THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

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THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.
The above paper is printed and published
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LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, by SIMPSON & KERR.

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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.

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At low prices and on reasonable terms. by
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the Chest, Side and Back,
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The cause that produces it must be removed.
For this purpose
Graham's Pain Eradicator
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Burnt Out.

I stand by the ashes of home
With a desolate heart to-day;
For the gathered gear of this many a year,
Hoped for and toiled for and held so dear,
Is swept in a moment away.

And the hopes that were high on this rosy morn
Are buried in dust to-night;
There's a dull, dead pain in my throbbing brain;
I cry for patience, but all in vain,
And wonder can this be right.

And the relics are dearer than ever before
Of the friends I shall never behold,
I think of them o'er till my heart is sore,
Oh, the little boots that my baby wore,
Can I tell you their worth in gold?

There were tresses of hair from the brows of the dead,
Those treasures I cannot replace,
So worthless to others, to me so dear,
And the picture, watered with many a tear,
Of my mother's dear old face.

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

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

Stupefied amazement, wretchedness, despair, took each the other's place on Rupert's features as the girl went on; when she had finished, he lay with his white face blank, as though life and passion had left it together. Seriously alarmed, Mildred seized his cold hand, strove to warm it in her palms, the charm of her touch still worked; the life blood which had ebbed from his very lips, flowed slowly back, and in the rayless eyes a fierce and lurid light began to kindle. Twice his parched tongue essayed to utter something, but she could not catch its meaning; the third time he spoke plain. "Send me the traitress hither. Let her take your place, and lean above me with her lying smile. I want to whisper something in her ear. Send me that woman hither."

"Hush, hush! I hear her coming, Rue; be calm."

"Calm! with those words of doom still ringing in my ears? Calm—ay; as the tropic sea is calm, beneath whose waveless face the shark awaits the swimmer. Give her your chair, Mildred—you who love me not."

"You would not tell her, Rupert; that would be base indeed."

"Tell her—ay; just one whisper in her ear. Then, afterwards you may tell her what you like. I have got some news for her to take to Pluto."

"Dear Rupert, for my sake, do her no harm," pleaded Mildred in an agony of terror. "When I said I loved you not, I meant, not *yet*!"

Revenge and cunning, which had held divided sway in the sick man's face, here abdicated together; hope for one moment sat there like a sun, and then was succeeded by suspicion.

"I do not believe you, Mildred Leigh," answered he fiercely; "nor will I unless you swear it!"

"Swear it?" echoed Mrs. Clyffard, entering the room. "Heyday, but I must look to this! My Mildred put upon her oath! When *I* was young, it was the man who swore, whereby, if troth was broken, *he* was perjured, but the lady was held blameless. There is no such courtesy in these days. Shame upon you, Rue!"

She stood beside the two, with one small hand on either's shoulder.

"It is not I who is to blame," said Rupert hoarsely. "Fair mother, will you not sit?"

"Nay," returned Mildred hastily; "you have not taken your broth yet. Let me tend you a little longer; Mrs. Clyffard has been your nurse all day."

"So, so," said the Lady of Clyffe with a silver laugh; "this is pushing us from our stools indeed! You tell me frankly what I am to expect, when Clyffe shall change its mistress. It was not troth that you were plighting then? The question is 'How soon?' Am I not right, dear Rupert?"

"Ah, I asked her that."

"And what was the reply?" quoth Mrs. Clyffard, pressing her hand with meaning against Mildred's shuddering flesh. "A month? I guessed it was a month. Come; since my modest Mildred will not answer you, I will answer for her. In a month, she shall be yours, Rupert."

"I must hear it from her own lips, good mother; you prophesy too smoothly."

Mrs. Clyffard's fair face darkened; matters were not, then, as they had seemed. Mildred had refused him, or procrastinated at least. The young girl's face was buried in her hands, but not to hide its blushes; it was as pale as marble.

Grace Clyffard's soft voice hardened; it was music still, but clear, incisive, as the clash of cymbals. "I do not pretend to be a prophet, Rupert; you wrong me there; but what I *promise*—that will come to pass. My niece shall be your wife; and as for her scruples about time, that is a maiden's way."

"From her own lips, I say," repeated Rupert hoarsely.

"Swear then, niece Mildred—I pray you find your voice—to wed the Clyffard within thirty days."

Never was deadly menace clothed so fair; never did spoken words convey more cruel meaning than was shot from those azure eyes.

Fear for Raymond's safety, threatened, as it seemed to her, in every tone of her aunt's voice; fear on her own account, which always overwhelmed her when brought face to face with Mrs. Clyffard; pity for Rupert, and terror as to what violence he might commit upon the instant, if she should answer "No"—for she had read murder in his eyes awhile ago—overcame the resolution which had hitherto supported Mildred. Keeping her face still covered, and murmuring a "God forgive me" to herself, she answered solemnly, "I swear."

"Swear what?" asked Mrs. Clyffard pitilessly.

"I swear to marry your step-son within thirty days."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CLOUD IN THE SUNSHINE.

Two years have passed since the event recorded in the last chapter. Our scene is no longer laid at Clyffe Hall, but far away in the south country; while the dwelling which is occupied by our *dramatis personæ* is very unpretending. A little low-roofed cottage, set in a garden glowing with spring flowers, such as only flourish so early in a genial climate. The two French windows open on a tiny lawn, smooth as a boy's cheek, and in the centre rises a tall clump of Pampas grass, watered by a shapely nymph of marble from a marble pitcher; the lawn is girt by a broad purple belt of fuchsia, beyond which lies the garden, not for show alone, but rich in vegetables and savory herbs; while around all this fairy demesne there runs a waving wall of odorous tamarisk. A waving wall, I say, for though the cottage is nestled in the hollow of a chalk-hill, and the boisterous winds from north and east, which roar and revel on the downs above, can never reach it, it lies open to the south and west winds, whose soothing song scarce ceases the summer through. With them the swallow comes to nestle neath the eaves, with them the bee (whom on the tiny heights their violence will not permit to ply his thievish trade) to rob the flowers; but on a ledge of chalk, full in the noonday sun, stand three stout hives, for which the rent is paid in glittering comb, so that the winged thief is rifled in his turn—a few frail trees, warped by their windy years to grow aslant, keep off the westering sun; but all the south is open. To those who sit within the cottage, the sloping garden and the sloping down beyond, are seen, and then the sea; but to one who from the window withdraws a pace or two, or lies upon his bed up-stairs, the eyes looks straight down on the boundless blue of ocean. Ah, precious boom in sickness, to watch the shifting shadows of the clouds, the swirling eddies, the daily battles of the wind and tide; to mark the sea-gulls wheel or blown about by the fierce gusts; to see the glorious company of white-robed ships, which this or that fairy wind has just set free, pass by upon their distant errands, or to gaze upon the more homely toil which, in the little bay, the fishermen are plying; to contemplate the great waters, and those who make their business thereon. Then at night, how the sharp pain is dulled by the sea's monotonous undertone, that lullaby of everlasting rest, or overwhelmed and deadened by the majestic music of the storm!

But there is no sickness in this cottage now; the tall man sitting in the little balcony above the door-way, whose uncovered head almost touches the green roofing, is not bowed by it; nor is the graceful form of his young wife, although a year ago or so she blessed the sea, what time, after her blissful trouble, she lay awake long nights with her sweet babe beside her, sleepless, but in rest unspeakable. The baby girl, too, clinging to her mother's skirt, is well and blooming. And yet there is a shadow upon the young wife's brow, which even the sunshine of that tiny presence cannot erase, nor the blithe and the ringing tones of her husband's voice.

"What, my pretty one!" quoth he, "a cloud upon thy brow upon our marriage morning. For shame! Come let me kiss it away, love. Not a word of quarrel have we had yet, though we be such old married folks; but I *shall* quarrel, and spoil our claim to the Dunmow flitch, if you do not smile to-day. No, not an April gleam like that, which leaves your heaven the darker, but a July brightness, that must last all day. Come, smile like my own Mildred."

"My dear, dear husband," answered Mildred, tenderly, "I know I am very foolish, very wrong. There cannot be, of course—there cannot be any real danger to us." She stooped down to her child, and drew her to her bosom, and held her there, and kissed and rocked her to and fro. "It is so long ago, and she has never tracked us yet; and we have taken no one into our confidence, so that neither by design nor carelessness can we ever be betrayed; and living here so far away from her, and under another name, we cannot but be safe—I have said to myself a thousand times; and yet, and yet——"

"Yet *what*, Mildred?"

"Well, nothing; you would only laugh at me. But to-day, of all the days in the year—the day when I would wish to feel no touch of gloom—a something—some presentiment of evil seems to cast its threatening shadow upon my soul. She will never cease to seek us out, Raymond, while life is in her; of that I am right sure. A wolf or a blood-hound could not be more stanch, more persistent for ill. When I think of her, I always think of that fell creature, tardy but sure as fate, which pursues the helpless hare whole days and nights, and at the last—no matter when that is——"

"My dear wife," interrupted Raymond, impatiently, "you are not complimentary to your Aunt Grace at all! The animal you describe is a creature of evil odor called a stoat; moreover, you do not take a high view of my own courage and ability to defend you and little Milly, in calling me a helpless hare. If I be so, and this vermin comes within kicking distance, I know this, she will find me uncommonly strong in the hind legs."

"Nay, dearest, while you are with us, I rarely have any fear; but when you leave the cottage even for an hour, and now you are going away to-morrow for two whole nights—ah, me, that will be terrible!"

"Why, what a coward has my Mildred become, who used to be so brave."

"That was when I had only myself to take care of, but this little one, Raymond—what would my aunt not give to get her into her power? The babe-heiress of Clyffe! I would that we were what we seem to be here, and she but Milly Hepburn, with nothing to inherit, save this little house and ground. We have been happier here than ever we were elsewhere."

"That is very true, love; and I for my part should be well content to pass all my days here. But if poor Rupert dies—or—or worse, I will not sit down and let that woman unsurp my rights, far less my child's. No, that I will not. I know, love, why you shudder. You deem that she would poison me and mine, rather than give up an inch of land, or yield one golden piece. But this poisoning is not so easy as one reads of in the story-books. At Clyffe, indeed, she might have worked her wicked will without much hindrance, or perhaps even subsequent peril; but not so *here*. Moreover, she is not above the law. Her unscrupulous fingers cannot clutch what that bids her to deliver up, any more than they can reach us here to harm yourself, your child or me. I tell you we are safe, Mildred; and if there is a fear on either side, it should be upon Grace Clyffard's. Is she to storm and rave forever, and we to listen shuddering, because we too have chosen to marry?—Have *I* no cause to curse her in my turn; an alien from my home, and forced to keep in hiding like one escaped from prison? I think I am doing ill in this, wife. If there were no cowards, be sure there would be no tyrants in the world. The sum my poor father gave me is nigh spent; I need the gold he told me with his own lips was left to me in his will. Why should I not claim my own?"

"Raymond, Raymond," cried the young wife passionately, "For Heaven's sake, be patient. Let us not bring the thunderbolt upon ourselves, even if we are fated not to escape it. Gold is indeed precious in Grace Clyffard's greedy eyes, and power, and the pride of station; but revenge is dearer to her than all. Be sure that on that day when we fled from Clyffe together, upon his very marriage morn, she registered a vow to pay us both."

"I should have thought my lady would have had enough of vows," returned Raymond grimly, "when you kept that oath she so wickedly extorted, to the letter—married her step-son within thirty days! Sweet perjurer! I can forgive poor Rupert's wrath at having missed his prize so narrowly—since he was but her tool, and never knew how cruelly she urged you—but as for her—— Well, let her grind her dainty teeth. To think that after two long years of absence, the memory of this kite should still flutter my dove, though folded in my very arms! Your cheek is chilly, Mildred; are you cold?"

"Yes, a little cold, dear husband. The wind is rising in the west, as though for tempest. We shall have rough weather to-night."

"'Tis like enough; and if bad weather sets in after this long calm, it will last, I fear. Come, let us have a walk together, while walk we may. Upon one's wedding day, a ramble arm-in-arm, Darby and Joan-like, is only fitting. Let us pay a visit to the good lieutenant and his wife."

"Aye, and take the dear child with us to see her god-parents," exclaimed Mildred, joyfully."

"You—deceitful—wicked—gypsy," returned her husband, shaking his finger in reproval; "to see her god-parents, indeed! You want to have her with us—that is all. I do believe you never feel your little treasure safe unless beneath your eyes. However, just as you like, love; tell Jane, then, to put her bonnet on."

"I had rather carry Milly myself, Ray—Jane is rather busy—and it's such a very little way to the coast-guard station."

"Another white one! It is three miles if it is a yard. But then the walk is upon the cliff-top, is it not? a very dangerous pathway in a wind; and Jane is such a giddy girl, and can never be brought to understand that she carries so much more than *her* life's worth in her arms, when she has that precious child."

"Nay, Raymond, dear, I know you love it just as much as I do. How thankful you seemed to be when you were told your child was——"

"Ay, true," interrupted Raymond, hastily; "but that was very foolish of me. If he had chanced to be a boy, what then? He would have had a very different bringing up from that which has ruined so many a Clyffard. He would have been spared the curse which has fallen upon the eldest born of us for so many generations."

"And yet how glad you were that it was a girl, Raymond."

"Was I? Well, perhaps I was; at all events I love our Milly. Come, button-mouth, give papa a kiss; then get you gone, you and your mother too, and wrap yourselves up warm, lest the rain should catch us before we can get home again."

With smiles and kisses he dismissed them both; then left alone in the veranda, he leant upon the wooden rail that faced the lawn, and drew a letter from his pocket; the address ran thus: Mr. J. HEPBURN, Pampas Cottage, by Westportown. It was written in a cramped and vulgar hand, and in one corner was scrawled "*Immedia'e*," underlined three times. "How fortunate it was," soliloquized Raymond, "that I chanced to meet the postman in my walk this morning. Otherwise, this letter would have driven my wife wild with terror. She would neither have eaten nor slept till she had compelled me to flee once more from the wrath of this she-devil to some obscure hiding place, just as we have got reconciled to our little cottage here, and have begun to feel it 'home.' I will burrow no more, but fight it out above ground. The threatened peril is mysterious enough, but the warning puzzles me even more. What a hand my anonymous friend writes' all leaning the wrong way like those blown backward saplings yonder. It may be disguised, of course, but at the best I should say it was no gentleman's hand. I am not much of a critic, but the spelling, too, let alone the composition, appears rather faulty.

"'*Bewair, Raymond Clyffard. The cat's eyes have found you out at last; find another hoal for a little; and at once. There is danger lurking at your very door.*—A TRUE WELL-WISHER.'

It is certainly very strange, and stranger that it comes when my poor wife has this nameless dread upon her. It can be no hoax, for nobody save those we have most cause to fear could have supplied the materials for it. The postmark is Westportown only; therefore the writer cannot be very far off. But except the simple folks whom we are about to visit, what wellwisher have I about here, or indeed anywhere, alas? We are compelled to impose even upon these good people; to lead a life of deception, to exist humbly, furtively! What a fool was I to pass my word to Mildred that it should always be so until Rupert——" He thrust the letter into his bosom, as his young wife rejoined him, equipped for walking, and with the child in her arms.

"Well, you *have* been quick," said he. "What, Milly want a toss before she starts? Give her to me then, mamma. Nay, now I've got her I shall carry her myself; all strategies are fair in love, as in war, she is my lawful prize."

It was a fair picture—that stalwart father with the wee bairn cradled in one sheltering arm, and the other thrown around his wife protectingly; and yet there was something in his eyes besides their love; the fire that glows within the eagle's orbs what time she sees the fowler inch by inch descending from the crag upon her eyrie, axe in hand, to bear away her young.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PREVENTIVE STATION.

The path which led away from Pampas Cottage to the coast-guard station lay westward along the shore, and for a little distance after passing by the fishing hamlet, as Raymond had said, close to the cliff top, but soon descended, not to the beach, but through an intermediate belt of rock and underwood between the cliff and the sea. Here, sheltered from the rising wind, and amid a verdant wilderness of thorn and hazel, it was easy to have imagined it was midsummer. The jackdaws slid in circles from the cliff; the wood-lark hanging in the sheltered air poured forth his love; the linnet whistled to his mate from the warm bush; and flitting from shrub to shurb, the tiny wren twitted his mite of thanks to God's own ear. At times, too, from a broad bank of brier, that, like a frieze, stood out from the white cliff, a hawk would shoot forth, noiseless and swift as light, and poise above the peaceful scene, like Satan watching our blameless Parents in their sleep; then shooting up above the down, would glide and poise again, despite the wind, and yet again would rise for broader view, to fall—a malignant star—and strike his innocent prey in some seeming sheltered homestead.

No homestead is, however, visible to human eye—no sign of the presence of man. The broken rocks, indeed, resemble often human architecture—here a fluted shaft, and there a column with its capital acanthus wreathed—but some grand throe of Nature has so strewed them there, who in her pangs can fashion things more beautiful than Art can mold in years of patient toil. The sea is sailless, save for one speck of white, which, like a pure soul passing to eternity, goes suddenly out on the horizon's verge.

"Is not this a very paradise, my Mildred?" exclaimed Raymond enthusiastically.

"It is indeed, dear Ray. May Heaven's angels guard us while we tarry in it."

"Amen," answered Raymond gravely. "Not, however," added he, more cheerfully, "that I am aware of our needing any special guardian, other than what all mortals need against their spiritual foe. As for mortal enemies, never, surely, was a little house so girt about with defenders as is ours. The smugglers in the village would fight for you as resolutely as ever they fought for an anker of rum; while the good lieutenant and his twenty men here would draw their cutlasses in your defence as gallantly as though you were the Inland Revenue herself. What a snug home they have yonder! Of all the comfortable-looking, ship-shape, spick-and-span residences that men can dwell in, I do think a preventive station is the most enviable."

The path had gradually risen until it brought them in sight of the tenement in question, a long low line of building, with a veranda in front of it, and a large garden, which extended to the sandy shore. They stood now at the look-out station, marked by a mast for signal-flags, and sheltered by a turf-bank from the wind, with the grass worn almost bare upon it in places where the man on duty was wont to lay his telescope—altogether a snug vantage-ground enough, and of course commanding a great expanse of view. The picturesque broken ground over which the three had come, upon one side; and on the other, a white curved bay, with the coast-guard boat high on the shining sand, and ready to be launched at a minute's notice; while in front the sea could be swept for scores of miles. But by far the most noticeable feature of "the Look-out" was certain carved wooden images stuck up on end, which gave to it the appearance of a spot dedicated to heathen rites. These idols, though representing the softer sex as often as the masculine, were by no means remarkable for personal beauty. Not one had been permitted to retain its entire complement of limbs, and if a lady had managed to preserve the aquilinity of her nose, she might consider herself a fortunate exception. These were figure-heads of vessels which the cruel waves had mutilated, when they cast the ships to which they belonged upon that long low reef to westward stretching far out to sea. Already, with the growing wind, the waters churned and foamed there in white malice; but in that comparative calm it was impossible to picture what wild work they made there during a storm. What hours of human agony had been witnessed by those pitiless cliffs, when, scudding before the gale, the helpless ships came on to their doom among the hissing breakers! What vain resolutions of repentance had they beheld in the white scared faces of whom Death was beckoning—what dumb resolve to meet the worst like men!

From Deadman's Reef no living man or woman ever yet came to land; nay, the bodies of the drowned which strewed the coast for days after a wreck could scarcely be called human, so bruised and mangled were they by the sharp and jagged rocks; but at a very low tide the reef was not without its attractions. Gold had been found there, and was found there still in old world or alien coins, guineas, moidores, dollars and doubloons; while it was even said that on a time when a ship from the Indies was there wrecked, the silver sand of Lucky Bay (so called in consequence) had been mingled with sparkling gold-dust, and that the ivory teeth of elephants glistened upon the bare brown beach. The little church-yard some four miles away, was three parts occupied with the bones thus cast on shore; most of them unknown, and buried in one mighty grave with a common headstone, *Sacred to the Memory of the Crew of* this or that vessel, *who perished in a storm off Dead-man's Reef*, and then the date. Nay, sometimes the very ship was nameless; her home-port and her destination alike unknown; and the part of the world she came from only guessed by her scattered and ownerless cargo. And yet, those who perished in her had relatives, and friends, and lovers, like the rest of us, and for long years were watched for, doubtless, and heaven importuned for them—not altogether, let us hope, in vain.

But it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the coast population thereabouts were by no means averse to a south-west gale, and what it brought them. "Death is king, and *vivat* wrecks," was their motto; and many a cottage in the neighborhood of Lucky Bay was indebted for its most ambitious piece of furniture to the fury of the winds and waves. Such waifs were reckoned as gifts of Providence, and accepted by the simple folk with genuine thankfulness, much as a good harvest might be acknowledged by the pious elsewhere. In old times there had been ugly stories afloat of ships having been lured to their destruction by false lights, professing to be safety-beacons; but whether true or false, such matters belonged to the past only. Above the cliffs which looked down on the reef, there was now a little lighthouse, which shot a fiery warning far out to sea; and this was served by a couple of men, who resided by turns with the coast-guard, there being only room for one lodger in this pocket Pharos. Thus, Lucky Bay was dedicated, as it were, to the protection of life as well as property, and seemed, at least to one of the three persons who were now looking down upon it, as the most desirable of human homes.

"How I wish that we lived here, dear Raymond, with those good kind Careys, watched night and day by trusty guardians, instead of in our lonely cottage, where, whenever you are absent, I feel so forlorn and unprotected. See, there is the lieutenant himself, and with a stranger too, as it seems; at least I never saw him about the station before."

"Perhaps he is some official visitor, or superintendent; Carey told me the other day that he was expecting some person of that kind. Look how he is pointing out to him the vegetable lions; I think I can hear him telling about those potatoes having been dibbled in by old Jacob, the lantern-keeper with his wooden leg; that's one of the old gentleman's stock stories. Ah, now he sees us. Look how he interrupts his talk, and breaks away from his visitor at once to come and bid you welcome; we may be sure therefore, that he is not the inspector."

Certainly, if such he was, Lieutenant Carey paid less respect than is usual in such cases to any official superior, striding away from him with rapid steps to meet the new-comers, and pouring forth, in a rich and powerful voice, a rain of welcome as he came.

"This is charming of you, Mrs. Hepburn; this is very friendly to walk so far to our poor home; and to bring your treasure with you too—my little godchild. Marion, Marion!" (here he raised his voice as though contending with some fancied strife of the elements) "come out, wife; here are the Hepburns." Then, as he and his visitors approached one another, he went on in what he honestly considered to be confidential tones, but which could be heard in a favorable wind about half a mile.

"I am so delighted to see you, Hepburn; always delighted, of course, but particularly so to-day. Here's a strange lubber come to stay with me from the Crown, of Westport-town, recommended by the landlord—a man whom one respects and to whom I am under obligations, but—just as though I kept a tavern like himself. 'My friend, Mr. Stevens,' writes he, 'is exceedingly anxious to see the coast near Lucky Bay, and especially the Mermaid Cavern, during these spring tides; and there being no accommodation for himself nearer than this, and much more for his man (who remains here), I have ventured to ask you to give him a shake-down for a night or two.' That's just what the fellow writes, and here is this Mr. Stevens—a lubber, sir, a lubber—upon my hands. I have not an hour's time to spare, in expectation of this inspection. You must show him the Mermaid Cavern, Hepburn; you must show him the coast."

A stout, florid and, notwithstanding his present trouble, a very cheerful-looking man, was Lieutenant Carey, though he had been pitted by the small-pox in a manner which, he was wont himself to say, was no mere seeming. Though it was his way to be eloquent upon whatever annoyed him, he was by no means of a repining character, otherwise finding himself a lieutenant still, after about forty years of sea service, he might perhaps have considered his own case a hard one, and Lucky Bay rather a misnomer as his place of residence. But, on the contrary, not only did he make the very best of his position, but entertained the visionary idea that it would be improved some day; that to have a post in the coast-guard was not another name for being put on the shelf; and that a day would come when he would sniff the incense of official favor, and be rear-admiral of half the colors of the rainbow before he died. It was a happy faith, and must have been shared in those evil days of favoritism by many another gallant seaman, or surely the Lords of Admiralty would have all met their doom at the hands of naval Bellinghams; grey-headed mates must have hanged themselves from the yard-arm, and shipless commanders taken to fresh water in despair from the top of Waterloo bridge. It was Lieutenant Carey's belief, in spite of some adverse evidence, that the Admiralty kept a favorable eye upon him. It was true, indeed, that there had been no indecent haste in promoting their protege, but what they had said to themselves was this: "Whatever happens, we have John Carey in reserve; we know where to find him—we know where to lay our hands upon him; and by" (here they swore a little, as it was the fashion to do in those days, particularly when under the influence of friendly emotions)—"and by the Lord Harry, but some day we'll do it." That day was still indefinite, and being so, why, it might be any day. Therefore, Lieutenant Carey held himself constantly in readiness for promotion, kept his preventive station in an absolute flawless state of discipline and perfection; and could have exchanged it for the stern cabin of any vessel suitable for a young commander of four-and-fifty, at a moment's notice and with a good conscience. In the meantime, he indulged his imagination by putting such superior ships in commission that were likely to fall to his share at first, and in reading his own appointment thereto upon the quarter-deck to a crew that had flocked in hundreds to serve under his respected name. He had even concocted a little speech, very short and very pithy, to deliver under those precise circumstances; and pending their occurrence, had repeated it to Marion, his wife, about one hundred and forty times.

"Don't you think it will be the right sort of thing to say, Marion?" he would inquire; and after every repetition Mrs. Carey would gravely reply, "It couldn't be better, John." She took an immense interest in the alterations which he had determined to make in the cabin arrangements, which was the less to be wondered at since they had nothing but her own convenience and comfort in view; for in those days a sea captain in His Majesty's service was permitted to have his wife on board with him; and had it not been so, good John Carey's dream would have been robbed of half its pleasure. Marion had been the only daughter of his friend and co-religionist—for Carey was a Catholic, a circumstance which perhaps did not benefit his professional prospects in those days—Lieutenant Henry Linton, who was struck down by his side at the battle of Aboukir, by a spar from the French ship L'Orient, when that great vessel was blown to fragments with a thousand men in her, and with his last words he had commended the friendless girl to Carey's protection. No bequest, drawn up and sealed with whatever formalities, could have been obeyed with more duteous care; the idea of failing in such a sacred duty never entered into his thoughts; but the execution of it was not easy. Little Marion, at a girl's school at Hammersmith, had first to be written to by the bluff sailor, who was terribly put to it how to break such bad news by letter; then the scanty pension the child received from Government had to be supplemented from the lieutenant's own purse, in order that her scholastic advantages should be still continued to her, and this necessitated a different system in his own expenditure, which for his means had been hitherto profuse, not to say prodigal. Then, when on shore, those interviews with Miss Backboard, the school-mistress—who nearly had a fit upon his happening, in the ordinary course of conversation, to mention the Lord Harry—were very trying; and more embarrassing did matters become, when Miss Marion, grown to womanhood, seemed to have a difficulty in calling him papa, which she had done for the last half dozen years, and could not kiss his weather-beaten cheek as usual without a blush upon her own pretty face.

Then with a delicacy of expression such as my Lord Chesterfield could not have achieved, although he sat up half the night raking his brain for courtly phrases, the lieutenant just appointed to Lucky Bay had offered his horny hand to the friendless girl, to have and to hold in marriage, if such an unequal match could really be contemplated by her with favor; though if not, the hand was hers still, so long as life was in it, dedicated to her service for her defence and succor always. But Marion Linton accepted her benefactor as her husband, and had never had any serious cause to regret that she had done so. No kinder heart ever beat beneath a blue jacket, nor were its noble simplicity and unselfishness lost upon her. Each, as they imagined, owed a great debt of gratitude to the other, and every day, strange as it sounds, that debt increased by mutual repayment. Without uxoriousness, which was foreign to his bluff and healthy nature, he was as devoted to her as he had promised to be if he had not become her husband; while she was anchored to him fast by that trustiest cable whose strands are reverence and esteem as well as love. Lieutenant John Carey had, in short, fallen into luck's way at last, and, as it was his delight to boast, with small thanks to the Admiralty. Their favor had not been demonstrated, and was therefore yet to come; and how so likely to come as through their own official visitor, at present expected? This it was that made the good lieutenant so chary of his hospitality at this particular juncture, and so anxious to shift the burden of entertaining his strange guest upon Raymond's shoulders.

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND CRIME.

A Rustic Beauty and Her Lover on the Way to the Penitentiary.

Three interesting convicts passed through the Union depot last night, on their way to Jefferson City in charge of Sheriff Davis, of Wayne County, from which place they hailed. They constituted a striking group to look at, and for that reason a *Republican* reporter boarded the train and sought out the sheriff, from whom he obtained a brief history of the crimes they had committed. "That prisoner," said he, pointing to a young man who sat in a seat near the middle of the car, "murdered his own child last May. It was supposed he had committed the crime while laboring under temporary insanity, but counsel for the prisoner failed to make good that line of defence." His name, as given by the sheriff, was Wm. Cummins, and his age was not over 35 years. He was being taken to Jefferson City to serve out a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary. The second prisoner was a young man possessing a faultless shape and a handsome face. He looked cheerful enough to be a pleasure-traveller on a junketing expedition rather than a candidate for the state prison. He was implicated in murdering a man by the name of George Macomb in Wayne County last May, and sentenced for a term of ten years. By his side sat the third, and by far the most interesting, prisoner of the group, a young girl not over 18 years old. She was well dressed, and wore a sad, resigned expression upon her beautiful countenance, that aroused the pity of every passenger in the car.

"What crime has this sad-looking creature committed?" was asked of the sheriff, whose sympathy appeared to be equal to that of other passengers.

"The story of that young girl is very remarkable. A number of years ago she fell in love with the prisoner sitting by her side, and will, I think, eventually marry him after they both serve out their sentence. Their love for each other is so true that nothing but the death of one of them, I think, will ever prevent them from becoming united in marriage. When her lover, the prisoner Steigall, was arrested and committed on the charge of murder, she stoutly protested that he was innocent. She used every means to obtain for him his liberty; sat by his side during his trial, and stuck to him with a heroism which only a faithful woman can display in behalf of the choice of her heart."

"What is her crime?"

