymond, vexed with him, because I am vexed with my own heart on his account. His nature is so different from mine—from that of all our race."

"Ay, it is indeed."

"And yet, if he is rough in manner, he has a feeling heart."

"He went a-fishing this morning, though his Uncle Cyril died but two days back," remarked Mrs. Clyffard. "I saw him by the beck's side myself. A feeling heart, forsooth! Nay, even if he has, what matter?—Why should that poor excuse be taken for grave dereliction of duty, for vice, for disrespect?"

"What would you have me to do with Raymond, Grace?" asked her husband thoughtfully.

"*I*, Ralph? Nay, it is no concern of mine. It is your good pleasure to pass over faults that are patent to the world, by all means do so; but seeing your solicitude on poor Rupert's account, I——"

"Well, Grace?"

"I wonder at your blindness—that is all. Setting aside the ill effect that Raymond's example might have upon his brother—for he has the stronger will, although he is the younger—it is strange to me that you do not mark his assumption, his arrogance. Not only does he show respect for none, but lords it as though he knew he were the heir of all."

"Ah, does he so?" cried Ralph.

"He does, as though his brother were already doomed. This very morning, in the library he dared to twit him with his morbid feelings, his tainted mind, and angered him with hints at what might happen."

"Are you *sure*, wife?" inquired Ralph Clyffard, greatly moved. "How know you this? Beware how you advance this thing, if you have no certain knowledge."

"I am no tale-bearer," returned Mrs. Clyffard haughtily. "I know of myself that so it was. Believe me it would be best that these boys were kept apart."

"But Rupert would be more dull than ever, Grace."

"Then give him most and gay companions; set the Hall doors wide, and bid your neighbors' sons be friends with the heir of Clyffe."

"I cannot do it, Grace; you know I cannot do it; and if I could, there is no neighbors' son that is his equal. They would be flatterers all."

"Then listen, Ralph; I speak this, once for all; the curse will fall, and it is you who will have called it down. Some companionship Rue must have, or he will mope—some one that will cheer, and yet will sympathize with him—some one with the same tastes, but with a healthier spirit; one he can love, and who will return his love, and above all, one who will render Clyffe—which is now hateful to him—familiar and beloved, as you have made its frowning walls to me, Ralph; and all beneath the eye of you, his father, who thus need never lose sight of your beloved son, but will be gladdened day by day to see this blessing work."

"And in whom is such a paragon—such a flower of friendship—to be found?" asked Ralph Clyffard, gloomily.

"Where you have found some comfort or have told me so, dear husband—in a wife."

Ralph stared in silence, then—she silent too—observed, "But Rue is a mere boy, a child."

"Then let him wait—if you think there is no danger in his waiting. In the meantime, let him engage himself, let the girl reside here—here with me—and her good influence begin at once."

"But how can this be done, Grace? Who would consent to do it? Would it not arouse suspicion, too—the misfortunes of our house being known to all—of the very thing we fear? What girl of fitting birth and station would thus be wooed, or rather would thus woo? You would not have my Rupert demean——"

Ralph stopped and stammered.

"You are thinking of *me*, husband. I am not thinking of myself, but of you and yours. I answer what you are going to say with your own words. 'The Clyffards like the king, confer nobility on itself.' However, let us talk no more of this at present; only think upon it, there may be no occasion for the remedies you seem to think so desperate. There is no hurry for a month or so."

"A *month!*" cried Ralph with agitation.

"Well, say, then, for two months. But remember this; once let the mischief go too far, and although your race were twice as ancient as it is, and your rent roll ten times as long, no woman gentle or simple, pure or frail, would consent to link her fate with that of Rupert Clyffard."

"I will think of it," groaned the master of Clyffe. "Leave me now, Grace; I cannot bear even your sweet company."

She stooped, touching with her lips his stern, unconscious brow, and left the chamber without a word; but on the other side of the closed door she paused, and whispered to her own triumphant face, reflected in the dark and polished oak. "The doating fool is mine; for I have sown the seed of much, and it will grow!"

CHAPTER VIII.

CLEMENT CARR DINES WITH THE FAMILY.

It has been well said, with respect to early rising, that the morning song and the evening song of most persons are very different; promises of being up with the lark, of seeing the sun-rise, of having a bathe in the river before breakfast, being often given over night with an enthusiasm in strange contrast with the loathing with which you are fulfilled. We draw the bill with the utmost readiness, since the hour of payment seems so far away; but in the dark dawn of acceptance and liquidation how we curse our former facility for autograph-writing! Similar, although in inverse proportion, are the alternations of the human mind before and after food. No man save a fire-*eater*, can fight well fasting; whereas, after a plentiful repast, if a man is afraid of anything, it were rank flattery to call him coward.

Thus Mr. Clement Carr, whose conduct on his arrival at Clyffe Hall before breakfast we have seen to have been almost pusillanimous, was, after breakfast, in a condition to bid defiance to the powers of at least the supernatural. He had consumed the half of a large game-pie, beside such kickshaws as trout and marmalade; while, in place of tea, he had imbibed the whole of a flagon of old ale, as well as that glass of brandy "to top off with," which is termed by would-be dyspeptic persons "a constable;" and he wanted to know *what* the devil was meant by putting him in the housekeeper's room, and *why* the devil he had not been asked to breakfast with the family, and *how* the devil it all was. In vain did Mr. William Cator endeavor to persuade him that no personal slight had been intentionally put upon him; that it was not the custom in great houses, or, at least at Clyffe, for the gentlefolk to take their morning meal together, and the Master of Clyffe himself broke his fast alone, and even dined alone.

"I shall dine in his dining-room, however," interrupted Mr. Clement with resolution. "I am not going to be fobbed off with accommodation of this sort *twice*; not going to be set down again at the same table with serving men like you. Fire and furies! Am I not own brother to the mistress of the house, and uncle to wash-her-name the other young woman? *O cosh*, I dine with the family!"

"When Mr. Gideon is here, he does not do so," returned Cator quietly.

"Well, and what then? Hoosh, Gideon! I suppose I can do as I think proper? Ain't I a——" Here Mr. Clement Carr had to contend with those sworn foes of eloquence and especially the eloquence of indignation, called the hiccups. "Ain't I a——Trout and marmalade always gives them to me; it's most astronery; nothing but brandy stops them. Wash was I going to say? Ain't I a gentleman bred? Wash the dush do you mean by my sleeping at the village inn? Don't interrupt, sir. *O cose*, there's no village inn. I shall shleep in the best room in the housh."

"That's the Blue Room, where the ghost is, Mr. Clement."

"Who kairsh for the ghost? I shall shleep in the besh room, whether it's blue or green, or yellow, or whatever colorsh it is."

"Well, I dare say Miss Grace herself, as was, will be here presently," observed Mr. William Cator; "you had better tackle *her* about it; it's no use bragging to me."

Accordingly, when the Mistress of Clyffe did pay the housekeeper's room a visit, not, however, until the morning had so far advanced that Mr. Clement Carr had seen fit to refresh himself with another meal, and had thereby kept up courage, he at once "tackled" that lady upon the lack of personal respect that had been paid to him, Clement Carr, Esq.

"I am sure I am very sorry, brother," returned she gravely; "you have had enough, however, I trust, to eat. I need not ask as to your drinking."

"What can one do *but* drinkah," inquired her relative in a tone half-apologetic, half-defiant; "shut up with a serving-man without any conversationsh?"

"What does he want, Cator?" inquired Mrs. Clyffard contemptuously.

"He wants to dine in the dining-room, and sleep in the Blue Chamber, ma'am."

"Besh room in the house," muttered Mr. Clement.

"You are very easily satisfied, brother, and so it shall be; only before you dine, you must get sober. The young gentlemen of this family do not drink to excess, and what is more, there will be a young lady at the table."

"Only Mildred Leigh, I supposh."

"*Only* Mildred Leigh, sir! May I ask by what right you take upon yourself to speak in that manner of a gentlewoman whom you have never seen? If this is a specimen of your best manners, you are not fit for the dining-room of Clyffe Hall."

"But is she not my own neesh, Grace?"

"A misfortune of birth, sir, should not expose any person to rudeness. If you are determined to play the gentleman to-day, see you do not forget your part. Dine with us, sir, and welcome; but keep you away in the meantime from the ale-flagon and the brandy-flask, for—mark me—it would be better for you to drown yourself this day in yonder moat than to disgrace me and mine at the table of the Clyffards!"

With this ceremonious conditional invitation to dinner, Mr. Clement Carr was fain to put up, although, when he had obtained it, he did not feel by any means comfortable. The social distinctions after which we strain and strive, with a devotion that would win us heaven, if an attempt were directed to *that* end, are often very disappointing placed among the gold fish in a sphere far removed from our own, we do not feel at ease; they are only carp like ourselves, it is true, but we are conscious of the absence of the auriferous scales from our own backs. They are not lively fish, these gold ones, but their dull steady stare is extremely disconcerting; and if it were not for the after pleasure of boasting of our experiences in the crystal bowl, we should generally wish ourselves back in our native pond. The fox who observed that the grapes that hung out of the reach of his moderate exertions were sour, made a very just remark, and one which, in my opinion by no means deserves the ridicule it has universally met with.

Mr. Clement Carr made every attempt of which he was capable to persuade the dinner-party at Clyffe that he was born with the auriferous scales, but therein signally failed, for he had not a characteristic in common with gold fish except their stupidity. He had determined to establish his character as one of the family, by kissing his neice, upon his introduction to Miss Mildred Leigh in the drawing-room; but that young lady met him with so dignified and elaborate a courtesy, that he dared not venture upon such an act of violence. Mr. Rupert Clyffard gave him his hand, and uttered a few words of polite welcome in his character of host; but Mr. Raymond drew himself up, and bowed, with no more evidence in that cold and stately curve of a desire to shake hands than is exhibited by the crescent moon. Dinner *a la Russe* was at that time unknown, but, for frigidity and silence, the meal might have been served upon a steppe of Tartary. At first Mr. Clement racked his brains for a topic of conversation, but finding nothing but a dissertation upon the treatment of the insane, which it fortunately struck him would be inopportune, he confined himself to asking everybody, one after another, to take wine; a ceremony which in each case froze him to the marrow. From a scarcity of cutlery, or some other sufficient cause, it was the custom at the Dene to retain one's knife and fork throughout the repast, and Clement stuck to his upon the present occasion, notwithstanding the reiterated efforts of the servants to remove them, with the tenacity of an ensign defending his colors. Upon the other hand, being unaccustomed to a napkin, and imagining it to be the property of the attendant, he pressed it upon his acceptance whenever he came near him; finally, on becoming conscious of both errors, he essayed the first few notes of a whistle, which elsewhere had often stood him in good stead in moments of embarrassment; but catching his sister's basilisk glance fixed sternly upon him, the tune quavered into silence, and he broke out into a profuse perspiration.

With much greater equanimity, as she had already hinted, could Mrs. Clyffard have borne to see her brother taken out dead and dripping, by the heels, from the castle moat, than thus misbehave himself. She dreaded to leave him alone with those young gentlemen (one of them, too, her sworn foe) when his tongue should be loosened by wine; and yet she could scarcely summon him to leave with the ladies, as though he were a little boy. Nor, indeed, would he have obeyed her. He looked for the departure of the hostess and her niece as the period when he should begin to recompense himself for the past restraint, as a gentleman attached to strong liquors, who had taken the temperance pledge for a limited time, regards the date of his franchisement. Nor, when the opportunity arrived, did Mr. Clement Carr throw away his chance. Bumper after bumper, bottle after bottle, did he drink, and still did his youthful host and Mr. Raymond keep him company, as in duty bound. He had now not the slightest difficulty in selecting a topic of conversation, nor in illustrating the same when found, with much inappropriate grimace and gesticulation. He had really some talent for imitating the lower animals, and by the exercise of this accomplishment, he transformed the stately dining chamber of Clyffe Hall into a dog-kennel, a nursery for kittens, and a sty tenanted by a sow with a young family. Later in the evening, he arose and caught an imaginary bumble-bee in the red damask curtains, and pursued a fictitious mouse upon all fours, till it found shelter under the sideboard. Never did performer, bent upon making himself agreeable, exhibit before so undemonstrative an audience. Mr. Rupert smiled, but it was with polite amazement. Mr. Raymond smiled, but it was with something like gratified revenge. Yet there was a feeling common to both, though unconfessed by either, which made them regret that their guest's vulgarity was of so very pronounced a type; and it was this same reason which caused the young men to look at one another, with their eyebrows raised, when Mr. Clement Carr expressed his opinion (somewhat tardily) that he had had enough of liquor, and that it was time to join the ladies.

"I think it is too late," observed Rupert quietly, "to join the ladies to-night; indeed they have probably left the drawing-room."

"Stuff a nonshensh," returned Mr. Carr; "mush't 'av a song. I musht get a song out of Mish Mildred; schmack her sholdersh elsh."

"What!" exclaimed the brothers, starting up with a single impulse, and regarding their guest with flashing eyes.

"My neesh," exclaimed Mr. Carr, apologetically; "my own neesh, you know. Now, which of you young vag—that is, young gentlemen—are sweet upon her? You, Mr. Rupert, ish it? or ish it you, Mr. Raymond? Ha, ha, I've foundish you out. Leave me alone for seeing into a——"

"Sir," interrupted Rupert with dignity, "these remarks are most offensive, and must not be repeated. You are not in a fit state to enter a drawing-room."

"Whash a matter with me?" inquired Mr. Carr with virtuous warmth.

"You are drunk," observed Raymond impetuously. "Do not venture to utter that lady's name again within my hearing."

"Hoity-toity!" replied the guest; "so it's you who are her sweetheart, is it? Shly dog!"

"What my brother has said," observed Rupert hastily, "is what I feel myself, and what every *gentleman* must feel." He laid a stress upon the word, such as could not escape the observation even of one less sober than the person he addressed.

"Take you care, Rupert Clyffard," answered Clement, stung for the once into sober rage. "I have clipped the wings of as fierce bantams as you; you may come some day into my——"

"Your what?" asked a woman's voice, low and clear as the song of a snake charmer. "What folly is this you talk, Clement? I am afraid you have been setting these young gentlemen but a bad example. How late you sit over your wine! Mildred has retired to her room, and I should have done likewise, had I not been attracted on my way by what sounded almost like a broil."

"There was no broil, madam," observed Raymond haughtily; "there was only Mr. Clement Carr."

"Whash a matter now?" inquired the latter gentleman, awakened by the mention of his name from a slumber (induced by his sister's harangue) of the probable duration of two seconds, but which had left his mind a blank as to all past transactions. "Whash a matter, Grace?"

"Follow me, sir, and I will show you your room," observed Mrs. Clyffard icily.

"It is the Blue Room, is it not?"

"The besh room in the house," returned Clement triumphantly, "whatever colorsh it is."

She led him up the grand old staircase, ample enough for a hearse and four to pass its fellow—along the picture-gallery, silent, but all eyes, and through an echoing passage, where, from out of the dim obscure, four footfalls seemed to come forth to meet their own.

"What a long way to come to bed!" observed Clement greatly sobered by their cold and lonely travel, as well as by certain apprehensions which were gradually making themselves apparent, pushing their heads up like coral islands above the ocean of wine which he had swallowed. "And whash my room got three doors for?" Mr. Carr was in a condition when objects are apt to multiply themselves to human vision, but he had not seen treble; there really were three doors to his room, although when he had previously visited it, to make his toilet before dining with the family, he had not observed them. "Whash the baize-door for?"

"To shut out sound," returned the lady of Clyffe, in the same sort of tone that the wolf used when he made the apposite remark to Red Ridinghood—"the better to hear with, my dear." "You should not object to that, brother. There are a good many baize-doors at the Dene."

If the object of this observation was to console, it certainly failed in its effect. With terror-stricken visage, Clement watched his sister light the huge wax candles upon the dressing table, and likewise those upon the lofty mantel-piece, until, what with that stately lustre, and the huge wood fires upon the hearth, the whole apartment looked designed for some dead Clyffard to lie in state in."

"Where do you and your husband sleep, Grace?" inquired he, retaining the cold white hand, which would have bidden him adieu, within his own.

"In the east wing, at the other end of the castle."

"Oh, indeed; and, by the bye, if I should be ill in the night—I don't feel very well you know—and should want Cator, where does *he* sleep, Grace?"

"I cannot tell, Clement; but probably over the stable with the grooms. You *would* be lodged in the best bed-room you know, so you must put up with its little disadvantages. The great folks who have slept here have always their own attendants about them in the ante-room yonder and in the page's chamber. There is not even a bell except the alarm-bell"—she pointed to a massive silken cord hanging through a round hole in the ceiling close to the bed-head—"which, should you ring, it would arouse half Craven. Yet even that did not save Sir Thomas. He was found lying stark and stiff here, stabbed to the heart, with his hands outstretched in vain for yonder rope, though ten score of men-at-arms would have answered his summons. Good-night, brother."

She spoke in a harsh and grating voice, but Clement was very loath to loose the sound of it. He accompanied her through the triple door with officious courtesy.

"I suppose I shall be called in time, Grace?"

"Yes, you will be called—soon enough, doubtless. You had better not come with me any further, or you will lose your way back to your chamber." She waved her hand and left him with a firm, unfaltering step which evoked its answering foot fall from the other end of the passage—that nearest to the Blue Chamber—as before.

"Good-night!" cried he, his teeth chattering with fear as he listened with positive anxiety to hear once more her familiar accents.

"Good-night," answered she sardonically, as she opened the great door which led into the picture-gallery—"good night, and pleasant dreams." The quilted door shut behind her with little noise, but her words were repeated by the mocking echoes quite close, as it seemed, to his own ears—"Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

To be continued.

A RICH PRIZE.

A Church Appointment that is Worth Having.

The Deanery of Westminster is a prize absolutely unique. In a certain sense it is more richly endowed than any archbishopric, for its income is large and its expenses nominal. But it has other advantages. The Dean of Westminster is absolute master, for the time being, of Westminster Abbey, with all its traditions. He is also his own Ordinary, owing allegiance and obedience to no bishop or archbishop in England, and probably responsible to nobody but himself for what he may do, or say, or write, or even preach. He lives in the heart of London, and is *ex-officio* a recognised institution at Court, and consequently in the very first society in all Europe. He has a charming residence allotted to him. His duties are not more than is necessary to make life pleasant. And there are traditions and associations connected with his office which invest it with the highest dignity. A Deanery is a more honorable prize in many ways than is a Bishopric. To a Bishopic we are bound to appoint "a sound man"—that is to say, a dull man and an orthodox. But a Dean may be erratic, or even brilliant. He is a chartered libertine in the ecclesiastical fold. He is in the Church, and yet not exactly of the Church. He is in the world, and yet, as it were, sanctified by his gaiters and shoes and buckles and rosette. Short of being Pope of Rome, and so the equal of kings, one would wish—if one's ambitions ran in that particular channel—to be Dean of Westminster. St. Paul's, Christ Church, Durham, Canterbury are all preferments to be desired. It is well to succeed to men so distinguished as Milman, Gaisford, Liddell, Lake, or—*absit omen*—the learned discoverer of that memorable Samaritan Codex which the University of Oxford purchased as the "expiring relic of an expiring people," and which is now, or ought to be, the chief treasure of the Bodleian. But Westminster is the first Deanery of all. It is the noblest piece of ecclesiastical patronage in the gift of the Crown. And we may be sure that amongst old Oxford men—whether they have sat in orthodox shadow at the feet of Liddon, or imbibed tea and Socratic paradox with Jowett—the career of the new Dean of Westminster will be keenly watched.—*Observer.*

The Cinder in Surgery.

Last week a remarkably delicate surgical operation was performed in a manner extraordinarily singular. Last fall, as the result of a cold, an ulcer appeared on the right eye of a young gentleman of this city. The ulcer was removed, but a scar was left on the corner directly over the pupil, completely obscuring the sight. While riding in the cars last week the young man met with the customary fortune of travellers, and for several days suffered from the evil effects of a large cinder in the eye. When the bandage was removed, much to the surprise of the patient, he found that he could see almost as well as before the growth of the ulcer. The rough edges of the cinder had removed the scar, a feat which surgeons had in vain attempted to perform.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A gallant capture of a tramp by a lady is reported from Sheerness. A Mrs. Percival, finding a man on the staircase early in the morning with his boots off, at once seized him, and held him till her husband came. The tramp, who gave the name of James Daly, was sentenced to one month's hard labor.

THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

Ladies Will Here Find Seasonable Topics Discussed.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate.)

Eggs vs. Meat.

Would it not be well to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains sixty-six per cent. water, the yolk fifty-two per cent. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are 80 and 90 years old, and have been remarkably healthy. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not harden the white or yolk so as to make them hard to digest. An egg if cooked very hard is difficult of digestion except by those of stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king, if kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

Dressing Infants.

A friend, in a private letter, thus expresses her convictions on the subject of dressing infants, to all of which we utter a hearty Amen: "I want to see mothers brave enough to lay aside the long toggery with which they fetter little infants; see them clothe them healthfully in an elastic fabric from neck to ankles, and then treat them so they will have as good a chance for development as our little lambs and calves. I believe great mischief is resulting from the dragging effect of fashionably long clothing upon infants; also, from its having no support except as the bands are pinned tight round the body of the child. If our little colts were treated thus, how long would it be ere men would comprehend the fact that the 'good points' of horse flesh and trotting were being depleted?"

The Pie Question.

"But he has always been brought up to have such things, and likes them." That settles the question. Certainly, people must always have what they like and what they have been used to! But wouldn't it be well for the children to have a different diet? What sort of stomachs will they have if they eat such things? For eat them they will, you may be sure, if they are on the table, even if other food is prepared for them, which few mothers will take the trouble to do. Besides, they will be grown up some day, and then they must have these things because they have "been brought up to have them," etc. Perhaps if any one article could stand as a representative of all these things which it is difficult to make well, and which are good for nothing, physiologically, when they are made, it would be that curious Americanism—pie. I never could understand the peculiar fascination which these gastronomical compounds have for the masculine palate, but the man or boy who can resist the blandishments of a piece of pie would be a natural curiosity. The undercrust may be "soggy;" that's no matter, there's the top-crust and the "filling." The one may be leathery, the other full of all the untold indigestible horrors of molasses and mince-meat, citron and cinnamon, cloves and cider, apples and allspice, butter and brandy, sugar and suet, wine and raisins—but it's pie, and that's enough. For the sake of the next generation of wives, mothers of growing boys ought to educate them into a better taste, lest by and by "a piece of pie like that my mother used to make" be the dreadful will-o'-the-wisp to lure the poor wife into a slough of despond. And you, tired housewife, by occasional desserts of fruit and puddings, introduce your husband into the boundless supply of wholesome and toothsome things that we neglect for the sake of pie. He may speak scornfully of your *blanc manges* and custards, or, as the dessert comes on, raise his eyebrows and say significantly, "Nothing but apples?" or "Oh! its rice again." But do not press your "reform" unreasonably; remember the defects of his early education, and if you can convince him that it really saves your time and strength, and if your puddings and custards are good, he will soon be willing to accept the substitute for a part of the time at least.

How to Deal with Rats.

The premises may be kept clear of this vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with a thick coat of it. In any crevice where a rat might tread put the crystals of the copperas, and scatter the same in the corner of the floor. The result will be a perfect stampede of the rats and mice. Give the same place a coat of the same yellow wash every spring, for a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever will attack the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the pantry or cellar and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the cat can provide. Never allow rats to be poisoned in the dwelling; they are liable to die between the walls and produce much annoyance.

Useful Recipes, Etc.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Let the tomatoes be thoroughly ripe and let them lie in strong salt and water for three or four days; then put them down in layers in jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horseradish; then pour on vinegar, cold, after having spiced it. Use plenty of spice, cover carefully and let stand for a month before using.

Pickled Red Cabbage.—Slice the cabbage, cover with salt and let it stand two days. Then drain and put it in a pan; cover with vinegar and spice to your taste. Give it a scald and when cold put it in jars and tie up close.

The leaves of the geranium are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the same kind; one or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

Rusty Nail Wounds.—If you have the misfortune to wound your foot or hand with a rusty nail, you have only to smoke the wound with burning wool or woollen cloth. Fifteen or twenty minutes in the smoke will remove all the pain, from the worst class of inflammation.

To Keep Jellies from Moulding.—Pulverise loaf sugar and cover the surface of the jelly to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This will prevent mould even if the jellies be kept for years.

To Preserve Plums.—Look them over and pick out all that are imperfect or unsound. Make a syrup of clear, brown sugar and clarify it. When perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums. Let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it and pour it over again; let it remain another day or two, then put over the fire and simmer gently till the syrup is thick and rich. Use one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

Stewed Pears.—To six large pears add half-a-pound of white sugar, half the rind of a lemon cut thin, five cloves, and a little prepared cochineal to color them. Cut the pears in halves, and core them. Put them in an enamelled saucepan; water enough to cover them. Let them stew gently till quite soft without breaking them. When done, place them carefully on a dish sufficiently deep to hold the juice. Strain the syrup, and reduce it over the fire; then pour it over the pears.

Lemon Sauce.—Grate the yellow peel from one lemon. Tear out the pulp containing the juice, and cut into bits. The thick white portion is of no use. Soak a heaping teacupful of bread crumbs, or a long thick slice of bread in hot water, rubbing it fine and smooth. Add more water, putting lemon, crumbs and water together, so that there shall be about a pint and a half in all. Add a small teacupful of sugar, and let all boil together for a few minutes. Then add a level teaspoonful of butter and one egg well beaten. To prevent the egg from cooking unevenly, stir carefully a little of the boiling mixture into the egg, thus thinning it before you turn it into the mixture, always stirring fast as you gradually mix the egg with the rest. When cool this makes an excellent sauce, and eaten with bread is better for children (or any one else) than the common lemon pie. It "goes further," too.

Planting Potatoes in Autumn.

Mr. James Howard, of Clapham Park, Bedfordshire, England, writes to the London *Times*, giving the results of some experiments he has made in planting potatoes in the autumn. Mr. Howard states that on November 3rd he planted a piece of land in rows forty-five yards long, putting ninety-seven sets into each row. A part of the land he dressed with soot and the other he left unmanured. On March 29th a similar piece of land was planted in the same way with the same variety of potatoes. The yield of the plots not manured was 111½ pounds per row on the portion planted in the fall, against 98 pounds on the portion planted in the spring. The autumn planted portion dressed with soot yielded 137 pounds per row and the spring portion 110 pounds. Another experiment made upon a plot of ground from which a crop of onions had been taken gave a yield per row 11 yards long of 58 pounds per row from a planting made November 12th, against 49 from a planting made March 29th. Other experiments made gave yields of 110 and 102 pounds from fall planting, against 104 and 69 pounds from spring planting, respectively. Mr. Howard lays stress upon the necessity for deep planting in the autumn—8 inches to 9 inches deep. Even this is not a sufficient depth if the potatoes are planted upon ridges. He recommends planting on the flat. Mr. Howard has carried on his experiments two years, and though the results were not this year so clearly in favor of autumn planting as they were last year, he intends to continue his experiments. The planting of potatoes within a few miles of Boston was tried winter before last, when the weather was very mild. The potatoes were planted in October, and covered with sea-weed. They came up in the spring, but were only two weeks earlier than those planted in April.

The Bride of Lammermoor was indulgently treated in comparison with a Chinese woman who turned up her nose at a man whom the family authorities recommended as a husband. In most countries the consoling feature of widowhood is its delightful freedom. Not so in China. Thus, last June Mr. Morgan, of the Custom House, Hankow, while enjoying his evening cheroot on a steamship, saw two Chinese men actively engaged in drowning a woman, whom he proceeded to rescue. She deprecated his benevolent energy and explained that her fate was sealed, and that she might as well die then as at any other time. Next day the men succeeded in drowning her effectually. Her offence was refusal—she being a young and blooming widow—to marry an old man. Her brothers-in-law were the drowners, and they mildly remonstrated with Mr. Morgan on his interference.

One remedy for one dollar—there is but one way to cure baldness, and that is by using Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural petroleum hair renewer. It will positively do the work and it is the only article that will.

LARDINE!

THE VERY BES

Machine Oil

IN THE WORLD,

Is manufactured by

McCOLL BROS. & Co., TORONTO

And for sale by dealers. Ask your merchant for Lardine and take no other.

This oil under the severest test and most active competition was at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition awarded the highest prize; also the GOLD MEDAL at the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, and the highest award at the Dominion Exhibition, Ottawa, the silver medal.

Farmers and all who use Agricultural machinery, will save money and machinery by using none but

LARDINE.

ASK FOR

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup

FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP.

This old established remedy can be with confidence recommended for the above complaints TRY IT. If your merchant has not got it, he can get it for you.

JOHN. W. BICKLE (Formerly T. Bickle & Son), Hamilton Ontario. Proprietor.

STAMMERING

The London Institute for the Cure of Impediment in Speech

has re-opened for the Fall and Winter. For circulars and testimonials from hundreds whom we have cured, address

STAMMERING INSTITUTE, London, Ont.

DAKOTA — NORTHERN PACIFIC — MONTANA

RAILROAD LANDS.

FORTUNES FOR FARMERS.

50,000 Farms. 6,000,000 Acres.

Best Wheat Land, Rich Meadow, Choice Timber, Farming, Stock Raising, Dairying, Fuel and Water in Abundance.

$2.50 per acre and upward. One-sixth cash and five annual payments. Reduced Fare and Freight to settlers. Write for "Publications No. 63."

Geo. Dew, Travelling Agent, 71 Yonge st., Toronto. R. M. Newport, General Land Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

MINNESOTA.

T. C. LIVINGSTON, Special Land Agent for Hamilton, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED. — LUCRATIVE, respectable employment for teachers during vacation, or longer, or permanent, for few energetic young men in this and adjoining counties. To those who can show fair success and adaptability, expenses, liberal commission and moderate salary will be paid. Address with references, Drawer 2081 Toronto.

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

at LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, by W. J. SIMPSON & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.

Announcements or Notices 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 Situations Wanted, Fifty cents 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.

LACHUTE CARDS.

G. E. BAMPTON, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE,
(Office in Mrs. A. Burch's Buildings), Lachute, P.Q.

WM. SMITH, M. D., C. M.
BOA'S BUILDING,
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE, LACHUTE.

A. BERTHELOT,
NOTARY PUBLIC LACHUTE, Q.

IS NOW IN A POSITION TO effect loans of money from the *Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien*, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on first-class mortgages, and from other sources, at from 7 per cent. upwards.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Office in the Court House, Lachute. 17tf

LACHUTE MARBLE WORKS,
George L. Weir, Proprietor.

Best material and work at LOWEST prices.

Workshop in MRS. BURCH'S building, opposite Fraser & McOuat's. 31y

JOHN McNIECE,
TINSMITH,
WEST END, LACHUTE,

IS PREPARED TO DO EVERY description of Tinsmithing in the best style of the art. All his work is guaranteed to be what he represents it. Will keep always on hand a general supply of Tinware and house furnishing goods. He solicits a call from Country Dealers.

BUILDING LOTS
—AND—
MILL PRIVILEGES WITH WATER POWER,
At low prices and on reasonable terms, by
F. C. IRELAND.

DENTISTRY.

B. S. STACKHOUSE, L. D. S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST.,

Is at Lachute, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month. And at St. Andrews from the 4th to the 15th of each month.

Private room, next to Fraser and McOuat's store.

MONTREAL CARDS.

ABBOTT, TAIT, WOTHERSPOON & ABBOTS,
ADVOCATES, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital Street (first floor), Montreal.
Hon. J. J. C. Abbot, Q. C., D. C. L.
Melbourne M. Tait, B. C. L.
Ivan Wotherspoon, M. A., LL. B.
John Betham Abbott, B. C. L.
Harry Abbott, B. C. L. Oct. 5 1y

H. R. HAMMOND, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital Street, Montreal.
Will be in Lachute on Mondays and Saturdays.
Messrs. Abbott, Tait, Wotherspoon & Abbotts, Counsel and Montreal Correspondents.

ARCHIBALD & McCORMICK,
ADVOCATES, COMMISSIONERS, ETC., ETC.,
190 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL. 16y1.

J. PALLISER,
ADVOCATE,
194 St. James Street, Montreal.

R. RANSOM & CO.,
PRODUCE MERCHANTS,
229 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
DEALER IN
Eggs, Lard, Fish, Cheese, Apples, Poultry, and all kinds of Country Produce. 21 1

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of
HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.
537 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL. 45y1

JAS. L. WISEMAN,
WOOD ENGRAVER AND DESIGNER,
169 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

GRAHAM'S
PAIN ERADICATOR!

THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS that has attended this preparation has established its superiority over all others for the following complaints:

Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Spinal
Complaints, Pains in
the Chest, Side and Back,
Sore Breasts, Abscess, Sores,
Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Wounds,
Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Scalds,
Frost Bites, Hives, Influenza,
Diphtheria, Asthma, Phthisis,
Coughs, Colds, Earache,
Headache, 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 Magnetic Oil that quickly permeates the system and effectually reduces inflammation and allays 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.

For sale by all dealers. Prepared only by

T. GRAHAM & SON.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. 5. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1881. NO. 7.

THE END OF A ROMANCE.

An English Nobleman's Divorced Wife Dies—The Mate of a Sheikh.

A SECOND LADY HESTER STANHOPE

An exciting and romantic life came to a close at Damascus on the 12th of August, when the wife of the Sheikh Medj-joel, a local celebrity known to all travellers, passed away at the ripe age of 75. This Damascene lady once wore an English coronet, and came of the famous English race of Sir Kenelm Digby, a scion of which not long ago married the daughter of Mr. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati. She was the only daughter of Admiral Sir Henry Digby, and was two years older than her brother, the present Lord Digby. When a girl of 17 she married as his second wife the second Lord Ellenborough, afterwards known in English politics as "the wild elephant," who was made Earl of Ellenborough, on his return from the Governor-Generalship of India in 1844. The marriage was an unhappy one from the first. One child was born to the ill-matched pair—a son—who died when but 2 years old, in 1830. In that same year London society was electrified by the elopement of Lady Ellenborough with Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, then a handsome and dashing young Austrian diplomat, who twenty years afterwards proved himself to be both a soldier and a statesman, and rescued the House of Hapsburg from the revolutionary abyss of 1848. Lord Ellenborough obtained a divorce from his wife by special Act of Parliament, allowing her a large income. She continued to live abroad and a few years after her elopement with Prince Schwarzenburg she married in Bavaria the Baron von Venningen. Him too she deserted, and then led a strange life of it "between the Alps and the Mediterranean." How many times she was married in Europe is not well ascertained, but about the year 1850 she went to the east. There she travelled from Palmyra to Damascus under the escort of the Sheikh Medj-joel, who for many years has monopolized the best travellers between those famous spots, and startled him on their arrival at Damascus with the information that she intended to marry him. The Sheikh took to flight and made for the desert, but the determined lady followed him, overtook him and married him duly according to the Bedouin rites, there being no witnesses of the ceremony except his Arab companions. She purchased in his name a splendid house and garden in Damascus, where she has ever since resided during part of the year, spending several months annually in the desert in her husband's tent. Stormy as her earlier life had been, her latter days were calm and contented. Her last and most extraordinary marriage proved a happy one. In Damascus she became the idol of the poor Mahommedan residents, who found in her the kindest of friends and counsellors; and amid them she has died at last, respected and beloved. Unlike her prototype, Lady Hester Stanhope, "Lady Digby"—so she called herself—never became a Mahommedan, but was of late years a regular attendant at the English services o. the Damascus Missionf or the conversion of the Jews.

Storage of Heat.

Foreign papers during the past few months have contained accounts of apparatus designed for storing electricity, so that it may be transported and made an article of commerce. It is suggested that batteries may be charged with electricity generated by the power of wind or falling water, safely conveyed long distances and employed for surgical purposes, producing light and for running small machinery. Some think that electricity stored in this way may be used for lighting railway cars and for illuminating parks, public buildings and private houses on special occasions. It is also suggested that batteries charged with electricity will be furnished private families for running sewing machines, and that they will be recharged as occasion requires at small cost.

M. Ancelin, of France, also brings out an ingenious apparatus for storing heat that is adapted to a great number of practical purposes. It is based on the principle that metallic salts, especially those that are alkaline, absorb a large amount of heat when they are dissolved or melted, retain it while they are kept in a fluid state, and evolve it when the salts pass into a solid form. The substance he employs for storing and giving out heat is acetate of soda. The chemical heater consists of a metallic flask filled with the above-named salt, and soldered airtight. The flask is made of thin copper or brass. It has a loop or handle for suspending it in a vessel of hot water, from which the supply of heat is obtained. If the heater is not injured one charge of acetate of soda is sufficient for all time.

The time required for the apparatus to store up all the heat it is capable of will depend on its size, and the period it will continue to discharge heat will be in proportion to the quantity of the salt employed. A heater sufficiently large to keep the hands warm for an hour or more can be charged by immersing it in hot water for five minutes. A foot-warmer, however, intended to be put in a sleigh, must be immersed in boiling water for about twenty minutes. A foot-warmer that on removal from the water-bath indicated 158 degrees of temperature, at the end of eleven hours registered 111 degrees. The most sudden fall was at the end of two hours. It then rose two degrees, after which the temperature gradually subsided until it became as cold as the surrounding atmosphere.

Some of the uses to which this piece of apparatus may be put have already been stated, and many others will suggest themselves to persons employed in different avocations. It will doubtless be found very convenient for keeping cooked food warm when there is occasion to remove it some distance from the fire. It may be advantageously employed for warming beds and sleeping-rooms in which there are no stoves. It can be placed in a carriage of any kind and used during very cold days in winter. It may be rendered very useful for warming cellars in which fruit and vegetables are kept on the occasion of severely cold weather; and may be suspended in a poultry-house when there is danger that fowls will freeze.—*Chicago Times.*

Guiteau's mail is every day very large, and consists mostly of postal cards. Some writers condemn him to hell; others volunteer to be his counsel for the sake of the notoriety. One Texas man sends him a bundle of switches with which to whip himself to death; a Georgia man wants to be hangman. There are pictures also. Guiteau is not aware that these things are sent to him.

THE OLD STORY.

A Beautiful Girl Supposed to Have Been Murdered.

A Rochester despatch says that on Sunday last the body of a human being was seen floating in the Erie Canal, near Albion, 21 miles from that city, by a boatman. He notified James Lewis, who pulled the body to the shore and went for Coroner Cochrane, of Albion. They soon discovered that the corpse, which was that of a beautiful girl 20 years of age, had been wounded, as there were several severe cuts about the head and over the left eye. The clothing was terribly disarranged. The dress was put on back side before, the stockings were only partially pulled on, both garters were upon one limb, and a long heavy twine was attached to the other. In the pocket of the dress were two letters, which established the girl's identity and fastened the crime of her probable murder upon a young man named Fred. Hopkins. The letters were addressed to James Wright and Sarah Wright respectively, the father and mother of deceased, whose name was Nellie Wright. This led the coroner to suspect foul play, and he summoned Dr. Tousley to make an autopsy. They removed the stomach and liver of the deceased to be examined for poison, as the letters stated that she was about to take poison because she had been betrayed and then deserted by Fred. Hopkins. The autopsy revealed the fact that the lungs contained no water whatever, an impossibility when death results from drowning, also that the girl was *enceinte*. The coroner empannelled a jury, but swore only two witnesses, one who saw her have the poison alluded to in her letter, and the other that he sold her the same. Her remains were taken care of by her brother. She was a remarkably beautiful and well-formed girl, and was the daughter of a moderately prosperous farmer. The prisoner, her seducer, as the letters state, is a son of very respectable and very wealthy parents. He is 31 years old and has been married, but was divorced because he was irregular in his domestic habits. Fred Hopkins was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Daniels. He at first seemed unconcerned, and actually forgot to ask why he was arrested. Later in the day he said that Nellie slept with him on Thursday night, but left at 4 o'clock in the morning, and said she was going to Albion, six miles away. He claimed that that was the last he ever saw of her. He is now confined in the Genesee County jail, where he has been refused bail, and is charged in the warrant for his arrest with wilfully and maliciously murdering Nellie Wright. Indignation over the case for miles around hardly knows any bounds, as the girl had, before she knew Hopkins, been reserved, modest and well liked. The coroner's jury will continue the investigation on Monday, October 13th.

A HEINOUS CRIME.

An Old Man Brutally Murdered in His Bed—His Wife the Guilty One.

A despatch from Coral, Mich., says a horrible and mysterious crime was committed at Colwell last night. A man named Owen Garrett, aged about 60 years, was this morning found dead in his bed, having been brutally murdered some time during the night. Garrett and his wife have not been on good terms for some time past, as he has been living with another woman named Hicks. Garrett's wife is suspected of knowing something about who did the heinous deed. A later despatch says: The coroner's verdict sets forth that he came to his death by blows inflicted upon his head from a sharp instrument, supposed to have been in the hands of his wife, Lavina Garrett. On this finding she was arrested and taken to Stanton Jail. Mrs. Garrett first "gave herself away" by going to a neighbor's house and telling that her husband was dead, and mentioning the hour at which his death took place. Upon visiting the house it was found that Garrett had been foully murdered in his bed, his head having evidently been split by a blow from an axe. Since the first despatch about the tragedy, search has been made upon the premises and the woman's night dress found hid in a partition between the upright part of the house and an addition thereto. The garment was daubed with blood and hair, and with it was found the axe with which the deed was done. The Garretts were both spiritualists, and Mrs. Garrett is 53 years of age.

An Old Maid's Life.

Sweet 16—Builds castles and dwells on love in cottage.

18—Joins an archery club. Affects intellectual repasts, such as "Reading Clubs." Dances every set and rejects all love proposals.

19—Drops love in a cottage and thinks of a brown stone or pressed brick front.

20, 21, 22—Modesty begins to take its departure. Abhors simplicity.

23—Laces tighter and wishes to marry for rank—a colonel, Congressman or Senator would do.

24, 25, 26—Astonished not a little at remaining single. Why don't the men propose?

27, 28, 29—Takes the lead in charades and tableaux. Begins to tease her pa about the springs. Subscribes to *Home Journal* for society news. Uses cosmetics glaringly.

30, 31, 32, 33—Wouldn't mind a widower if not too old. Willing to manage charades and tableaux, but won't take a prominent part. Begins to turn charitable and hunt out the poor. Joins the church.

34, 35, 36—As a general thing despises men. "They are all so silly; but of course there are exceptions to all rules." Elected President of the Children's Aid Society.

37, 38, 39—Allows boys of 18 or 20 to take her to prayer meeting, as "intellectuality defies all considerations of age."

40 to 45—Would accept a presidier of her own denomination without responsibility. Takes a large interest in the Sabbath School, and in cats and canary birds.

45 to 50—Sees no harm in a little more rouge—particularly at night. "Scraggy, fretful and desperate." A preacher with half a dozen responsibilities—all boys—she would not object to.

50 to 55—Thank heaven she was never married. All men are brutes. More rouge. Terribly startled by a remark from her widowed pastor that "it is the duty of all Christians to marry." More startled next day to hear of the good fortune of "that horrid old maid," Miss Snips, who is to marry her pastor. Makes her will and cuts off all her relatives by leaving her entire fortune to the heathen.

A man who died in Nashville left directions to send his body to the Pennsylvania furnace for cremation. His wife refuses to have it done, and has placed a guard over his grave; but his two sons are determined to carry out his wish, and have begun a law suit to get possession of the remains.

SARNIA'S INFERNO.

An Oil Well Volcano—Brilliant Phenomenon of Dazzling Beauty—Always Burning but Never Consumed.

The last oil well put down by the Sarnia Association (says the Sarnia *Observer*) was on the farm of Peter Lambe, about three and a half miles to the southeast of the town. At a depth of 600 feet there were some indications of oil, but the prosecution of the work was summarily stopped last Tuesday night, about 11 o'clock, by the flow of gas from the well catching fire from a torch in the hands of one of the drillers, James Mills, who at the time was at a distance of 25 feet from the well, the wind blowing at the time in his direction. The ignition of gas in an oil well is by no means uncommon, but this particular blaze soon developed some unusual features. The gas, instead of burning quietly in a small circle around the outlet, seemed to be forced out with extraordinary power, and the volume of vivid, silvery flame is fully thirty feet high. But the most remarkable feature of this very remarkable exhibition is that at intervals of exactly fifteen minutes by the watch there is a grand eruption of water which mingles with the flames, and so far from extinguishing them drives them in sheets above the highest trees and falls in showers for a considerable distance around the well. The eruption of water, which lasts about two or three minutes, is preceded by a gradually increasing roar, accompanied by a series of powerful gasps like strokes of some mighty engine. The mixture of the water, which, by the way, is said to be strongly impregnated with sulphur, with the flames, produce effects in color which are dazzling in their brilliancy and beauty, various shades of yellow and purple predominating. The spectacle, especially if witnessed at nigth is indescribably beautiful, and its effect is heightened by a slight dash of wierdness caused by the unusual color of the flames, and the corresponding reflection which it throws on the foliage of the surrounding trees. The birds seem to be almost paralyzed by the unwonted illumination. All night long, so the drillers say, they skim around the flames uttering shrill cries of alarm, and become either so frightened or so bold that they alight alongside the men, by whom they are frequently caught. Every effort has been made by the drillers, Messrs. Fair Bros., to shut down this brilliant show, but thus far without success.

Twenty loads of sand were thrown on, but without effect. Afterwards a number of tarpaulins were placed over the vent and sand thrown on top, but the flame belched out with apparently unsurpassed vigor, throwing these impediments aside as if they were so many feathers. The drillers came to the conclusion to try, as a last resort, to invert a heavy iron tank over the flame and surround it with sand so as to exclude the air. The opinion of most of those who have seen the phenomenon is that the subterranean power is so great that this plan will share the fate of those which preceded it. Large numbers of people have visited the well. It is a sight that baffles description, and once seen will never be forgotten.

Sunshine for Rheumatism.

Sunshine as a remedy for rheumatism must not be forgotten. We all know that a change from a cold, damp, to a warm, dry atmosphere often proves most serviceable in this disease. The warm, dry air stimulates the skin to greater activity, and this organ then, no doubt, throws off those poisonous products of transformation of tissue and imperfect assimilation, and the relief from it is very great. In many cases a perfect cure results from this alone. But it is not always convenient to leave one's home in such cases, and so the sun bath may be used as a partial substitute for a change of climate, during a portion of the year at least. It may not be generally known that a person may produce a considerable sweating by lying with the skin exposed to the sun for an hour in the month of November. Of course the patient should be in a room and the sun let shine on the body only from the neck down. It may come through a large open or closed—according to the heat—window exposed to the south. The body must be protected from currents of air. There is a little danger to the inexperienced in taking a sun bath by sunburning the skin. This is avoided by oiling the body first, and gradually accustoming one's self to its rays. Care must be taken not to overdo the bath at first, or injury will result. The temperature of the body may be raised two or three degrees in an hour, and a delightful feeling of comfort had by managing just right. By wrong management great discomfort may be produced. The head, as said before, must be protected from the sun's rays. In summer, when on the seaside, rheumatic patients are often improved by lying covered up in the hot sand during a part of the day.—*Dr. Holbrook.*

Large Cast Iron Wheels.

Three flywheels have been lately cast at Mr. Lycett's foundry, Wolverhampton, England, each wheel weighing 40 tons in the rim, and cast in one piece. The diameter is 26 feet; depth, 23 inches; and measure across the face, 15 inches. Each rim will have eight arms affixed, which will weigh about 25 tons, making the total weight of each wheel 65 tons. Flywheels weighing 60 tons have been cast in this district before, and some of them with a diameter of 30 feet, but it is believed that they have all been cast in either two or four segments, one great reason for this being that it would be impossible to convey such a ponderous piece of machinery *en masse* along a road. Casting them whole reduces the cost. The operation of casting occupied seven minutes.

Paris has more poor than any city in the world. The number of registered poor who have received relief during the present year reaches 354,812, of whom 200,000 receive outdoor relief. The number supported wholly by charity is over 150,000. In 1789 every tenth person was a confirmed pauper. The annual poor rate of Paris is 114 francs per head, or $195 per family. Paris supports 28,000 orphans and foundlings, pays the expenses of 15,000 mothers too poor to defray themselves, and has the names of 50,000 poor families on its official lists.

Mr. James Marshall, late of Trinidad, who died recently near Glasgow, has bequeathed the reversion of his estate, estimated at about £30,000, to the Foreign Mission Fund of the United Presbyterian Church and various charities in and around Glasgow.

Jersey Queen, a famous Vermont cow, owned in Peacham, gave 4,403 pounds of milk during the first 100 days of her yearly test, making 251 pounds of butter.

JUST LIKE WOMAN.

Kissing the Hand that Beats Them.

Frederick Waguer, a saloon-keeper of No. 80 Ridge street, was charged before Justice Flammer yesterday, at Essex Market Police Court, with having assaulted his wife and set a bloodhound upon her. The woman was unwilling to press the charge, but the Justice fined Wagner $5 and held him in $500 to keep the peace for six months. Wagner failed to give bonds, and was committed for three months. Yesterday afternoon a *World* reporter went to No. 80 Ridge street. The bar-room is a low room in the basement of a tenement house in a very unpleasant neighborhood. Behind the bar stood a well-proportioned woman about 35 years old. Around one muscular arm was bound a cloth. A long scar, evidently fresh, ran along her neck, just under the jaw. She was Mrs. Wagner. She spoke with a strong German accent. She said that she had been married to Wagner a few months more than a year. "I own the store," she said, "and I support my husband. He drinks all day and comes home at night drunk. He spends all my money and that makes me mad. He did not know what he was doing last night; he was too drunk, and when he is drunk he is crazy."

"Did he actually set the dog on you?"

"Yes; it was a big bloodhound. He was lying back there chained to the wall, and my husband turned out the gas and set him on me. He made him bite me. The dog knew me well, and I didn't think he would bite me; but he did, here in the arm," said the woman, pulling down the bandage and showing four deep gashes that told of four long teeth.

"How did you get rid of the dog?"

"I had a broomstick in my hand and beat him off. My husband pulled him off as soon as he bit me and tied him to the bedstead in the back room."

"What were you doing with the broomstick?"

"Oh, I had that for my husband; I wanted to give him a couple of licks. He was behind the bar and I was in front, and I was just going to hit him when he slipped down and loosened the dog."

Noticing a crack in the counter, the woman said: "I must buy a new counter; my husband broke this with the axe. Oh, he'll take an axe or anything when he's drinking. He broke that door, too, and tore the paper on the wall. He costs me more money than he's worth."

"Then why would you not appear against him in court this morning?"

"I thought I would when I went there, but when he spoke to me I could not help feeling pity for him. I always think he will do better, but he never does and he never will."—*New York World.*

A RASCAL'S PLOT.

A Utica Madman Arguing in Favor of Conkling's Assassination.

A telegram from New York says an alleged plot of a madman to revenge the death of Garfield by murdering Conkling has been discovered. The plotter is a person residing in Utica, where he has done business for fifteen years. The informant of the police is Mr. Jackson, a shipping merchant doing business in the East River. Mr. Jackson received last Wednesday a letter postmarked Utica, mailed on the 27th, written by a man he had known and worked for fifteen years ago. The message conveyed by letter startled Jackson very much. It was a calm argument apparently to justify the assassination of Conkling, who, the writer alleged, was the direct cause of Garfield's death and of the elevation of Arthur, who the writer said was not half as big a man as Garfield. In three pages and a half of note paper he argued that Conkling deserved death and ought to be shot. Mr. Jackson gave the letter to Police Commissioner Mason, who, after studying the letter carefully, was convinced that no assassination was intended.

Vanderbilt's New Home.

Vanderbilt has been criticized because he went to Europe with Herter to order all the glasswork, chandeliers, carpets, hangings, marble-work and much of the new furniture. Having made his money in America, he ought to spend it here, it has been said. The only art work done in this country for the house are the bronze railings around the house and the bronze crestings around the roof. This work was done in nine months by a Philadelphia firm for $42,000. It was offered to Mitchell & Vance, of New York, who declined it because it was stipulated that it should be done in three months. The chandeliers, including one of solid silver, weighing half a ton, for the ball-room or picture gallery, are now being made by Barbedienne, of Paris. Vanderbilt has two of Herter's men scouring Europe for whatever may be unique in furniture. Cost is said to be of no importance whatever. "The more the house costs the better," Vanderbilt is said to have remarked to an old friend disposed to lecture him upon the sin of extravagance. From careful estimates it is thought that the three houses on that one plot of ground will have cost when ready for housewarming about $4,500,000—not one year's income of this same Billy Vanderbilt, who 25 years ago was hard pressed to pay taxes on his farm, and, perhaps, wondered why a poor man like him had ten children to support.—*Cor. Troy Times.*

Killing Himself Thinking He was Guiteau.

Dr. Hayes, of Clifton street, was this morning summoned to attend J. E. Mylecraine, who had attempted to kill himself while suffering from delirium, the result of a long and continuous debauch. Mylecraine boards at 40 South Francis street and is a painter and frescoer by occupation. He is about 42 years of age, is single and for a long time past has been grosely intemperate. His continued drinking had brought on a severe attack of *mania a potu*, and this morning he labored under the hallucination that he was Guiteau, the murderer of the late President. As he had concluded that he could not be hanged, but was anxious that justice should not be defrauded of her due, he decided to take the matter into his own hands. So, having brought his razor to a fine edge, he slashed into his neck twice on each side, making a gash two inches long in each instance. These gashes were not very deep and it was not difficult to stanch the flow of blood. There is now no longer any fear of death, thanks to Dr. Hayes, and it is to be supposed that Mylecraine has given up the idea that he is Guiteau.—*Rochester Union.*

"Jack Russell," the celebrated hunting parson of Devonshire, England, is 86 years old, and since 1814, when as a young freshman at Oxford he saw his first wild red deer killed at Exmoor to the present hour he has never missed an opening day of the hunting season. He often after a hunt rides fifty miles to his home.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

Unpleasant State of Affairs in a Congregation.