"Her crime is not as great as that of her lover, but one which the State punishes almost as severely. After Steigall had been sentenced, and after all legitimate resources had been exhausted, the girl then set about to secure their liberty by resorting to various schemes, some of which came near being successful. On a dark night last June, at a late hour, she purchased a number of knives, files, and other tools. Procuring a ladder she then stole silently to the rear of the jail, and proceeded to carry out her plans. Climbing up the ladder to a window she dropped the tools into the jail and endeavored to beat a hasty retreat before being discovered. She might have effected her escape had not the tools in striking the floor of the jail made a loud ringing noise. This aroused the guard, who intercepted her and prevented her escape. She was tried for the offence, found guilty, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of ten years. The judge, owing to her age and appearance, took compassion upon her, and reduced the time one-half. It is said that an effort will be made by the citizens of Wayne County to procure her pardon."—*St. Louis Republican.*

Women and Horses.

The strike of the four hundred women employed in Lorillard's tobacco factory came to a sudden and unexpected termination yesterday by the decision of the employers to close the strippers' department in Jersey City, and have the work done in Louisville, Ky. This, of course, will throw the four hundred women out of employment, with the prospect before them of a long and severe winter and no work to do. It is another instance of the crushing power of capital. The demand of these women was eminently just. They had been tyrannized over by an unjust foreman, but, rather than yield to their appeal for his removal, the Lorillards have preferred to inconvenience themselves and remove the department in which the dissatisfied women worked. Candidly, the wealthy manufacturers do not appear in an altogether enviable light. Since Mr. Lorillard's horses have been abroad, it is safe to say that he has given gratuities to his jockeys amounting to $125,000. Yesterday's action left four hundred women without the means of support. Further comment is hardly necessary.—*New York Express.*

A Valuable Discovery.

In June last while some workmen were engaged in digging a ditch on the farm of Mr. George Cromwell, Township of East Oxford, they came upon the remains of what must have been a mastodon, and of great antiquity. The jaw, which is very complete, is two feet four inches long, and the teeth, which are still well preserved, weigh four pounds. Several of the ribs, the humerus, radius, neck joints and many of the small bones were also found. The whole have been exhibited at several of the country fairs in this district by the finder, Mr. Amos Carter, and when at Otterville a few days ago the attention of the Minister of Education was drawn to the collection. On Saturday a number of gentlemen visited the spot where the remains were found. All were much interested in the remains, and it is hoped that when the balance of them, which are supposed to be still intact, are found, they will be secured for the museum of our national University at Toronto.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his paper on the Jews, thinks "it is time for the rulers of Christian churches in general, and for those of the Established Church in particular, to consider whether the sacred books of the Hebrews ought any longer to be presented, as they are now, to Christian people as pictures of the Divine character and of the Divine dealing with mankind."

Dr. Peck, Bishop of the American Protestant Episcopal Church in Africa, says that four out of his seven white ministers will come back to America for their health this year, and that sickness makes the work of white missionaries so irregular that the proportion of negro laborers must be increased till the whole work is turned over to them.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 4, 1881

QUEBEC LEGISLATURE DISSOLVED

As we anticipated the Provincial Parliament is dissolved. The nominations will be held on November, and the elections on Friday, December 2nd; and in all probability the Legislature will meet in January.

OUR WOOL AND OUR MUTTON.

The late Exhibition afforded us an excellent opportunity for ascertaining the quality of the Wool and Mutton which are being raised in our County. And if these exhibitions are of any value, it is because of such opportunities, and because by means of them, we may judge how far we are in the right path; and if not, in what direction we should retrace our steps.

Hitherto our farmers have been extraordinarily successful in raising grade sheep, partaking of the Leicester and Cotswold breeds, with many of the good qualities of both; but also with their defects. Judging then by their mutton and their wool, we find that the mutton is of fair quality, but when fat, has a layer of fat on the outside of the flesh very much as pork fattens: That is to say, instead of the general richness of the mutton being improved by the good condition of the sheep, the result is a layer of fat which is not grateful to the epicure, nor wholesome in any great degree as food.

With regard to the wool, while it is abundant, yet it is coarse; and can only be used advantageously in the manufacture of particular descriptions of goods.

If there were no alternative to the use of this particular breed of sheep we should be obliged to content ourselves with them, and make the best of them. But as in reality there are a great variety of breeds of sheep, it may be well worth while to enquire, whether one cannot be found which will improve our present sheep in these two particulars, namely, by producing a finer wool, and a more valuable meat, than the sheep we now possess.

The breeds of sheep which in England are now attracting most attention are the Downs. It is claimed that they possess several good qualities, some of which are improvements on the characteristics of our own sheep in the respects already mentioned. Their wool is not so long as the Cotswold or the Leicester, but it is finer and more compact. Their mutton improves all through as the sheep improves in condition. There is the same difference between them and the Cotswold or Leicester as there is between the small Berkshire or Suffolk and a large Yorkshire pig. The meat is more mixed up with fat, and there is less of it in layers on the outside. In consequence of this fact the mutton of the Downs in England is valued more highly for market purposes than that of any other sheep except it be among special epicures of the Welsh or Highland mutton; which would not be profitable for commercial purposes. The Lincoln sheep is larger than the Cotswold or the Leicester, and its wool is even coarser. The Highland black faced sheep is excellent for many purposes and is probably the hardiest of all, as it is less in weight than any of the other cultivated breeds. Its wool is coarser, and it is not of a character to be profitable, except in mountain pastures where the heavier sheep would not thrive.

Of the Downs there are several varieties—of which the most valuable are the Shropshire Downs and the South Downs. The Hampshire Downs possessed for a time a certain popularity, but the specimens of them we have seen were long legged and inclined to be coarse, and did not possess the compact figure which is characteristic of the best Down sheep. The Oxford Downs are a new breed, enlarged by a cross with the Cotswold They are the heaviest of all the Downs; but in England they are regarded as being less profitable than the Shropshire Down, which are now the favorite sheep of the United Kingdom.

Several flocks of these sheep now exist in the Dominion; notably a large flock possessed by Mr. COCHRANE at Compton. And we beleive our Dominion member has a small flock of imported Shropshires at his farm at St. Anns. Mr. COCHRANE has repeatedly stated that the Shropshire Down has proved the most profitable sheep for export to Britain; and the experiments he has tried with their mutton have convinced him that they produce the best mutton of any breed of sheep raised in Canada. Mr. ABBOTT has not owned his flock long enough to make them an article of export; but we understand, he has forwarded their fleeces to our fellow townsmen, Messrs. HAMBLIN & AYRES, with instructions to manufacture from them cloth for his own use, and blankets for his household. In doing so he addressed a letter to Messrs. H. & A. requesting their opinion on the wool, and asking them how far it was suited for manufacture. The answer which he received from these gentlemen is so striking that we give an extract from it, as indicative of the character of the wool of the Shropshire Downs. They say:—

"In answer to yours of the 18th inst., we would say that there certainly is a change wanted in the breed of sheep, especially in this County. Some of the wool here is in resemblance more like hair than wool. Your wool is a good, free, open, medium grade of wool. It could be sorted into three grades, the coarser being finer than the finest we get about here.

"If the mutton of the fine wool breed will fetch as much in market to the farmer, it would be a great advantage."

The opinion of Messrs. HAMBLIN & AYRES, through whose hands so much wool passes, and whose attention must necessarily be closely directed to it, as manufacturers of it, is valuable as a guide to our consideration of this subject. We have already shown that the mutton of this breed is regarded both in England and in this country, so far as it is known as the best mutton raised. And the opinion of Mr. COCHRANE, as to the advantage of exporting it, is derived from actual experiment with different breeds; and is one of the highest that could be obtained. This breed therefore seems to promise an improvement in the two particulars in which our sheep are wanting, namely, in the quality of their mutton and of their wool. And it is a question, worthy the consideration of our farmers, how far the introduction of rams of that breed might be an improvement to our sheep generally.

We do not throw out these observations as laying down the law, on a matter of which we know so little as the breeding of sheep. We mention them because they have occurred to us in considering the question, and in conversing about it with men of experience. We were pleased to observe the interest taken in it by Mr. ABBOTT, and were glad to avail ourselves of the results of his enquiries as far as they have gone. We would now ask our subscribers who also take an interest in the subject, to favor us with their views. Let there be a free discussion of this most important subject, and as usual when free discussion takes place the truth will be arrived at, and the country will gain by its elucidation.

THE NOMINATION MEETING.

In response to a notice in our last issue a large and influential meeting of Liberal Conservative electors of this county was held in Olivet Hall on Wednesday last to elect a candidate to represent the constituency in the Local Legislature. Among those present we noticed, Alex Pridham, Esq., Warden, F. C. Ireland, James Fish, Wm. Owens, Edward Jones, J. C. Wilson, W. H. Chisholm, George Rogers, John Chambers, Mayor of Gore, Henry Hammond, George Simpson, Mayor of St. Andrews, M. O'Reilly, Samuel James, Dawson Kerr, Thomas Owens, Robert O'Brian, M. D., Wm. Hay, G. E. Bampton, Thomas Jefferson, P. Lane, John Taylor, F. X. Bertrand, D. Williamson, jr., Thos. S. Higginson, W. J. Simpson, P. Latour, F. W. Allen, J. Kennedy, Esqs. At 2 p. m. the meeting was called to order, when Mr. Ireland was by resolution chosen chairman, and Mr. Bampton requested to act as secretary.

The names of several gentlemen were suggested, some of whom declined the honor. After due deliberation, Wm. Owens, Esq., of Stonefield, was unanimously chosen as the candidate. Mr. Owens then addressed the meeting, thanking the gentlemen present, exhorting them to put their shoulders to the wheel in order to secure success; at the same time he cautioned them, and requested them to impress the same on all who should take part in the contest, if there be any, to be particularly careful about complying with the law, as he was determined not to sanction anything illegal. Several other gentlemen addressed the meeting. After three cheers for Mr. Owens, a vote of thanks to the chairman, one to the secretary, and one to Mr. Fish for the use of the hall, and three cheers for the Queen, the meeting, which was very harmonious throughout, dispersed.

POLITICS.

We are sorry to see both the *Gazette* and *Herald* placing the issue of the coming Local elections in the several constituencies on purely political grounds. We would like them to define what Dominion politics have to do with local matters? Do these journals wish to keep the country in a continual ferment? What has the country to gain by it? We trust the electors will no longer allow themselves to be cajoled by such party cries, but choose in each constituency the man most competant, well conversant with the wants of his locality and of the Province at large, and who will not be tied to any party, but do his utmost to relieve the Province of debt, foster improvements, and advance the best interests of the Province generally.

In this County a convention has been held and although the representations were doubtless of one party, we believe the selection they made will be satisfactory to a large number of those who differ from them in political opinion. Mr. OWENS is well and favorably known, has a large stake in the County, is a good and energetic business man, and has been accustomed to mix among prominent public men of all parties, so that should he be the choice of the people they may expect to be represented by a man of influence, ability and energy. We have not heard whether there be any intention of opposing him, but, should there be, we are of opinion that it would require a very strong man to do so with any prospect of success.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The Governor-General leaves Ottawa to-day for Quebec, *en route* for England. Major-General Sir P. McDougall, Commander of the Forces in Canada, acts as Administrator of the Government till the Marquis of Lorne's return.

—The potatoe business has been overdone, and there is now a glut in the New York market. Thirty car loads, principally from Canada, are now held over at Albany. Prices have fallen considerably at New York and Boston.

—A workman named Chas. O'Neill in the employ of E. B. Eddy of Hull, dropped dead in the lumber yard on Saturday morning. He had just asked a party the time of day.

—A company has been formed in Whitehall, New York, with a capital of $100,000 for the purpose of handling Canadian lumber. Hon. Mr. Burleigh is president. They will operate largely in the Ottawa district.

—An International Rifle Match Company has been incorporated in New York with a capital of $30,000. The object of the company is to arrange rifle shooting matches between American riflemen and those from England, Ireland and Scotland.

PUBLIC OPINION.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF COMPTON.

At a largely attended meeting of the Electors of the County of Compton, held at Johnville on the 12th inst., the present critical and embarassing state of the Province of Quebec, was seriously considered. The meeting was composed of parties who formerly ranged themselves on opposite sides of politics, but it has been considered wise, that as far as Provincial matters are concerned, the formerly dividing lines should be erased, and a new departure taken, so that the real issues involved in our Provincial affairs should be fairly presented to the people. The finances of the Province having, through gross management in the past, landed us on the verge of bankruptcy, it is for the people to say now whether the past mal-administration of our funds is to be continued, and direct taxation introduced, or to substitute for it a policy of economy and retrenchment. The meeting considered that, low as our Provincial finances have been reduced to, the Province can be made to pass through, by administrative reforms of a sweeping character. The following platform was unanimously agreed to, the rate-payers of the county believing that both Liberals and Conservatives will join heartily in endeavouring to remedy the evil:—

1. The abolition of the Legislative Council. Reasons: Its uselessness and expenditures.
2. Policy of retrenchment and general reduction of expenditure in all Government departments.
3. Economical reforms in the civil service, appointments thereto made on basis of competitive examinations, and promotion by merit, instead of by political patronage.
4. The taxation of all property, whether real or personal.
5. That more strenuous efforts be made to further the interests of elementary education in this Province.

The meeting resolved that, while there were many other questions requiring attention, necessity compelled the ratepayers to give prominence to a necessary and searching economy in Provincial matters, in order to prevent our being saddled with direct taxation. The meeting was then adjourned to meet again on an early day when a candidate to represent us in the Local House would be nominated, who must pledge himself to support unflinchingly the platform adopted in the interest of the rate-payers.

In publising the platform it was expressly desired to be stated that we repudiate the accusation of acting in the interests of political party.

That Dominion politics be entirely excluded from Provincial matters, and we, therefore, cordially invite the co-operation of all friends of economy and retrenchment to assist us in placing the finances of the Province on a sound and healthy basis.—*Sherbrooke Gazette.*

TWO WEIGHTS AND TWO MEASURES.

All the tactics of the Opposition press are now confined to loudly insinuating to the people and to the discontented that Mr. Senecal is all the Government in himself. As a matter of fact, this is false and only good to be told to *badauds*. All who know Mr. Chapleau and who have seen him at work have perceived that he has a will of his own, and that he is not of those who are driven. It will be seen after the coming elections, more so than during the last session, that he is not one of those who are broken down by open contest or intrigue. The Opposition is well aware that it cannot overthrow Mr. Chapleau by a direct attack; all its efforts are therefore mustered against Mr. Senecal and less so on his present *role* than on his past life. Party spirit does not reason, and it would seem strange if it did. Mr. Senecal's past, agitated like the career of so many business men, by alternate successes and failures, had not prevented the Liberal party from giving him its support, and confiding to him two mandates, and even to bequeath to him the parliamentary heritage of *L'Enfant Terrible*. And, moreover, at that time Mr. Senecal had against him the allegations of which he is now accused, and shown under such dark colors, and which did not even frighten the regretted V. P. W. Dorion, who sought the support of the electorate of Arthabaska, in concert with him. The parliamentary legacy which Mr. Senecal had obtained from *L'Enfant Terrible*, and which he could not divide with his brother, he subsequently remitted to Mr. Laurier, and the young orator, justly jealous of his reputation, was not afraid to enter public life under such auspices. Later on Mr. Senecal was designated for the Senate by the principal Liberal members of the Eastern Townships, among them Messrs. Laurier and Richard, as well as other equally honorable Liberal chieftains at Montreal.

The affair of the alleged obtention of fifty dollars by false pretences was, however, known long before, and one of the partners of the firm, Mr. C. C. Pacaud, resided in Arthabaska, and no doubt voted for the man who had robbed him. The catastrophe of the Pierreville Mills was of public notoriety, and it made a great noise at the time which it would not have made a few years later, in the midst of the crisis which precipitated such a large number of catastrophes. The affair of the promissory note of the municipality of St. Germain de Grantham occurred during the period which elapsed between two Liberal elections in the counties of Drummond and Arthabaska. It is unnecessary to insist; it is peremptory. If Mr. Chapleau the day he thought of confiding to Mr. Senecal the administration of the North Shore Railway had had some doubts they would immediately have been removed by such honorable concourse of sympathy. He received Mr. Senecal, it might be said, from the hands of the Liberal chieftains, and he only succeeded Mr. Laurier in his intimacy with him. After that it will be granted to us that the Opposition, with a very bad feeling, being unable to find anything for serious criticism in the administration of the Q., M., O., & O. RR., has thrown itself upon a past which it once covered with its shield. If Mr. Senecal was guilty of a single one of the accusations which it now brings against him, it will be the first blamed, and compromised in the matter. Public opinion may ask of the Opposition a strict account of its indulgence, and blame it for having induced Mr. Chapleau into error. Therefore, let the Opposition leave all those old quarrels in the dusty records in which they are recorded; let it watch and control, as it is its duty—a duty in which, to-day, it has placed more malice than good will in fulfilling—the administration of the Q., M., O. & O. Railway, and if it finds fault let it say so, but above all, prove it. The administration of the Q., M., O. & O. Railway well conducted on the one side and well watched on the other, is all the public requires, and we remind the Opposition to be very careful to fulfil its duty, as well as Mr. Senecal who so well succeeded in his task that nothing could be found wanting during the course of the parliamentary inquiry.—*L'Evenement.*

IN MEMORIAM.

KEYRAN FARREL, Died Oct. 2nd, 1881.

All alone he lies to-night,
  The winds above him sighing,
The moon-beams shine on the quiet grave,
  Where the loved one now is lying.

'Twas hard to lay that bright young boy
  Within the silent tomb,
'Twas hard to leave our darling then
  Amid the church-yard gloom.

We weep, but ah! his sightless eyes
  Know nothing of our sorrow,
They shall not ope to greet the rise
  Of sunshine on the morrow.

Alike to him the midnight dark,
  Alike the bright sun's dawning,
The noon-tide glare, the twilight hush,
  With him 'tis always morning.

But, oh! to us how dark and lone,
  How dreary must the future be;
Yet it is well, since willed by Him
  Whose wisdom to the end can see.

Our loved one sleeps; but not for ever
  Shall the grave confine that form,
We shall meet to part, no, never,
  On the resurrection morn.

Let this blest hope our lonely hearts
  With peace and comfort fill,
In meek submission may we bow
  To God's unerring will.

ANONYMOUS.

A Tunis despatch says the Arabs have been sacking the village around Mehdia.

The British and French ironclads received orders to leave Alexandria immediately on the departure of the Turkish delegates.

A Mazaltan despatch reports terrible loss of life in the neighboring districts. Five hundred persons are said to have been killed.

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Knit with Parks' Knitting Cotton, and you knit successfully.

FLANNELS.

S. CARSLEY'S FLANNEL LIST.

RED FLANNEL.
Useful Red Flannel only 13½c per yard.
Fair Quality Red Flannel only 15½c per yd.
Good Red Flannel only 17c per yard.
Very Good Red Flannel only 19½c per yard.
Very Good Red Flannel only 23c per yard.

WHITE FLANNELS.
Useful White Flannel only 15c per yard.
Useful White Flannel only 18c per yard.
Fair Quality White Flannel only 21c per yd.
Good White Flannel only 23c per yard.
Very Good White Flannel only 26c per yd.
Very Good White Flannel only 29c per yd.

SHIRTING FLANNELS.
A very large assortment Check and Stripe Shirting Flannels.
Useful Shirting Flannel only 13½c per yard.
Fair Quality Shirting Flannel only 15c per yard.
Good Shirting Flannel only 16½c per yard.
Very Good Shirting Flannel only 21c and 24c per yard.

GREY FLANNELS.
Good Plain Grey Shirting Flannel only 25c per yard.
Good Plain Grey Shirting Flannel only 28c per yard.
Very Good Plain Shirting Flannel only 34c and upwards.

BLUE SERGE.
Heavy Blue Serge Shirting for 23c per yard.
Good Heavy Blue Serge Shirting only 24c and 28c per yard.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

Lachute Caledonian Club.

At a meeting of Scotchmen held in Victoria Hall, on the 25th inst., it was resolved to organise a Caledonian Club in Lachute.

All Scotchmen,
OR
DESCENDENTS of SCOTCHMEN,
whether residing in the parish of Lachute or adjoining parishes, are requested to
MEET IN VICTORIA HALL,
ON
TUESDAY THE 8TH OF NOVEMBER,
at 7 o'clock in the evening,
for the purpose of enrolling themselves as members, and for the election of office bearers, framing by-laws and transaction of business generally.

G. L. MEIKLE,
Chairman.
Lachute, Oct. 28th, 1881.

Farm for Sale.

LOT NO. 8, IN THE 2ND CONCESSION of Thomas' Gore, containing about 90 acres, 20 of which are cleared, the rest well wooded. Apply to
10 3in JAMES BECKHAM.

School Teacher Wanted.

SCHOOL TEACHER WANTED FOR School Section No. 2, Brittonville, Morin. Apply to

WM. BURNS,
Sec.-Treas.
Morin Flats, Oct. 28th, 1881. 10 3in

NOTICE.

ARGENTEUIL VETERINARY OFFICE,
ST. ANDREWS.

I beg to inform the public that this office will be closed until March next, as I am returning to Montreal Vet. Med. College for some other degrees.

I remain, yours,
n10 3in P. PAQUIN,

CHAPMAN & MATTINSON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
SASHES,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
STAIRS,
STAIR RAILINGS,
BALUSTERS & POSTS,
MOULDINGS,
And All Kinds of House Finishings.
DRY PINE LUMBER
Constantly on Hand.
LACHUTE MILLS,
v3 n10 1y PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Drawing Class.

MRS. BOND purposes opening a class for Painting in oils and water colors, crayon and pencil Drawing; also Painting on satin and china. Address
care of Mr. J. STANIFORTH,
LACHUTE.
Nov. 3rd, 1881. n10 3in

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'WAY.

EMORY'S BAR TO PORT MOODY.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to give Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr Marcus Smith, who is in charge of the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dep. Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. n10 12 n

EVERY ONE
interested in the lumber trade *should* subscribe for THE
CANADA
LUMBERMAN,
the only paper of the kind published in the Dominion, and the recognised organ of the trade.

The LUMBERMAN is a large four column, 16 page, semi-monthly journal, devoted exclusively to the lumbering interests of Canada, which is now entering upon the second year of its publication and in which the publishers, guided by the experience of the past, hope to make important improvements during 1882

The LUMBERMAN offers special facilities to advertisers reaching those engaged in this important industry, as it has already secured a very large circulation among those in whose interest it is published. For specimen copies, rates of advertising, &c., &c., address

TOKER & CO.,
Publishers,
PETERBOROUGH.

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

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec, }
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. 168. Charles Faucault, 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 baillifs 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 Pennsylvania, 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 WATCHMAN, 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 months 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 RABY,
Dp. P. S. C.

9 2 ins

Province of Quebec, }
District of Terrebonne. } Superior Court.

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. 165. Dame Mary Macgoeby, of the parish of St. Canute, in the said district, widow of the late John Oreilly in his lifetime of the same place, yoeman.
vs. Plaintiff.

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 Orielly, 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 RABY,
Dep. P. S. C.

LIGGET & HAMILTON,
importers of
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
Carpets, and Housefurnishings.

A splendid assortment of
SEALETTES,
for winter cloaks, now being sold
AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

A large line of MILLINERY in stock.
LIGGET & HAMILTON,
47 & 49 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
82 j 1

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 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. 30 1 f

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.
½c 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.
1-ly
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. Meikle, Post Office.
J. Patinaude, Montreal House.
J. & R. Banford, Cash Store.
Fish & Ireland, Mills.

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

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

CHATHAM.
J. Cushing.

CHATBORO.
C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.
E. Labiane.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
11 f LACHUTE BAKERY

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

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

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

REAL ESTATE.

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

GRENVILLE VILLAGE.
10 Lots with dwellings and outbuildings from $200 to $ 00 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot	8 in 1st Range,	$800 00
S W ½	"	5 in 4th Range,	300 00
N ½	"	14 in 5th Range,	200 00
S ½	"	18 in 5th Range,	70 00
S part	"	11 in 3rd Range,	500 00
S ½	"	2 in 4th Range,	200 00
S ½	"	19 in 4th Range,	400 00
S ½	"	10 in 6th Range,	600 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	"	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.			
½	"	16 in 7th Range,	600 00

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

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, 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. WALES & Co.,
Sep. 14.
11f *St. Andrews.*

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.
v3 n23m.

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.,
213 & 217 Walnut St., Philada., Pa

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.

Farm for sale.—James Beckham.
School Teacher Wanted —Wm. Burns.
Caledonian Society.—G. L. Meikle.
House Finishings.—Chapman & Mattinson
Can. Pacific Railway.—F. Braun.
Notice.—P. Paquin.
Carsley's Millinery Room.—S. Carsley.
Every one—Toker & Co.
Dr. Fowler's Extract—T. Milburn & Co.
Hagyard's Yellow Oil.— "
Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursi.—"
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.—Henry. Johnsons & Lord.
Hop Bitters.—Hop Bitters M'f'g Co.
Drawing class.—Mrs. Bond.
Edison's Guide. Edison Music Co.

LOCAL.

The Rev. Dr. McArthur of New York has been visiting his brother Mr. Peter McArthur of Dalesville and attending the Baptist Convention in Montreal.

"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.

The School Teachers Provincial Convention was held last week at St. Johns. Ald. J. C. Wilson extended an invitation to have them meet here next year, but they had already decided to meet in Sherbrooke.

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.

The annual matches of the Argenteuil Rifle Association will take place at St. Andrews, on the 9th November next. A considerable sum has already been collected to be offered as prizes, and a large gathering of members may be expected.

The Annual meeting of the Lachute branch of the Montreal Bible Society will be held in the Methodist church here on Monday evening, 7th Nov., at 7 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Green, the travelling agent, will be present and address the meeting.

Halloween was observed here last Monday night according to ancient custom. Some of the dresses and falsefaces worn by the boys were fantastical. We believe although it was a time for larking and playing tricks, these were not indulged in to any extent, the lads contenting themselves with paying domiciliary visits to every family in the village, and reciving whatever they chose to give them.

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.

Mr. H. W. Loucks Telegraph operator is on a visit to his parents in Aultsville, Ont. We hope he may have a pleasant trip and return feeling much better after his vacation.

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 $1.00.

FALLING LEAVES!

"There is something inexpressibly touching in the fallen leaves," sighs an esteemed author. There is, there is, indeed. It's when you slip on one of the articles on a wet morning, and touch the unsympathetic pavement. But there is in reality touching language,—language uttered from the heart, yea, from the depths of the soul, in the many thousands of testimonials and letters (unsolicited) that come from those who once were sufferers from lung diseases, asthma and consumption, and who have used N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, and have been restored to their wonted health and activity.

CANADIAN APPLES FOR GERMANY.—A great deal of interest in Canada was awakened in Germany by the visit of the four delegates appointed by the German Government. Dr. Weilersheim, Herr E. Glock, Herr T. Eberhardt and Dr. Schreiner. They were delighted with what they saw of Canadian fruit, apples in particular, and requested Mr. Munderloh, the German Consul here, to send over some specimens of the different varieties. Mr. Munderloh communicated with Mr. Evans, of the Montreal Horticultural Society, with a view to having some good samples sent to Germany. The apples have been gathered from the following gentlemen's orchards: From G B. Edwards, Covey Hill, Huntingdon Co., 21 varieties have been picked; from Charles Gibb, Abbottsford, Rouville Co., 6 varieties; from R. Jack, Chateauguay Basin, 4 varieties; from R. W. Shepherd's orchard at Como, winter St. Lawrence apples; from J. C. Baker, Montreal, 4 varieties; Miss Orkney, Montreal "Bonrasse" apples; from Capt. Raynes, 4 varieties; and from N. S. Whitney's orchard at Frelighsburg, 3 varieties. In all there are 31 distinct varieties grown in six different counties. They have been put up in two patent cases, kindly given for the purposes by Mr. Cochrane, of Sherbrooke. The Germans, who have no good apples of their own, will doubtless open up a trade with Canada in this article. It will take about two weeks for the fruit to reach Germany.

A letter received from Rev. J. McLean, Missionary at Fort McLeod, at the Mission Rooms, announces the sad intelligence of the death of George McDougall, a son of the late Rev. Geo. McDougall, and of the drowning of Tom McKenzie, (brother to Mrs. David McDougall.) They had been out buying cattle in Montana, and on their return, Mr. McDougall, was thrown from his horse, and sustained such severe injuries that he died. Mr. McKenzie started with the cattle, after burying Mr. McDougall, but in crossing a river, was drowned. We extend to the aged mother and the bereaved relations our most heartfelt sympathy in this trying affliction that has fallen upon them.—*Christian Guardian.*

—One of the largest but most unostentatious contributions to the Garfield Fund was that of his successor, Mr. Arthur, who has given nine months of his official salary, $33,000, towards the national offering.

For sale a two-year-old Ayrshire bull. Apply to ROBERT DOIG,
Upper Lachute.

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.

MR EDITOR,—While filling up your columns with the aid of scissors and paste, it would be well that the source whence the information so obtained should appear with each article, so that redress can be sought for, and more readily obtained in the proper quarter, in case of injury being inadvertantly done to individuals or communities, as for example in your last week's issue under the heading of "British and Foreign Notes" appear the following: "Davidson, of Tulloch, who died last month in Scotland in his 82nd year, was the Count d'Orsay of Highland life 50 years ago, a wonderful 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 penuary in Brussels,"—which is so far correct except the last and principal sentence, because the subject of this article may be said to have died in the service of his country, when at the age of 82 he felt it to be his duty to pay respect to his Sovereign by taking his share in the great national display which took place recently in the vicinity of Edinburgh when Her Majesty reviewed the Scottish Volunteers, where he "braved the pelting of the pitiless storm" which unfortunately prevailed during the entire pageant, and from the heats of which he became unwell at his hotel in Edinburgh, where he died before he could be removed to his home in the far North of Scotland.

Davidson, of Tulloch, was one of the few Landed Proprietors who recognised the fact that property has its duties as well as its rights, and acted up to the maxim by constantly residing upon his estate, one of the first in the county of Ross, and spending his time and his money among his tenantry. When I add, that at the time of his death, and for some years previously, he held the honorable and onerous position of Lord Lieutenant of his County by favor of his Sovereign—that "for several years before his death," *or after*, " he was living in utter penuary in Brussels" or any other Foreign city, need no further contradiction from one who knew him in the heyday of his youth and respected him in his old age, to which this small tribute is due even at this distance of time and place from yours truly, A. McINTOSH.

Carillon, P.Q., 31st Oct., 1881.

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. 22y1

STANSTEAD PLAIN.—The funeral of Captain Bodwell, which took place at his residence, Stanstead, on Sunday last was made the occasion of a large Masonic gathering. Deceased was the oldest member of Golden Rule Lodge, of Stanstead Plain, and had attained the ripe old age of 84 years, sixty-three of which he was a member of the fraternity. The members of the Lodge, together with those of Mount Orford Lodge, Georgeville, assembled at the residence, to the number of about eighty, and the relatives and friends of the deceased swelled the number greatly. It being a magnificent day, the funeral services were held in the open air in front of the house, and a most impressive sermon was delivered by Rev. Bro. F. E. Healy, after which the procession formed and proceeded to the burial ground, where the usual Masonic services were read by R. W. Bro. E. R. Johnson, P. D. D. G. M., and the craft responding rendered the services grand and solemn in the extreme. And so on the sloping hillside, not far from the old homestead, rests the patriarch laid away by loving hands, "until the last trumpet shall sound."

The Member for Soulanges Unseated.

JUDGMENT FOR $75,000—AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

On Tuesday His Honor Mr. Justice Johnson, in the Court of Review, delivered judgment in the case of Mr. J. Legris of Coteau Landing, against the member for Soulanges, Mr. Wm. Duckett, in the Local House. The action was taken under the 124th section of the Electoral Act, which provides a penalty for members sitting without being duly qualified according to the requirements of that Act. The judgment of the Court below was reversed and the defendant was declared to be insolvent and not to have been proprietor or in legal possession of the Goods and effects which he claimed to own, and he is consequently held to be liable to the penalty in the sum of $2,000 per day for every day he so occupied his seat in the Legislature. The judgment is for $75,000, and is a particularly important one, as being the first one rendered in Canada under this clause of the Electoral Act. Mr. Duckett was first returned to Parliament at the general elections in 1863. He sat for four sessions in Quebec and one in Ottawa for the county of Soulanges.

Canadian News.

THE SENATORSHIP.—At the last meeting of the Montreal Conservative Club a resolution was passed approving the candidature of Mr. A. W. Ogilvie for the vacant Senatorship. A memorial to the Government was drawn up and a deputation proceeded to Ottawa on Saturday to press Mr. Ogilvie's claims.—*Herald.*

Prof. Macoun, of the Dominion Exploratory Survey, has just returned from the Northwest. During the past season he has been engaged in exploring the country to the north of Fort Pelly. With that object in view he left Winnipeg on the 9th of June, by way of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipego-is, ascended Deer River, explored the country along its banks and Porcupine Mountain. He then passed along the head waters of the Swan River, thence down to Livingstone, and on to Port Ellice via the Assiniboine, reaching Winnipeg on the 8th ult. Nearly all the country traversed he found covered with thick forest, and everywhere found a rich soil.—*Free Press.*

A LAND CASE.—At Aylmer Judge Macdougall gave judgment in the case of Holland vs Ross Bros., involving the power of the local Government to cancel the sale of lands sold prior to Confederation. The case was argued in chambers some weeks ago on a demurrer filed by the defendants. Their contention was that the location ticket is a lease, and that the land in question never passed out of the public domain though paid for in full. The judge decided that a location ticket is a promise of sale, and when the purchaser has paid out for his land and holds possession, it is equivalent to a deed of sale. He therefore dismissed the demurrer and allows the plaintiff to produce proof of the alleged damages. The final decision will probably be rendered in November, and is watched for with much interest in Ottawa county and city by settlers and land owners whose property was confiscated in 1878.

American News.

Newark, N. J. Oct. 31.—The Mechanics' National Bank has closed in consequence of the statement of the cashier to the directors yesterday, and an investigation is going on. The bank has been regarded as the strongest here. The stock sold at 180. It is reported that the cashier is a defaulter to the amount of $2,000,000.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

DEPARTURE OF SENATORS.—PREPARING FOR A LONG SESSION.—SENATORS BUILDING HOUSES IN WASHINGTON.—THE ROOTS OF THE CAPITAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Washington, Oct. 29th, 1881.

Many Senators who have been here during the extra session have gone home to prepare for the longer stay in Washington, which will begin with the regular session on December the fifth and end—when? Probably it will end in June, but it is the biennial long session, and if a revision of the tariff should be seriously undertaken, or a change in the revenue laws, in order to reduce taxation,—measures which seem to be justified by the rapid accumulation of surplus money in the Treasury—there is no telling how long the regular session may last. With some senators and members, a change of residence to Washington is a very easy transition. Senators Cameron, Pendleton, Bayard, Hale, Representative Robeson, and others have houses of their own here, and are really more at home in Washington than in their respective states. A number of members and senators are building houses, and it will, doubtless, be more common in the future than it has been in the past for the representatives of the different states to have permanent residences at the Capital. Senator Windom is building a fine house near Scott's Circle. Senator Vance, of North Carolina, has bought a lot on Massachusetts Avenue, and is about to put up a fine house. Mr. Blaine has not suspended work on his house, which will be one of the most commodious, and best fitted for receptions, of any in Washington. Building enterprises are being pushed with great energy. Hundreds of houses have been built during the summer, but, I am told by the real estate agents, that nearly all of them are occupied, and that they have never before known such a demand for houses as there is at present. It must be admitted, that the roots of Washington are growing more rapidly and deeper than the sentiment that demands a removal of the Capital to the scientific center of the Union, and it is probable that they are already too deep for the Capital on the Potomac to suffer extirpation. Indeed, the city has already grown to such proportions as to make speculation relative to its removal fruitless and unpractical. The amount of money sunk in erecting the Capitol, Treasury Department, Patent Office, War, State, and Navy Departments, and a host of other public buildings and monuments is so enormous that, even the financial resources of this great and flourishing Republic would feel the strain of throwing such a sum away. Into the bargain, the private residences erected along the paved avenues which radiate from the Capitol have entailed such an outlay upon senators, members of congress, and citizens, who built them, often at a lavish expense, that it is impossible to regard as practicable the transference of the seat to another state; No city of the Union has grown more rapidly or improved more substantially since the war than Washington, and the winter season attracts as many fashionable families to the banks of the Potomac in December and January as Newport, Saratoga, and Long Branch can boast in July and August. The die is cast so far as the legislative city of the Union is concerned, and, with the removal of the malaria breathing marshes of the Potomac, nothing will be lacking to make the city a summer as well as a winter resort

A Senate Committee has under consideration a bill for the removal of the Potomac marshes, and it is a work which every citizen proud of National Capital will wish to see accomplished.

—Hon. D. A. Smith in his speech at the banquet recently given the Governor General at Winnipeg, thus referred to the progress and prospects of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—"I have learnt from those who have the conduct of affairs here that at this moment they have one hundred and fifty miles, that is some eight miles beyond Brandon, completed, of which they have actually constructed 120 miles, and that before the close of this season there will be at least 200 miles completed and in running order. Besides some 150 miles of branch line, there will be this present year an additional 200 miles of the main line graded, and arrangements have been made for going on as far as possible throughout the winter with the work. As regards the future, during the next year the hope, the expectation indeed, is that something between 500 and 600 miles, will have been laid and if possible in running order, so that from this you will see it will not take a very long time to reach the Rocky Mountains, of which we have heard so eloquently from his Excellency."

—The London correspondent of the *Globe*, in a recent letter, says:—"Under the direction of Sir A. T. Galt the London agency of the Dominion Government now presents an organization for dispersing information regarding Canada, and generally advancing the interests of the Dominion in the Old Country, second to no similar establishment representative of any of the Colonies. At the London office a large number of enquirers are received daily in regard to emigration; and many men of means have started this year from England and Scotland for the Northwest, and the emigration generally has been composed of a very good class of settlers. The interest that is being awakened in the country by the accounts of the journey of the Governor-General and others, and the extensive distribution of pamphlets descriptive of the lands of the Dominion suitable for settlement, will in all probability lead to a still larger emigration of the same class of settlers next season. Especially may we predict this when we have regard to the way in which farmers and others have been hit in that most vulnerable point—their pocket—this year."

IRELAND.

Directly after the publication of Parnell's letter in the *Freeman's Journal*, deprecating the formation of tenants' defence associations, the Governor of Kilmainham Gaol was superseded by two new Governors. It is rumored that Sexton is dying.

The worst knell yet heard in Ireland is Parnell.

Farmers are flocking into the Land Court in increasing numbers every day. Sixteen hundred applied on Friday and 3,600 on Saturday. It is in contemplation to appoint more sub-Commissioners, as the four now about to sit are inadequate to the labor. It will take two years for the present staff to work off the cases which will probably apply during the present month.

There are now 400 Land Leaguers imprisoned. It is probable Parnell will be sentenced to 14 deprivations for having written the letter published in the *Freeman's Journal.* The officers of the prison are in dread lest a sworn enquiry be held touching the letter.

Rev. Mr. McHale (Catholic curate) at Labardare, has been arrested for holding a Land League meeting in the chapel.

It is a novel sight for Ireland, that of a hundred and fifty men rising in their places in church, and protesting against the reading of an arch-bishop's pastoral. Yet this took place in Dublin, Sunday.

The Hyde Park demonstration on Sunday was attended by 50,000 people. The speakers were very violent, but the crowd was orderly and hardly any police made their appearance known.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the house of the manager of Lord Erne's estate at Ballindrot.

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.

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. 22y1

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AT
Wm MURRAY'S
NO. 71 ST JOSEPH STREET,
MONTREAL.
A Few Gold Watches and Chains.
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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.
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—VICTORIA—
BUCHU & UVA URSI
THE GREAT SPECIFIC
FOR ALL
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS
AND
URINARY ORGANS.

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

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

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

J. D. LEDUC, L. L. B.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW. ETC.,
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Collections made on reasonable terms, in all parts of the district of Terrebonne (and other districts), and promptly remitted.
Oct. 13, 1881. v5 n8 1y

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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. 20
TERMS EASY. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to the proprietor,
JAMES MILLER,
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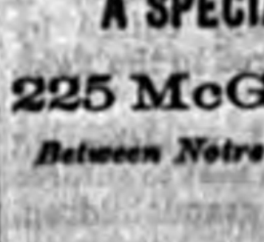

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WATCHES AND ALL KINDS OF JEWELLERY REPAIRED.
June 1881 40-1y

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

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, Wincevs, 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.

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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. 13th, 1881.
v5 n10 1y

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.

If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters

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

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

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BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.
COLLECTING AGENT,
Private Detective,
and confidential
Secret-Service Agent.
All business promptly attended to.
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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.
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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,
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Sold by all Leading Grocers thro'-out the Dominion.
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OF
MILLINERY,
WINTER JACKETS,
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is all well selected. Ladies will do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
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CURES DIARRHEA AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
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Mrs. FREEMAN'S NEW DOMESTIC DYES are perfect in every color. For brightness and durability they have no equal. Price 15 cents per package.

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Watchmaker,
AND
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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.

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.

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.

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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.
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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.
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New Store! New Goods!
Gents'
Youths'
and Children's
Suits and Overcoats
AT
BOTTOM PRICES.
FINE CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
A full line of
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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' 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.

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

What Time Is It?

What time is it?
Time to do well—
Time to live better—
Give up that grudge—
Answer that letter—
Speak that kind word, to sweeten a sorrow;
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.
Time to try hard
In that new situation—
Giving up needlessly changing and shifting;
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be thrifty;
Farmers, take warning;
Plough in the springtime,
Sow in the morning—
Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing;
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.
Time to count cost—
Lessen expenses—
Time to look well
To the gates and the fences;
Making and mending, as good workers should;
Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is is?
Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice—of truth being fond;
Making your word as good as your bond.
Time to be happy,
Doing your best—
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest,
Knowing in whatever country or clime,
Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

The Electric Exhibition at Paris.

A correspondent writes: I have succeeded in obtaining a complete list of the American winners of prizes at the Electric Exhibition. As a mark of the highest distinction, diplomas of honor have been awarded to the United States Signal Office, the Smithsonian Institute, the United States Patent Offices, and Messrs. Edison, Graham and Bell. Gold medals are awarded to the Anglo-American and Brush Electric Light Companies, the United States Electric Lighting Company, Elisha Gray & Tainber. Silver medals to Bailey & Puskas, Connolly Bros. and MacTighe, Dolbear, the Eccard Electric Purifier Company, the Hubbard-Pond Indicator Company, the Western Electric Manufacturing Company, the Western Electric Light Company and the Electro-Dynamite Company; bronze medals to Messrs. Chavet, Cumming and Dion, the Hoosac Tunnel Company, the Tri-nitro-Glycerine Works, the Parts Photo Relievo Company, the White House Mills and Williams. If the relatively small number of exhibitors be considered, it will be seen that they have carried off a very large number of prizes. The awards have been made for the *ensemble* of each exhibitor's contribution, not for any single invention exhibited, except of course where there was only one. The full list of French and foreign awards will not be published till to-morrow. I hear, however, on good authority, that no exhibitor of electric light but Edison has carried off a diploma of honor.

A Bourbon Anecdote.

John J. Crittenden used to tell this anecdote to illustrate the fidelity of his people to the "wine of the country." A leading politician of the State (Kentucky), stopping for the night at the house of a countryman in one of the southeastern counties, found the entertainment he got more satisfactory because of a barrel of very respectable whiskey having been just brought in. Returning a month afterward from an electioneering tour, and disappointed in not being able to get even a drink, he reminded the host, with some impatience, that only a month ago he had a full barrel in his pantry. The look that preceded the answer to this reminder was composed of surprise and resentment: "Lookee here, my friend, do you spect one bar'l o' whiskey to last *always*, and 'specially when a man's got a wife and six children, and the cow's gone dry, and they've got no milk?" "Never!" answered the candidate—"certainly not. I didn't understand the situation, or I'd never have asked so foolish a question. This molasses-and-water is—well, it's simply—splendid."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

The Electric Light.

There are sixteen electric lamps in the Laboratory Department of the Woolwich arsenal. The workmen, while appreciating the purer atmosphere resulting from this method of illumination, complain of the shadows cast upon their work, and also that the intensity of the light impairs their eyesight.

The *Journal of Gas Lighting* says: "In Glasgow the committee of the corporation to whom a proposal to introduce electric lighting into the city was recently referred, have reported adversely thereto, on the ground that they had not sufficient confidence in any of the electric light systems now before the public; and the idea is consequently to be put off indefinitely."

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing of the Paris Exhibition of Electricity, mentions several novel applications of the electric current as a motive power. The ploughing machine of M. Menier, the circular saw three feet in diameter, a stone cutter and electrical hammer of M. Fiat attract considerable attention. There are machines for pumping water and rock drilling, besides a number for sewing and embroidering.

An Inch of Figurative Sermon.

The shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dog, the shepherd's pasture ground, and the shepherd's fold were considered by Dr. Talmage in his sermon on Sunday. Of the shepherd's dog he said: When a man is spending his whole life in the work of Christianity, how many of these dogs there are to hound him, to bark at him and bite at him! They howl and snarl and run back and forth. But, after all, they are the Lord's dogs, gone out to drive men into the house of God. Some have ecclesiastical dogs, some political dogs, some social dogs; yet they are the dogs that will drive you nearer to God, the great Shepherd, and they can do you no harm. The more dogs there are after you the quicker you will get in." (Great laughter.) In conclusion, Dr. Talmage invited the whole world to come into God's sheep fold, 14,000,000 abreast.

John Morley's "Life of Cobden" has appeared, and is of great literary and historical value. It contains much unpublished correspondence. It has hitherto been impossible, for reasons that need not be explained, to induce Mrs. Cobden to permit her husband's letters to be seen. Their revelations now increase the public estimate of the late statesman. The most interesting piece of correspondence consists of two confidential letters between Cobden and Sir Robert Peel when the latter defeated the Irish Coercion Bill on the same night when the Corn Law Repeal Act was finally passed in the House of Lords.

The N. Y. *World's* London cable says: Mr. Goldwin Smith's charge against the Royal Family for not utilizing their opportunities for promoting great and useful works, has been gracefully referred to by the Prince of Wales at Swansea. Most singular still was the officious looking rejoinder in the *Times*, which is popularly believed to have been inspired by the Queen. Royalty is industrious enough in Great Britain, but much more could be done in Ireland. Another unusual interposition of royalty in popular topics was the Princess of Wales' refusal to patronize the ladies' movement to wear only British goods. The movement is really an off-shoot of the Fair Trade agitation. The Princess' reply was dictated in high official quarters. In connection with this subject the interesting fact, well known in journalism, is recalled that the Queen once wrote a leader in the *Times*.

The "books in the running brooks" come under the head of current

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—Woman's rights—Husbands.

—A stage whisper: "Fare, please!"

—A night gown is nothing but a nap-sack.

—Far above his surroundings—The light-house keeper.

—Every other person you meet has a bronchial trouble.

—Seven thousand Morwomen are divided among 3,000 Mormen.

—Note this, young man—A grass widow is anything but green.

—When is a girl like a music book? When she is full of airs.

—Concord grapes do not keep well, but they are of high flavor this year.

—Resolutions never arise spontaneously; they always have to be drawn up.

—If a young man does not try to make a name for himself, other people will soon give him a bad one.

—The wedding season is tolerably brisk and the marriage bells are chimed with pleasant frequency.

—It is estimated that there are at present 263 styles of corsets for clinching young ladies into slenderness.

—When a man is thoroughly frightened it takes three or four other men to hold him responsible for anything.

—A Toronto maiden has promised to marry five different men. The papers refer to her as "a promising society belle."

—There are men who, when told to be careful about the city water and not let it run all night, reply, "Get what you pay for."

—Mr. John Walter, of the London *Times*, in an interview, says he thinks that New York will, in the future, draw its supply of water from Lake Erie.

—An editor received a letter from a subscriber asking him to publish a cure for apple worms. He replied that he could not suggest a cure until he knew what ailed the worms.

—The Toronto Clerical Association approves of the course of the Toronto Collector of Customs in seizing the immoral works recently entered at the Custom House.

—A German complaining of the overshadowing influence of militarism: "See the effect on our children; if we have handsome, well made boys they join the military; if girls, the military join them."

A farmer once hitched to his plough
A jaded old ass and a cough;
This team, strange to say,
Refused to obay,
And ran at the sight of a sough.

—"I shall die," said an old English doctor the other day, "under the firm belief that human science will yet lengthen the years of life from an average of 70 to 100." That's what we're waiting for.

—"Have you some milk this morning?" asked the milkman of Toozer, who stood at the back door. "No, not this milk, some udder milk," said the little one. And the milkman walked a chalk line away from the house.

—"I can't stand this extravagance, Emily. There's that sealskin sacque and all that silk and other costly fol de rol. I shall be bankrupt." "Hush, James, hush. It doesn't do to be quarrelling about what is past. Let buy-gones be buy-gones."

—A school teacher asked: "What bird is large enough to carry off a man?" Nobody knew; but one little girl suggested "a lark." And then she exclaimed: "Mamma said papa wouldn't be home until Monday, because he had gone off on a lark."

—The chambermaids of a Rochester, N. Y., hotel left on account of ill-usage and non-payment of wages. The clerk issued a card saying they were discharged for beer-drinking. Six of the girls then went around to the hotel and administered a thrashing to him.

—Impartial—New curate (who wishes to know all about his parishioners): "Then do I understand you that your aunt is on your father's side or on your mother's?" Country lad: "Zometimes on one and zometimes on the other, 'ceptin' when father whacks 'em both, sir."

—"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. "Well, you see," he replied, "after I vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to arrange matters."

—No steps are, it is announced, to be taken for replacing the colors now carried by the new territorial regiments in Britain until a final decision has been come to as to the honors which are to be added to those already borne by the several regiments.

—Boston is growing rapidly. It is a rich city. And people who are wise enough to look ahead demand that parks shall be laid out. Parks pay for themselves is as true a saying as the Boston *Herald* ever uttered.

—"Oh, I don't believe in telling all I know," said Brown. "And yet you do not live up to your belief," replied Fogg—"though it must be said in your praise," he added, hastily, "that you are not much given to telling."

—One hour of experience is worth four hours of reading, for in print you have but a weak copy of some one's experience. Experience with a mad dog, however, is not so profitable as to read a graphic account of how the animal was killed.

—Its a wonder our telephone lines ain't all gummed up. The amount of "taffy" that goes over them is truly surprising.—*Exchange.* Why should yours be gummed up any more than those of another office? Is the amount of "taffy" larger?

—"Blew great guns last night," said the milkman as he poured out the day's supply. "Blue milk, too, Mr. Chalk," said Spicer, who had just come down for his boots, and wondered why the man of cans slammed the back gate so hard.

—"Fellow citizens," said a street corner orator, standing on a dry goods box amid the glare and smoke of many torches, "my position upon this question is a peculiar one." And just then, when the box caved in and let him down in the shape of a letter V, gripping by the neck and heels, the crowd rather thought it was.

—Sir John Lubbock shows that wasps preserve their grasshoppers for winter's use by crushing the subœsophagal ganglion, thus producing paralysis, the grasshopper remaining insensible, but not dead. The wasp administers an easily digestible syrup until the animal is required for the table.

AWFULLY AUTUMN.

There are lingering south winds softly blowing
That to billowy waving the ripe grain bear;
There are dark-winged butterflies languidly going
Floating through golden air.

There are mists like vapor of incense burning,
That are rolling away under skies that are fair;
There are brown-faced sunflowers dreamily turning,
Shaking their yellowy hair.

There are changing ferns in the shadows lying
Where the undried dews in the noontides stay;
There are gorgeous-hued leaves where, rustling and sighing,
Quivering sunbeams play.

There are tangled vines in the hollows trailing;
There are short, sweet days that will not delay;
There are nights that come with a moonlight veiling,
And autumn going away.

—A gentleman who was fixing his water pipe, which was leaking, became very much annoyed by his colored body-guard, a youth of about 10 years of age, and drew the wrench back as if to strike him. The body-guard stood his ground and contemptuously remarked: "I aint afraid of you, I'se worked for a heap sight meaner men den you is." To this the gentleman indignantly replied: "You lie, you little rascal; you never did!"

Jenny Lind is now 60 years old.

Kaiser Wilhelm as a Figure-Head.

Personally, the Emperor of Germany is a large-limbed, good-natured, not too-quick witted man, who plays at war and politics with a simple gravity charming as a study of character. He is, in his warlike aspect, a little more real than our lamented King George, who so often described the event that he died in the unshaken belief that he had led a charge of cavalry at the battle of Waterloo. The Emperor William has actually heard the distant roar of artillery, and has looked upon the smoke of battle when the firing had ceased. We all remember the pretty knack he had of riding up to the great battle-fields of 1870 just as all was over, and dating from amidst the slain, blood-red telegrams to his "dear Augusta," praising God for this new victory. I don't mean to say that he would not have joined in the fray had need been or etiquette permitted. He comes of a soldier family, and his sons showed during the same campaign the stuff of which the old tree was made. But there being no need for him to draw his sword, he was kept out of the range of bullets, and his movements carefully timed, so that he might come in with the flourish of trumpets that announced a fresh and heavier defeat of the French. In war Von Moltke did the fighting and the Emperor wrote the telegrams from the battle-field. Similarly, in politics, Bismarck plots and schemes, and often wins, and when all is ready the old Emperor is trotted out at "interviews" which take place in the face of the world, and whereat the harmless old gentleman ponderously plays his puppet-part, and thinks he is moving the world. The real Emperor of Germany is the heavy looking, burly man who not so many years ago, in despair of his future, declared that heaven had intended him to be a farmer, and that, when he left his country home to dabble in politics, he was flying in the face of Providence. Bismarck has a profound and unfeigned reverence for his Imperial master, as is frequently shown in the volume of his "Early Letters," which, with characteristic and amazing frankness, he half-a-dozen years ago permitted the world to read. But he plays with him with the skill and coolness that a marionette is handled by its proprietor. Probably the last man in the world to suspect the autocracy of Bismarck is the Emperor William. Yet every one else knows that in Germany the Emperor reigns and Bismarck governs.—*Cardiff Times.*

Cæsar in Spectacles.

Herr Barnay, a German actor who makes a sensation in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, bears the strongest resemblance to the great Roman, as may be seen by the effigy on ancient medals, while his action is dignity personified. Herr Barnay, who suffers under the disadvantage of being extremely short-sighted, repairs that defect by wearing a *pince-nez* in private life. At Leipsic recently the theatre was crammed by a very critical audience, anxious to hear the best exponent of *Cæsar*. Scene 1 passed over, and then entered *Cæsar*, followed by a gorgeous train; but he had not removed his glasses, and he presented to the astonished gaze of the citizens of the music-loving city of Leipsic "imperious Cæsar" in spectacles! The entire house roared with laughter.—*London Court Circular.*

Edwin Booth's Domestic Difficulties.

The friends of Edwin Booth, the tragedian, whose fame as an artist is regarded with special pride by his countrymen, will hear with surprise and regret that his household has been broken up by a disagreement with his wife. The unhappiness which has culminated so unfortunately is said to be due to the unfortunate temperament of the lady, who, being a victim of great physical suffering, is disposed to take a morbid view of life, and to distort the kindliest actions of those about her into affronts.

The Imperial Family of Germany have shown much good sense in cordially accepting the marriage of the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein to Prof. Esmarch, of Kiel. The Professor, though a great surgical authority, has no noble blood in his veins, while his wife is not only a princess, but the aunt of the future Empress of Germany. The kindly couple often entertain their Imperial relatives; and when Prof. Esmarch lately attended the Medical Congress in London, the Crown Princess took particular pride and pleasure in presenting him to her mother, the Queen. Madame Esmarch never regrets having relinquished her royal title, and her home at Kiel, which is open to every student who seeks an introduction and which is a gathering place for all the resident celebrities, is an unusually happy one.

If you take a buckskin bag and put 100 eagles into it and shake or "sweat" the bag for three hours, gold dust to the value of $20 will be left in the bag, and no one will know the difference unless the eagles are weighed. Of course it is a fraud, but it is a fraud that is constantly practised in the large money centres. The same thing can be done with English gold, and no doubt it is practised to a greater extent than we suspect. It is quite certain, too, that between spurious bank notes, punching and filling silver coin, and "sweating" gold coin, that a lively business is done, both in the old world and in the new.—*Montreal Star.*

A portrait of Columbus is said to have just been discovered at the Spanish Colonial Office. The great navigator is represented at the age of 40, "with black hair, unwrinkled forehead, and aquiline nose." As was only natural, the first copy taken was presented to the Spanish nobleman who figured at the late American Geographical Congress as "the descendant of Columbus." Another is to be made for the Colonial Office. The picture is described as being painted from life.

A boarding-house at Floyd, Ind., is kept wholly for the accommodation of persons temporarily residing there for the purpose of obtaining divorces. It now has twenty-nine inmates. In several instances marriages have grown out of companionship in this house. A wedding was lately held an hour after the couple concerned had received the decrees legally separating them from their former marital partners.

"What will be the next freak of fashion?" says a London paper. "The other evening a lady appeared in the stalls of a London theatre wearing in the place of an opera cloak a scarlet silk ulster, with enormous lapels, which lapels, together with the cuffs half a foot deep, were turned back with white. The effect was startling, but far from pretty or becoming."

The Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab, about to become vacant by the retirement of Sir R. Egerton, which it was reported was to be filled by Sir Henry Norman, has been offered to, and accepted by, Sir Charles Aitchison, K. C. S. I., who has acted for several years past as chief commissioner of British Burmah.

Her Majesty the Queen has consented to become one of the patrons of the International Fisheries Exhibition, which is to be held in London in 1883. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is also a patron, and the scheme is supported by the Prime Minister and all the leading members of the Government.

The squadron under the command of the Earl of Clanwilliam, having in company the Bacchante, with the sons of the Prince of Wales, is due at Yokohama on the 25th inst., and a visit to the most interesting places in Japanese waters will be made by the ships of the squadron.

Prof. Pernet, of Toronto University, is in France looking after some family matters, he having been left a bequest by a deceased relative.

Agricultural Wealth and Resources of Manitoba.

Touching the resources of Manitoba as a grain-producing country, a Winnipeg correspondent writes: "Seventy-eight miles from Portage la Prairie and 145 miles from Winnipeg, is Brandon, the present western terminus of the Canadian Pacific. It is situated on a commanding eminence on the South Fork of the Assiniboine, the centre of a rich agricultural country. In many respects Brandon possesses exceptional advantages. It will be for many years to come the base of supplies for all the country to the northwest, embracing Fort Ellice, the Upper Saskatchewan country and the mountain mining districts yet to be developed. Touching the capabilities of Manitoba as a grain-producing country, it may be said, the average of 26½ bushels of wheat prevails from St. Vincent to Brandon, 213 miles, and throughout the tributary country. Oats, potatoes, barley and all the farm productions of Dakota flourish here, but in greater profusion. I have heard different theories advanced to account for this. Some hold that it is due to the uniformity of the summer weather, and others to the long summer days. It is probably due to a combination of both. But I do not agree with the official document issued by the Dominion Government, which states that 'the singular fertility of the soil of the Canadian Northwest is doubtless due to the droppings of the wild fowl during many centuries.'"

Mr. Gladstone's Health.

A London correspondent cablegrams: Some uneasiness prevails in London as to the health and safety of Mr. Gladstone. A gentleman who has just returned from Hawarden informs me that the Premier is still confined to his house by a chill and a sore throat he caught when out in the woods surrounding his castle for the purpose of ascertaining what damage the late gales had done to the trees. No one was admitted to the castle, and those approaching it are closely scanned by the policemen, of whom there are four on duty relays. The gentlemen met there the chief clerk of the police of the district, who said that the measure was a precautionary one, undertaken with the idea of deterring any attempt to molest Mr. Gladstone. Hawarden Park has a placard on the entrance stating that it is "Free to visitors from sunrise to sunset," and the sombre uniform of a policeman is strangely out of keeping in the beautiful pleasure grounds of Hawarden, a typical English country gentleman's estate. It is a most unusual sight in England.

Mr. Gladstone took a walk on Wednesday and attended the Hawarden Church harvest festival. His condition is much improved.

More Favorably Located.

(Texas Siftings.)

Old Mose met Sam Johnsing on Austin avenue a few days ago and said to him:

"I hear, Sam, you are gwine ter lead ter de alter one of Austin's fairest daughters. Am dat de fac?"