A despatch from Belleville dated Monday says: There was trouble in the M. E. Tabernacle yesterday morning. It appears that the pastor of the church, Rev. B. Lane, B. A., has not received his salary as regularly as could have been desired, and some even say that all the minor expenses of the church were paid before his salary was advanced. Rev. Mr. Lane's salary is $1,000 per annum, but it is stated the first four months of the present year, which began in May, he received only $100. A note of his fell due some weeks ago, while he was in New York, and he requested the trustees of the church to meet it, which they refused to do. He then remained in New York, earned the money by preaching, and came home and redeemed the note. Yesterday morning he informed the congregation of the true state of affairs, and intimated that whether he should stay with them or not would depend on the action of the Finance Committee with regard to his salary. A lively discussion ensued, in which prominent members of the congregation took part. The management of the finances of the church were severely condemned by the several speakers. An arrangement was finally made, Mr. Lane agreeing to preach in the evening, and it being determined that the Finance Committee should meet this evening and consider the situation.

Michigan Forest Fires.

To the Editor of the Montreal *Witness*:

SIR,—On seeing the article in last Saturday's issue on "Immediate Action Needed," and noticing that it referred to forest fires, I searched it through expecting to find some reference to Canadian sufferers, but was sorry to see that there was no thought or feeling expressed, except for our "neighbors, if not brethren, in Michigan." Now, I beg to submit, Mr. Editor, that to help the Michiganders is no duty of ours. St. Paul's dictum is, "If any man provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel," and while it is all we can do to provide for our own, there is no nation better able than the United States to provide for its own. If Sir Hugh Allan were to lose a spar or a few yards of cable off one of his floating palaces no one would come round to poor men like you and me, Mr. Editor, to beg a little assistance for him, yet that would be a precisely parallel case. If there is one thing more than another that our "American cousins" and their admirers are fond of it is flaunting their enormous riches in everybody's faces. We are constantly reminded how they are paying off their debt at the rate of $100,000,000 per annum; let them take what is necessary out of their surplus revenue and send it to Michigan. We are constantly told how many of their citizens reckon their fortunes by millions, and indeed do not take the trouble to remember whether they spend five or ten million dollars; let some of them give their cheques and settle this matter at once. We are often told how many times over New York could buy up the whole of Canada; let it buy up the whole of Michigan and pension off the "suffering brethren." If, however, Canadians are determined to squander their hard-earned savings on people twenty times richer than themselves, they ought, in view of past experience, to choose some nation where public funds are honestly administered. I challenge you to give the names of a dozen sufferers from the Chicago fire who received one dollar of Canadian money out of the many thousands we sent, nor could a hundred Chicagonians be found who ever even heard of the Canadian relief fund. Of course I would rule out of this count those who handled the money and to whose fingers it stuck. No doubt there will be numbers of our people who will try to relieve our wealthy "American cousins" of doing their duty toward their suffering brethren; the good Book tells us that "The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth," and no doubt many will subscribe who will not give the price of a stick of firewood for our own poor in the coming winter, and who did not even think of giving a cent for our burned out brethren in Quebec. However, if it will be any convenience to any one I shall be happy to give you a number of addresses where collectors, should there be any, need not call, for they would not get a cent if they should.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

Looked Happy.

Suicide is very common in the present day, and it is difficult to read the evidence given at coroners' inquests without feeling that in nine cases out of ten there has, to say the least, been mismanagement somewhere. At an inquest, for instance, held at Rotherham a few days ago on the body of a girl, aged 16, the daughter of a laborer, who hanged herself in her father's house, some really remarkable evidence was given. The deceased, according to the statement of her mother, suffered from a "bad leg." She applied to the doctor at the infirmary for advice, and was told by him that she must have her leg cut off. "The doctor," said the witness, "told her (witness) that morning that he did so to cheer deceased up." A woman who was called into the house where the deceased was found hanging stated that as soon as she saw the deceased she addressed her as follows: "Maria, if you are happy, speak; and if you cannot speak, open your eyes. She asked that question, she said, because the deceased, as she was hanging, "looked happy;" but she subsequently wished she had cut her down. As it came out that the deceased's mother had thrashed her about the back, head and face before she was found hanging, the coroner adjourned the inquest; and the case is certainly one that seems to call for further inquiry.—*St. James Gazette.*

The large sum bequeathed by the great composer, Rossini, for the founding of an asylum to be exclusively devoted to aged musicians in straitened circumstances, appears at length to be in a way to produce some visible result. Under the will of the popular composer and musician Musard, who died last year, a sum of 100,000 francs, destined to be applied in aid of this object, has come into the hands of the Prefect of the Seine, and it is announced that the common fund is about to be applied to the construction of the proposed asylum, for which a site is to be purchased in the environs of Paris.

In 1843 O'Connell attempted to introduce that rage for Irish manufacture which is alive in Ireland just now, and always appeared in a huge frieze coat. But this rage soon flickered down, and he himself dropped the frieze for an English broadcloth. What he could not do English fashion, which was followed here, he effected in establishing "the Ulster," which is still worn in winter by the *jeunesse doree* of London and New York.

WHAT NEXT?

The Language of Postage Stamps.

Some ingenious persons have given a meaning to the location of a postage stamp on a letter. For example, they say that when a stamp is inverted on the right hand upper corner it means the person written to is to write no more. If the stamp be placed on the left hand upper corner and inverted, then the writer declares his affection for the receiver of the letter. When the stamp is in the centre at the top, it signifies an affirmative answer to a question, or the question, as the case may be; and when it is at the bottom, or opposite this, it is a negative. Should the stamp be on the right hand corner, at a right angle, it asks the question if the receiver of the letter loves the sender; while in the left hand corner means that the writer hates the other. There is a shade of difference between desiring one's acquaintance and friendship, for example: The stamp at the upper corner on the right expresses the former, and on the lower left hand corner means the latter. The learned in this language request their correspondents to accept their love by placing the stamp on a line with the surname, and the response is made, if the party addressed be engaged, by placing the stamp in the same place but reversing it. The writer may wish to say farewell to his sweetheart, or *vice versa*, and does so by placing the stamp straight up and down in the left hand corner. And so on to the end of the chapter. There are in the world about 6,000 varieties of stamps.

SEEKING DEATH.

An Impecunious Student Commits Suicide by Throwing Himself Before a Locomotive.

A despatch from London, Ont., dated Saturday, says: About 5.30 this evening an unknown man, who was walking along the Great Western Railway track towards the city, suddenly threw himself before the engine of No. 7 express for the west. A relief party was sent out with a hand-car and brought the body to the Great Western depot, in a horribly mangled condition. Search in the pockets revealed that the deceased's name was Hugo Schliefer, a law student admitted at Osgoode Hall on the 10th of February, 1877. An envelope addressed to J. B. McGurn, publisher, 30 King street east, Toronto, and a letter addressed to C. A. Wade, of Parkhill, were also found upon him. The latter was written upon the office paper of McDougall and Gordon, barristers and solicitors, asking Mr. Wade to let the writer have the German school certificates from his trunk in order to enable him to earn money to pay what he owed Mr. Wade. It is thought that, footsore, weary and hungry, after a long tramp on the track, unable to get work, repulsed on all sides when he applied for work, the poor student yielded to a sudden impulse to put an end to his miseries on earth. Dr. Flock will hold an inquest on Monday.

Women at Fifty.

It is absolutely untrue that under tolerably fair conditions, a woman is (if we may repeat that crude phrase) "played out" when she has seen forty-five. If all goes well, or even not very ill, a woman more frequently than not takes a new departure at about fifty. It is preposterous to assume that a woman of mature age is likely to be behind her growing daughters, or her growing sons, in effectiveness of intellect, in aptitude for "subjects" new or old, in general brightness and susceptibility. In what might be called "quality," in the French sense of the word, she is, upon the suppositions we have just made, so much the superior being that if the daughters, and the sons, too, do not feel it, there is something wrong with them. It must, indeed, be granted as a preliminary that there is love between the husband and the wife, and that the young people are good in harness, and above all, in themselves; but with these inclusions, little more is needed. And the battle is to be won along the whole line. A gray hair is a gray hair, a crow's-foot a crow's foot—and these rarely come to the young; but "certainly," as Lord Bacon says, "it is no marvel though persons in years seem, many times more amiable, *pulchrorum autumnus pulcher*; for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness." It is the mistake of giddy adolescence, or sand-blind conceit, to suppose that a woman of fifty cannot be exquisitely beautiful, cannot command a man throughout the whole range of his nature; cannot take up all the gladness of life and beautifully radiate it again for him and for others. In all this, we are, of course, leaving out, with a sad heart, the miserable life of the very poor. But even with the poor the general rule holds; and among them some of the pleasantest, brightest, handsomest women are women of advanced maturity, but released from the pressure of the cares and toils which young children bring. Such women may even be observed to take a fresh start in mental growth; they read more, and, mixing more with men, pick up general knowledge, and become more agreeable companions than ever. These remarks become more strikingly true as we carry our eyes upward in the scale of money and culture. Rahel, who was always ill, wrote at 50 years of age that she felt in most particulars just as she did at 14 or 15; that she had, on the whole, the same opinions and inclinations as at 30, only that the background of her life was richer with gathered experience and well-connected thought. She laid stress upon the connectedness, meaning, no doubt, that she could take bird's-eye views better than in earlier life; and she adds, that at her ripe age a joyful yearning or tendency to look forward had sprung up in her, which was a kind of echo of the feeling of early youth. Of course, every woman is not Rahel, but it was certainly no fault of hers to expect too much of the young; why, she asks, should they believe the old? "Wrinkles are no testimony." No; but one may add that they can believe, "for the work's sake"; and, in spite of prejudice of nearness, apprehend a little of what Rahel meant, and what is exemplified in the lives and letters of numbers of women of ripe age. Not to quote other ladies of great ability and culture, take a very ignorant old country dame, William Godwin's mother. She puts "succages" for sausages, and had, on the whole, a hide-bound sort of intellect; but what wise, hearty, lively, penetrating letters she writes! The cold Godwin, himself 45, says at her death that he felt as if he had now no one to counsel him and take care of him. But, to go to a type common enough, something between Dame Durden and Rahel, take the mother of Frederick, in Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Faithful for Ever;" you may meet her any day in ordinary society. Nothing can be more beautifully wise than her letters; and though it is true that a poet writes the felicitous things for her, yet the poet has something of Richardson's truthfulness. Such a lady had no need to ask for toleration from clever young people.—*The Spectator.*

A Chicago police captain arrested a wife-murderer, but could not find the remains of the woman, and the case seemed likely to fall through. Knowing that the prisoner would be speedily discharged unless some proof was forthcoming, the captain entered the cell with a paper in his hand, and said: "Your wife isn't dead, after all. She was found alive where you left her, and taken to the hospital. This is her sworn statement of what you did to her. She wants to see you." The murderer was completely deceived. On the way to the hospital, as he supposed, he was induced to tell where he had shot his wife, and there the body was found.

THE LADIES COLUMN.

MOTHER'S HUCKLEBERRY PIES.

How oft goes memory back to childhood,
When picking berries on the hill,
With pail in hand I'd strip the bushes
Along with little brother Will!
What cared we for the heats of Summer
With bread straw hats tipped o'er our eyes?
For, with those very huckleberries
Our mother made those famous pies!

I see her now, dear cherished mother,
With apron on as white as snow,
Her plump arms bare up to the elbow,
And on her cheeks a rosy glow;
I seem to see her roll the pie crust,
And fill the plates of largest size;
For well she knew how hungry children
Enjoyed her huckleberry pies.

And father, he'd come in from haying,
And stand by mother very near,
And say: "Now, wife, in all the township
None make such pies as you do, dear,
Except, perhaps, my dear old mother;
Why, at the fair, you'd take the prize.
Come, children, now we'll all to dinner,
And have a feast of mother's pies."

These dinners now I well remember,
Within the kitchen large and cool,
These summer days of our vacation,
When we were free of books and school.
Ah! can it be of years full thirty?
And yet it must be! how time flies!
Since we sat in that farmhouse kitchen
And ate in childhood, mother's pies.

Within our modest home is sitting
An aged lady, saintly fair;
While at her side my lad and lassie
Are looking up with earnest air.
Grandma," they say, "we picked these berries,
We meant it for a great surprise."
And Grandma smiles and says, "My darlings,
"I'm not too old to make good pies."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

No matter how hard you have to work you should take time to rest, and run around a little and enjoy the beautiful October weather. If you cannot afford to drive out in your carriage to visit your friends like some of your more wealthy neighbors, take a stroll out in the woods among the beautiful trees with their rich tinted leaves and inhail the crisp, bracing air, and see how superbly October comes to us with stately step, and garments all aglow with gold, and the glory that is ours only once a year. For really there is better medicine in "all out doors" for any tired woman than there ever will be in an apothecary shop. If women would only let their duties and burdens fall from their hands oftener, and go abroad and study the wonderful works of nature in all her grandeur, the rich provision there is in store for the poor, as well as for the rich, in the study of God's creative power from the tiny flower which we often carelessly trample under our feet, to the mighty orbs which proclaim nightly to us the origin of their birth. In all these, we see—

"The almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies."

Who so fit to impress the infant mind with these great truths, as the loving mother? She has ready access to each mind, in its every condition of joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, and she is, of all others, bound to use the means which God has placed in her hands to take care of her health, and her life which is most precious. In no instance does she stand alone; her principles, habits and conduct, powerfully affect all her household; she is the star, by whose genial and prayerful influence her little ones' characters are formed, and her example will tell on their eternal weal or woe, and through them on others "until time shall be no more." No mother has any right by blind devotion to her husband and family, to shorten her life or sacrifice health and the blessings which her heavenly father has provided for her comfort. How many desolate hearts and homes there are, and how many motherless little darlings left to the care of strangers, which if there had been less toil and anxiety, a little more rest, and pleasant recreation for both body and mind, the home might still be blest with a mother's loving care.

A MOTHER'S FRIEND.
Lachute, Oct. 11th, 1881.

CARE OF THE SICK.

A good nurse will see that no door opens with a creak, that no window rattles; a drop of oil and a feather will do away with the creaking. Never lean against, sit upon, or even shake the bed, in which the sick person lies. Whatever food is prepared for the sick should always be of first quality, and cooked with the greatest care. Never leave your patient's food untasted by his side from meal to meal in the hope that he will eat it. He never does eat it, and you only add disquiet to his distate by leaving it in sight. Let the food come at the right time, and if it is not eaten be sure to take it away. A little food at a time, and often repeated, is the best rule for sick people. Frequently, where a physician orders beef tea, a nurse will try to give a cupful every three or four hours. More than likely the patient's stomach rejects it, whereas had a tablespoonful been given every half hour or so, it would have been retained, digested and have done the patient the intended good. Use light blankets as bed covering for the sick. The cotton impervious counterpane is bad, for the reason that it keeps in the emanations from the patient while the blanket permits them to pass through. Unnecessary noises, though slight, disturb a sick person much more than necessary noises even though much louder. Do not ask, within hearing, whether the physician does not think the patient worse, or ask the physician his opinion as to the result of the disease. Remember, always, that a cheerful face "doeth good like a medicine."

The visit of Her Majesty to the Palace of Holyrood has been looked forward to with great delight by the loyal hearted Scots, who rejoice in the idea that those long-silent halls will again echo the tread of royal footsteps.

The mother and wife of our late President are now at their home in Mentor, Ohio. It must be a satisfaction to them, shrouded though it is in the deepest gloom, to feel that public scrutiny is at an end and that they can mourn in secrecy yet knowing that the sympathy of all stretches out to them.

Queen Sophia, of Sweden, has made what is considered a marvellous recovery. When she left home for the Hague six months ago it was thought that she would never return alive, so ill was she. A famous doctor in the Dutch capital cured her, and she is now in the best of health.

According to the request of Queen Victoria asking of Mrs. Garfield a photograph of her late husband, the picture was on Friday shipped to Her Majesty by Mr. J. F. Ryder, the photographer, of Cleveland. It is the same size as the one that hangs in the catalogue, is silver tinted and elegantly framed. The photograph sent to the Queen is considered by Mrs. Garfield the best photograph ever taken of her husband.

The Princess Louise will return to Canada this month. Her Royal Highness has lent her beautiful studio in Kensington Palace to Miss Hilda Montalba. This lady, who has lately returned from Venice with her sister, Clara Montalba, is busy completing a picture began in the city of canals and palaces. It shows three Venetian girls hurrying home through the rain. Misty tints envelope the distant dome of San Marco and shroud the vistas of water and buildings, throwing into relief the brilliant tints of the Italian maidens' costumes, and their bright faces.

Another of the sons of Guinness, the great stout brewer, has married into the peerage, Capt. Guinness having married a daughter of the late Earl of Howth. They were joined at Howth, where her family have resided 700 years without intermission, and in direct succession. Her brother is thirtieth Baron.

Miss Louisa Bird, the great traveller, the lady who has explored by herself the Sandwich Islands, ascended the Rocky Mountains, and visited the untrodden parts of Assam, is going to be married.

The Princess Louise seems fated to be the subject of conflicting rumors. The latest is from the Conservative *Standard*, which is now said to be really a Liberal organ, that the Marquis of Lorne will visit England at the close of his tour, and the Princess will return with him in January. One thing is pretty definitely known here. It is that the "Sardinian," which would arrive in Britain at the beginning of next week, was to turn right round and sail again on Thursday in place of the "Parisian," which was to remain a week longer and then bring out the Princess. However it is a lady's privilege to change her mind, and the Princess may have changed hers.—*Witness.*

Before marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterwards she became dearer and he treasurer, and yet they are not happy.

THE LATE ARGENTEUIL ELECTION.

The following letter has been addressed to the *Courrier de Montreal* by the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott. We have released to it in another column.

MONTREAL, 1st October, 1881.

To the Editor of the Courrier de Montreal.

SIR,—A series of falsehoods respecting the late electoral contest in Argenteuil has lately been making the rounds of the so-called Liberal papers, originating apparently with the *Globe*. I have not replied to them for several reasons; but mainly on the general principle that the refutation of one mis-statement, might cause silence with regard to others to be construed into an admission of them; and because, in this instance, the slanders were so absurd in themselves, and so inconsistent with a long public career, that I did not believe anyone whose opinion I valued, would pay the slightest attention to them.

Now, however, that you reproduce them, with comments such as I see in your paper of yesterday, I feel that I must vindicate myself, to prevent my friends from forming erroneous impressions as to my conduct.

The simple fact is, that neither I, nor any of my friends, issued the circular in question; but that it was composed, printed, and circulated in large numbers by the agents of my opponent, among the Catholic electors of the County, as a means of prejudicing me in their opinion.

As is usual among my opponents, public questions were very little discussed by them in their canvass, so far as I could learn. Their main points were, among the Protestants, that I was a *quasi* Papist, that I always voted for the priests and nuns, and was a renegade Protestant; and among the Catholics; that I was an Orangeman, sworn to wade knee deep in Catholic blood. These two contradictory objections to me were openly in full blast within ten miles of each other, and more privately were constantly urged between near neighbors.

But the great effort was made in St. Jovite and St. Faustin, where my alleged animosity to Catholics was almost the sole *cheval de bataille* of a number of active young men, who had been concentrated upon those parishes with the idea that I was likely to receive a large number of votes there. On my arrival at a meeting there, I was catechised before the electors as to whether or no I was an Orangeman—and a report of the society of the year 1859 was exhibited to me, in which my name appeared. I stated that I was an Orangeman, but that upon taking an active part in public life I had withdrawn from participation in the society, believing membership to be inconsistent with my position as representing a mixed constituency.

Within two days from that meeting, the circular you print, was distributed by hundreds among the French Canadian electors in St. Jovite and St. Faustin, and I am told was to be found scattered upon the roadside in those places, as thick as leaves from the trees. And before the polling day, the agents of Dr. Christie had placed a copy of it in the hands of, I may say, every Catholic elector in the county of Argenteuil.

But I am happy to say that no intelligent Catholic, who knew me, was for a moment deceived by so gross and palpable an artifice. No man in the county, whose opinion was worth having, believed that I could have been guilty of issuing, approving, or allowing to be issued in my interest, such an inflammatory and otherwise atrocious production as that circular—and many of the more respectable among the Liberals themselves, were indignant at the use of a device so infamous. The odious trick was exposed and severely commented upon in the WATCHMAN on the day after the polling, and it was also alluded to in the *Gazette*. But I presume you had not seen these exposures, when you wrote your editorial comments of yesterday.

I trust, therefore, you will do me the justice of publishing this explicit contradiction of either knowledge of, or participation in the circular you have printed. And that you will remove the erroneous impression which your comments are calculated to create in the public mind.

Your obedient servant,
J. J. C. ABBOTT.

Set back 42 years.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 20, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.) —*Sunday Mercury*

—The retirement from the Legislature of several of our prominent members, whether from disgust, discouragement or personal interest, is a source of regret. Our Legislatures, like our municipal corporations, are fast falling under the control of mediocrities or worse.

Decisions Regarding Newspapers.

1. Any person who takes a newspaper 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 subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published though the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1881

NOTICE.—The interest which Mr. F. C. IRELAND has had in this paper since its start in 1877, has now discontinued, he having sold to Mr. DAWSON KERR. The business will now be conducted by W. J. SIMPSON and DAWSON KERR, under the name of SIMPSON & KERR.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

The elections that are to come off soon do not appear to create much excitement here. Throughout the province it is much the same way. The opposition leaders have given up the cause in despair. The Hon. Mr. MERCIER leaves the political field altogether, while the Hon. Mr. JOLY is going to reside in Europe. With such an outlook, the liberals do not seem to encourage discussion upon the great and vital questions of reform, and the elections are likely to pass off very quietly, except in some counties where the Laval university question is raised, and made the centre of a general fight, such as in the adjoining county where Mr. BEAUCHAMP, we understand, is the candidate against Mr. CHAMPAGNE, both conservatives, but opposed to each other on the university question. The question of the legislative council, which the liberals have said so much about, and whose chief platform plank was to do away with the council, are quite silent upon that very important topic now. The Hon. Mr. LAURIER is spoken of as likely to give up Dominion politics, and take the place of Mr. MERCIER as leader of the Quebec rouges. In fact, if he does not sacrifice himself upon that altar, there is no sign of a leader. Mr. LAURIER has just tried to make a sensation by his charges in the court against Mr. SENECAL, which, if true, and proven successful, will give Mr. LAURIER some *eclat* with a certain number of people who are fond of scandals, and whose only means of making a sensation is through such a channel. Mr. SENECAL has already replied to these charges, and pronounced them false in the extreme. It is likely the seige will be a long one before the courts, and will not effect the elections much this time; so where the rouges are going to get material for an enthusiastic appeal to the people, is hard to say. The conservatives should now take the initiative step in certain reforms, such as will do credit to the party, and justice to the province. A coalition of the best men might be formed, and party politics sunk in a general policy for furthering the interests of the whole country, more than has been seen for some years past. If both parties would join in abolishing the pay to the legislative council, allowing those gentlemen to work for the honor of the position, the cost of the council would be reduced two-thirds. The railroad could be sold, and the money applied to reducing the public debt, which is now $17,000,000, one-half at least, and then by collecting in the old municipal loans and not giving such large subsidies to public charities every year, the finances of this province could be managed with much more evenness than at present. Taxes would be kept down in this way, and the people better able to pay their way, and contribute as they felt disposed to the charities of their respective localities. We cannot see that it is such a very difficult matter to adjust the affairs of this province in such a way as to speedily bring about a fair equilibrium, but the only way to do it is by a merging together of the various party interests to this end.

"Having been discovered in their game of playing upon religious prejudices to secure the election of Mr. Abbott in Argenteuil, the Conservative agents have resorted to the stale and transparent dodge of accusing their opponents of the crime committed by themselves. Mr. Abbott may protest as solemnly as he knows how to, but the record is not such as to lead the people to place implicit faith in the assurances of the guardian of the Pacific Scandal fund."—*Ottawa Free Press.*

We have not paid much attention to the ravings of the *Free Press*, knowing, as we do, the recklessness of its conductors, and that they will stick at nothing to libel an opponent. At one time the *Free Press* was conservative, but the Mackenzie government was no sooner inaugurated than it turned its coat, and became their organ for the pap it brought it. During the five years the Mackenzie government were in power the *Free Press* reaped a RICH harvest; but no sooner were they thrown out of power, and the conservatives brought in, than the *Free Press* began trimming its sails, and showed signs of veering round again to the conservative side. But, receiving no encouragement from the party it had formerly served, but basely deserted the moment they were left in the cold shades of opposition, the *Free Press*, perforce, had to stick to its grit friends. And to prove its sincerity in the support of its party, it became reckless in its untruthfulness, as the above extract from its columns fully show. We *know* whereof we write, when we say, that the author of the placard referred to, was no Orangeman, that it was not printed inside of the county, nor by any conservative press outside of it. Perhaps it was printed in the *Free Press* office. Have we hit the mark? If we mistake not, the first reference to this precious production of an alleged Orangeman was made by the *Free Press*, shortly after the election was over, when it failed to accomplish the overthrow of Mr. ABBOTT, by turning all the Catholics against him. In justice to Mr ABBOTT we publish his refutation of this foul slander, which will be found in another column.

GRAND LECTURE.—Mr. J. B. Watson delivered one of the sublimest lectures on "Society Unmasked," that it has ever been our privilege to listen to, in Victoria Hall last evening, and we regret our inability to give even a faint outline of it owing to want of time and space. We were sorry to see so small an attendance, which was enough to damp the spirits of an ordinary man, but Mr. Watson is no ordinary man, and did not allow it to influence him in the least, he went on as eloquently as if the house was filled to overflowing. However, at the close of this inimitable lecture, at the unanimous request of all present he was prevailed on to deliver another in the same place on to-morrow evening, (Saturday) the subject being "Pluck, Patience and Perseverance," when we hope to see the Hall filled to its utmost capacity. Admission tickets 25cts.; children 10cts. Doors open at 7;30; chair taken at 8 o'clock sharp.

"At a meeting of the St. Andrew's Junction Railway Co., the following officers were elected: The Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Pres.; D. P. Beattie, Esq., Vice-Pres.; T. Craig Field, Esq., Man. Director, and George Simpson, Esq., and John Kelley, Esq., Directors, and Charles Wales, Esq., Secretary."

When we first mooted the project of a railway from Lachute to St. Andrews, it was styled an election dodge on our part; and, although we denied the impeachment, it was still persisted in. The election is over, and the railway is about becoming an accomplished fact. The line has been surveyed, a board of directors formed, contracts are about being given out, and the construction of the line pushed on with vigor. We congratulate our St. Andrews friends on the success that has crowned their efforts, and will hail with delight the first snort of the steam horse on this new line of railway to Lachute.

The Montreal *Herald*, of Saturday, contains an account of the dinner given to Lieut.-Colonel Oswold, the captain of the Canadian Artillery team, at Shoeburyness, England, as well as a well executed engraving of the team itself, and its gallant commander, who successfully carried off the Governor-General's prize from the pick Artillerists of Great Britain. Canada has just cause in being proud of her military force, our representatives at both Wimbledon and Shoeburyness carrying off the best prizes. As we said on a former occasion, the sending across the water a yearly team, has done more to bring this country prominently before the English people, than dozens of emigrant agents.

A new feature in the county show of this year was the exhibit of musical instruments, made by Mr. Robert Stevenson, of Lachute. There is scarcely any trade in the Dominion which has developed so rapidly during the last two years, as that of pianos and organs. Some idea of the extent of the increase in this business may be gained from the record of the old established firm of Bell & Co., Guelph. Two years ago, this firm turned out about 20 organs a week; at present they are making from 30 to 40 organs a week, and are unable to keep up to their orders. They are now having a new factory built, which, when finished, will enable them to turn out about 150 organs a week. The Bell organ has now a world-wide reputation, and has a large sale in Europe, and in Australia, in which latter country they last year took the gold medal over the best American and European competitors. Their agent, Mr. Robert Stevenson of this village, who for several years sold for the best American makers, assures us that the Bell organ is equal in every respect to the best American makers, while the price is from 30 to 40 dollars lower. Parties purchasing a Bell organ should, however, be careful to see that it is from the old firm of W. Bell & Co., Guelph, they are buying.

In pianos, also, the Dominion is rapidly coming to the front, and conspicuously, the firm of Rainer, Sweitnam & Hazelton, of Guelph. This firm holds several valuable patents, among which may be mentioned, an improved arrangement of the scale and strings, by which the tension is counterbalanced and equalized, giving greater strength and durability. Their new scale enables a continuous straight bridge on the sounding board, instead of the old curved shape, the effect of which is to give to a piano of medium size the power and sonorocity of tone of a large grand. They have also a third or treble pedal, enabling the player to raise a section of the damper from the treble notes, leaving the lower or bass notes dampened, thus permitting of a beautiful treble solo being executed, without the annoyance of having it drowned by a heavy bass. These pianos have several times taken first prizes, and more than ones over such makers as Chickering.

There seems to be no doubt, whatever, that both in pianos and organs the manufacturers of Canada are turning out instruments which, both for tone, workmanship and durability, are equal to the best.

Great Trade Sale.
AT THE
Montreal House, St. Andrews

We will offer the largest and best stock in the Country at a great reduction until the first of March.

TWEEDS.
English, Scotch and Canadian, to suit the fancy and purse of all.

DRESS GOODS.
Of all shades and quality at ten per cent below Wholesale Price.

GREY COTTONS.
Having on hand a large stock of Grey Cottons and Prints, we have reduced them to first cost.

GROCERIES.
Teas a specialty at 35c, 40c, and a first class tea at 50c.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
Ladies' Cloth Bootees, Button and Lace, at twenty-five per cent below cost price, to clear them out.

All our Stock must be sold before that date. Come and examine goods and prices, —No objection to show goods. Our marks are all in plain figures, so customers can see for themselves.

G. & M SIMPSON.
St. Andrews, Jan 25, 1881. 30tf

New York
Millinery Establishment.

MRS. E. JUVET has just opened a first-class Millinery Establishment in the village of

ST. ANDREWS

It will no longer be necessary for the ladies of the village and surrounding country to go to Montreal for the most fashionable bonnets and hats. Her goods will positively eclipse anything heretofore seen in the village. Her stock consists of

LADIES', MISSES' AND INFANTS' HATS

of every description and shape; old ladies' and matrons' bonnets, French and English flowers, ostrich feathers, vulture feathers, and fancy feathers in all the newest colors; Jet bonnet trimmings, bonnet and hat shapes, Spanish lace ties, silk ties, ladies' Tuscan bibs, infants' bibs, white, Tuscan, and black ruffling, jet collars, dress caps, widows' caps, real laces, Spanish laces, shaded plushes, shaded plush, and satin ribbons; silks and satins in the newest shades, silk velvet, velveteens, dress fringe, cord and tassels, bonnet ornaments, bonnet crape, widows' borders, black and cream silk fishus, shaded plush ties, shaded chenille girdles, chenille nets, fur hats, etc.

HAVING ENGAGED
A FIRST-CLASS MILLINER,
she anticipates giving entire satisfaction to all those leaving their orders. From her experience in the business, she feels confident that she will not only merit, but receive a large share of public patronage. Call and

EXAMINE HER STOCK,
WHICH IS
QUITE COMPLETE.

Grand Opening on Oct. 1st, 1881,
1c 3 3m

Liv Agent For The Waltham Watch.

Watches! Watches! Watches!
NOW IS THE TIME TO GET A WATCH.
Watches for.....$22.00
Watches for.....19.00
Watches for.....12.00
Watches for.....6.00
ALL PRICES.
C. W. HUGHES,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
MARKET SQUARE, LACHUTE.

BREAD—HOPE'S—BREAD

J. HOPE'S BREAD still leading as testified by the almost unprecedented demand for his

HOUSEHOLD LOAF!

necessitating the employment of extra hands in the Bakery, and the putting on the Road of another Double Horse Wagon, to supply his increasing numerous customers in the country around Lachute.

The quality of his Bread is rated A 1 by all. Twists, Scones, Rolls, Graham Bread, &c. Cakes of all kinds.
Candies (The Best) and always fresh.

The following list of Stores keep his bread for sale, and see that the brand HOPE is on each loaf:—

LACHUTE.
W. Bamford & Co., East End.
G. L. Meikle, Post Office.
J. Patineaud, Montreal House.
J. & R. Bamford, Chest Store.
Fish & Ireland, Mills.

ST. ANDREWS.
F. N. Restle, Farmers Exchange.

GREECE'S POINT.
Heaney, Stewart & Co.
Waddle Brothers.
W. Forman.
Mrs. M. Hinnon.

CHATHAM.
J. Cushing.

CHATHORO.
C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.
E. Lablanc.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
LACHUTE BAKERY.

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD

A never failing, Permanent Cure for Lame Back, Piles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, or attendant complaints.

INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE,
From Doctors, Druggists Merchants, Farmers

GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.
Picton, April 20, 1881.
Gentlemen,—I find that your Pads are giving entire satisfaction, and wish you increased sales for so valuable a remedy for disease of the kidneys.
Signed, Dr. J. R. MORDEN.

OF SERVICE TO PATIENTS.
Lime Lake, April 23, 1881.
Gentlemen,—Your Pad has been of service to some of my patients already.
Signed, Dr. JNO. MAXWELL.

PRICES—Child's Pad, $1.50; Regular Pad, $2; Special Pad, for Chronic Diseases, $3.
Obtain from your Druggist our Pamphlet, Testimonials, etc.
Pads sold by
W. T. WHITE, Grenville.
J. L. WOODLEY, "
THOS. CHRISTIE, Lachute.
F. X BERTRAND, "
ALP. CARRIERE, St. Scholastique.
JAS. LANGLOIS, "
And all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines
27tf.

N. H. DOWNS' Vegetable Balsamic ELIXIR!

This valuable medicine is purely vegetable, the discovery of which was the result of many years' close study, in order to discover the cause, the symptoms and the cure—viz.:
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis,
and every species of oppression of the Chest and Lungs. In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered it never has been invariably satisfied, convincing the most incredulous that

CONSUMPTION
is not incurable, if properly attended to. Consumption at its commencement is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the air cells and inflammation, when the cough is more observable, but rather dry; then becomes local fever and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove the morbid irritations and inflammation from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration,

IT HEALS THE ULCERATED SURFACES
and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and neutralizes acidities, which are often existing in persons so to be in great danger of deafening the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but by removing the cause, generally destroys the hectic before the cough is entirely gone. Consequently, when the cough is stopped the patient is well. send address for pamphlet giving full directions for cure of pulmonary diseases. Price 25cts. and $1 per bottle. Sold every where.
HENRY, JOHNSONS & LORD, Props.
MONTREAL, P. Q.

Auction Sale.

THERE WILL BE SOLD BY PUBLIC Auction, on
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1881,
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,
AT THE
Residence of F. J. FYFE, of LACHUTE,
the following household effects: 2 iron bedsteads, mattress 1 wooden bedstead, 2 cane-bottom chairs, 2 wash stands, 1 bed room table, 6 hair-cloth chairs, 1 parlor table, 2 rocking chairs, 1 extension dining-room table, 1 cupboard, 1 kitchen table, 6 strong kitchen chairs, 1 good cooking stove, 1 box stove, 2 tubs, 1 pails, 1 axe, 1 saw, milk dishes and pails, cooking utensils, crockery, window cornices, and several other articles.
TERMS: $5.00 and under, cash; over that amount 9 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

Parties Wishing
TO
PLANT GRAPE VINES
and small fruits should
Forward their Orders at Once,
TO
Gallagher & Gauthier,
101 ST. FRANÇOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL,
proprietors of the
Beaconsfield Vineyards,
NEAR
POINT CLAIRE.

FALL 1881.
New Dress Goods!
Costume Cloths only 15c.
Our Black Cashmeres are cheaper than ever.
TWEEDS in great variety.

FLANNELS
from the best makers.
All wool, grey, 32 cents per yard.
" scarlet, 15 "
Canton, fair quality, 11 cents per yard.
PRINTS, fast colors, 8 "
WINCEYS 5 cents and upwards.
A lot of Knitting Yarns to be sold cheap.

TRY THE LI-QUOR TEA!
A handsome volume with every 3 lbs. of Tea.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.
THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
C. T. WALLIS & Co.,
Sep. 14. 1tf St. Andrews.

FOR SALE CHEAP
AT
Wm MURRAY'S
NO. 71 ST JOSEPH STREET,
MONTREAL.
A Few Gold Watches and Chains.
3 m-1

J. & A. LOWE,
HAVING NOW RECEIVED THEIR
SUMMER STOCK,
IN ALL THE
NEWEST STYLES.
They offer the public a Trimmed Hat from $1.00 to $5.50. Also, a new line for children. New Dolman Mantles for spring and fall wear at very reasonable prices. 34tf

CHESNUT COAL.
We have just received a large lot of Chesnut Coal, which we will sell cheap for cash.
G. & M. SIMPSON.
St. Andrews, Aug. 25th, 1881.

LAMPS! LAMPS!
FRED R. COLE,
418 & 420 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.
Manufacturer and Importer, Lamps & Brackets, Coal oil Chandeliers &c.
FINE AMERICAN KEROSENES.
3 m-1

Dr. G. W. PRENTISS,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: NORTH STREET,
Grenville Village,
Province of Quebec.

MONTREAL HOUSE
LACHUTE.

My Fall Stock
is now
Nearly Complete.
I am daily in receipt of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &c.
Men's Long Boots from $2.00
Boys' " " " 1.50
Women's Boots
IN GREAT VARIETY.
Crockery at greatly reduced prices, of which I have a large stock.
J. PATENAUDE,
v5 n1 1y

Notice to Creditors.

PARTIES INDEBTED TO THE UNDERsigned are hereby notified that all accounts or notes due, and unpaid by the 25th inst., will be put in hands for collection.
JOSEPH PATENAUDE.
Lachute, Oct. 5th, 1881. 6 2ins.

LUMBER! LUMBER!
FOR SALE.
PINE, SPRUCE and HEMLOCK. In lots to suit purchasers. Apply to
JOHN CAMPBELL,
Dalesville.
Or A. A. DICKSON,
Montreal.
May 19th, 1881. 26tf.

Bedding House!
First Prize
ON
Mattrasses,
Pillows, &c.
G Armstrong &Co.
Victoria Square
MONTREAL.
v6 n11 1y

A. McLENNAN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Dealer in
Tea,
Sugar,
Highland & Irish Liquors.
Butter, Eggs, &c., &c., sold on Commission.
ORDERS FROM COUNTRY PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.
92 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. 11.



S. MYERS
DEALER IN
JEWELLERY & WATCHES
A SPECIALTY IN DIAMONDS.
225 McGill St. Montreal,
Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets.
WATCHES AND ALL KINDS OF JEWELLERY REPAIRED.
June 1881 40-1y

REAL ESTATE.
FARMS & VILLAGE PROPERTY
IN
Grenville Village & Adjoining Townships
FOR SALE CHEAP.

GRENVILLE VILLAGE.
10 Lots with dwellings and out buildings from $200 to $740 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot	5 in 1st Range,	$ 8 0 00
S W ¼	"	5 in 4th Range,	800 00
N ½	"	14 in 5th Range,	200 00
S ½	"	16 in 5th Range,	200 00
S part	"	11 in 3rd Range,	500 00
S ½	"	23 in 4th Range,	200 00
S ½	"	19 in 4th Range,	400 00
N ½	"	40 in 6th Range,	600 00
S part	"	11 in 6th Range,	400 00
N ½	"	37 in 7th Range,	800 00
S ½	"	6 in 3rd Range,	1000 00

HARRINGTON.

N ½	"	13 and 14 in 2nd Range,	1600 00
S ½	"	19 in 4th Range,	100 00
W ½	"	18 in 5th Range,	300 00

ARUNDEL.

S ½	"	16 in 7th Range,	600 00

Apply to ALEXANDER PRIDHAM,
Grenville, P. O.,
Co. Argenteuil, Que.
24 y.

FOR SALE.

THAT desirable farm belonging to the estate of the late JAMES CONNOLLY, Esq., situated in Chatham, P. Q., on the bank of the Ottawa River, between Stonefield and the village of Grenville and being within easy access of the Railway and Steamboat, and also of Churches, Schools and Stores. The farm consists of about 50 acres, and has a house, barn and stable erected on it. Price $1000 and payment of a small ground rent. The ground rent can be paid off as well. A large proportion of the purchase money may remain in the hands of the purchaser by payment of interest. For further particulars apply to A. PRIDHAM, Esq., Grenville, P. Q., IRELAND, Lachute Mill, or Rev. JAMES H. DIXON, 73 Coursol Street, Montreal.

THE NEW HAT STORE.
K. MacDIARMID,
HATS, CAPS & FURS,
No. 16 St. Joseph Street,
(*Next door to American House*)
MONTREAL.
Old Furs Dressed and made over
3 m-1

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership formerly carried on under the name of J. & R. Bamford has been dissolved by mutual consent, R. Bamford retiring from the business. The business will now be carried on by J. Bamford & Co.
JACKSON BAMFORD.
ROBERT BAMFORD.
Lachute, Sept. 29, 1881.
N. B. All parties indebted to the late firm of J. & R. Bamford will settle with J. B. & Co
4-1 ins.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King Street West, Toronto, W. W. BUTCHER, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.



LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets every second WEDNESDAY evening, in VICTORIA HALL, at 8 p.m., sharp.

Advertising Terms.

Six lines and under, first insertion,	50 cents
Each subsequent insertion	12½ "
Ten lines and under, first insertion,	98 "
Above 10 lines, first insertion (per line)	8 "
Each subsequent insertion	2 "
One sqr. (24 lines Nonpareil,) per year	$15 00
One-quarter column, per year	20 00
One-third column per year	30 00
One-half column, per year	50 00
Three-fourths of a column	65 00
One column, per year	80 00
Professional cards of not more than six lines, per year	04 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.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLE for LACHUTE.

GOING WEST.

Leave Lachute—	Mixed	5.22 a. m.
" "	Express	10.06 a. m.
" "	Express	6.52 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Leave Lachute—	Mixed	6.18 a. m.
" "	Express	11.05 a. m.
" "	Express	7.50 p. m.

MAIL HOURS.

Mails going West close at .... 9.45.
Mails going East close at .... 10.45.
Registered Letters five minutes earlier.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Flour! Flour!—Fish & Ireland.
Scotch Tweeds—S. Carsley.
Teacher Wanted—John Neil.
Notice to creditors—J. Patenaude.
Montreal House " "
Strachan's G. E. Soap—W. Strachan & Co.
Hop Bitters—H. B. Manufacturing Co.
Key to Health—W. Milburn & Co.
Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—W. Milburn & Co.

LOCAL.

HOME MADE.—Messrs. Hamelin & Ayer have received a lot of very nice wool from the Hon. Mr. Abbott, to be made into Halifax tweed, for the use of himself and family.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry

Cures cancer of the stomach and bowels, dysentery, cholera morbus, and all summer complaints.

THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY QUESTION.—His Holiness the Pope has decided this vexed question in behalf of the University, and gave his permission to a branch being established in Montreal.

A General Alarm

Is needed when the frame is consumed with fever as with a slow fire, brought on by sluggishness of the kidneys, or torpidity of the liver; Burdock Blood Bitters will act on the system like a chemical engine, and remove all fever and restore to normal state of health. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

DEMAND FOR PRODUCE.—Messrs. Fish & Ireland have received orders for oatmeal etc., from Glasgow, London and Liverpool, in the old country, as well as from Toronto and other parts of the Dominion, owing to the prizes which they took at the Exhibition in Montreal.

For dysentery, diarrhea, and all summer complaints use the greatest of all pure, simple remedies—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is pleasant, rapid, reliable and effective. For sale by all dealers. T. Milburn & Co., Proprietors.

From what place in Lachute will the St. Andrews Junction R. R. branch off? is the question generally asked. The exact point is not of much consequence, so that the road is built; as it will be a benefit to Lachute and St. Andrews, no matter where the location is.

No Wonder.

Many a man's love has been turned into loathing on account of unsightly eruptions on the face, and of offensive breath of his fiancee. This trouble could have been avoided if she only had sense enough to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial sizes 10 cents.

Somewhat earlier than usual the frost has tinted the leaves on the mountain and adjoining woods with autumnal hues. To the lovers of natural beauty few sights are more engaging. A stroll through the woods on a fine day at this season of the year is a rich treat.

Fancy Drinks.

Burdock Blood Bitters is not a fancy drink, but a pure medicinal tonic, alterative, laxative and nervine, whose effect is to purify, restore and build up the impoverished blood and enfeebled body. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

GRAPES.—In quantity and quality the crop of grapes in this section has been very fine this season, notwithstanding the frosts of June and September. The people should secure vines for spring planting, and with a little care they may soon have abundance of this luscious healthful fruit.

Top off with a Bit of Pie.

What a peculiar American custom, and one which, together with hot cakes and excess of butter, lays the foundation for first-class cases of dyspepsia. Better use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

FACTORIES.—Negotiations are going on about a butter tub factory at Lachute. The cotton company is also progressing in its arrangements. There is but one large powder factory in the Dominion, at Hamilton; and there is a rumor that a joint stock company will be formed by a gentleman here, whose hobby is to encourage manufacturing enterprises, to join with Mr. Smith, of Brownsburg, to put the powder factory there on a larger basis.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering

Brown's Household Panacea, has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a pain or ache. "It will most surely quicken the blood and heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea, being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 23 1

Lachute Improvements.

Messrs. Hamelin & Ayer have completed the improvements on their Woollen-Cloth Factory, which is now four stories high. This mill is complete in all its arrangements and is one of the finest in the province. This firm has also erected this season a very commodious two story brick building with a cupola on the top, from which a very fine view is obtained of the surrounding country.

On the other side of the river is Mr. Bannerman's Rope Factory. He, too, is engaged in the erection of a large building to meet the wants of his growing business.

Then further up this way is the proposed site of the Cotton Factory, which, from all we can learn, will be undertaken next spring. The company being formed and provisional directors elected.

The Paper Mill is stopped for the present to make some improvements which are found necessary; when this is done it will be in full blast again. We believe it is Mr. Wilson's intention to erect another mill, a little below his present one, for the manufacture of wood into pulp.

Several buildings have been erected on the West side of the river this season as follows:

The addition Mr. Mattinson has made to his property is a decided improvement.

Mr. Patenaude has just completed the erection of a very neat cottage.

Mr. Campeau has also built a house next to Mr. Patenaude.

Mr. Dobbie has greatly improved the property he purchased from Mrs. Clunie by the erection of outbuildings and fencing, also a dwelling house, which is in course of construction.

Messrs. Fish & Ireland are building a house on their property, near the Paper Mill, and quite a village is springing up since the erection of the Paper Mill and Woollen Factory on that side of the river, many more buildings will doubtless follow when the Cotton Factory is in full blast.

On this side of the river we notice the improvements to the mills of Messrs. Fish & Ireland. These mills underwent a thorough course of repair this summer; an addition of one pair of stones was put in to meet the increased demand for flour and other products. The flour turned out from these mills being considered superior in quality to that formerly manufactured here has increased this demand.

Several of the houses in this vicinity have undergone repair and dressing up. We, ourselves have caught the spirit of improvement and have given our office a coat of paint, and built a new platform in front of the entrance doors.

Mr. Bedard's new house is completed and finished in good style, and rented.

Mr. McArthur has removed to his new premises. It is a well laid out house—the rooms are commodious and airy, and the interior of the building is well finished, when it gets a coat of paint outside, it will add greatly to the appearance of the building and the street.

Mr. Leggo has completed the addition to his residence which adds very much to its appearance, and reflects on the good taste of Mrs. Leggo, who superintended the work. Mr. Leggo being absent in New York. We understand Mr. Leggo has bought the lot between his own residence and Mr. McArthur's, and intends putting a building thereon next summer. Mr. Leggo also intends erecting a palatial residence on the Clunie property purchased by him a short time ago. We wish we had some more public spirited gentlemen like him, then Lachute would go-ahead rapidly.

Mr. Thomas Barron, not to be outdone by his neighbors, has been making considerable improvements on his premises—giving his barns and stables a thorough overhauling, making them as good as new, as well as looking new.

Dr. Christie, too, has caught the infection and is also engaged in improving and beautifying his premises.

The English Church is completed, and was dedicated by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese on Tuesday last. It is a neat little church, and reflects credit on its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Evans, who superintended the work.

The Methodists are engaged in the erection of a new church, a short distance from the English church. It is to be 35 by 55 feet, a frame building encased with brick.

Next week we will continue our notice of the improvements made in Lachute during the year. And if our friends in other parts of the County would kindly send us a list of improvements in their several Districts, we would consider it a great favour, as we wish to notice the improvements all over the county.

HAS STOOD THE TEST.

N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir has been in use for half a century in the United States and Canada; and the thousands who have used it have never found it to fail, as a certain and speedy cure for coughs, colds, croups, asthma, diseases of the lungs and consumption. The inventor has been blessed by thousands as a benefactor of humanity, and when half a century more shall have gone by his name will still be a household word, while many of the great names now so honored and revered shall be forgotten. The fame of the Elixir, so long ago established, gains wider renown each year, for all who use it spread abroad the news of its efficacy more effectually than any medium of advertising could do.

MONTREAL, Oct. 7th, 1881.

DEAR EDITOR,

When I meet with improvement, in any line that I am interested in, I cannot help letting the improver know that there is at least one that recognizes the advance. I thoroughly believe that there is nothing so stimulating to success and enterprise as encouragement.

I must compliment you on the last number of THE WATCHMAN; your 1st and 4th pages are decidedly newsy, instructive, and well worth reading. No paper will suffer by culling out the best from Canadian, American, and English papers; the best of these have as contributors the best of minds; and after all, these are the men that mould the thought and opinions of the people; in short are the lever of the modern world.

A few more Editor's opinions and thoughts on 2nd page would be a greater improvement, which, I have no doubt will come in time. 3rd page could be vastly improved with more local matter; I am sure there is room, and there is matter enough in the County.

I have had some experience in newspaper work, and my conviction is, that continued stories in newspapers are worse than dead wood, novels are so cheap now. Their place in the modern paper is taken up with short clippings of scientific facts.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE S. WILSON.

We thank Mr. Wilson for his candour, and would be pleased to receive suggestions from our friends generally. It is our intention to make THE WATCHMAN as interesting as possible, and as far as we can to meet the views of our subscribers. Ed.

Mr. PARNEL has at last thrown off the cloak, and came out in his true colours. In his speech at Wexford he declared that nothing short of regaining their lost legislative independence would satisfy Irishmen. He denounced Gladstone in the following language. "I trust the result of the League movement will be that just as Gladstone by his acts in 1881 has eaten all his own words and departure from all his former declared principles, so we shall see these brave words of his, shall be scattered as chaff before the united advanced determination of Irishmen to regain their lost legislative independence."

Major Smith desires to return his sincere thanks to the numerous friends who attended his wife during her protracted illness of over a year.

Blakestone, the name of England's greatest lawyer, and the name of a well known lawyer's pen of Esterbrook's make. The stationers have them.

The *Montreal Herald* of Wednesday came to us in deep mouring for the death of the Hon. EDWARD GOFF PENNY, one of the proprietors of the paper, and editor-in-chief since the demise of Mr. KINNEAR. Although Mr. PENNY had been in a poor state of health for some time past yet there was no immediate cause to fear, that death would so suddenly put an end to his existence. And what adds still more to the sadness, of the case is the fact that Mrs. PENNY herself is in a very critical state of health, so much so, that they dare not communicate to her the death of her husband, for fear that the intelligence might carry her off also. He was born at Hornsey, London. England, May 15th, 1820, and was therefore sixty one years of age. He was a vigorous, able writer and was held in high esteem by his brethren of the Press, of all shades of politics, who now deeply regret his removal from their confraternity. Mr. PENNY was called to the Senate in 1874, and was appointed a Commissioner to represent Canada at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876.

We much regret to have to record the death of Mr. J. H. FILION, of Ste. Scholastique, advocate; which occured on Monday morning at 2 o'clock he had been ailing for some time but nothing serious was apprehended until Saturday evening, when indications of inflamation of the bowels made their appearance; and as usual in such cases death came suddenly. The funeral which was largely attended took place at 9.30. on Wednesday morning. The deceased was well known and highly respected in this district; and the bar has reason to mourn the loss of a distinguished member.

The Marquis of Lorne, in his speech at Rapid City, spoke of the Canada Pacific Railway, and the progress it was making as follows:—

"It was only lately I was speaking to several gentlemen who belong to that great company, who, as you know, are going to undertake, as the result of the negociations of last winter, the heavy task of building the railway. It was natural that some of them should be a little anxious at first at the prospect of such a tremendous undertaking; but last week at Winnipeg they told me that all disquiet or anxiety had passed away entirely from their minds, that they thought the settlement of the North-West, on which their own success depended, could hardly be deemed a matter of uncertainty, and that they considered its rapid peopling a matter of absolute certainty. Since we have left Winnipeg what we have seen is assuring on this point also."

From the Sarnia *Free Press* we learn that the Hon. A. Mackenzie appeared when there to be in very fair health, and would take an early opportunity of meeting his constituents, though he is at present unequal to the task of addressing large assemblies in the open air.

The potato crop, says a Fort William exchange, is being harvested in many parts of the district, and the yield, both in quality and quantity, is one of the best that has been gathered in several years.