"Uncle Mose, hit am de fac dat I has been payin' my distresses ter de lubbly and accomplished Miss Matildy Flapjack, but de tender relation what has desisted between us am severed forebber, sah."

"Did she kick yer, Sammy, or did she only set de dog on yer?"

"No, sah. She lubs me yit, and she wanted me ter call on her twict a day, sah, but she libs next door to de culled lady who has a wash bill agin me, so I jess made up my mind to transfer my defections ter some udder lady what am like Wacco, sah, more favorably located."

How She Became "Boss."

Topnoody made up his mind that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called out imperiously, "Mrs. Topnoody, Mrs. Topnoody!" Mrs. T. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end of her nose, a dishrag tied around her head, and a rolling-pin in her hand. "Well, sir," she said, "what'll you have?" Topnoody staggered, but braced up, "Mrs. Topnoody, I want you to understand, madam"—and he tapped his breast dramatically—"I am the engineer of this establishment." "Oh, you are, are you? Well, Topnoody, I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer clear over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Topnoody?" Topnoody heard it, and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.

Irish independence! Is it a chimæra? Is it sedition to ask for it—to declare that the united Irish people will never accept anything less than this? If "Irish independence" means the dismemberment of the British Empire and the establishment of a foreign power at England's front door, of course the men who ask for such independence are knaves or fanatics. They know such independence is a dream, and can be nothing more. But we take it that all the agitators ask is some such local autonomy as every State in our Federal Union enjoys? New York is free within certain limits. She makes and enforces domestic legislation, but is represented in the Federal councils, and bows before Federal decrees. We take it that some such arrangement as this is what the Irish patriots demand. If it is not so, we are open to correction.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

Mrs. Florence, the actress, says that she talked with the Princess of Wales in the box of a London theatre, and found her charming in manners and person. Her voice is soft and extremely musical, and a slight German accent makes her speech all the more pleasing. Mrs. Florence pronounces Lady Lonsdale and Lady Mandeville among the first of English beauties, and says of Mrs. Langtry: "She is not strictly beautiful. She has a fair skin, and large, round, dark eyes, which she uses very expressively, and with all the art of a professional actress, in conversation. The natural color of her hair is chestnut, but she is as often seen with light or reddish frizzes as with those of the color bestowed by nature. These artificial adjuncts enhance the effect of her really fine eyes."

Chinese Cheap Labor.—A Chinese paper called the *Record* displayed two large-sized portraits of Gen. Garfield and President Arthur upon the arrival of the news of the President's death. The history of the deceased President and his successor covered the first page of the paper in choice Chinese text. The *Record* is owned and edited by a Canadian named Layers, who clips articles from the daily press of the city of interest to the Chinese, which are translated by his Chinese assistants. A rival newspaper, owned and edited by Chinese, has recently appeared in the field.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A Deacon's Strategy.—A wealthy old deacon in Maine has done his best to enforce total abstinence among his grandchildren. He has left in trust for them a large sum of money on the sole condition that they abstain from strong drink, tobacco, betting and gambling. The first offence is to cut them off from six months' income from the invested fund. The second offence deprives them of a year's income. For subsequent offences the penalty becomes more severe, amounting in due course to the total loss of the benefits of the bequest.

Since the arrest of O'Connell none so important has been made in Ireland as that of Parnell. O'Connell was bailed by a very rich grocer named Ennis, whose son was made a baronet. The bail was fixed, we believe, at $500,000, and security required for double the amount. It was readily given. The proceedings against O'Connell were variously regarded, some thinking them a great mistake and others not.

The Earl of Dunraven is in Halifax.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

Brudder Johnson Declines to Endorse Darwin.

Rev. Plato Johnson sometimes refers to scientific subjects in his discourses. Last Sunday morning, in a sermon on the origin of man, he said: "Bruddern, de trubble wid some folks is dat dere brains is too large. I don't 'tend to be pussonal an' has no reference watever to any man in dis 'sembly; but dere is people in dis worl' who has a 'pression dat dey oughter have created de Lord, an' dat it was a act of condescenshun on dere parts dat dey 'lowed de Lord to create dem at all, an' dey's ben sorry ebber sense dat dey didn' assert dere rights on de fust day an' hab a han' in makin' tings. Now, dere's Mr. Darwin, a man who has been makin' a big fuss 'bout de way de Lord put tings togedder, an' beleebs de whole of creation is wrong jist cos he wasn't 'sulted. I wish de Lord would gib sech men as him 'bout a couple ob acres ob de 'riginal chaos, an' see wat kind ob a fist dey would make ob it. I guess dat arter a while dey would all move off dere own plantation an' try to rent a house on de land whar de Lord was runnin' de machine. Dis Darwin says dat a man is de gran'son ob a monkey, an' dat de Bible ain't got de truff ob de matter at all. You'se all de chillen ob babboons, my belubbed. Wat you tink ob dat? How you like your ancestors? In de beginnin' ebery one ob you had a long tail—dat was long 'fore you wore trousers—an' some ob you got your tails twisted off, an' some ob you was 'shamed ob 'em, an' rubbed 'em off against de trees, an' at lass de tails got so disgusted dat dey refused to grow. Dat's wot you are an' dat's whar you cum from. Now, den, my idea is dat ebbery man oughter speak for himself on dis subjec'. Ef Mr. Darwin was born up in a tree while his mudder was stealing cocoanuts it don't follow that my mudder was up anoder tree doin' de same ting. Darwin is dead shore dat his ancestors was apes, an' he oughter know. I ain't goin' to contradict it. Ebbery man must look after his own family. As fur me, I'se a Bible Christian, an' was made out ob de dust, and don't take no stock in de monkeys. I can look any one ob 'em in de face widout a blush for my family, an' say, 'Go long 'bout your business, you ole eater ob peanuts, you ain't no fust cousin ob mine.' I can stan' in front ob a whole cage ob dese funny little fellers, an' don't feel no family sympathy stirrin' in my heart. De fust chapter of Genesis is good 'nuff fur me, belubbed. Pass de box."

MASONIC.

Close of the Supreme Council.

The Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite of Masonry of the Dominion of Canada has concluded its annual session at Montreal. The members in attendance include J. W. Murton, Secretary-General; Hugh A. McKay, Treasurer-General; Wm. Reid, Captain of the Guards; and Hugh Murray, of Ontario; W. B. Simpson, Grand Chancellor; H. Stearns, Colonel McLeod, and Messrs. Moore and Copeland, of Quebec; Lester, Peter, and John Ellis, of New Brunswick, and visitors S. K. Bro. Graham, of New York; Tracy, of Michigan, and Tyler, of Vermont; deputies of these States in the United States Northern Supreme Council. They were most cordially received, and their visit was one of much interest to the brethren in Canada. The allocution of the Sir Grand Commander was read in the consistory of the 32nd degree, and the members of that grade were admitted. During its delivery it was stated that a Lodge of Perfection had been opened at Kingston, and the preliminary steps have been taken toward the establishmnet of a consistory of the 32nd degree in Winnipeg. In British Columbia the rite is doing good work. The new Supreme Council at Tunis was recognized and steps taken for an interchange of representatives which it had in the other Supreme Councils. Previous to adjournment a special Rose Croix Chapter was held, and Bro. A. Stavely Hill, 18 degrees, Grand Chancellor of the Great Priory of Knights Templar of England, was introduced on Thursday. At the Hochelaga Lodge of Perfection, Bro. Geddes, T. R. M., exemplified a portion of the work of the rite. Visitors from Homilton, St. John and Toronto were very enthusiastic in their expressions of praise at the proceedings. As usual, the Montreal members entertained the Supreme Council.

Crazy Because Her Daughter is Lost.

Notwithstanding the fact that a most careful search of all the neighboring country has been made, no trace whatever has been discovered of the little daughter of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, who mysteriously disappeared a few weeks since from her home at 150-Mile House in British Columbia. The child had been gone but a few minutes when she was missed, and the search began almost immediately. As not a shred of clothing nor a mark of blood has been found, it does not seem possible that she has fallen the victim of some savage beast, and the opinion grows stronger that she has been abducted. The distracted mother, frenzied with her great grief, still wanders through the bush crying for her lost darling.

The time has come for Nature to dip her brush in the brightest colors of her palette and paint the forests in all the gorgeous blazonry of gold and scarlet. It is to be feared, however, that the autumn this year will be neither so brilliant nor so lasting as could be desired. The long drought has dried up many trees, and the leaves have died upon the stem and fallen to the ground before they had an opportunity to don their festal garments. Some of the hardier trees have held out, but even with them many of the qualities have departed that serve to make the brilliancy of autumn coloring. For the deciduous trees even greater fears are to be anticipated. These live throughout the winter by their capacity to throw out a certain amount of moisture. This moisture is absorbed during the summer, and when the summer is as dry as that which has just passed, it can readily be seen that the supply is but small. In every way the past season has brought discomfort and injury.

A Salt Water Salmon.—On Saturday last Peter Nash, fisherman, of Port Dalhousie, caught in his net a very nice grilse, of about four pound weight. In former times salt water salmon were plentiful in Lake Ontario, but the refuse from saw mills, tanneries and other places, which polluted the clear streams, is supposed to have driven them away. The restocking of our inland waters with salmon fry, and the fish breeding establishments at Newcastle and other places, together with the enforcement of the law regarding the pollution of streams, will no doubt in a few years make this, the king of fishes, again plentiful.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

Jay Gould, it is said, has purchased a half interest in the Wagner Sleeping Car Company. He has already ordered 200 cars, and as soon as completed will put them on his lines in place of the Pullman's which are now used.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris a communication was read from a man who announced that he had discovered a mode of inoculating vines as a protection against the attacks of the phylloxera.

A Murderer' Last Words.—"I have one thing more to say—if any of you boys ever meet my little girl, please give her at least one kind word—it may do her good and won't cost you anything. Sheriff, I am ready; good-bye, all."—*Edward Earl, on the gallows.*

London *Truth*: "The damage done to the reputation of a heedless girl usually comes from women rather than from men."

Personal.

Rev. Mr. Gladstone, of Hawarden, son of the Premier, is far from well, and has been to the Orkney Islands to recruit his health.

The Queen has just been buying several large farms in Wiltshire, although land in England is unpromising as an investment at present.

The Czar has just placed seventeen buildings, ranking as chateaux or palaces, at the disposal of benevolent institutions throughout Russia.

A silver cradle is to be presented to the Mayor of Liverpool, "in commemoration of an interesting event in the family circle" during his mayoralty.

Grace Darling's monument in Bamborough churchyard, England, is rapidly decaying, and will soon be utterly destroyed unless some method of preservation is adopted.

Mr. W. R. Black, barrister, late of Winnipeg, but now of Portage la Prairie, was married on October 12th to Miss Kate Sutherland, daughter of Senator Sutherland, at Kildonan.

Mr. N. Wilmot has arrived at Kingston from Newcastle, having with him an apparatus for catching salmon for the Government fish-breeding establishment. He will operate at Long Point, and in the vicinity of the Ducks.

Mr. Gladstone, who occasionally obliges the Hawarden congregation by reading the lessons on Sunday, will now find a formidable rival in Sir Stafford Northcote, who came out in this line last Sunday week at Dodbrooke Church.

Prince Victor Napoleon, one of the two young sons of Prince Jerome Napoleon, and the one recently constituted by the ex-Empress chief of the dynasty, has, with his father's permission, enlisted as a private in an artillery regiment.

Sir Savile Crossley, the wealthy proprietor of Somerleyton Hall, and only son of the late Sir Francis Crossley, the great benefactor of Halifax, has started on a tour of three months to the United States with his friend Mr. Wyndham.

Mlle. Croizette, the actress, was met the other morning just as she was leaving her house in Paris by a lad of 17, who vowed he loved her and swore he would shoot her if she looked coldly on his suit. He was handed over to the police.

Reports from Pekin say that the health of the Western Empress of China has been speedily and miraculously restored by the skill of a native doctor, who has been rewarded with the "red button" patent of nobility.

Rev. G. E. Troup, of Broughty Ferry, is preparing a short memoir of his father, Mr. George Troup, whose death was recorded about two years ago. Mr. Troup is stated to have been the first editor of a daily newspaper in Scotland.

The marriage on October 4th at the British Embassy, Paris, is announced of Etienne Joucal-Pelous, sub-Prefect of Havre, France, to Edith Marie, only daughter of Rev. Theodore Hart, of Montreal. Rev. Dr. Mackay performed the ceremony.

Sir Samuel Wilson, the new lessee of Beaconsfield's Mansion of Hughenden Manor, gave $150,000 to Melbourne University in memory of his brother, a Cambridge senior wrangler, who died at Melbourne while prosecuting some important astronomical studies.

The Empress Eugenie has decided to remain at Arenenberg until the mansion at Farnborough is ready to receive her. Her Majesty is busily engaged in writing her memoirs, wherein she proposes to restore the *prestige* of the Bonapartes and display to the world the treachery and bad faith of their enemies. The little retreat at Arenenberg is admirably adapted for the evocation of souvenirs; the spirits of the past hover round the place and fill the vacant rooms with their shadowy presence.

Rev. Knox Little, newly appointed Canon of Worcester Cathedral, lately visited the Rev. S. F. Green in Lancaster Castle. He holds that he is suffering for the true liberty of the Church, and is prepared to die for principle. Canon Little, in stating the result of the interview, remarked that Mr. Gladstone, whom he admired more than any living man, could not release Mr. Green. The bishops were not loyal to the Church, and they ought to bear the responsibility. Mr. Green frets about his wife, believing her health shattered.

The London *Standard* understands that it is the wish of the Government that Sir Garnet Wolseley should be appointed Adjutant-General of the Forces when Sir Charles Ellice retires, but that there may be some difficulty in providing for him on account of his junior position on the list of lieutenant-generals, the appointment being that, by right, of a full general, and the new regulations as to retirement pressing very severely on officers who fail to obtain employment, and rendering a more equal division of commands to staff appointments absolutely necessary.

The *Italie* has published a statement to the effect that the Pope is disposed to quit Rome and take up his abode in Vienna. The *Fremdenblatt*, an Austrian official journal, remarking upon this announcement, says: "We hope Leo XIII. after mature reflection will decide to remain in Rome. If, however, he should persist in his desire to leave the Vatican we advise him not to count too confidently upon gaining Austrian sympathies for his cause. We should not refuse hospitality to the Holy Father, but the political interests of the Empire will not permit of our defending the possessions of the Holy See with the energy demanded by Leo XIII. and his counsellors."

Mr. Ruskin has been making a piteous wail about the martyrdom which he suffers from the telegraph. He tells inquiring friends who have not liked some of his recent writings that the deterioration of his style is due to that abomination of civilization, the cheap telegram. "A sentence of 'Modern Painters,'" he says, "was often written four or five times over in my own hand, and tried in every word for perhaps an hour, perhaps a forenoon, before it was passed for the printer. I rarely now fix my mind on a sentence or thought for five minutes in the quiet of the morning, but a telegram comes announcing that somebody or other will do themselves the pleasure of calling at 11 o'clock, and that there's two shillings to pay."

There is something very manly and truly sympathetic in the generous tribute paid by the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, to the late President Garfield, says a New York journal. Official expressions of this sort are apt to have a flavor of perfunctoriness which even the best intentions cannot conceal. But the utterances of the vice-royal ruler of the Dominion are those of a neighbor, friend and kinsman—full of deep feeling and intelligent appreciation of our nation's loss. They will add to the gratitude and kindliness inspired in this country by the expressions of interest and sympathy which came from the Queen and people of our mother-land during the period of suffering and suspense. The relations of the great English-speaking nations were never so close and kind as they are to-day.

The original manuscript of the "Book of Mormon" is in the possession of David Whitmer, of Richmond, Mo. Mr. Whitmer, now 78, was a follower of Joseph Smith, but left the Mormons when they took to polygamy. He still professes faith in Smith's claim to divine inspiration, and will on no account part with the book, which he declares was copied by Smith from the tablets of stone. His son shares his views, and says it is not likely, therefore, that the volume will soon fall into the hands of "either degenerate Mormons or irreverent curiosity hunters."

A MECHANICAL WONDER.

A Clock That Rivals the Famous Timepiece of Strasburg.

A despatch from Cadiz, Ohio, says: Mr. Amos Nixon, a resident of this (Harrison) county, constructed and has on exhibition a wonderful clock, which, for mechanism, ranks second to the renowned cathedral clock at Strasburg. It has eleven different dials arranged on the front and sides of the structure. The first is the solar dial, and, among other things, shows when Venus is the morning or evening star, as it rises and sets with that planet. The second is the dial of the heavens, and shows the position at any time of the year of the twelve constellations of the zodiac. The third dial is a daily calendar, and the fourth is the solar year, and tells the dominical letter of each and every day in either the common or leap year. The fifth dial is the Julian calendar, giving the Roman indications and the golden letter, and the sixth is a dial of the moon's phases, giving the time of its rising and setting. The seventh is a dial showing the eclipses of either the sun or moon, and the eight and ninth show the time at any given place on the face of the earth by placing the index over the longitude of the proposed place. The tenth dial indicates when any one of the twelve signs of the zodiac is in the ascendency, and the eleventh is a perfect timepiece. Mr. Nixon was at work on this wonderful piece of mechanism four years, and will still add several other dials in course of time. Being poor and unable to purchase the necessary tools, he was compelled to do the principal part of the work with a jack knife and a saw manufactured from a common case knife by his own hands. The work is certainly a masterpiece of ingenuity, and Mr. Nixon deserves great credit for this most wonderful invention.

Mrs. O'Leary's Cow.

A Chicago correspondent writes: The spot where stood the famous shanty of Mrs. O'Leary, where the cow kicked over the lamp which started the con-flagration, is now occupied by a handsome stone-front building, two stories and a high basement, and occupied by a family of Germans. Upon its front it bears a tablet, placed there by the Chicago Historical Society:

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1871
ORIGINATED HERE AND EXTENDED TO
LINCOLN PARK.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1881.

Mrs. O'Leary still resides in the neighborhood and still has most of her worldly possessions in the shape of bovines.

Health Matters.

The Board of Health of Philadelphia are going to try copperas in solution for flushing sewer inlets.

Fifty cans of milk were recently seized by the Health Inspectors of Jersey City at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot and emptied into the sewer.

A dairyman in Halifax had five children down with scarlatina. He, however, continued to dispense milk to his customers. Of eighty-two families he thus supplied, forty-five were attacked with scarlet fever.

Here, doubtless, is the straw which broke the back of Archbishop Croke's patience with the Land League. An Irish journal tells us that a new feature in boycotting has been introduced at Mallow, Cork County. A young lady, daughter of a well-to-do farmer, was engaged to be married to the son of a neighbor, also in comfortable circumstances, but who had the misfortune to come under the ban of the Land League, and was undergoing boycotting in its severest form. The night before the day appointed for the marriage the bride elect was waited upon by a number of members of the Land League, who informed her that, should she marry the intended bridegroom, both she and all her family would be equally boycotted. So great was the persuasion brought to bear upon her that the girl has postponed the match.

The cost of President Garfield's sickness and funeral has been footed up. The estimated cost of the sickness of 85 days' duration is $100,000, or $1,250 a day. Over $50,000 of this will go to the doctors. Of this amount Dr. Bliss wants $25,000, Drs. Agnew and Hamilton $12,000 each, Dr. Reyburn $3,000, and Mrs. Dr. Edson $1,000. Drs. Woodward and Barnes will get nothing, unless Congress chooses to recognize their services as being not strictly in the line of their duty as army officers. The State of Ohio pays all expenses of transportation of body, escort, etc., after passing State line, estimated at $24,000. The expenses at Cleveland were $233,650, and the total outlay will be over $347,650, of which the United States will pay $100,000, leaving $247,650 for Ohio, Cleveland and private individuals.

Liszt has been ill, but has now recovered, and is going to Rome to celebrate his 70th birthday on the 22nd of this month.

It is said that *Harper's Weekly* pays Nast $200 per week. His salary is by far the best thing he draws, if this is true.

Everybody is pleased with the improved Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum. It is as clear and limpid as spring water, and was originally intended by nature as a panacea for all diseases of the scalp and skin, and as a natural hair renewer.

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COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA
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(Formerly T. Bickle & Son),
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THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. V. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1881. NO. 11.

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 **SIMPSON & KERR.**

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Advertisements of Situations Wanted, Fifty cents the first insertion, and Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

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We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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CHAPTER XIX.

MR. STEVENS.

"Mr. Stevens," said the lieutenant, as he and the visitors from Pampas Cottage came up with that gentleman, "let me introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn. Although a comparatively new comer into the neighborhood, Mr. Hepburn knows more about the coast than the coast-guard, more about the Mermaid Cavern than the mermaids themselves. There could not have been a more fortunate meeting for your purpose than is this. I could not have found you so good a guide had I pressed half the rascals in Sandby—smugglers mostly, by the bye, whom this lady tends in sickness, and encourages by every means in her power; and he is an idle man is Hepburn. No inspection to attend to, no superior to stand in awe of."

"With the exception, I am sure our gallant friend must mean, of Mrs. Hepburn," said the stranger, with a smileless bow.

"Very good; very true; bravo!" responded the lieutenant, rubbing his hands. "My dear Marion, you should have been here to have heard what Mr. Stevens says."

"Well, my dear John, I am here now. Perhaps Mr. Stevens will be kind enough to say it again," said the lady in question, emerging from the little trellised porch, almost the only decoration by which the lieutenant's residence was distinguised from those of the men under his command. Then, without waiting to listen to the remark in question, she greeted Raymond and his wife, and began to caress the child, with much more fervor of affection than is usual with women who are wives, but not mothers. Mrs. Carey was very comely and even youthful still. Hers was a face indeed, which does not lose its youth even amid gray hairs and wrinkles, and both these were a score of years away as yet. But her chief charm was in her voice—so gentle, so tender, so confidence-inviting to all who seemed to be worthy of her esteem—and she was very charitable in her estimation of that worthiness—and yet so dignified, so calmly courteous, distant as a star, when addressing those who repelled the trusty needle of her heart. Among the flock of rough fellows beneath the lieutenant's command, most of them would have laid down their lives for her sweet sake; but a few black sheep, conscious that she knew their characters far better than the simple lieutenant did, heartily wished him unmarried.

"Now, pray come within doors, my dear Mrs. Hepburn," cried she; "and if you and your husband will share with us our midday meal, it will be very kind of you."

"Well the fact is, I am afraid of a storm," replied Raymond. "It would not do for my wife and child to be caught in one of your sou'westers. What do you say, oh most weather-wise mariner? Come, tell us the truth; though I own nothing would give us greater pleasure than to dine with such kind friends, and especially to-day."

"There, if we didn't clean forget it, Marion," exclaimed the lieutenant. "Upon my word, this is to bad. And to call ourselves old friends, too!"

"Nay, Mr. Carey, your wife didn't forget it," observed Mrs. Hepburn reprovingly; "she whispered to me her congratulations when she kissed me."

"I assure you, my dear Carey, nothing of that sort happened to *me*," remarked Raymond with mock gravity. "*I* have received no congratulations; and I thought it a piece of great unfriendliness and neglect on your part."

"Pooh, pooh," answered the lieutenant merrily. "I don't care about *you* at all. I was only thinking of your dear wife."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Raymond, "but this is very pretty."

"She is not only very pretty, but very good," continued the lieutenant enthusiastically "and I was a stupid old sea monster not to remember. My dear Mrs. Hepburn, I wish you many happy returns of the day."

"You hear that, Mrs. Carey?" cried Raymond; "he wishes my wife a widow, and more than once! Because he is married himself, and cannot have her, he maliciously desires the death, not only of myself, but of any person who may happen to take Mrs. Hepburn's fancy after my decease."

"It is possible?" asked Mr. Stevens blandly, while the laughter still broke like running-fire from Raymond and the two ladies; and the lieutenant stood smiling, but shaking his head, as though they were much too hard upon him. "Is it possible that Mr. Carey has wished this lady many happy returns of her wedding day?"

"That's just it," said the lieutenant; "but there, I own always to forgetting that Mrs. Hepburn is married at all. I thought that I was talking to a young school-girl like Marion used to be, and wishing her joy of her birthday. They look more like boy and girl, the pair of them, do they not?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn are very young," returned the stranger coldly, "the happy day, of which this is the anniversary, cannot be very far distant. Two years ago, I should say, at the latest."

"By the Lord Harry!" cried the lieutenant slapping his leg, "but Mr. Stevens has guessed it—guessed the very time that you two were made one. Now, *I* should never have guessed it—never. Indeed, my private opinion is, that it's all nonsense still. They're not married, bless you; they're only children playing at being married—although, to be sure there's Milly ——"

The consciousness of having said something indecorous here struck the lieutenant dumb; like that figure head of the good ship Fame, which reposed in his own look out, his cheeks grew red and swollen, while, for want of a trumpet to blow, they emitted a loud and prolonged whistle.

"Milly is rather an uncommon name," observed the stranger, breaking the somewhat embarrassing silence; "it is the short, I conclude for Melissa."

"For Mildred, sir," returned Mrs. Hepburn courteously. "She is named after myself."

"A pretty name, and a pretty child," returned the stranger leaning forward, and regarding it with attention. "But, dear me, she seems very timid."

It may have been, as Mr. Stevens said, that the child was easily frightened, or it may have been that his own countenance, being morose and stern, was not calculated to inspire an infant with much confidence; but certain it was that Miss Mildred Hepburn here set up such a wail of dissatisfaction as caused her removal within doors, which, of course, compelled the secession of the two ladies.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Hepburn," observed the stranger apologetically; "I ought to have remembered that I have a very repulsive exterior, although within, I trust I am not less well meaning than other people."

"My dear sir," replied Raymond, much distressed, "there is no need for such contrition. No one can calculate upon a baby's whims and fancies. Carey was saying you want to see the coast-line hereabouts. Now, if you are going to make any stay here, I shall be delighted to be your guide. But the fact is, I shall be from home the next two days. I have to go to Marmouth to-morrow about engaging a sailing boat for the summer."

"And those are the only two days I have at my disposal," replied the stranger regretfully.

"I tell you *what*," exclaimed the lieutenant; "you could walk with Hepburn as far as you please upon his way, which lies along the most magnificent part of the coast, over the East Downs, and then—if you didn't mind—you could walk back again."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Stevens, dryly; "but perhaps I should be an incumbrance to Mr. Hepburn."

"Far from it, my dear sir," returned Raymond, earnestly; "I shall be delighted to have your company. I am quite grieved that you have come at so unpropitious a time; for the fact is, I have generally nothing at all to do; and indeed, our friend here—when he does not happen to be expecting a visit from his superior—is not overworked either."

"Don't say that, Hepburn—don't say that," broke in the lieutenant; "I have plenty to do, and I hope to do my duty, although it is not so agreeable to me as that which would fall to my lot if I were afloat.—Ahem, ahem."

"What on earth does Carey mean?" thought Raymond. "Why does the good soul boast himself after this fashion, and then cough as if he was ashamed of it? It is evident, however, that he wants to get this fellow off his hands. With regard to the Mermaid's Cavern," addded he, aloud, "I have thought how an opportunity may be afforded Mr. Stephens of seeing that. Is it not the day after to-morrow that your provision boat comes in from Marmouth? Well, why should it not drop this gentleman at the cavern on its return voyage?"

"A capital idea!" quoth the lieutenant, thoughtfully. "But then it's a weary way round the cliffs, back again, unless there is somebody to show him the short cut over the Downs."

"Well, I dare say my wife will show him," answered Raymond, good-naturedly. "I am vain enough to think that time will hang heavy on her hands in my absence. She and the nurse might just as well walk to the Mermaid's Cavern as anywhere else; while I know little Milly will be delighted with the sea flowers."

"I cannot venture to ask such a favor as that," observed Mr. Stevens, gravely.

"I will ask it myself, my dear sir," returned Raymond, with cheerfulness, and let you know to-morrow."

"Thank you very much," cried the stranger.

"And *I* thank you, too," quoth the lieutenant, slapping his young friend on the back. "But let me tell you one thing, Hepburn, although it may seem somewhat inhospitable, you have only half an hour or so to get home with a dry skin. The storm is brewing apace yonder. One of my men shall go with you with a couple of boat-cloaks, and an umbrella also, if you please; although I doubt whether an umbrella can live in such weather as is promised by those clouds."

"Permit *me* to carry the boat-cloaks," entreated the stranger, earnestly; "let me do something in return for the trouble I am about to give, and in reparation for the mischief I have involuntarily committed. Moreover, by that means I shall learn where your house is, at which I conclude I am to call to-morrow morning in order to accompany you on your journey."

"I am sure you are very polite," returned Raymond rigidly, not altogether relishing, perhaps, the addition of the self-invited stranger to their their little party in the walk on that particular day. "Here is my wife, I see, all ready, warned of her danger by prudent Mrs. Carey, I have no doubt."

"I have turned her out of doors," laughed that good lady, as she followed her guest into the garden, "for it is not right that either she or the child should be caught in the coming storm. If she could have dined and slept here—and we have both bed and board to spare, although of the humblest—that would have been an excellent plan; but she said very rudely that she would rather be at home, alone with you."

"'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,' is a motto that we think highly of in the north," observed Mr. Stevens, gathering the boat-cloaks, which the lieutenant had brought out in the meantime, under his arm.—"I believe that Hepburn is a northern name, by the bye, is it not?"

"I dare say it is," answered Raymond dryly; "but we are southern folks ourselves.—Good-bye, Mrs. Carey; good-bye, dear lieutenant."

"Good-bye, Hepburn; and God bless you," whispered the old gentleman, "for being so civil to that lubber; he has taken quite a fancy to you, it seems, and declines to let me accompany you, and help to carry the cloaks. Do you know, between you and me, I can't help thinking he may be the Inspector himself; that's why I stopped you just now when you were saying that I wasn't overworked. I have told him that I haven't a moment I can call my own. Now, do you go on being civil to him—there's a good fellow. It's just the sort of device the government would adopt in order to see if a fellow's doing his duty; just the sort of thing, too, for doing which you would give a man a round dozen on board ship. But there—that's all a matter of opinion. When the Admiralty has once got its eye upon a fellow, they try him in all sorts of ways, to be quite sure he is genuine. There is certainly something underhand in this Stevens' looks, though it only struck me for the first time when I introduced him to yourself. I am pretty confident he *is* the Inspector."

Without much belief in the surmise of the good lieutenant, the expression of his wish was quite sufficient to make Raymond more than courteous to his new companion. He walked a little in advance of his wife and Mr. Stevens, for the child he carried in his arms was still curiously impatient of the latter's presence; but while he did so, he managed to converse about the locality and its wonders in a manner that seemed to interest the stranger greatly; so much so, indeed, that he rarely interrupted him, except with some interjection of admiration or agreement; nay, even when Hepburn pointed out some object of interest within view, Mr. Stevens would bestow but a passing glance upon it, and then his keen gray eyes would flash back again upon the speaker, and riveted upon him as fixedly as before. Ere they parted, it was quite settled by the two gentlemen that their purpose of walking together towards Marmouth the next morning was to hold good, no matter what should be the weather; while Mildred, upon her part, promised to take her walk on the day after in the direction of the Mermaid's Cavern, if the expected storm should abate sufficiently to make such an expedition feasible.

"I suppose Mr. Stevens knows," said she to her husband, "that the cavern is only open for two hours, even in these low spring tides."

"Yes, I have been informed of that," returned the stranger. "The tide will leave it free on Thursday between 2 and 4. If the weather is fine, I shall stay there to the last moment, in hopes of madam's coming; so I hope she will not leave me to drown."

"I am afraid you will be well-nigh drowned this afternoon before you get back to the station," observed Raymond. "The rain is beginning already; see how the mist comes on like a wall. Yonder is our little cottage; we, for our part, are quite safe now. But you, sir—will you not step in and rest a little?"

Perhaps the invitation was not given very cordially; at all events the reply was in the negative.

"Not to-day, Mr. Hepburn. I will do myself the pleasure of calling for you to-morrow, however at the hour you mentioned. I wish you a very good evening, sir, and madam."

He did not offer to shake hands, and as if to prevent their doing so, stepped backwards as he bowed his farewell.

"Good-bye, sir," replied the Hepburns, bowing in their turn, "good-bye until to-morrow."

"Ay, good-bye until to-morrow for *one*," muttered the stranger, as he set his face against the driving mist; "good-bye until the next day for the other. If this be not killing my two birds with one shot, it is bringing them down with a double-barrel."

CHAPTER XX.

A NIGHT OF STORM.

"Raymond, dear, do you know I don't like that man?" said Mildred, earnestly, as they sought the shelter of their little cottage.

"Yes, I do know it, my love," returned her husband, laughing. "You looked at him when he frightened little Milly with his ugly face, very much as you would look at an ogre sharpening his teeth before a baby-feast. He is, however, only one of those uncomfortable persons who take even their pleasure sadly. It is only charitable to suppose that there is something really estimable lying deep hid within such undemonstrative folks, which would exhibit itself, if an opportunity of sufficient magnitude should occur. Under ordinary circumstances they certainly appear morose and disagreeable enough. But it is the poor lieutenant who has cause to complain rather than we. A couple of walks with this Mr. Stevens is the limit of our self-sacrifice; but to have such a wet blanket for a guest in one's own house, in weather like this, with the idea, too, which Carey has got hold of, that he is a coast-guard inspector in disguise—why, with all his seaman's superstitions, I should think he would consider Friday next, which rids him of his friend, a lucky day."

"But Mrs. Carey doesn't think he *is* an inspector," observed Mildred thoughtfully.

"Well, I hope not," laughed Raymond, "for I never saw her behave so frigidly to nybody since that scoundrel, Lieutenant Topsell, threw that poor, half-drowned Newfoundland back into the surf last winter, and she declined to sit down to dinner with him. What does she think about this Stevens?"

"She scarcely knows what to think; but she has a half suspicion that, instead of his being a coast-guard official, he is upon quite the other side. The landlord of the *Crown* is an obliging person, and stands very well with the lieutenant, but, as she thinks, without much reason. He has endeavored to show himself a friend to the Revenue upon more than one occasion; but his informations are always laid a little late. At the present time it seems the Lucky Bay people have received a hint from other quarters that 'a run' is to be soon attempted upon a large scale, and, of course, if this be so, a spy such as Stevens in the enemy's camp would be invaluable."

"I should have thought Mrs. Carey was too sensible a woman to entertain such far-fetched apprehensions," answered Raymond, carelessly, "but whether this gentleman be coast-guardsman or smuggler is no concern of ours, but of the Revenue. So long as we are in these parts, I have made up my mind to mix myself up with neither side. We have never bought a yard of lace or a bottle of brandy since we have been here, although I doubt if those commodities are to be got anywhere else so cheap as in this little hamlet of Sandby; upon the other hand, it is not my business to tell Carey that Simon Reeves has got a cellar under his hearthstone, or that Walter Dickson's boat has a false bottom. That was the new parson's great mistake here, and which has entirely destroyed his usefulness. A priest of our religion would have been more adroit. And yet, to find himself blocked out of his own pulpit, on the very first Sunday, by kegs of *eau de vie*! Can't you fancy old Reeves explaining in a whisper, from the clerk's desk beneath, that there was really nowhere else to put them for a day or two, and requesting his reverence to preach from where he was instead of shifting!" Raymond roared with laughter at the picture he was drawing of a circumstance that had actually occurred, but lately in the parish church; but Mildred scarcely smiled. Again and again her husband rallied her upon her silence and melancholy; at dinner, when he toasted her lovingly in a full bumper, and made her drink a glass herself to the health of little Milly, she did contrive to cast them off for a while; but afterwards, as the evening drew on, and the storm increased, her vague forebodings once more seemed to take possession of her, and after one or two attempts to win her to cheerful talk, Raymond himself grew silent.

Conversation, however, was by that time rendered almost impossible by the violence of the rain, shuddering against the windows, and beating with monotonous thud upon the straw-thatched roof. After they had retired to rest, and Raymond had fallen asleep, and the waxen lids of the little child in the cot by her side were closed in slumber, Mildred lay wide awake, consumed with shadowy fears. To be in the same room with one who sleeps, is, in some respects, to be more lonely than if quite companionless. There is something awful in the thought that, though the body is there, the soul of our companion is probably far away; that the reins of his own being are out of his control; that he is separated from us as though he were dead. The quiet breathing may indeed assure us that he lives; but the shut face and motionless limbs irresistibly remind us of that time when those eyes will never open to gladden us more, or those lips bless us with gracious speech—when we shall be alone indeed, and all the sympathy that men can heap upon us will not avail to fill up the aching void in our hearts by ever so little, and when the best comfort that God himself can give us—or so it seems to our poor stricken souls—is to let *us* die too. I doubt if it is usual for even the most worldly minded—the merest slave of scrip and share—to weave, under such circumstances, the same gross web of contrivance that solely usurps his thoughts by day. He does not surely lie on his sleepless pillow while his true wife slumbers by his side, calculating still, like some horizontal triumph of Professor Babbage, without one thought of Him who made him and the hushed world rotating without, and the stars which no accountant can number.

At all events, such was always a solemn time to Mildred Clyffard, and would have been solemn now had it not been terrible. The world was far from hushed, nor were the stars shining. The elements were at a deadly strife, as we mortals say, when rain and wind are only fulfilling God's word; and except that the forces employed were far from prodigious, it was wonderfully like a battle among men. There were pauses when the powers of the storm seemed gathering themselves together as after a repulse, only to make a more tremendous outset. Then the skirmishers—the sharp thin, driving rain—were pushed forward in countless thousands, and then the tempest came rolling up behind them, column upon column, while the heavy guns thundered ceaselessly—the awful dipason of the sea! Then, again, at the bidding of some solitary blast, which might well be taken for a trumpet sounding the recall, the legions of the air would grudgingly retire, and gather together as before.

Mildred was no coward; but oppressed as she now was by premonitions of evil, the viewless war that was raging without appeared to have some affinity with the vague dangers that seemed to threaten her and hers. Mechanically she stretched her arm over her unconscious child, as though to protect her from some imaginary foe. If Heaven should see fit to take her husband from her, what *would* become of their child? She might not herself die—as she would wish to do—having that sacred trust, the guardianship of little Milly, committed to her; but how should she be able to fulfil it. It was not the apprehension of poverty, the fear of being unable, in such a case, alone to support the child, which struck a chill to her mother-heart; but the sense, should Raymond be removed, of the utter defencelessness of their position, and of the unswerving resolution of their mortal enemy. During the first year of her marriage, and while her husband was all in all to her, she was not thus troubled. From what she knew, indeed, of the implacable disposition of her aunt, she was well aware that the endeavors to discover their whereabouts never flagged, and that, when found, some terrible vengeance would be attempted, and perhaps perepetrated. Still—suppose the very worst that could happen—suppose they slew her Raymond—well, let them slay her also. It would not be difficult for one like her to die, having nothing left to live for. But now, with little Milly, although Raymond was no dearer to her than before—for that he could not be—yet how infinitely more precious was his life! Even this deep sleep of his filled her with the sense of separation. How would she feel, then, when he should, in reality, have left her? She did not venture to picture the *loss* of him, though a sudden shrinking of her heart told her that such a thought had passed unbidden athwart her brain; but how would she feel *to-morrow*, when he would in reality be absent? How would she feel in such another night of storm, when there should be no protector beside her, whom she could wake with a touch, as now, and cry, "Raymond, I fear;" and straight be comforted?

Her husband had never left her for a single night before. She dreaded his absence beyond measure, although she could not explain her fears even to herself. The expectation of it had thrown a shadow upon her life ever since she had heard of his intention to go to Marmouth, and had even saddened as we have seen, the anniversary of their marriage day. Ay, it was now two years since she had escaped from that dread slavery—from the woman who had claimed her very heart to dispose of as her own—and began to breathe an atmosphere of liberty and love. For two years, her former task mistress had been foiled in her schemes of vengeance, for that schemes she had was as certain as that the thunder cloud holds the lightning. But was it always to be so? Was not this present happiness too great to be enjoyed, notwithstanding that it was thus marred by her fears? Would not those fears one day be realized? And at what time was this more likely to take place than when Raymond and she were temporarily separated? Upon whom would the blow first fall?

An intermission longer than usual was taking place in the elemental war without; mutterings only were to be heard, as though the powers of the air were counselling together as to the point against which they should next direct their fury.

Suddenly and yet with the naturalness peculiar to the situation, for nothing that occurs to our minds at such a time seems strange or to demand inquiry as to how it got there—suddenly, Mildred's thoughts reverted to Mr. Stevens. Why did Mrs. Carey dislike him so? A good woman, if ever there was one, was the lieutenant's wife; sincere and pure, and with a marvellous faculty for discernment of character, which the pure sometimes possess—even the simplest, such as children—as though the crystal soul shrank from gross contact, as the Venice glass shrinks and proclaims the presence of the poison. As for herself, Mildred was aware of the want of foundation in her own suspicions; she suspected every stranger of boding them no good. That very Lieutenant Topsell, whom Raymond had spoken of that afternoon, she had identified in some manner with their enemies; and indeed his merciless and brutal character seemed to have fitted him for the ally of her she feared. But she had been mistaken in that case, and had done the poor wretch wrong, who had since then met with his end, and not discreditably for that matter, fighting against overwhelming odds in his lawful calling. But this Stevens, who had given no evidence of an evil disposition, why did she shrink from *him* in spite of herself? Why had she shuddered to see his cold gray eyes riveted upon Raymond? And why did the threatened absence of her husband on the morrow seem to lower more menacingly because he was to be accompanied by this man upon some portion of the way? She had no fear but that her Raymond was a match, and more than a match, for him, but his very strength and courage made him careless and unsuspicious; and, besides, what could the strongest arm avail against a deadly weapon?

While her mind indulged itself with this ghastly apprehension, she was by no means insensible of the extreme inprobability of the event her imagination thus foreshadowed; but the idea grew upon her nevertheless, until she had made up her mind to send Mrs. Carey a private note in the morning to entreat that the lieutenant would accompany his guest in the proposed excursion. She knew that the wife would sympathise with her terrors—doubly unreasonable though they must seem to her, who knew nothing of the Hepurns' former history—and she knew that the gallant coast-guardsman would run the risk of losing promotion to a line of-battle-ship,' no matter how imminent it might seem, rather than let her suffer the heart-ache. As for meeting Mr. Stevens herself in the Mermaid's Cave, on the ensuing afternoon, that might be considered afterwards; sufficient for the next day was the possible evil therof. In the meantime, she had mentally arranged for Raymond's safety. Thus relieved from her more immediate fear, and the rain and wind keeping an armed truce, if not subsiding, tardy sleep touched her eyelids, as it had long ago sealed those of the other two occupants of that little room. Mildred's spirit, too, was freed from the trammels of the flesh, and roamed, only God knows how, through space and time. How long she slept, a minute or an hour, she could not tell, but she awoke with a spasm of terror, amid the raging of such a tempest as made what had preceded it seem but as the light winds that diversify the calms of summer. Were her companions drugged, that they slept through it? She took the child into bed with her and hugged it close, as though in fear that the whirling eddies which thundered down the chimney, and made the night lamp flicker and flare, should snatch her from her side. Was that a step upon the balcony outside—close outside their very chamber-room window? or a falling brick? or a—— "Raymond, Raymond, they are breaking in the house-door!" At the top of her voice she shrieked, while she shook her husband by the shoulder. The next instant he had leaped from the bed, and snatched something from beneath his pillow.

"Let them beware," he cried; "their blood be upon their head." Then pressing his left hand to his forehead, he added, more calmly, "I am not myself, Mildred. Did you call?"

"They are in the house," said she; "do you not hear them? They have torn the door off its hinges."

"I hear the rain beating and the wind roaring, Mildred. The door must have been blown in. I must get it shut, and put up the bar, or we shall have the roof lifted off our heads."

Putting on some garments hastily, he was about to leave the room, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. Mildred, ashy pale, and in her dressing gown, with the still sleeping child clutched in her arms, was standing beside him, making signs that she would go too. Terror had deprived her of the power to raise her voice to the pitch necessary to make herself heard in that great tempest.

"I am not going to take the lamp with me," cried he, smiling at the tone he was obliged to use. "Never fear, love; I shall not leave you in the dark."

But she, like one stone-deaf, only shook her head, and followed him down-stairs to the little passage where the wind was pouring in like a deluge through a broken dike. The whole cottage rocked like a tree. It was not so dark but they could see what had happened—the door was off its hinges, and was jammed back on the wrong side against the wall. Through the gap could be seen the steady light from the little Pharos above Lucky Bay; a cheering sight to Mildred, glad to feel that there were fellow-creatures there, up and about their usual task, and even counteracting to some extent the awful effects of the storm; perhaps, too, it reminded her of that eye which, although we may not care to look for it in fair weather, watches us always, and in the storms of life beacons us to a haven, and in the night of death is a star of hope.

"Hold this, dear Mildred; nay, your hand shakes; let me leave it on this step."

Raymond put down the thing he carried, and shouldering the wainscot, while his wife watched him from behind the angle, advanced step by step. Twice he essayed to heave the house-door into its proper position, and twice was borne back with it against the wall and bruised. The third time, taking advantage of a moment's lull, a lucid interval in the mad fury of the storm, he managed to close the door, and put the bar up. Then they went over the little house, seeing that all was safe. The cook and the house-maid were sitting up in their respective beds, with their night-caps tucked behind their ears, as though the storm was an oratorio of which they would not have missed a note upon any account, but both in tears. Mildred affected to laugh at their fears, and endeavored to reassure them; but when she once more sought her own couch it was not to sleep. A new and totally unexpected cause of apprehension had now taken possession of her mind.

Why, for the first time during their married life, did her husband sleep with a loaded pistol under his pillow? Was *he*, too, beset by a presentiment of imminent peril, or was he now cognizant of some real danger, the nature of which he was concealing from her? Mildred did not dare to ask him the question, for very dread of what might be the reply.

(To be continued.)

The Duchess of Edinburgh.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has made herself very popular with the Scotch people, and in England is a greater favorite than she was. The sympathy felt for her about her mother's death, the strange circumstances attending the second marriage of her father, and then his terrible death, have done much to remove the prejudices that once prevailed against the Duchess. Then, again, she has proved herself an excellent wife and a tender mother; and these are qualities that always appeal to the large heart of the English nation. The day is at hand when the Duchess of Edinburgh will be one of the most popular ladies in England. Her manner in private with those she likes is charming; but she is a good hater, and is uncompromisingly haughty and cold with those who do not please her. She thus makes enemies and keeps them; but her warm heart, hidden under a rather cold exterior, as it is, makes her plenty of friends and keeps them. The Queen is much attached to this Imperial daughter-in-law.

Death Caused by Piercing Her Ears.

Eugenia Angues Raymen, 1 month and 6 days old, died at 243 East Twenty-third street, New York, on Saturday, of erysipelas, produced by piercing her ears in order that she might wear rings in them.

"DESPAIR."

A New Poem Published by the Poet Laureate.

Alfred Tennyson publishes a dramatic monologue, entitled "Despair," in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century." It is the story of a man and his wife who, having lost faith in a good future life, resolves to commit suicide by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man is rescued by the minister of the sect he has abandoned. The following are quotations from the poem:

Is it you that preached in the chapel there, looking over the sand?
Followed us, too, that night, and dogged us and drew us to land.
What did I feel that night? You are curious; how should I tell?
Does it matter so much what I felt? You rescued me, yet was it well

That you came unwished for, uncalled for, between me and the deep and my doom.
Three days since—three more dark days of the godless gloom,
Of a life without sun, without health, without hope, without any delight.
Can anything here upon earth, but a God that night, that night?

When the rolling eyes of the lighthouse, there on the fatal neck
Of land running out to the rocks—they had saved many hundreds from wreck—
Glared on our way toward death, I remember I thought as we passed,
Does it matter how many the saved? we are all of us wrecked at last.

Do you fear? and there came through the roar of the breaker a whisper, a breath;
Fear! Am I not with you? I am frightened at life, not death.
And the suns of the limitless universe, sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God; but we know that their light was a lie.

Lightly step over the sands, the waters you hear them call
"Life with its anguish and sorrow and errors—away with it all."
And she laid her hand in my own—she was always loyal and sweet—
Till the points of the foam in the dusk, came playing about our feet.

There was a strong sea current, would sweep us out to the main.
Ah God!—though I felt as I spoke I was taking the name in vain—
Ah God! and we turned to each other; we kissed, we embraced, she and I.
Knowing the love that we were used to believe were everlasting would die.

We had read their know-nothing books, and we leaned to the darker side,
As God, should we find Him perhaps, perhaps if we died, if we died.
We never had found Him on earth—this earth is a fatherless hell;
Dear love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever farewell.

Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began
Never a kiss so sad, not since the coming of man.
But the blind wave cast me ashore, and you saved me a valueless life;
Not a grain of gratitude mine; you have parted the man from his wife.

I am left alone on the land, she is alone on the sea;
If a curse meant aught I would curse you, for not having let me be.
Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings? Oh, yes;
For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the infidel press.

When the bat comes out of his cave and the owls are whooping at noon,
And doubt is the lord of this dunghill, and crows to the sun and the moon,
Till the sun and the moon of our signs, are both of them turned into blood,
And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good;

For their knowing and know-nothing books are scattered from hand to hand.
We have knelt as you know in your chapel, too, looking over the sand.
Yet I have had some glimmer, at times in my gloomiest woe
Of a God behind all, after all—the great God for aught I know.

But the God of love and of hell, together they cannot be brought.
If there be such a God may the great God curse him and bring him to naught.

A Young Chicagoan Earns $20,000 in a Few Days.

This is the way a Chicago paper relates the successful operation of a youthful speculator, or rather gambler, on the market. It says: The shrewdest deal of the season on the open board was engineered by Charley Cronkhite through his brokers in the wheat pit, Isaac Meyers & Co. Cronkhite was short a large line of November wheat, and thinking "discretion the better part of valor," resolved to cover at a fair profit, and to do so sent Jennings, the buyer, into the arena with orders to sell any quantity of December necessary to break down the November option. The entire plan was worked after hours, when the heavy operators from up stairs had gone home, and the boys succeeded in breaking down the market 1½ cents, buying back all short wheat for November at a nice profit. The entire deal was a well executed one. Charlie has a large circle of friends both here and in St. Louis, and they will be pleased to learn of the way he has got on. A good authority places the earnings of the shrewd young speculator for the past few days at over $20,000, while he had $70 to start on. This is a most remarkable deal.

Grapes as Food.

According to the views entertained by Dr. Hartsen, of Cannes, in France, the organic acids in grapes deserve more consideration, dietetically, than they have generally received, and their nutritive value has been as commonly underrated. It is known that they are changed to carbonic acid in the blood, and possibly careful researches will show that they are convertible into fats. It is thought that they should be ranked with the carbo-hydrates as food; they have also been found a valuable diet in fever, and the well-known "grape cures" in the Tyrol prove their benefit in other diseases.

——President Arthur nominated Mr. Folger as Secretary of the Treasury, James as Postmaster-General, and Hatton as First Assistant Postmaster-General. The Senate subsequently confirmed the appointments. Universal satisfaction will ensue at the retention of James. He has made an excellent Postmaster-General, his experience as postmaster of New York standing him in good stead. The President has shown his good sense in retaining him. So far as they have gone, the new nominations are of aged men. Garfield, as far as he could, gathered around him young men.

THE CONFIDENCE QUEEN.—Bertha Heyman, who has earned, the police say, the title of "The Confidence Queen" by her daring exploits during the past few years, and who was recently convicted in New York of obtaining money by false pretences from Theodore W. Morris, was arraigned on Saturday to receive her sentence. She was sent to the penitentiary for two years. She received the sentence with apparent unconcern. This is the woman who attempted to swindle commercial men in London while she was stopping at the Tecumseh House.

——Mr. Justice Cameron will not brook demonstrations in any court over which he presides. At Toronto Assizes, yesterday, a man named Tobias Switzer was acquitted on a charge of arson. His brother, who was in court, was so overjoyed that he clapped his hands. For this offence the judge promptly imposed a fine of $10 with imprisonment for twenty-four hours. In consideration of the offender being a brother of the prisoner, the imprisonment was remitted.

——No more wooden sidewalks are to be laid down in London. Asphalt is the substitute, and already several streets have been laid throughout with excellent results. The Council has resolved to buy all the tar possible from the City Gas Company.

A 7-year-old boy in Harrisburg, Pa., while "playing circus" a few days ago, stood upon his head so long that he was attacked with brain fever and died in a few hours.

—Steel trimmings are no longer the style.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1881.

MR. OWENS' ADDRESS.

We publish in to-day's issue of the WATCHMAN Mr. OWENS' address to the electors of Argenteuil. It is a straight forward document, and cannot fail to recommend itself to the people. It gives no uncertain sound, but expresses in plain language, what is wanted in a representative for this county. Mr. OWENS is in favor of economy in the administration of Government, is in favor of developing the resources of the Province—of an equitable distribution of money for colonization purposes—of amendments to the School Laws, so as to improve elementary education in the Province—a wise administration of the finances, and a careful and economical management of our Provincial Railway, so as to increase its efficiency towards making it a profitable investment for the Province. On the subject of the Legislative Council he is in favor of its abolishment, or at least rendering it less expensive. And winds up by expressing himself in favor of promoting the material interests, not only of his own county, but of the Province in general. Such a bill of fare has not been presented to the people of this county for a long time; and we are sure its sentiments will find a re-echo in every elector's breast.

Mr. OWENS, we understand, has met with such success in every part of the county, that even should there be an opposition got up to him, it would avail nothing, as he is sure to carry the county by overwhelming odds.

We understand that Mr. MEIKLE *positively* refused to come forward again, and at the meeting of Reformers, held on Tuesday last, we hear Alderman J. C. WILSON, of Montreal, was waited on by a deputation from the meeting, inviting him to come forward, pledging him their support, but Alderman WILSON declined the honor, he having previously signed Mr. OWENS' requisition, and pledged himself to that gentleman's support. Whether they will succeed in inducing any other gentleman to come forward is very doubtful. In fact it would be perfectly useless, as sure defeat would be the result.

THE RECORD OF THE CHAPLEAU GOVERNMENT.

When the Chapleau Government took office it was with the understanding that the following policy would be adopted and carried out. They were to put our agricultural, mining, and educational interests on a better basis, and enact measures for bringing about a more evenly balanced treasury. Let us look to the statute-books and see how far their policy has been carried out. In doing so, we must consider the state the Province was in when they took office and the difficulties they had to contend with. It is the business of a Government to face difficulties. One great difficulty was that the treasury was empty and the credit of the Government was gone, so much so, that *bons* and notes were peddled at brokers' and shaved on street corners, and this is the state our finances were in when Mr. CHAPLEAU took office. No business can be carried on successfully for any length of time with *bons* and notes as payments, and especially is this the case with a Government. When Mr. CHAPLEAU came to the rescue, and before he was quite settled in his Cabinet, three banks proffered assistance, which could not have been got under Mr. JOLY's regime. He had been fortunate in selecting men who were hard workers, who knew the work was there and must be done. One of their first efforts was the passage of Acts designed to bring money into the treasury from legitimate sources. The Municipal Loan Fund Act, the General Mining Act and the Railway Act, were all passed and have resulted as intended; there being half a million of dollars paid by the city of Montreal on account of the Municipal Loan Fund, with other municipalities preparing to follow suit. The Mining Act has resulted already in bringing at the rate of $100,000 per annum into the treasury, while the Railway Act will enable the Government to sell the Railroad for a large sum, and so decrease the expenditure of the Province until there shall be a greater equilibrium between the revenue and expenditure. This Government's policy of economy was also no clap-trap profession, but is proved by the passage of the Public Officers Salaries' Act which reduced the salaries, and otherwise provided by enactment every possible saving. Then comes their inspection of Registry offices' Act which has resulted in putting the important office of Registrar in such a position that more justice will be done both to the people and the Government Then follows the Credit Foncier Act which has resulted in less than one short year in bringing down the interest which so many people have had to pay, to a more equitable point, and rendering a saving of at least two per cent to the people who need to borrow money. The School Teachers Pension Fund Act is another beneficent measure which stands to the credit of this Government, as well as the Beet Root Sugar Act which has already resulted in the erection of large sugar factories which will, no doubt, prove to be of great service in the development of our national industries from foreign and home capital to the advantage of all. These Acts stand out prominently on our statute books, resplendent as stars in the firmament, and combined with them the assistance rendered to agriculture, by the various encouragements given to exhibitions and otherwise, cause us to express greater satisfaction with the Chapleau Government than either the preceding De Boucherville and Joly Governments. In regard to these great measures, and the general good of the whole Province, Mr. CHAPLEAU deserves credit and support, but when we come down to more local, and, perhaps, minor questions, we cannot write so favorably. This county has not received justice at the hands of either the Joly or Chapleau Governments to the extent which we deserve. In fact during Mr. MEIKLE's term this county has had very little done for it in any way, and we say distinctly that it is time we had a representative whose weight in the Councils of the Province would be sufficient to get justice for Argenteuil. We should have colonization money for our roads and bridges in the rear part of the county where the settlers are taking up land and making themselves homes, and this money should be spent under the supervision of our county men. The railway offices within the county should be filled by men from the county who are surely entitled to such positions in preference to men from other counties. The just and legal claims for right of way should be settled and no one kept out of their lawful dues, as has been the case with MRS. CLUNIE, of this place, whose claim has been neglected in a shameful manner. Our representative should exert himself, and we believe in Mr. OWENS the county of Argenteuil will find a valuable man, whose influence will be felt in the Councils of the Province, and who will not sit sleepily in the House and allow the rights and privileges of his constituents to be monopolized by others. His influence will also be backed up by that of our Commons member, and in this way the greater good will be secured for this county. It is well known that for years past our representatives have not pulled together in this direction, but now we may expect their influence to be united in securing for this county its full share of patronage.

Carillon Dam.

A large number of prominent public men and others from this county, Montreal and elsewhere, were present, notwithstanding the rain and bad roads, on Wednesday last, to witness the closing of the gates of the Carillon dam, which was done at 2 p. m. In consequence of some obstructions, several of the gates failed to close, so that the water did not rise as was intended; this, however, will soon be rectified, when the effect intended will be produced. Press of matter prevents us from giving a full report, which we will do, if possible, next week.

THE CANDIDATE FOR TWO MOUNTAINS.

We are informed that B. BEAUCHAMP, Esq., of St. Hermas, has been selected as the Liberal Conservative candidate for the county of Two Mountains, by the Conservative party of that place From our personal knowledge of Mr. BEAUCHAMP we consider the choice an excellent one, as he is a man that will consider his county before his party in any measure that may come before the Legislature.

IMPROVEMENT IN EDUCATION.—We are pleased to notice in the address of Mr. Owens, which we print to-day, that he is alive to the educational interests of the province. This subject is one the Conservative candidates are taking up all along the line. That measures should be adopted to provide a higher standard of education in our elementary schools, and that the grants now given to academies should be used in a manner to grade these schools, are steps that are absolutely necessary in the interests of a large number of children. We would not advise an interference in any way with the working of our academies, except in a manner that would improve their usefulness; nor our elementary schools either, but they should be so located, and conducted as to place within the reach of all the children of tender years, the advantages of education.

The Reform Press is now engaged in discussing the question of Canadian Independence; but to use a homely phrase—"they may save their wind to cool their poridge with." The people of Canada have no desire for either independence or annexation; they are perfectly satisfied with the form of Government they have, and those who don't like it can step across the border into Uncle Sam's dominion. For our part, we prefer Queen Victoria's mild and liberal form of Government, to that of a wild and demoralized democracy such as our neighbours live under.

MEETING AT STE. THERESE.

Great Enthusiasm and Large Attendance.

SPEECH OF THE HON. MR. CHAPLEAU.