The Dublin *Irish Times* states that a Company is forming, with a capital of £3,000,000, under the auspices of a member of the Royal family, for the purpose of purchasing the waste lands in Ireland, to be reclaimed and let or sold to tenants on easy terms.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Tuesday, the 11th inst., was a day much to be remembered in Lachute. It was a day of rejoicing by our friends of the Anglican communion in this locality, and their Episcopal friends from St. Andrews and Carillon, and many belonging to other churches in Lachute and elsewhere, who joined for the nonce and took part in the impressive service of the Consecration of St. Simeon's Church.

Among those from a distance present on the occasion were (from Montreal) The Lord Bishop, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Baldwin, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Evans, Rev. R. Lindsay, His Honor Chief Justice and Mrs. McKay. (From St. Andrews) Rev. Archdeacon Lonsdale, and many ladies and gentlemen of his congregation. (From Lakefield) Rev. C. and Miss Boyd. (From Grenville) Rev. J. Rollitt. (From Papineauville) Rev. J. Cattermole. (From Aylmer) Rev. Rural Dean Robinson. (From Chambly) Rev. Canon DaVernet. (From Abbottsford) Rev. F. Robinson and the Misses Craig. (From Rawdon) Rev. F. A. Allen.

Space will not permit us to enter into any lengthy description of the service, suffice it to say the church was crammed both at the consecration service in the morning, and at the missionary meeting in the evening. The service was an extremely impressive one. The clergy above named with Rev. H. J. Evans, Incumbent, appearing in their surplices and hoods—the music was appropriate to the occasion, and the singing extremely hearty. The sermon by the Rev. Canon Baldwin was one not soon to be forgotten. His thrilling eloquence, his impassioned oratory, his earnest exhortation to lead a sanctified life, made a deep impression on his hearers. The offertory at the consecration was in aid of the funds of the church, and amounted to $31. The ladies and gentlemen of the congregation and other kind friends had provided for a sumptuous collation in Victoria Hall which was partaken of (after service) by many friends from a distance and others.

At the Missionary meeting in the evening addresses were given by the following clergymen: Rev. Canons Baldwin, Evans & DuVernet, Rev. Archdeacon Lonsdale, Revs. R. Lindsay, F. Robinson, F. A. Allan and the Bishop. We trust His Lordship's words of love and wisdom may in their fruits be proportionate to the affection and esteem in which he is held by all. The offertory in behalf of the mission fund amounted to $10.76. Immediately after the missionary meeting an invitation was given to all present, about 150 in number, to partake of supper at Victoria Hall, and many availed themselves of the invitation.

The friends of St. Simeon's Church feel thankful the day was such a fine one, and that everything passed off in such a satisfactory manner.

The Sunday Services (for the present) will be as follows: Sunday morning at 10.30; Sunday afternoon (Sunday-School) at 2.30; Sunday evening Service at 7.

COM.

Members of Olivet Division No. 114 Sons of Temperance are hereby notified, that the night of meeting has been changed from Thursday to Tuesday evening, at 7.30 p.m. sharp. A full meeting is requested.

—It is stated that the Thunder Bay branch of the Canada Pacific Railway will be completed next year. In anticipation of the freight trade that event will create, several large propellers are in course of construction.

DEATHS.

SMITH—At Lachute, on the 9th inst., of consumption, Mary Jane McLean, wife of Major James Smith, aged 50 years, 2 months and 28 days.

Mrs. Smith was a woman highly respected and her remains were escorted to the grave by a large concourse of people.

The Montreal *Star* will please copy.

FILION—At Ste. Scholastique, on the 10th inst., J. H Filion, Esq., Advocate, aged 51 years and 10 months.

Teacher Wanted.

WANTED, FOR SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1, Wentworth, a Female Teacher, elementary diploma, salary twelve dollars per month. Apply, personally or by letter, to JOHN NEIL, Chairman to School Commissioners, second range, Wentworth. Wentworth. 8th October, 1881.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

FLOUR! FLOUR!

A DIPLOMA OF HONOR,
FIVE FIRST PRIZES,
and
One Second Prize,
were awarded to the Lachute mills manufacture of
PASTRY FLOUR,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
Ordinary Oatmeal.
Granulated Oatmeal
GRAHAM FLOUR,
GRANULATED WHEAT,
Pot and Pearl Barley.

Prices for the above, rule as low or lower than any others of the same quality, elsewhere.

Also for sale, at low prices, boxes of
BLACK TEA,
JAPAN TEA,
AND OTHER TEAS,
together with barrels of HERRINGS and GENERAL GROCERIES.

Fish & Ireland.

Lachute Mills, Oct. 13th, 1881.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the **Bowels, Kidneys and Liver**, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time **Correcting Acidity of the Stomach**, curing **Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility**; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size $1.

For sale by all dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

STRACHAN'S
Gilt Edge Soap

Is undoubtedly the best family Soap in the market, because it is of Uniform Weight, each Bar weighing a pound; because it is of Uniform Quality, and that quality the highest; because it is Perfectly Pure, containing only advantageous ingredients; because it has qualities which Soften and Beautify the Hands, not injuring them as inferior soaps; because, in a word, it is an Honest Article. It is manufactured by

W. STRACHAN & CO.,
36 Jacques Cartier Street,
MONTREAL.

Sold by all Leading Grocers throughout the Dominion. v5 n7 1y

Dr FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

Cures Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Sea Sickness and Summer Complaint; also Cholera Infantum, and all Complaints peculiar to children teething, and will be found equally beneficial for adults or children.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
T. MILBURN & CO.,
Proprietors, Toronto.

Scotch Tweeds
IN GREAT VARIETY,
AND AT LOW PRICES,
—AT—
S. CARSLEY'S,
393, 395, 397, 399 NOTRE DAME ST.

P. S.—What we sell as Scotch Tweeds really are Scotch Tweeds—no shoddy about them.

S. CARSLEY'S SHOW-ROOMS.

S. Carsley is now showing in his show rooms the largest assortment of Knitted Shawls, and at prices to please all.

Knitted Shawls in all the leading shades at the following low prices:—75c, 85c, 90c, $1.00, $1.10, $1.20, $1.35, $1.45, $1.55, $1.75, $2.00, $2.20, $2.50, $2.75 and $3.00

Extra handsome Knitted Shawls from $3.25 to $9.00.

S. CARSLEY'S SHOW-ROOMS

is also the place for the largest and best assorted stock of Winter Shawls.

Hundreds of Winter Shawls to choose from at Carsley's. His prices for shawls are from 20 to 30 per cent cheaper than credit stores.

S. CARSLEY'S SHOW-ROOMS

is also the place for the finest assortment of Ladies' Mantles.

Carsley has Mantles to suit all classes.
Jackets from $2.80 to $45.
Ulsters from $4.80 to $32.
Circulars from $1 50 to $10.50.
Dolmans from $1 to $57.
All these Mantles are this season's styles, and are all marked cheap.

S. CARSLEY'S SHOW-ROOMS

is also the place for choice Costumes at low prices.

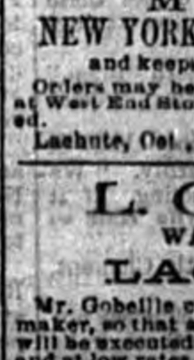
Carsley is showing a beautiful assortment of Ladies' Costumes, just received from the centres of fashion.

All kinds of Mantles made to order.
All kinds of Costumes made to order.
All kinds of Skirts made to order.
A good fit and good workmanship always guaranteed.
Carsley's Rubber Waterproof Circulars are the cheapest and best.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION.
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no Other.
D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

PLACIDE LATOUR,
BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.
COLLECTING AGENT,
Private Detective,
and confidential
Secret-Service Agent.
All business promptly attended to. v5, 1 1y



Wm. MURRAY,
No 71 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.
Watchmaker,
AND
JEWELLER. 3 m-1

PARKS' PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
195½ St. James St., Montreal.

We call special attention to our PANEL or TABLET PHOTOS, one of the latest novelties. Also, a new patent process of producing large Photos, worked very fine. Our REMBRANT or SHADOW PORTRAITS are the finest produced; and the SOLOMON or PHOTO-RELIEF are very fine for frame or easel. All negatives preserved. We have a stock of negatives from the Inglis' estate. Solar Printing for the Trade. Copying, enlarging, and finishing in Oil, Water Color, and Ink.

☞ We respectfully solicit your patronage. 1 m-3

WM. BANFORD
is agent for
McCall's
NEW YORK BAZAR PATTERNS,
and keeps a full stock on hand.
Orders may be left with J. Banford & Co., at West End Store, and will be promptly filled.
Lachute, Oct., 1881. v5 n6 1y

L. Gobeille,
WATCHMAKER,
LACHUTE.

Mr. Gobeille claims to excel as a watchmaker, so that all orders entrusted to him will be executed in a workman-like manner, and at low rates.
v5 n6 1y

The Continental Clothing Store,
66 BONAVENTURE ST.,
MONTREAL.

New Store! New Goods!
Gents'
Youths'
and Children's
Suits and Overcoats
AT
BOTTOM PRICES.
FINE CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
A full line of
GENTS' FURNISHINGS.
SMITH & CO.,
66 BONAVENTURE ST.,
MONTREAL.
v5 n6 1y

ROBERT STEVENSON,
DEALER IN
First Class Organs and Pianos
Old Instruments taken in exchange.
Pianos and Organs sold on Instalments.
Tuning and repairing done at reasonable rates.
Lachute, Feb. 23rd, 1881.

Rock Bottom!
Still Further Marked Down!
SURPRISING REDUCTIONS IN
Ready-Made Clothing.
CLOTHING SEASONABLE,
Durable, and
Fashionable.
To be sold AT COST during the present month
—AT THE—
Boston Clothing Store,
41 and 43 St. JOSEPH Street.

This has been the busiest season we have yet had, and we are keeping it up by selling a great many lines

AT COST!

SERVICEABLE COATS, Assorted Sizes, for		$2 00
FASHIONABLE " " " "		2.25
DURABLE WOOL " " " "		2.25

Odd lines and best value ever offered in this City!

STYLISH PANTS, former prices	$1 30	for $1.00
SERVICEABLE PANTS " "	1.55	" 1.25
FASHIONABLE PANTS " "	2.00	" 1.50
ALL-WOOL PANTS " "	2.65	" 2.00

BONA-FIDE PRICES.
HAVE YOU BOUGHT A SUIT OF
OUR INDIGO BLUE SERGE
REDUCED 25 PER CENT.
AT
The Boston
ONE-PRICE CLOTHING STORE,
41 AND 43 ST. JOSEPH STREET.
v5 n23m.

HATS! HATS!
STRAW HATS
AND
LIGHT FELT
SUMMER HATS.
All the LATEST NOVELTIES,
TO BE HAD AT
Riepert Bros.,
97 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,
MONTREAL. 7y

Important Advertisement.

To Cash or Produce Buyers.
BUTTER, EGGS & PORK WANTED!

ALL WHO WISH to get good value for their money, can do so by buying their Cottons, Prints, Linens, Lustres, Mohair, Flannels, Tweeds, Ducks, Checked Cotton, for shirts, and Ready-Made Shirts, Overalls; also, Ready-Made Clothing and Rubber Coats, at

F. X. BERTRAND'S,
West End, Lachute.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Having received my stock of Boots and Shoes I can offer a good article for the money, and a large assortment to choose from.

FARMERS' HAYING TOOLS.
Scythes, Snaiths, Forks, Grind Stones, and Scythe Stones at the lowest price.
I have always on hand a large stock of
GROCERIES
at the lowest prices. Teas from 20c. to 50c., excellent quality.
PATENT MEDICINES
at reduced prices, and a sure cure for all who suffer in the STARR KIDNEY PAD, wholesale and retail, with testamonials from
F. X. BERTRAND,
"WEST END CHEAP STORE,"
LACHUTE.

Removed!
To our new and
EXTENSIVE PREMISES,
And in order to make our opening a success, we have decided on giving the Public a benefit in the way of Extensive lines of
CHEAP DRY GOODS, MILLINERY,
&c., &c.,
And to house-keepers our full Stock of Carpets, &c., cannot be surpassed in the Dominion, as to Styles, Quality and Price.
Merchants can now be supplied with full lines at lowest trade prices.
LIGGET & HAMILTON,
51 & 53 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
OLD ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH. 52y1

Exhibition 1881!
Having been awarded
Eight First Prizes &
DIPLOMAS OF HONOR
at the Dominion Exhibition, Montreal, 1880, for my instruments, which have thus been proclaimed superior to all others; I propose remaining
Hors Concours
this year, and holding an Exhibition of PIANOS and ORGANS at my
PIANOROOMS,
to which the musical public are respectfully invited.
Intending purchasers should avail themselves of this favorable occasion to secure a musical instrument.
I shall have in stock from
75 to 80
Canadian, American and European
PIANOS & ORGANS,
carefully selected, and at greatly reduced prices, for the occasion.
ONE PRICE ONLY AND THE LOWEST.
NO AGENTS.
L. E. N. Pratte,
280 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

REWARD.—A reward of $10 will be given to any person who will give such information as will lead to the conviction of the person or persons guilty of throwing a stone through the window of Olivet Hall on Thursday evening, the 29th inst.

James Fish.
Lachute Mills, 29th Sept. 81.

Election! Election!
[o]

WHILE SOME PEOPLE are going crazy over the probable result of the pending election, keep your head cool and allow your judgment to lead you to where you will find the best value for your money. I hear, in fancy, some one saying, "Where Can Such An Advantage Be Obtained?"

Hundreds of satisfied customers answer emphatically,

AT

"The Farmers' Exchange,"

where everything is kept for sale that people require at exceptionally low prices.

The above establishment is a general store in every sense of the word.

Customers are attended to promptly, and stocks are kept up so well that I am very seldom asked for anything I cannot supply; while nearly every day someone says, "Why! do you keep that too? I hunted all Lachute for it without finding any?"

5 PER CENT off on all cash purchases.

10 PER CENT off on all patent medicines, for cash.

Sandy Paul.
Brownsburg, July 30th, 1881.

No Patent, No Pay

PATENTS

obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Infringements, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to. We make preliminary examinations and furnish opinions as to patentability, free of charge, and all who are interested in new inventions and Patents are invited to send for a copy of our "Guide for obtaining Patents," which is sent free to any address, and contains complete instructions how to obtain Patents, and other valuable matter. During the past five years we have obtained nearly three thousand Patents for American and Foreign inventors, and can give satisfactory references in almost every county in the Union.

Address: LOUIS BAGGER & Co., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le Droit Building, Washington D. C.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY!
Ploughs and Plough castings of all kinds.
Stoves in great variety.
Agricultural and general machinery of all kinds made and repaired.
Oil expressly for mowing machines.
Mower Extras always on hand.
School Desks and Seats for Public Halls.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all our work.
McOUAT & McRAE.
Lachute, March 31st, 1881. 4 1y

ATTENTION!!

Received and to arrive full lines in all goods, viz:
Winceys,
Costume Cloth,
Serges,
Flannels,
Clouds,
Cottons,
Sheetings,
Prints,
Boy's, Youth's and Mens' Underwear in all prices.
Boots and Shoes a Specialty.
Large assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS & LADIES' SATCHELS.
ALWAYS on hand CHOICE GROCERIES.
Sole agents for the
Celebrated Crompton Corsets.
Good Goods,
Low Prices and Fair Dealing.
H. GILES & SON,
Lachute, Sep. 23rd. 41 y

PLATED KNIVES, FORKS,
Cruets, Butter Coolers.
FOR SALE CHEAP AT
Wm. MURRAY'S,
NO. 71 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
MONTREAL.
3 m 3

O. R. N. Co.



MARKET LINE.

THE Steamer "[illegible]," [illegible], will, as usual, run regularly between CARILLON and MONTREAL, calling at St. Andrews.

Leaves CARILLON Mondays and Thursdays, about [illegible] a. m.

Leaves MONTREAL Wednesdays and Saturdays, at [illegible] a. m.

☞ Freight at LOW Rates.

R. W. SHEPHERD,
President.

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

By the author of "What He Cost Her," "Gwendoline's Harvest," and other popular novels.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. CLEMENT CARR HAS A BAD NIGHT.

It has been recorded by inconsiderate admirers of Admiral Lord Nelson that he never knew what fear was; if so, he must be held to have been a very fortunate person, but by no means a courageous one; for true courage can no more exist without sense of danger than true charity without self-denial; otherwise the boldest man in Christendom must have been the Hibernian wood-cutter who sat upon the top branch of the elm-tree, while he himself was sawing it off; and the bravest corps that could be enrolled for any warlike purpose would be one selected from those who had made the most determined attempts at suicide, and who were rather in love with death than in terror of him. Persons of this callous description might really be utilized to great advantage for assassinating tyrants, or firing powder-magazines from within; but though they might be called patriots, it is doubtful whether prosperity, who is the lawlord that settles all claims to such titles, would term them heroes. Now, any bravery which Mr. Clement Carr might possess was of a sort that could not be questioned, when looked at from this point of view. He was by no means ignorant of the nature of fear, but, on the contrary, enjoyed a more delicate appreciation of it than falls to the lot of most men—and even women. He could bear to see a fellow creature suffer any amount of pain, physical or mental, without losing his own presence of mind at all; his spirit was indomitable and unflinching in that respect to quite an extraordinary degree; but there his courage ceased. If the pain touched *himself*, his skin was sensitive; if danger threatened, something quailed within him, which he erroneously supposed to be his heart, and his knees had a knack of coming together, which they had certainly not acquired from any habit of devotion. As Mrs. Clyffard had hinted, it had fallen to Clement's lot in life (and he had not repined at it) to shut up a good many persons in desolate rooms with double and even treble doors, designed to exclude sound; in cold and darkness, in hunger and nakedness, he had doomed many to pass just such a long autumn night as now lay before him; and yet, although he was full of wine and meat, and his apartment was light and even brilliant, and a feather-bed huge enough to accommodate Mr. Brigham Young and half a dozen of his consorts, was wooing him to slumber, yet he felt very far from comfortable.

The room was warm but he shivered like any of those poor wretches whom he had so often beaten, with the humane view (as he humorously told them) of promoting their circulation. He hated and despised them—all the more, perhaps, because from them he drew his means of livelihood—but now, in his splendid solitude he would not have been sorry for even such company as theirs. Night—solitary night—was always hateful to Clement; he sometimes dared to think that the terrors which he habitually suffered at that season, might be some set-off in the awful future, against what, by a stretch of severity, might possibly be considered his crimes. And yet he envied his brother Gideon—an indubitably wicked man, harsh and cruel, with nothing genial (such as the skilful imitation of animal noises) about him—who never by night or day felt one moment's remorse for the past, one touch of fear for the present. It was probable, indeed, that his death-bed would be a lesson. Clement, who was much the younger, rather looked forward to that, as the starting place upon a better course of life for himself; he would be a richer man then, and could afford to be better; and, moreover, it would be then time to begin to think about such matters—but in the meanwhile, what a blessed thing it seemed to be brave like Gideon! Not to fear God—no, he didn't mean that; he really didn't—his cringing mind made base apology, ere the black thought had winged its way across it—but not to fear man or devil! Surely such a bold heart as that must be a great possession. Mr. Clement Carr could not conceal from himself (nor, indeed, from other people) that he *did* fear man—and this very brother Gideon above all men; and if he did not do his very best to escape the clutches of the foul fiend, it was not because he did not fear *him*. He feared the prince of the power of darkness very much, as likewise the powers themselves—ghosts, spectres, portents, warnings, and as he called them, jestingly, and in the daytime, "crawley-crawlies" of all kinds.

It was not the daytime now, nor was 11 p. m. an hour for jesting. At 11 o'clock a. m. he had replied as we know, to Cator, speaking about the very apartment he was now occupying: "Who kairsh for the ghost? I shall sleep in the besh room." To what a different frame of mind had twelve hours brought him! Had he only a bottle of brandy, his former audacious sentiments might perhaps be induced to return. The servants had not yet retired for the night. Why should he not ring and, upon the pretence of sudden indisposition, demand that cordial? But had not his sister told him that there was no bell to ring except—— His eyes wandered to the spot where, a few minutes ago, she had pointed to him the massive rope of the alarm-bell hanging by the bedside. It was not a thing to escape even a very cursory glance, yet all his looking for it was now in vain; it was not there at all, and nothing remained to tell of it save the round dark hole in the ceiling, through which it must have been withdrawn, watching the pillow of Sir Thomas' death-bed like a baleful eye. Upon this depressing discovery, Mr. Clement Carr's first impulse was to leave the apartment forthwith, and demand lodgment with Mr. William Cator, even though he should become a laughing stock to that strong minded individual to the end of his days; but the truth was, he dared not face the echoing passage, and the long gallery of frowning Clyffards, through which he must needs pass before he could come within call of any human being. His next idea was to render himself as safe as might be from the incursion of any ghostly enemy in his present quarters. To this end he made a thorough inspection of the whole apartment with a wax candle in each hand, like the manager of a theatre showing majesty the way to the box. Besides the triple door by which he had entered, there were two other doors, and when he opened these he exchanged one of the candles for a poker. The first led into an ante-room as large as any ordinary bed-room, but totally unfurnished, save for some things which looked uncommonly like coffin tressels, but which were doubtless the raw material of truckle-beds, to be used by the attendants of the great man who reposed in the Blue Chamber; other doors led from this room, he knew not whither, but he cut off all communication with it by lock and bolt. The second door opened upon a very small room, almost a recess, the purpose of which he could not guess; if it was for the accommodation of a page, it must have been a very duodecimo one that slept there. It would have served rather as a wardrobe for cloaks and hats, only there were no pegs; the shining floor was uncarpeted, and in the centre was a square, looking suspiciously like a trap door. Doubtless the person who had murdered Sir Thomas had come up that way, while his servants guarded the ante-room in vain. Again Mr. Clement Carr plied lock and bolt; and having in the same manner made his triple door secure, felt even then no safer than Robinson Crusoe with his ladders drawn up, upon the day when he first saw the footprint in the sand.

How was it possible he should be comfortable with the round hole staring at him through the ceiling? Moreover the fire was dying out, and there was no fresh fuel. Mr. Clement looked at the four candles, wishing them four-and-twenty, and proceeded to put two of them out, for it was necessary to husband his resources lest the night should be rendered still more hideous by darkness. First, however, at the imminent risk of reducing Clyffe Hall to ashes, Mr. Carr pushed a lighted candle under the bed, and examined every article of furniture with the particularity of a broker; then having sounded the walls minutely, which fully maintained their reputation of being sixteen feet thick, he began to flatter himself that there was not much to be afraid of after all. For with respect to ghostly enemies, it is singular enough that we take precisely the same precautions against them as against material foes, such as burglars, and that even the most superstitious of us would perfer a lock upon his bed-room door to a horse-shoe, and the charms of a revolver to those of the accredited exorcist. Mr. Clement Carr pursued his nightly toilet with not a few uncomfortable lookings-back over his shoulder; and having wrapped his dressing-gown around him, took a chair by the enormous fire-place, and proceeded to warm his stockinged feet at the fast-waning embers, before he got into bed.

This is a position in which nobody has ever yet indulged without falling into what is called a "brown study." As the wood-fire glows and pales, as the sparks come forth and vanish, so the memories of the past, now distinct, now dim, follow one another without our guidance, or schemes for the future shape themselves as the clouds before the wind. There are none of us but have a history, more deeply interesting to ourselves than all the scrolls of fame, and we love to linger over the pictures it presents, "rolling the sweet morsel under the tongue"—even when we are well aware that it would have been better for us had some of them remained unpainted. It would have been well for Clement Carr had the long canvas of his past been white and recordless as the minds of those poor wretches whom it was his calling to tend, so ugly were the scenes displayed well-nigh from first to last as it unrolled, and yet it gave him pleasure to review them—although not all. He remembered with gloomy satisfaction the circumstances under which the first patient had been confided to their care, and how the hush-money got to be larger every year—only a little less than blood-money, and almost as ill earned; and how, having discovered a short way to wealth, they had stuck to it Gideon and he, though the road was dark, and foul, and in places perilous; very dangerous, indeed, when Gilbert Lee, whose mad idea that he was sane had been so shared in by Mildred's mother, that she plotted his escape from the Dene, and afterwards married him. Perhaps, after all that marriage saved the Carr system from unpleasant publicity; but how he hated his dead sister, and her dead husband, and the living offspring of the two, who had treated him superciliously that very evening! She should smart for that yet, if opportunity occurred, which it generally does, when we have our revenges to gratify. Then, on the other hand, what a match had Grace made! He loved her, it is true, no better than her elder sister, but he couldn't help being proud of her. How well contrived must have been all those pretended attentions to mad Cyril, directed in reality at Ralph himself, to have so bewitched the Clyffard, even at a spot so hateful to him by association as the Dene. How many ladies of high degree had striven for that prize, and failed! How many women in other days, as beautiful as she, and better born, had ruled at Clyffe by a far different title!

There was the "fair lady," for instance, for whose sake Bertram slew his brother. Cator had pointed out to him that day where oak had been laid on the great staircase, to hide the blood-stained spot where Gervaise Clyffard fell; and yet, enchantress as she was, she had been the wife of neither. It was she who was said to "walk," combing her long tresses as she went, when any great calamity threatened the family; and it had been even whispered that the Master of Clyffe had been, but a few nights back, forewarned by her appearance, of his brother Cyril's death. That was a bad business for him (Clement) as well as Gideon. A great annual sum had been paid for many years for his custody, which would no longer swell the Carr revenues, unless, indeed, another Clyffard should be sent to take his place. More unlikely things, however, than that might happen, and truly, as Cator was used to say, "Miss Grace as was was a very clever woman." Still, unless it was to her own advantage, she would never move in the matter; she was all for herself was Grace. Gideon, it is true, sometimes got her to do things—but for him (Clement), she would not wag a finger—and even Gideon had always to give her a *quid pro quo*. What scheme had she now in hand with this girl Mildred? She could hardly dream of a *double* alliance with the Clyffard family! and besides, why should she benefit one to whose dead parents she owed such a grudge? She had been more angry at their marriage than even he or Gideon, and why then did she patronize and protect this girl, and ask her to Clyffe, and set her up—confound her—above her own——

Here an incident occurred which put a stop to Mr. Clement Carr's "brown study," and made him very wide awake indeed to the fact that he was in the Blue Chamber at Clyffe Hall. It was simply a sigh, it is true, but a sigh of the most profound sort, such as is produced only by the most heartfelt sorrow, or the most complicated troubles of the digestion—a sigh that filled the room with its melancholy monotone, and was uttered, as it seemed, by some invisible being close beside him, who might have been warming *his* legs by the self-same decaying fire, preparatory to retiring to the self-same bed. So certain was Mr. Clement Carr of the proximity of the sound that he even did not cast a glance up at the hole in the ceiling, from whence it might naturally have been expected to proceed, but sat glued to his chair, with his hair on end, carrying, *nem. con.*, in his own mind, all sorts of resolution for living a spotless life the remainder of his days. He had no more reason to doubt of this thing having occurred (as, indeed, it *had* occurred) than that he was sitting by the mere remnants of a wood-fire, and that the oak floor had no carpet, and would presently grow cold to his feet; yet such is the marvellous elasticity of the human mind that, when the sound was not repeated, the idea began to grow within him that, after all, it might only have been a creation of his fancy, or that perhaps it had been his own sigh that he had heard. People often sighed without knowing it; nothing was more——

With one agile spring, which must have taxed every muscle of his ponderous body, Mr. Clement Carr here bounded into bed; for the sigh had again broken forth, and this time most certainly not from his own fluttering heart, though almost as near. Let us not bear too hardly upon this unhappy man. Mr. Banting himself, previous to his miraculous discovery, would have done his best to "jump" under similar circumstances. "There are few things," says a standard writer, "more appalling than a sound of which we can give no explanation." There is no wonder, then, that Mr. Carr sat listening for more sighs, with a thumping in his ears like that of a steam-engine. After an hour or so of this frightful state of anticipation, he ventured to relieve his stiffened limbs by lying down; then, still listening, and with the engine still beating within, but with fainter strokes, drowsiness fell upon him, and presently blessed sleep, that falls like the rain of heaven, even upon the most unjust, and holds them (let us hope), while it lasts, as innocent as the best of us.

When he awoke, which he did suddenly, and to the consciousness of all the horrors of his situation, the room was no longer illuminated by artifical light, but dimly by the moon. The fire had, of course, gone out, but the two candles which had been left burning on the mantel piece, although no longer lit, had certainly not burned out, for there they stood as high, it seemed, as when he had last seen them. While he wondered much at this phenomenon, Mr. Clement's attention was called to the dressing-table by a third sigh quite equal to its predecessors in depth of feeling. Before the glass sat a female form, in a loose black robe, engaged on some article of needle work. Her features could scarcely be discerned, but her figure was youthful, and her auburn hair flowed over her shoulders like a river of gold. Well might she sigh, considering the task she was engaged upon. An enormous piece of linen lay upon her lap, its whiteness contrasting forcibly with her black dress; the moonbeams exhibited this but a few moments ere thick darkness closed the scene; yet even in that scanty time, Clement Carr knew that he had seen the Phantom of Clyffe—the Fair Lady sewing a shroud. To be alone with this spectre, without a light, without knowing how near she might be to him, and yet to know that she was there, he felt to be absolutely intolerable, and the wretched man gathered himself up with the courage of despair for a rush at the triple door; but just as he was in the act to spring, the whole floor of the room seemed, with one ponderous crash, to give way together, and shrinking from the unknown abyss, Clement Carr fell back upon his pillow, and fainted from sheer extremity of terror.

CHAPTER X.

EAVESDROPPING.

When Mr. Clement Carr "came to himself," he came to himself alone; it was broad daylight too, and cheerful sounds of life—such as the champing of horses and the clanking of milk-pails—came up from some region beneath. But the shock had been too severe for the effects of it to be removed from Clement's system by any ordinary means. All he saw only reminded him of what he had suffered. There were the gray embers of the wood-fire beside which he had shuddered at the mysterious sigh; the empty chair on which the Fair Lady had sat beside the toilet table engaged in her ghastly occupation; the polished floor, apparently as safe and solid as ice after three weeks' frost, but which he scarcely set his feet upon, after the proof he had so lately experienced of its instability. All the doors were locked just as he had left them, with their keys inside, and yet he had seen what he had seen.

Shaving was a difficult matter with Mr. Carr that morning, and a very woe-begone countenance he presented to the looking-glass. I do not say that his hair had turned gray in that single night—although I have known such an occurrence to happen in the case of a gentleman who unexpectedly left of wearing a wig—but he unquestionably looked like one who had passed a very bad night indeed. Mr. Carr concealed his features from the servant who called him that morning, by means of a pocket-handkerchief, but he could not be making a pretence of blowing his nose the whole day long. Thus happening upon his way in search of Cator, with orders to prepare for their immediate departure from that accursed roof, to meet Mr. Raymond Clyffard at the library door, that gentleman after a stiff greeting, could not but remark, "I fear, sir, you have slept but ill."

"Ill is no word for it, Mr. Raymond; I've —— But perhaps it is not agreeable to the family to talk about such things."

"Come in here, Mr. Carr," said the young man, ushering him into the common home of arms and literature. "Now, sit you there, and tell me what has disturbed you."

He pointed to a high-back-chair, carved thick with hounds and hunters, in which poor Clement looked like sham-governor of Barataria; while he himself, toying with an antique goblet of very curious workmanship, stood leaning against a mighty tome of black-letter—such as Don Quixote would have loved—and listened.

Not one word did Raymond utter throughout the other's somewhat long and rambling narrative; but when he had quite finished, he quietly observed, "'Tis a strange story, Mr. Carr, and more than strange if true."

"True, sir!"

"Nay, I mean no offence; you may lie, and yet not know it. You took claret enough last night to raise a dozen ghosts."

"Mr Raymond Clyffard," returned Clement with the unmistakably earnest air with which a man who is not a habitual truth-teller narrates a genuine fact, "I saw the Fair Lady of your house last night, and no other, as surely as that is a drinking-cup, which you are holding in your hand, and nothing else."

"As surely," replied Raymond smiling, "but not more so. Mark, now how the eye may be deceived. This is indeed a goblet, in a sense; but see—I tilt it over so little, and the trigger lets loose a pistol-ball which smites the drinker dead. This is the stirrup-cup of the good old times, in which not to pledge one's host at parting was to offend him grievously. And yet, in truth, it is a mere show of wickedness. There is no precision in a thing like this. If the bullet sped at all, I wager it would fly aslant. But the common mind delights to think it deadly; and because we have possession of such weapons, and because the house is old, and crimes and vice have played their parts in it, as needs must be in any house-*so* old, hence comes these vulgar tales of apparitions, noises—things you think you see or hear."

"I saw them and I heard them," answered Clement, obstinately; "there was no 'think' about it."

"Then let there be no talking about it either, sir," said Raymond, sternly. "We have had too much of such fooling. If it be your pleasure to leave Clyffe Hall so soon——"

"This very morning," quoth Clement, resolutely.

"Then let me beg of you in courtesy not to repeat—at least not within these walls—what you have just told to me. I will do what I can to fathom the mystery, and be sure, if I discover anything, that you shall know it."

Clement gave the required promise with some show of frankness, and left the room, observing that he had business with his servent, and must needs go in person, for that he wished to see how his horse fared, which had shown signs of suffering from his recent journey.

"A liar to the backbone," muttered Raymond Clyffard, "and I, a fool, to appeal to the honor of such a rogue! And yet he seemed to speak the truth awhile ago—ah, Mildred dearest!"

They were very alike, those two; as like as youth and girl could be! The one swarthy as night, with lustrous star-like eyes; the other as the mellow eve, what time the nightingale begins his melody, and the glow-worm trims her lamp to light her love.

"Hush!" said she, closing the door behind her softly, and laying her finger on her lips; "in this room, Raymond, never speak so loud. Nay, no room is safe, nowhere but Ribble."

"Let us go to Ribble, then."

"Not now. I dare not do it. I sought you here to warn you—I wish I could say aid you—my own Raymond."

She lingered on her words, as the lark lingers over her own sweet song, and gazed upon him, and then drooped her eyelids, like one who, looking at the sun, is blinded with excess of light, yet longs to look again.

"What is it, Mildred, dear? More schemes, more stratagems? Why, this good woman, your aunt, is busier than a spider."

"Ay, and as fell, as ruthless. When she works *me* harm—I fear her—ah, how I fear her!—but now that she is plotting against *you*, Raymond, I seem to fear her no more; I *hate* her. She has poisoned your poor father's mind against you."

"She did that long ago, Mildred," sighed the young man.

"Ay, but not to the bitter end, as now. She aims at nothing less than to get you expelled from this roof, that she may reign here the more supreme. She swung her first mesh across but yesterday—she told me so herself—and day by day her net will grow, I know; and Raymond—I—she ——"

Mildred paused, and as the glory of the fruit of Tangiers shows through its scented rind, so did her blushes rise.

"She is not going to send *you* away, Mildred?" interposed her lover anxiously. "If so, I shall believe, indeed, that the Fair Lady prognosticates misfortune."

"What mean you? Have you seen her?"

"Nay, not *I*, i'faith; but this man Carr, your uncle—God save the mark!—has seen, or so he says, the warning but last night in the Blue Chamber. All the doors were locked, and yet a lady with long auburn hair, and in a black dressing-gown, intrudes herself, and practices plain needle-work. This he will carry to his sister, she to my father, and we know with him what dire effect. He will deem it bodes another death."

"In a black dressing-gown," mused Mildred Leigh: "with auburn hair; and in the state-room too. Did Mr. Carr say that anything had happened to the floor?"

"Ay, the fool swore that all the floor fell in."

"Dear Raymond," said the young girl earnestly, "I see some sunlight where I looked not for it; you are not yet turned out of your own home. If I am not mistaken Aunt Grace is playing a very dangerous game. I will watch her narrowly, and, if she has no mercy for *thee*, so help me heaven, I will show none for *her*. She gave me thee, it is true, a priceless gift, but never meant to give; and now——"

"Now what, dear Mildred? What is it that threatens you, and therefore me? And how can anything that happened in the Blue Chamber help us?"

"It is a long story, Ray, and this is neither the time nor the place to tell it. There is darkest plotting, and we must counterplot. At 3 o'clock meet me at the mouth of Ribble Cave—then——"

"I hear the cat," exclaimed Raymond softly. "Puss, puss, puss!"

The door opened; Mrs. Clyffard entered, and darting a suspicious glance from one to the other, observed coldly, "Mildred, the breakfast waits; go make the tea, child." The young girl left the room.

"Mr. Raymond Clyffard, I am directed by your father——"

"Nay, madam," interrupted he with mock politeness; "my father has been directed by you."

"Has been directed by *me*, then, if you will have it so," continued his step-mother carelessly, "to request, if your sporting engagements will permit of it, that you will partake his evening's meal with him."

"My father is very kind," said Raymond frankly: he had not had such an invitation for many months and he was greatly pleased.

"Very kind," repeated Mrs. Clyffard, icily. "I hope you will prove yourself deserving of his kindness."

"We shall be alone, I conclude, Mrs. Clyffard?" inquired Raymond, his suspicions roused by the sarcastic tones of his step-mother.

"Oh, quite alone, sir; and I thank you for the implied compliment. No envious eyes will witness your interesting interview; no alien ear will overhear your generous confidences."

"Then we shall meet in some room which has no key-hole," remarked Raymond, scornfully, and with his hand upon the door. "If you have no other commands, madam, I will rid you of my presence."

In silence they interchanged one look of mutual defiance, the man's eyes flashing contempt, the woman's hatred, and then the oak door closed between them.

"I listen, do I?" muttered the woman to herself. "You have found out so much, have you? He calls me cat, and that to Mildred, too. Why were they here together at all? She dare not love him—no, she dare not, for her life. She knows that I would kill her if she did. And yet they were making tryst. 'At the mouth of Ribble Cave at 3.' The cat caught that at least."

CHAPTER XI.

RUPERT'S WOOING.

When Mildred reached the chamber where Mrs Clyffard and herself were accustomed to take their morning meal together, she found Rupert awaiting her. It was strange enough to see him there, for, to her knowledge, he had not set foot within that room three times since she had been at Clyffe; but it was worse than strange, since her aunt must needs have sent her thither to meet him. How different he looked from his brother, whom she had just left; the one bright, strong, and joyous, the other sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. And yet he was fair to look upon; his wealth of light brown hair crowned a noble forehead; his well-cut features showed his gentle birth; while the deep-sunk eyes he fixed upon her with melancholy longing were very soft and kind.

"Mildred," said he frankly, "your aunt has bid me hither for a purpose which it will not be hard for you to guess, remembering what has already passed between us. For my part, I would fain have deferred to press a suit which has so lately met with coldness, if not rejection; but she says I do not know the way to a maiden's heart. My wooing, mayhap, has been inapt and clumsy?"

"Nay, Rupert; you have been courteous and gentle in your love, as in all else. Never was homage from a noble heart more nobly proffered. No girl could hope to have a wooer more——"

"Words, words, words," interrupted Rupert wearily, "all ending in a 'but,' as at the bottom of the sparkling bowl the poison lurks. I thought—but it was she who bade me think—that this time something else than pity, Mildred——"

"Pity, Rupert?"

"Ay, for you must pity me, since I think that you do not hate me, alas! you do not give me back love for love. You see me—what I am; a youth, yet very sad; one rich in this world's goods, yet poor beyond the poorest, since you refuse to share them. And yet you see not half my evil case, and know not half what is in your power to confer. Look you, if a man like me besought your hand in marriage, and you loved him not, yet if, besides, he lay in peril of his life, and could only by your wedding him be saved—would you wed him then, for pity's sake, if not for love's, hoping that love would come?"

"Such a thing could not be, Rupert. It is idle to speak of it."

"But if it *were*, I say. What then?"

"I would do my very best to save him."

"You *would*!" cried Rupert, joyfully. "God bless you for those words! One kiss, sweet Mildred—nay, pardon me; I had forgotten; my soul is drunk with love. How my heart beats—how my brain whirls! Pent up within these walls, I suffocate. How cool and calm you most looks! Will you take boat with me and let me row you round the castle walls, as I have often done before, and tell you there, where you have listened to many tales of mine, but none so pitiful as this, the thing I have to say?"

Never was a man so changed in such brief space as Rupert while he spoke these words; his pale cheeks glowing with pleasure; his large eyes beamed with hope; his head, which thought and study were wont to bow, was held erect.

It pained Mildred to the core to say, "You are clinging to a shadow, Rupert. Though you talk is unintelligible to me, I feel you are encouraging a baseless hope." Yet she did say it bravely.

"But you *will* come?" cried he, no whit discouraged by her words. "You will hear what I have to say? But stay—you have not yet breakfasted. Alas! what a selfish wretch I am!"

"I could not eat, Rupert, just now. I am quite ready to hear what you have to say, although I warn you it will be useless pleading."

They wound down a private stair to a low arched door that opened on the castle terrace, then betwixt the gray wall, teeming with fruit, and the lichen-covered balusters, whereon the peacock strutted and flirted his feathers in the sun, they walked side by side; down the broad stone steps, bordered with scarlet flowers in massy urns on to the shaven lawn, and so to the brink of the black moat, all starred by water lilies. Here they tock boat, and Rupert oared him to the middle of the sluggish stream, then rested on his oars, and broke the autumn silence.

"Dear Mildred, I have looked forward to this hour for many a day. *Here*, I have often thought—often when we were here together, but as boy and girl, brother and sister, not as now—I will one day tell her all: here where we have passed whole summer days, and she has seen me at my best and merriest (if, indeed, I have been ever merry), seems the fittest place. Nor sea, nor stream can ever be so dear to me as this same moat; alone I have listened here for hours to the croak of the slow-flapping rook, and the cock-crow, half-choked, half-clear, from the distant farm, and never wished for better music. But that was before I heard your voice, sweet Mildred!" Here he paused a moment, then resumed reflectively, "How slowly the waters creep, as though they loved to linger about this ancient place, and were loath to leave it for the hurrying river; and yet, see, they are dark as death and the bottom is choked with trailing weeds. So has it been with the Clyffards themselves, Mildred. We have kept ourselves so long from the great tide of life, that we have grown stagnant, and—and—what is stagnant is unhealthy. Where there is nothing *to* hasten the pulse, to stir the blood, the mind itself will sooner or later grow"—he was looking at her, she felt, so fixedly that she dared not raise her eyes to meet his gaze—"will grow—lethargic."

"*You* are not lethargic, Rupert."

"Not yet," said he; "I trust not yet."

There was a pathos in his low, earnest tone that might have almost moved a slighted woman; no wonder, then, that it pierced Mildred's heart.

"Dear Rue," she murmured, "it is not well to speak of such things as these."

"But how much worse," sighed he, "to think of them, and not to speak. Oh, do not think that I am hoodwinked, Mildred, by ought that men can say or leave unsaid about poor me. I know the falseness of their assuring speech, as I know the reason of their silence—their 'Hush! Raymond is coming; not one word about the curse.'"

"Rue, Rue, dear Rue," sobbed Mildred tenderly, "this is the very thing you should not do the very talk——"

"Nay, Mildred hear me out. Oh, do not join them in the cuckoo-note. Oh, do not you turn against me my one hope."

"Against you, Rupert? *I—I!* When there is not a groom in Clyffe that does not love you?"

"Ay; but not as I would have *you* love. And if you turn not to me, Mildred, you will work more against me than if all the world besides bad sworn my ruin. Oh, how to tell you—how to let you know what hangs upon your answer, and yet not fright you, Mildred! Nay, tremble not sweetest; you have nought to fear, whether your 'yes' shall bathe my life in sunshine or your 'no' provoke the threatening moon to swift eclipse!"

His tones were earnest, but not wild; and though far from mechanically, he spoke as one who has well conned beforehand the substance of what he has to say.

"You are very young," said Mildred after a little, "and yet have lived your life here amid the moldering past, afar from all things that befit the young. Your childhood, soon deprived of a mother's care—like mine, Rupert—has been passed among menials, who flattering themselves they were pleasing you, pleased their own vulgar natures by feeding an imagination, hungry as flame, with stories of your ancient house, exaggerated, false and monstrous histories, but which, since they were about the Clyffards, seemed in some sort real. They sowed an evil seed in a soil fertile enough in fancies of its own, but rich and ready to the hand of the true husbandman, had such there been. How soon would yonder well trimmed garden, left to itself, become mere wilderness, and how much sooner if you planted it with docks and darnels?"

"Go on, sweet Mildred; these are Raymond's words, but in your mouth how welcome—welcome as the dawn—welcome as the soft-falling summer rain upon the aching head and stretched out hands."

"Raymond is wise, Rupert, although he has little book-learning."

"I know it, girl, yet he cannot comfort me as you can. The uneasy pillow of the sick man cannot be soothed save by one loving hand; and royal Edward's wound, be sure, would not have healed so swiftly had any lips sucked forth the poison save those of his true wife." Then pausing for a moment, he added in an earnest whisper, "There is poison in *my* blood, Mildred and you must be my Eleanor."

"Nay, Rupert; there is no poison in your blood, but, as you said yourself, it flows too sluggishly; you need employment, action—you should leave home awhile."

"What!" he broke forth, "without *you*? Never—no, never, Mildred! Be mine, and I will go with you whither you will, and do your bidding, whatsoever it be. But I will never leave you, be sure of that, my girl; you shall escape me never, no, not in death itself; for if you die, then I will die too, and climb up after you to the highest heaven, though it were from the abyss of hell. *Then* surely, being a blessed spirit crowned and palmed, you would reach out a saintly hand to lift me into bliss, and save my soul; and therefore *now*, being an earthly angel, will you not give me that same hand, and save—ah, save *my reason*!"

The dews of terror stood upon Mildred's brow, for wild and vehement as was Rupert's speech, his eyes spoke things more terrible. All of a sudden she knew that that which she had been combating for his sake as a mere shadow, was a substantial evil which had already fallen upon him. Poor Rupert had all along been right; she was talking with a madman! And yet she pitied him far more than feared him even now. The passionate yearning of his last appeal melted her heart within her.

(To be continued.)

How to Treat a Poisoned Person.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach. And lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

The German papers say that Rossi is engaged to one of the richest and handsomest American heiresses. Others say that he is already married.

Latest Scottish News.

Reports received in Dundee show that the Davis Straits whale fishing has this season been very unsuccessful.

The construction has lately been finished of a residence which the Queen has built for John Brown within the grounds of Balmoral.

The coal trade about Kilmarnock has considerably improved. Mines are working full time, and there is rather a scarcity of men.

Business in the linen trade of Fife keeps up a decidedly improved aspect, and an inclination to do more business at present prices is experienced.

The members of the venerable Potato and Herring Incorporation of Paisley met recently in the hostelry at Renfrew kept by Miss Adam, and dined on the annual "hamely fare" of potatoes and herring.

There is likely to be a keen contest for the Rectorship of the Aberdeen University in November. It is thought that Dr. Bain will be the choice of the Liberals, and Lord Cranbrook of the Conservatives.

At the Aberdeen Circuit Court recently the jury before whom Charles Dinnie was tried for the murder of his sweetheart, Elizabeth Stott, returned a verdict to the effect that the prisoner was insane at the time the crime was committed. Dinnie was ordered to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure.

During Mr. Gladstone's visit to Scotland about the end of October it is expected that he will address his constituents in Mid-Lothian. It is believed that he will hold three meetings—one in Edinburgh, another in Dalkeith and the third probably at West Calder.

A review of the past angling season on Lochleven, which closed on the 31st, together with a tabular statement of the various club competitions that have taken place during the season, has been published. The total number of trout caught is stated to have been 16,398, weighing 17,124 lbs., which is 2,965 fewer than in the previous season.

Telegraphic Marriage on a Mountain Top.

(Denver Tribune.)

For a romantic marriage, a Boston couple are entitled to the first prize. About ten days ago Mr. C. A. Dutton and Miss Nellie J. Throcmorton, both of this city, accompanied by Herman A. Throcmorton and Mrs. H. A. Throcmorton, appeared at the Manitou House at Colorado Springs, and made inquiry concerning the difficulties of ascending Pike's Peak, and in the course of the evening engaged the Rev. Dr. J. Edwards Smith to go with them to the summit of the peak for the purpose of performing a marriage ceremony. Next morning at sunrise six bronchos stood in front of the Manitou House, and in a few minutes the entire party were in the saddle. The Rev. Dr. Smith was mounted upon a particularly lively brute, which, after waltzing on two legs down the road, from the hotel to the bridge over the fountain, wound up his performance by bucking the clergyman over the railing into the stream. Mr. Smith was rescued, and although not seriously injured, the accident deranged the plans of the wedding party, for the clergyman declined to risk his health by continuing the trip, in spite of all persuasion and the offer of a safe and quite animal. After much consultation, the young gentleman suggested that Dr. Smith should come to Colorado Springs and from the United States telegraph office, which is connected with the signal station on the peak, perform the marriage ceremony by telegraph. The doctor consented to this arrangement and thus, by accident, another element of romance was added to this already romantic affair. The summit was reached about noon and Sergeant O'Keefe was found in charge of the station. He received his visitors with his usual hospitality, and, when their intention of celebrating a wedding was announced, was overjoyed, and set about making arangements. The instrument-room of the signal station was decorated with flowers and flags, and then the Sergeant seated himself at the telegraph instrument and sent a call down to the Springs office, 10,000 feet below. Officer Jones, who was in charge, replied and informed the Sergeant that the Rev. Dr. Smith had arrived and was ready to proceed with the ceremony. The young people joined hands and stood before the Sergeant, the father and mother of the bride standing on either side, and the Sergeant at the instrument read off the questions of the clergyman as they came thrilling over the wires. There was a rapid clicking for a moment, and then Sergeant O'Keefe, in a solemn voice, repeated the message: "Charles A. Dutton, do you take Nellie J. Throcmorton to be your lawful and wedded wife?" "I do," responded the bridegroom, with evident emotion. The sergeant tapped the telegraph instrument, and in a moment another message came and was read by him: "Nellie J. Throcmorton, do you take Charles A. Dutton to be your lawful and wedded husband?" "I do," said the bride, in a low voice. The Sergeant heard it, however, and transmitted the reply. There was a moment's pause, and then came the solemn concluding words. Up from the valley to that small stone keep, 14,000 feet above the ocean, came that message, making two hearts one: "Then I pronounce you man and wife."

The Management of Sick Children.

The vicissitudes necessarily incident to an out-door and primitive mode of life are never the first causes of any disease, though they may sometimes betray its presence. Bronchitis, nowadays perhaps the most frequent of all infantile diseases, makes no exception to this rule; a draught of cold air may reveal the latent progress of the disorder, but its cause is long confinement in a vitiated and overheated atmosphere, and its proper remedy ventilation and a mild, phlegm-loosening (saccharine) diet, warm sweet milk, sweet oatmeal porridge, or honey-water. Select an airy bed-room and do not be afraid to open the windows; among the children of the Indian tribes who brave in open tents the terrible winters of the Hudson Bay Territory, bronchitis, croup and diphtheria are wholly unknown; and what we call "taking cold" might often be more correctly described as taking *hot*; glowing stoves, and even open fires, in a night-nursery, greatly aggravate the pernicious effects of an impure atmosphere. The first paroxysm of *croup* can be promptly relieved by very simple remedies: fresh air and a rapid forward-and-backward movement of the arms, combined in urgent cases with the application of a flesh-brush (or piece of flannel) to the neck and the upper part of the chest. Paregoric and poppy-syrup stop the cough by lethargizing the irritability and thus preventing the discharge of the phlegm till its accumulation produces a second and far more dangerous paroxysm. These second attacks of croup (after the administration of palliatives) are generally the fatal ones. When the child is convalescing, let him beware of stimulating food and overheated rooms. Do not give aperient medicines; costiveness, as an after-effect of pleuritic affections, will soon yield to fresh air and a vegetable diet.—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in "Popular Science Monthly" for October.*

—The *Commercial Bulletin* says the man who does not advertise has it done for him finally, under the head of "failures in business."

The trousers, an English critic writes, is the weak point in the German military costume. Those worn by the officers are so tight that they remind one of the English dandy in old times who would never venture to sit down in his walking trousers.

Little Dora's Soliloquy.

(St. Nicholas.)

I tan't see what our baby boy is dood for, anyway;
He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-bil-ly tan,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan.
He's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says his prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin clothes;
An' once I found him hard at work a-pinc'in' Dolly's nose;
An' ze uzzer day zat naughty boy (now what you s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An', 'stead of kyin' dood and hard, as course he ought to done,
He laughed, and kicked his head 'most off, as sough he sought 'twas fun.
He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings off ze shelf,
An' he's al'ays wantin' *you*, of course, jus' when you wants you'self.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls,
Zay all was made a purpose for to 'noy us little dirls;
An' I wish zere wasn't no such zing as naughty baby boys—
Why—why, zat's him a kyin' now; he makes a dreful noise,
I dess I better run an' see, for if he has—boo-boo!—
Felled down ze stairs and killed his self, *whatever s-s-s'all I do!*

Leave-Taking.

Not all have learned the fine art of leave-taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, with no dallying. Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise, and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and in particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no disguising the fact that they are truly glad he has at last gone. Don't do that way. Make your leave-taking generally short. There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go—go.

Boil Doubtful Milk.

It is with the following words that Dr. Pichon closes his account of the epizootic of 1879-80: "Most authors are silent as to the quaility of the milk yielded by cattle during the prevalence of epizootics. It is possible that experience has not yet supplied sufficient ground for its condemnation, and it is true that while a diminution of milk secretion is usually an early symptom in almost all diseases of the cow, complete suppression of that secretion accompanies any aggravation or prolongation of disease. The source of danger is thus removed to the question of natural causes, and the discussion is narrowed to the question whether milk secreted at the very onset may not have acquired hurtful properties. In this state of uncertainty, which has not been cleared up by any authority on hygiene, the precaution of boiling the milk should be adopted. Boiling destroys any infective germs that it may contain."

To Remove Ink Stains.

The *Journal de Pharmacie d' Anvers* recommends pyrophosphate of soda for the removal of ink stains. This salt does not injure vegetable fiber and yields colorless compounds with the ferric oxide of the ink. It is best to first apply tallow to the ink spot, then wash in a solution of pyrophosphate until both tallow and ink have disappeared. Stains of red aniline ink may be removed by moistening the spot with strong alcohol acidulated with nitric acid. Unless the stain is produced by eosine, it disappears without difficulty. Paper is hardly affected by the process; still it is always advisable to make a blank experiment first.

According to the Vienna *Gerber*, Austrian tanners are about to take up extensively the use of chestnut extract for tanning, this tree growing very largely in the countries situate on the south of the Danube. In Sclavonia it grows in large forests, and the wood is said to certain 10 per cent. of tanning matters. There is also talk in Austria of establishing a factory for manufacturing an extract from pine bark, the process being founded on an entirely new system.

Let it be understood once for all that Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will positively restore hair to bald heads and there is no other preparation under the face of the sun that can accomplish this work.

LARDINE!

THE VERY BES

Machine Oil

IN THE WORLD,

Is manufactured by

McCOLL BROS. & Co., TORONTO

And for sale by dealers. Ask your merchant for Lardine and take no other.

This oil under the severest test and most active competition was at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition awarded the highest prize; also the GOLD MEDAL at the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, and the highest award at the Dominion Exhibition, Ottawa, the silver medal.

Farmers and all who use Agricultural machinery, will save money and machinery by using none but

LARDINE.

ASK FOR

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup

FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP.

This old established remedy can be with confidence recommended for the above complaints TRY IT. If your merchant has not got it, he can get it for you.

JOHN. W. BICKLE
(Formerly T. Bickle & Son),
Hamilton Ontario. Proprietor.

STAMMERING

The London Institute for the Cure of Impediment in Speech

has re-opened for the Fall and Winter. For circulars and testimonials from hundreds whom we have cured, address

STAMMERING INSTITUTE, London, Ont.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

RAILROAD LANDS.

DAKOTA — MONTANA

FORTUNES FOR FARMERS.

50,000 Farms. 5,000,000 Acres.

Best Wheat Land, Rich Meadow, Choice Timber, Farming, Stock Raising, Dairying, Fuel and Water in Abundance.

$2.50 per acre and upward. One-sixth cash and five annual payments. Reduced Fare and Freight to settlers. Write for "Publications No. 28."

Geo. Dew, Travelling Agent, 72 Yonge st., Toronto. R. M. Newport, General Land Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

MINNESOTA.

T. C. LIVINGSTON,
Special Land Agent for Hamilton, Ont.

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

at LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, by W. J. SIMPSON & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.

Announcements or Notices 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 Situations Wanted, Fifty cents 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.

LACHUTE CARDS.

G. E. BAMPTON, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE,
(Office in Mrs. A. Burch's Buildings), Lachute, P.Q.

WM. SMITH, M. D., C. M.
BOA'S BUILDING,
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE, LACHUTE.

A. BERTHELOT,
NOTARY PUBLIC LACHUTE, Q.

IS NOW IN A POSITION TO effect loans of money from the *Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien*, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on first-class mortgages, and from other sources, at from 7 per cent. upwards.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Office in the Court House, Lachute. 17tf

LACHUTE MARBLE WORKS,
George L. Moir, Proprietor.
Best material and work at LOWEST prices.
Workshop in MRS. BURCH'S building, opposite Fraser & McOuat's. 51y

JOHN McNIECE,
TINSMITH,
WEST END, LACHUTE,
IS PREPARED TO DO EVERY description of Tinsmithing in the best style of the art. All his work is guaranteed to be what he represents it. Will keep always on hand a general supply of Tinware and house furnishing goods. He solicits a call from Country Dealers.

BUILDING LOTS
—AND—
MILL PRIVILEGES WITH WATER POWER,
At low prices and on reasonable terms, by
F. C. IRELAND.

DENTISTRY.
B. S. STACKHOUSE, L. D. S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST,
Is at Lachute, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month. And at St. Andrews from the 4th to the 15th of each month.
Private room, next to Fraser and McOuat's store.

MONTREAL CARDS.

ABBOTT, TAIT, WOTHERSPOON & ABBOTS,
ADVOCATES, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital Street (first floor), Montreal.
Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Q. C., D. C. L.
Melbourne M. Tait, B. C. L.
Ivan Wotherspoon, M. A., LL. B.
John Bethune Abbott, B. C. L.
Harry Abbott, B. C. L. Oct. 5 1y

H. R. HAMMOND, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital Street, Montreal.
Will be in Lachute on Mondays and Saturdays.
Messrs. Abbott, Tait, Wotherspoon & Abbotts, Counsel and Montreal Correspondents.

ARCHIBALD & McCORMICK,
ADVOCATES, COMMISSIONERS, ETC., ETC.,
120 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL. 16y1

J. PALLISER,
ADVOCATE,
194 St. James Street, Montreal.

R. RANSOM & CO.,
PRODUCE MERCHANTS,
220 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
DEALER IN
Hops, Lard, Fish, Cheese, Apples, Poultry, and all kinds of Country Produce. 81

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of
HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.
537 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL. 45y1

JAS. L. WISEMAN,
WOOD ENGRAVER AND DESIGNER,
169 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

GRAHAM'S
PAIN ERADICATOR!
THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS that has attended this preparation has established its superiority over all others for the following complaints:
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Complaints, Pains in the Chest, Side and Back, Sore Breasts, Abscess, Sores, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Scalds, Frost Bites, Hives, Inflamess, Diphtheria, Asthma, Phthisis, Coughs, Colds, Earache, Headache, 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 Magnetic Oil that quickly permeates the system and effectually reduces inflammation and allays 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.
For sale by all dealers. Prepared only by
T. GRAHAM & SON.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. 5. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1881. NO. 8.

The Poet's Lot.

What is a poet's love?—
To write a girl a sonnet,
To get a ring, or some such thing
And fustianize upon it.

What is a poet's fame?—
Sad hints about his reason,
And sadder praise from gazetteers,
To be returned in season.

Where go the poet's lines?—
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!

The poet's future holds
No civic wreath above him;
Nor slated roof, nor varnished chaise,
Nor wife nor child to love him.

Maid of the village inn,
Who workest woe on satin,
(The grass in black, the graves in green,
The epitaph in Latin).

Trust not to them who say
In stanzas they adore thee;
O, rather sleep in churchyard lay,
With urns and cherubs o'er thee!

—*O. W. Holmes.*

TURNING THE TABLES.

A White Man on Exhibition—Extraordinary Experiences in the African Wilds.

It is quite a common thing to see in our country men of savage tribes on exhibition in museums. The tables are now turned, for a white man was lately on exhibition in Africa. Mr. Joseph Thompson, a recent explorer of the Central African lakes, writes as to his experience with the Mahenge tribe:

A royal proclamation was sent over the country, making it known in African fashion that the chief, ever mindful of his loving subjects, had, regardless of expense, secured a real white man, and that all who desired to see this great curiosity must come at once, as he could only be detained a few days. In response to this invitation the people flocked to the exhibition in crowds. They issued, miserable and sooty, from the swamps and marshes in the east. They flocked down in wild array from the high mountains in the west. The fisherman from the rivers Uranga and Rusha sent their quota till Mkomokero was filled with visitors. I at once became all the rage, and it would have quite delighted any philanthropist to see the way in which they studied my every movement. Even the mystery of the toilet could not be veiled from their curious eyes, a fact which caused me much embarrassment. But as in the case of the lions at the Zoological Gardens, "the feeding" was the great attraction. A hush of expectancy would fall upon the crowd as the hour approached, and they watched with a feeling of awe the box being laid out and the camp stool set beside it, with the metal plate and cup, the bottle of salt, and the can of sugar, together with the knife and fork. As the boy appeared with the stewed fowls and sweet potatoes the excitement usually rose perceptibly, and a crush for front places would ensue, threatening to upset my humble meal. The climax usually was reached when, with all the gravity I was capable of assuming, I took the knife and fork in my hands. The fowls, however, were leathery, and my unavailable attempts to cut or carve reduced the whole spectacle from the sublime to the ridiculous, and afforded such food for satire and laughter to the wags of the tribe that I blushed and scowled.

Only a Mechanic.

Only a mechanic! Well, for my part I hardly know any one I respect more than I do a faithful, skilled mechanic, who puts thought into his handicraft and knows why he does things.

His hands may be hard, and his working clothes rough, but I wonder what we should do without him—you and I! We should sit under a rock, perhaps, cooking our food on a bit of stick over a fire of dead branches without a roof to cover us, and certainly destitute of stoves, ranges and stationary tubs.

Only a mechanic! Look at the great buildings that line our streets, which vast crowds enter without fear; think of the long stretch of sidewalks, the bright gas lamps, the pure cold water to be had by turning a little faucet.

Think of the carriages we ride in—the railroad cars, the steam engine. Think of almost anything we use, from a fork to a hairpin, and then turn up your nose at "a mechanic" if you dare. Mechanics, led on by scientific men, have made every improvement we rejoice in. They are not all inventors, but all inventors are mechanics of a better sort—mechanics who have original thoughts.

Mechanics are by no means an ignorant set of men, either. They generally keep pretty well up with the times. They educate their families. They have neat little homes, where you often find pianos and good books. Thanks to the advantages they have here, they are, in this country at least, well-spoken and well-mannered people, with no servility about them, and no necessity for being servile. On holidays they dress as well as anybody else, and are often more comfortable and grow a great deal richer than people who speak so contemptuously of "a mechanic," without really thinking what a mechanic is, or what—if he is a genius—he may be. It would be an uncomfortable world, I assure you, my dear, if mechanism and the mechanics were left out of it. It would be a great deal better to have none of the more dainty sort of folk, for, left to themselves, they could not do much, and would go back to the unpleasant condition of the cave-dwellers, who had not a mechanic amongst them.

The Queen's Exhibit.

At the British Agricultural Show in London Her Majesty contributes three entries. These are three Zulu cattle, which were taken at the battle of Ulundi and forwarded to the Queen by Sir Garnet Wolseley at the conclusion of the war. The cow, of slight frame, with a conformation of the chine resembling a hump, and upstanding horns opening apart at an acute angle, has a coat of which the color may be described as rudy chocolate specks and splashes on a pale gray, almost white, ground. The bull, of greater substance, with a bigger development of hump, is of a dark brownish red color. The draft ox, with similar upstanding straight and opening horns, has a coat of corny-brown patches on a white ground.

The King of Siam has done a graceful thing in presenting to the National Museum at Washington a number of articles illustrating the life, manners and customs of the Siamese.

At the last meeting of the Canadian Division Sons of Temperance of Ottawa, Rev. Bishop Wilson, D. D., of the Reformed Episcopal Church, was initiated into the division.

President Arthur has a mother and three sisters living.

LOATHSOME DEATH.

Mysterious and Revolting Disease—Is it the Black Small-Pox?

A Kansas City (Mo.) despatch says: "The most horrifying reports come from Platte County, this State, and the vicinity of Parkville and Waldron and intervening country, regarding a scourge which, it is reported, has recently broken out there. At first it was thought to be small-pox, but it is developing symptoms of even more aggravated character than this disease. Mr. Threlkeld, a farmer living near Parkdale, arrived in the city to-day and reported that, although the disease had been raging only five days, eleven deaths had occurred and thirty people were sick. Of these only one man had shown symptoms of recovery, and he was not yet out of danger. The disease had broken out between Parkville and Waldron, two stations on the Council Bluffs road, the latter only nine miles from this place. It was brought there by a tramp laborer who went from Kansas City seeking work, and was taken sick and died. This was ten days ago. He said all who attended the funeral of the first patient have been stricken. The bodies were covered with the most horrible sores, and fairly rot and fester before death ensues. Mr. Threlkeld is reported to have said that a person who had died with the disease cannot be lifted into the coffin. The flesh fall from the bones and the bones themselves crumble and break when handled. Many of the citizens think it is the old black small-pox, a very virulent form of the disease, in which the body is covered with black eruptions, and few who are taken survive. Others who have seen it think it is nothing more nor less than the terrible black scourge which devastated the countries of the east in the fourteenth century."

Popular Songs.

"Shoo Fly," sung ten years ago from one end of the continent to the other, had a sale of 80,000 copies, and is now forgotten. It was certainly the most worthless musical absurdity ever written, and its success was largely owing to its being alluded to by General Butler in the course of a political wrangle with a fellow-member. It netted the fortunate publishers several thousand dollars. "Old Folks at Home" was written by Stephen C. Foster thirty years ago, who sold it to Christy, of minstrel fame, for $5, and received a bonus of $5 more for the privilege of having his (Christy's) name on the title page as author, and after the piece had made him rich he generously gave Foster $50 more, which was all he ever received for the song. But it served to make the author famous and to sell all his other songs, yet he died a poor man. For a while the piece waned in public favor, until it was sung by Mlle. Nilsson at her concerts, when it took a new start, and at this present time it is one of the best selling songs in the market. The numerous transcriptions from its melody, by upward of twenty different composers, serve to keep it popular. It is really a worthy companion to "Sweet Home," and will probably be sung for a hundred years or more. During the war several songs published at the time had a remarkable success. "Weeping, Sad and Lonely," had a sale of upward of 500,000. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" (sung by the Hutchinson family); "John Brown's Body Lies a Mouldering in the Grave," each had a very large sale and enriched the publishers, and in one or two cases their authors. But only one of these has remained from oblivion—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"—which is being sung by the daughters of those whose memories go back to the sad scenes when they "tented on the old camp ground."

The Weather and Probable Events for Next Year.

(From advanced sheets of Vennor's Almanac for 1882, by permission.)

In Newfoundland the winter of 1882 is likely to be extremely severe and stormy.

A warm wave is likely to occur over a large portion of North America during the month of November, 1881, and again during January and February, 1882.

A frigid wave may be expected towards the close of November and entry of December, 1881.

The winds and storms of March will probably arrive ahead of time, and render the closing days of February exceedingly disagreeable.

Minnesota is likely to experience more wintry weather than many neighboring sections.

The latter part of April and entry of May, 1882, will remind one of winter again, and the spring is likely to be cold and backward generally.

The winter of 1882 is not likely to be characterized by heavy snowfalls on this side of the Atlantic.

In Western Canada and sections south of the lakes, navigation may remain open all the year, or close but for a very brief period.

December, 1881, will be a month of storms in the lake region.

The summer of 1882 will be generally unfavorable to agriculture, owing to cold and wet weather.

Western sections will probably suffer more from rains and floods than from thunder storms or cyclones during the summer of 1882.

Volcanic disturbances are likely to be exceedingly active on the American continent and will probably occur in entirely new sections.

There will be brief periods of severe cold during the winter of 1882 and longer ones of warmth.

ILL OMENS.—Speaking of superstitions connected with marriage a London paper says that in Ireland "it is considered an ill omen to rise before the sun the marriage morning; to dream of the croaking of a raven, or to see the shadow of his wing flit by in the sunshine; or to hear the knock of an invisible hand, which, however, should be listened for, or to note a winding sheet in the candle." In Hamilton it is considered an ill omen to receive a letter from your mother-in-law stating that she is coming to spend the summer, or to come home at 1 o'clock in the morning and find your wife awake.

Mr. Blaine, it is reported, agreed to write a biography of President Garfield, the proceeds of the sale to be given to the young daughter of his dead friend. The Hartford firm, however, which proposed the arrangement would allow the Secretary only six months for the work, and he declined at last to undertake so important a task in so short a time.

Queen Victoria will not leave Balmoral till the last week in November, when she will return to Windsor Castle for about three weeks before going to Osborne for Christmas.

A SOCIAL CHAT.

The Fashionable Dress for Ladies—Conversation as an Art—Premature Men and Women.

The fashionable walking dress in Paris this season is made of very dark cloth or serge, and is embroidered with narrow soutache of a darker hue or of black. Its front and sides are flat and panelled, or perhaps it has an apparent under-petticoat, which is shown between a narrow front opening. This underpart is also embroidered, or, if it is not, it is of velvet, plush or satin, laid on flat. The back draping is very bouffant, and a little dress coat, either single or double breasted, and embroidered upon the breast and sleeves in military fashion, completes it. Dark green, black, blue and deep seal are the favorite colors.

London *World*: "The French ladies do not appear to adopt that frizzed style of coiffure which has been irreverently named *a la* Zulu, or *a la* bird's nest. They cut small straight pieces of hair down their foreheads and then curl the ends after the manner of a pug's tail. It looks cleaner, at all events.

There are families, the *Queen* says, in which the art and practice of conversation are carried almost to perfection, ministering profit and pleasure, and passing away almost unobserved hours which otherwise would be very tedious. The qualifications which insure success may be for the most part natural but they may be developed and improved by care and attention. Not without reason, therefore, has it been proposed that the study of this subject should form a part of the education of young ladies, who should be encouraged and assisted to converse with freedom, propriety and grace.

The Boston *Journal* fears that at our present rate of progress it will not be long before we have accomplished the elimination of childhood. "Already, in fashionable life, very little indeed remains of the innocence, the lightheartedness and the romping spirit which are among the distinctive traits of childhood. Those who are still children in years are little men and women, or, more properly, little dandies and belles, in dress, manner and conversation, and it would seem that they are scarcely graduated from the garments of infancy and the care of a nurse before they are familiar with the galeties of the ball-room and the delights of social dissipation."

Notes About Ladies' Fashions.

Spanish girdles of black velvet are very stylish.

Old-fashioned Louis XVI. pelisses are again in favor.

Grecian bands for the hair are made of silver, inlaid with mock gems.

Gigot puffs are seen upon many important carriage and dinner dresses.

Surah moire is the name of a raw material designed for dress trimmings and millinery purposes.

"My lady" jackets of dark green cashmere, embroidered in gold or silver, and fastened with small buttons to match, are imported.

Hungarian scarfs of scarlet, green and gold striped Surah are draped over Jersey costumes of dark myrtle green, admiral blue, or jet black.

The newest colors are the "Rose Regence," a very delicate pink; the "Stephanie," a soft silver gray, and a dull, ugly shade of olive, which is called Tunisian green.

Light silk and wool stuffs in bright contrasting stripes, or in gay *millefleur* designs, are exhibited, which are to make very handsome yet durable dresses for school girls.

Footlights.

Mr. Frederick Warde is starring in Illinois towns and cities, and John McCullough in Chicago.

Mr. J. L. Toole is proving his popularity among playgoers in Glasgow by drawing a crowded house at the Royalty Theatre every night.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett next Monday evening enters upon the last week of his engagement at Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons commences her management of the Haymarket, London, for a season necessarily brief, on the 26th inst., when a new poetical play by Mr. W. S. Raleigh will be produced, entitled "Queen and Cardinal," in which Mrs. S. Siddons will appear as *Ann Boleyn*, and Mr. Swinburne, *Wolsey*. The cast will also include Miss Rose Leclercq and Percy Compton.

Blessing the Graves.

The Bishop of Pretoria recently blessed the graves of the 94th Regiment at Bronkers Sprint. His Lordship, arrayed in his full ecclesiastical robes, proceeded from grave to grave over the great extent of the field. At each he read a psalm and blessed the spot. The graves were beautifully arranged by a party of men of the 94th from Pretoria, and handsome stones placed at the head of each. Having performed the service there, next he proceeded to the main grave—one huge sepulchre, in which are sixty poor fellows, who died by the first volley poured in upon them by the Boers. Further down the road are three others containing several men each who had fallen while defending the long line of waggons. Over this wild, rocky battlefield, blackened by the passage of a great fire, our little party walked slowly from grave to grave headed by the bishop—a tall, strong handsome man, with a great, full voice.

A wedding on the top of Pike's Peak was reported a few days ago. A Kentucky couple have taken an opposite course by going underground for the ceremony. Henry McCallister, accompanied by a small party, arrived at Cave City. Country waggons were procured at once, and the gay company, which included a Louisville clergyman, drove over the hills to the Mammoth Cave. The great hole in the ground was bravely entered. "Fat Man's Misery" was passed, the bride crawling on hands and knees along the narrow tunnel; Green River, with its blind fish, was safely ferried over, and after an underground tramp of nine miles the spot selected for the wedding was reached. "There," says a glowing account, "under nature's glittering gems, with darkness filling the depth beyond, and torches weirdly lighting the immediate space, the clergyman did his duty."

Some time ago the municipality of Florence pawned the house in which Dante was born, a house which the city has long guarded with pious care. The banking institute from which the money had been borrowed has foreclosed its debt, and the house is now offered for public sale. The owners are prepared, if they can find a purchaser, to sell the house by private treaty for the excessively modest sum of 1,200 lire, or about $250.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Of the population of Ireland 76·6 per cent. are Catholics.

Potato blight has made its appearance in the King's county.

The Government intend to keep the military forces in Ireland up to their present strength during the winter.

It is announced that all prizes, honors and degrees which the Royal University of Ireland can confer are open to women as well as to men.

The Corporation of Dublin give notice that they will enforce the law against the lending of sheets and other articles for wakes, the practice of burial societies.

The Irish Orange Emergency Committee has now considerably over 200 laborers at work in 16 counties, securing the crops and watching the farms of the boycotted tenants and landlords.

In the townland of Seafin, county Armagh, it is stated there is at present residing a widow named Ann McSherry, who was born in June, 1764, married in 1798—the year of the rebellion—and she is now, in her 117th year, enjoying good health.

The Athy Land League have passed a resolution pledging themselves not to engage or participate in the sport of the Kildare Hunt Club, and to use all their efforts to suspend for hunting in the district until all the "suspects" at present in prison are released.

A medical gentleman near Coachford has been "boycotted," every one in his employment leaving him, with the exception of a lame steward. A few nights ago his steward's wife was confined of a son, but not a woman in the neighborhood could be got to act as nurse, and the gentleman, who is a bachelor, had to perform the work himself.

It is feared that strikes are impending in Belfast. For some weeks past a movement has been on foot among the ironfounders of the town for an increase of wages. In one or two instances the demands have been made by the employees, and have not been met in such a way as would lead to anticipations of a settlement. It is believed that a strike of boiler-makers will take place.

At Tyrrell's Pass, County Westmeath, a man named Duffey, who was boycotted for catering a horse for a bailiff, summoned several persons for assaulting him. Over 2,000 people, headed by bands, paraded the streets and disturbed the magistrates. They continued the disturbance until the Riot Act was read and bayonets fixed. The defendants, who were bound over to keep the peace, were carried through the town on men's shoulders.

A demonstration has taken place in Miltown Malbay on the farm of James Clancy, Vice-President of the local Land League, who is confined to bed from blows inflicted by the police. Within two hours all his hay was made up. They cut down the grass and saved his corn. When finished they marched six deep into town, headed by the local brass band. After parading the town, they were addressed by Father Stewart, Dr. O'Brien, and others. Afterwards they proceeded quietly to their homes.

A system of trade "Boycotting" appears to obtain in Cork at present. Dr. Webster, a Protestant clergyman, is Boycotted for having permitted his name to be associated with a building in connection with the Queen's College, in the construction of which woodwork of English manufacture has been used in preference to local carpentry. Canon Hegarty, a Roman Catholic divine, is subjected to the same process because he imported from Belgium some statuary for an altar piece for one of the city churches, and thus evinced a want of appreciation of the merits of indigenous art. The Cork corn market agents for the sale of farm produce again advertise that they will not sell to any merchant or trader who in future will buy over their heads direct from the farmer, and that they further consider that "any farmer who will sell in future direct to the merchants deserves much censure," and the Cork carriers publish a notice whereby they pledge and bind themselves to adhere to certain regulations. The first and most important of these is thus set out: "We will not work our horses for any man who employs more than two horses the property of one man, unless they belong to different owners."

A STRANGE CASE.

Deplorable Effects upon a Healthy Woman of Having her Teeth Extracted.

A despatch from Battle Creek, Mich., October 7th, says: Mrs. Nellie Ingram, a strong, healthy woman, weighing 180 pounds, went into a dentist's office of this city, Mr. N. Merritt, to have several teeth pulled. The teeth were very firmly set in her jaw, and the pain incident to the operation of pulling them was so great that she was thrown into nervous spasms, and ended in nervous prostration. She was removed to her home and a physician called. Her spasms and retchings continued, and when she attempted to eat her stomach would not retain the food, but rejected it. Finally, as a last resort, her physicians bathed her in beef tea, milk and similar liquid food. After a short time it was found that her stomach was entirely paralyzed, as a result of the nervous shock caused by pulling her teeth, and life has since been kept up by injections. She has lived thus for the past year, but her weight has been reduced from 180 to 70 pounds, and she is but a living skeleton. The drain upon her nervous system has been so great that she has lost her reason, and is now a raving maniac, though harmless because of her bodily weakness. Her voice is but the merest whisper, and her death is expected daily. She has not eaten one mouthful of food for the past twelve months, and her life, even in the condition in which she is, is a marvel, and surprises the physicians who have her in charge. There is no similar case known in medical annals, and it has created no little interest in medical circles.

Falling Into a Tub of Vitriol.

A despatch from Wilkesbarre, Pa., says Jacob Hochberg, employed at the Hazard wire rope works, was dangerously injured on Saturday night. He was washing wire in an immense tub of hot water and vitriol, when, making a misstep, he fell forward and plunged headlong into the tub. A number of men came to his assistance and he was drawn from the tub in great agony. He was so horribly burned that his death is hourly expected.

Mr. Victor Drummond, Secretary of the English Legation at Washington, will only remain until the arrival of Mr. West. Prior to his return to England he will be married to a New York lady.

A STRANGE STORY.

An Anglican Clergyman is Abducted on the Eve of His Marriage.

HE IS HELD IN LONDON AS A LUNATIC.

About the 5th of September the Rev. Robert Bruce-Kennard, rector of Marnhull, Dorsetshire, Eng., aged 57, arrived in London, to be married to Miss M. M. Bade, the daughter of a merchant residing at Woodford, whose age is 37. The consent of the parents had been granted and all was fixed for the wedding, which was to take place in the parish church, Woodford. At the hour appointed all were in the church but the bridegroom, though he had ordered a carriage to take him from the hotel where he lodged to the church. On inquiring it was found that he had been taken away by three men on the previous night, apparently the doctor of a lunatic asylum and two keepers. Mr. Kennard subsequently escaped. His story is that a person was ushered into his private sitting room in the inn at about 8 p. m., representing himself as bringing a message from a relative in the neighborhood asking him to go there at once. Mr. Bruce-Kennard immediately went off in a carriage which waited at the door, and gave directions to be driven to his relative's house. The messenger and another man having entered the carriage, the reverend gentleman's suspicions were aroused. He saw he was being driven in a contrary direction to what he had ordered, and towards London. All his attempts at getting out of the carriage were in vain; he was forcibly held down. He shouted, but was grabbed by the throat and choked into silence. He asked was robbery their aim. They answered that they were no robbers, but gave no explanation. Whenever he shouted, he was temporarily gagged and seized by the throat. In order to leave some traces of his route he threw his hat out of the window and endeavored to do the same with his coat, but was prevented. He was driven on through the forest, across London, past the Angel, Islington, where his shouts to the police attracted no attention, and at last landed in front of a hovel on Hunter street. Here he struggled with all his might, and in vain cried "Police! help! murder!" Knowing that a policeman, whom they had passed a few moments before, could not be far off, he clung to the railings and cried the louder, but to no purpose. He was dragged in and placed in a front room, whence the fire irons were removed, and he was told a gentleman would explain everything. As he had had no dinner he was given some refreshment, and was then advised to go to bed in a double-bedded room. He lay down in his clothes, but did not sleep, and heard mysterious consultations in other parts of the house. At early morning the "messenger" who summoned him from the inn appeared and threw himself on the bed also, with his clothes on. He questioned the man, and found he was detained as a lunatic, and that a doctor would soon visit him. He bribed his companion to send a telegram to Woodford, which was never sent, saying he was unavoidably detained, but that he would explain everything in a few hours. In accordance with a message received by the "messenger," he was detained till 12 o'clock, when another £5 note gained him his liberty. He found a cab at the door, drove to the railway station, and reached Woodford Church at 1 o'clock, an hour too late for the ceremony to be legally performed. He made his statement on oath there and then, and the next morning at 8 o'clock was married by the Rev. Canon Duckworth. He cannot give any reason for his abduction, as no impediment had been put in the way of his marriage by the bride's friends. He intends prosecuting those whom he suspects to be the authors of the outrage.

Irish Servant Girls for Canada.

Consequent upon the troubles in Ireland hundreds of domestic servants, as well as farm laborers, have been turned out of employment, and for a number of months past these unemployed people have been eking out a miserable existence, which has been little better than starving outright. The clergy, acting in conjunction with prominent countrymen, have been endeavoring to allay the evil by sending the unemployed to various colonies. Their efforts, however, have not been very successful, as the cost of sending them to places where there is a demand for them is very high. The Queensland and New Zealand Governments are willing to pay all expenses incurred in sending them there, but those who interested themselves in the matter preferred to turn the stream of emigration to Canada. For the purpose of ascertaining the suitableness of Canada for servant girls, and with a view of inducing the Canadian Government to bear the expenses incurred in sending out the girls, the Rev. Thos. Heany, Episcopal rector of Catry, Sligo, Ireland, decided to visit this country and make a personal investigation. Mr. Heany, who has for the past twelve years been actively engaged in the work of sending out immigrants, arrived at Quebec on the 15th ult., since which time he has been travelling over the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. He visited Toronto on Saturday and came on to Hamilton yesterday.

Who Owns a Cat?

Ocean County has had a lawsuit over a kitten, one person suing another for having unlawfully in possession a kitten belonging to him, and refusing to return the same when requested to do so. A jury was empannelled, and the plaintiff claimed ownership from the mother cat being his property, while the defendant claimed that the kitten was born on his premises and also that only a qualified title can be had in an animal belonging to a class known as semi-domesticated, to which class the cat belonged. Therefore the right of property was not absolute. A cat is the property of a person only so long as it remains permanently under his care and control. The progeny of a cat is not recognized by law as the property of the owner of its parent. After mature deliberation by the jury a verdict was returned of "no cause of action."—*Belvidere (N. J.) Journal.*

It is probable that before Christmas the fate of Newgate as a prison will be sealed, as all the authorities approve the proposed destruction of this famous London jail. There was a prison of Newgate long before the present building was erected from the designs of George Dance. The foundation stone was laid in 1770. In 1780, before it was finished, it was attacked by the Lord George Gordon rioters, who liberated 300 prisoners and set fire to the edifice. It was repaired in 1783.

A GIRL'S EXTRAORDINARY FREAK.

Clerk in a Clothing Store for Two Years with No Suspicion of Her Sex.

MADE A KNIGHT OF PYTHIAS.

A despatch from Cleveland says: Strange as it may seem, even to members of the Order of Knights of Pythias elsewhere, a lodge in Bay City, Mich., has had the experience of inducting a female into the mysteries of two degrees of the Order, and partially through that of the third degree, before her sex was discovered. It seems that about two years ago a young man of prepossessing appearance, tall and handsome, with a smooth face, dark hair and bluish-gray eyes, who gave his name as Frank Chambers and his place of nativity as Cleveland, applied at a large clothing store on Centre street, Bay City, for a situation as a clerk, and his appearance made such a favorable impression upon the younger of the three brothers who kept the store, that being in want of a clerk he engaged the services of the new comer, and did not even ask for references. From the start, being apparently about the same age, the younger members of the firm and the new clerk became on very amicable terms, and were inseparable companions, with the exception that the new clerk took a room and board at a private house, and would not listen to the proposal, often made, to occupy a room and board with him. Matters ran along smoothly in this way for nearly two years, when the young merchant, after repeated solicitations, prevailed upon the clerk to join the Order of Knights of Pythias. Thereupon his application was presented to the lodge, approved, and the candidate elected. When, however, at the next meeting the clerk was requested to be in readiness for initiation, he did not put in an appearance, and gave as an excuse that he felt timid about the matter; but at the next meeting thereafter he was promptly on hand, and inducted into the mysteries of the Page's, or first degree of the Order. At the next meeting the newly-made Page was reluctant to take the Esquire's, or second degree, but was after a time prevailed upon to do so, and that night became an Esquire. When the time arrived to receive the third degree the candidate hesitated still more than before, but not one of the brethren suspected the true cause thereof—they attributed it to his usual timidity, and after several of them had talked with the young clerk, whom they all had come to admire and respect, he entered the lodge-room, witnessed the first degree conferred upon a new candidate, and had nearly passed through the third degree before the sex was discovered. The members were struck with consternation, and then and there all further proceedings were suspended. The young lady had fainted upon finding out that her sex was discovered, and upon regaining consciousness was thrown into hysterics, and no coherent story could be wrung from her either by the gentle pleading of her employer or the threats of members, and, her hysteria increasing, she was conveyed to her boarding-house in a close carriage, and a doctor called to attend the case. The above incident occurred about five weeks ago, and are now made public for the first time. The young lady had a trunk full of female wearing apparel, and in a day or two, after the doctor had quieted her nerves, she donned her natural garments, sent for her employer friend, and to him she made a clean breast of who she was and where her parents resided, but he refused to disclose any of the facts about her. She still remains in Bay City, and rumor is busy with the report that the younger member of the firm for whom she worked will marry her, and thus make a stronger bar to secrecy on the part of the young lady. Rumor also has it that the young lady met the young man on a certain occasion, fell in love at first sight, but not being able to make his acquaintance took that method to do so."

BABY EXPERIENCES.

A Clergyman on the Disadvantage of Being Born a "Human Baby."

"A man," said Rev. Plato Johnson in the course of a very eloquent sermon, "is a very curus animule. He is de only animule dat don't have a good time when he is a baby. Did dat idee ever 'cur to your mind before? After he is dead he may go to hebben, but after he's born, an' till he gits able to take care of hisself, he has no comfort, an' he don't let nobody else hab any. Look at de dogs, wat a time dey has togedder. Dey is born free or four at a time, so dey needn' be lonely, an' de minute dey gets dere eyes open dey begins to play an' fool wid each other an' to 'joy deirselves. Look at de lamb. Well, dat lamb of Mary's had a good deal better time dan Mary had herself before she was big enough to go to school. Whoever heard of a lamb's havin' de toofache or de measles or colic? Wen night comes de calf lies down quiet by de side of its mudder, an' dat's de last you hear of it till sunrise nex' mornin'. Did you ever hear of a calf havin' de chickenpox or de mumps? Echo anwers, 'None of those things' ours in de lower animuls world.' Now how is it wid de human baby? He ain't gen'rally in de world mor'n half an hour before he begins to let de whole neighborhood know that he's come at last and intends to stay. He's got a immortal soul, which Mary's lamb had to go widout; but it does seem to me, brethren, dat he pays for dat privilege wid a lot of things dat de lamb and de dog wouldn't have on no consid'ration. He no sooner gits well started before he has to bite a rubber ring all day to get his teeth through, an' w'en dey's comin' through, de fader has to tote de baby all nite, an' de baby yellin' all de time loud 'nuff for a town crier. No, de fac' is dat de human animule done have no happiness till he grows big 'nuff to have a home of his own, an' even den his misery has just begun. Brethren, dis complex problem has spiled my sleep a great many times."

A Merchant's Strange Suicide.

A despatch from Cincinnati says that on Friday night, Mr. William Townsend, an Indiana merchant, committed suicide by shooting in the Crawford House. The following letter, written in private and sealed up in a white envelope, was found on a table: "Dear Wife,—As I am about to leave this world of trouble, not knowing how the next one will be, but do hope to meet all my friends in the next. Oh! how hard it is to leave a loving wife and daughter, parents, brothers, and sisters, mortal tongue cannot describe. Oh! how I would like to see you all once more. I bought Ethal a set of bracelets to fulfill my promise. Oh! how sweet she seems to me. Dispose of all the property to the best advantage. Tell John Sharp that I want him to take Ethal if anything should happen to you or father's folks. My love to you all.

"WM. TOWNSEND.

"Be sure and give Ethal a good education, which you always said you would do."

Without doubt the most distinguished tramp on the continent is Wyatt Henry Cardwell, whose mother was the eldest daughter of Patrick Henry and his father an eminent physician in Richmond, Va. He graduated at Washington University, is a good scholar and accomplished in many directions. At the age of 15 he joined the Confederate Army and lost his leg at Manassas.

President Garfield attended church for the last time at St. James', Long Branch. A Garfield memorial window of richly stained glass is to be placed in the church, and it is proposed to mount the gun that was used by the late President with a handsome plate with an appropriate inscription.

THE LADIES COLUMN.

Where'er man's words of eloquence
Inspire and rouse a nation,
There breathes through all the undertone
Of woman's inspiration.
And whether hers are lofty words
That nerve to fiery trial,
Or only meek and lowly deeds
Of love and self-denial,
In tones so clear, and true, and sweet,
They ring the wide world over;
She speaks from out her heart to ours,
And men and angles love her.

There never was a more difficult position opened before any woman than on the fourth of March last at the White House was opened before Mrs. Garfield. The position had been occupied four years by a very queen of womanly character and attractiveness, a model of simplicity, her presence in this nation a constant rebuke to the hollowness of fashion and the womanly extravagance which more than once directly or indirectly has plunged this nation into bankruptcy. It was no easy thing to be the successor of Mrs. President Hayes. But this national calamity has made a dark background to a beautiful picture of womanly courage and womanly sacrifice and womanly faith in God. Those two queens of modern society will go down side by side through history.

All this is only a revelation of what is in woman's nature, and that in ten thousand inconspicuous spheres of which you have never heard, there is just as much faith in God, womanly faith, womanly self-sacrifice, womanly courage. The story has never been told, and it will never be told on earth; it will be told in heaven.

O! while you admire, as you ought to admire, the womanly courage and faith in God, as seen in the White House, do not think it is exceptional. Greenwood is full of them. Mount Auburn is full of them. Laurel Hill is full of them. The graveyards and cemeteries of the earth are full of them. Women who lived, toiled, sacrificed, suffered, died for others. Are you surprised that one good woman should expect her husband's recovery after all the world said he must die? I have seen that a score of times in my parishes. After all the physicians said there was no hope, she had hope, and when death had set the signal on the brow and the life was gone, still violently resisting anything that implied that he was dead, saying: "He is not dead, he is no more dead than you are, he will come to."

Dr. Burchard, after severe surgery, was pronounced dead by a large group of surgeons who stood in the room. One of the surgeons was deputed to go to another room and tell his wife of the death of her husband. He went with that information, and she came into the room where her husband lay. She said: "He is not dead, he will preach the Gospel yet for many a long year." She took command of the scene and of the occasion. She told one surgeon to inflate the lungs, she told another surgeon to apply friction to the hands and limbs, appointing to each one his work, and they, to gratify the wish, or what seemed to be the insane wish, of a bereft wife, went to the work, and after three quarters of an hour had passed, he breathed. I suppose this very Sabbath morning he is preaching the Gospel, as he has been for twenty years since that supposed death scene.

That is woman in awful crises of suffering. The heroine, God's heroine. I say this not in any compliment or flattery. I say it because I want every honest man to know what a grand and glorious blessing God has given him if he have *a good wife*. She may be a little fretful and nervous under household cares, but you get down flat on your back with pneumonia, or fever, or under the wounds of an assassin, and you know better than I can tell you who would be the best watcher, and who would speak the brightest encouragement, and who for you would drop dead in her tracks. I thank God for this revelation from the White House of woman's courage and woman's faith in God and woman's endurance—not a revelation of something new, but a revelation of something very old.—*Talmage.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

—Fresh lard is better than butter to grease cake-pans.

—Soda or baking-powder biscuits must be handled as little and made as rapidly as possible.

—Silver that is not in use may be kept from tarnishing by burying it in a box or barrel of oatmeal.

—A little lard or butter improves bread or cake made of Graham or Indian meal—it makes them more light and tender.

—Pencil marks can easily be removed from walls, wood-work and marble by rubbing with a damp woollen cloth and a little sapolio.

—Fine wire milk-pail strainers that become stopped up may be readily cleaned by rubbing with a damp cloth dipped into baking soda.

—Ink stains on mahogany or black-walnut furniture may be removed by touching the stains with a feather wet in a solution of niter and water—eight drops to a spoonful of water. As soon as the spots disappear rub the place at once with a cloth wet in cold water. If the ink stains then remain, repeat, making the solution stronger.

To tell Good Flour.—It should be white with a yellowish tint. Squeeze some in your hand, it will retain the shape given by the pressure. Throw a little against a perpendicular surface it will adhere or fall in a mass.

To Wash Red Flannel.—Mix a handful of flour with a quart of cold water, put over the fire and boil ten minutes. Add this to some warm suds and wash the goods very gently. Rinse in three or four warm waters.

To Detect Adulteration in Ground Coffee.—Place a few grains in a saucer and moisten them with a little cold water. Chicory will very soon become soft, while coffee will take a long time to soften. Again, fill a tumbler full of water and gently drop a pinch of the coffee on the surface. Pure coffee will float some time while chicory or other soft roots will soon sink, changing the water to a brownish or yellowish color.

Rhubarb for Summer Complaints.—Rhubarb I find to be the best medicine in derangements of the stomach and bowels, as Summer complaint, cholera infantum, cholera morbus and such like. Every family ought to keep this harmless and yet effective drug on hand, particularly where there are children. Put in a teacup one teaspoonful of the powdered rhubarb, a little bicarbonate of soda (saleratus), a few drops of essence of peppermint and sugar enough to sweeten. Pour the cup nearly full of boiling water. Let it settle and get cool, then give a teaspoonful of the clear liquid every hour or oftener, and more if necessary. Rhubarb is a purge, yet given in often repeated, small doses it checks looseness of the bowels effectually and leaves them in a better and healthier state than any other remedy I am acquainted with.

Decisions Regarding Newspapers.

1. Any person who takes a newspaper regularly from the post-offic, 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 subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published though the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1881

UNHAPPY IRELAND.

The daily papers of the world are full of reports about Ireland, and every paper we take up has something about its troubles. It is astonishing what a man can do in agitating when he sets his mind about it. Why, PARNELL is agitating not only Ireland, but the whole world. Last week he was arrested and put in Kilmainham jail, and we venture to say that the first message he sent from the jail caused more agitation than anything else he has done. The message to the Kildare convention was this:—

"I cannot be with you, but I rely on you as true sterling men to act as if I were with you. Act manfully, steadily, prudently, without disturbance and without fear, completely maintaining your organization under those you can trust, relying on our cause and the certainty of our ultimate triumph."

There is enthusiasm in earnest. It is a true type of Irish enthusiasm. It is brim full of whole soul earnestness. PARNELL will now get sympathy. His cause will lack nothing by his confinement while he is permitted to communicate such addresses as the above to his followers. But we fancy the sympathy for him will be confined to the Land Leaguers, and the general public will say he deserves to be in jail, because the Land Act of the Gladstone Government was a step in the right direction for Ireland, and PARNELL should have been more satisfied with small favors and taken advantage of them for getting greater ones for his country. If PARNELL had acquiesced with the Land Act and been inclined to help enforce it, he might have won a name second to none in Irish history. It was an absolute necessity to arrest PARNELL. His actions were becoming treasonable. The Government could not disregard any longer the dangerous position which this moving spirit was bring things to. PARNELL had had fair warning. MR GLADSTONE sounded the note of warning in tones which could not be mistaken, in his speech at Leeds only the week before, in these words:—

"The Government is determined that no force, or fears of force, or fear of ruin through force, shall prevent the people from having the full benefit of the Land Act."

We pity PARNELL, for we cannot help admiring the man from many points of view. He has had great cause for complaint, but he wanted too much all at once. The Land Bill should have satisfied him for the time being; but instead of that, he has ever since the close of the Session been more of an agitator than before. He was insatiable in his efforts to make the people dissatisfied with the Bill which is considered one of the greatest measures of reform ever passed in this century—a measure of so sweeping a character as to draw down upon its promoters the vigorous opposition of the landed proprietors of the kingdom, and which cost them the loss of the support of one of the ablest of the Liberal leaders. PARNELL is a great man, but cannot fight the British Lion. He exhorts his followers to act "manfully, steadily, prudently and to rely on the justice of their cause and the certainty of their ultimate triumph." We fear these words which are so full of enthusiasm are a little fanatical. Is PARNELL's agitation too much for his own brain? We shall see; and in the mean time every eye is turned towards the little green isle with all its big troubles. Alas for the troubles of Ireland.

That the peasantry of Ireland have had just cause for complaint, there is no denying. The system of rental and the mode adopted to collect rents, was oppressive in the extreme. The landlord laid on, in the first place, what he conceived his fair due for the use of his land. Then the agent added a little more himself in addition to what the landlord gave him; then again the agent's steward or baliff added still another per centage for his own use, so that the poor and unfortunate tenant had to pay three rentals instead of one, for his holding. Is it any wonder then, that the tenants grumbled and complained of their treatment. All this might have been obviated if the Irish Lords owning large estates, had lived thereon and looked after their tenantry and seen that they were fairly treated, instead of leaving them to the rapatiousness of unprincipled agents and bailiffs—while they themselves were spending their time either in England or on the Continent, caring nothing for their tenantry, or how they were used, so long as their agents kept them supplied with money. If the present Land Act had been passed half a century ago, Ireland would now be peaceful and happy. As it is—it is to be hoped good will come out of it—that the people will be brought to see it is the only soluble way out of their difficulties and troubles.

But we fear owing to the exasperated state of feeling of the masses, by the arrest and incarceration of PARNELL and the other Land League agitators, the most serious consequences may take place at any moment. A simple overt-act on the part of either the people or the Government, may set the whole island in a blaze; and it will not be the fault of the Fenians if this does not take place. Nothing will satisfy the Fenian element but independence, and this the Government will never consent to. Poor unhappy Ireland! May some leading spirit arise that will pour oil on the troubled waters and bring peace to thy distracted br east.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

[From our regular Correspondent]

LONDON, Eng., Sept. 27 1881

The farmers of England want a Land Bill as well as their brothers in Ireland. Some decided steps have already been taken, and there is little doubt that a serious proposal will be made to Mr. Gladstone before the opening of the next session with a view to ameliorating the condition of the British farmer. For many a year past John Bull has been represented with a jolly red face, well-dressed, and in good condition, but in a chronic state of grumbling at his position; but now there really does appear to be some reason in his complaints. When farms have to go begging because tenants won't take them at any price, and others are let at much lower terms than of old, it is certain there must be something wrong. Some people imagine that because there are not many farmers in the bankrupt list, things cannot be so bad, but they forget that farmers cannot start in the world like some mushroom traders do, upon borrowed capital or none at all. They must expend money in advance and then await to see what nature will do for them. Nature, during several seasons, has been unkind to them. They have not had a thoroughly good harvest for several years, and competition has injured them to a far greater extent than the manufacturers and shopkeepers. The Farmers' Alliance is the title of the new association of British farmers, and they have had a meeting and made statements which appears reasonable. They maintain that until the arrangements between landlord and tenant are modified there can be no hope for the British farmer, and we quite believe them. One fact must not be forgotten. There are numbers of gentlemen who from the mere love of being landowners cultivate farms with every appearance of prosperity. But it must be remembered these are men who do not live by the land alone. They have ample means, and if the farm only enables them to live rent-free they are satisfied, but the case is different with the small tenant farmers who embark their capital on the land in the hope of making it a remunerative occupation. Such men are greatly to be pitied, and none need be surprised if they claim the aid of the Government to redress their grievances. People living away from the great agricultural districts have little idea how some of these honest, worthy, and hardworking men are ground down. But they are silent, because hitherto, if Smith showed the least dissatisfaction, his landlord made overtures to Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who had been perhaps waiting for years to get hold of the farm. Matters are altered now. There was a time when a good farm was a certain fortune if well managed. At present, what with bad seasons and heavy burdens on the land, farming is less desirable, and the owners of land must be content with smaller incomes when their property lies away from the great towns. The agitation for an English Land Bill will, I am sure, become general during the present winter.

The murder on the Brighton Railway has not been much discussed of late, as people are awaiting the trial of Lefroy, but on Monday a discovery was made by a gauger of platelayers three-quarters of a mile south of the Balcombe tunnel, which may be of some importance. The workman picked up a small pocket-book with the name of Lefroy on the fly-leaf and two pages in the centre of the book appear to have been stained with blood. Superintendant Berry has compared the writing in the pocket-book with that of Lefroy, and finds them correspond exactly. Of course this will be used as additional evidence when this sensational trial comes on. It is expected that the idea of transferring the trial to the London Criminal Court will be abandoned.

Notwithstanding the efforts of Sir Wilfred Lawson and the coffee houses, British beer continues to flourish. Of all the houses in England and Wales one-fortieth are given over to the sale of one kind or another of spiritnous liquors. One hundred and thirteen houses is the actual number, and that affords a large per centage. One hundred and fifty-six millions of pounds represent the consumption of liquor in these countries for the last ten years, which in the ten preceding years was covered by a modest ninety millions. In a quarter of a century the consumption of brewing sugar in England multiplied more than a hundred-fold. Of late there has been a slight depression, but this has been attributed to the general depression of the times.

AUGUST.

London, Oct. 4th, 1881.

The people of this country are glad—heartily glad—to witness the spirit in which President Garfield's death is received on this side of the Atlantic. The action of the Queen has been worthy of her. Never has her Majesty more thoroughly proved herself completely in sympathy with her people than in her frequent and tender messages to America, and her final command for Court mourning. How different from the old jealousies between Regal and Democratic rules; from the days when courtiers dared not speak of America in the hearing of Royalty. It speaks volumes for Republican rule when we find that an event like this we have to deplore so little affects the working of the Government. But even in more troubled times, when the noble Abraham Lincoln fell sixteen years ago, North and South forgot their differences for the public good.

There can be no doubt that the showery harvest season we have had has been like the last straw on the camel's back to the British farmers. They have, in fact, borne as much as they are able to bear. Some, living in homesteads where they were born and their fathers before them, have struggled on and made immense sacrifices rather than seek new homes and begin life anew; but the reports from all parts of the country show that the pinch is too severe. There are districts where land, once so eagerly coveted, cannot be sold at all. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, in his address last Wednesday at Winchcombe, says frankly that, even if the farmer waited, it would require several prosperous seasons to set him right, and place him in the position he once had. He says he can see no chance of any great change for the better, because, if crops are larger, prices will be lower. One comfort for the English farmers this year remains. American competition will be less severe than for some seasons past. This partly arises from the bad harvests they have had in some of the United States, and partly from the rapid increase of the population in America. The remedy suggested in some quarters is not to grow corn if other crops can be cultivated which will pay better.

I fear the French Republic will have its hands full for some time to come with the affairs of Tunis. While French ironclads are battering down villages in one direction, Arab insurgents are wrecking the French railway, and plundering and destroying wherever they go. They seem to care little what mischief they do in their mad desire to revenge themselves. Meanwhile, France is pushing forward troops rapidly, as it is stated that at least one hundred thousand men will be required to "pacify" the Tunisians, to say nothing of a considerable increase in Algeria, to guard against possible difficulties there. It is worth while to contrast the American with the French Republic in this matter. While a hundred thousand men are required to keep Tunis in order, the entire standing army of the United States is but twenty-five thousand men against a population of more than fifty millions. Who can wonder that America is prosperous? The curse of a huge standing army could not be more convincingly shown, for the "means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done." Meanwhile a new feature of the Tunis adventure has come to light. It is discovered that the Treaty, or what is so called, which was forced upon the Bey of Tunis was all cut and dried, and concocted when Marshal MacMahon was President of the Republic. This exposure will intensify the feeling against France in Italy and at Constantinople, if indeed it does not eventually lead to actual warfare sooner or later.

We may at any moment expect to hear of further complications in Egypt. There is a temporary lull just now, but nothing to indicate that affairs have permanently settled down.

AUGUST.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW HAMMOND, WRITTEN FOR HIS WIFE, BY MISS JESSIE SMITH.

They say that time assuages grief,
I do not find it so,
For many a day has worn away
Since they have laid thee low;
And yet more vital grows my grief,
My tears more freely fall.
And, like a mourner, memory comes,
And lifts thy funeral pall.

I fancy, when I sit alone,
Thy form is coming near,
And when I roam the fields abroad
I hear thy voice so clear;
I pictnre, too, that burning brow,
When last I saw thy face,
Oh! how my heart did long again
To take one loved embrace.

I fear you never guessed how much
My bosom's love was thine,
For oh! the time was very short
That I could call you mine,
Scarce sixteen months (how quick they
We lived and loved as one, [passed),
Then dull, relentless death did come
And made you all his own.

Oh! how I often prison thoughts
That then would freely flow,
I then could soothe thy life with love
That none may ever know;
I often think of how we roamed
The fields so far and wide,
And thou seemedst always happy
When I was by thy side.

Oh! could I cast me on thy grave,
And could I pierce the mold,
To tell thee all that chilled my heart
Since thine has been so cold.
One moment would stern fate unbar
The dark grave's iron gates,
And let me breathe into thine ear
All that my heart dictates.

But, oh! such thing can never be,
God only knows what's best,
'Tis He alone can comfort
The heart that is bereft;
Oh! may He comfort this sad heart,
No soothing now so sweet,
As thoughts of that bright, better world
Where once more we shall meet.

OTTAWA VALLEY NEWS.

(From Local Correspondents.)

Avoca.