Wet weather and a fine demonstration might have been considered synonymous terms on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at Ste. Therese, so large and enthusiastic was the audience that stood in front of the hustings under heavy showers in the court yard of the College, while the Hon. Mr. Chapleau addressed to his electors a review of the political record of his Administration and a forecast of their future policy. The day's demonstration was commenced by the presentation of an address from the citizens of Ste. Therese to the Hon. Mr. Chapleau on his arrival at the station, which was gaily decorated with bunting in honor of the occasion. The address was read by the Mayor, Mr. St. Germain, and was replied to by the Premier with his usual felicity. The entire body then proceeded up the village, which was bright with flags and other decorations along the route, and after a short intermission, the great meeting which had been looked forward to for days previous with interest and pleasure by the electors of Terrebonne, was formally opened by the Mayor of Ste. Therese, Mr. St. Germain. There were at least two thousand people in the crowd, and on the platform were the Hons. MM. Mousseau, Loranger, Dumouchel, Beaubien, Malhoit, DeLaBruère, Villeneuve, MM. Daoust, M. P., Thomas White, M. P., Hurteau, M. P., Tassé, M. P., Houde, M. P., Bergeron, M. P., etc., etc.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau expressed his pleasure at meeting his constituents, and his appreciation of the cordial reception he received at their hands. It was but right, he said, that at the opening of the campaign he should meet his constituents in one great assembly and point out to them, as clearly as possible, the course of action laid down by his administration as the one they intended, as closely as circumstances would allow, to follow, and on which, combined with their past record, they based their claim for the support and confidence of the people. He then referred to his long connection with the County of Terrebonne, his native county, in which he had begun his political career, and by whose people, he was proud to say, he was considered as one of themselves, and explained that owing to pressure of public business and also to bronchitis from which he suffered, he would, very probably, be unable this campaign, as during former ones, to hold meetings in every parish, but he had sufficient confidence in his electors to warrant him in believing that they would not to-day withdraw the support they had hitherto given him. For 22 years he had worked in their interest and that of the province, and he counted on being entrusted with the same duty another five years. (Cheers.) He had been told not long ago that when a man had rendered the most service to a county, he was then set aside and another chosen in his place, and the election 25 years ago, when Terrebonne rejected the best representative it ever had, was quoted as bearing out this remark. But counties, as well as political men, were taught by experience, and to day, he felt assured that Terrebonne had profited by that unfortunate lesson, and the electors, when they knew they had a good servant, when they felt that their interests were in good hands, would not commit again the fault they had committed in 1854. The question which the people to-day would put to themselves was: What has the Quebec Government done and what does it intend doing? That things in general were going well there could be no doubt. Business was prospering, the agriculturist was obtaining good returns for his produce and stock, through the ready means of communication with the markets afforded by the various lines of railway in the province, and chiefly by the Q., M., O. & O. Railway. It did not follow, however, that the people were entirely satisfied, and people were apt to forget great benefits in their haste to resent slight injuries. The insignificant scratch often caused more annoyance than the fell disease which was slowly but surely carrying its victim to the tomb. Thus in many counties some purely local question would often be given precedence over a vital one, and the Government meet with opposition for some act which was probably one of omission or for which it could not be held directly responsible, while its judicious administration in essential matters would be ignored. He might be charged with not visiting the different parts of his constituency as frequently as his constituents deserved, but they must remember that as head of the Government he had duties to perform which required all his available time, and the interests of the Province to look after as well as those of his county. The affairs of the Government could not be neglected any more during the time of election than at any other time. This reminded him of a conversation he had had with an old man the other day, who said to him: It is true that when Mr. Morin was Minister the people said he did nothing because he was not always in the county, but a Minister at the head of affairs has to devote his time to the affairs of his country. The Government of Quebec, which he (Mr. Chapleau) represented, was the incarnation of the great Conservative party which for years comprised in its ranks the most eminent men of the Province, and whose motto was to do good to all, the interests of individuals being secondary to those of country. Some people might ask him: How is it then that there are in your Government men we do not recognize as Conservative? That question was based upon a fallacy. The Conservative party having gained the victory in the local elections of 1879, only asked what as conquerors they had a right to ask: Peace for all who are of good will. On the 1st November, 1879, when he first gave public expression to the ideas of the programme he intended to follow, he invited all men of good will and good hearts who wished to put an end to fruitless strife, and work unitedly for their province, to rally together in the one party and he would put himself at their head. (Cheers.) If that was not a conservative programme, the best that could be put before the electors, he was no longer a Conservative. Sir George Cartier had himself shown the example when he asked his opponents at one time to join with him in working out what he believed to be in the interests of the country. His (Mr. Chapleau's) politics were never limited by narrow political lines, he had no desire to be supported only by his intimate friends; he wished that all men of good will should work with him. He had been charged with having spared his opponents when he had been accustomed to show no mercy to them. Yes, he had always struck down those who endeavored to prevent him from working for the good of the Province and the country, and he would continue to be as unmerciful to them in the future as he had been in the past, but all those who were willing to give the assistance of their knowlege and energy and good-will, he wished to have with him, and every one who had the interests of his country at heart shared in that wish. (Cheers.) This was his programme. Let it be discussed as much as possible, the feeling of the country was with him. (Applause.) But it was said that he had made concessions, that he had abandoned principles hitherto considered sacred. Never had he done so. The questions which had divided Liberals and Conservatives were few, but few though they might be, he would never sacrifice a principle to effect a compromise on any one of them. At one time the Liberals wished to have the magistracy made elective. He had opposed this idea. The judges should be independent of the popular vote. The Liberals desired to make education purely secular against the conscientious convictions of the majority of the population. One thing they all desired was the progress of education and freedom in instruction. His Government decided to carry out what had been determined on by a preceding Legislature, and that was to give to the majority an educational system which satisfied their conscience as it suited the wants of the community, but at the same time he had been careful to give to the minority the most unrestricted and liberal administration of their schools, and every facility to dispose of their money devoted to educational purposes in the manner they thought best. The Liberals were also in favor of more frequent elections. He took the position that with the federal and municipal and local elections the province had quite enough of them and that a five years' Parliament was sufficiently short for our local administration. The Conservative Government, it was predicted by the Opposition, would reduce the province to bankruptcy and bring about direct taxation. How was this prediction borne out? He then proceeded to show what the Government had done in the works of colonization and education, and dealt with the question of the

Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.

The railroad cost us $13,000,000. The Government, when the road was first projected, was prepared to give $2,000,000 cash and 3,000,000 acres of land to the Northern Colonization Company, making an aggregate subsidy of $5,000,000. This subsidy was not given, but it was the amount the Government was prepared to give had it not later undertaken to build the road as a Government road. The road was worth to the people much more than it cost in the facility it gave them to freight produce and other goods to different centres, and as administered by the Government would yield this year a revenue of $300,000. This revenue was a commendable one, when the difficulty of commercial management by any Government was considered. It had been said in some papers that he wanted to make a bargain and sell the road without previously submitting the terms to the House. Those people who circulated that supposition knew him but little. The Government would endeavour to obtain the highest price, but would never conclude any sale or bargain before submitting the terms to the Legislature. The negotiations would be submitted to the members to enable them to form an opinion. The Government had now offers, the figures of which he could not disclose, but in order that the people might be put *au courant* with the progress of affairs, he would assure them that the Government would never sell the road for less than $8,000,000, which was all the money that it really cost the Province, allowing for the $5,000,000 subsidy it was previously prepared to give a private company. The municipal contributions not yet paid up would be another item to add to the amount to be received on account of the road. Montreal had already paid her $700,000, and the city of Quebec, as well as the other municipalities, would also follow this noble example. The Canadian Pacific Railway, it was said, should purchase the road, but it must be remembered that this was a private company which could not be bound to do any more than it had pledged itself to do. The Federal Government which was interested in seeing its great policy of the Pacific Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific carried out would no doubt endeavor to conciliate conflicting interests. He believed that the people of Quebec were entitled to ask better terms at Ottawa. He did not mean that they should beg for help from any Government. They had always succeeded in holding a creditable position by means of their own resources. But the Government at Ottawa might consider it just to give a subsidy to the Q., M., O. & O. Railroad, as it had given to other railroads. If the Canadian Pacific Railway would not buy our railroad, the railroad was not lost to us on that account; the Province would keep it and find other purchasers for the price he had mentioned. That price would not be lowered. The Government could sell the road for that and that was the lowest sum at which the Government would sell it, because that was the figure which would bring the province out without loss. If we sold the road for $8,000,000, the interest, calculating the money at 5 per cent., would amount to $400,000 per annum. Our Crown Lands revenue now reached $700,000 a year, and there was no reason to believe any diminution would take place in view of the great facilties given for the extension of the lumber traffic in regions which it had not reached before. Our mining lands, gold, iron and copper mines which were now becoming developed through the investment of foreign capital, yielded us $100,000 per annum; from the Federal Government we received a subsidy of $1,000,056; from licenses, $200,000 to $300,000; and other small sources, $150,000 to $200,000. The aggregate revenue from these sources would be sufficient to establish an equilibrium between the revenue and expenditure, and enable us to increase our grant for agriculture and colonization. Colonization to-day was the great object to be worked out in this Province—on it we must build our hopes for the future. The flow of immigration must be directed towards our province as well as elsewhere, because we will have plenty of work for willing hands. On that point Liberals and Conservatives were in accord. If the Government found any one who would give the price required, the Government was prepared to part with the Q., M., O. & O., but not otherwise. The Government would rather keep the road than sell it for less than $8,000,000. Mr. Chapleau then reviewed the other points of his policy. The Liberals, he said, wanted the abolition of the Upper House. He was opposed to that, and one reason was that it was necessary for the protection of the minority who might protest against the protection at present, but who would be very glad should the day of necessity arrive to avail themselves of it. He was, however, in favor of reducing the expenditure of that branch of the Legislature as much as possible, and he thought the Liberals would have no objection to the existence of the Legislative Council provided the expenditure were so reduced that the working of our system would not be too costly even with that Upper House. In speaking of education he said $200,000 to $300,000 a year were expended by the Government on this subject. In Ontario, where the population was greater, the Government was not more generous than ours, but municipalities there contributed largely towards educational purposes. There was perhaps too much classical education in the Province of Quebec if we considered the want which existed for commercial, agricultural, industrial and elementary education among all classes of society. But it must be said to the credit of our classical institutions that they had produced men of which the country had a right to be proud. With regard to encouraging the introduction of foreign capital the Credit Foncier had been the means of reducing by 2 @ 2½ per cent. the rates of interest which farmers were previously obliged to pay for money advanced. In the *Official Gazette* of yesterday a report was published showing that the Credit Foncier had loaned throughout the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario $56,000,000. This at the average reduction of 2 per cent. on the former charge for interest showed a saving to the agriculturalist of these provinces of $1,130,000 in one year. When the Conservative Government entered office in 1867 the cry was raised that the province under its direction would be brought into bankruptcy, and direct taxation would have to be resorted to. An old proverb said: "Time will tell;" and in this case the test of time had set those predictions at naught. Direct taxation had not been resorted to, nor would increased taxation be imposed upon the people, and the future of the province never looked brighter. The Conservative Government had organized education, had expended large sums on colonization, had encouraged agriculture, promoted the development of our mineral resources and caused a large amount of foreign capital to flow into the country. The Opposition were continually crying out that we were very poor, but despite their outcry the present Government had borrowed in France at 98 when the preceding Government could only obtain 95, and one of the consequences of this loan was the attraction of French interest to this country, so that to-day there were about twenty French engineers engaged examining the mineral deposits of the Province with the view to the investment in them of French capital. He ridiculed the miserable petty economies effected by the Joly Government, while its general expenditure was more lavish than that of its predecessor. One of the evils of the Province of Quebec was the great number who desired Government positions. A Government position was in general a small affair, not to be compared with that of a farmer, or of a man who earned his living as a tradesman, or in a great industry. The Government must present a firm front against applicants for positions. There was work for all of them if they would only look for it. Men could not be got to work on the railroads, nor could miners at Ottawa find hands to work. $1 or $1.50 a day in some industry was preferable to $400 or $500 in the Government, because the prospects in the former were more encouraging. The Government of Quebec would endeavor in its sphere to second the efforts of the Ottawa Government in the liberal policy which the latter had inaugurated by encouraging the establishment of great industries in this Province. The aim of his administration was not to fill the public exchequer with money, but to cause money to flow into the pockets of the industrious people. The First Minister of Quebec received $3,000 a year, $10,000 a year less than a clerk of the Bank of Montreal, and was not even allowed his travelling expenses. The Government did not want money. No new taxes would be imposed on the people, direct or indirect, but the people should avoid sudden changes of Government, which always entailed heavy loss. The accession of the Joly Administration to power entailed a loss of $1,500,000 to the Province. With that money could have been built branches of railway as feeders to the Q., M., O. & O. R. R. The Joly Government was obliged to hold elections, stop the building of the railroad, causing a loss of interest, for it gave no revenue; it had to hold an extra session, contest elections which should not have been contested, and sustained itself with but one vote of a majority, and that a purchased one. The Hon. Mr. Chapleau continued at considerable length, entering into various details of his administration, and at the conclusion of his speech was cheered to the echo.

The Hon Messrs. Loranger and Mousseau followed, and their speeches were well received. Mr. Poirier, a leading Liberal, then asked permission to address the crowd, and was allowed to do so. He charged Mr. Chapleau with the intention of imposing new taxes on the people, and took occasion to disclaim any connection with the Liberal organ, *La Patrie*, as not being the real representative organ of the party. Mr. Chapleau replied in a very moderate manner, but tinged throughout with good natured sarcasm, and the meeting then broke up.

S. CARSLEY'S PRICE LIST
—FOR—
BLACK CLOTHS AND DIAGONALS.

Useful Black Broadcloth at $1.75 per yard.
Useful Blue Broadcloth at $1.35, $1.50, and $1.80 per yard.
Very good Black Broadcloth at $3.35, $3.75 and $1.90 per yard.
Extra good Black Broadcloth at $4.50 per yd.

BLACK BEAVERS.

Useful Black Beaver at $1.30, and $1.85 per yard.
Good Black Beaver at $2.25, $2.85 and $3.13 per yard.
Extra good Black Beaver at $3.45 and $3.75 per yard.

BLACK DIAGONALS.

Good Black Diagonal at $1.65 and $1.75 per yard.
Very good Black Diagonal at $1.90, $3.00 and $1.35 per yard.
West-of-England Diagonal at $1.80 and $5.50 per yard.
A very good line of Black Diagonals for Overcoats at $1.40 per yard.

S. CARSLEY.

S. CARSLEY'S PRICE LIST
—FOR THE—
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CANADIAN TWEEDS.

Useful Canadian Tweed for 38c, 40c and 45c per yard.
Good Canadian Tweed for 55c, 60c and 85c per yard.
Very good Canadian Tweed for $1.00, $1.04 and $1.20 per yard.
Extra good Canadian Tweed for $1.35 per yd.

ENGLISH TWEEDS.

The line of English Tweeds we have on hand is considered very good value at $1.25 per yard, though our price is only $1.05 per yard. We have these in the leading patterns. See them.

SCOTCH TWEEDS.

Good Scotch Tweed for $1.15 $1.25, $1.40 per yard.
Extra good Scotch Tweed for $1.45, $1.60, $1.65 per yard.

S. CARSLEY.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS!

GENTS' LINEN COLLARS.

We are still offering Gents' four-ply Linen Collars for 9c.
Gents' Emperor Collars, 17c.
Gents' Perfection Collars, 14c.
Gents' Faultless Collars, 14c.
Gents' London Collars, 14c.
Gents' Windsor Collars, 14c.
Gents' Royal Collars, 14c.
Gents' Baroda Collars, 14c.
Gents' Stand Out Collars, 14c.

GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS.

Gents' Ready Hemmed White Handkerchiefs from 6c to 12c.
Gents' good quality all linen Handkerchiefs at 16c.

FRESH ARRIVAL.

We have just received a new lot of Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs, Ties and Scarfs.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

31jan

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 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.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
SASHES,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
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STAIR RAILINGS,
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MOULDINGS,
And All Kinds of House Finishings.
DRY PINE LUMBER
Constantly on Hand.
LACHUTE MILLS,
v3 n19 1y PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

MONTREAL HOUSE
LACHUTE.

My Fall Stock
is now
Nearly Complete.
I am daily in receipt of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
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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.

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Dr. G. W. PRENTISS.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: NORTH STREET
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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.
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REAL ESTATE.

FARMS & VILLAGE PROPERTY
IN
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FOR SALE CHEAP.

GRENVILLE VILLAGE.

10 Lots with dwellings and outbuildings from $200 to $400 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot 3 in 1st Range,	$ 800 00
S W ¼	" 5 in 4th Range,	300 00
N ½	" 14 in 5th Range,	200 00
S ½	" 16 in 5th Range,	20 00
S part	" 11 in 3rd Range,	500 00
S ½	" 25 in 4th Range,	200 00
S ½	" 19 in 4th Range,	400 00
S ½	" 10 in 6th Range,	600 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

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N ½	" 13 and 14 in 2nd Range,	1000 00
S ½	" 19 in 4th Range,	100 00
W ½	" 18 in 5th Range,	300 00

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S ½	" 16 in 7th Range,	600 00

Apply to
ALEXANDER PRIDHAM,
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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, 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 5 lbs. of Tea.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.
THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
C. T. WALES & Co.,
Sep. 14. *St. Andrews.*
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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.
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The Boston
ONE-PRICE CLOTHING STORE,
41 AND 43 ST. JOSEPH STREET.
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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.,
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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

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.

Farm for sale.—James Beckham.
School Teacher Wanted.—Wm. Burns.
Caledononian Society.—G. L. Meikle.
House Finishings.—Chapman & Mattinson
Can. Pacific Railway.—F. Braun.
Notice.—P. Paquin.
Carsley's Millinery Room.—S. Carsley.
Every one—Toker & Co.
Dr. Fowler's Extract—T. Milburn & Co.
Hagyard's Yellow Oil.— "
Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursi.—"
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.—Henry, Johnsons & Lord.
Hop Bitters.—Hop Bitters M'f'g Co.
Drawing class.—Mrs. Bond.
Edison's Guide. Edison Music Co.

LOCAL.

Car loads of oats, barley, pease, and even buckwheat are being brought from stations east and west to Lachute Mills, which indicates a scarcity of coarse grains about here.

Keep the Feet Dry.

This is the season of sloppy weather so productive of colds and lung troubles; neglected cold or damp feet is a great source of these difficulties. Cure your cough with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Pleasant to take and always reliable.

The by-law of the local council regarding a piece of street in Lachute is, we understand, to be appealed from to the county council.

FALLING LEAVES!

"There is something inexpressibly touching in the fallen leaves," sighs an esteemed author. There is, there is, indeed. It's when you slip on one of the articles on a wet morning, and to ich the unsympathetic pavement. But there is in reality touching language,—language uttered from the heart, yea, from the depths of the soul, in the many thousands of testimonials and letters (unsolicited) that come from those who once were sufferers from lung diseases, asthma and consumption, and who have used N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, and have been restored to their wonted health and activity.

We hear of a large number of Liberals who are liberal enough to support Mr. Owens because they believe his best efforts will be put forth to promote their interests.

No article ever attained such unbounded popularity in so short a time as Burdock Blood Bitters, and that too during the existence of countless numbers of widely advertised bitters and blood purifiers. It is evident that this medicine begins its work at once, and leaves no desirable effect unattained.

CRANDON.—Messrs. Dickson & Christie two wide-awake young gentlemen from Lachute, are putting in a large stock of general merchandise at Crandon. They have come to the land of promise bound to win, and we predict for them a big success. This *Tribune* acknowleges a pleasant call.—*The Huron Tribune.*

The Causes of Colds

are: getting overheated in hot rooms or crowded assemblies, sitting in a draught, or cooling too rapidly after exercise, muffling up warm and changing to lighter wrappings, cold and damp feet. No matter what is the cause Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the cure for all throat and lung diseases, that induce consumption.

DROWNING ACCIDENT.—On Monday last a man named Cyr, in the employ of Mr. Wm. Staniforth, of Arundel, was crossing the Rouge river on a float early in the morning with two men and a horse. When well out in the stream the float began to sink, and in order to lighten it they put the horse into the water; and becoming excited they threw the oars away; and Cyr in the excitement jumped after the horse and caught the blanket only; the horse swam to shore but the unfortunate man was drowned. The body was found about two o'clock in the afternoon. We understand that he leaves a wife and family—two of his boys stood on the shore and witnessed the heart-rending spectacle of their father's drowning.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil

will be found invaluable for all purposes of a family liniment. Immediate relief will follow its use in all cases of pain in the stomach, bowels or side; rheumatism, colic, colds, sprains or bruises. For internal and external use. It has no equal in the world for what it is recommended. For sale by all dealers at 25c. per bottle.

LEGAL.—In the great road case of Martin vs. McCormick, the defendant, McCormick, has given notice to Mr. Bampton, plaintiff's counsel, and fyled *desistement* of all proceedings therein in Court of Review. Montreal. This now determines this much litigated case, the judgment in the Circuit Court here for plaintiff Martin being the final decision in the case. McCormick pays all costs of both courts, Circuit and Review.

Get out Doors.

The close confinement of all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle.—*Christian Recorder.*

Good progress is being made in the survey of the route of the Sault Ste. Marie Railway. The total length of the line from Sault Ste. Marie to Gravenhurst has been found to be about 350 miles. Of this distance 260 miles have been instrumentally surveyed, and the remaining distance fully explored, and its feasibility ascertained. The construction of this road will give the shortest route from the west and northwest, connecting with the Canada Pacific and the Northern Pacific, to the Atlantic by way of the Ottawa Valley, and must work a revolution in the carrying trade of North America.—*Free Press.*

Deserving of Praise.

Too much cannot be expressed in favor of that unsurpassed remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, croup, sore throat, and all lung complaints. If you suffer from neglected colds, try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. The cost is trifling, only 25 cents.

People have no more right to become dyspeptic, and remain gloomy and miserable, than they have to take poison and commit suicide. If the stomach becomes weak and fails to perform its functions, Burdock Blood Bitters will soon remedy the trouble.

—It is understood that Major-General Sir Patrick McDougall, who is to be Administrator of the Government during the absence of the Governor-General, will take up his residence at Montreal during that period.

Petitions to Parliament should be written in a bold, round open hand, for which purpose Esterbrook's blunt and broad pointed pens are the best. All from the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., 26 John St., New York, for samples.

Almost Young Again.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family. A lady in Providence, R. I.—*Journal.*

LACHUTE, November 8.—At a convention held here to-day, for the purpose of nominating a Liberal candidate to oppose Mr. Owens, Mr. Meikle, the former member, declined nomination, frankly admitting that he could not do anything for the county in the local House, and there was no use for him to consent to be their candidate during the present contest. One name after another was brought up, but no choice made, except that a deputation was appointed to wait on Ald. J. C. Wilson, and ask him to be their candidate. It is well known that Mr. Wilson attended the Conservative convention last week and strongly supported Mr. Owens' candidature and signed his requisition.—*Montreal Gazette*

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. 22y1

To the Free and Independent Electors of the County of Argenteuil.

GENTLEMEN:

Having been nominated by a large and influential meeting of the Liberal Conservative Electors of the County, as a Candidate for the representation of the County in the Provincial Legislature, I beg to present myself for your suffrages.

If honoured by your confidence, it would be my study to so act as to promote the best interests of this County in particular, and of the Province generally.

I believe that in the present position of the Province a policy of economy and retrenchment is essential. I am pleased to know that the Government have since their accession to office accomplished something in this direction, and I should, if elected, give every assistance to the carrying out of this policy.

Much has been done in the last two years, in the way of attracting the attention of foreign capitalists to this Province, and I believe important results are certain to follow the efforts in that direction, in the developing of the material interests of the Province. The Government to whom we are indebted for these efforts, I think, should be sustained by the people.

If elected, my best efforts would be directed to secure a fair and equitable distribution of money for colonization purposes, such amendments to the School Laws as may be necessary to improve the elementary schools of this Province. The wise and careful administration of the finances, and such a disposition of our Provincial railway as would secure its efficient working in the public interests, and develop one of the important results expected from it by constituting it a training school for *our people* in Railway business, and render it a valuable source of revenue to the Province.

On the subject of the Legislative Council, about which so much has been said, I would be glad to see such legislation as would render it less expensive. Already by the action of that body itself something has been done in this direction, and I think in view of the popular expression on the subject something more may be accomplished.

In a word, if elected, my earnest efforts will be used to assist in every thing calculated to promote the material interests and social well being of the people of this Province.

Respectfully soliciting your support at the polls,

I remain yours &c.,
W. OWENS.

Stonefield, Nov. 7th, 1881.

Aux Electeus Libres et Independants du COMTE D'ARGENTEUIL

MESSIEURS:

Ayant été choisi, comme candidat à la Législature Provinciale pour représenter le Comté, a une assemblée nombreuses et influente des Electeurs libéraux conservateurs, je viens solliciter votre suffrage.

Si vous m'honorez de votre confiance, je m'efforcerai de travaillez à la promotion des intêtêts du Comté en particulier et de la Province en général.

Je suis d'opinion, que dans les circonstances présentes, la Province requiert une politique d'economie et de retranchement. Je vois avec plaisir, que, depuis son ascention au pouvoir, le gouvernement a accompli quelque chose a cet effet. Et, si élu, je donnerai toute mon influence pour aider à ces projets.

Beaucoup a été fait, durant ces deux dernières années, à l'effet d'attrier les capiteaux étrangers en ce pays; et le pense qu'il en résultera des conséquences importantes dans l'intérêt matériel de la Province. Le gouvernement, qui nous à procuré ces avantages, doit je crois recevoir le support populaire.

Si je suis élu, je ferai tout en mon pouvoir pour faciliter une division juste et équitable des fonds de la colonisation; et toute amendement aux lois d'éducation à l'effet d'ameliorer le system d'écoles elementaires en cette Province; l'administration sage et prudente de nos finances; et toute loi tendant a l'administration efficace de nos chemins de fer, dans l'intérêt public et au developement des résultats importants, que j'en attendais, en devenant une école d'instruction pour notre peuple en matière de chemins de fer et le rendant une source de revenus considérables à cette Province.

Quand au Conseil Législatif, dont nous avons tant entendu parler, je voudrais qu'il devienne moins dispendieux à la Province. Déjà par l'action de ce corps, il à déjà été fait quelques choses dans ce but, et pense qu'avec l'expression du sentiment populaire plus peut être fait.

En un mot, si je suis élu, je ferai tout en mon pouvoir, pour assister toute législation tendant à promouvoir les intérets matériaux et sociaux et le bien être du peuple de la Province.

Tout en sollicitant humblement votre vote aux polls.

Je demeure votre etc.
W. OWENS.

Stonefield, 7 Novembre, 1881.

SAW LOGS WANTED

Wanted all the spruce, pine, hemlock, ash, and other saw logs that we can get. Good prices will be paid, and contracts entered in to for delivery at the mills in winter, or by river in summer.

FISH & IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

Grain Wanted.

Wanted all the wheat, oats, barley, corn, peas, rye, black buckwheat, and white beans that we can get, for which the highest cash price will be paid.

FISH & IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

FOR SALE

Strong bakers' flour, good family flour, Graham flour, cracked wheat, pot barley, oatmeal, buckwheat flour, tea by the chest, cattle crib, sugars, coffees, spices, herrings, pork, hams, and general groceries, all at lowest cash prices.

FISH & IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO
Get a Bargain.
WATCHES
OF ALL KINDS
VERY CHEAP.
VERY LARGE ASSORTMENTS.
All kinds of
JEWELLERY,
SILVER NECKLETS & LOCKETS,
GENT'S CHAINS.
Fine assortment of
GOLD & SILVER RINGS,
EARRINGS and
BROOCHES.
STUDS IN GREAT VARIETY.
C. W. HUGHES,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.

Mr. Hughes will remove to Mr. Cleland's new store on 1st December, opposite Mr. Meikle. v5 n1 1y

COW LOST.

Lost, on the 13th inst., a brown cow, 10 years old, marked on the hip with red paint, and horns sawn.

Any person bringing her to Mr. Alex. McKnight, Lakefield, or to Mr. Roderigue, Lachute, will be liberally rewarded.

M. LAROSE, Cattle Buyer.

Burdock
Blood
Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS,	*DIZZINESS,*
DYSPEPSIA,	*DROPSY,*
INDIGESTION,	*FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,*
JAUNDICE.	
ERYSIPELAS,	*ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,*
SALT RHEUM,	
HEARTBURN,	*DRYNESS*
HEADACHE,	*OF THE SKIN,*

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Farm for Sale.

LOT NO. 8, IN THE 2ND CONCESSION of Thomas' Gore, containing about 90 acres, 20 of which are cleared, the rest well wooded. Apply to

10 3in JAMES BECKHAM.

School Teacher Wanted.

SCHOOL TEACHER WANTED FOR School Section No. 2, Brittonville, Morin. Apply to

WM. BURNS,
Sec.-Treas.

Morin Flats, Oct. 28th, 1881. 10 3in

NOTICE.

ARGENTEUIL VETERINARY OFFICE,
ST. ANDREWS.

I beg to inform the public that this office will be closed until March next, as I am returning to Montreal Vet. Med. College for some other degrees.

I remain, yours,
P. PAQUIN.

n10 3in

For sale a two-year-old Ayreshire bull. Apply to ROBERT DOIG,
Upper Lachute.

Drawing Classes.

Mrs. BOND,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.

MRS. BOND purposes opening classes for Painting in oils, water colors, monochromatic, crayon and pencil Drawing; also Painting on satin and china, work very fashionable in England and the United States.

References: Dr. JENKINS, D. D., Montreal. W. WILSON, Esq., 327 Pearl Street, New York. Address P. O. box 104

n10 4in LACHUTE.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'WAY.

EMORY'S BAR TO PORT MOODY.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West end of Contract 61, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to give Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge of the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dep. Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. n10 12in

EVERY ONE

interested in the lumber trade should subscribe for THE

CANADA LUMBERMAN,

the only paper of the kind published in the Dominion, and the recognized organ of the trade.

The LUMBERMAN is a large four column, 16 page, semi-monthly journal, devoted exclusively to the lumbering interests of Canada which is now entering upon the second year of its publication and in which the publishers, guided by the experience of the past, hope to make important improvements during 1882.

The LUMBERMAN offers special facilities to advertisers, reaching those engaged in this important industry, as it has already secured a very large circulation among those in whose interest it is published. For specimen copies, rates of advertising, &c., &c., address

TOKER & CO.,
Publishers,
PETERBOROUGH.

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.

E. Lablanc.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.

A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
11tf LACHUTE BAKERY.

LIGGET & HAMILTON

importers of
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Carpets, and Housefurnishings.

A splendid assortment of
SEALETTES,
for winter cloaks, now being sold
AT A VERY LOW PRICE.
A large line of MILLINERY in stock.
LIGGET & HAMILTON.
47 & 49 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
52y1

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

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.
v5n61y

FOR SALE CHEAP

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

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

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

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. 18, 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. 20.

TERMS EASY. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to the proprietor,

JAMES MILLER,
Cushing.