A burglary was committed on Friday night last at the post office at Point Au Chene, a railway station 5 miles west of the Calumet, on the line of the Q., M., O. & O. R. R. The burglars entered the cellar, through a small window, and ascended through the trap-door to the store and post office, from whence they took all the single letters, one or two registered letters, money to the amount of $40, also valuable documents. It is supposed the parties were professed burglars, as the operation was done without the least noise, and upon accomplishing their desired object, left the boxes, drawers, tills, &c., all scattered along the floor, left the main entrance of the cellar, and that of the store, wide open, through which they made their exit.

The suspected parties have since been arrested on the Ontario side of the Ottawa, after committing a burglary there. Should any of the documents above mentioned be found in their possession, their conviction will follow as a matter of course.

Shrewsbury.

On the 8th inst. Lieut. Robert McKnight received from Colonel Worsley notice that the arms and stores of No. 3 Company, Argenteuil Rifle Rangers, must be transferred to him on the 13th inst., Colonel Worsley being on his tour of inspection of the arms, accoutrements and clothing of the separate companies forming the 11th Battalion. The probabilities are that Ensign John McKnight will be Captain of No. 3 Company, as it is his present intention to attend the Military School this winter.

VOLUNTEER.

The late Mr. J. H. Filion.

St. Scholastique, Oct. 12.—At a meeting of members of the Bar of the district of Terrebonne, held to-day at the Court House, St. Scholastique, for the purpose of adopting resolutions of condolence on the occasion of the death of J. H. Filion; there were present: Messrs. W. Prevost, F. X. Mathieu, J. R. Berthelot, J. A. N. Mackay, R. P. Lalonde, Chs. DeMontigny, Z. Rousselle, Jos. Boisseau, A. Pilon, Chs. L. Champagne, Chs. B. Major, C. E. Dalbec, O. Gaudet and J. D. Leduc, all advocates of the district. Mr. J. R. Berthelot was elected president, and Mr. J. D. Leduc acted as secretary. It was proposed by Mr. W. Prevost, seconded by Mr. J. A. N. Mackay, that the members of the Bar of this district have learned with the most lively regret of the sudden death of their estimable *confrère*, J. H. Filion, who, as well by his virtues as a citizen, his honorable character, his profound legal knowledge, as by his excellent qualities of heart and feeling, made for himself a very distinguished position at the Bar of this province. Adopted. Proposed by Mr. F. X. Mathieu, seconded by Mr. A. Pilon, that the members of the Bar of this district wear mourning during one month, as a mark of respect for their regretted *confrère*. Adopted. Proposed by Mr. Z Rousselle, seconded by Mr. O. Gaudet, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased. Adopted. Proposed by Mr. Chs. L. Champagne, seconded by Mr. Chs. DeMontigny, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the press, with a request for their publication. Adopted.

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

Great Trade Sale.
AT THE
Montreal House, St. Andrews

We will offer the largest and best stock in the Country at a great reduction until the first of March.

TWEEDS.
English, Scotch and Canadian, to suit the fancy and purse of all.

DRESS GOODS.
Of all shades and quality at ten per cent below Wholesale Price.

GREY COTTONS.
Having on hand a large stock of Grey Cottons and Prints, we have reduced them to first cost.

GROCERIES.
Teas a specialty at 25c, 40c, and a first class tea at 50c.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
Ladies' Cloth Bootees, Button and Lace, at twenty-five per cent below cost price, to clear them out.

All our Stock must be sold before that date. Come and examine goods and prices,—No objection to show goods. Our marks are all in plain figures, so customers can see for themselves.

G. & M SIMPSON.

St. Andrews, Jan 25, 1881. 30tf

New York Millinery Establishment.

MRS. E. JUVET has just opened a first-class Millinery Establishment in the village of

ST. ANDREWS

It will no longer be necessary for the ladies of the village and surrounding country to go to Montreal for the most fashionable bonnets and hats. Her goods will positively eclipse anything heretofore seen in the village. Her stock consists of

LADIES', MISSES' AND INFANTS' HATS

of every description and shape; old ladies' and matrons' bonnets, French and English flowers, ostrich feathers, vulture feathers, and fancy feathers in all the newest colors; jet bonnet trimmings, bonnet and hat shapes, Spanish lace ties, silk ties, ladies' Tuscan bibs, infants' bibs, white, Tuscan, and black ruffling, jet collars, dress caps, widows' caps, real laces, Spanish laces, shaded plushes, shaded plush, and satin ribbons; silks and satins in the newest shades, silk velvet, velveteens, dress fringe, cord and tassels, bonnet ornaments, bonnet crape, widows' borders, black and cream silk fichus, shaded plush ties, shaded chenille girdles, chenille nets, fur hats, etc.

HAVING ENGAGED

A FIRST-CLASS MILLINER,

she anticipates giving entire satisfaction to all those leaving their orders. From her experience in the business, she feels confident that she will not only merit, but receive a large share of public patronage. Call and

EXAMINE HER STOCK,
WHICH IS
QUITE COMPLETE.

Grand Opening on Oct. 1st, 1881.

1c 3 3m

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD

A never failing, Permanent Cure for Lame Back, Piles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs or attendant complaints.

INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE,
From Doctors, Druggists Merchants, Farmers

GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.
Picton, April 20, 1881.
Gentlemen,—I find that your Pads are giving entire satisfaction, and with my experience as to their value as a remedy for disease of the kidneys.
Signed, Dr. J. B. MORDEN.

OF SERVICE TO PATIENTS.
Lime Lake, April 23, 1881
Gentlemen,—Your Pad has been of service to some of my patients already.
Signed, Dr Jno. MCEWELL.

PRICES—Child's Pad, $1 50; Regular Pad, $2; Special Pad, for Chronic Diseases $3.

Obtain from your Druggist our Pamphlet, Testemonials, etc.

Pads sold by
W. T. WHITE, Grenville.
J. L. WOODLEY, "
THOS. CHRISTIE, Lachute.
F. X BERTRAM, "
ALP. CARRIERE, St.-Scholastique.
JAS. LANGLOIS, "

And all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines
77tf

There is no excuse for suffering from
CONSTIPATION
and a thousand other diseases that owe their origin to a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, and inaction of the Digestive Organs, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

will give immediate relief, and in a short time effect a permanent cure. After constipation follows Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the *cause*.

Keep the *Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order and* perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to SICK HEADACHE will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they

PURIFY THE BLOOD
by expelling all Morbid Secretions.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE.
For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.
HENRY, JOHNSONS & LORD, PROPS., MONTREAL

Auction Sale.

THERE WILL BE SOLD BY PUBLIC Auction, on
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1881,
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,
AT THE
Residence of F. J. FYPE, of LACHUTE,
the following household effects: 2 iron bedsteads, mattress 1 wooden bedstead, 2 cane-bottom chairs, 2 wash stands, 1 bed room table, 6 hair-cloth chairs, 1 parlor table, 2 rocking chairs, 1 extension dining-room table, 1 cupboard, 1 kitchen table, 6 strong kitchen chairs, 1 good cooking stove, 1 box stove, 2 tubs, 1 spade, 1 axe, 1 saw, milk dishes and pails, cooking utensils, crockery, window curtains, and several other articles.

TERMS: $5.00 and under, cash; over that amount 9 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

Parties Wishing
TO
PLANT GRAPE VINES
and small fruits should
Forward their Orders at Once,
TO
Gallagher & Gauthier,
101 ST. FRANÇOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL,
proprietors of the
Beaconsfield Vineyards,
NEAR
POINT CLAIRE.

FALL 1881.
New Dress Goods!
Costume Cloths only 16c.
Our Black Cashmeres are cheaper than ever.
TWEEDS in great variety.
FLANNELS
from the best makers.
All wool, grey, 32 cents per yard.
" scarlet, 35 "
Canton, fair quality, 11 cents per yard.
PRINTS, fast colors, 4 "
WINCEYS 6 cents and upwards.
A lot of Knitting Yarns to be sold cheap.
TRY THE LI-QUOR TEA!
A handsome volume with every 3 lbs. of Tea.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.
THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
C. T. WALES & Co.,
Sep. 14.
3tf St. Andrews.

FOR SALE CHEAP
AT
Wm MURRAY'S
NO. 71 ST JOSEPH STREET,
MONTREAL.
A Few Gold Watches and Chains.
3 m-1

J. & A. LOWE,
HAVING NOW RECEIVED THEIR
SUMMER STOCK,
IN ALL THE
NEWEST STYLES.
They offer the public a Trimmed Hat from $1.00 to $5.00. Also, a new line for children. New Dolman Mantles for spring and fall wear at very reasonable prices. 34tf

CHESNUT COAL.
We have just received a large lot of Chesnut Coal, which we will sell cheap for cash.
G. & M. SIMPSON.
St. Andrews, Aug. 26th, 1881.

LAMPS! LAMPS!
FRED R. COLE,
418 & 420 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.
Manufacturer and Importer. Lamps & Brackets. Coal oil Chandeliers &c.
FINE AMERICAN KEROSENE.
3 m-1

Dr. G. W. PRENTISS.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: NORTH STREET
Grenville Village,
Province of Quebec

Watches! Watches! Watches!
NOW IS THE TIME TO GET A WATCH.
Watches for.....$22.00
Watches for.....19.00
Watches for.....12.00
Watches for.....6.00
ALL PRICES.
C. W. HUGHES,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
MARKET SQUARE, LACHUTE.
1-1y Agent for The Waltham Watch.

BREAD—HOPE'S—BREAD

J. HOPE'S BREAD still leading as testified by the almost unprecedented demand for his

HOUSEHOLD LOAF!

necessitating the employment of extra hands in the Bakery, and the putting on the Road of another Double Horse Wagon, to supply his increasing numerous customers in the country around Lachute.

The quality of his Bread is rated A 1 by all.
Twists, Scones, Rolls, Graham Bread, &c.
Cakes of all kinds.
Candies (The Best) and always fresh.

The following list of Stores keep his bread for sale, and see that the brand HOPE is on each loaf:—

LACHUTE.
W. Banford & Co., East End.
G. L. Melkle, Post Office.
J. Pattenaude, Montreal House.
J. & R. Banford, Cash Store.
Fisk & Ireland, Mills.

ST. ANDREWS.
F. N. Beatie, Farmers Exchange.

GREECE'S POINT.
Heaney, Stewart & Co.
Waddle Brothers.
W. Forman.
Mrs. M. Rinnon.

CHATHAM.
J. Cushing.

CHATEORO.
C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.
E. Lablanc.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
LACHUTE BAKERY.
1tf

MONTREAL HOUSE
LACHUTE.

My Fall Stock
is now
Nearly Complete.
I am daily in receipt of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &c,
Men's Long Boots from $2.00
Boys' " " " 1.50

Women's Boots
IN GREAT VARIETY.
Crockery at greatly reduced prices, of which I have a large stock.
J. PATENAUDE,
v5 n1 1y

Notice to Creditors.

PARTIES INDEBTED TO THE UNDERsigned are hereby notified that all accounts or notes due, and unpaid on the 25th inst., will be put in hands for collection.
JOSEPH PATENAUDE.
Lachute, Oct. 5th, 1881. 6 2ins.

LUMBER! LUMBER!
FOR SALE.
PINE, SPRUCE and HEMLOCK, in lots to suit purchasers. Apply to
JOHN CAMPBELL,
Dalesville.
Or
A. A. DICKSON,
Montreal.
May 16th, 1881. 39tf.

Bedding House!
First Prize
ON
Mattrasses, Pillows, &c.
G Armstrong &Co.
Victoria Square
MONTREAL.
v6 n11 1y

A. McLENNAN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Dealer in
Tea,
Sugar,
Highland & Irish Liquors.
Butter, Eggs, &c., &c., sold on Commission.
ORDERS FROM COUNTRY PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.
92 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

S. MYERS
DEALER IN
JEWELLERY & WATCHES
A SPECIALTY IN DIAMONDS.
225 McGill St., Montreal.
Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets.
WATCHES AND ALL KINDS OF JEWELLERY REPAIRED.
June 1881 40-1y

REAL ESTATE.
FARMS & VILLAGE PROPERTY
IN
Grenville Village & Adjoining Townships
FOR SALE CHEAP.

GRENVILLE VILLAGE.
10 Lots with dwellings and outbuildings from $300 to $700 each.
10 vacant building lots from $10 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot 3 in 1st Range	$	5 00
N W ¼	" 5 in 4th Range		300 00
N ½	" 14 in 5th Range		200 00
S ½	" 16 in 5th Range		200 00
S part	" 21 in 5th Range		200 00
S ½	" 19 in 4th Range		400 00
S ½	" 10 in 6th Range		800 00
S part	" 11 in 8th Range		4 0 00
N ½	" 27 in 7th Range		800 00
S ½	" 6 in 3rd Range		1000 00

HARRINGTON.

N ½	Lot 13 and 14 in 2nd Range		1600 00
S ½	" 19 in 4th Range		100 00
W ½	" 18 in 5th Range		200 00

ARUNDEL.

S ½	" 18 in 7th Range		800 00

Apply to
ALEXANDER PRIDHAM,
Grenville, P. Q.,
Or
Co. Argenteuil, Que.
36 y.

FOR SALE.
THAT desirable farm belonging to the estate of the late JAMES CONNOLLY, Esq., situated in Chatham, P.Q., on the bank of the Ottawa River, between Stonefield and the village of Grenville and being within easy access of the Railway and Steamboat, and also of Churches, Schools and Stores. The farm contains something over 50 acres, and has a house, barn and stable erected on it. Price $1000 and payment of a small ground rent. The ground rent can be paid off as well. A large proportion of the purchase money may remain in the hands of the purchaser by payment of interest. For further particulars apply to A. PRIDHAM, Esq., Grenville, P. Q., IRELAND, Lachute Mills, or Rev. JAMES H. DIXON, 71 Coursol Street, Montreal.

THE NEW HAT STORE.
K. MacDIARMID,
HATS, CAPS & FURS,
No. 16 St. Joseph Street,
(*Next door to American House*)
MONTREAL.
Old Furs Dressed and made over
3 m-1

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership formerly carried on under the name of J. & R. Banford has been dissolved by mutual consent, R. Banford retiring from the business. The business will now be carried on by J. Banford & Co.

JACKSON BANFORD.
ROBERT BANFORD.

Lachute, Sept. 26, 1881.

N. B. All parties indebted to the late firm of J. & R. Banford will settle with J. B. & Co
4-4 1ms.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King Street West, Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.



LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets every second Wednesday evening, in Victoria Hall, at 8 p.m., sharp.

Advertising Terms.

Six lines and under, first insertion,	50 cents
Each subsequent insertion	12½ "
Ten lines and under, first insertion,	80 "
Above 10 lines, first insertion (per line)	8 "
Each subsequent insertion	2 "
One sqr. (24 lines Nonpariel,) per year	$15 00
One-quarter column, per year	20 00
One-third column per year	30 00
One-half column, per year	50 00
Three-fourths of a column	65 00
One column, per year	80 00
Professional cards of not more than six lines, per year	04 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.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLE for LACHUTE.

GOING WEST.

Leave Lachute—	Mixed	5.22 a. m.
" "	Express	10.06 a. m.
" "	Express	6.52 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Leave Lachute—	Mixed	6.18 a. m.
" "	Express	11.05 a. m.
" "	Express	7.50 p. m.

MAIL HOURS.

Mails going West close at........9.45.
Mails going East close at........10.45.
Registered Letters five minutes earlier.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Farms for Sale.—James Miller.
Our Stock—J. & A. Lowe.
What are all—Alexander Paul.
The Ottawa River N. Co.—R. W. Shepherd
Business Card.—J. D. Leduc.
" " Louis Gobeille.
Dr. Fowler's Extract—T. Milburn & Co.
Hagyard's Yellow Oil.— "
Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursi.— "
Lost.—M. Larose.
Patents—C. A. Snow & Co.
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.—Henry, Johnsons & Lord.

LOCAL.

Dog for Sale.—A thorough mastiff. A. Boa, Antoinette.

Don't forget the Auction Sale of household furniture of Mr. F. J. Fyfe, opposite the paper mill, on Tuesday next, at two o'clock, p.m.

Lachute Fair.—The Lachute Fair will be held on the usual grounds on Friday the 28th instant.

Mrs. G. A. Clunie will sell by public auction at her residence, Lachute, on Tuesday next, at 10 o'clock, a.m., the whole of her farming stock, &c. See bills.

We have had a variety of weather for the past ten days: snow, hail, very high winds with an abundance of rain, and indeed you may call it Vennor weather if you please.

Dr. Fowlea's Extract of Wild Strawberry

Cures cancer of the stomach and bowels, dysentery, cholera morbus, and all summer complaints.

Yesterday being Thanks Giving Day was pretty generally observed,—services were held in the several churches in the village, and well attended we trust with devout and thankful worshipers for the blessings of a bountiful harvest.

To indite well and to write well are valuable accomplishments, but a good pen is helpful to the one, and indispensable to the other. Those of the Esterbrook make are well known and widely appreciated.

Notice.—There will be a meeting in St Simeon Church, Lachute, at 7 o clock on Friday evening, the 28th inst., for the purpose of deciding upon a system for apportioning the sittings. All who wish to obtain pews or sittings in the Church are requested to attend.

A General Alarm

Is needed when the frame is consumed with fever as with a slow fire, brought on by sluggishness of the kidneys, or torpidity of the liver; Burdock Blood Bitters will act on the system like a chemical engine, and remove all fever and restore to normal state of health. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

It will be seen by our advertising columns, that Mr. J. D. Leduc has opened a law office in Ste. Scholastique, thus filling the vacancy created by the death of Mr. Filion. We believe Mr. Leduc is a young man of considerable talent, and parties trusting him with their law-business will find him trust-worthy and attentive.

Personal.—Mrs. Wm. Chisholm, who has been in a poor state of health for some time, left here last week for New York, where she had been recommended to go, in order that she might have the aid and advice of the best medical skill in that city. We sincerely hope she may be speedily restored to her former state of health, and return in safety to her beloved family and many anxious friends who deeply regret the cause of her absence from amongst them.

For dysentery, diarrhea, and all summer complaints use the greatest of all pure, simple remedies—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is pleasant, rapid, reliable and effective. For sale by all dealers. T. Milburn & Co., Proprietors.

No Wonder.

Many a man's love has been turned into loathing on account of unsightly eruptions on the face, and of offensive breath of his fiancee. This trouble could have been avoided if she only had sense enough to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial sizes 10 cents.

We are sorry to have to announce the sudden death by heart disease, on Monday about 4 p.m., of Mr. James Fraser, an employee on the Carillon works. He was in apparent good health during the day; and his wife had gone to Thurso on a visit to her mother, arriving there about 1 p.m.; at half-past four she received a telegram of Mr. Fraser's death. This sad occurrence has cast a gloom over the village, where deceased was well known and highly respected.

Top off with a Bit of Pie.

What a peculiar American custom, and one which, together with hot cakes and excess of butter, lays the foundation for first-class cases of dyspepsia. Better use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

Lachute Improvements.

In the East End of Lachute we notice that Mr. Archibald Cleland has erected opposite Mr. Geo. L. Meikle's store, a one and a half story frame house cased with red brick, 44 by 30, which adds materially to the good appearance of the street.

On the Bethany road Mr. Odile Lafleur has put up a neat and substantial frame building, 40 by 40, painted white; the interior of the building is well finished.

Mr. Rodrigue, hotel-keeper, has made considerable improvements about his premises by adding new buildings and placing some of the old ones in better positions.

Quite a number of small tenaments were erected in this end of the village last year; and from what we can learn building will be pretty brisk next year. The building of the St. Andrews railway branch will also conduce to this. What we want is a first-class hotel. Why don't some of our monied men build one; or form themselves into a joint stock company for that purpose, the same as in other places. The want of a large hotel is a draw back to the village as well as a disgrace.

And while on village improvements we would ask why some steps are not taken to having it incorporated as a town; surely there are inhabitants enough to entitle it to that honor; besides we will have no general improvements until it is incorporated. The state in which the streets and side-walks are in, is a disgrace to the place, and would not be tolerated in any other village or town in the Dominion.

Burglary.—From the L'Orignal papers we learn, that on Friday nigt last between twelve and one o'clock two men entered the residence of the Rev. J. O. Berube, parish priest of that village, with the evident intention of committing robbery. They entered by the cellar window, having first cut out one of the panes that they might the more easily open the window without making a noise. They then made their way easily into the kitchen. Mr. Berubé was awakened by the barking of his dog, and on coming down stairs was surprised to see a light in the kitchen. Thinking, however, that it might be one of his servants, he walked in unsuspectingly, and was at once felled to the floor by a blow from a club in the hands of one of the burglars. The servant girl, who was also awakened by the noise, came to the rescue, and went to the door and shouted murder which aroused the neigbours, when the ruffians made their escape. On Saturday Sheriff Merrick arrested two strangers who came into the village on Friday evening, but the Priest failed to recognise them as the guilty parties. Two others were subsequently arrested at Hawksbury which are supposed to be the right rascals. We are glad to learn that Mr. Berubé, though severely injured by the blow he received on the head, is fast recovering from its effects, and will, it is hoped, be able to resume his duties in a few days.

St. Andrews Railroad.—Every body thought this road would branch off from Lachute Station until within the last ten days, the Engineer, Mr. Bell, and the Surveyors have located a line and taken the levels so as to join the main line at Lachute Mills. This change, which is said to be a very advantageous one for the Company, was owing to the high price put upon the right of way leading to the Station, while the principal part of the right of way at Lachute Mills has been given to the Company. This change, however, is not calculated to interfere in the least with the present Lachute Station, as there will only be a siding and platform at Lachute Mills, to accommodate the Branch line and the people in the West End.

Fancy Drinks.

Burdock Blood Bitters is not a fancy drink, but a pure medicinal tonic, alterative, laxative and nervine, whose effect is to purify, restore and build up the impoverished blood and enfeebled body. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

We understand that Messrs. McOuat & McCrea, who exhibited at the County Agricultural Show held in Lachute on the 28th ult. a sample of their school desks, have received from the Grenville School Trustees an order for some of them. This is a new style of desk invented by Mr. Thomas McOuat, and patented by him, and is a vast improvement on the old desk now in common use in most of the public schools in this Province.

We have received from Perry Davis & Son a copy of their pamphlet entitled "Around the World in Forty Years." From this pamphlet we learn that Perry Davis was about 40 years ago, a poor man without influence, a cripple and an invalid. He studied the effect of certain drugs upon the human system, and experimented in their uses until he had compounded a medicine capable of curing his own maladies. This medicine has now a world-wide reputation, and is known as Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

CARD OF THANKS.

Rev. H. J. Evans and the Church-wardens of St. Simeon's Church, Lachute, desire on behalf of the Mission, to accord their grateful thanks for the many generous donations to the building fund of the Church, and also for various articles of Church furniture including costly memorial and stained glass windows, communion rail stands, pulpit bracket, elegant marble font, &c., &c. Besides the friends in Lachute from whom subscriptions were very liberal, they would particularize the following localities: Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Three Rivers, Sorel, Berthier, Hawkesbury, St. Andrews, Carillon, Grenville, Buckingham, Aylmer, Shawville, the Gore, Mille Isles, Wentworth, Brownsburg, Montebello, Dunham, Suttan Flats, Cowansville, Sweetsburgh, Abbottsford, Chambly. They would make special mention of the Ladies of the Church Sewing Society, whose collecting cards and sale of work added $195 to the funds; also the S. P. C. K. for its donation of £25 stg., and the Right Rev. Bishop Oxenden, who with his friends, contributed a like sum through Mr. Joseph Pallister; also the Rev. J. Rulleine, England, who sent a donation through the same gentleman. They would also return their sincere thanks to those friends from a distance, who by their presence on the occasion of the consecration service evinced their kindly interest in the Church and contributed to the success of the day. N.B.—There will be Divine Service in St. Simeon's Church, Lachute, at 10:30 A.M. and at 7:00 P.M. on Sunday.

The Montreal *Witness* of the 14th inst. speaking of the near approach of the time for the termination of the Fishery Treaty between the United States and this country, says the Treaty in its present shape has given satisfaction to neither this country nor the United States, and in the event of a commissioner being appointed to frame a new one, thinks that Sir Alex. Galt is the right man for such a task—and so do we.

J. B. Watson's Lectures.

As announced from the platform of the Victoria Hall on Thursday evening the 13th inst., J. B. Watson, the Young Canadian Orator and Humorist, delivered his justly popular lecture, entitled "Pluck, Patience and Perseverence," on Saturday evening last, in the same building. A much larger audience greeted him on this, his second appearance; but, even as it was, far smaller than it should have been. The weather was far from propitious, there having been a tremendously heavy downpour of rain during three-fourths of the day; consequently, the roads were in a terrible condition. The three Ps, which constitute the groundwork of his lecture, were taken into consideration, and brought before the audience in their relation to men's characters generally. He portrayed, as we have never had the pleasure of seeing or hearing any other person portray, men who have these qualities, and others who have not. The great secret of his success is the reality of his characters. The majority of them are living at the present time, and it is only because we lack his perception that they are not constantly before our mind's eye. As a mimic he also excels. What could be more natural than his German, or his Scotchman? His lecture was interspersed with quite a number of most interesting anecdotes, brought in at the proper moment to cause roars of laughter and rounds of applause. Indeed, taken altogether, his equal as a lecturer and humorist, has never been heard in this section. It may be here remarked that Mr. Watson suffers considerably, and is inconvenienced not a little, on account of his precarious health. He announced, at the close of his lecture, his intention of lecturing again on Thursday evening, 20th instant, providing he was not incapacitated by ill-health, the title of which was the "Particular Allurements and Proper Amusements for the Youth of both sexes." It was afterwards found that it would be impossible for him to lecture on the night at first announced, consequently it was changed to Tuesday the 18th inst., due notice being given in the churches and elsewhere.

THE THIRD LECTURE

was just as well attended as the second, even though it was raining at the time it was announced to commence. As is usual, the lecturer handled his subject in a masterly manner. Much good advice was given as to the provision of proper amusements for young people. The anecdotes and facts presented by the lecturer aptly illustrated the old saying: "Satan's sure to find some work for idle hands to do." Mr. Watson made a very feeling farewell address, and said that at no distant day he might see his way clear to settle down in this vicinity. Wherever he might be, however, he would always have happy recollections of the kind treatment he had been the recipient of while in Lachute. A vote of thanks to the lecturer was moved by Thomas Barron, Esq., seconded by R. G. Meikle, Esq., chairman in the absence of J. C. Wilson, Esq., and carried unanimously.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The 52nd Regiment has been ordered to Ireland.

Parnell, Sexton, Dillon and O'Brien are all in the prison infirmary.

Rioting at Limerick was renewed last night. The police charged and fired on the mob.

A waterspout which passed over the district of Milah in Algeria, killed sixty-five persons.

An attempt was made on Sunday night to burn the Cunard steamer Bothnia at her dock in New York.

During the gale last week 85 vessels were wrecked off the coast of Great Britain and 132 persons reported missing.

Last week 130 ships were wrecked, representing a loss of £8,000,000 sterling, of which £6,000,000 was British losses.

A despatch from Hong Kong reports the entire destruction of the village of Shelosha by flood, and the drowning of all the inhabitants. Two hundred bodies were recovered.

Since the arrest of Parnell threatening letters of unusual character have been received by Gladstone and Harcourt.

Throwing stones at passenger trains on the Q. M. O. Railway having become frequent of late, active steps are being taken to defect and punish the perpetrators of the outrage.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is strongly opposed to the construction of a tunnel between France and England. His objections rest on military considerations.

Moody and Sankey are to hold revival meetings in Scotland and Ireland this fall and winter. Sankey sailed from New York September 24, and Mr. Moody sailed from Quebec the first of the present month.

It seems to be settled beyond dispute that President Arthur's mother was a Canadian. His father was married to her in Durham. Canada can therefore claim the better half of the President of the United States—the mother half.

The New York *Sun* advises the Washington Government at once to disclaim any intention of claiming Wrangel Island, "for, at the price Canada made us pay for a few codfish, an arbitration on Wrangel Land, if it went against us, might swamp the Treasury." It is cruel of the *Sun* to refer to that little matter; it always makes us think and weep about the grand award of the Geneva arbitration.

New York, October 14.—The *Herald's* Washington special says that it is stated the purpose of the Republicans for electing Mr. Davis *pro tem.* was to protect the life of Mr. Arthur. From the fact that Mr. Davis belongs to no party, it was argued no one would ever desire him to be President while the Republican Senators were greatly concerned lest Mr. Bayard might be called upon to act as President.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold every where at 25 cents a bottle. 2z1

"Don't know half their Value."

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, who the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I would have lost both of them one night if I had not given them Hop Bitters. They did them so much good I continued their use until they were cured. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y.—*American Rural Home.*

HAS STOOD THE TEST.

N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir has been in use for half a century in the United States and Canada; and the thousands who have used it have never found it to fail, as a certain and speedy cure for coughs, colds, croups, asthma, diseases of the lungs and consumption. The inventor has been blessed by thousands as a benefactor of humanity, and when half a century more shall have gone by his name will still be a household word, while many of the great names now so honored and revered shall be forgotten. The fame of the Elixir, so long ago established, gains wider renown each year, for all who use it spread abroad the news of its efficacy more effectually than any medium of advertising could do.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering

Brown's Household Panacea, has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a pain or ache. "It will most surely quicken the blood and heal as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea, being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 2z1

DEATHS.

Hume.—At Hill Head, on the 11th instant, Helen, youngest daughter of William Hume, aged 16 years, 1 month and 26 days.

Dearest sister thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
Yet again we'll hope to meet thee,
He can all our sorrows heal.

Armstrong.—On the 16th inst., of Typhus fever, followed by inflamation, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. George Bradford, Chatham, Mr. Wm. Armstrong, aged 49 years.

What are all those people waiting for? They are all waiting to be served at PAUL'S.

Why do they wait there when they can find so many idle clerks at other places to attend to them?

Because they have found out that they can deal better there than anywhere else. Prices are lower, besides the cash discount, than in other stores, where they give no discount at all.

Just arrived all the latest patterns in Tweeds, Worsteds, Overcoatings, Cloakings, Cashmeres, Merinos, Costume Cloths, Winceys, Prints, Dress Goods, Drills Denims, twilled & plain Cottons, grey or bleached, Trimmings, Flowers, Feathers, Satins, Plushes and Velvets, Hats and Caps, for Ladies and Gentlemen.

TAILORING & DRESSMAKING carried on by Experienced Hands, at reasonable prices.

Latest London & New York Fashions, on view.

SUITS, READY-MADE, or **Made to Order,** from the ordinary Jewish shoddy cloth, to the best Scotch and English tweeds.

GROCERIES as usual, choice and fresh.

PATENT MEDICINES. A large and full stock. Also, FANCY SOAPS and PERFUMES.

5 PER CENT off for cash.

10 PER CENT off on medicines.

FARMERS' EXCHANGE, **Alexander Paul,** Brownsburg, Oct. 18th, 1881. v5 n8 1y

LOST.

Lost, on the 13th inst., a brown cow, 10 years old, marked on hip with red paint. Any person bringing her to Mr. Alex. McK ight, Lakefield, or Mr. Rederigue, Lachute, will receive a reward of $1.50. M. Larose, Cattle Buyer 8 1in

The Ottawa River Navigation Comp'y.



FALL ARRANGEMENT OF MARKET LINE.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK, each way, between CARILLON and MONTREAL. The Str. "DAGMAR" will leave CARILLON at 6 a. m. every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY. RETURNING, will LEAVE MONTREAL at 6 a. m. (and LACHINE, on arrival of 7 a. m. train) every TUESDAY THURSDAY and SATURDAY. COUNTRY MERCHANTS are requested to notify their shippers at Montreal, that freight will be received every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY. Shippers of LIVE STOCK, BUTTER, CHEESE and other produce, by this arrangement, have THREE BOATS A WEEK TO MONTREAL.

—Freight carried at lowest rates.—

Freight stores; 87 Common St., Canal Basin, Montreal. R. W. SHEPHERD, *President.* 36tf

J. D. LEDUC, L. L. B., BARRISTER-AT-LAW, ETC., STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, P. Q. Collections made on reasonable terms, in all parts of the district of Terrebonne (and other districts), and promptly remitted. Oct. 15, 1881. v5 n8 1y

LOUIS GOBEILLE, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, Main Street, Lachute. Has constantly on hand a general supply of first-class watches, clocks and jewellery, which he will dispose of cheap for cash. Repairing done with neatness and despatch. He respectfully solicits a call. v5 n8 1y

FARMS FOR SALE.

THE FARM SITUATED IN 1st RANGE of Chatham, formerly owned by the late Rev. Wm. Mayor, being lot no. 5. Also, the farm situated in the 2nd range, formerly owned by the late John O'Brien, being lot no. 29. TERMS EASY. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to the proprietor, JAMES MILLER, Cushing. n8 3ms

OUR STOCK OF MILLINERY, WINTER JACKETS, ULSTERS, FANCY GOODS, &c., is all well selected. Ladies will do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. J. & A. LOWE. EAST END, LACHUTE.

PATENTS obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts, attended to for moderate fees. We are opposite the U. S. Patent Office, engaged in patent business exclusively, and can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington. When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make no charge unless we obtain patent. We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Supt. of the Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own state, or county, address— C. A. SNOW & Co., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C. v5 n8 1y

Teacher Wanted.

WANTED, FOR SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1, Wentworth, a Female Teacher, elementary diploma, salary twelve dollars per month. Apply, personally or by letter, to JOHN NEIL, Chairman to School Commissioners, second range, Wentworth. Wentworth [illegible]

HOP BITTERS. (A Medicine, not a Drink,) CONTAINS HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION. And the Purest and Best Medical Qualities of all other Bitters. THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints. $1000 IN GOLD. Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no Other. D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Send for Circular. All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

PLACIDE LATOUR, Bailiff of the Superior Court. *COLLECTING AGENT,* Private Detective, and confidential Secret-Service Agent. All business promptly attended to. v5, 1 1y



Wm. MURRAY, No. 71 St. Joseph Street, MONTREAL. Watchmaker, AND JEWELLER. 8 m-1

FLOUR! FLOUR!

A DIPLOMA OF HONOR, FIVE FIRST PRIZES, and **One Second Prize,** were awarded to the Lachute mills manufacture of

PASTRY FLOUR,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
Ordinary Oatmeal.
Granulated Oatmeal.
GRAHAM FLOUR,
GRANULATED WHEAT,
Pot and Pearl Barley.

Prices for the above, rule as low or lower than any others of the same quality, elsewhere.

Also for sale, at low prices, boxes of BLACK TEA, JAPAN TEA, AND OTHER TEAS, together with barrels of HERRINGS and GENERAL GROCERIES.

Fish & Ireland. Lachute Mills, Oct. 18th 1881.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL Cures Rheumatism

National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.

STRACHAN'S Gilt Edge Soap Is undoubtedly the best family Soap in the market, because it is of Uniform Weight, each Bar weighing a pound; because it is of Uniform Quality, and that quality the highest; because it is Perfectly Pure, containing only advantageous ingredients; because it has qualities which Soften and Beautify the Hands, not injuring them as inferior soaps; because, in a word, it is an Honest Article. It is manufactured by W. STRACHAN & CO., 36 Jacques Cartier Street, MONTREAL. Sold by all Leading Grocers thro'-out the Dominion. v5 n7 1y

—VICTORIA— BUCHU & UVA URSI. THE GREAT SPECIFIC for DISEASES of the KIDNEYS and URINARY ORGANS.

Removed! To our new and EXTENSIVE PREMISES, And in order to make our opening a success, we have decided on giving the Public a benefit in the way of Extensive lines of CHEAP DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, &c., &c. And to house-keepers our full stock of Carpets, &c., cannot be surpassed in the Dominion, as to Styles, Quality and Price. Merchants can now be supplied with full lines at lowest trade prices. LIGGET & HAMILTON, 51 & 53 St. Joseph Street, Montreal. OLD ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH. 51y1

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY. CURES DIARRHEA AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

Mrs. Freeman's Worm Powder is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worm in children or adults. Price 25 cents, or 5 for $1.00.

Mrs. Freeman's New Domestic Dyes are perfect in every color. For brightness and durability they have no equal. Price 15 cents per package.

Rock Bottom! Still Further Marked Down! SURPRISING REDUCTIONS IN Ready-Made Clothing. CLOTHING SEASONABLE, Durable, and Fashionable, To be sold AT COST during the present month —AT THE— Boston Clothing Store, 41 and 43 St. JOSEPH Street.

This has been the busiest season we have yet had, and we are keeping it up by selling a great many lines AT COST!

Servicable Coats, Assorted Sizes,	for $2.00	
Fashionable " " "	2.25	
Durable Wool " " "	2.50	

Odd lines and best value ever offered in this City!

	former prices	for
Stylish Pants,	$1.30	$1.00
Servicable Pants	1.55	1.25
Fashionable Pants	2.00	1.50
All-wool Pants	2.65	2.00

BONA-FIDE PRICES. Have you Bought a Suit of OUR INDIGO BLUE SERGE REDUCED 25 PER CENT. AT The Boston ONE-PRICE CLOTHING STORE, 41 and 43 St. Joseph Street. v5 n23m.

HATS! HATS!

STRAW HATS AND LIGHT FELT SUMMER HATS. All the LATEST NOVELTIES, TO BE HAD AT **Riepert Bros.,** 97 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL. 7y

Important Advertisement. To Cash or Produce Buyers. Butter, Eggs & Pork Wanted! ALL WHO WISH to get good value for their money can do so by buying their Cottons, Prints, Linens, Lustres, Mohair, Flannels, Tweeds, Ducks, Checked Cotton, for shirts, and Ready-Made Shirts, Overalls; also, Ready-Made Clothing and Rubber Coats, at F. X. BERTRAND'S, West End, Lachute.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Having received my stock of Boots and Shoes I can offer a good article for the money, and a large assortment to choose from. FARMERS' HAYING TOOLS. Scythes, Snaiths, Forks, Grind Stones, and Scythe Stones at the lowest price. I have always on hand a large stock of **GROCERIES** at the lowest prices. Teas from 20c. to 50c., excellent quality. PATENT MEDICINES at reduced prices; and a sure cure for all who suffer is the STARR KIDNEY PAD, wholesale and retail, with testamonials from F. X. BERTRAND, "WEST END CHEAP STORE," Lachute.

ROBERT STEVENSON, DEALER IN First Class Organs and Pianos. *Old Instruments taken in exchange.* Pianos and Organs sold on Instalments. Tuning and repairing done at reasonable rates. Lachute, Feb. 23rd 1881. 2811

Exhibition 1881!

Having been awarded Eight First Prizes & *DIPLOMAS OF HONOR* at the Dominion Exhibition, Montreal, 1880, for my instruments, which have thus been proclaimed superior to all others; I propose remaining **Hors Concours** this year, and holding an Exhibition of PIANOS and ORGANS at my PIANO ROOMS, to which the musical public are respectfully invited. Intending purchasers should avail themselves of this favorable occasion to secure a musical instrument. I shall have in stock from 75 to 80 Canadian, American and European PIANOS & ORGANS, carefully selected, and at greatly reduced prices, for the occasion. ONE PRICE ONLY AND THE LOWEST. NO AGENTS. **L. E. N. Pratte,** 280 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

WM. BANFORD is agent for McCall's NEW YORK BAZAR PATTERNS, and keeps a full stock on hand. Orders may be left with J. Banford & Co., West End Store, and will be promptly filled. Lachute, Oct., 1881. v5 n8 1y

The Continental Clothing Store, 66 BONAVENTURE ST. MONTREAL.

New Store! New Goods! Gents' Youths' and Children's Suits and Overcoats AT *BOTTOM PRICES.* FINE CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY. A full line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS. SMITH & CO., 66 BONAVENTURE ST., MONTREAL. v5 n8 1y

PARKS' PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, 195½ St. James St., Montreal. We call special attention to our Panel or Tablet Photos, one of the latest novelties. Also, a new patent process of producing large Photos, worked very fine. Our Rembrant or Shadow Portraits are the finest produced; and the Solomon or Photo-relief are very fine for frame or easel. All negatives preserved. We have a stock of negatives from the Inglis' estate. Solar Printing for the Trade, Copying, enlarging, and finishing, in Oil, Water Color, and Ink. We respectfully solicit your patronage. 1 m-3

No Patent, No Pay

PATENTS

obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Infringments, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to. We make preliminary examinations and furnish opinions as to patentability, free of charge, and all who are interested in new inventions and Patents are invited to send for a copy of our "Guide for obtaining Patents," which is sent free to any address, and contains complete instructions how to obtain Patents, and other valuable matter. During the past five years we have obtained nearly three thousand Patents for American and Foreign inventors, and can give satisfactory references in almost every county in the Union. Address: LOUIS BAGGER & Co., *Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.*

VICTORIA FOUNDRY! Ploughs and Plough castings of all kinds. Stoves in great variety. Agricultural and general machinery of all kinds made and repaired. Mower Extras always on hand. Oil expressly for mowing machines. School Desks and Seats for Public Halls. Satisfaction guaranteed in all our work. **McOUAT & McRAE.** Lachute, March 31st, 1881. 4ly

ATTENTION!!

Received and to arrive fall lines in new goods, viz: Winceys, Costume Cloth, Serges, Flannels, Clouds, Cottons, Sheetings, Prints, Boy's, Youth's and Mens' Underwear in all prices. **Boots and Shoes a Specialty.** Large assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS & LADIES' SATCHELS. ALWAYS on hand CHOICE GROCERIES. Sole agents for the Celebrated Crompton Corsets. Good Goods, Low Prices and Fair Dealing. H. GILES & SON, Lachute, Sep. 1881. 42-

PLATED KNIVES, FORKS, Cruets Butter Coolers, FOR SALE CHEAP AT Wm. MURRAY'S, NO. 71 ST. JOSEPH STREET, MONTREAL. 1 m-1

Roll Call.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day in the face of a murderous fire,
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory, yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

By the author of "What He Cost Her," "Gwendoline's Harvest," and other popular novels.

"The case I put in yonder room," he continued, "was my own—for is not madness death—and hence my soul was glad as yonder bird's what time you said, 'I would do my very best to save him.' Come, Mildred, say you will once more."

The feathered thief in view of the fruit upon the terrace-wall was caroling his blithest; note on note he poured fourth his melodious joy awhile, then bringing his last harmonies together, like a hasty grace, he flew down to the ripening pears. Then in the songless silence Mildred answered Rupert, "So help me heaven, I will do my very best to save you." She spoke not without thought—for while a blackbird sings is time enough to serve a nimble brain—and while she spoke she watched him narrowly.

"My life, my love my all!" murmured he, in a hushed rapture.

"But Rupert——"

"Nay," he interrupted; "mar not the music of your last rich words. I guess what you would say, and therefore there is no need to speak. You do not love me yet—I know it, but in time 'tis possible—— There, there, I *give* you time—I can keep my soul in patince, being sure of you; hopeful that the bud of pity may flower into something sweeter, and being sure that when it does so bloom, it blows for *me*—for *me!*"

Across his voice, faint and aswoon with love, came Mrs. Clyffard's clear and peremptory tones from the balcony outside her breakfast-room, "Mildred, the breakfast waits, dear child. Good Rupert put her ashore."

The young man obeyed at once, and as he took Mildred's fingers in his own to hand her to the bank, he gave them a significant squeeze. Far from returning this, she bowed to him haughtily, and walked hastily away.

"Ungenerous!" murmured she to herself, almost in tears, "and unlike a gentleman! I could not have believed it of a Clyffard. Not mad, indeed, but cunning as the maddest; had love been mine to give, I verily believe he would have won it. False and unfair! Does he suppose I took his dropped kerchief for a water-lily, or that I was blind to her answering signal? And did she ever speak to us like that before?—'*dear* Mildred,' and '*good* Rupert!' My loving aunt must take me for a fool indeed."

CHAPTER XII.

RIBBLE CAVE.

The hills about Craven, if they are not mountains in the eyes of members of the Alpine Club, are believed to be such by the inhabitants of the district, who (one would think) ought to know. At all events, they are very high hills indeed for poor England, which has of late years been understood to be a flat country. The boastful local proverb:

Penyghent, Pendle and Ingleborough.
Are the *highest* hills the country through—

is not, indeed, quite correct. In Mr. Hurtley's "Craven," the height of Ingleborough, as measured by a "famous pedestrain"—we should imagine Mr. Walker—is given at five thousand two hundred and eighty feet, or about two thousand feet higher that Helvellyn; but this is a slight exaggeration. Like a country magnate, who lives close to the Lord Lieutenant, the Craven hills are magnified by the neighborhood of their high mightinesses the lords of lakeland, by many of which they are overtopped. Still, as I have said, they are very lofty, and command a great range of view. From the crown of Ribble, for instance, there was, (and is) a splendid view. To westward lay the unchangeful sea, flecked by many a sail as now, although no smoke pennon flew from steamship; while over the perilous sand-road athwart Morecambe Bay you might see, when the tide was low, great companies of people, both on horseback and in wheeled conveyances, where now there are but very few. How picturesque those little caravans must have looked as they crossed the waste of sand, which in a few hours the whirling sea would devour, silent and swift; how lovely that level way from which every trace of man's travel was swept away every day! Then the crescent bays, white as the moon, with the boats lying high and dry in them; the belts of woodland descending to the very water's edge; and Kent and Leven sweeping from the rich green hills in many a shining curve! The top of Ribble was also a sight of itself, having a shaven crown where a Druidical circle once had stood—a very priest of hills; and yet there were none of these glories to be compared with the wondrous wealth which lay within him. I do not speak of the gold and silver coins—centuries old—which in flood-time one of its streams would cast out (as it does yet) from some far hidden treasury, but of the glittering palace, built, doubtless, for the king of the fairies, but which had lapsed for many a year into mortal hands, and was termed by them Ribble Cave.

Surely, of all discoveries which have power to charm the human soul, that of a stalactite cavern must be the chiefest. To be the first to descry a new continent, or even an island unmarked in any chart, must be a striking sensation; the watcher of the skies, too, when a new planet "swims into his ken," must enjoy a great experience; but neither of these sensations seems so overwhelming as that which I have in my mind. For suppose—and I am only supposing what has happened—that I have lived within the shadow of a great hill all my life, which the learned inform me is of limestone, and that my forefathers for many generations have lived by the same hill without further information about it, if so much; and suppose there is a cavern in that hill of no very interesting character, described by the authorities to be mainly "calcareous secretion," which has been used by myself and my progenitors as a stabling for cattle in bad weather—well, during an autumn thunder storm I take shelter in this spot alone, and with a pickaxe which happens to be there, I amuse or warm myself by picking into the hill. What follows? Why a mighty stream of water, from which I escape with difficulty, and which takes a quarter of an hour to rush away, and renders the neighboring stream too big for its banks. Never since the rock of Horeb was there surely such a miracle. Awestricken, and yet delighted, I approach the aperture, which the flood has vastly enlarged, and behold—a gloom profound, a depth of darkness, I do not know how deep, but at all events space where heretofore had been thought to be solidity. Columbus, it is true, discovered solidity where there was thought to be space, but the wonder is no less because the conditions happen to be reversed. Thus far, then, Columbus and I are equal, but from this point he cannot hold a candle to me. If he could, and brought it to my newly-discovered cavern, what a treasure-house of fairy land would be revealed! "Stalactite and stalagmite," observed the geologist pompously. Presumptuous fool! what thy dull science teaches thee is the least part of the wonder.

For how many thousand years have these columns of crystal, these sparkling and pendulous transparencies, full of hidden music, had their glorious being? For whom were those stately halls devised in darkness, and for whom furnished with such unearthly pomp? What forms, what spirits, have threaded these winding passages, carpeted with silver sand, upon which no mortal foot since man was made has trodden save my own? Whence springs and whether leads this sunless stream, whose murmur, pregnant with a mystery almost divine, has never fallen on human ear before? Why should these wonders have been locked so fast, that no grateful tongue—at least of man—has ever given to God the glory of them? And was it chance that laid the secret bare at last, through me? and but for me, for thousands of years to come, would still these unimaginable splendors have been veiled from human eyes—this hill have been a hill like other hills? Somewhat after this fashion, surely, might any man speak who has made a discovery such as that which we are considering. Now this very thing had happened in Ribble Fell, and not so very many years before the period of which we write as to rob it of its wonder. But people in those days—as we have had occassion to observe before—were not so enamored of nature as at present, and listened somewhat apathetically to any secrect she might have to tell them. The glories of earth and sea and sky were for the most part lost upon them; with much veneration and superstition, they were terribly at ease in the true Sion, and regarded all natural phenomena with the stoicism of savans. Two or three hundred folks had visited Ribble Cave upon its first discovery; but by this time visitors had become rare. A professed guide to underground Ribble did indeed reside in the hamlet of Clyffe; but if he had not followed some other calling in addition, he would have made but an indifferent livelihood. Not above a dozen times that summer had he been seen escorting strangers through the park upon their way to the cave. The entrance to it was just beyond the deer fence, and where the fell commenced; a wild and desolate spot, where a stream ran down a deep and woodless ravine, with Ribbleupon one side with its subterranean palace, and on the other a still loftier hill, whose "pastures," separated by natural walls of limestone, presented the appearance of a gigantic fortification.

"Here, at the hour appointed, Mildred and Raymond met. She had more than once visited the cave, in company with members of the family; while he was familiar with every part of it, with certain exceptions. It was known that the excavations—if such they can be called—were far more extensive than those chambers, lofty and far-stretching as they were, which visitors could explore. The stream which accompanied their steps wherever they went, had its exit at the other extremity of the hill; and outside could here and there be heard, by laying the ear to the ground, flowing in places where it was known that the frequented subterranean passages did not exist. Before the pickaxe had let the light into Ribble such sounds had, of course, been ascribed to the devil, nor had he even now lost all credit of them. From the main passage there forked short ones, right and left, but they all ended more or less abruptly, in some hall or grotto; so, provided that you kept your torch alight, there was little danger of losing your way. The visitor who wished to penetrate to the extremity, had only to follow the windings of the stream, between which and the shining wall there was always room for him, and he could not fail to reach his goal—a splendid chamber, domed with glittering spars, in one dark corner of which his guide, the stream, sped away under a low-browed arch, beyond which no man, save one, had ever followed it. Raymond Clyffard alone had ventured once, with a lighted candle fastened to his forehead, to trust himself to the mysterious stream. Deep and dark it ran for a short distance, with only a few inches between the rock and it, and then emerged into a hall, more vast and beautiful—so the adventurer declared—than any he had yet visited. From hence, as it seemed to him, the stream dipped suddenly, forming a sort of cataract in a tunnel, down which, if a man should go, it was certain he would never return. It was feat enough to have visited Finis Hall, as Raymond had entitled it, and that experience had never been repeated.

Familiar, however, as both he and Mildred were with the subterranean glories of Ribble, they could not repress exclamations of delight as each, with torch in hand—the materials for exploration being always to be found in the external cave or cattle stable—came suddenly upon some crystal wonder which flashed into being at their approach. They seemed by tacit consent to have postponed the talk which they had come hither to hold without interruption, until they had reached "the Cathedral," as the doomed chamber was not inaptly termed. Moreover, sustained conversation was rendered difficult by the nature of the way, which sometimes was so narrow that it necessitated their walking one behind the other, and sometimes was so low that they had to keep their heads bent. It was from a sort of tunnel of this kind that they emerged at last after a quarter of a mile of fairyland, into the stately place that was the last of the suite of royal apartments which (I fear without King Oberon's permission) had been thrown open to the public. The two torches were not sufficient to evoke the splendors of the lofty roof; properly illuminated from beneath, it showed like a magnificent mass of candelabra, but now it only twinkled here and there, like stars out of the darkness. It seemed as though so vast a superstructure must needs have pillows for its support, and the fairy architect, as if in anticipation of such an idea, had mocked the eye with crystal columns, separated as it seemed at first by violence in the centre, but which had in truth never been joined; the one half rising from the silver floor, the other pendent from the crystal ceiling. From the ceiling, too, hung mighty icicles, like the pipes of an organ, which being struck emitted a melancholy music, that went wailing through chamber after chamber, as though in sorrow for their departed tenants. Here and there the stalagmites took forms very similar to the human, though generally with the heads or arms missing, like torsos in a sculpture gallery; but almost in the centre of the place there was a natural statue—for it really might be called so, so perfect were its proportions—of a woman with a child in her arms; a very Lot to look at, though not of salt but crystal, and only a little above the average life-size.

"That is certainly very life-like," observed Mildred with a shudder, as they came upon this wonder. "Was there really any truth in the story which it is said to tell?"

"A woman and her child were lost here; that is true, and sad enough for all the truth," returned Raymond. "How they got here, without light or guide (if they did so) is strange enough, but having done so, it is small wonder that they were lost here. Although *I* could find my way hence, blindfold, to the outer air, almost as quickly, perhaps as another with a torch, yet one unaccustomed to the place might easily fail to do so. The very narrowness of the way, and the close neighborhood of the stream, which ought in reality to insure escape, would confuse the wits of a poor terrified creature, with a little one in her arms too."

"Then Guy, you think, was not to blame?"

"I do not know, Mildred. He had enough to answer for—if a tenth of the tales about him be true—without this double murder. At all events, as the bodies were found and buried, it is impossible to adopt the vulgar story that this is the petrifaction of them, even if it were a petrifaction at all, as it manifestly is not."

"It was this imputed crime, however, that is said to have brought the curse upon the Clyffard's, is it not?"

"My dearest Mildred, why be so solicitous about these *It is saids!*"

"I really have a reason for my question, Raymond."

"Well, then, it is true that from the period when this sad incident took place, five generations back—for we are but a short lived family—the eldest son of our race has never inherited Clyffe—has always, in a word, been mad. But we came here to talk of a worse thing than madness, Mildred—of the wicked deceit of one that is in her right mind, such as it is."

"I fear so, Raymond. Nay, since I saw you, I—I almost fear she has enmeshed Rupert."

"Nay, impossible," exclaimed the young man vehemently. "A more noble heart than Rupert's does not beat; a nature more simple, guileless——"

"And therefore," interrupted Mildred earnestly, "one only too easily made prey of, Rupert and she have some understanding between them, even now—of that I am certain. She will set brother against brother, if she can, be sure."

"She never will, Mildred. Let her hood-wink him never so much, one word from his old playmate, lover, brother—— Tush, why, the dear lad has only me to lean on; he comes to me as the very physician of his being; and while I live, he shall find me faithful, taking his love for fee, and even if not so requited, faithful still."

"Kind, generous Raymond, I am sure of that! Yet what hearts are so bound together but that a false tongue can cut them asunder?"

"Ours Mildred, ours," he whispered, pressing his lips to hers; and "Ours" murmured she with loving gratitude.

"You make me happy, credulously happy, Raymond, in spite of myself. Nothing, indeed, can come between such love as ours; the very hint would make a foe of him that spoke it. But friendship however close, and though cemented by one blood, is not so firm—even a tale-bearer, a mere malicious fool can loosen it; while little by little the serpent tongue can always sap it with its poisoned lies. Awhile ago did not your father love you? Did it then seem possible that a day would come when you would welcome a summons to his private chamber merely to take his evening meal with him, with a great leap of joy, as a rare favor, as you did this very morning? And if a father's heart can be so estranged, why not a brother's?"

"'Tis justly argued, Mildred," answered the young man fondly; "and what you say is dear to me, being the logic of love; but your sweet solicitude for me makes you blind as Cupid himself. My father is an old man—alas! that I should have to say it—misruled by a young wife. But what hold can Mrs. Clyffard have on Rupert, that he should believe her, speaking lies against his own brother?"

"She may make him jealous, Raymond."

"Jealous!" echoed the young man, turning pale as the white column beside him—"jealous of what? of whom? Not, heaven forefend, of thee, Mildred?"

"I say not of what, dear Ray," answered she hastily; "only beware! I know not what vile plots may be going on against us. That which I do know, and which I am come here to tell, is vile enough, and may well prepare us for what might otherwise seem incredible and monstrous. The 'Fair Lady' of Clyffe, of whom such terrible things are told, at whose name your father's melancholy deepens, and your brother shudders, has only a too real existence."

"What! my Mildred superstitious? This is sad indeed."

"Nay, I do not speak of spirits, Raymond. This 'Fair Lady' is Aunt Grace herself, and bodes more harm to you and yours than ever did bird or banshee."

"What mean you, Mildred?"

"I mean the very words I say. Mrs. Clyffard is trading on the foolish superstitions of your house. She has tricked your father—heaven grant that it may not be so deeply but that he may be undeceived—not only by fostering within him the credulity that is his bane, but by masquerading, acting the very part of her of whom he stands in fear. She appears to him as that very spectre; ay, indeed she does. When she heard from her own people—and of my blood, alas, alas!—that Cyril was greatly worse, and like to die, she played the ghost to her own husband. I suspected this before; but until you told me how Clement had been frightened in the Blue Chamber, I could not be quite sure."

"And how should that make you sure, Mildred?"

"Because that room is the fittest of all for such a trick. Your father is so ready to believe the thing, and so unsuspicious of the only person who could or would so crully deceive him, that any place or time would serve her turn with him. But Clement, who believes nothing, but only fears, and who has good cause besides for mistrust of his sister, could not be fooled so easily. Now, listen, Ray. When first I came to Clyffe, my aunt, meaning perhaps, to make me wholly hers, a willing instrument of all her plots and plans, or, partly perhaps in boast, to show how she was all in all with your poor father, disclosed to me several things which perhaps she now wishes she had concealed. Among other matters she confided to me certain secrets of the house, unknown to either Rupert or yourself, but which had been revealed to her by your father. Let not that fret you, Ray; he doubtless kept them from you, well judging there was too much mystery about the place already. However, so it was, that while the household and yourselves knew where the priests were hid in the evil times, between the double flooring of the bed-room in the North Tower, and how the panel in the Long Gallery slides aside with grim Sir Bevis' legs upon it, yet none but the master and his wife knew of the priest's chamber within the chimney of the Blue Room. A man may sound the wainscot and fasten all the doors, and think himself secure from interlopers, and yet his enemy may be hiding within a foot of him as he sits by the inhospitable hearth. Sir William who was wont to lie with pistols beneath his pillow, was fallen upon and slain, she told me, by these means; and thereby, I am right sure, did Aunt Grace gain access to the Blue Room last night, and hem the sheet, which is no wonder that her brother took for a shroud. As for the falling of the floor, Clement doubtless spoke the truth in that; a hinge scarcely visible, save to attentive eyes, runs across the polished planks; nay, more the floors of the two disused rooms beneath are similarly provided, so that if the Clyffard would kill his guest, he had only to withdraw a bolt or two, and the victim fell a sheer thirty feet upon the stones of the guard-chamber. Aunt Grace knew that Clement would never have the courage to leave his bed, or she would scarcely have ventured to that length with him. She holds my memory as cheapiy as my mind, else it is somewhat rash in her, being my enemy and yours, to forget that she was once my patroness, and condescended to let me know so much."

If Mrs. Clyffard could have seen this girl as her bosom rose and fell with indignant passion, and her lips trembled, but not with fear, she would have despised her niece no longer, but have taken shield as well as spear. Thalestris herself was deified by the erst obedient Lampeto, when that which was dearer than her life was threatened by the imperious queen.

"Dear Ray, there is no time to lose," continued Mildred; "Aunt Grace designs to strike a blow to-night which it behoves me to anticipate. She will repeat her stage play this very night, as I believe; and if so, we must take your father behind the scenes. At supper strive to move him all you can; tell him how honest is your heart towards him, and how his mind is warped by evil influence from—Hush! quiet! Heaven help us, some one has entered the cave. I saw a gleam of light yonder."

"Not so, Mildred; you are excited, and imagine things that have no existence. I told old Angus that no visitors were to be shown the place this afternoon under any circumstances. Well, and when I have warned my father—all in vain, I fear—what then?"

"When you hear the great organ in the gallery play 'Achieved is the Glorious Work,' bid him follow you through the turret-door and out upon the roof. Tell him that if you fail to prove your words by what he shall there behold with his own eyes, you are content to fall without the pale of his good favor for the future. Trust to me, Ray; he shall see that which will wreck his confidence in this false woman, who makes so certain of thy ruin, dear one, at once and forever. *Then* tell him—— By heaven, there is the light again! I see your brother's shadow. If he finds us here together, all is lost—all, all, all! She overheard our tryst, and has betrayed us."

"I know not the reason of your sudden terror, Mildred; but I know you are wise and true to me," whispered Raymond in hurried but earnest accents. "All shall not be lost, love; nor shall I be lost——"

"What! you would not tempt that dreadful passage twice? moreover, he would see the glimmer of thy torch."

"Ay, but not this;" he cast the flaming pine-branch into the dark stream, which quenched it on the instant, and plunging in himself, followed the blackened wood as it was sucked beneath the frowning arch.

Mildred uttered one sharp scream; for her lover was gone from her, without even a farewell kiss, and now, maybe, was battling with black death; but the next instant with a mighty effort, she decked her ghastly face with a set smile, like a counterfeit wreath upon a tombstone, and turned it to meet Rupert Clyffard.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEIR'S SECRET.

Rupert entered the "Cathedral" running, although necessarily at a stoop, by reason of the lowness of the adit, and casting one hasty glance at Mildred, began, without speaking, to search the vast apartment torch in hand. There was the same restless expression in his eyes which had struck a momentary terror in the girl that very morning, combined with a passion such as she had never seen in him before. But she was not frightened now. What fear was in her was for Raymond; was he safe in the spacious gloom of Finis Hall? or was the relentless stream carrying his beloved form, inanimate, bruised, disfigured, into the recesses of the hill? For the moment, she intensely hated his brother, who had thus driven him to take so perilous a step; and perfect hate like love, casteth out fear. Moreover, fully convinced that in concert with her wily aunt, Rupert had basely tricked her in their previous conversation, she was inclined to imagine that he was still playing a part. Although, therefore, he ran to and fro about the chamber in a strange wild way, and muttered to himself in anger, she stood firm, watching him in contemptuous silence, and when he came close to her, having thoroughly explored the place, and menacingly shaking his torch in her very face, exclaimed, "Where is he? Where is he hiding his false face?" she returned his eager look with one of scorn.

"Who is it you seek?" said she. "Whose face is it that Rupert Clyffard ventures to call 'false?' He who is in league with a heartless woman plotting against an unprotected girl, to steal her heart with lies. Nay, you waste your fierce looks upon me, sir; *I* am not your vassal; your gentle blood I hold as nothing, without gentle deeds. Why do you track me hither, and force your company upon me when I need it not; nay, more, sir, when I loathe it?"

He looked at her with suspicious cunning, and uttered but a single word—"Raymond."

"He is not here," returned she, coldly. "You have seen for yourself, have you not?"

Like one upon whom conviction is forced against his will, Rupert answered peevishly. "And yet she told me he was here."

"Have you never known her to tell a falsehood?" returned Mildred, disdainfully. "When you dropped the 'kerchief in the moat to-day——"

"Ay," interrupted Rupert simply, and passing his hand across his forehead, "I remember that. That was the signal we agreed upon—your aunt and I—so soon as you had given your promise to be mine, I was to drop the 'kerchief; sweet Mildred—and you gave it."

"*I*, Rupert? Never! No, and I never will! How dare you tell me to my face I did? I do confess you fooled me with your dishonest, artful talk of 'Save my reason,' so that I threw away some pity; but my love, sir—be sure of this—will never be so wasted!"

"'Dishonest—artful—talk,'" repeated Rupert slowly. "Do you think I made a mock of being mad?"

"I do; and that Aunt Grace set you on to it."

"She? Why, Mildred, think a little; would she not lock me up as she did Uncle Cyril, so that after murdering Raymond, all would be hers? No; she must never know what you shall know, love, and that now. Nobody must know, Mildred—promise me that much, sweet-heart; but Mistress Clyffard and that Clement—he with the cruel eyes—those must know least of all. Sit you down here, and listen to me a little."

He pointed to two slabs of glittering spar, like thrones of frosted silver; and she sat down on one, and he upon the other, close beside the other. She obeyed him involuntarily; but if she had given herself time to think, she would have obeyed him still; the same idea had now seized upon her respecting Rupert's sanity as had taken possession of her before; she acquitted him of having previously deceived her; and once more, though her heart was by no means free from fear, it had room for tenderest pity. But what made her more compliant than all this, that while he was last speaking, she had heard a certain far-off sound which convinced her of the safety of her lover. The swooning note of an Æolian harp could not have been fainter; but she knew that signal well, and her attentive ear had drunk it in—the sweetest music it had ever listened to—while Rupert, rapt in earnest speech, had not observed it.

"I will listen to you, Rupert," said she kindly; "but speak like your honest self, and not what another has bidden you to say."

"Mildred," commenced the young man slowly and sorrowfully, "I had hoped that what passed this morning between us two would have spared me the confession I have now to make. I think it must have done so, had you loved me. You would then have credited what I said, and have known that there was more—and worse to say. The dark cloud that I told you seemed about to fall upon my being—soul, heart and brain—has fallen already. It is not even in *your* power to avert it; but you may lift it up, Mildred. I am prisonbound, but you have the master key—you have indeed—that can undo my fetters, and set wide the door. Shake not your beauteous head, but look upon me tenderly—ay, so, and listen to my woe, if not my love. Dear Mildred, I am mad. Start not, nor tremble, sweet heart; I am not so mad, nor ever shall be, that I should injure *you*. Not one shining hair but being yours is sacred to me as sacramental wafer to the priests; and as he worships it, and treats it reverently, so that all men should bow before it likewise, so do I worship you. Nay, you need not grudge me that poor favor, girl; it can harm you not, and I worship nothing else—not I i' faith. I am like Guy in that—I love not chapel going. While the priest is droning, droning, my fingers itch to strangle his fair throat all chanting time, I sing my maddest songs; and when they kneel, I plant my face in the soft cushions, and make mocking mouths. Do not look so, Mildred; I can bear the pity of your eyes, but not the terror. It was for fear of this that I did not tell you long, long ago, and only hinted at the horrid thing this morning. You believe me *now*, girl; that is well. I feared that I should have to laugh out loud; then nobody could doubt.

"I was not born a mad child. There was no band about my forehead, tight and hard as now, when I was very young; but gradually the thing stole on me, day by day, or rather night by night, as I should reckon, for it is at night, like a baleful flower, that madness grows. Ah! what nights I passed! Alone in the large bed-chamber above the hall I used to lie—a ghastly nursery, Mildred, for a child like me. The woman that was nurse, instead of tales of fairies and magicians, told me of Guy and of that dread shape—the statue yonder—which I had seen a thousand times before I beheld it here, every night she promised to sit beside me and keep off the dreadful things, and every night she would put the candle to my face, and seeing me, as she thought, asleep, would leave me in the dark; then came the whispering voices, the soft rustling sounds, the stealthy footsteps round my little bed. Ah! what misery, Mildred, from the time of closing doors and loud good nights, when my father and the rest retired, until the blessed morning dawn! Above my room was one which was not occupied, as was thought; but I knew better. All night one gibbered and moaned there, warming himself by the moonbeams as best he could, and shaking his chain for company. Once in the day-time I ventured thither, and though he was not there, I saw his chain fastened to the wall by a strong staple, as madmen always are by their sane brethren. This made me very cunning from the first. Only my father knew, and what he knew I think he has now forgotten. On a day when I thought myself unwatched, I had climbed up the winding stair of the West Tower—a weary way for my young limbs to go—and peering above the battlement, was about to execute a plan, long and fondly cherished, of leaping off into the air, when a strong arm was suddenly put round my waist, and I heard my father's voice. He was not angry, as I feared he might be; he spoke to me fair and kindly, and carried me down-stairs to save my little limbs; and while he did so, upon my face I felt his burning tears fall fast, which frightened me, not knowing why he wept. But I know now——"

"Alas! poor child," murmured Mildred tenderly. "My heart bleeds for thee, Rupert."

"She pities me, and dees not fear!" he cried. "There is hope yet, then. The red hot pain already hurts less keenly. I thank thee, blessed balm. Mildred, I have told you the night is terrible to such as I am; but the morn is very sweet. My comfort comes with the first gray light that steals into my chamber, at which the phantoms vanish, and the mocking faces cease their gibes. A bird that loves the tree beneath my window, presently begins to sing—a rain of melody upon my parched up soul. Then at the open window do I sit for hours, quite happy. The morning winds are ever blithe and joyous; out from the purple light they come that crowns this very hill. The pine-groves beckon them towards me; the corn-field, with ten thousand tossing ears, motions them on; and on they drive in music, and shed by my hair, and calm my throbbing pulse, and cool my fevered brain. Then mine eyes, looking on the dewy fields, themselves have dew in them—a something loosens at my heart, and then the dew—the sleeping farms, the river's stately flow, the wonder and the glory of the earth, sink deep into my soul."

"It cannot be," said Mildred, scarce knowing that she spoke aloud, "that such a mind as this has suffered total wreck."

"Ay, but it hath, it hath," returned he, earnestly. "I have only told you what I suffered as a boy—enough, as I see, for conviction, and yet not too much, as I hope for loving pity. Let it suffice to say, that with every year the evil spirit has grown within me, and must one day gain the mastery altogether, if *you* will not cast it out. There is but one physician in all this world with power to heal me, Mildred. 'Tis you who are even as the morning dawn to me; and if you will but smile a little on me, the darkness will presently dissolve, and all will be yet day. I feel, I *know* it. See, I kneel before you, and entreat you—brave, kind heart—to give me your true love! Men often boast such love is life to them; but to me, more than life; and if refused, a thing more bitter far than death awaits me."

He knelt before her on the silver sand, his fair face gentle and sad as the dewy eve, his thin white hands clasped as close as anchorite's, his eyes fixed hungrily on hers. What *could* she tell him—for the truth she dare not tell—what answer could she give him that neither would deceive him with false hopes, nor smite him where a blow would worse than slay?

"Rupert," said she, "you say that I am fair, and therein, as I believe, you tell me truth. A woman loves her loveliness very dearly; and yet I swear to you that I would straightway become misshapen and uncomely as yonder seeming statue, if by so doing I could lift the burden which you speak of from your troubled mind, or help the grievous loss which time and loving hearts may still, through God's sweet mercy, remedy. You are yet very young. At present, be content with my best sympathy; having confided to me this great grief, let me bear something of it; make me your priest, and I will do my best to shrive you, keeping your secret safe. Beware of evil counsels, and all evil; the Clyffards are not born mad more than other folks, but unbridled vice and wickedness made them what they are. Be good, be temperate, be honest—for by such means it is that men keep sane."

"And this is all the comfort you can give me now," said Rupert, sighing and rising from his seat, "God bless you, Mildred, for that much. Let us go home. I am far better for this talk; your very voice, though speaking not the words which I would hear, is soothing as the harp which David played to pacify mad Saul."

As they moved slowly homeward, and before the glimmer of their torches had quite left the vaulted chamber, Raymond emerged dripping from the subterranean stream.

"What could Rupert have had to to her," murmured he, "that he should follo her to Ribble Cave, and keep me dripping in the dark so long? A man less accustomed to otter-hunting and fishing in mid stream would have run the risk of—taking cold."

(To be continued.)

POLICE REFORM.

Every Man His Own Policeman.

(Chicago Times.)

The fact seems to be that Mayor Harrison and Superintendent McGarigle are now taking steps to distinguish their administration by introducing a system whereby a policeman can always be within a reasonable distance, and, which is of at least equal importance, in a spot well known, so that he need never be searched for in vain. The scheme is to deposit a policeman in each of these blue octagonal boxes which are replacing the old-fashioned lamp-posts. All reputable citizens will be allowed to carry keys to these boxes. Whenever a reputable citizen has occasion to use a policeman, he will have only to go to the nearest police box, open the door, take out the officer, and use him. When he is through with him he has only to put him back and lock the door again, and the officer is ready for the next reputable citizen who needs him. In case a house is broken into, the householder can excuse himself to the burglars, assuring them politely that it is absolutely necessary for him to go out for a moment but he'll be back directly, get the policeman from the nearest box, bring him over to the house, and have him arrest the intruders. When a reputable citizen is stopped on the street and asked to give up his valuables, he can simply ask the highwaymen to step over to the corner a moment so that he can see by the street lamp what he is giving them, and then he can unlock the box and have the whole gang arrested without any trouble. The plan is one of the most ingenious things in the world, and it reflects great credit on the inventor. After it has been in use a few weeks, all the criminals now in the city will be either in jail or in cities that are without this beautiful device. The *Times* would suggest that the public convenience would be consulted by painting the boxes a darker blue and ornamenting one side with a row of brass buttons and a silver star. The nature of the box would then be apparent to every one, and the police box would never be mistaken for a depository of street-paving tools, or a new style of theatrical bill-board. With a key to these invaluable boxes every citizen will indeed be his own policeman, and if he wears the key on the outside of his coat, or has his possession of a key indicated on his front door, he may go to his bed or walk the streets without the slightest danger of attack in any form.

Does the World Miss Any One?

Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of man in a few months, or at farthest, a few years after the grave has closed upon the remains. We are shedding tears above a new made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable; yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports and we no longer miss the one who has gone. So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch. There are women's whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives as profane those who would entice them from a worship of their buried love. Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from the public gaze. The world sweeps on besides and around them and cares not to look in upon this unobtruding grief. It carves a line and rears a stone over the dead and hastens away to offer homage to the living.

For the Housewives.

To clean whiting, wash with a solution of one pint of salt to four gallons of water, and wipe dry immediately.

A little spirits of turpentine added to the water with which floors are washed will prevent the ravages of moths.

Use kerosene, or bath-brick, or powdered lime to scour iron, tin or copper; wash in hot suds, and polish with dry whiting.

To remove spots from furniture, take four ounces of vinegar, two ounces of sweet oil, one ounce of turpentine. Mix and apply with a flannel cloth.

Spirits of ammonia diluted with water, if applied with a sponge or flannel to discolored spots on the carpets or garments, will often restore the color.

Soot falling on the carpet from open chimneys or carelessly-handled stovepipes, if covered thickly with salt, can be brushed up without injury to the carpet.

One pound of green copperas dissolved in one quart of boiling water will destroy foul smells. Powdered borax scattered in their haunts will disperse cockroaches.

To clean oilcloth, wash always with warm milk. Once in six months scour with hot soap-suds, dry thoroughly, and apply a coat of varnish. They will last as long again.

How to Make Money.

Most people are aware of the famous advice given by the thrifty Laird of Dumbiedykes, on his deathbed, to his son and heir: "Plant trees, Jock—they'll grow when ye're sleepin'!"

The saying may be modernized into: "Insert advertisements, ye men of business—they will work while you are sleeping."

They will act in a thousand ways—they will go where you can't go—they will say a good word for you in places you least suspected.

What phosphates are to soil advertisements are to business.

Mural notification, while indispensable in some cases, is a relic of ancient days when the bill-sticker and bell-man reigned supreme, and is at best but rough-and-ready compared to the neat "ad" catching the public eye along with the pungent "leader" or the latest local news.

In short, the business man who doesn't advertise is like a fellow winking behind green spectacles—he may know what he is doing, but nobody else.

The tendency of a section of English churchmen to abstinent if not ascetic vows is curiously illustrated by the formation of the order of Companions of the Golden Age. Each companion must rise by 7 o'clock every morning, must use prayers and intercessions for the order, and must agree to dress soberly, and to live a temperate, pure and humane life. A member, after due trial, can pass from one degree to another of approved goodness, and at each stage be distinguished by a different color. Then, after praying and dressing soberly for six months, he can take the further vow of abstinence from the flesh of birds and beasts, and wear a crimson ribbon. Six months later he swears off on fish, too, if he chooses, and dons the blue; and eighteen months from the start, if he is sufficiently spiritualized, he may take a vow against alcoholic beverages and tobacco. This entitles him to wear the white emblem of purity.

A large hospital at Madras, India, is ventilated by means of a system of fans operated by steam power. The machinery is simple, the hundred fans presenting an area of 2,050 square feet, being swung by a line of steel wire about 1,700 feet in length. The fans swing together with a steady sweep of seven or eight feet, and work smoothly and silently. The long swing and uniform motion insure the desired movement and change of air without risk of draughts.

THE BULLET INDICATOR.

Prof. Bell's Invention Pronounced a Success—How the Shot are Found.

During the illness of the late President Garfield Prof. A. Graham Bell, of Brantford, invented a machine by means of which the location of a bullet in a man who had been shot could be discovered. The machine is an electrical machine, and it is so arranged that when placed over the exact spot in which the bullet is imbedded it will ring. Last Friday the machine was tested in New York, and the result of the trial is thus communicated by Prof. Bell: "My reputation is now thoroughly sustained. I located a bullet to-day to the entire satisfaction of thirteen surgeons as witnesses. The bullet was found in quite an unexpected place, but the sounds were so loud and definite that no difference of opinion was possible." Prof. Bell, with his wife and family, will spend the ensuing winter in England, having sailed on Saturday last.

Expectancy of Life.

Insurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. These tables have been the result of careful calculation, and seldom prove misleading. Of course, sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur; but the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman is as follows: A person 1 year old may expect to live 39 years longer; of 10 years, 51; of 20 years, 41; of 30 years, 34; of 40 years, 28; of 50 years, 21; of 60 years, 14; of 70 years, 9; of 80 years, 4.

An international exposition in the field of public hygiene and life-saving is arranged to take place in Berlin next year, to continue from June 1st to October 1st. It will cover exhibits relating to soil and air, streets, roads, and public parks; sewage and drainage, public water supplies and illumination, food supplies in large cities, public washing and laundry establishments, free baths, school buildings, dwellings, tenements of the poor, factories and other buildings in which large numbers of persons labor, inns, restaurants, and coffee houses chemical, powder, and other manufacturing establishments of a similar character; rural dwellings for the poor, country places for residence, nutriments, travel by railway, steamboat, electricity, and with horses; clothing, contagious diseases, institutions for the sick and disabled, funerals, cemeteries, and morgues, and veterinary medicine and surgery. The department of life-saving will embrace exhibits of an equally varied and comprehensive character, including fire escapes and apparatus for extinguishing fires and rescuing from burning buildings; protection against lightning, floods, explosions, mining and navigation disasters; machine, mill, and steam engine accidents; temporary expedients in the resuscitation and restoration of persons injured by drowning or other disaster, and of the sick and wounded in war, and ambulances, hospitals, barracks, and hospital ships.

The Local Board of the parish of Dreghorn, Midlothian, met recently to appoint a scavenger. Numerous applications had been received for the post, and some of the qualifications were exceedingly curious. One candidate had frequently acted as precentor at Evangelical meetings, and rejoiced in "a practical acquaintance with divine truth." Another had been married twelve years without having any children; a third relied on the possession of "a strong, helpful wife"; while a fourth was already a sweep, a bricklayer and a slater.

A "suicidal machine" has been invented by an ingenious Englishman, at least so says the Brussels *National*. The would-be suicide sits down quietly in a softly-cushioned arm chair, and by leaning his head back opens a small reservoir containing a powerful narcotic. Overpowered by the fumes he sinks further down in the chair, and so touches a spring, which discharges eight revolvers simultaneously into his body.

At the meeting of the Methodist Conference in London, James Calvert, of Fiji, said that the greatest blot of the Fijians was their cannibalism. One of the natives stated that he had feasted on 872 different persons, and six or seven of the missionaries were eaten when they first commenced their labors in Fiji.

The mother of Alexander Smith, the writer, lately died in Scotland. She was a woman of strong character, and she is described in her son's novel of "Alfred Hagart's Household."

Thousands upon thousands of bottles of Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, have been sold, and from all over the land comes one universal cry, "Carboline, as now improved and perfected, is the best hair restorer ever used." Sold by all druggists.

STAMMERING

Over 700 Stammerers have been cured by us during the past three years. Testimonials from all parts of the U. S. and Canada. Address STAMMERING INSTITUTE, London, Ont.

LARDINE!

THE VERY BEST

Machine Oil

IN THE WORLD,

Is manufactured by

McCOLL BROS. & Co., TORONTO

And for sale by dealers. Ask your merchant for Lardine and take no other.

This oil under the severest test and most active competition was at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition awarded the highest prize; also the GOLD MEDAL at the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, and the highest award at the Dominion Exhibition, Ottawa, the silver medal.

Farmers and all who use Agricultural machinery, will save money and machinery by using none but

LARDINE.

ASK FOR

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup

FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP.

This old established remedy can be with confidence recommended for the above complaints TRY IT. If your merchant has not got it, he can get it for you.

JOHN. W. BICKLE
(Formerly T. Bickle & Son)
Hamilton Ontario. Proprietor.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

DAKOTA — MONTANA

RAILROAD LANDS.

FORTUNES FOR FARMERS.

50,000 Farms. 5,000,000 Acres.
Best Wheat Land, Rich Meadow, Choice Timber, Farming, Stock Raising, Dairying, Fuel and Water in Abundance.

$2.50 per acre and upward. One-sixth cash and five annual payments. Reduced Fare and Freight to settlers. Write for "Publications No. 68."
Geo. Dew, Travelling Agent, 73 Yonge st., Toronto. R. M. Newport, General Land Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

MINNESOTA.

T. C. LIVINGSTON,
Special Land Agent for Hamilton, Ont.

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

at LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, by W. J. SIMPSON & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, or ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year.

Announcements or Notices 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 Situations Wanted, Fifty cents 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.

LACHUTE CARDS.

G. E. BAMPTON, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE,
(Office in Mrs. A. Burch's Buildings), Lachute, P.Q.

WM. SMITH, M. D., C. M.
BOA'S BUILDING,
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE, LACHUTE.

A. BERTHELOT,
NOTARY PUBLIC LACHUTE, Q.

IS NOW IN A POSITION TO effect loans of money from the *Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien*, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on first-class mortgages, and from other sources, at from 7 per cent. upwards.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Office in the Court House, Lachute. 17tf

LACHUTE MARBLE WORKS,
George L. Meir, Proprietor.
Best material and work at LOWEST prices.
Workshop in MRS. BURCH'S building, opposite Fraser & McOuat's. 5ly

JOHN McNIECE,
TINSMITH,
WEST END, LACHUTE,
IS PREPARED TO DO EVERY description of Tinsmithing in the best style of the art. All his work is guaranteed to be what he represents it. Will keep always on hand a general supply of Tinware and house furnishing goods. He solicits a call from Country Dealers.

BUILDING LOTS
—AND—
MILL PRIVILEGES WITH WATER POWER,
At low prices and on reasonable terms. by
F. C. IRELAND.

DENTISTRY.
B. S. STACKHOUSE, L. D. S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST,
Is at Lachute, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month. And at St. Andrews from the 4th to the 15th of each month.
Private room, next to Fraser and McOuat's store.

MONTREAL CARDS.

ABBOTT, TAIT, WOTHERSPOON & ABBOTS,
ADVOCATES, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital Street (first floor), Montreal.
Hon. J. J. C. Abbot, Q. C., D. C. L.
Melbourne M. Tait, B. C. L.
Ivan Wotherspoon, M. A., LL. B.
John Betham Abbott, B. C. L.
Harry Abbott, B. C. L. Oct. 5 1y

H. R. HAMMOND, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE, ETC.,
No. 11 Hospital Street, Montreal.
Will be in Lachute on Mondays and Saturdays.
Messrs. Abbott, Tait, Wotherspoon & Abbotts, Counsel and Montreal Correspondents.

ARCHIBALD & McCORMICK,
ADVOCATES, COMMISSIONERS, ETC., ETC.,
120 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL. 16y1

J. PALLISER,
ADVOCATE,
194 St. James Street, Montreal.

R. RANSOM & CO.,
PRODUCE MERCHANTS,
229 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
DEALER IN
Eggs, Lard, Fish, Cheese, Apples, Poultry, and all kinds of Country Produce. 21 1

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of
HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.
537 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL. 45y1

JAS. L. WISEMAN,
WOOD ENGRAVER AND DESIGNER,
182 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

GRAHAM'S
PAIN ERADICATOR!
THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS that has attended this preparation has established its superiority over all others for the following complaints:
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Complaints, Pains in the Chest, Side and Back, Sore Breasts, Abscess, Sores, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Scalds, Frost Bites, Rives, Influenza, Diphtheria, Asthma, Phthisis, Coughs, Colds, Earache, Headache, 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 Magnetic Oil that quickly penetrates the system and effectually reduces inflammation and allays 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.
For sale by all dealers. Prepared only by
T. GRAHAM & SON,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. V. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1881. NO. 9.

A Little Gift From Ireland.

"Here, Gran'ma, here's a present, it has come a distance too,
'Tis a little pot of shamrocks, and it comes addressed to you;
Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the card here mentions more—
They were gathered at your birth-place on the banks of Avonmore."

"From Ireland! do you tell me? O darling, is it true?
Acushla let me *feel* them—and you say 'twas *there* they grew?
Why I can scarce believe it; is it really what you say?
From my birth-place in old Ireland! poor Ireland far away.

"I'm old and stiff and feeble, and in darkness, God be praised,
Yet, Katty, how it stirs me, how my poor old heart is raised,
To feel it here so near me, the soil that gave me birth,
The very clay of Ireland; let me kiss the holy earth.

"These blessed little shamrocks! I can't see them, yet I know
They bring me back the eyesight of the happy long ago,
And gleaming thro' the darkness comes the vision that I love,
The dear green fields of Ireland and the sunny sky above.

"I see, as once I saw them, when a girl like you I stood
Amid the furze and heather; there's the chapel, hill and wood;
There's the abbey clad with ivy, and the river's winding shore,
And the boys and girls all playing on the banks of Avonmore.

"God bless the little shamrocks, then, for calling back the scene,
The beauty of the sunshine, the brightness of the green;
Thro' long, long years to see it, and to see it all so plain,
Ah! child, I'm sure you're smiling, but I'm feeling young again.

"And though I'm truly thankful for the blessing that God's hand
Has brought around me, Katty, in this great and happy land;
I can't forget the old home, 'midst the comforts of the new,
My heart is three parts buried where these little shamrocks grew."

Tall Stories of Old Age.

From Brazil comes a story of a mulatto woman having died at the age of 187 years. Just as the Goth was "butchered to make a Roman holiday," so this unfortunate old colored lady seems to have been killed to furnish forth a newspaper paragraph. This is a pity, because she would have answered the purpose just as well in a couple of hundred years' time, if the newspapers telling the tale could have had patience to wait. She is said to have lost her sight at the age of 100, but to have recovered it somewhat later. Her death was brought about by a fall from a bench, so that there is really no knowing how long she might have lived if the Brazil paper had not arranged the fatal fall. The subject of longevity is always being disputed, some persons being credulous of all sorts of wonders and others being as sceptical as the late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis. The case of the Brazilian mulatto is put in the shade by that of one Johannes de Temporibus, who, according to Stow, died in the year 1014, at the age of 361. Unfortunately, that was not an age of statistics, and marvellous statements were supplied. A native of Bengal is said to have died in 1556 at the age of 300; but here again distance of place is as important an element as distance of time in the other instance. In 1588 a native of Evercreech, Somerset, is reported to have died aged 200. In the latter part of the last century death at the age of 175 or thereabout seems not to have been uncommon, but as we come nearer to our own times the records are fewer, until now we are obliged to go to Brazil for a striking instance of extreme age. The moral would appear to be that if in a time of registration and research this class of wonders had become extinct, the former statements with regard to them were myths. Perhaps life was so dull in those slow times that a man put his sensations into figures, and thought he had lived two hundred years instead of seventy.—*Liverpool Post.*

A Blackfoot Belle.

The Toronto *Globe's* correspondent out west with Lord Lorne gives this description of the costume of a Blackfoot belle: "The upper portion of her face, including forehead, eyes and cheeks, was painted in bright chrome yellow, the lower portion of her face was scarlet, she wore a scarlet blanket thrown loosely over her shoulder, and under this was a long loose blouse made out of a dark navy blue blanket and trimmed with pipings of scarlet and white. This blouse was fastened at the waist with a leather belt fully eight inches broad and literally covered with large bosses of polished brass. On her neck was a string of brass beads as large as cherries. One of her bracelets consisted of a coil of heavy brass wire that would weigh not less than a pound and a half, while the other, which was of nearly the same weight, was made of large brass beads; several of her fingers were nearly covered with coils of brass wire and beads."

The wonderful progress made in China has been emphasized of late by the Rev. Griffith John, a long time missionary of the London Missionary Society, who has been visiting in this country. Forty years ago it was a crime for a foreigner to learn the Chinese language, or for a Chinaman to teach it to him; and though the Nanking treaty was made in 1842, when Mr. John went to China, twenty-five years ago, there were only five places in the vast empire in which a foreigner might dwell. The great interior was still closed, as none might go further than could be reached in twelve hours from a treaty port. The whole empire is now open. Thirteen out of the eighteen Provinces have been actually occupied by missionaries and their families, the gospel has been preached in nearly all the principal cities and towns, and the Bible and many forms of Christian literature are circulated everywhere.

It has generally been supposed that the exhalation of carbonic acid gas from decomposing bodies makes residence in the vicinity of a cemetery insalubrious. A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* shows that this is an error. Calculations show that the combustion of illuminating gas alone in Paris produced last year a quantity of carbonic acid thirty-five hundred times more considerable than all the dead buried in the cemeteries during five years could give at the maximum rate of exhalation. The Grand Opera House alone gives out every year thirteen times more carbonic acid from its gaslights than could be disengaged from all the cemeteries put together, even if all their carbon were converted into gas.

The clergymen of Roxbury, Mass., are devising new methods of temperance work, and one of them is to employ an agent to visit the Police Court every day, interest himself in the cases of men arraigned for the first time for intoxication, and adopt whatever course may seem most judicious for their reform.

British and Foreign Notes.

A thousand persons, mostly women, are employed in engraving and printing government money and bank notes at Washington. They are so strictly watched during working hours that they look upon themselves as prisoners.

Hazing at Smith College, the Massachusets institution for girls, is quite sweet and gentle. The newcomers are seized, led into the main hall, presented with bouquets, kissed affectionately, and then shown the pictures and statuary in the art gallery.

The inhabitants of the great manufacturing centre of Crefeld, Germany, have begun the construction of a splendid new school of textile industries. It will be replete with appliances appertaining to the production of textiles—a laboratory, workshops, library and museum.

Nearly all the ladies about the English court are well on in years. Some of the maids of honor are deep in the forties. When they get venerable they are turned into "women of the bedchamber," who are eligible for that office even when centenarians.

China must be the seat and centre of commercial honor, crediting the averments of Sir Samuel Baker, the famous traveller. He says such a thing as a business suspension in the American or European sense is rarely known in that country, and that when one does occur, other merchants voluntarily come forward to help the embarrassed trader out of his difficulties.

A sentimental fellow at Wrightstown, Minn., wrote to a girl that he would hang himself if she did not marry him. As he was a stranger, she took his queer missive as an insulting joke, and replied angrily that he would please her greatly by choosing the tree which grew near the window of her room. When she looked out next morning there hung his lifeless body.

Two prisoners were charged in a London police court with exchanging sentences of imprisonment by each answering to the other's name. This is not an uncommon thing in India, where a native jailer has been known to allow a prisoner to go out to get married and spend his honeymoon in the city so long as he found a friendly substitute willing to endure incarceration in the mean time.

Davidson of Tulloch, who died last month in Scotland in his 82nd year, was the Count d'Orsay of Highland life fifty years ago, a wonderfully handsome man, and celebrated for his good luck. He was married five times, held a commission in the Grenadiers, and was once a member of Parliament. For several years before his death, however, he was living in utter penury at Brussels.

One of the oddest cases that ever came before a court was tried in Boston a few days ago. It was an application for divorce. The applicant, the wife, testified that in 1872 her husband induced her to join "The Elijah Message Association," the head of which was a party who claimed to be the resurrected prophet. When 140,000 believers were collected the leader was to conduct them to Georgia, there to found a kingdom of heaven. The woman's husband had been appointed one of the "witnesses." Among the hopes held out was that of never dying. The crazy crowd came to grief, hence the application referred to.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence that just as Hughenden Manor is let the seat of Disraeli's old antagonist, another Prime Minister, is advertised on lease. The present Sir Robert Peel, who seems, after a stormy youth, to be sinking into a very calm, if not obscure, maturity advertises Drayton Manor. The late Robert, mindful of many escapades on the part of his firstborn, tied up his property in the strictest possible manner. The present baronet has a villa on the Lake of Geneva, where he has spent much of his time of late years, having never taken kindly to the life of a country gentleman.

Edenderry, Ireland, was lately the scene of a demonstration on the occasion of drawing home the turf of an incarcerated tenant. At 9 a.m. 3,000 carts were assembled under the direction of a mounted curate. The Edenderry carts, 850, headed the procession. After them came 20 little boys, in green and orange, mounted on asses. The drivers of the 3,000 carts fought for the honor of carrying a sod. Prior to these proceedings the prisoner's nephew inaugurated the demonstration by driving round the farm in a basket carriage drawn by six spirited beasts, and that number of juvenile outriders in green livery.

An exhibition is in progress in London showing the career of the straw hat from the field to the fashionable store. The workers are all from Luton Beds, a town of 25,000 people, of whom it is computed that 24,000 are in some way or other connected with the straw trade. The business at Luton dates from 1605, when a colony of straw plaiters, who had emigrated from Lorraine to Scotland, settled at Luton in view of the superior straw raised in the district. A particular sort of knife used in splitting straw was invented by one of the French prisoners detained in England early in the century.

AN OFT-REPEATED HINT.—There is one thing ladies will never do, and that is wear small hats at the theatre. They seem to take delight in wearing head gear fearfully and wonderfully made, resembling an open umbrella covered with feathers, and flowers made out of pink cloth, and then of course the unfortunate man behind them gets merely a glimpse of the top of the dress curtain for the dollar he pays to see the show. If the ladies with the huge and hideous hats could hear the muttered curses of the unfortunate man behind them they would take pity on him, and the next time would wear one of those small hats which are neater and prettier in every way.

Lady Brassey's record of the Sunbeam's voyage has, perhaps, had as wide a sale as any recent book of travel written by a woman, and, through her deep interest in the welfare of the working classes, the world has just been permitted to get a cheap edition of it, which is a remarkable incident of English book-making. It has been brought out in wonderfully clear type, with some sixty woodcuts reproduced well from those in the original edition, and all is sold for a sixpence.

William Davies, of Shrewsbury, England, was so unfortunate recently as to have his wife elope with a neighbor. As if to add insult to injury, the woman's new companion caused the husband to be arrested for threatening him. Poor Davies was found guilty and bound over to keep the peace, and finding no sureties, was sent to prison for three months.

—A large proportion of the board signs along country roads advertise men who long ago failed in business.

THE GARTER.

Victoria's Royal Favor Bestowed Upon Alfonso.

BRILLIANT CEREMONY AT MADRID.

The Pomp and Pageantry Attending the Investiture—Description of the Dresses and Insignia.

MADRID, Oct. —.—The investiture of King Alfonso with the Order of the Garter took place this afternoon. Alfonzo XII. has received many marks of sympathy from Queen Victoria, but none more agreeable than the high distinction once before in this century conferred on another Spanish sovereign. Lord Wellesley, after the great Peninsular war, brought the Garter to Ferdinand VII., grandfather of Alfonso. The relations cooled between Spain and England during Queen Isabella's reign, while the famous Guizot marriage policy annoyed the British Government. During the revolution of September, England, ever slow to recognize governments like those of Amadeus and Serrano, was among the first to hail the restoration of the boy prince, who, when fresh from exile, was called to his throne by the daring General Martinez Campos. Therefore the Spanish court received with much pleasure the announcement that a special envoy extraordinary, one of England's most ancient peers, chief of the old House of Commons, and himself a knight of the Garter, would come as bearer of this royal present to Don Alfonso. The Garter counts on its proud roll but twenty-five knights, who are of England's bluest blood, with the exception of Lord Beaconsfield, who entered the noble chapter by right of talent and exceptional services to the Crown. The foreign knights must be crowned heads, or heirs apparent at least, to obtain the Garter. King Alfonso had signified his acceptance of the proffered order, and had fixed October 11th as the day for investiture in his royal palace. The special envoy and a brilliant following arrived just on the day when the King left for Caceres to receive the King of Portugal. Long before the appointed hour for the ceremony of the investiture guards of honor with bands and colors took up their station in the palace-court opposite the State entrance, and immense crowds gathered near the approaches, despite the efforts of horse and foot patrols. Meanwhile fine State carriages, drawn by fine teams of Andalusian horses, plumed and brilliantly harnessed, went with the Marquis del Vallee, the principal introducer of the ambassadors, to the Hotel de Paris. The escort was formed by a squadron of Royal Horse Guards. The Marquis of Northampton, and Sir Albert Woods, Garter King-at-Arms, and the members of the mission were driven to the palace through crowded streets. As soon as they reached the palace they were hailed with a royal salute and the British anthem. A procession was formed, in which marched the members of the household and others. Last came the Marquis of Northampton, an aged and haughty looking peer, and on his left the Garter King-at-Arms in the mantle of his office, carrying Queen Victoria's letters of credence. The King, standing in the halberdiers' uniform, but without any cross or star whatever on his dark blue tunic, awaited the mission, surrounded by the Court of Ministers. Queen Christina stood on the left of the King, and at her left were the infantas. The Marquis of Northampton advanced to the foot of the throne and, in French, in a short address explained the object of the mission. The King replied. Lord Northampton and the Garter King at-Arms approached the King and buckled the garter on the left leg of His Majesty below the knee, the Garter King-at-Arms reading an admonition. Afterwards Lord Northampton successively invested the King with the ribbon, mantle and collar, hat and feather and star of the Order. The King on receiving the sword unbuckled his own and gave it to the Garter King-at-Arms. The following is the description of the insignia: The garter is made of links of massive gold on blue velvet, with buckle, collar and garter, a representation of St. George killing the dragon being splendidly designed in gold. The Knight's mantle is of blue silk velvet, linen and white satin, with buckle of solid gold. He wears a quaint hat and feathers. These insignia were carried on red velvet cushions with the exception of the sword. The commissions and letters of credence were written on fine vellum, signed by Queen Victoria herself. The following is a description of the costumes worn by the members of the mission: Lord Northampton was in admiral's uniform, his sons and the two other members of the mission being in diplomatic dress. Lord Down and Colonel Eliot were in the Guards' uniform. The Garter King-at-Arms and his officers wore magnificent tabards and coats with the royal arms embossed on them. For two days past Sir Albert Woods and the Spanish chamberlains have been discussing etiquette. The mission was taken to the palace as an embassy extraordinary. The Queen wore a dress with long velvet train covered with lace. She also wore the Crown diamonds, and a royal mantle. The Infanta Isabella was in dark blue brocade, with sapphires and diamonds. The Infantas Gaz and Eulalie were in pale blue velvet and pearls. The ladies of the court wore *decolletees* dresses with diamonds and no trains. The grandees and courtiers were in full gala costume. The ceremony of investiture, including the address of the Marquis of Northampton and the King's answer, lasted for twenty-three minutes. The mission was entertained at a grand banquet in the palace to-night.

PROF. MAX MULLER has announced a curious discovery of Sanscrit manuscripts recently made in Japan by two of his Japanese pupils at Oxford. The work is the text of the celebrated "Diamond Knife," forming part of the Sacred Canon, or Bible, of the Buddhists, but hitherto known only through Thibetian and Mongolian translations, the original being supposed to be irrecoverably lost. Owing to the early practice among the Chinese Buddhists of making pilgrimages to the holy places of their worship in India, and taking back with them Sanscrit manuscripts, Prof. Max Muller has always been of opinion that a number of such precious relics must be existing in China. Such a discovery in Japan, however, was wholly unexpected.

Mrs. Garfield is rallying from her affliction. Mr. Brown, the late President's private secretary, hears that she is busily engaged in her domestic duties, and expects to remain in Cleveland during the winter. All the personal effects of the late President at Washington are being packed in boxes and will be forwarded to Mrs. Garfield whenever she may desire.

THE FIRE HORROR.

Fearful Scenes at the Philadelphia Conflagration—Frantic Leaps For Life—Imprisoned in a Sheet of Flame.

A despatch from Philadelphia says the fire at Landenburger's mill last (Wednesday) night originated in the finishing room on the second floor, and spread upwards through the building with amazing rapidity. Fifty hands, twelve of whom were girls, were at work, the majority engaged in the sewing and weaving departments on the upper floors. The wooden stairways on either end of the building were soon ablaze, and the bridge connecting the building with another mill was shut off from approach by fire proof doors, and in the absence of any fire escape a panic ensued. Men and women rushed to the windows, crying frantically to the crowd below to save them. It was proposed by the crowd to form squares in the street and catch the men and girls as they leaped out, but before anything could be done one young woman jumped from the fifth storey. It seemed every bone in her body was broken, for she never breathed again. After this the imprisoned people seemed to become frenzied, and though the crowd outside sought to encourage them by shouting that help would speedily be there they began jumping from the windows like sheep. One man, apparently bereft of reason, flung himself headlong into the street; and while his body was still in the air others followed; now a man, then a woman or a half grown girl, until in a few minutes eleven persons, all unconscious, with fractured skulls and broken limbs, were carried to the neighboring saloon and laid on the floor until vehicles were procured to convey them to the hospital. By this time the relatives of the victims began to gather outside the building, and the cries of mothers outside to their children still in the burning rooms, and their lamentations over those who jumped out, were heartrending. When the firemen were able to enter the building they found on the third floor the bodies of two females burned almost to a crisp, and a man badly scorched and dead; but before they could search further the fourth floor, with its heavy machinery, came crashing through, and they barely escaped with their lives. The firemen were compelled to desist from their labors because the floors had gone through to the ground, and machinery, charred wood and what remained of the unfortunate operatives were mingled in one unrecognizable mass, which was sending out columns of steam as the cold water was poured on it. The victims were carried off in all directions, some to their homes, some to houses close by, and others to various hospitals, so that their exact number cannot yet be stated. The physicians say that nearly every case admitted to St. Mary's Hospital has ended fatally. The total deaths will probably exceed twenty. George Dougherty, who jumped from the fourth storey, died in the hospital this morning.

300 Pounds of Nitro-Glycerine Sends Careless Robbers Into Eternity.

A despatch from Bradford, Pa., says: A terrible and mysterious nitro-glycerine explosion occurred last night. A heavy discharge, as of artillery, was heard, followed by a long rumbling echo, which seemed to shake all houses in the city. Investigation showed that the nitro-glycerine magazine belonging to the Roberts' Torpedo Company, in a lonely room 2½ miles from the city, and containing 300 pounds of nitro-glycerine, had exploded. The earth for rods in every direction was torn up as if by an earthquake. Huge trees were cut down. Small pieces of flesh and specks of garments were picked up. Further than this nothing has been found. The indications are that the magazine was being robbed by "moonlighters," who caused the dynamite to explode. It is certain, at least, that two men were blown to atoms.

Cost of Fashionable Marriages.

Now that the season of fashionable city weddings is once more upon us it may be interesting to know that some enemy of the human race has prepared and printed the following table of the average expenses of a wedding for 1,000 guests, with ushers and bridesmaids, exclusive of bridal dress and trousseau:

Cards	from $ 200 to $	350
Matrimonial undertaker	" 100 to	200
Ushers' scarfs	" 12 to	15
Ushers' pins	" 20 to	30
Minister's fee	" 100 to	200
Sexton's fee	" 25 to	50
Dinner given by groom	" 30 to	42
Bridesmaids' dresses	" 400 to	600
Caterer	" 500 to	1,000
Music	" 50 to	75
Florist	" 300 to	600
Organist	" 50 to	100
Miscellaneous	" 100 to	200
Total	$1,697	$3,492

People about to incur such an outlay may either take *Punch's* advice or imitate the Wall street bear who recently caused a friend to put his son-in-law up to eloping with his daughter on the express ground of economy.—*N. Y. World.*

Rev. George Burnfield, M. A., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, starts in a few days for the Holy Land, where he intends to spend several months chiefly in archæological and philological investigations. Mr. Burnfield is an excellent Oriental scholar, and has for a long time past been prosecuting his researches into this branch of learning with such materials as he has at hand. He intends to make a special study of the inscriptions found in various parts of the wilderness of Arabia, some of which are in a *patois*, which is a mixture of Hebrew with the Semetic languages. He takes with him specially prepared paper for the purpose of bringing back *fac simile* impressions of the inscriptions.

Within the past eight years the number of schools in Scotland has increased 113 per cent., that is, has more than doubled, and the country is now said to be thoroughly supplied. Annual grants were made last year to 3,050 schools, which afford accommodation for 600,000 pupils, and show an average attendance of 404,000 out of 534,000 on the rolls. During the past eight years the attendance has more than doubled. The whole population of Scotland is only a little over 3,000,000.

Mr. Tan Maybee, who lives in the township of Hamilton, lately received a cheque for over nine hundred dollars for a crop of little gem peas that grew on ten acres of land. Ninety dollars per acre is a middling good return for a wooden country like Canada.

Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, says of his expulsion from the Methodist denomination for heresy: "The Hebrew language has the phrase 'Ikstots,' which translated means 'in the out.' That's where I am." He will organize an independent congregation.

Amusing Situation in a French Sleeping Car.

In a letter from a correspondent of the *Daily News*, describing a visit to the Engadine, the following occurs:

A new route has been established this year to Switzerland. Leaving London at 10 a.m. you find yourself in the afternoon at Calais; there you take a train direct to Bale. I had invested the sum of eighteen shillings in a ticket for a sleeping car. This car consists of compartments containing either two or four couches. The couch to which my ticket gave me a right was, I found, in one of the compartments licensed to carry four. Three ladies already were there when I entered it. To say that I was received cordially would be an exaggeration. The ladies felt that I was an intruder, and, to say the truth, being myself a somewhat bashful man, I felt so too. I took my seat. The ladies whispered to each other, and eyed me as did the nymphs by the streams of Hellas when a shepherd broke in upon their natatory exercises. I essayed a remark or two about the weather and other commonplaces. The responses were monosyllabic. In the daytime, these compartments have only two couches facing each other. At night two others are arranged overhead, like berths in a ship. We had passed Amiens, when the attendant entered with a number of sheets in his hand. The ladies looked aghast—so did I. One—an elderly spinster—supposed that I was not going to remain, and thus prevent her and her companions from taking the rest for which they had paid. A blush suffused my cheek, but I plucked up sufficient courage to hint that I too had parted with coin of the realm in order to enjoy a like repose. After a chorus of "Well, I never!" it was finally agreed that I should retire into the passage until the ladies had got into their beds, and drawn the curtains before each of the bowers. To this I assented, and having paced the passage for about half an hour, returned. All the curtains were drawn. "I hope you are not undressing?" proceeded from behind the curtain of an elderly spinster. "He won't have the impudence to do anything of the kind," floated through the air from behind another curtain. "Ladies," I said, "sleep in maiden meditation behind your curtains. I am clothed from head to foot, I propose to divest myself of my coat and boots. I shall then climb up into my berth, draw my curtain, and you will see nothing more of me until to-morrow morning." "Mind, sir, only your coat and boots," said the elderly spinster; and, with this parting warning, I turned in. The train was timed to reach Bale at 6 a.m. An hour before that time my rest was disturbed by shrill cries from behind the curtains. I was sternly ordered to get up and to go at once into the corridor in order that the nymphs might also rise. "No, ladies," I answered, "I mean to remain in bed until we arrive. Get up without fear, and trust to the innate chivalry of the humble male who now addresses you. He pledges his word of honor not to peep through the parting in his curtain." So they got up, and I did not look. My experiences of this night led me to suggest that in sleeping-cars the sexes should be placed apart, and that there should be a separate compartment for men and another for women, instead of the present eclectic arrangement.