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.

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

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
1 m

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.

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

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.

If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languish on a bed of sickness, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters.

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

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

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

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 35 cts. and $1 per bottle. Sold everywhere.

HENRY, JOHNSONS & LORD, Props.
MONTREAL, P. Q.

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

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

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

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.

Ottawa River Navigation Co.

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 8 a. m., for 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 stored 87 Common St., Canal Basin, Montreal.

R. W. SHEPHERD,
36tf *President.*

PARKS' PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,

195½ St. James St., Montreal.

We call special attention to our PANEL or ARLEY PICTURES, 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 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.

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A BUDGET

Of Latest British and Foreign News from all Sources.

The State in France owns 2,164 stallions.

In one week lately a London firm imported forty-five tons of rabbits.

The *Christian World* says that Mr. Froude, the historian, is to have a peerage.

The network of German subterranean cable is completed. It connects 221 towns, and has cost about $7,000,000.

Lord Randolph Churchill and his brother, Lord Blandford, are at the antipodes of politics.

The first national college for the education of females in France has been opened by M. Ferry in person at Montpellier.

In Cyprus the law courts are shortly to be reformed, and judges are coming from England to preside over the new tribunals.

In his diary of European travel the Shah of Persia says that an Englishman who disobeys a policeman is instantly put to death.

Concerning food adulteration Alphonse Karr says: "Strange, isn't it? I poison my grocer—guillotine. He poisons me by adulteration—40 francs."

The sowing of forest pine seeds has been begun by the Shakers at Enfield, Conn., and the State authorities are considering plans for encouraging this needed industry.

According to the last census the outlay for building and repairing farm fences during 1879 in eleven Southern and Southwestern United States aggregated $13,565,746.

A recent survey of the Flume at Franconia, N. H., shows that many of the ledges in the vicinity are largely composed of as fine a quality of granite as can be found in all Scotland.

A recent religious census taken in Prussia shows that that country contains 17,645,462 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 363,790 Jews, 42,518 Dissenters, and 22,006 persons professing no religion.

In a speech delivered the other day in Arran the Duke of Manchester spoke of the dissensions which existed between landlords and tenants in "England, Ireland, *and other parts of Scotland.*"

In six days' stalking on the Ben Alder Forest Lord Headley shot thirteen stags. The mountains is a most arduous stalking ground. All these stags were killed between 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Franz Hilmar, the composer of the first Czech polka, the Esmeralda Polka, died at Prague on the 1st inst., at the age of 79. The polka existed long before his time among the peasants of Bohemia, but he first reduced it to written musical form.

The London *Tablet* (Roman Catholic) says that among the town populations in Ireland there is bitter complaint that by the Land League movement everything has been done for the farmers and nothing for them. The tradesmen find their occupation gone.

The trial of Julius Hoebel proceeded with great smoothness and celerity at Evansville, Ind., until the clerk said, "Prisoner, stand up and hear the verdict." Then it was found that there was no prisoner, for he had quietly slipped out an hour before.

A mob at Mendota, Ill., put a noose around a burglar's neck, and then gave him his choice between hanging and promising to plead guilty when arraigned in court. He promised, of course, and the lynchers, having thus succeeded in preventing a fair trial, dispersed without murdering the criminal.

The controversy on the relative density of various woods is likely to be prolonged by the fact that some soldiers engaged in building a telegraph line from Fort Klamath, in attempting to raft a lot of tamarack poles down Wood River to the lake, were surprised to see all the poles sink beneath them.

Bavarian journals express themselves greatly disgusted at the sentence of a private in the army to three days' imprisonment because he applied the epithet of "You villainous beast!" to the balky horse of one of the officers. The charge against him was "unbecoming behavior towards an officer's horse."

The movement toward securing uniformity of printed characters by the substitution of Roman for Teutonic characters in German books appears to be making progress, notwithstanding the alleged opposition of Prince Bismarck. A resolution has been come to at a meeting of directors of schools in German-Switzerland to print all school books in Roman letters.

Lord Henry Lennox, yachting on the west coast of Ireland, has gone to the Island of Innisturk with a stock of provisions for a detachment of constabulary, who, having been left in charge of the island after Lord Lucan's recent evictions, had been boycotted by the inhabitants and reduced to very short commons, consisting of tea and cheese.

"There is a highly mitigating circumstance in my case," said Charles Leslie, when about to be sentenced for obtaining money under false pretences at Rushville, Ind. He had resorted to the crime in order to keep his engagement of marriage, and he thought that course was better, he explained, than to render himself liable to a suit for breach of promise. He was a gentleman, he hoped, and knew how to treat a lady. Still, the Judge sent him to a penitentiary for six months.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an isle of verdure in the desert; "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries.

The French Minister of War has just effected a minor reform which he has adopted from the German army. The object of it is to secure the ready identification of soldiers who may be wounded or killed on the field of battle. For this purpose every man will in future wear a metal plate suspended from the neck. This will be of oval form, 35 millimetres in length, 25 in width and 1 in thickness, and will indicate the owner's regiment as well as his company and his number on the roll-call.

A man named Smith is in custody at Scarborough charged with attempting to drown a telegraph messenger named Charles Robinson. It appears that Robinson was playing in the small boat of a smack belonging to Smith, when the latter seized him, threw him overboard and placed his foot upon him to keep him under water. Smith was promptly arrested, and on the facts being known a cry was raised to lynch him, and a scene of great excitement prevailed before he was got to the police station.

The famous Chateau d'If is to be prepared for the Arab prisoners taken by the French in Tunis. This news will recall the marvellous escape of Edmond Dantes in the sack which, being supposed to contain a dead body, was cast into the sea. The prelude to the more renowned adventures of Monte Christo owes its title to this celebrated fortress, occupying the entire side of the islet in the Mediterranean, opposite the port of Marseilles. The name of the castle is derived from the "ifs," or yew trees, with which the rocky islet was originally covered.

The revision of the war treasure of the German Empire will shortly be made. This treasure, which is said to amount to 120,000,000 marks in gold coin, is deposited in the Julius Tower, at Spandau. The two Commissioners whose duty it is to verify the treasure each possess a key of the chamber in which it is kept, and the door opens only when the keys are applied simultaneously. The treasure is divided into ten lots and each lot is further subdivided into twelve others of 1,000,000 marks each. The large sum of 120,000,000 marks, or $30,000,000, earns no interest.

One Sunday in the summer some of the men of a vessel at anchor off Colombo, Ceylon, went ashore in charge of a mate, and, while rambling in a wood, one picked up a little monkey which was playing at the foot of a tree. Its yell seemed to summon all monkeydom. Such a chorus of angry chatter arose that the mate cried, "Make for the boat," and the abductor, to make peace, dropped his prize. One monkey fell out of the phalanx to gather up its darling in a hasty embrace, but the rest rushed forward, hurling sticks and stones at the men as they pushed off. Many of the men were hurt by the missiles.

Most of the titled houses of England are of comparatively modern date. The real old families of the country are the squires and small landed gentry and yeomen. Their descent and possessions have in scores upon scores of cases been unbroken for 500 or even 800 years, whereas the unlimited power of a Prime Minister or sovereign to create a new peer has constantly introduced into the Upper House men but a few removes from trade or the professions. Of the entire 418 families whose heads have seats as peers of England only 77 existed as nobles in 1707, when the union of England and Scotland took place, 341 having been raised to the peerage, exclusive of the last batch, since that date. The Irish peers are of still lower caste, a miserable crew of ragamuffins, mostly dating from the corruption of the union.

Newgate prison, one of the old landmarks of London, is to be pulled down. Clerkenwell prison will become in future the central lock-up for London malefactors, and the courts of law, which comprise what is known as the Old Bailey, will be enlarged so as to cover the space now occupied by the prison. It was a hideous object, black with smoke, though only just a century old, and a decided defacement to a great thoroughfare. It was built by Dance in 1782, just after the Gordon riots, who had but one idea, to make it impregnable. In its front many noted criminals swung; here Thistlewood exclaimed, "I shall soon know the last great secret," and Fauntleroy, before his fall, communicated the secret of where to buy the best Curacoa.

The *Weekly Northern Whig*, the leading Liberal North of Ireland paper, which has bitterly opposed arbitrary landlordism uniformly, and was prosecuted some time since by Lord Hertford's agent, says: "We could understand O'Connell agitating for repeal at a time when the Imperial Parliament would not have thought of passing Church Acts or Land Acts, but now that Parliament is willing to concede every fair Irish demand, it is preposterous to think of a movement that could by no possibility enlist the hearty unanimity of Ireland itself. The experience through which the country has passed during the last two years would rather demonstrate the utter impossibility of Ireland being left to itself, when the most reckless would be sure to command in any serious exigency the willing allegiance of the masses."

Mothers and nurses cannot be too careful about the soap they use on the little ones. Few but physicians know how many of the so-called skin diseases among children are caused by the use of adulterated, poisonous soap. An analysis of several cakes of the pretty and perfumed toilet soaps that are sold on the streets showed the presence of ground glass, soluble glass, silex, pipe clay, rotten stone, borax, plaster of Paris, tin crystal, magnesia, pumice stone, oatmeal and other substances, which are added to give the soap weight, hardness, toughness or clearness. The common colorings are vermilion, Venetian red and carmine, ultramarine green, pot pigment green, copperas, Spanish brown, ultramarine blues, yellow and scarlet anilines and burnt umber. Many of the perfuming ingredients, though harmless in themselves, become chemically poisonous by admixture. Adding the dangers from all these to the rancid, diseased, putrid qualities of grease used, and mothers may well be appalled at the permanent evils these neat-looking, delicately scented blocks of toilet soap contain, ready to be released whenever moistened and applied to the babe's body.

A Capital Invention.

Nasby writes to the Toledo *Blade*: "I hev inventid a new carpit bag for the espeshal yoose ov patriots and agitaters. It is made uv thin Injy rubber, with a frame that folds up into a small compass. Yoo take that carpit bag and blow it up till it bulges out at the side ez tho it wuz full of close and things and walk into a lodging house and demand rooms with confidence. That carpit bag bustin with valyooables settles it. It looks solvent, and everything is in looks. Yoo stay on the strength uv that bag, and hev yoor meals sent to your room, and live fat. Presently yoor landlady wants money, and commences to watch that carpit bag. Yoo can't get out uv the house with it, for that is her anker and hope. Very good. Some evening yoo go to yoor room, let the wind out uv it, fold it up and put it in yoor coat-pockit, and bid her good evening, telling her yoo shall be home early, and she may light the fire at 10, and the place that knowed yoo wunst knews yoo no more furever. The first dark place yoo come too yoo blow it up again, and go boldly into another house and establish yourself in comfort ef not in luxury."

The Fire Commissioners of New York have occasioned much uneasiness by setting forth the dangers to that city from fires caused by electric wires. On Monday night the wood work over the entrance of the Germania Theatre, Thirteenth street and Broadway, was fired by contact with the naked wire, permitted by a break in the insulator. Examination of the wire revealed the fact that the defective insulating material around it had burned for a length of four inches so the bare copper wire a quarter of an inch thick rested on the sheet tin which covered the top of the arch. This became red hot and set fire to the wood. Yesterday an imperfectly insulated electric wire lighting private premises came in contact with a fire telegraph wire in William street, and the current flashed into the signal box near Chambers street and quite demolished it. If the insulation is thus imperfect while new, constant repetition of such accidents when it becomes old and worn out is, the fire officials say, to be feared. The electric wires, however, chiefly trouble the department when they have to be cut away from the tops of houses to permit the fireman to work at fires. They have to be cut with an instrument having a wooden handle. If the handle is wet it becomes a conductor and the fireman holding it stands in danger of receiving a fatal shock. That no fatal accident of the sort has happened as yet is due to the great care which is exercised by the firemen, and which, sooner or later, in an exciting emergency will not be exercised.

There is no truth in the rumor that Dean Grasett has resigned his position in Toronto. He has, however, given over in trust the greater portion of his income, to be used by the churchwardens for the benefit of the cathedral. The dean is reported to be in very poor health.

A national subscription has been set on foot in Spain for the purpose of buying Gibraltar from the English. If England refuses to sell, the money will be devoted to the erection of fortifications on the straits which divide Africa from Spain.

PROTECTING CANADA.

Objections Urged to the Monroe Doctrine.

PANAMA CANAL NEUTRALITY.

A cablegram from London says the *Times* says no one will question the right of the United States to take precautions so that the canal across the Isthmus of Panama shall not be used in anyway hostile to them. As far as Mr. Blaine's letter is argument for the neutrality of the canal, it is unanswerable, but we fail to see why there should be repugnance to England or France joining in the guarantee, and why it should be contended that efficacious and perfect neutrality was provided by the treaty with Colombia. Mr. Blaine's assumption that the American possessions on the Pacific coast would supply the larger part of the traffic through the canal is questionable. It scarcely admits of a doubt that the great bulk of the vessels which for some years to come would pass through the canal would be English. The dues paid by the American mercantile marine in its present unhealthy state are not likely to form at an early date a considerable part of the shareholders' receipts. Great though the interests of America are in the matter, and necessary though it is for her that there should be free communication between her Atlantic and Pacific States, this does not efface the fact that England also is at once an Atlantic and Pacific power, and she is bound to have regard to the welfare of her subjects in British Columbia, and to think of securing free access to her Australian Colonies. The neutralizing of the canal would be for the benefit of all the States of the world, and we fail to gather any solid objection to allowing the European Powers to join in work universally desirable. Every additional guarantee would strengthen the guarantee. Every new party to the treaty would be a fresh security that the canal would not be blockaded or used as a basis for hostile operations in time of war. It seems an unhappy use of language to describe the sincere co-operation of European Governments in a common object as of the nature of an alliance against the United States. Minister Lowell must expect to find Englishmen unprepared to see any great difference between the positions of Nicaragua and Panama.

Edwin Booth's Domestic Difficulties.

The friends of Edwin Booth, the tragedian, whose fame as an artist is regarded with special pride by his countrymen, will hear with surprise and regret that his household has been broken up by a disagreement with his wife. The unhappiness which has culminated so unfortunately is said to be due to the unfortunate temperament of the lady, who, being a victim of great physical suffering, is disposed to take a morbid view of life, and to distort the kindliest actions of those about her into affronts.

Since the days of the trial of Muller, the railway carriage murderer, probably no tragedy has taken place in which there has been greater interest than the Brighton murder. The trial of Lefroy, the alleged murderer, was fixed to begin to-day. His solicitor seems to rely on being able to prove an *alibi* as regards pawning and redeeming the revolver, and that a third party, who committed the murder, was in the carriage with the accused and Mr. Gold, the murdered man. Lefroy's flight from Wallington on the night of the murder is assigned to the following reasons; It is asserted that a short time prior to the occurrence it came to Lefroy's knowledge that two warrants which had been granted against him about eighteen months previous at Bow street were still in force. In order to evade the execution of these warrants Mapleton went to Australia and shortly after his return to England changed his name to Lefroy. It is contended that he feared this fact would have been made known had he stopped to answer any charge which might have been brought against him in respect to the tragedy, and that his identity being exposed to the police the warrants in suspense would have been immediately executed. This apprehension, coupled with the conviction of guilt in regard to the passing of the Hanoverian medals on the morning of the day, offers, it is said, sufficient explanation of the course he saw fit to take.

The Herz system of telephony has excited special attention among electricians in Europe, on account of the surprising distances through which telephonic communication has been maintained by it, and especially since the announcement that a conversation had been carried on through the cable connecting Brest and Penzance—a thing generally considered impossible, on account of the comparatively sluggish action of the electric current in submerged cables. The Herz system—by which conversation, it is stated, has been carried on through an actual distance of over 600 miles over circuits having no special adaptation to telephonic communication—claims to have solved two difficult problems, viz., that of increasing the amplitude of electrical vibrations, and of neutralizing currents foreign to the telephonic circuit.

Rev. Mr. Talmage demands more force and fiery zeal in the ministry. Style is all very well in a crew of oarsmen, but what we want first of all is "the git-thar stroke." That is the substance, if not the language, of Talmage's Sunday sermon. Mr. Talmage thinks the modern preacher should tackle modern problems—not ancient ones. "If Christ was on earth to-day," he says, "do you think He would preach old didactics? No; He would tell England how to treat Ireland, and Ireland how to treat England; He would tell us how to rid American politics of their incubus; He would tell us who should be Mayor of Brooklyn; and He would draw all His illustrations from the State of New York."

After the experience that many American cities have had with wooden pavements, it is curious to notice the adoption of the material in the streets of London. Piccadilly has been paved its entire length with the blocks of wood. "There is joy in Victoria street," where the work is nearly finished, and Bennett street rents have gone up since traffic was opened on wood. A society paper also says that "it seems a thousand pities that, while the wood pavement is thus being adopted in the West End, the city authorities are busy extending the use of asphalt east of Temple Bar."

King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is a staunch member of the Church of England. He was confirmed and married many years ago by Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, father of Dean Stanley. His Majesty is well versed in the distinctive principles of the Anglican Church and its history and literature, and has done much to explain them through the native press, but he is friendly to all other Churches. He has lately subscribed $2,000 to the fund for a cathedral.

The report of the capture of Herat was confirmed by recent despatches. It was effected by the army despatched by the Ameer under Abdul Kudas Khan around through Turkestan. Thus Ayoob Khan's career is thoroughly checked, and the Ameer is master of the three great cities and regions of Cabul, Candahar and Herat. This ought to leave Afghanistan quiet until some new opponent rises against him.

Lloyd's publish a list of 236 vessels reported on their "loss" book between the 12th and 19th inst. The list includes nothing less serious than vessels dismasted.

Mr. Gladstone gives this account of himself: "By blood I am a Scotchman; I am by residence a Londoner; I am by marriage a Welshman, and I am by birth a Lancashire man."

PROF. ROBERTSON SMITH.

The Scotch "Heretic" Discusses the Present and the Future Condition of His Doctrine.

Dr. Buckley, the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, has sent to his journal from England an interesting account of a talk which he had with Prof. Robertson Smith in Edinburgh. After some jocular remarks, in answer to questions in regard to the avidity with which American publishers had seized his book and had published it, "Without saying, 'By your leave, sir,'" Prof. Smith spoke of his relations to the Free Church and on other topics. He retained the same ecclesiastical standing in the Church, he said, as he did before the proceedings for heresy were begun against him, and he could accept a pastorate at any time. "For the present, however," he said, "I shall not preach, not being willing to stir up controversy." As to the effect of his trial, lectures, publications, and the general discussion of the subject, Professor Smith said: "The more intelligent ministers and laymen are looking into these things. They feel that they have not had placed before them all the established results of the studies of recent times. It has come to be believed that the less studious and thoughtful element has exerted a disproportionate control over the public mind, and over the action of the Church. Precisely how far this will go, and what form the final results will take, the future must show. It is not my desire to disturb the Church. I have not in doctrine departed from its standards. But it is folly to suppose that upon collateral issues an unvarying form of expression can be perpetuated from age to age, or that investigation can yield no further results."

"How do you answer the charge," asked Dr. Buckley, "that your criticisms lead to unbelieving rationalism?" "What I maintain," was the reply, "is simply that what the Bible contains is valuable only as it assists in presenting Christ to the hearts of men. This is not Rationalism. Far from it. I begin with Christ and end with Him. Certain parts of the Old Testament have only a local and temporary application, and the human element in them is not binding on our consciences or capable of being assimilated with a true and symmetrical conception of Christ." Prof. Smith, however, said that ministers ought not to preach on these questions. He did not. They should devote themselves to "positive truth—truth which can be proved, illustrated, applied." In view of the heresy trial of Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, and of the wide discussion of his case, what Professor Smith says in regard to ecclesiastical discipline concerning the doctrinal utterances of ministers will be read with unusual interest; "It is impossible," he said, "for an organization to exist without a common basis of belief. If a minister preaches contrary to the standards he should be suppressed. If I had been guilty and proved guilty of denying the standards of the Church to which I belong, but one course would have been open to the Assembly, namely, to remove me from the ministry."

"Ministers, indeed, who do not agree with the recognized standards which form the bond of union should not remain. Honesty requires them not to wait to be thrust out. As I said a few moments ago, while my opinions on some points may differ widely from the opinions held thereon by some others, I claim that upon the doctrines of the Church I have uttered nothing contrary to the standards." In conclusion, Dr. Buckley says: "The interview to me was stimulating and instructive. The impression as a whole is that he is almost a phenomenon of intellectual vigor and alertness, and that he is thoroughly sincere; that his views may perhaps be safely held by him, but that, logically followed to their last results, they would lead many to the verge of rationalistic belief, if not to the last fatal plunge."

The Prisoner's Pet.

Many touching stories are told of prisoners' pets—birds and mice, and even the spiders of the cell, the jailer's children, or even the faithful dog. But the story of Edward Earl's interest in the little daughter of the jail housekeeper, as told by himself, is as eloquent and picturesque and pathetic as any. It was written two days before his execution in Hamilton County, New York:

"As I sit at my window and look out on the beautiful earth things seemed changed—different from what they were a month ago; the people seemed more kind; the sky looks more beautiful and blue; the sun shines brighter; every mouthful of fresh air tastes sweeter and is breathed with a thankfulness I never felt before. No—it is not that I have changed; those leaves, a month ago, were green. Now they are falling to the earth, and I know that before the last one drops I too will fall and lie lower than they. That little 5-year-old playing opposite my window is changed—a month ago she would not speak to me; now she is using all her little arts to attract my attention, and will cry when we are separated. She lives in the house with me, and every fair day she seats herself on the grass beneath my window and we play 'keep house;' she 'makes believe' she is my little girl come to visit me; I 'make believe' she is, but it's a sad play for me. To-day she has been telling me that Pinkey (her doll) is very sick—teeth bother her—but it's Septober now; when it gets to be Octember Mary Pinkey will be well again, then I must come down and swing, and that will be, oh, so nice. I promise to be there; she laughs, thinking I am 'making believe.' We both laugh; there is music in her laughter—a tear in mine; but, when it is erected, I will be there—and swing."

The author of this narrative murdered his wife, who had deserted him, taking with her his child, of whom he was very fond. In a rage and frenzy he killed the mother, and but for that frenzy might have secured his child and been playing with her and loving her as he did the little one that both cheered and saddened his last hours.

Josh Billings' Sayings.

I have never known a sekend wife but what waz boss ov the situashun.

Too long courtships are not alwuss judicious; the partys often tire out skoreing fore the trot begins.

Enny man who kan swap horses, or ketch fish, and not lie about it, iz just az pious az men ever get to be in this world.

One quart ov cheap whisky judiciously applied will do more business for the devil than the smartest deacon he has got.

Young man, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready, you will lose your time and confuse the hen besides.

I don't rekolect doing enny thing that I was just a little ashamed ov but what somebody remembered, and waz sure, once in a while, to put me in mind ov it.

Some Boston drummers are demanding gospel cars on railroad trains. They say that, as smokers are accommodated with special vehicles, in like manner Christian travellers should be provided with accommodations for prayer meetings and religious intercourse.

The Schiller prize is one that is offered in Germany for the best new drama in the language of that country. A commission of prominent literary men, that assembled in Berlin for the consideration of productions competing for the prize, has decided that none is good enough this year to deserve it.

The London branch of the Provincial School of Art and Design is carrying on its work most successfully. Over ninety pupils were in attendance on Wednesday night.

A TENEMENT HORROR.

Perilous Position of a Whole Family in New York—A Fire Drives Them Out of the Windows.

A despatch from New York dated last (Thursday) night says: This morning a fire suddenly broke out in a three-storey tenement in west 16th street, built in court, surrounded by six-storey brick tenements; and not ten feet from either, packed with poor people. J. Parkerson, wife, daughter Annie, aged 9, and Queenie, the baby, lived on the third floor. The only way to get up or down to the third floor was by wooden stairs outside the house. While the Parkersons were in bed at 6 a.m., the house took fire by drunken inmates of the lower floor upsetting a lamp. When the Parkersons were awakened by the smoke the whole lower part of the house was destroyed, the outside stairway burned down, and there were no means of escape except through a window down into the narrow space between the burning house and the tall tenement adjoining, the walls of which were red-hot and the pavement below covered with embers. Parkerson threw two bed-ticks down to break the fall, and before they could burn up dropped his wife down, then his daughter Annie, and then took the baby in his arms and hung out of the window, preparing to drop with it. The window-sill burned off and he fell, striking his head against the hot brick wall opposite with such force as to knock him senseless. The baby fell, struck her head against the same wall, fractured her skull, and had her cheek burned off against the hot bricks. When Parkerson and the baby reached the bed-ticks the ticks were on fire, and both being unconscious Mrs. Parkerson and daughter Annie had to drag them out through the narrow alley filled with burning wood, and when they reached the street all four were aflame, their clothes having ignited, and the mother and daughter became unconscious from exhaustion. All were taken to the hospital. The frame building had been condemned by the Building Department three years ago, and they had ordered it torn down, but the landlord had influence, and continued to have it remain and be packed with tenants.

EIGHT HUNDRED WIVES WANTED.

A Country Editor's Big Scheme—He Proposes to Create an Exodus of Ontario Girls to Manitoba.

In order to accommodate the eight hundred bachelors who are said to be under the care of a single Presbyterian superintendent of missions in Manitoba and the Northwest, the editor of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* proposes, with all the seriousness of a provincial scribe, to get up a huge excursion of marriageable girls from Ontario to proceed early next spring to the Prairie Province. The enterprise "should be under proper and responsible management." The editor goes on to say there should not be much difficulty in securing the requisite number of volunteers for a really patriotic expedition of this kind. If any humanitarian feels interested in this scheme for the alleviation of the loneliness of the eight hundred orphans he is invited to correspond with the office of the *Sentinel-Review*. "To that end applications will be received until the first of April next at the office." The editor is evidently in earnest and has no doubt met with symyathy from many quarters. The writing of the above gives the editor an opportunity of flattering the female population of Oxford (the county in which the editor's paper circulates.) He is not sure that their county will be able to supply its full quota. For what reason? The editor explains: "But the trouble with Woodstock—and the same is true of nearly the whole of Oxford—is that many of the bachelors of really good taste and judgment in Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brantford, Stratford, Ingersoll and other less favored localities, have been accustomed to draw upon us for their pretty, clever and accomplished wives. The result is that the surplus stock of marriageable girls here and throughout the county is not large. Nevertheless it is just possible that a few are left, and, if so, patriotism will point to them the way of duty in the present crisis."

A Powerful Light.

A new electric revolving light, to be placed on South Head, Macquarie Harbor, Sidney, Australia, was recently exhibited by the makers, Messrs. Chance Brothers, of Birmingham. It is called a first order, dioptric, revolving light, with the electrical arc. The lamp has a special arrangement of prisms for securing vertical divergence of the beams. It is over six feet in diameter, and the height is about nine feet, and it is said to be the first time such dimensions have been applied to illumination by the electric arc. The lamp or regulator has a power of about 12,000 candles in the focus of light, and the merging beam has a luminous intensity exceeding 12,000,000 candles. The light will give flashes around half the horizon at intervals of a minute, and will make a complete revolution every sixteen minutes. On an average the light will be visible a distance of forty or fifty miles. Its makers claim that it will be the largest and most powerful light in the world.

Judicial Weight.

The other evening the presence of a portly gentleman on the platform at the Wallaceburg Railway station attracted the attention of parties who happened to be there, and speculation was rife as to his probable weight. At first two hundred was surmised to be about the figure at which he would turn the beam, but one particularly knowing individual wagered the refreshments for the party that the stranger would outweigh two other men who were present. The visitor on being approached smiled and kindly offered to settle the dispute by being weighed. On the scales two hundred was raised, then another fifty, but still the beam held up. An extra twenty-five availed nothing. Still another twenty-five, making three hundred pounds, but the bar was *in statu quo*. Finally at 322 pounds the scale balanced. The genial individual, who was Vice-Chancellor Ferguson (now attending court here), stepped down and out, leaving the crowd happy at the prospect of indulging in refreshments at the expense of the loser of the wager.

An Hereditary Income.

On Saturday the Hon. Thomas G. Alvord, of Syracuse, received the 141st annual rental of a farm of 300 acres, situated in the Town of Schaghticoke. This farm was leased by Gov. Alvord's grandfather, Jacob Abram Lansing, in 1740, the lease to run "as long as grass grows and water runs," *in perpetuum*. The rental fixed upon 141 years ago was 15 cents per acre—a total of $45 a year upon the farm—which princely dividend, by right of inheritance, has for years found its way into the coffers of the Father of the Legislature.—*Troy Times.*

The ruins of the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem are to be restored, by special order of the Sultan, without further delay. They have long been in an extremely neglected condition, and almost buried from sight beneath all manner of *debris* and refuse. Directions to put them into as presentable a shape as practicable were given by the late Abdul Aziz, at the time of the Austrian Emperor's visit, and the work was actually begun; but it was soon abandoned again. The immediate cause for the renewal at the present time is the recent visit of the Austrian Crown Prince.

A son of Sir Andrew Lusk, M.P. for Finsbury and once Lord Mayor of London, has adopted the stage as a profession, and is now travelling in the English provinces with Mr. Forbes Robertson's company.

FATHER AND SON MURDERERS.

One Serving a Life Sentence—The Other Under the Shadow of the Gallows.

A SAD SPECTACLE.