Scandinavian Hospitality.

The most striking quality of Scandinavian character seems to be hospitality. Throughout Norway, Sweden and the far North the author was heartily received by every one, from the king in his palace to the Laplander in his tent. During five years of almost incessant travel, in the course of which every part of the peninsula was visited, Mr. Du Chaillu was coolly treated only once. The Swedes and Norwegians have the reputation of being reserved and cold, but this is true of them only when they meet strangers of the class best suggested by the word "tourist." To any one whose interest in them cannot be measured by a stare or two and a few impertinent questions they are unsuspicious and communicative, as well as cordial to the verge of affection. Mr. Du Chaillu went among them freely, conversed with them in their language, wore garments like their own, and took part in their labors, sports and ceremonies. The treatment he received in return causes him to speak most enthusiastically in praise of their sociability and kindness.

As in all other countries that retain primitive habits, hospitality in Scandinavia always implies eating and drinking. The poorest farmer or fisherman always has something to offer the visitor, and lack of appetite is generally construed as a slight. The author mentions one occasion on which, to avoid hurting any one's feelings, he ate thirty times in two days, and drank thirty-four cups of coffee. Often strong cheese is offered just before a meal to provoke appetite, and in the cities a formal dinner is preceded by a *smorgas*, or lunch, at a table crowded with alleged appetizers. On a single *smorgas* table the author noted smoked reindeer meat, smoked salmon with poached eggs, raw salmon freshly salted, hard boiled eggs, caviare, fried sausage, anchova, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, raw salt herring, several kinds of cheese and as many of bread, and a salad made of pickled herring, boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, beets and onions. There were also three kinds of spirits on the table, and from these and the various dishes the guests helped themselves bountifully, and then did justice to an excellent dinner.—*John Habberton, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

Choral Inepititudes.

Rev. E. P. Tenney, the genial and witty President of Colorado College, was at one time the beloved pastor of the Congregational Church in a sea-coast town in Massachusetts. To eke out his salary, his people gave him a donation-party, among the presents being a fine new dress-coat for the pastor, and a tasty bonnet for his better half. On the following Sunday, as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array?" At the same church, a few weeks ago, the funeral of a prominent and highly respected citizen of the town, by the name of Knight occurred, on which occasion, by a singular *contretemps*, the choir sang as their first selection the usually fitting hymn, "There will be no night there." The effect, as soprano, alto and tenor successively took up the refrain, was well calculated to excite the risibles of those who had gathered in any but a humorous spirit.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.*

—Emerson says "a man passes for what he is worth." No, he don't; he passes for the sake of getting a new trump.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—Don't give coal bills the cold shoulder.

—A "monobibe" is the latest name for a lone drink.

—Prof. King is again humming "Up in a Balloon, Boys!"

—At Maine balls if you desire lager you must order "tonic."

—Dark red in small quantities softens dark brown goods.

—The more advice a man gives the less popular is he with his fellows.

—September-sown wheat is thriving finely under the recent rains.

—When an old maid is well "preserved" she ought to be sweet enough to kiss.

—Vennor promises that a bright November will atone for the October gloom.

—Wanted—Name of the western town that hasn't made giant strides.

—Dresses are now worn so short that the street crossings are seldom clean.

—Adam ought to have said "Hardly, Eva," when he was tempted to bite the apple.

—The prize-fighter peels before he strikes, but the bell does not peel until it is struck.

—No, Melinda, you err. A man may have water on the brain, yet not be inclined to burst into tears.

—The middle of the hour glass, says the Boston *Commercial*, is a waist of time.

—Near Wiarton in the Georgian Bay district they have ripe wild strawberries.

—Gray hair looks well under lilac flowers in a black or a white lace mantilla bonnet.

—Rich dark brown for winter wear will supersede the fashionable gray of autumn.

—Some splendid mushrooms have been gathered in the vicinity during the past few days.

—A noble writer once said that truth is contagious. He was wrong; it is lying that is catching.

—Bonnet strings, long or short, broad or narrow, are worn in the go-as-you-please style.

—A lunatic has set "Beautiful Snow" to music. The Rochester *Express* charges it to Guiteau.

—There is a certain time of year when almost everybody feels lazy; and so it is called Indian summer.

—A woman takes more pride in a pretty foot than anything else, and a man thinks a well trained moustache the one thing desirable.

—When a man is drunk he does things, we are told, that he is ashamed of, and when he sobers up he tries to think what they are.

—Mrs. Wm. Dunn has grown a monstrous potato on her farm, Waterloo Township. It does not lack an ounce of weighing two pounds.

—There are a great many wild ducks at the lower end of the bay, but they are rather shy and sportsmen find it hard to get a shot at them.

—Sir John Lubbock says that bees love blue. It is a pity that the man who takes hold of one of them ever so gently does not have blue fingers.

—When you have a complaint to make, do it in a business-like manner. Don't write three or four pages of foolscap when half a page would suffice.

—"Lucille" renews the old question whether at table it is proper to take a bird in your fingers. We can only refer her to the proverb that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

—Ostrich feathers on a soft muslin ground are used as a sort of high collar on a dress of myrtle green velvet with satin trimmings of the same shade. While lace is plentifully used on the skirt. It is a dinner dress.

—"There goes the celebrated Mr. C., the lame lawyer," remarked a lady to her companion, as he passed them in the street. "Excuse me, madam," said he, sharply, "you are mistaken; a lame man, not a lame lawyer."

—A widow at the West, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertises that "the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

—"What will this come to?" writes a new poet on the margin of a sweet thing he sent us about a young man dying for love. It won't come to anything, young man. It will go; or, more properly speaking, it has gone to the waste basket.

—Gloves are indispensable to a gentleman's toilet in Europe, and should be also in America.—*New York Star.* We thought there was something wrong about that sentence, and now we know what the matter is, the first letter should have been C.

—Inside a drug store a day or two ago a man was having a bit of dust taken from his eye. A crowd gathered. He left and soon forgot the dust and the visit. But the crowd clustered there for an hour, gaining a few people every minute and losing a few. No person seemed to know what he was there for.

—"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

—Strangely enough, green is not the color of the ribbon for the Order of St. Patrick, but sky blue. Why Ireland should not have its national color for its Order is hard to see, but still it is a fact that the green ribbon belongs to the Order of the Thistle of Scotland.

The summer hat is off the cops,
No wren around the door-step hops,
The farmer's yanking in his crops,
The bass-ball player's playing stops,
The buckwheat cake our vision tops,
The sleek on wearing dusters drops,
And low our rosy fancy flops
With dreams of sausage and porcine chops.

—"I'm a very sick man," observed the tramp languidly as he anchored himself at a restaurant table, "the doctor says I must have strengthening food. Give me something with plenty of iron in it." The waiter shaded the corners of his mouth with his hands and then bellowed in stentorian tones: "One keg of nails!"

—Cleanliness is not only next to godliness—it is the foundation of healthfulness. Dirt is a germ of disease. The fundamental truth of sanitary science—a discovery of modern time—is that "filth is the most fruitful, if not the sole, source of all preventable disease." "Clean things alone are healthful," says Dr. Gregory, President of the Illinois State Board of Health; "clean water, clean food, clean clothing and cleanliness of the whole person and the whole life."

Little Bo-Peep awoke from her sleep;
Her eyes opened wide and wider;
For she found herself seated on the grass
With an old sheep standing beside her.

"Little Bo-Peep," said the good old sheep,
"How glad I am we've found you;
Have you seen some, and sheep, and lambs—
All flocking up around you."

"You blessed sheep," said little Bo-Peep,
"I've been worried to death about you."
"We've been searching for you," said the good old sheep;
"We wouldn't go home without you."

—He came home late the other night and his wife woke up and found him with a burning match trying to light the fastest over the one he held for his dressing room. "James," she said, "that is not the gas burner." "I know it now, my love," he replied, unsteadily; "feet is, I've been overworked, and that's reason made mistake." "Now, you know as if you had been lifting a good deal," she quietly answered, as she returned to her pillow.

THE LADIES COLUMN.

Fallen sister bind with sorrow,
Scoffed and sneered at by the crowd,
Know that there's a silver lining
Hidden 'neath the darkest cloud;
Plunge not in the rosy river,
There is agony to drown,
But repent your former errors,
Rise at once and live them down.

Even though the clouds seem darker
At the dawning of each day,
If you'll only act in earnest
You can drive them all away.
Then at once be up and doing!
If you'd wear the golden crown,
You must bear your crosses bravely,
You must live your errors down.

What though in the toils of Satan
You've for many years been fast,
Be his abject slave no longer,
Be yourself be true at last;
Go to Him who died to save you,
He who wore the thorny crown,
Tell Him all your bitter trials,
He will help you live them down.

Fall "openings" are full upon us.

Spring ideas in winter fabrics prevail.

There is a strong tendency towards simplicity in fashioning costumes. This is especially so where rich material is used.

A vine of sunflowers, poppies, or any æsthetic flower that blends with the tints of silk or other dress material, may be painted or embroidered round one end, or from the neck to the feet. One of these designs made of ivory-white surah silk, with a vine of Calla lillies as the only touch of color, was a great favorite at one of the New York displays.

Changes are being made in last year's designs of fabrics by the manufacturers, which make them far handsomer and appear as novelties.

As the season has so far advanced the reign of tall suits will be very short, and preparations should be made with a view to a long winter.

Heavy pinshes will be combinations; brocades, moires, stripes and plaids will share popular favor this season.

An extreme novelty is a large brocade figure on a moire satin ground in solid color.

Pinshes hold away as a favorite for mixing with silk, satin or woollen goods, and will be used to trim everything from bonnets to skirts.

Watered silks are still in great favor. They are made with a watered effect in stripes from one to two inches wide, and vary in quality from $1.50 to $5.00 a yard.

The newest black goods in silk and wool, are the moire antique Sicilliennes, at $4.50 a yard, twenty-four inches wide.

Chevoits are decidedly the leading woollen fabrics for the present season, in street and travelling costumes. They are made very simply, with kilt plaitings and several rows of stitching on the edge of basque and collar being the only trimmings. The basque or polonaise is a close fit, plain coat, sleeves not too tight nor loose, with cuffs; wide or standing collar and reverse; vest sometimes in plaits; overskirt finished with rows of stitching, and skirt plaited from waist or knee.

The principal color of the season will be red, the cardinal being favorite.

Imported costumes are very *elegante* and elaborate in design and trimming. They are more varied than last year's, and display remarkable skill and beauty in construction.

Short dolman wraps of various soft silks and satins will be worn through early fall.

Mother Hubbard styles will be made with the necks in fine plaits, as well as shirred.

In millinery, large bonnets and hats will be the rule, shapes varying but little from last season.

Ostrich plumes will be worn extensively as trimming. The principal shapes for the fall, are the "poke," "cottage," "Virot," "Gainsborough," turbans, and a variety of cap crown.

Mrs. Garfield has requested Colonel Rockwell to write "an account of the life and an appropriate collection of the literary remains, of General Garfield." And that he will announce, in some public manner, her purpose to cause this work to be done at the earliest practicable time, and of which due notice will be given.

INCREASED OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore says that one evening twenty years ago a few ladies, interested in the welfare of women, discussed the employments open to women. They counted eleven and could think of no more. Recently the same ladies repeated the enumeration, and were able to point out 227 employments which women could engage in.

Two of the largest scholarships offered by Queen's University, Kingston, have been carried off by ladies. These ladies, we understand, intend to take the regular university course and graduate. This is a good sign of the times. Every lover of education and ladies will rejoice in this practical exhibition of the power of women to cope with men. They say man has one cell more in his brain and one flare less in his heart than Woman. But the accuracy of the statement may well be doubted. The time is, at any rate, coming when we shall have in Canada some of Tennyson's "fair girl graduates." All hail to the time, to the "fair girl graduates," and to Tennyson for giving us a neat phrase.

Mdlle. Grevy is going to be married. She is the daughter of the French President, and on account of her father's position her simple personal act is elevated to the dignity of a social event. But it is a social event not at all according to the Parisian mind. There is to be no fuss or flummery; the bride has no fancy for display or an extravagant celebration of her passing into the ranks of matrons. We have more admiration for her in her firm assertion of individual right to move along her life's pathway as she thinks fittest than we have for the Parisian crowd who wish to make the greatest and most serious event in her life an occasion for the display of their own vanity. The husband of the President's daughter has reason to be congratulated on his attachment to a woman of sound sense.

News Summary.

Derry City and Drogheda have been proclaimed.

Archbishop Croke strongly protests against the Land League manifesto.

A largely attended meeting of Antrim tenant farmers passed resolutions of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals for the Land Act.

The English Government has proclaimed the Land League as an illegal and criminal organization, and its meetings will be forcibly dispersed.

The Land Court was opened on the 20th inst., before Lord Justice O'Hagan. The fee for entering the Court has been fixed at one shilling, with a similar amount in notice of appeal.

Archbishop Croke's letter is pretty generally considered the deadliest blow that could be struck at the Land League at this time, and will do more, it is thought, to neutralize the League's words than the Government could do in months.

The County Dublin has been proclaimed under the Arms Act.

Parnell is to be transferred to one of the county jails.

The Land League's offices in Dublin were finally closed on the 21st inst.

Tenants in Roscommon are threatened with death if they pay rents.

The weekly meeting of the Land League at Monaghan was stopped by the police.

The *Riforma* of Rome says the Irish cause does not possess the sympathies of Europe.

Queen Victoria has accepted a copy of the book "From Log Cabin to White House."

Parnell says if the priests of Ireland do not go to jail in this struggle they will not have done their duty.

Despite the Government's proclamation against public meetings, there was a large gathering to-day near Castlebond, the priest presiding.

Decisions Regarding Newspapers.

1. Any person who takes a newspaper 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 subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published though the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional fraud.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1881

QUEBEC LOCAL ELECTIONS

We are requested by several leading Conservative Electors of this County to state, that a meeting will be held in Olivet Hall, Lachute, on Wednesday next, Nov. 2nd, at two o'clock, P.M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the approaching election of a member to represent this County in the Local Parliament of this Province.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

It seems to be the general opinion of the Press, that we are on the eve of a general election for this Province. Some asserting it will take place early in December, others even sooner. But let the time be long or short, it behoves the people to select out the best and most competent men to represent them in the Assembly. For our Local Parliament politics should be discharged from their minds altogether. For what have the Local Government or Parliament to do with politics? What we want are shrewd clear-headed business men, men thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the people they are to represent, and with sufficient speech to present them in a clear, concise and lucid manner—no long-winded speeches taking up time and adding to the expense of the Province already too heavily burdened. Economy must be the order of the day. Our Provincial debt must be reduced. Nothing less will satisfy the people.

We commend to the consideration of the people, the following article copied from the Montreal *Star* of Monday, which fully expresses what we have only hinted at:—

"REFORMERS" AND "CONSERVATIVES."

Will the people of this Province ever get it into their heads that in local politics the phrase "Reformer" and "Conservative" is nothing but a delusion? If they do not, then they will only prove how short-sighted the free and independent elector can be even in these days of newspapers and telegraphs. We know that popular cries are delusive, and that "public opinion" has often been the mere parrot cry of a few self-constituted leaders. The bell wether jumps, and all the other sheep bound into the air, just as the "Reformer" or the "Conservative" talk of certain so-called "principles" and the people cheer and do not *think* whether the so-called principles are worth a grain of sand or a pinch of saw-dust. In a few days we may have an illustration of this. We must have the local elections before very long and then we may again be treated to the "platform" of the "Reformers" and the "platform" of the "Conservatives," and the people, the "sovereign people," will blindly follow my leader and swallow the "principles" just as a sickly patient swallows a cure-all quack nostrum. But if we sit down thoughtfully and consider the issues involved in our provincial affairs, we will find that party politics should have no more to do with our local affairs than the man in the moon has with knalling wood, notwithstanding the popular tradition. What should party politics have to do with the North Shore Railroad? We want the road conducted on business principles if it is to be conducted at all, and if it is to be sold, we want to see it disposed of to the highest bidder, provided that is the best thing to do. It is a commercial matter, and political principles have nothing to do with it. Politics runs such enterprises and it should be banished the rails. O, what has politics to do with our Crown lands? Nothing, except to influence the sale of them for evil, if for anything at all. Party politics is the bane of the Province. We do not want it in our local affairs at all. It distracts the community, raises false issues, and induces the people to think that "Reform" or "Conservative principles" are the true and only ones to win. This delusion has been going on too long. It is time for the people to see the folly, nay, the mischief, of such a policy. Let business, not politics, be the watchword, and if the people are in earnest, they will only support the men who are prepared to treat the affairs of the Province in a spirit of commercial enterprise and not in a spirit of political folly.

STATUTE LABOR FOR ROADS.

Whoever has the fortune or misfortune to represent this County in the next Quebec Parliament, should be a person with sufficient ability and influence to bring forward and get passed a bill for the better maintenance of country roads. In this County especially, the summer and winter roads are always in a wretched condition, and the numerous law suits which have been inflicted upon the people in consequence of the roads, have become an intolerable nuisance. It is likely the petitions which were started by the St. Andrews people will bring about some change in reference to the manner of taking out suits against persons having bad roads opposite their premises; but this will not likely make the roads any better.

A bill which would include statute labor for country roads is what is most needed. Why should property holders only be obliged to contribute to the roads, when a large number of people who use the roads as much as others have nothing to contribute towards them? For instance, a livery man may keep a lot of teams on the road all the time and yet have nothing to contribute towards keeping the roads in repair, provided he owns no property, but simply pays a rental, while the farmers and others who own lands and houses have to keep up the roads for his convenience and profit.

If a statute labor bill were passed so as to oblige every male resident over twenty-one years of age to give two days work on the roads or pay one dollar and fifty cents cash to be spent by the road master upon the roads, there would soon be a change in our streets and public roads. Take for example the number of men in Lachute, St. Andrews, Grenville, or any other place who now have nothing whatever to pay towards keeping the roads or side walks and put this slight tax upon them, and the change would be very perceptibly seen in a very few years. In this way the burden would be taken from the shoulders of the few and spread over a large number. This is already done in many places and the public roads are good in every place where it is carried out. If the four score of men in Lachute who now contribute nothing towards the roads had to work one hundred and sixty days, or pay one hundred and twenty dollars, and this labor or money spent judiciously under the supervision of inspectors who would likewise contribute their share, this place would soon put on a different appearance, and so in like manner would every other place be improved by having good streets and side walks. And who of our young men would begrudge the $1:50 a year towards such an object? There is the physician who has to travel miles over the bad roads would consider his hundred and fifty cents well laid out, so would the baliff, the livery man, the butcher, the baker, and every one else. The clerk, the tailor, the hotel keeper, the school teacher, and some others of this class who use the roads very little, might consider it a hardship to pay or work on the roads, but they would soon get used to it, and when they would take an occasional drive the roads would be so much better than they had been accustomed to, that they would not mind the extra outlay.

This plan would bring all the non-tax payers into line. Once or twice a year there could be a general muster at road work, and not as at present when year after year passes and no sign of a shovelful of gravel put on the road; bridges are let go till they are almost impassable; side walks are in a break-neck condition; ditches are not cleaned out, and in some places the fields are more passable for travellers than the place known as the public road. This plan would make road work a statutory business every year, and not be left to each man fixing his own front as he sees fit, and when he sees fit. The whole road would be looked after in each section and not a little done here and nothing there, but the worst places fixed first and fixed well, and then go on to the next and do likewise. We commend this subject to the ambitious gentlemen who would like to get into the Quebec Parliament, and would say to the successful one whoever he may be, go in for a Statute Labor Bill for country roads.

CARILLON DAM AND SLIDE.

On Saturday last, at two o'clock, the foundation crib for the construction of this important work was successfully sunk and made secure with rock bolts. The contractors Messrs. F. B. McNamee & Co., expect in about ten or twelve days to have the entire superstructure completed, the weather being favorable. They have removed all the boulders between the entrance to New Carillon Canal and the deep water at the entrance of the old canal. They have blown away the reef of rocks, thereby making a straight channel into the new canal. So soon as the gates of the dam are closed, the Chute au Bloudeau will be flooded, and at least ten feet of water will be afforded between the foot of the Grenville and the head of Carillon canal. The contract time for completing this work will not expire until the 31st of December, so that the contractors are to be congratulated upon their success in having the work done in good time. The dam is 1,800 feet long, and the average height from the bed of the river is about 17 feet.

THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION.

On the 21st of October, being the anniversary day celebrated by the Americans in commemoration of their victory over the British General Cornwallis with the whole of his army, the British flag was hoisted at the foremast of each American man-of-war in the harbour, and saluted with 21 guns from each vessel. The land batteries honoring the British flag with the same number of guns, while the people on shore cheered lustily. The French and German guests also joined in the general rejoicings. It was a graceful act and one which England will not be slow to recognize. The two great Anglo-Saxon nations, thus so happily united in the bonds of friendship and brotherhood, may no adverse wind arise to disturb this peace, but may they ever be found side by side in the defence of the weak and in furthering the best interests of mankind.

We clip the following gratifying piece of news from the *Philadelphia American*. It shows what Americans generally think of our National Policy, and how much better it works for the interests of all, than that of a Free Trade one:—

"Canada is enjoying a revival of that prosperity which was never to return to her unless she returned to free trade. Her people no longer flock out of the Dominion to find employment under 'the crushing protective system' of America. She sees new manufactures opening. The demand for labour was never so great. Agents stand at the doors of Catholic churches, offering employment at high wages to everyone they can induce to accept employment. The system of mechanise have not been enhanced by her purpose to buy of her own producers rather than foreigners. And, last of all, instead of the usual deficit in the revenues of the Dominion Government, there is a surplus of more than four millions."

THE BRUNET MURDER.

Our readers will remember about a year ago last September, the people living in the vicinity of Plantagenet Mills, County of Prescott, were thrown into a state of excitement, by the reported murder of an old man named Pierre Brunet. He lived alone in a shanty about two and half miles from the Mills, his nearest neighbour being Damase Brunet, a step-son, who had a wife and six children. The step-son lived upon a twelve acre lot which had belonged to Pierre Brunet, who held a mortgage upon it to secure the yearly payment of $20 per annum. Damase Brunet tried to sell the lot, but no one would buy it on account of yearly rental. The old man was last seen alive on the 20th Sept., 1880, and was not missed for three or four days, when search was made for him, which finally resulted in finding his body lying in a field some distance from the house. The body was carefully covered over with brush, small poles being first laid beside it. While the search was in progress Damase is said to have diverted several parties from the spot where the body was found. The body was decomposed and when being turned over by the *post mortem* examination at the inquest the head became detached, and the medical men gave it as their opinion that the man may have been either choked to death or else had his throat cut, which was the cause of the decomposition acting so largely upon the neck. One of the front pockets was turned inside out as well as a coat pocket, and although it was known that he carried money around with him constantly none was found upon his person. Had the body been found upon the open field it might have been supposed that death was the result of natural causes, but the mere fact of it having been carefully covered up with sticks and brush went to show quite conclusively that there had been foul play and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict to that effect. Who was the murderer? and was there more than one person implicated in it? was the double question of Prescott County. Suspition began to grow against the step-son, but there was nothing to show that Damase Brunet was really the guilty man. It was not then for some little time after the discovery of the murder that any clue was had of the murderer. A young man named David Prevost, who had left for the shanties on the 21st of September, returned to Plantagenet Mills. He was arrested and sent to gaol for four months on the charge of larceny of a stove on his own admission. Prevost's manner had changed from what it formely was; he was not so gay and light-hearted as he used to be and it transpired that when Prevost went up the river he behaved in a most extraordinary manner, seeming to have something weighing upon his mind all the time. He proclaimed himself "a bad man," appeared to be conscience stricken, and was so much affected that he failed to attend properly to his duties as cook, in one of Mr. J. R. Booth's shanties, and so was discharged. On the 21st of December, after being seen by his mother and the parish priest, Prevost made a confession to constable Costello which led to the arrest of Damase Brunet as being implicated in the murder of Pierre Brunet. Prevost had intimated to the priest that he desired to make some disclosures. After some casual conversation, the constable asked Prevost if he knew anything about the murder of the old man Brunet? Prevost asked him to go up-stairs with him; he went, but Prevost was silent for quite a time. The constable told him if he wished to say anything in regard to the matter, to say it without delay as he had to go away. Prevost then said "I killed the man!" He was asked who was with him when he did it. He said that he and Damase Brunet went to the old man's house about noon on Monday, September 20th, the door was open and they went in. The old man was alone in the house as usual and he (Prevost) seized him and choked him to death while Damase Brunet looked on. That same night they returned and took the corpse from the house and placed it in the bush some distance from the dwelling. On the night of December 21st, after this confession was made, between eleven and twelve o'clock Damase Brunet was taken into custody. Constable Wright and Reeve Van Bridger being with Constable Costello. When Brunet had put on his clothes his pockets were searched and a pocket knife belonging to the murdered Pierre Brunet was found upon him, also a piece of flint stone similar to one used by the deceased prior to his death in sharpening his axe. On the 29th of the month (December) the preliminary examination of Damase Brunet was begun, and after several days were consumed in the taking of evidence the prisoner was fully committed for trial. The case did not come on at the spring Assizes, the Crown counsel not being ready to proceed, so it was laid over until the present October term. Both Brunet and Prevost were arraigned on the charge of murder, and they pleaded "not guilty." Hon. R. W. Scott was the Crown prosecutor, and Mr. Nicholas Murphy, of Toronto, counsel for the defence. The trial opened at L'Orignal on Monday afternoon of last week and lasted until Wednesday night ending about two o'clock, when the jury brought in a verdict of murder against both prisoners. Damase Brunet, when asked if he had anything to say why sentence of the court should not be passed upon him, he replied that some of the witnesses had perjured themselves, and that he was innocent of the crime.

David Prevost, upon being asked the same question, made some lengthy remarks regarding the case, referring to the evidence of some of the witnesses, and also speaking of his life. He held that he was not guilty, and disclaimed any knowledge of the affair.

Justice Wilson stated that the sentence he had to pass upon them was founded altogether upon the verdict of the jury and in accordance therewith he sentenced both prisoners—Damase Brunet and David Prevost—to be hanged on Wednesday, the 30th of November next.

"That will be one innocent man hanged!" uttered Prevost as the death sentence was pronounced.

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

LACHUTE MARKET.

October 27, 1881.

FLOUR per Bag sells at $3.50.
OATMEAL sells at $2.50 per 100 pounds.
CORNMEAL sells at $1.60.
GOOD FEED sells at $1.25.
MOULIA sells at $1.50.
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS are selling at usual prices.
FARMERS may expect to get 80c for their Barley.
APPLES, good winter, are selling at $3.00.
BRAN sells at 80c. per 100 lbs.
PEAS bring 90c.
OATS, 30 50.
POTATOES, bring per bag, $0.60.
BEANS are wanted at 80c. per bushel.
BUTTER, 18c. to 20c.
HOGS (well dressed) bring $5.00

GENT'S FURNISHINGS!

GENT'S BRACES!

Gent's Army Braces for 16c.
Gent's Army Braces for 19c.
Gent's Worsted Braces for 22c.
Gent's Gavot Braces for 25c.
Gent's Athletic Braces for 30c.
Gent's National Braces for 31c.
Gent's Net Braces for 34c.
Gent's Grecly Braces for 40c.
Gent's American Braces for 44c.
Gent's Gavot Braces for 48c.
Gent's Gavot Braces for 55c.
Gent's Tru Fit Braces for 70c.
Gent's Gavot Braces for 75c.
Gent's India Rubber Braces for 90c.
Gent's Tru Fit Braces for 95c.
Gent's Cantab Braces for $1 42.
Gent's Cantab Braces for $1 45.
Gent's Cantab Braces for $1 50.
Gent's Buckskin Braces for $2.50.

GENT'S SILK CUFFS!

Gent's Silk Cuffs for the wrist, 12 all qualities, from 35c to $1.00.

COME AND LOOK!

Come and look at S. CARLEY'S TWEEDS
Come and look at S. Carsley's Scotch Tweeds.
Come and look at S. Carsley's English Tweeds
Come and look at S. Carsley's Canadian Tweeds.
Come and look at S. Carsley's Beavers.
Come and look at S. Carsley's Diagonals.
Come and look at S. Carsley's Overcoatings.
Come at once, whilst we have a large assortment to select from.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

BLACK DRESS GOODS!

New Black French Cashmere, 38c.
New Black French Cashmere, 40c.
New Black French Cashmere, 45c.
New Black French Cashmere, 50c.
New Black French Cashmere, 55c.
New Black French Cashmere, 57c.
New Black French Cashmere, 60c.
New Black French Cashmere, 68c.
New Black French Cashmere, 65c.
New Black French Cashmere, 68c.
New Black French Cashmere, 73c.
New Black French Cashmere, 74c.
New Black French Cashmere, 75c.
New Black French Cashmere, 78c.
New Black French Cashmere, 80c.
New Black French Cashmere, 85c.
New Black French Cashmere, 90c.
New Black French Cashmere, $1.
New Black French Cashmere, $1.06.

IMPERIAL!

New Black All-wool Imperial Cloth, for ladies' costumes, price 28c.
New Black All-wool Imperial Cloth, for ladies' costumes, price 30c.
New Black All-wool Imperial Cloth, for ladies' costumes, price 35c.
New Black All-wool Imperial Cloth, for ladies' costumes, price 45c.
New Black All-wool Imperial Cloth, for ladies' costumes, price 55c.

WEST-OF-ENGLAND SERGE!

New All-wool Black West-of-England Serges, for costumes, price 30c.
New All-wool Black West-of-England Serge, for costumes, price 33c.
New All-wool Black West-of-England Serge, for costumes, price 36c.
New All-wool Black West-of-England Serge, for costumes, price 45c.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec, } Superior Court.
Dist't of Terrebonne. }

St. Scholastique, Friday the twenty first day of October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty one.

Before
The Honorable Justice LOUIS BELANGER, J.S.C.

No. 163. Charles Fauvault, of the parish of St. Scholastique, in the said district of Terrebonne, joiner and carpenter, Plaintiff.
vs.
Anthime Lebrun dit Laforet, of the said parish of St. Scholastique, in the said district of Terrebonne, farmer, in his quality and capacity of *tutor ad hoc*, duly appointed in justice, to the minor children, issue of the marriage of the late Octave Lebrun dit Laforet, in his lifetime hotel-keeper of Williamsport, in the state of Pennsylvania, one of the united states of America, with Dame Anna Smith his wife, and the said Anna Smith of Williamsport, in the State of Pennsylvania, one of the united states of America, widow of the late Octave Lebrun dit Laforet, Defendants.

The Court, on the petition of MM. Prevost & Mathieu Esquires, Advocates of the Plaintiff, that inasmuch as it appears by the return of Moise Brazeau, one of the bailiffs of the Superior Court of Lower Canada, upon the summons issued in this cause, that the Defendant Anna Smith has no domicile in this Province, but, on the contrary, resides and has her domicile in the state of Penne Ivania, one of the united states of America, and consequently cannot be found in this District, she be called upon, by two advertisements in French and English, inserted in the *Nord*, a journal published in French, in the Town of St. Jerome, in the said District; and in the *Witness*, a journal published in English, at Lachute, in the said District, summoned to appear before this Court, to reply and answer to the said action, and on her failing to appear and answer to the same, within two month from the last insertion of said advertisements, it shall be permitted to said Plaintiff to proceed against her as in a Cause by default.

By the Court,
ALPHONSE RAIN,
Dep. P. S. C.

9-2 ins

Province of Quebec, } Superior Court.
District of Terrebonne. }

St. Scholastique, Friday the twenty first day of October, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-one.

Before
The Honorable Justice LOUIS BELANGER, J.S.C.

No. 166. Dame Mary Macgosby, of the parish of St. Canute, in the said district, widow of the late John Oreilly in his lifetime of the same place, yeoman, Plaintiff.
vs.
Dame Mathilde Coron, of the said parish of St. Canute, said district, widow of the late Michael Oreilly, in his lifetime of the same place, farmer, as well as in her own name as having been *commune en biens* with the said late Michael Oreilly, as in her capacity of *tutrice*, duly appointed *en justice*, to the minor children issued of her marriage with the said late Michael Oreilly, and Guillaume, *alias* William Oreilly, of the said parish of St. Canute, farmer, Defendant.

The Court, on the petition of Messrs. Prevost and Mathieu, Esquires, advocates of the plaintiff, that inasmuch as it appears by the return of Moyse Brazeau, one of the bailiffs of the Superior Court of Lower Canada, upon the summons issued in this cause, that the Defendant Guillaume, *alias* William Oreilly has left his domicile in the province of Quebec, and cannot be found in the district of Terrebonne, he be called upon by two advertisements, in French and English, inserted in the *Nord*, a journal published in French, in the town of St. Jerome, in the said district, and in the WATCHMAN, a journal published in English, at Lachute, in the said district, to appear before this Court, to reply and answer to the said action, and on his failing to appear and answer the same, within two months from the last insertion of said advertisements, it shall be permitted to said plaintiff to proceed against him, as in a cause by default.

By the Court,
ALPHONSE RAIN,
Dep. P. S. C.

LIGGET & HAMILTON,
importers of
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Carpets, and Housefurnishings,
A splendid assortment of
SEALETTES,
for winter clothes, now being sold
AT A VERY LOW PRICE.
A large line of MILLINERY in stock.
LIGGET & HAMILTON,
47 & 49 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
39y1

Great Trade Sale.
AT THE
Montreal House, St. Andrews

We will offer the largest and best stock in the Country at a great reduction until the first of March.

TWEEDS.
English, Scotch and Canadian, to suit the fancy and purse of all.

DRESS GOODS.
Of all shades and quality at ten per cent below Wholesale Price.

GREY COTTONS.
Having on hand a large stock of Grey Cottons and Prints, we have reduced them to first cost.

GROCERIES.
Teas a speciality at 35c, 40c, and a first class tea at 50c.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
Ladies' Cloth Boots, Button and Lace, at twenty-five per cent below cost price, to clear them out.

All our Stock must be sold before that date. Come and examine goods and prices,—No objection to show goods. Our marks are all in plain figures, so customers can see for themselves.

G. & M SIMPSON.
St. Andrews, Jan 25, 1881. 30tf

New York
Millinery Establishment.

MRS. E. JUVET has just opened a first-class Millinery Establishment in the village of
ST. ANDREWS
It will no longer be necessary for the ladies of the village and surrounding country to go to Montreal for the most fashionable bonnets and hats. Her goods will positively eclipse anything heretofore seen in the village. Her stock consists of
LADIES', MISSES' AND INFANTS' HATS
of every description and shape; old ladies' and matrons bonnets, French and English flowers, ostrich feathers, vulture feathers, and fancy feathers in all the newest colors; jet bonnet trimmings, bonnet and hat shapes, Spanish lace ties, silk ties, ladies' Tuscan bibs, infants' bibs, white, Smyrna, and black ruffling, jet collars dress caps, widows' caps, real laces, Spanish laces, shaded plushes, shaded plush, and satin ribbons; silks and satins in the newest shades, silk velvet, velveteens, dress fringe, cord and tassels, bonnet ornaments, bonnet crape, widows' borders, black and cream silk fishus, shaded plush ties, shaded chenille girdles, chenille nets, fur hats, etc.
HAVING ENGAGED
A FIRST-CLASS MILLINER,
she anticipates giving entire satisfaction to all those leaving their orders. From her experience in the business, she feels confident that she will not only merit, but receive a large share of public patronage. Call and
EXAMINE HER STOCK
WHICH IS
QUITE COMPLETE.
Grand Opening on Oct. 1st, 1881.
1c 3 3m

Watches! Watches! Watches!
NOW IS THE TIME TO GET A WATCH.
Watches for..... $22.00
Watches for..... 19.00
Watches for..... 12.00
Watches for..... 6.00
ALL PRICES.
C. W. HUGHES,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
MARKET SQUARE, LACHUTE.
Agent For The Waltham Watch.
11y

BREAD—HOPE'S—BREAD

J. HOPE'S BREAD still leading as testified by the almost unprecedented demand for his
HOUSEHOLD LOAF!
necessitating the employment of extra hands in the Bakery, and the putting on the Road of another Double Horse Wagon, to supply his increasing numerous customers in the country around Lachute.

The quality of his Bread is rated A 1 by all
Twists, Scones, Rolls, Graham Bread, &c.
Cakes of all kinds.
Candies (The Best) and always fresh.

The following list of Stores keep his bread for sale, and see that the brand HOPE is on each loaf:—

LACHUTE.
W. Bamford & Co., East End.
G. L. Meikle, Post Office.
J. Patinaude, Montreal House.
J. & R. Bamford, Town Store.
Fish & Ireland, Mills.

ST. ANDREWS.
F. N. Beetle, Farmers Exchange.

GREECE'S POINT.
Heaney, Stewart & Co.
Waddle Brothers.
W. Forman.
Mrs. M. Binnon.

CHATHAM.
J. Cushing.

CHATHORO.
C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.
E. Labiane.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
LACHUTE BAKERY.
11tf

MONTREAL HOUSE
LACHUTE.
My Fall Stock
is now
Nearly Complete.
I am daily in receipt of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &c.
Men's Long Boots from $2.00
Boys' " " " 1.50
Women's Boots
IN GREAT VARIETY.
Crockery at greatly reduced prices, of which I have a large stock.
J. PATENAUDE,
v5 n1 ly

Bedding House!
First Prize
ON
Mattrasses, Pillows, &c.
G Armstrong &Co.
Victoria Square
MONTREAL.
v4 n11 ly

A. McLENNAN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Dealer in
Tea,
Sugar,
Highland & Irish Liquors.
Butter, Eggs, &c., &c., sold on Commission.
ORDERS FROM COUNTRY PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.
92 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. 11

S. MYERS
DEALER IN
JEWELLERY & WATCHES
A SPECIALTY IN DIAMONDS.
225 McGill St., Montreal.
Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets.
WATCHES AND ALL KINDS OF JEWELLERY REPAIRED.
June 1881 40-1y

REAL ESTATE.
FARMS & VILLAGE PROPERTY
IN
Grenville Village & Adjoining Townships
FOR SALE CHEAP.

GRENVILLE VILLAGE.
10 Lots with dwellings and outbuildings from $300 to $700 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot	3 in 1st Range	$ 8 00
S W ¼	"	5 in 4th Range	300 00
N ½	"	14 in 5th Range	200 00
N E ¼	"	14 in 5th Range	20 00
S ½	part	11 in 3rd Range	5 00
N ½	"	2 in 4th Range	270 00
S ½	"	19 1 4th Range	400 00
N ½	"	10 in 6th Range	400 00
S ½	part	11 in 6th Range	4 00
N ½	"	87 in 7th Range	800 00
S ½	"	6 in 3rd Range	1000 00

HARRINGTON.

N ½	"	13 and 14 in 2nd Range	1600 00
S ½	"	19 in 4th Range	100 00
W ½	"	18 in 5 h Range	300 00

ARUNDEL.

4 ½	"	16 in 7th Range	800 00

Apply to
ALEXANDER PRIDHAM,
Grenville, P. Q.,
Or, Argenteuil, Que.
24 y.

THE NEW HAT STORE.
K. MacDIARMID,
HATS, CAPS & FURS,
No. 16 St. Joseph Street,
(*Next door to American House*)
MONTREAL.
Old Furs Dressed and made over new.

D'FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
Cures Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Sea Sickness and Summer Complaint; also Cholera Infantum, and all Complaints peculiar to children teething, and will be found equally beneficial for adults or children.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
T. MILBURN & CO.,
Proprietors, Toronto.

FALL 1881.
New Dress Goods!
Costume Cloths only 16c.
Our Black Cashmeres are cheaper than ever.
TWEEDS in great variety.
FLANNELS
from the best makers.
All wool, grey, 32 cents per yard.
" scarlet 15 "
Canton, fair quality, 11 cents per yard.
Prints, fast colors, "
WINCEYS 8 cents and upwards.
A lot of Knitting Yarns to be sold cheap.
TRY THE LI-QUOR TEA!
A handsome volume with every 5 lbs. of Tea.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.
THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
C. T. WALES & Co.,
Sep. 14. St. Andrews.
11f



LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 2nd Nov. at 8 o'clock sharp.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLE for LACHUTE.

GOING WEST.

Leave Lachute—Mixed.............. 5.22 a. m.
" " Express..........10.06 a. m.
" " Express........ 6.52 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Leave Lachute—Mixed............ 6.18 a. m.
" " Express..........11.05 a. m.
" " Express.......... 7.50 p. m.

MAIL HOURS.

Mails going West close at..................9.45.
Mails going East close at..................10.45.
Registered Letters five minutes earlier.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Sheriff's Sale Z Rousselle.
For best value—Riepert Bro.
Fancy Goods.—Ligget & Hamilton.
Gents' Furnishings —S. Carsley.
Superior Court.—A. Raby.
" " "
Dr. Fowler's Extract—T. Milburn & Co.
Burdock Blood Bitters.— "
Key to Health.— "
Down's Elixir. —Henry, Johnsons & Lord.

LOCAL.

The Trenton *Advocate* has again changed hands, Mr. James A. Orr retiring and Mr. George Graham, of Guelph, becoming its publisher. We wish our confrere every success in his new venture, and that the *Advocate* may go on to spread and flourish until the whole valley is filled with its publications.

That marvelous purifyer, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, will speedily change the sallow face to one of freshness, health and beauty. It regulates the Bowels, acts promptly on the Liver and Kidneys and strengthens the system when broken down by Nervous or General Debility. Ask your Druggist for a Trial Bottle, the cost is only 10 cents. Large Bottles $1.00.

We understand that twenty-five immegrants, recently arrived, found ready employment at Greece's Point works at $1.25 per day.

"Hail beauteous, bounteous, gladsome Spring" this was Mark Twain's prize poem —but the dire diseases incident to Spring, spoil the romance. Burdock Blood Bitters is the prize remedy, the remedy prized by all who have tried it as the best Blood Purifying Tonic and System Regulator in the market. It cures all Blood Humors from the worst Scrofula to a common Pimple. Sample Bottle 10 cents, for sale by all dealers in medicine.

An American lumber firm visited Ottawa last week in search of hands, but found the prices ruling here for skilled labour so high and so scarce, they were obliged to leave as they came.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; a few doses relieves the most distressing cough, and a twenty-five cent bottle has cured many a sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness and Soreness of the Chest. It is the grand specific for all throat and lung complaints leading to Consumption.

American capitalists are now said to be negotiating for the purchase of the Q. M. O. & O. R. R.

In cases of Chronic disease which doctors have failed to cure, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS has achieved its greatest triumph. All diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Piles, Female Complaints and all forms of lost Vitality are promptly cured by this great renovating Tonic. Trial Bottles only cost 10 cents.

It is expected that the dam at Carillon, for which F. B. McNamee & Co. are contractors, will be completed by the 15th of November. With the enlarged locks, vessels drawing ten feet of water will be enabled to pass through.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM is composed of the most healing balsams and gums. The balsams, which enter into its composition, were used by the natives when America was first discovered and are combined with other vegetable tonics, so blended together, that it is a specific for all affections of the throat and lungs. Thousands of bottles are used annually, and it is considered one of the standard preparations of the day.

—Dr. Sweetland and Mr. Belanger, of Ottawa, purchased a phosphate lot in East Portland which they recently sold to an American speculator for $10,600. The latter has in his turn sold it to another American for $50,000.

HEADACHE.

Why become a suffering martyr to headache, when BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the cause of all varieties of either Sick or Nervous Headache, cleanse the System, regulate the Secretions, relieve Constipation of the Bowels, purify the Blood, renovate the Liver and tone up the Nervous System, and distressing headache will be unknown? Sample Bottles 10 cents, Large Bottles $1.0 .

Last week the Rev. Mr. Rochon met with an accident which nearly proved fatal at the Calumet station of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway. The night being very dark, and unable to see where he was going, he fell over the edge of a wharf about fiteen feet high into deep water, but fortunately for him some men were near who promptly succeeded in rescuing him.

We hear it is the intention of the Government to build an observatory on the mountain here, for the purpose of taking meteorological observations. Although a much higher point on the Laurentian range might have been selected, it was decided to locate here, as it is a central point between the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers.

We understand that a preliminary meeting of a few of the Scotch residents of this village was held in Victoria Hall, on Tuesday the 25th inst., when it was resolved to organize a Caledonia Club to be called the Lachute Caledonia Club, and that a general invitation through the means of printed posters has been issued calling on all Scotchmen or their descendants to meet on Tuesday evening, the 8th Nov., to elect their Office-Bearers, frame By-Laws, and transact business. The invitation is extended to all the adjoining parishes.—Look out for next issue.

"*Arkansaw* or *Arkansas*." It is immaterial which pronunciation is adopted in this case, but quite material that the citizens of Arkansaw with the rest of the United States and the Dominion should be supplied with good pens. Esterbrook's are popular, reliable and standard.

Pressing orders have been received at Woolwich for waggons and stores for use of military encampments in Ireland, half to be sent to Cork and the other half to Dublin.

The magistrate and police dispersed an indignation meeting at Pomeroy, County Tyrone, on Saturday. No trouble was attempted.

The Trafalgar Square indignation meeting on Saturday night was a failure. Rain spoiled it.

LOST.—About two weeks ago one Grey Horse 9 years old and one Black Colt one year old with white stripe on face and both hind feet white. Any person returning them to the undersigned will be suitably rewarded.

JAMES C. JAMES.

Lachute Oct. 27th, 1881.

PLOUGHING MATCH.

The following prizes were awarded at ploughing match held on Henry McRae's farm, East Settlement, on the 26th inst.

Men's Special—2 enteries.

JUDGES —Daniel McLean, Thomas Nichol, and John Clarke.

John Gordon, East Settlement, 1st.
David Morrin, Jerusalem, 2nd.

Men's General Class—12 entries.

John Doig, Upper Lachute, 1st.
Pauld Doig, do 2
William Todd, Lachute Road, 3
William Schofield, Beechridge, 4
James McOuat, Upper Lachute, 5
John McGilvary, Jerusalem, 6
Walker McOuat, Branch, 7

Boys' Special—2 entries.

JUDGES—William Wilson, Thomas Morin, and Michael Briarton.

Andrew Boa, (Son of Archibald) 1
George Hay, Chatham, 2

Boys' General Class—5 entries.

George Cummings, Beechridge, 1
Duncan Clark, Lachute, 2
John Todd, Lachute Road, 3
John Todd, East Settlement, 4
William McFarlane, Upper Lachute, 5

The turn out was large, 21 ploughs being in the field, but the land was too dry, and consequently the work was hard for both men and horses. All the work done was considered by the Judges very good, and an improvement is observed every year. The day being a cold one for the season, the men were very thankful to both Mr. McRae and Mrs. Cleland, and the other friends, for their kind attention and for the plentiful repast prepared for them.

G. J. WALKER, Secty.

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 necessarily for publication.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:—The by-law, which binds and compels the ratepayers from Barron's bridge to McKimmie's to gravel that part of road, also to make sidewalks and to pay taxes for the defraying of the expenses of opening up, and keeping in repair, the water-course leading from McGibbon's tannery to the North river, and all outlets and gutters necessary to carry the water off, has been assented to by the council and passed, as far as I can learn. There has been some deception practised in order to get names to the petition, so as to make up the majority, in consequence of which trouble is ahead of the council if they attempt to enforce that clause of the by-law, and perhaps end in another heavy bill of costs for the corporation to pay. So much for the caution, wisdom and prudence of the council in being guided in such a matter by fourth-class lawyers, and our local M. P. P.

Yours truly,
K. B.

TRANSIENT VISITOR'S LETTER.

To the Editors of the WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIRS,—In reference to the letter you published some few weeks ago from the Montreal *Post*, signed "Transient Visitor" and in which my name appeared so prominently, I wish to state to your readers and the public generally, that I was entirely ignorant of the letter appearing in the *Post*, and knew nothing whatever about it until I saw it in the WATCHMAN. I make this explanation as some parties have thought the letter was got up through me, or by me, for the purpose of establishing my claim to the candidacy of the approaching general election; while the fact is, the letter was got up and published both in the *Post* and WATCHMAN without my knowledge or consent, and it was only the other day that I found out who the author of the letter was.

Yours truly,
F. C. IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, Oct. 24th, 1881.

[In justice to Mr. IRELAND, we may here remark, that he was not pleased with us for publishing the letter in question without his knowlege, he never having seen the letter until he saw it in our columns. Our attention was drawn to it in the *Post* and we copied it into our columns, as we would any other letter speaking well of our prominent public men.—ED. W.]

Fancy Drinks.

Burdock Blood Bitters is not a fancy drink, but a pure medicinal tonic, alterative, laxative and nervine, whose effect is to purify, restore and build up the impoverished blood and enfeebled body. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately —depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. 2371

HAS STOOD THE TEST.

N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir has been in use for half a century in the United States and Canada; and the thousands who have used it have never found it to fail, as a certain and speedy cure for coughs, colds, croups, asthma, diseases of the lungs and consumption. The inventor has been blessed by thousands as a benefactor of humanity, and when half a century more shall have gone by his name will still be a household word, while many of the great names now so honored and revered shall be forgotten. The fame of the Elixir, so long ago established, gains wider renown each year, for all who use it spread abroad the news of its efficacy more effectually than any medium of advertising could do.

A General Alarm

Is needed when the frame is consumed with fever as with a slow fire, brought on by sluggishness of the kidneys, or torpidity of the liver; Burdock Blood Bitters will act on the system like a chemical engine, and remove all fever and restore to normal state of health. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

No Wonder.

Many a man's love has been turned into loathing on account of unsightly eruptions on the face, and of offensive breath of his fiancee. This trouble could have been avoided if she only had sense enough to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial sizes 10 cents.

Top off with a Bit of Pie.

What a peculiar American custom, and one which, together with hot cakes and excess of butter, lays the foundation for first-class cases of dyspepsia. Better use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

Dr. Fowlea's Extract of Wild Strawberry

Cures cancer of the stomach and bowels, dysentery, cholera morbus, and all summer complaints;

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. C. J. Brydges stated recently in Winnipeg that the Hudson Bay Company had sold to actual settlers upwards of 40,000 acres of land during the past two months. The settlers come from Old Canada, the British Isles, Germany, and Scandinavia.

DAMMING THE OTTAWA.—A proposition having been submitted to the Minister of Public Works for damming the Ottawa on the upper waters with the purpose of securing a more uniform level at all seasons of the year. The proposed site of the dam is below Lake Temiscamengue. This lake is 70 miles long from its head to the head of the Long Sault Rapids at its foot. These rapids are six miles long and about a quarter of a mile wide at the head and about twenty-five feet wide at the foot at low water. A properly constructed dam at the Mountain Rapids would make the river navigable to the head of Lake Temiscamengue, and a good land road can be found from there to Mattawa railway station, say ten miles. The land at the head of the lake is good for farming, and well adapted for settlement. It is said that the Minister of Public Works intends to send two engineers to examine and report on the project of the dam.

BOILER EXPLOSION.—The boiler in D. McMillan's mill, Cumberland, exploded on the 19th. The house was blown into atoms, but fortunately there was no loss of life. One boy, named Giffin, was struck in the face with a piece of timber, and had his jaw dislocated. The engineer was out of the building when the accident occurred.

—Mr. Tasse, the junior member for Ottawa, was on Monday last presented with an elegant gold watch and an address by his French-Canadian friends. Among the gentlemen on the platform were Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. Mr. Mousseau, Hon. Mr. Caron, Mayor Mackintosh, Hon. Wm. McDougall and Hon. James Skead. The demonstration took place in the Canadian Institute, which was profusely decorated for the occasion. About one thousand persons were present.

—The recent exploration party of Col. Mercer up the Spanish River, Algoma district, is said to have discovered vast pine forests containing upward of 24,000,000,000 feet of a superior quality of pine lumber, with facilities of getting it to market equal to the best.

—A national subscription has been started in Spain for the purpose of buying Gibraltar (the key of the Mediterranean) from England. But if England refuses to sell it the money will be devoted to the erection of fortifications on the straits which divide Africa from Spain.

—Two thousand five hundred bricklayers have returned to Canada from the Hudson brickyards, finding business in Canada more flourishing than the United States, wages being higher and living cheaper.

"Don't know half their Value."

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, who the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I would have lost both of them one night if I had not given them Hop Bitters. They did them so much good I continued their use until they were cured. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y.—*American Rural Home.*

Sheriff's Sale.

CIRCUIT COURT
in and for the County of Argenteuil.

No. 250.

DAVID WILLIAMSON, Jr., Plaintiff.
vs.
JOSEPH BOYD, Defendant.

The north part of lot number three, in the seventh range of the township of Grenville, bounded on the east by John Graves, on the south by Patrick Flannely, on the west by Richard Cousins, and on the north by the concession line, containing one hundred and forty acres, more or less, with a house and out-buildings thereon erected.

To be sold at the Registry Office at Lachute district of Terrebonne, on Saturday the fifth day of November next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; said writ returnable the eleventh day of November next (1881).

Z. ROUSSELLE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ste. Scholastique, 25th October 1881.

For Best Value

IN

Ladies' & Gents'

FURS

GO TO

RIEPERT BROS.,

97 ST. LAWRENCE ST.,

MONTREAL.

THEY KEEP A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK, and Deal Liberally with their Customers.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. v5 n7 1y

THE LATEST & MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION!

EDISON'S InstantaneouS GUIDE

TO THE

Piano or Organ.

By which any Child or Person can play any of the Popular Airs by note, at sight, without STUDY, PREVIOUS PRACTICE, or even Musical Talent. The Company will FORFEIT $1,000 if any Child ten years old fails to play ANY ONE of our Popular Tunes on the PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON within ONE HOUR after receiving the Music and Instructions, provided said Child can count with the figures before it, from 1 to 100 correctly.

7 Pieces of Music, With Instructions,

Mailed to any address on receipt of $1.00. Enclose one-cent postage stamp for Catalogue of tunes. Agents wanted in every State and County in the Union.

Edison Music Co.,

215 & 217 Walnut St., Philada., Pa.

LOST.

Lost, on the 13th inst., a brown cow, 10 years old, marked on the hip with red paint. Any person bringing her to Mr. Alex. McKnight, Lakefield, or to Mr. Roderigue, Lachute, will receive a reward of $1 50.

M. LAROSE, Cattle Buyer

For dysentery, diarrhea, and all summer complaints use the greatest of all pure simple remedies— Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is pleasant, rapid, reliable and effective. For sale by all dealers. T. Milburn & Co, Proprietors.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering

Brown's Household Panacea, has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a pain or ache. "It will most surely quicken the blood and heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea, being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 2311

FOR SALE CHEAP

AT

Wm MURRAY'S

NO. 71 ST JOSEPH STREET,
MONTREAL.
A Few Gold Watches and Chains.
3 m-1

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Parties Wishing

TO

PLANT GRAPE VINES

and small fruits should

Forward their Orders at Once,

TO

Gallagher & Gauthier,

101 ST. FRANÇOIS XAVIER STREET

MONTREAL,

proprietors of the

Beaconsfield Vineyards,

NEAR

POINT CLAIRE.

CHESNUT COAL.

We have just received a large lot of Chesnut Coal, which we will sell cheap for cash.

G. & M. SIMPSON.

St. Andrews, Aug. 25th, 1881.

LAMPS! LAMPS!

FRED R. COLE,

418 & 420 Notre Dame Street,
MOMTREAL.

Manufacturer and Importer, Lamps & Brackets. Coal oil Chandeliers &c.

FINE AMERICAN KEROSENE.
3 m-1

Dr. G. W. PRENTISS.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: NORTH STREET

Grenville Village,
Province of Quebec.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size $1.

For sale by all dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

OUR STOCK

OF

MILLINERY,
WINTER JACKETS,
ULSTERS,
FANCY GOODS, &c.,

is all well selected. Ladies will do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

J. & A. LOWE.

v4 n34 1y EAST END, LACHUTE.

J. D. LEDUC, L. L. B.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, ETC.,

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, P. Q.

Collections made on reasonable terms, in all parts of the district of Terrebonne (and other districts), and promptly remitted.

Oct. 15, 1881. v5 n8 1y

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,

Main Street, Lachute.

Has constantly on hand a general supply of first-class watches, clocks and jewellery, which he will dispose of cheap for cash.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch. He respectfully solicits a call.

v5 n6 1y

FARMS FOR SALE.

THE FARM SITUATED IN 1st RANGE of Chatham, formerly owned by the late Rev. Wm. Mayor, being lot no. 5 Also, the farm situated in the 2nd range, formerly owned by the late John O'Brien, being lot no. 28.

TERMS EASY. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to the proprietor,

JAMES MILLER,
Cushing.

n8 3ms

PATENTS

obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts, attended to for moderate fees.

We are opposite the U. S. Patent Office, engaged in patent business exclusively, and can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington.

When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make no charge unless we obtain patent.

We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Supt. of the Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own state, or county, address—

C. A. SNOW & Co.,

OPPOSITE PATENT OFFICE,

v5 n8 1y WASHINGTON, D. C.

What are all those people waiting for?

They are all waiting to be served at PAUL'S.

Why do they wait there when they can find so many idle clerks at other places to attend to them?

Because they have found out that they can deal better there than anywhere else. Prices are lower, besides the cash discount, than in other stores, where they give no discount at all.

Just arrived all the latest patterns in Tweeds, Worsteds, Overcoatings, Cloakings, Cashmeres, Merinos, Costume Cloths, Winceys, Prints, Dress goods, Drills, Denims, twilled & plain Cottons, grey or bleached, Trimmings, Flowers, Feathers, Satins, Plushes and Velvets, Hats and Caps, for Ladies and Gentlemen.

TAILORING & DRESSMAKING
carried on by
Experienced Hands,
at reasonable prices.

Latest London & New York Fashions, on view.

SUITS, READY-MADE,
or
Made to Order,

from the ordinary Jewish shoddy cloth, to the best Scotch and English tweeds.

GROCERIES

as usual, choice and fresh.

PATENT MEDICINES.

A large and full stock. Also, FANCY SOAPS and PERFUMES.

5 PER CENT off for cash.

10 PER CENT off on medicines.

FARMERS' EXCHANGE,
Alexander Paul,
Brownsburg, Oct. 18th, 1881.
v5 n10 1y

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION.

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no Other.

D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkeness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

PLACIDE LATOUR,

BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

COLLECTING AGENT,

Private Detective,

and confidential

Secret-Service Agent.

All business promply attended to.

v5, 1 1y



Wm. MURRAY,
No 71 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.
Watchmaker,
AND
JEWELLER.
3 m-1

STRACHAN'S

Gilt Edge Soap

Is undoubtedly the best family Soap in the market, because it is of Uniform Weight, each Bar weighing a pound; because it is of Uniform Quality, and that quality the highest; because it is Perfectly Pure, containing only advantageous ingredients; because it has qualities which Soften and Beautify the Hands, not injuring them as inferior soaps; because, in a word, it is an Honest Article. It is manufactured by

W. STRACHAN & CO.,
36 Jacques Cartier Street,
MONTREAL.

Sold by all Leading Grocers thro'-out the Dominion.

v5 n7 1y

N. H. DOWNS' Vegetable Balsamic ELIXIR!

This valuable medicine is purely vegetable, the discovery of which was the result of many years' close study, in order to discover the cause, the symptoms and the cure—viz.:

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis,

and every species of oppression of the Chest and Lungs. In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered its efficacy has been invariably manifested, convincing the most incredulous that

CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to.—Consumption at its commencement, is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the lungs, then an inflammation, when the cough is more observable, but rather dry; then becomes local fever and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all morbid irritations and inflammation from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.

IT HEALS THE ULCERATED SURFACES

and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of so drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, generally destroys the hectic before the cough is entirely gone. Consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions for cure of pulmonary diseases. Price 35cts. and $1 per bottle. Sold everywhere.

HENRY, JOHNSONS & LORD, Props.
MONTREAL, P. Q.

Rock Bottom!

Still Further Marked Down!

SURPRISING REDUCTIONS IN
Ready-Made Clothing.
CLOTHING SEASONABLE,
Durable, and
Fashionable.

To be sold AT COST during the present month

—AT THE—

Boston Clothing Store,
41 and 43 St. JOSEPH Street.

This has been the busiest season we have yet had, and we are keeping it up by selling a great many lines

AT COST!

SERVICEABLE COATS, Assorted Sizes, for $2.00
FASHIONABLE " " " " 3.25
DURABLE WOOL " " " " 2.50

Odd lines and best value ever offered in this City!

STYLISH PANTS, former prices $1.50 for $1.00
SERVICEABLE PANTS " " 1.55 " 1.25
FASHIONABLE PANTS " " 2.00 " 1.50
ALL-WOOL PANTS " " 2.65 " 2.00

BONA-FIDE PRICES.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT A SUIT OF
OUR INDIGO BLUE SERGE
REDUCED 25 PER CENT,
AT

The Boston

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING STORE,
41 AND 43 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

v5 n23m.

PLATED KNIVES, FORKS,
Cruets Butter Coolers.
FOR SALE CHEAP AT
Wm. MURRAY'S,
NO. 71 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
MONTREAL.
3 m-1

The Ottawa River Navigation Comp'y.



FALL ARRANGEMENT
OF
MARKET LINE.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK, each way, between CARILLON and MONTREAL.

The Str. "DAGMAR" will leave CARILLON at 6 a. m. every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY. RETURNING, will LEAVE CANAL BASIN at 6 a. m. (and LACHINE on arrival of 7 a. m. train) every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS are requested to notify their shippers at Montreal, that freight will be received every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY.

Shippers of LIVE STOCK, BUTTER, CHEESE and other produce by this arrangement, have THREE BOATS A WEEK TO MONTREAL.

—Freight carried at lowest rates.—

Freight stores: 87 Common St., Canal Basin, Montreal.

R. W. SHEPHERD,
President.

38tf

FLOUR! FLOUR!

A DIPLOMA OF HONOR.
FIVE FIRST PRIZES,
and
One Second Prize,

were awarded to the Lachute mills manufacture of

PASTRY FLOUR,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
Ordinary Oatmeal.
Granulated Oatmeal.
GRAHAM FLOUR,
GRANULATED WHEAT,
Pot and Pearl, Barley.

Prices for the above, rule as low or lower than any others of the same quality, elsewhere.

Also for sale, at low prices, boxes of
BLACK TEA,
JAPAN TEA,
AND OTHER TEAS,
together with barrels of HERRINGS and GENERAL GROCERIES

Fish & Ireland.

Lachute Mills, Oct. 18th 1881.

ROBERT STEVENSON,
DEALER IN
First Class Organs and Pianos
Old Instruments taken in exchange.

Pianos and Organs sold on Instalments.

Tuning and repairing done at reason rates.

Lachute, Feb. 23rd 1881. 38tf

Exhibition 1881!

Having been awarded
Eight First Prizes &
DIPLOMAS OF HONOR

at the Dominion Exhibition, Montreal, 1881, for my instruments, which have thus been proclaimed superior to all others; I propose remaining

Hors Concours

this year, and holding an Exhibition of PIANOS and ORGANS at my

PIANO ROOMS,

to which the musical public are respectfully invited.

Intending purchasers should avail themselves of this favorable occasion to secure a musical instrument.

I shall have in stock from

75 to 80

Canadian, American and European
PIANOS & ORGANS,

carefully selected, and at greatly reduced prices, for the occasion.

ONE PRICE ONLY AND THE LOWEST.

NO AGENTS.

L. E. N. Pratte,

280 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

WM. BANFORD

is agent for

McCall's
NEW YORK BAZAR PATTERNS,

and keeps a full stock on hand.

Orders may be left with J. Banford & Co. at West End Store, and will be promptly filled.

Lachute, Oct. 1, 1881. v5 n6 1y

The Continental Clothing Store,
66 BONAVENTURE ST.
MONTREAL.

New Store! New Goods!
Gents'
Youths'
and Children's
Suits and Overcoats
AT
BOTTOM PRICES.

FINE CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
A full line of
GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

SMITH & CO.,
66 BONAVENTURE ST.,
MONTREAL.

v5 n6 1y

PARKS' PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
195½ St. James St., Montreal.

We call special attention to our PANEL or TABLET PHOTOS, one of the latest novelties. Also, a new patent process of producing large Photos, worked very fine. Our REMBRANDT or SHADOW PORTRAITS are the finest produced; and the SOLOMON OR PHOTO-RELIEF are very fine for frames or easel. All negatives preserved. We have a stock of negatives from the Inglis' estate. Solar Printing for the Trade. Copying, enlarging, and finishing in Oil, Water Color, and Ink.

We respectfully solicit your patronage.
1 m-3

No Patent, No Pay

PATENTS

obtained for mechanical devices, medical and other compounds, ornamental designs, trademarks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Infringments, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to. We make preliminary examinations and furnish opinions as to patentability, free of charge, and all who are interested in new inventions and Patents are invited to send for a copy of our "Guide for obtaining Patents," which is sent free to any address, and contains complete instructions how to obtain Patents, and other valuable matter. During the past five years we have obtained nearly three thousand Patents for American and Foreign inventors, and can give satisfactory references in almost every county in the Union.

Address: LOUIS BAGGER & Co., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY!

Ploughs and Plough castings of all kinds.
Stoves in great variety.
Agricultural and general machinery of all kinds made and repaired.
Mower Extras always on hand.
Oil expressly for mowing machines.
School Desks and Seats for Public Halls.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all our work.

McOUAT & McRAE.

Lachute, March 31st, 1881. 41y

ATTENTION!!

Received and to arrive fall lines in fall goods, viz:
Winceys,
Costume Cloth,
Serges,
Flannels,
Clouds,
Cottons,
Sheetings,
Prints,
Boy's, Youth's and Mens' Underwear in all prices.

Boots and Shoes a Specialty.

Large assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS & LADIES' SATCHELS.

ALWAYS on hand CHOICE GROCERIES.

Sole agents for the
Celebrated Crompton Corsets.
Good Goods;
Low Prices and Fair Dealing.
H. GILES & SON,

Lachute, Sep. 1881. 4b-y

Important Advertisement.

To Cash or Produce Buyers.

BUTTER, EGGS & PORK WANTED!

ALL WHO WISH to get good value for their money, can do so by buying their Cottons, Prints, Linens, Lustres, Mohairs, Flannels, Tweeds, Ducks, Checked Cotton, for shirts, and Ready-Made Shirts, Overalls & also, Ready-Made Clothing and Rubbed Coats, at

F. X. BERTRAND'S,
West End, Lachute.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Having received my stock of Boots and Shoes I can offer a good article for the money, and a large assortment to choose from.

FARMERS' HAYING TOOLS.

Scythes, Snaths, Forks, Grind Stones, and Scythe Stones at the lowest price.

I have always on hand a large stock of

GROCERIES

at the lowest prices. Teas from 25c. to 60c., excellent quality.

PATENT MEDICINES

at reduced prices; and a sure cure for all who suffer is the "TANK KIDNEY PAD," wholesale and retail, with testimonials from

F. X. BERTRAND,
"WEST END CHEAP STORE,"
Lachute.

Man's Mortality.

[The following poem is justly considered a poetical gem of the highest order. The original was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains, and bards, held in the famous halls of Tara. The translation is by Mr. Donovan. A manuscript copy of the poem was sent by Prof. Stewart, of Trinity College, to the person who furnished it for publication in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*]

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah made:
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days' long,
Or like snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

By the author of "What He Cost Her," "Gwendoline's Harvest," and other popular novels.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SCENE THROUGH THE SKY-LIGHT.

There are some men, whom one cannot help envying, that will as readily execute a painful duty as confer a benefit of pleasure; who feel no embarrassment whatever at having to say a disagreeable thing, and whose facility for managing unpleasant matters with a high hand should commend itself (and yet somehow fails to do so) to public admiration. There are others, again, who shrink from giving pain to their fellow creatures, as from a surgical operation on themselves, not necessarily from high, or even benevolent motives, but because their natures are sensitive, delicate and selfish—who are moral Epicureans. Although Ralph Clyffard was a good man (as good men went in those days), he was one of these. He had a kind heart, and would have wounded nobody's feelings, if he could have helped it; but if somebody must needs be offered the cold shoulder, it was not likely to be that person upon whom his own happiness and comfort principally depended; it was not likely to be that person least of all. Expediency and convenience, as well as doting fondness, all combined together to make his wife's will a law unto him, and to cause him to look coldly upon whomsoever she had cast out from her good graces. But, at the same time, he would never knowingly have committed an injustice to please her; and it was very painful to him even to do what was harsh. Thus when he invited his second son to sup with him in his own turret chamber, with the object of telling him that he was not wanted at home, the Master of Clyffe did not look forward to a pleasant evening. His conscience pricked him, and the milk of human kindness flowed forth from the wound toward poor Raymond. Throughout the interview, he was patient in listening to what the young man had to say for himself; and even when that defence took something of the form of accusation of Mrs. Clyffard herself, he suffered him to say on.

"I do not deny, son Raymond," rejoined the old man, pacing the little chamber to and fro with his hands behind him, "that you have something to complain of. Your step-mother has, I fear, been somewhat imperious; while you, Ray, on the other hand, are not of a conciliatory disposition. There are troubles enough threatening this house without the continuance of this unnatural dissension—I cannot bear it. I have come to the conclusion that, for the present at least, it would be better that you should absent yourself; travel is an excellent thing for a young man of your age; spend, therefore, the next few months or a year abroad. When you were quite a lad, you used to be very ambitious of military honors—what say you to a commission in His Majesty's Foot Guards? Money, my dear Ray, you may be sure, will never be a subject upon which we shall disagree. At my death, you will at once succeed to your mother's little portion, and thrice as much again. I have not forgotten you in my will, Ray, and in the meantime—I wish you to want for nothing—here are notes to a considerable amount——"

"What! father; am I to leave Clyffe at once? Even a servant is not thus turned out-of-doors without warning!"

"Nay, lad, I meant not that; a week hence, nay, a month, if you will have it so; there shall be no haste, no harshness. There are arrangements to be made, of course, friends to be written to, interest to be made."

Raymond looked at his father with a sad and pitying smile; he was not angry, though deeply grieved; he well knew that the old man was mentally contending, not with *him*, but with another not then present.

Ralph mistook his glance. "Is the money not enough, good lad? Then let me double it. Heaven knows, I have grudged thee nothing."

"Nothing but your love, father," returned the young man reproachfully; "and now you have it not to give it to me. I trust that she who has won it all away from me may not requite you ill for so much good-fortune."

"Raymond, you do me wrong; I love you, boy; how should I not have love for my own son?"

"Ay, how should you not?" returned the young man bitterly. "The babe you danced upon your knees so often—your blackbird's? The child you took before you upon your pommel for many a breezy ride? The boy whose light-hearted laugh, you said, was the only music you cared to listen to? How should you not, indeed? And yet you have forgotten all these things?"

"No, Ray, no—I have not forgotten them," answered the old man hurriedly, patting the stripling's head with his great hand. "You are still very dear to me; you are indeed. Dear Ray! dear Ray! Never weep, lad; that is not like a Clyffard."

"Who has seen me weep, save you?" returned the young man passionately. "But I have a heart, which some have not, believe me, who can weep when they please."

Ralph Clyffard knit his brows. "Hush!" said he; "that is Mildred playing the organ in the gallery, is it not? How grandly it swells forth into the summer night; something divine seems gathering in my soul, yet not without pain." He placed his hand upon his heart, and sighed, then listened in silence, with his eyes turned to the unshuttered window and the darkling sky.

"Father, since I am to leave you," continued the young man earnestly, "I trust that you will listen to a few last words, which may be the very last that will ever pass between us."

"They may be indeed," returned the old man, still gazing on the night. "The time is drawing near when I shall be but a memory to you, Raymond; then think upon me as tenderly as you can."

"Say not so, father; you are yet strong and hale; I trust there are many happy years——"

"Happy!" interrupted the Master of Clyffe with a quiet scorn; "how should a Clyffard having a son, be happy? I speak not of you, Ray; your light and wayward nature may be somewhat out of tune with mine, and may vex and anger others; but there is nothing in *you* to cause the current of a father's blood to freeze."

"Nor in Rupert either," answered the young man resolutely, while the organ pealed and thundered; "although it may be some one's interest to make his father think so. What I would say to you, father, has reference to this very matter, and are words of warning, not of hate, upon mine honor."

"Being thus requested, I cannot refuse thee, Raymond; yet remember that it is the last draught which leaves its flavor on the palate, and men who would be praised for their good wine, offer not their friends its lees at parting. My heart is towards you, Raymond; it is indeed. I pray you turn it not away just as we are about to separate."

"That must be light love, father, which is so lightly lost," returned the young man sorrowfully; "and though I prize it—being all that I may claim, it seems—yet will I risk its forfeiture. If I tell you lies I will give you leave to hate me; nay, if I do not prove that I speak truth, then you shall hate me still."

"Prove what, Raymond?" asked the old man with kindling eyes. "Trust me, having said so much, though it grows near to midnight, and I need my rest, you shall say all."

Above his hoarse deep tones the organ, "yearning like a god in pain," was heard tumultuous.

"I will prove then, father, that the sad story of our race, and of its curse, has been made the handle of deceit and fraud; that the vision which you have seen so often is no illusion indeed, but worse, the cruel kick of a guileful woman; that the Fair Lady of Clyffe"—("Achieved is the Glorious Work" here broke forth jubilant and full, and stormed about their ears in wild acclaim)—"that the haunter of our house is flesh and blood; nay, is the woman whom you have made your wife, to dupe and fool you—— Strike, father, if you will, but listen. Nay, then, do but use your eyes!" Raymond opened a little door in the Turret chamber, and flung it wide. "Follow me," cried he; "and cast me down upon the stones of yonder court-yard if I do not prove my words!"

With hasty and uneven steps, his hair streaming in the autumn wind, his bronzed face pale with rage, and in expectation of he knew not what, the Master of Clyffe followed close upon his younger son. The moon was small and hidden at times by the flying clouds; but there was light enough from it and from the stars to show the vast expanse of roofing, diverse in form as any frozen sea—here level, there ridged; here rising four square, there shooting into pinnacles and gables. The various periods of the stately place were pictured there to the antiquarian eye in the horizontal section; not a ray from within was to be seen save in one spot, to which they were rapidly drawing near; this shone through a sequestered sky-light, set in the right angle, formed by the junction of two towers. Three hideous gargoyles leaned from their stone bases, as though to peep down at the scenes below, and grinned approval.

"One moment, father," cried Raymond, laying his hand upon his arm, "I have staked all on this, and must go through with it; but it is for your sake I have done it, as much, ay, more than for my own. You have a right to look there; but though she were Jezebel herself, I would not play spy without her husband's leave. That is Mrs. Clyffard's private chamber, sir."

"She is not up," returned the old man hoarsely; "she bade me 'good-night' ere you joined me at the supper-table."

"She *is* up, father; that is her light, burning as bright and purely as though it were an altar-candle in the chapel yonder. She is dressing for her part to-night. Look! look!"

For an instant the Master of Clyffe leaned heavily upon the shoulder of his son; then with a great effort he strode forward rapidly, but firmly, and gazed down through the sky-light upon what was passing in the room beneath. For a few moments there he stood, unmoving, with eyes that devoured the scene; then over his face a shadow fell, as falls on him who at the grave's mouth looks his very last upon the wife he loves; and uttering one great cry of anguish, he pressed his hand against his broken heart, and fell backward.

Raymond sprang towards him, and, as he did so, could not but see that which had so moved his father. In a small room, windowless save for the sky-light which had betrayed her, stood Mrs. Clyffard, with her eyes cast up in terror and dismay; they had met her husband's downward gaze at the very moment when she, in the quaint black robe in which she was wont to play her guileful part, and with her black hair loose, and fallen to her waist, was practicing her *role* before the tire-glass. The shroud was in one had, and needle and thread in the other, while her face wore a look of triumphant malice, which would have unmasked the foul fiend himself, though clad in angelic garments. One instant, she stared upward as though spell-bound, and then quenched the light.

Mrs. Clyffard had not seen her husband fall! but there were some precious moments before her yet, she knew. Swiftly she entered the next chamber, which was her own, and seizing a large jewel case from the dressing table, emptied its glittering contents into her pocket! from a small locked drawer in the same table she took a leathern purse, filled tightly with bank-notes. "I did not dream when I began this hoard," she muttered, "that the day whereon to use it was so near, or it would have been thrice as large." Had the day really come? Was the game quite lost? She paused upon the threshold of her chamber, and worried her own fair lips with her sharp teeth. Yes! utterly lost. The expression of her husband's face had been unmistakable—faith shattered, love misplaced, unutterable pain and shame, had been all pictured there. He had been undeceived with a vengeance. That other form, too, she had seen was Raymond's—her sworn enemy! it was to him doubtless, that she was indebted for this evil turn. She had been baffled, beaten by that hateful boy. That was the bitterest draught in all the cup. How came he wandering on the leads at midnight in this fashion? So, doubtless, however, it had happened, and seeing what he saw, he had brought his father to look likewise. Curse the cunning boy? And yet, was she not herself to blame, running the risk she did, however small, of such unmitigated ruin? Why had she not put up a blind? Why have used a light at all? Could Mildred have betrayed her? Her fair face blackened at the thought. No, she dared not have done it. Her trembling fingers, had she been privy to the scheme, could never have beaten out those organ thunders, which even now were swelling through the house. She was still playing, and therefore her aunt could not make her exit, as she had meant to do, through the great gallery. She opened another door, and went out thence. She did not wish to meet a human being! She would leave Clyffe and all it held and begin life again elsewhere. She was fair as ever, and not poor, as she had been at first—but alas! here was Rupert coming, and at speed, in the narrow passage; there could be no avoidance of him. "Make haste!" cried he—"quick—quick!" He spoke impatiently, and seemed scarce to know to whom he was speaking; or perhaps he already knew all, and addressed her thus imperiously, as one upon whom courtesy and all fair dealing would be thrown away. "Quick, I say; my father is ill—is dying; bring a—a——" Running towards her in hot haste, calling thus, both speech and motion seemed to fail him all upon a sudden; with mouth agape with terror, and eyes starting from their sockets, he stood dumb, then, shrinking from before her with fear and loathing, as from some terrible and unclean thing, he turned and fled.

For a moment, Grace Clyffard watched him with irresolute eyes. "I forgot my strange attire," she murmured; "the fool takes me for the fair lady; he thinks I am the harbinger of death. How were it if I really be so? 'My father is dying,' said he. Perhaps his heart has killed him, as he always thought it would. If so, all may yet be well. My word is as good as Raymond's. Who will believe an idle tale like this, vouched for but by a dead man and a boy. I will put by this masquerading gear, and play my own part of a tender wife once more. If I have the smoothing of Ralph Clyffard's pillow, another dawn shall never trouble his vexed soul again."

Hastily she put away her black garment in a safe and secret place, and attired herself in the dress she had worn that evening; then stepping forth into the now vacant gallery, took the way that led to the chamber where her husband had supped, and whence the sound of many voices and the tramp of many feet could now be heard.

CHAPTER XV.

OVER THE BODY.

In the same room where father and son had talked together of parting a few minutes back, Ralph Clyffard lay upon a little couch, with Raymond kneeling by his side. Another sort of parting than that of which they had spoken was taking place, and the stiffening fingers could not even return the lad's mute pressure in token of farewell. The mighty chest of the Master of Clyffe still rose and fell, but in uneven spasms, as though his gloomy soul was struggling to flit away. Around stood many a serving man and maid, summoned by that mysterious messenger misfortune, that flies so swift and far, and to whom the night is as the day. Scarce one of them had ever before ventured to intrude upon his privacy, but now they watched him with reverence, but without fear, setting forth upon that journey which rich and poor must alike make. One groom had already been dispatched for a doctor, another for a priest; but somehow it was known to all that their lord would never open his proud eyes again. They had been kind eyes, for all their pride—the voice, now hushed forever, had been a gracious one to all his household. Some honest tears were falling. There had never, at least, been so good a Clyffard as this last.

"Where is my brother Rupert?" asked Raymond huskily.

"I told him what had happened, sir," returned a domestic respectfully; "and he threw on his dressing gown, and started hither as soon as I. He took the passage by my lady's room, meaning to call her by the way—— But here is my lady, sir."

Mrs. Clyffard entered very swiftly, with her dress only half fastened, and her hair disheveled, like one suddenly aroused in her preparations for retiring to bed. "What is the matter?" cried she.

No one answered, but all made way for her; and it was strange to see how all became conscious at once of their relative positions, now that the mistress had arrived. Some even left the room, awakened to the consciousness of having no business there, and fearing sharp rebuke. Quite a great space was left between the half-circle of curious domestics and the couch where the young man was still kneeling by his father's side. Had Raymond spoken against her yet, or had her husband had voice to speak? Had the servants withdrawn thus suddenly at her approach from lothing or from respect?

"What has happened to my own dear husband?" murmured she, falling upon her knees beside his pillow.

"Murder!" returned Raymond, under his breath.

She did not hear him so much as to see the movement of his lips, but even without that his stern reproachful eyes would have given her the like answer.

"My poor, poor Ralph!" exclaimed the widow—for death was already setting that blank, which is its signature to our release from all worldly cares, upon the slowly stiffening face—"and am I only here in time to close thine eyes?"

"Touch him not!" hissed Raymond fiercely. "Have you not heard that, when a murdered man is touched by the vile hand that slew him, the blood will flow afresh from his drained wounds? Beware, I say! Lay but a finger on his sacred brow, which you have helped to wrinkle and I will take you by the throat, and proclaim your crime!"

He had not, then, at present proclaimed it; the precious time this fool had wasted were golden moments to her indeed. An accusation thus delayed was already robbed of half its danger. Why had Raymond spared her?

"For my father's sake," said the young man, answering through his set teeth her unspoken question, "I have spared you hitherto; not because I love you—you fair devil!—but that I would not the world should know how this great and noble heart was fooled—where is Rupert, woman?"

For the first time in her life, Grace Clyffard quailed and shuddered; the concentrated passion with which the young man spoke was terrible to listen to. She was armed at all points to meet hate and guile with their own weapons, but not the physical fury which was revealed in the tones of her step-son. She knew that she stood in danger of that awful something whose shadow was on Raymond Clyffard's face—that if she dared to insult that forehead—already loosing its pained look, and growing calm and cold, with her false lips, Raymond would surely rise and perhaps strangle her. She did not mind what things they might say against her—her chief peril in that respect was passed—but she feared his powerful fingers. Once round her throat, they might not part with it again; it may be that she judged him by herself in that; but certainly dark Raymond had a look she well might fear. She had once seen Cyril at the Dene look at her brother Gideon much like that, just ere he had strove to tear him limb from limb. She had no leaded weapon, as Gideon had, to beat such an assailant back.

"Away, away, fiend!" muttered her step-son furiously; "your presence is pollution—your work is done here. That poor abused fond ear can drink in lies no more. Away, I say!"

Mrs. Clyffard arose from her knees with as little haste as she dared to use. As she did so, a female servant touched her on the shoulder; "Mr. Rupert is taken very ill, madam. Miss Mildred is with him, and has help, but she bid me tell you as soon as possible. She was coming hither herself, and came upon him lying upon the floor in the passage close by his own door, in a fit or something."

"Do you hear this new misfortune, Raymond?" sobbed Mrs. Clyffard.

"Ay, go you to my brother," returned the young man sternly.

And as she moved away with anguished but tearless eyes, and firm, swift tread, the bystanders murmured to one another, "How wise and strong she is in all this trouble! How dutifully she leaves the beloved dead, for whom she can do no more, to tend the son who was so dear to him!"

"In a fit or something," soliloquized the Lady of Clyffe, as she hurried to Rupert's room. "Heaven forefend that I should have frightened the fool to death! My tenure of Clyffe is valueless indeed if it has to be shared by that dark boy yonder; yet even in such a case, I will be revenged upon him. He has missed his turn; but when *my* turn comes round, look to yourself, Raymond Clyffard! No man shall make me pale as you have done, and live to boast of it. I would that Gideon were here, or Cator, or even the poor coward Clement. This Mildred is scarce safe; she nerves me, but it is with grudging. If Rupert lives this bout, he must be married to her, mad or sane. If she denies him—let her, too, look to herself. I have not gone so far to turn back now; and though I be alone, I am yet a match for all of them."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EXTORTED PROMISE.

Rupert Clyffard was very ill, and near to death; but for his step-mother's cunning hand, which bled him ere the leech could reach the castle, Raymond would surely have been heir of Clyffe; while afterwards the sick man would have sunk had it not been for her niece. Long weeks elapsed before his head could leave the pillow, where it lay calm and patient, while Mildred was in his chamber, and restless, with roving eyes, when she was absent. Her voice revived his failing strength like wine; her hand upon his brow was as the magnetic charm which beckons away all pain, and as the precious drug which dowers the dullest with delicious dreams. It pleased her well to be of service to him; she gave up rest, and exercise, and pleasure beyond words to tell (for might not Raymond now have borne her company all day?), with cheerful readiness. She was glad at heart that she had such such opportunities of proving her good will towards him; she tended him like his own sister; and since she was not his sister, the Lady of Clyffe approved and smiled upon her. Such gentle ministering must, in her aunt's opinion, have, as her own had, some selfish end; and what end could this be save one alone? She never called her "child" now; it was "Mildred, love," or at least "my pretty Mildred," whenever she addressed her niece in Rupert's hearing, as though she would have suggested to his mind the very words which he himself should use.

So helpless and enfeebled was poor Rupert at first that the young girl thought of nothing but his weakness, and how she might conduce to his recovery. But when the color came back to his cheeks, and some vigor to his limbs, and he could sit up and talk to her, Mildred almost regretted her past kindness. He was grateful to her, of course, but with his expressions of gratitude was mingled something warmer, which she could not affect not to understand, and yet which in Mrs. Clyffard's presence she dared not utterly reject. Though her aunt felt satisfaction at present with her conduct, the girl well knew that only so much the greater would be her hate and fury when she came to learn the truth. Nor was Mildred to blame for this dissimulation. It was not a matter with which "moral courage" had anything to do. To have confessed, "I cannot wed Rupert, since I have pledged my faith to Raymond," would have been to produce a catastrophe such as she dared not even picture to herself, since its consequences would certainly have extended to her lover. She feared, with reason for his very life; and so the poor girl temporized, only too well aware of the passion with which Rupert was consumed; yet trusting that the flame would never gain such head but that her "no" at last might quench it, or at all events procrastinate, as before, the evil day. The young man's illness, while it weakened his physical strength, seemed to have healed his mental malady. There was nothing now to inspire her with apprehension in his look *beside* its love and if returning reason had been indeed vouchsafed him, surely, with his natural generosity to second it, he would withdraw—when her dread hour of confession came—from his unwelcome suit. Something like this she framed to comfort herself with; but it scarcely fulfilled its office. She could not always forget how insecure was the foundation of this hopeful faith; for not only might Rupert's seeming calmness be untrustworthy, even as matters were, but a revelation was at present withheld from him, which was likely to try it sorely. He had not as yet been told of his father's death. When given to understand that he was ill, he had received the information with quiet sorrow but without surprise. "I know it," said he calmly, evidently with reference to the immediate cause of his own ailment, all allusion to which was of course avoided. He meant to say that he had seen the herald of calamity in the Fair Lady of Clyffe, and was prepared for domestic misfortune. Still, it was strange that he never asked after his father—laid long since by the side of the Clyffards mad and sane, in the chapel vault—nor remarked upon the sable suits all around him. This was not, however, because he had not observed them. One morning, Mrs. Clyffard, doubtless by design, having left the room, and the sick man and Mildred being left alone together, he addressed her thus. It was the first day he was able to leave his bed, and that only for a sofa. "How soon, think you, after a man has died, may his son marry, Mildred?"

She was in the act of handing him a cup of broth, and her tremulous fingers almost refused their office, as she listened to his words.

"How soon, Mildred?" said he again.

"That is a question, Rupert, which I cannot answer. It depends upon the love that the son bore his father."

"I am thinking of one who would have loved his father well, if there had been room within his heart; but there was no room. There was space for nothing there but love for the girl who was to be his wife—You tremble, dearest. Pretty fluttering dove. How soon, how soon, sweet heart?" His languid eyes looked on her earnestly, but without a trace of doubt, as one who in an orchard watches for the ripe fruit to fall between his palms while another shakes the tree. "What sweet revenge you have taken on yourself, for your pretence of cruel hardness, in this long kind tendance; to be my nurse before you are my bride—that is rare indeed. I will not think that pain itself could shadow that fair brow, or shrink that dimpled cheek; but if ever it doth, my Mildred, I will wait upon you day and night, counting all toil as pleasure, all weariness as blissful rest; and while you have strength to smile, be overpaid indeed. Smile on me now, and seat you by my side; for as some eastern king delights in hearing his own greatness proclaimed to his own ear, so yearn I, Mildred, to hear you say, 'I love you,' although none knows you do so well as I." His nerveless hand closed on one glossy curl, and carried it to his lips; while, lapped no less in the sweet assurance of reciprocated love than in the calm content that comes to the recovering frame long racked by sickness, he waited for her answer.

"Rupert," said she, "I thought that the last time we spoke of—the last time, that is, this subject was touched upon by you, we agreed to wait awhile before it was resumed. When I then said, 'You are still very young, Rupert,' I did not mean too young by weeks or even months but years."

"Am I so young, dear girl?" said he, with a tender smile. "I thank heaven for it. There will be then more time in which to show my love to you. How happy shall we be together, and how long! Youth is sweet—ah! me, how sweet it is—and after youth there is the prime; and then beyond the prime is that which I have read as best of all—the calm content of tried and faithful love; two hearts bound up in one, with joys, regrets, and memories in common. My bud, my full-bloomed flower—my rose, whose faded leaves (if you *can* fade) shall be odorous and precious to the end, ah, how I love you!"

Mildred's heart sank within her. If she had been his wedded wife already, the young man could scarcely have uttered these words with a more settled faith.

"Why speak of this, which we were not to speak of, Rupert?"

"Because, sweet, there is no longer any reason for keeping silence. I am the Master of Clyffe now, and there is none to say me 'nay,' when I say 'yea.' Moreover, I have learned that my good father gave his consent in private to our union, so the very dead will smile upon our nuptials; while your Aunt Grace—— Nay, then I will not mention her, since you dislike her, but she has been a trustworthy friend to me, Mildred. When the light of love was low within my cheerless heart, she fanned its embers with encouragement; not that she knew why they were so faint and pale; not that she guessed the secret—ah, *you* have not forgotten it, I see. I hoped you had, Mildred. There is no need to remember it any more. By you, fair saint, that demon has been exorcised, I hope."

His voice, so confident hitherto, though low and weak, here wavered and broke off. His hand, which he would have carried to his forehead, failed by the way, and sank down, as it happened, upon hers; then straightway, as though revived, Antæus-like, by that sweet contact, he spoke again. "She bade me woo you, since I loved you so—that surely was no evil counsel, Mildred? and when I found you cold, she bade me press my suit—did she not do well? 'Twas she that sent you to me on that morning to her private chamber——"

"I knew it," interrupted the girl gravely; "and sent you, too, to Ribble Cave to spy upon your brother."

"Mildred!"

"Ay, Rupert; she came between Raymond and his own father, and now she would come between Raymond and you. She is the go-between of hate, and not of love; her offices are evil and not good. The tender mercies of the wicked, Rue, are cruel."

"She is not cruel to me, Mildred, but kind," returned the young man; "and strange it is that, though she stands not in your favor, it is for your sake only that she stands in mine. For *her* I have no more liking than the sailor hath for the biting north wind, whose favoring gale is bearing him for the wished for haven. She would wreck me if it suited her purpose, I doubt not; but since her interest and my happiness are fellow passengers——"

"Be not so sure of that, Rupert Clyffard," broke in Mildred earnestly. "Beware lest there is no pleasant shore awaiting you, no isles of paradise—beware rather that she is not driving you on the rocks. If she has represented what poor tendance I have paid you in this sickness in any other light than sisterly affection and good-will—if she has dared, whether by hint, or by outspoken word, to plight my troth to yours, to proxy-wed me, then has she deceived both me and you—nay more, if she has ever told you that I love you, she has *lied!*" Her tone, which had been vehement and almost fierce, here melted into pity, as she added, "Rupert, I love you not!"

(To be continued.)

Beecher and Thomas.

(Detroit News.)

A certain class of so-called liberal Christians, at the head of whom is Henry Ward Beecher, are condemning the Methodist Church for expelling Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, for heresy. They do not attempt to defend Thomas from the specific charges upon which he was expelled, but maintain that whatsoever doctrines he might have held and preached he was a good, a noble, an eloquent man, and that it is discreditable to the Methodist Church that it could not have found room for him. Honest Methodists, however, will not be apt to disturb themselves seriously on account of these criticisms. The glory of the Methodist Church and the corner-stone of its great success with the masses has been its doctrinal honesty. It presents to the simple mind, groping for a solid spiritual footing, a clear and unmistakable body of doctrine upon which the soul finds rest and reposes in undisturbed and undoubting confidence. To fortify that faith in the mind of the doubting Christian, not to increase his doubts, is the business and duty of the Methodist clergymen; and it is because they have, with few exceptions, done this that they have exerted a powerful, and on the whole so beneficent, an influence among the people. It is not by learning, nor even by eloquence, that the Methodist itinerant, or the itinerant of Christ's time, who was very like him, conquered the unbelief of the people, but by the simple preaching of the God-Man who died on Calvary for the salvation of sinners. It was the earnestness of his own faith and the passionate vehemence of his assertion that carried conviction to the minds and hearts that would have turned coldly away from the hard logic of the Presbyterian or the beautiful forms and traditions of Anglicanism. There was a hell to be avoided and a heaven to be gained, and there was the infinite love and mercy and sacrifice of a God who was always a brother, which were the way and the life. It was this simple story, told by men who believed it with all the passion of their nature, who felt it in every pulsation of their hearts, that planted and fortified the Methodist Church in every village in the west. Without a heaven, a hell and a Divine Redeemer, there is no such thing as Methodism. Whatever progress it makes it cannot get higher than Christ. It cannot abandon His divinity without abandoning itself. He who preaches any other doctrine than this may be greater or less than a Methodist, but he is not a Methodist. Nor is it honest or manly for him to call himself a Methodist. Societies, religious as well as civic or commercial, are established for common purposes, and he who abandons the purpose should in honor abandon the society instead of remaining in it and attempting to wean others from its rules and objects. If a Methodist clergyman rejects the divinity of Christ the Unitarian Church is open to him; if he rejects the doctrine of hell the Universalist communion is ready to receive him. But to reject Methodism and still label himself "Methodist" is hypocritical; to preach Unitarianism and draw a Methodist salary is dishonest; to mentally abandon Methodism and whine at being bodily cast out of it is contemptible.

Are Electric Lights Incendiary?

The suspicion that the recent mill fire in Philadelphia was caused by the electric light opens up a wide field of anxiety for underwriters. It is asserted by an Edison partisan that "with the Maxim or Weston patents (which use the arc lights) there may be hard substances in the carbons, which fall off and are like hot coals. When these fall among inflammable substances they set fire to them. While he was averse to giving an opinion on the subject, he was certain that this had occurred in a number of instances. So far as he knew, this might be the cause of the fire at the mill." Another theory was advanced that the wires were overcharged, and that they had transmitted a flash to the dry boards and set them on fire. An expert said that this might also be the cause of the fire.

WEALTHY ENGLISHMEN.

And How They Spend Their Money.

If rich people in England should see fit to bring down their domestic expenditure to that usual among families of similar means here, they would very soon be able not merely to recoup themselves for the losses of several bad harvests, but to save vast sums of money. In our large eastern cities family men with anything under $25,000 a year spend more freely than Englishmen with the same income; but, as regards those with incomes over that amount, it is quite another matter. When Macaulay, before proceeding to India, consulted Sydney Smith's experienced brother, the famous "Bobus," as to expenses at Calcutta, he was told that he could not be comfortable under £3,000 a year, and he could not possibly get through £5,000. This is in a measure true of the United States. It might be safely asserted that in the whole of this country there are not five persons, if as many, who spend on their establishments $100,000. A careful estimate, made a year or two ago by persons eminently qualified to make it, brought such expenditure up to $95,000. It included a town house, a yacht, a villa at Newport and a country seat. What runs away with incomes of from $50,000 to $250,000 in England is the keeping up of country seats, hounds, hospitality and game preserves. At Drumlanrig Castle, for instance, one of its owner's ten residences, there are eighty miles of grass drive kept in order; at Gridge, more than forty. Add to this acres of garden and grass and the expenses of park-keepers and game-keepers, and it is easy to see where the money goes. If there is a hunting establishment on a liberal scale, at least $20,000 a year must be added. Again, while the hospitality of an average well-to-do American favorably compares with that of an Englishman of similar means, that of the broad-acred Englishman is immensely greater than that of the American millionaire. The latter gives some dinner parties, and, perhaps, an annual ball, and keeps a dozen servants; the Englishman, on the other hand, besides constantly entertaining in town, often sits down to dinner for weeks at a time with twenty guests staying, with their servants, in his country house, and feeds from fifty to sixty every day in his servants' hall with as much beef and beer as they please to consume. More than this, he at times entertains whole schools and parishes, besides giving away hundreds of pounds in the shape of beef and blankets at Christmas. He subscribes, too, to every public charity in the county; sometimes in two or three counties. Merely to take a single example, there is Lord Derby, with ten men servants in his house, and about forty more domestics feeding daily at his board. Supposing to-morrow he and his wife should agree to struggle along on $100,000 a year, he could save at least $800,000 a year; while were the Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire and Bedford to do likewise their savings would be still greater. Supposing Lord Derby to save at this rate for thirty years, what an arch-millionaire he would become. Twenty years ago there died a queer old bachelor, Lord Digby, who owned Raleigh's ill-fated home of Sherborne Castle. He was a most liberal landlord, but did not care to spend more than some $35,000 a year, and let his money go on rolling up, investing it all in the 3 per cents. His income was not a fourth of Lord Derby's, but he left in the funds $4,500,000. As a rule, a peer leaves comparatively little behind him; $1,000,000 would be regarded an unusually large sum for a man with $400,000 a year to have, and there is but one case on record—that of Lord Dysart, an eccentric recluse—of a peer leaving over $7,500,000 personalty. On very large properties the surplus income is chiefly expended in very costly improvements. Thus the Duke of Devonshire has built Eastbourne and much of Buxton. The Duke of Buccleuch has expended thousands at Granton, and both have put vast sums into enterprises connected with Barrow-in-Furness. About $10,000,000 of Lord Bute's has gone into docks at Cardiff. The late Lord Westminster built and rebuilt probably not less than one thousand houses in London, and Northumberland and Sutherland reflect on all sides the generous expenditure of the dukes of their name; while beautiful churches, commodious schools and handsome homesteads soon inform the traveller in Wiltshire and Bedfordshire that he is on the broad domain of the Earl of Pembroke or the Duke of Bedford. Had the vast sums thus spent been mainly put into stocks or bonds and mortgages, the present holders of the lands might have been richer men; but the country would have been in many respects the loser, and it would be a widely different looking region from what it is to-day.—*New York Sun.*

Consumption of Opium.

Not till one reads the statistics will one form a good idea of the extent to which opium is imported and used in this country. The importations of smoking opium into America have steadily increased during the last ten years, and the return for 1880 shows the enormous quantity of 77,196 pounds, valued at $773,796, imported, as against 37,824 pounds, valued at $353,234, sent here in 1871, being an increase of 17,000 pounds in a single year, and this increase not being attributable to the increase of Chinese immigration at that. The number of Chinese smokers in the country is estimated at 10,544, and calculating upon the same estimate as in the American cases, they consume 50,240 pounds of the drug in a year. Combined, the consumption reaches the startling figure of 69,240 pounds, making the cost for the total indulgence the enormous sum of over $2,900,000. A quantity of the opium used is also smuggled, and is not included in the above estimate, and some of it is also impure. Upon these data the *New York Times* argues that the injurious effects of this consumption is thus increased greatly, being bad enough when the pure drug alone is employed, as it leaves 33 per cent. of ash, six grains only of which is enough to paralyze a rabbit when hypodermically injected. The last point to be noted is that the repulsive spectre of the emaciated, cadaverous creature to be found everywhere among Chinese votaries is seldom if ever seen among American opium-smokers. Nor, again, is the smoking of the drug so injurious a manner of introducing it into the system as the mothod of eating it or injecting it hypodermically.

In Boston, where intellectual women have long held sway and blue stockings have ruled the roost, if we can credit what we hear, women who, like Miss Lelia J. Robinson, are denied a license to practise at the bars of the courts need no license to act as office counsellors and advise about the settlement or bringing of suits through regularly admitted lawyers. The whole field of conveyancing, of drawing wills and of arbitration is freely open to women. Miss Robinson aforesaid has opened an office in Boston and the local chroniclers inform us that her law chambers are not only equipped with the traditional desks, pigeon holes and library, including a stool of repentance for a messenger boy, but with lace curtains and canary birds. Furthermore, Counsellor Robinson took fourth honors in a class of thirty-two graduates at the Boston Law School. But Boston need not boast herself over much. Last week Judge Handley, at Scranton, Pa., upheld the right of a woman (Mrs. Winton, the wife of a lawyer of that city) to act as one of a board of arbitrators and against strenuous objections not only sustained her jurisdiction but her award, which was singularly equitable.

—The "books in the running brooks" rightly come under the head of current literature.

Shaving in Seven Kingdoms.

I have now been shaved in seven kingdoms and in six languages. They all perform the ceremony differently. But they all, from Scotland to Naples, insist on setting you in a plain, straight chair, and bending your head over back until your spine howls in agony. And they all agree in another custom—they never wash off the soap they have put on. But they bring you a bowl of water, hold it under your chin as you are leaning back and insist on you washing your own face then and there. If you object to the attitude, they shrug all the upper part of themselves and sling a disdainful smile at you; if you comply, little rivulets run pleasantly down inside your shirt and some of the soap they have generally swoggled into your ears gets into your stockings. I have seen no barber wash his victim's face since I landed in Glasgow. Prices vary. In London they charge a shilling (twenty-five cents) for a shave; in Naples, they will for fifty centimes (ten cents) shave you, cut your hair, wash your face and hands, curl your eyebrows, and wax your moustache till you look like Victor Emmanuel and can pass for a prince on any of the side streets. Yesterday I was shaved for ten centimes—about two American cents—but I took the remainder out in garlic, of which I had a generous bath in the form of respiration. In Verona, the city of the loved and loving *Juliet*, the barber asked me if I would have my feet washed and my toe-nails cut. That certainly is going to extremes.—*Naples Letter.*

Favored by Fortune.

An assay of ore from a new strike in the Safe mine, near San Rafael, Lower California, about eighty miles from San Diego, yields $17,972 per ton.

Fifteen years ago James B. Orman, of Pueblo, went to Colorado a poor boy. To-day he employs 3,000 men and owns and works 2,000 head of mules and horses.

A neglected but wealthy uncle of two girls who had lived as servants in the Rush House, Pittsburgh, Pa., has unexpectedly made them happy. The Surrogate of San Francisco has $90,000 of this dead man's money, and is looking for Caroline and Mary Clark.

In less than six weeks after his arrival in Colorado, Dr. W. J. Bean, of Columbus, O., located two mines in the Lake City mining district, and at the depth of twenty-five feet struck the finest specimens of silver ore ever produced. He has refused $100,000 for the mines.

The richest specimen of quartz of its size ever taken out of any mine on the Pacific coast is on exhibition at Noble's, California street, San Francisco. It weighs 214 pounds, and is valued by an assayer at $20,000. It was taken from the Rainbow mine in Sierra County.

A great deal of interesting information will be gained from the German, Austrian and Russian manœuvres recently held. The results of the close inspections and the exercises that have taken place in Bessarabia, at Konitz, and in Hanover, and the changes made in regimental accoutrements will be seen. The Germans have developed a more rapid plan of attack, and it should be added, of defence also, than has been known before. They have decided again to use artillery in heavy masses, as against batteries and half batteries manœuvred by isolated majors and captains: and they are reported to have come to the conclusion that cavalry will henceforth play a more important part than ever in the operations of war. So, too, with the Austrians. Recognizing the fact that their artillery was extremely useless as handled in the last Turkish war, they have decided to reduce the range at which practice is to be made, and in future their guns will come into action at from 1,000 to 1,500 yards—never further off than the latter distance—while they may be sometimes close to the enemy's line, especially when it is broken by heavy musketry fire.

The question has been raised whether a man has a copyright in his face, and can forbid the photographers to sell his portrait. There is one way in which these enterprising artists may be "dished" effectually. If you have been used to wearing a beard, shave it off; if not, go into the country and grow one. The latter course has been taken by President Grevy in his retirement in the Jura; and, according to a French correspondent, he has become so altered in appearance that his portraits will be unsaleable. The photographers will hardly claim a right of action.

Is your hair falling out or your scalp diseased? Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, as now improved and perfected, is just the article you need. Buy a bottle and, like thousands who are using it all over the land, you will value it as the choicest of all toilet preparations.

CURE FOR LIQUOR CRAVING, INDIGESTION and Costiveness. New remedy, sample 10 cents, mailed for stamp to any part of Canada or United States. Address W. HEARN, Druggist, Toronto.

STAMMERING

Over 700 Stammerers have been cured by us during the past three years. Testimonials from all parts of the U. S. and Canada. Address STAMMERING INSTITUTE, London, Ont.

LARDINE!

THE VERY BEST

Machine Oil

IN THE WORLD,

Is manufactured by

McCOLL BROS. & Co., TORONTO

And for sale by dealers. Ask your merchant for Lardine and take no other.

This oil under the severest test and most active competition was at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition awarded the highest prize; also the GOLD MEDAL at the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, and the highest award at the Dominion Exhibition, Ottawa, the silver medal.

Farmers and all who use Agricultural machinery, will save money and machinery by using none but

LARDINE.

ASK FOR

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup

FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP.

This old established remedy can be with confidence recommended for the above complaints TRY IT. If your merchant has not got it, he can get it for you.

JOHN. W. BICKLE (Formerly T. Bickle & Son), Hamilton Ontario. Proprietor.

DAKOTA — NORTHERN PACIFIC — MONTANA

RAILROAD LANDS.

FORTUNES FOR FARMERS.

50,000 Farms. 6,000,000 Acres.

Best Wheat Land, Rich Meadow, Choice Timber, Farming, Stock Raising, Dairying. Fuel and Water in Abundance.

$2.50 per acre and upward. One-sixth cash and five annual payments. Reduced Fare and Freight to settlers. Write for "Publications No. 22."

Geo. Dew, Travelling Agent, 71 Yonge st., Toronto. R. M. Newport, General Land Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

MINNESOTA.

T. C. LIVINGSTON, Special Land Agent for Hamilton, Ont.