A despatch from Elmira (N. Y.) says The Court of Appeals has just handed down an opinion refusing a new trial in the case of Joseph Abbott, now confined in jail here under sentence of death for the killing of Reed, a fellow-inmate of the Elmira Reformatory. There is no hope for the prisoner, except Executive interference. He will be resentenced this week. Abbott is only about 20 years of age, and was sentenced to the Reformatory from New York City. His father, who is over 60 years of age, is serving a life sentence in the Connecticut State Prison in Wethersfield for a murder committed about twelve years ago. Both father and son claim to have committed the crimes of which they have been convicted in self-defence. Over twelve years ago the elder Abbott and his friend and employer, Apollos Bronson, of West Haven, Conn., quarrelled early one morning, having been drinking freely for two or three days. Bronson, in a fit of anger, tried to strike Abbott with an axe, but Abbott wrenched the weapon from his grasp. Then Bronson snatched a piece of board and struck Abbott on the head with it. Abbott retaliated by striking Bronson on the head with the back of the axe, the blow bringing him to his knees. Bronson tried to throw Abbott, and the latter gave him a second blow with the axe, following it up with one or two blows more. Abbott says: "I then raised his head and, exclaimed, 'My God! have I killed you?' He made no answer. I then laid him on the ground and started to give myself up. If I had done so it might have torned out different, as I could have shown the marks where he struck me a heavy blow with the board. But the devil was at my elbow whispering 'Hide him under the barn floor.' I did so, and here I am." When the doors of the prison closed upon the father, over 12 years ago, a little boy, only 7 years of age, hardly old enough to fully realize his father's fate, was left to be buffeted about by the waves of adverse fortune. Had a kind hand been stretched out to him he might have been saved, but as it was he went to the bad and brought up in prison while yet a boy, winding up his career in the Elmira Reformatory. The crime for which he is to be hanged was the killing of a fellow-prisoner, who was also sentenced from New York city. The two had an altercation and the hot-headed boy, Abbott, who doubtless inherited his father's quick temper, threw a missle at his antagonist, which made a fatal wound. Since his conviction he has written a number of affectionate letters to his father and also sent him his photograph. The old man has framed the picture in a clumsy way with his own hands, and as he holds it up, with the tears gathering in his eyes, he says: "Look at him. He's nothing but a mere boy. He didn't mean to kill anybody. He looks innocent like, don't he?"

Curious Facts.

The largest animals are fast disappearing.

Candle is from a Greek word meaning to shine.

There is red and green as well as black ebony.

The Greeks called scissors a "double razor."

Nearly 3,000,000 acres of land in Ireland consist of bogs.

The early sheriffs of London had before their door two posts, upon which were exhibited public edicts.

The Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon the twenty-fours round.

A healthy man of average weight imbibes about eighty ounces of water, in liquid state or mixed with solid food, every twenty-four hours.

The Roman soldiers carried, in their military baggage, chains for prisoners of war—iron for common, and of gold and silver for rich prisoners and princes.

The Russian method of serving tea is a pleasant variation from the usual way. A slice of lemon and about a teaspoonful of lemon juice is added to each cup; no milk is used, but sugar to suit the taste.

The cranium in giants is usually small in relation to the stature, but often enormous in absolute measure, although their intelligence is generally small. An example was Broca's giant, Joachim, credited with a very little amount of sense. Yet this great imbecile had a huge cranium, and his brain weighed nearly as much as that of Cuvier.

Excavations commenced a short distance from the walls of Pompeii, with a view of ascertaining the nature of the surroundings of the city, have led to the discovery, within an area of a few square yards, of thirty skeletons, of which ten were huddled together in one room of a small suburban villa. Bracelets, necklaces, earrings and other objects were found upon the bones.

Shaving on Sundays.

At the ordinary Friday sittings of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas Divisions yesterday in Toronto Mr. Fenton, the County Attorney, moved for a *certiorari* to bring up the evidence laid before the Police Magistrate, Toronto, in the Sunday shaving case of the Queen vs. Patrick Graham, which was dismissed by the Magistrate. The Magistrate believed the evidence in the case, but dismissed it on the law, holding that Sunday shaving is a work of necessity, and refusing to convict. The case was dismissed with costs, and an order made for payment of costs against the prosecutor, George Washington Smith, another barber. It is a well-known principle of law that no man can be tried twice for the same offence, and Graham having been acquitted by the Magistrate the case cannot be reviewed by the court above. Mr. Fenton, however, seeks by a side wind to get the case before the court, moving against the order for costs made against the prosecutor. A pretty strong case decided by the House of Lords in 1837 is relied upon by Mr. Fenton as his authority for convicting. The learned judge, however, refused the *certiorari* on two grounds: 1. The acquittal. 2. That the order for costs cannot be appealed against, as by Mr. Fenton's admission they were imposed at his own request. This initial difficulty being in the way of the County Attorney, his only resource is to appeal to the full Court, or rest contented with the decision of the Magistrate.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says poor old Ben DeBar, when asked why he brought back, year after year, the same old sticks for his stock company, used to say, by way of apology: "Egad, sir, they would starve if I did not engage them; no other manager will have them." Things theatrical have changed greatly since kind-hearted old Ben was a manager of theatres. Now, if an actor is worthless in a stock company he goes out as a star.

Recent statistics show that the mortality among the French troops in Tunis has been very great. About 12,000 have been on the sick-list since the commencement of the expedition and 900 cases have ended fatally. Typhoid fever was the cause of 85 per cent. of the mortality

Miss Lillie Glover, the actress, who is a member of the stock company of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has received a legacy, variously estimated at from $40,000 to $80,000, from an uncle of her father, who died recently in Toronto.

Burnt Out.

I stand by the ashes of home
  With a desolate heart to-day;
For the gathered gear of this many a year
Hoped for and toiled for and held so dear
  Is swept in a moment away.

And the hopes that were high on this rosy morn
  Are buried in dust to-night;
There's a dull, dead pain in my throbbing brain;
  cry for patience, but all in vain,
  And wonder can this be right.

And the relics are dearer than ever before
  Of the friends I shall never behold,
I think of them o'er till my heart is sore,
Oh, the little boots that my baby wore,
  Can I tell you their worth in gold?

There were tresses of hair from the brows of the dead,
  Those treasures I cannot replace,
So worthless to others, to me so dear,
And the picture, watered with many a tear,
  Of my mother's dear old face.

GREEN OR BLUE?

What is the Irish National Color?

The Hamilton correspondent of the *Catholic Record* ("Clancahill") says: A paragraph is going the rounds of the press, which tries to show that the national color of Ireland is not green, but blue. The authority given for this statement is insufficient and the references are unsupported by proofs. Mooney and McFee are unexceptional authorities on Irish history, and from their writings it will be noticed that green was the Irish national color as far back as the time of St. Patrick, while Gerald Griffin distinctly shows that the green banner headed the columns of the Irish chiefs in their contests with the Danes before the tenth century. No one can reasonably object to color, but it is not ruled by surmises when facts are in existence. The universal opinion is that green always has been the national color of Ireland, and no one can positively establish the period when it was not so. One thing is certain, that during the many centuries that Irishmen contended for civil and religious freedom they constantly wore the green for their emblem. As it is the color that flashes along the hill side and amid the meadows and valleys of their land, outliving the blasts of the tempests and the changes of the seasons, so Irishmen have adopted it as the emblem of their love for faith and fatherland, which has for centuries withstood the storms of persecution and which, we trust, will preserve the same vigor and freshness to the end of time.

Housewife Chat.

Turkey and cranberry sauce looms up in the gastronomic distance.

When the weather becomes sufficiently cold fried apples are a delicious breakfast dish.

Game-pie is now very much in order. When the pie is opened the epicures begin to sing.

The last gun for green corn, cucumbers, tomatoes, and egg-plant will be fired in a few days.

Everybody seems to be complaining this season about the alleged poor quality of the oyster.

Tomato-soup, if well seasoned, is relished by almost everybody. To one quart of water add eight large tomatoes, cut them in small pieces, boil for twenty minutes, then put in half a teaspoonful of soda, let it boil a few minutes more, then add about a pint of sweet milk, Season as you would oysters. Bread-crumbs, sago, barley, or rice may be added.

A nice dish for supper is made of sweet or Irish potatoes, which have been left from dinner (either baked or boiled). Slice them, but not in very thin slices, lay in a baking tin or pudding dish, and cover each layer with little lumps of butter and with pepper and salt. If you like the flavor of pork put two or three thin slices of pork on the top. Bake for half an hour. Raw potatoes may be prepared in the same way, but will require a longer time to bake them. To give an excellent flavor to warmed-over potatoes take some of the fat that you cut from slices of beefsteak, fry in the pan till you have as much as you need, then take out the scraps and put in the potatoes. This is better than butter.

Two Young Girls Acquitted of Parricide

A despatch from Danville, Va., says Matilda and Emma Williams, two young white girls, 15 and 17 years old, on trial in the County Court of Pittsylvania for the murder of their father, Robert Williams, near Whitnell last month, have been acquitted. The victim's head was nearly severed from his body while he was lying in his yard in the daytime asleep. The evidence against the girls was insufficient and no clue to the murderer has been obtained.

The uses of paper, like the developments of electricity, seem to be endless. In Berlin some of the restaurants and cafes have adopted plates made of paper for serving bread and butter, rolls, cakes, buns and similar articles. It is probable that further use may soon be made of so safe and cheap a substitute for pottery. In the restaurants in Holland the pretty serviettes of thin paper, which the public take away if they please, have been long used.

Great improvements have recently been made in Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great natural hair renewer, and now it is absolutely perfect as an exquisite and delightfully perfumed hair dressing and restorer. Everybody is delighted with it. Sold by all druggists.

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(Formerly T. Bickle & Son).
Hamilton Ontario. Proprietor

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

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THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published
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at LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, by **SIMPSON & KERR.**

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CHAPTER XXI.

INTERCEPTED.

Pale and haggard from her almost sleepless night, arose Mildred Hepburn, and wrote her note in secret, and dispatched it to the coast-guard station by a trusty hand. The elements which had denied the rest were now at amity. The rain was over and gone; the winds were whistling carelessly enough their favorite tune, *Over the hills and far away*; and the dark clouds, scattered and bleached, were hurrying over a bright blue sky. Even the sea wore a smile upon its lips, still white with wrath, and strove to look as though its great green waves, which were tossing about for leagues upon their crests the fragments of men's floating homes, and, not far down, their drowned and mangled limbs, were only at play. There are storms, of course, in the day-time but the wind loves the night, and under her dark wing more often works in malice than in the day. The sunshine, like a healthy public opinion among men seems somewhat to restrain it. Upon this April morning, at all events, it showed no trace of malign fury, but seemed to delight in practical jokes, such as whirling the white pigeons of Sandy Farm (which considered itself inland) in twice as many circles as their own spiral habits would have suggested, and so bewildering them with the speed thereof, that they scarcely knew themselves from gulls; also meeting with the round hat of Mr. Walter Dickson, mariner, stuck on merely, as it seemed, by capillary attraction to the extreme back of his head, it tossed it hither and thither and "skied" it and rolled it, and "chivied" it, like a good natured mob at a fair; and not like a blood thirsty rabble, greedy for rapine and ruin, as had been its behavior but a few hours before.

Nevertheless, these high-spirited proceedings of the zephyrs were far from relished by Mr. Dickson, not too well pleased, in the first place, with his appointment of special messenger to Mrs. Hepburn, since it involved his visiting the coast-guard station; he would have done anything in the world for *her*, and indeed he was doing even this; but it is impossible for any gentleman who trades in lace, and owns a vessel with a false bottom, to perform with cheerfulness a service which brings him into personal contact with the guardians of the revenue. No one with any feeling would select from among all his acquaintances a notorious pickpocket, or even a rociver of stolen goods, to go on an errand for him to the sitting magistrate at Bow street; nor would Mrs. Hepburn have employed Walter Dickson on this peculiar mission if she could have helped it. But, in the first place he was her nearest neighbor, and there was no time to spare, since Mr. Stevens was expected very early; and in the next place, the objection of being connected, openly or secretly, with the contraband trade, lay against every man, woman and child in Sandby who looked upon French brandy and Brussels lace as productions of their own labor, and upon a coast guardsman as "the interloping foreigner." The high tariff of import duties in those days was certainly an example of a law but for which many men would have been free from sin; like the game law of to-day, it begat, as its immediate effects, treacheries, blood-shedding, murders, as well as indirectly producing a general lawlessness—a hatred of all laws as tyrannies. The ill-feeling thus engendered between the governed and their governors manifested itself with greatest intensity, of course, in its first stage; that is, between the actual violators of the obnoxious law and the parties whose duty it was to uphold it. A smuggler would behave towards a coast-guardsman as he would behave to nobody else who was his enemy. Sandby men, who had wives and children of their own, to whom they hoped God would be merciful, by preserving to them their bread-winner, had made women widows and children orphans in that little colony at Lucky Bay before now, with but small scruple. Even on a windy night, it was not probable that a blue-jacket so used to the cliff as Robert Deans, for instance, should have been *blown over it*; which happened in January last, during a dead calm, and, by a curious coincidence, on the very night when a large cargo was known to have been run within half a mile of the spot; or even granting so much out of an abundant charity, William Boyce, another guardian of the revenue, could scarcely have dug that pit on the sea shore for *himself*, in which he was found dead one winter morning, with only his head above the shingle.

Nor is it to be supposed that all the cruelty was exercised upon one side. There were men at Lucky Bay ready to slash with their cutlasses upon very slight provocation, and who looked upon a Guernsey shirt as a very pretty mark for a pistol-bullet. Worst of all, perhaps, informers infested the neighborhood, and sowed suspicion everywhere, making bad blood even, where it should have flowed most purely, in the veins of kinsmen. Writers who are not practically acquainted with troubles of this sort generally fall into the error, when describing them, of making it appear that notwithstanding all crimes or vices which may be generated by such a state of things, the courtesies of life, the ordinary relations of man and man, goes on pretty much the same as under more favorable circumstances. But this is far from being the case. No war is carried on with that distinguished politeness which it presents in the cream-laid pages of the historian, and civil war least of all. When coast-guardsman and smuggler met one another in the neighborhood, incidentally and during what I may call the intervals of business, they did not give one another "good-day," and if they spoke at all, they consigned each other's eyes and limbs to everlasting perdition. Even when engaged upon a lawful calling like the present, Mr. Walter Dickson fully expected the roughest of receptions at Lucky Bay. A perceptible stiffness seizes the most affable of medical practitioners, when a homœopathist enters the same room; a county magistrate addresses a poacher, even non-officially, in tones which he generally uses towards the canine world rather than the human; and I think I have seen a clergyman of the Established Church turn almost livid when brought into connection with Baptists. Similarly, Lieutenant Carey, although a most capital fellow, was by no means rose water to the enemies of the revenue. Moreover, as I have said, there was just now a rumor afloat of some great robbery (as *he* considered it) to be presently committed upon His Majesty's Customs in those parts, and it was not wholly out of the range of probability that he might suspect Mr. Dickson of having lent his lug to the tempter on this occasion, as he had often been known to lend his lugger.

Altogether, if commissionaires had been an institution of those times, and Mr. Dickson had happened to find one waiting for an errand in so unpromising a thoroughfare as that between Sandby and Lucky Bay, he would have preferred to hand over the handsome guerdon which Mrs. Hepburn had given him for his trouble, as well as something out of his own pocket, to get this letter taken to Mrs. Carey by other hands. He did not, indeed, find a commissionaire, but he found Mr. Stevens, who had strolled out with a cigar (and a spy-glass) before breakfast, a quarter of a mile or so on the Sandby side of the Look out Station. Perhaps we shall not go far wrong in supposing that from that post of espial he had seen Mr. Dickson coming, and had purposely gone forth to meet him.

"A fine fresh morning, my good fellow," observed this gentleman carelessly. "was there much damage done at your place by last night's storm?"

"Not as I knows on," replied the messenger gruffly; "but the fact is, I came away before my eyes were well open, for the wind kept me awake with blowing the shingle off my roof, and when I should have had my snooze this morning, I got this to carry to the preventive station;" and he held out the letter to Mr. Stevens at arm's length, as a man does who has got a material grievance to expatiate upon.

"Well, as far as that goes," rejoined the stranger, "I can save you the rest of the walk, and welcome, as I am the guest of Lieutenant Carey at present, and am going back to his house at once to breakfast."

"Well, you see, it's got 'Private' written upon it," observed Mr. Walter Dickson decisively; "and yet"—here he scratched his head with extraordinary vehemence—"I have no great fancy for putting my head into that there hive yonder, even to deliver a letter, and that's the truth. But I ask your pardon, sir; perhaps you may belong to them blessed 'Bluebottles.'"

"Not *I*, my friend," rejoined the stranger laughing; "the very cigar I am smoking came to my lips free of the custom-house. I am only here to look at some of your sea-sights—the Mermaid Cavern, and so on. I came, too, recommended by mine host of the *Crown*"—here he sank his voice, and looked cautiously about him—"which should be a passport—should it not?—to all free traders."

"Perhaps it should, and perhaps it should not," returned the other warily. "The coastguard station is a queer place for an honest man to put up at; the rat doesn't trust the dog, you know, that lies in the same basket with the cat."

"And yet, if he offered the use of his teeth to carry a letter," laughed the stranger. "I should think even the most cautious of rats might accept *that* service. By all means, carry it yourself, however, if you think it right to do so, although I should have thought that the word 'Private' referred rather to the contents of the letter than any particular hand by which it was to be delivered."

"Ay, that's true enough, master, surely; and if you're going to breakfast with the lieutenant and his wife, it's like you'll have an earlier opportunity of giving her this here than I, for them Bluebottles is sartin to keep me hanging about, and listening to their sauce, instead of taking in the letter direct."

"Very good," observed Mr. Stevens, quietly pocketing the note; "I will see that Mrs. Carey gets it at once."

He nodded carelessly, and turning upon his heel, sauntered back in the direction of the preventive station; while Mr. Dickson, not displeased at having been spared the most unpleasant portion of his errand, walked hastily Sandbyways, without once looking behind him. If he had entertained any suspicion of Mr. Stevens as a letter carrier, and had kept his eyes turned westward for a few minutes, he would have remarked that that gentleman was a considerable time emerging from the little thicket which lay between him and the Look-out. This interval was spent in a manner which few besides the late Sir James Graham could have conscientiously commended. Nothing was easier than to untwist the little note, which had neither seal or fastening of any kind, except that moral one conveyed by its superscription. "Private," and the contents were his own (by appropriation) in half a minute.

"DEAREST MRS. CAREY,—Pray *beseech* the lieutenant to accompany Mr. Stevens and my husband in their walk this morning. This is a very silly request, I know; and yet I think you will grant it, even without having a reason assigned by, Yours affectionately. MILDRED HEPBURN."

Mr. Stevens folded up the letter as before, and placed it in his waistcoat pocket, with an unpleasant smile. "No, Mrs. Raymond—Hepburn," soliloquized he slowly, "I don't think that plan will suit me. Two is company—for a little way—but three is none. What a very fortunate thing that I was at the Look-out, and thereby able to anticipate your little arrangement!"

Mr. Stevens had not been the only person among the figure-heads that morning. Early as it was, Mrs. Carey had stepped out there with the intention of telling her guest that the tea was "made," and had been an unseen witness to the interview between him and Dickson. This so greatly strengthened her suspicions of his connection with the smuggling interest, that she ventured to confide them to her husband. But from an inspector of coast-guard stations to a sort of polite Will Watch, was too many points for the opinion of the lieutenant to veer round all in a hurry. He had only begun to admit the possibility of Mr. Stevens' not being a direct emissary of the Admiralty, when the object of their discussion appeared coming up the little garden.

"Let us see whether he mentions having seen Dickson," said Mrs. Carey hurriedly, and the next moment their guest was seated at the breakfast-table. Not a word did he utter about any such meeting, and very little about anything else; ever and anon, Mrs. Carey shot a glance of significance at her husband, as much as to say, "Did I not tell you so?" but the conversation languished. It was felt a relief by everybody when the meal was finished, although the host had something of embarrassment to endure still, when Mr. Stevens observed, "Come, lieutenant, if you cannot be my companion for a longer walk, you will, at least accompany me half-way to Sandby." And poor Mr. Carey dared not say, "No," albeit he was burning to have his talk out with his spouse concerning the character and intentions of this inexplicable person; nor was Mr. Stevens satisfied even with dragging him half-way, but compelled him to accompany him to the height corresponding to the Look-out, upon the Sandby side of the bay. There, in sight of Pampas Cottage, the stranger struck his forehead theatrically. "Upon my life, Mr. Carey," cried he, "I believe I might just as well wear a turnip as this head of mine. I have clean forgotten a letter which a messenger from Mrs. Hepburn intrusted to me this very morning to give to your wife's hands. But stay; I don't think you must open it, for you see it is marked 'Private.' I won't detain you another moment; pray, take it back at once, and make my humblest apologies; pray, do—pray, do!"

Mrs. Hepburn, watching in the little garden, had beheld with a grateful heart the appearance of the lieutenant with his guest upon the western hill-top; and her disappointment was extreme when she now saw the former shake hands with his companion with the evident intention of returning. She even beckoned to him with her hand to come on; but although he took off his hat, in token that he saw her, he only shook his head emphatically, and walked rapidly away homeward.

CHAPTER XXII.

BESIDE THE BEACON.

Mr. Stevens pursued his way to Pampas Cottage, and as he waited for the servant to answer the bell, pulled out his watch somewhat ostentatiously, as though he would observe, "I am a punctual man; I trust I shall not have to wait." Mrs. Hepburn had withdrawn within doors, but he was well aware that this piece of pantomime could not be lost upon her or on anybody else who chanced to be in the down-stairs' sitting-room; and when he was admitted he took his umbrella in with him, as one who has come not to make a call, but to take a walk, and who expects to start immediately. He had his reasons for not wishing to waste time; while poor Mildred, who was quite overwhelmed by what seemed the desertion of the lieutenant, did not know that she had any interest in delaying his departure. Not five minutes elapsed, therefore, before Raymond and the stranger were climbing together the down behind the cottage, and Mildred with her child in her arms was watching them, and fashioning with dumb white lips a prayer for her husband's safe return. At the top of the down, he paused and turned, standing up against the horizon very distinctly. There he motioned to her a farewell, kissing his hand twice, once for her, and once for little Milly, as she well understood it, then vanished over the brow of the hill, while her own fingers were yet upon her lips. Mr. Stevens lingered an instant behind him, and seemed to imitate her gesture, mockingly, like some malignant Spectre of the Brocken. She had promised to meet this man on the morrow at the Mermaid's Cavern, and be his guide homeward; yet she now feared nothing at his hand for herself, but everything for Raymond; and although she knew it not, she had good cause for fear.

The two men pushed swiftly on their way. There was not enough sympathy between them to make them slacken their pace for the convenience of conversation. They walked, rather, like the Alpine amateurs who walk for walking's sake, and about whom the professional guides they employ would, I should think, be very unwilling to express their own private opinion. When, however, they came to any remarkable spot Raymond would pause, and courteously explain to his companion whatever of interest belonged to it. Their path lay almost close to the verge of the chalkcliffs; but every now and then a huge cleft, riven by some convulsion of nature, or worn away by the constant action of some little river, would compel a *detour*. These sheltered spots, wooded for most part to the very verge of the ribbed sea-sand, were very lovely, but in the eyes of an inhabitant of the locality, their picturesqueness had but little claim upon his regard. They were all more or less used for smuggling purposes: not a boat lying up high and dry on the shore that tempestuous morning but had held at one time or another its contraband cargo—and about each there was a tale of adventure, and peril, and blood to be told, to which Mr. Stevens seemed to lend an attentive ear. The downs themselves, with many a velvet hollow, meet for the noiseless passage of the cloud shadows, many tiny dingle, dotted with gorse, and shaggy with thorn, were by no means without their story. More than once, the wayfarers would come upon the "barrows," or burial-places, of the long-forgotten dead—some rifled of their contents by brutal curiosity, but others still intact, with the same earth upon the mouldering bones which Briton or Saxon, centuries ago, had placed with poius hands above their dead. These tumuli were invariably upon some lofty ridge, as though the dying wish of those beneath them had been to be laid within the spot from which their homes, and fields, and all the little world which they had known in life, could best be seen.

Some observation of this sort Raymond made; but his companion only shrugged his shoulders, not seeming to appreciate antiquities, or the reflections arising therefrom, so much as the tales about "Will Watch."

"What does it matter, when a man is dead," observed he, roughly, "where his bones are put to?"

"Very true," replied Raymond. "Still, one has a fancy in these matters. One would not like to lie unburied, for instance, with one's bones picked by obscene birds, and whitening on a desert; or in the depths of ocean, tossing about with shell and seaweed, and sucked by the cold lips of toothless fish."

"You are fastidious, Mr. Hepburn," responded the stranger, hammering at the rounded turf with irreverent heel.

"If it be so to prefer land to water for a last resting-place, I am," returned Raymond. "It is, as I have said, but fancy. Still, I would like to be laid where my wife and child could come to look upon the earth which to them at least would be sacred; nay, like these ancestors of ours. I confess I would rather find my last home where all the scenes around had been familiar to me during life."

"We have not all that choice," observed Mr Stevens coldly.

"Nice, agreeable, cheerful companion this," said Raymond to himself. "I hope he is not going to tire himself by walking with me too far."

Almost immediately, and as though in answer to this unexpressed thought, Mr. Stevens stopped; he did not, however, hold out his hand to say good-bye; he pointed with it to a dark object looming upon a crest of down far in advance. "Why, what is that?" he muttered. "It looks like—like a gallows?"

So haggard, so wild, and yet so menacing was the stranger's appearance as he made this inquiry, that Raymond might aptly have retorted, "And you look like a gallows-bird." But he only answered, smiling, "For one who had no foolish fancies such as we were speaking of but now, you seem strangely moved by Marmouth Beacon. It is certainly black, and it is made of timber, but I never knew it taken for a gallows before. A beacon has stood, in some shape or another, on that promontory, which is one of the highest cliffs in the south country, for perhaps a thousand years. In the middle ages, it flashed forth its warning far and near, whenever an invader threatened; it did good service, too, when the Spaniard would have laid his yoke upon us, and told with a tongue of flame when his great Armada made the deep yonder twinkle with myriad lights, like another heaven."

"Ay, he would have brought back the old faith," said Mr. Stevens carelessly, but with a stealthy glance at his companion.

"I am a Catholic myself," answered Raymond simply, "but I would not force my creed down a nation's throat at the point of the sword. In these times, as during the late war, the beacon is only used as a telegraph. Those wooden arms, which gave it, as you say, so ghastly an appearance, have a vocabulary, when made to speak, of many hundred words, which on a fine day can be heard, or rather read, miles and miles away."

"Are there any people stationed there to work it?" inquired the stranger.

"No, not now; the wooden hut is pulled down where the semaphore men used to live, and at present I suppose it is one of the most lonely places hereabouts. From the sea, it is totally inaccessible; the cliffs everywhere are sheer; and except by the coast-guard in their night-patrol, I doubt whether it is visited once a week by any human creature. If you would like to pass by it, however, it will not take us much out of our way."

"I should like to do so much," replied Mr. Stevens. "I have never yet been close beside a beacon, nor ever seen one before."

"Yet hereabouts they call them See'em-afores," observed Hepburn laughing. The fresh, clear air, the rapid walk, had worked with Raymond's naturally healthy animalism, and put him in high spirits, which even the companionship of the somber Mr. Stevens could not damp.

"You are pleased to be jocular, sir," responded that worthy; "in our north country, such mirth are held to be a bad sign. 'Against ill-chance,' it is said, 'men are very merry.' We call it *fie*."

"Indeed!" responded Raymond, laughing still. "I never knew that a poor pun was held to bring bad luck; and yet I know the north country well, too."

"I thought you told me yesterday you were from the south," observed the stranger gravely.

"I have lived in both the north and south," answered Raymond in some confusion. "Now, look at those little lumps of chalk which run to and from the Beacon, like the out-lines of some children's game. Without them, the coast-guardsman would never find his way at night; and once some cowardly scoundrels, for whom smuggler was far too good a name, arranged them after dark so that the poor wretch, thinking that he was only upon his usual beat, fell over the cliff-top."

"And was killed, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Stevens.

"Killed—ay; if he had had nine lives, he must have lost all before he reached the bottom. Whether a man fell from yonder edge upon sea or shingle, it would matter nothing to him by the time he reached either. See! the very rabbits in the warren there have left a space between the burrows and the hideous steep and squat at a respectful distance. The poor victim's name is carved somewhere upon the Beacon itself; yes, here it is—a more fitting record of his fate, perhaps, in such a place, than any other monument:

ABRAHAM PRICE—*periit*——

"The date is already erased by the wind and weather, but the thing took place but a very few years ago."

"But why *periit*?" inquired Mr. Stevens with unwonted interest. "That is not Latin for 'murdered,' is it?"

"Well, not exactly, I believe," laughed Raymond; "but the fact is, the crime was never brought legally home to the wretch, although the finger of justice seemed to point him out as clearly as yonder arm is pointing to you."

The stranger looked up in the direction indicated by his companion, then staggered back with his face pale as ashes. The long black arm of the telegraph was grimly covering him as a musket covers its mark.

"Well, for a gentleman who entertains no silly fancies, I must say you are easily frightened," observed Raymond with some contempt. "Why, Marmouth Beacon is quite a scarecrow to you. I should have almost thought you were the conscience stricken murderer himself, but that I happen to know he has paid the forfeit of his crime. He was the very man I was telling you of who was shot through the head by Mr. Topsell at the second 'chine' we came to. His name was Peter Elliot—Take care where you are going to, sir, for heaven's sake! You are standing too near the edge, unless you have a very steady eye."

"I am never giddy from physical causes," returned the stranger coolly, "although, as you have been good enough to remark, some things make me nervous. Do you mean to say that a man would have no chance for his life who fell from here into deep water, when the tide was well up—as it is now, for instance."

"No, not the very slightest," returned Raymond confidently. "Where we are now, the cliff overhangs a little, and we can see nothing beneath us; but turn your eyes a few feet westward, and you may see in yonder precipice a counterpart of the sheer steep upon whose beetling edge we stand, so lofty that the roaring of the surf which, sycophant-like, licks the huge white wall it slowly undermines, cannot reach our ears; so smooth, that there is scarce a foothold save upon the ledges where the sea-gulls breed, and the foolish guillemots stand in ordered line, by scores and scores."

"Still, this very smoothness would have given the poor wretch you spoke of a greater chance; he would not at least have been dashed from rock to rock in his descent, and at the bottom there is sand, I see."

"Nay," returned Raymond, "but you see no sand, and your mistake is a proof of the great height at which we stand. What looks like sand from here, so brown and small, is a batch of rounded stones, which would dash the life out of a man, though he fell but one quarter of this distance, while the next ebb-tide would bear him out to sea; and yet——"

"Ay, what? You were going to say something. You think a person even in such a strait might yet be saved?"

"Not so, sir; I was calling to mind how in this very spot I saw the bird-catchers at work last spring. No less than five were clinging to the face of the same precipice, with nothing but a rope of hide apiece to anchor them to life. I saw one being drawn up with a young fulmur—the oily gull—in either hand, striking his foot against the smooth chalk, and bounding out into the very air, as though he scorned even a foothold; and all that time he was bawling jokes to his mate upon the edge here—who merely *held* the hide, like reins—upon whose strength and presence of mind his existence solely depended. Some of these adventurers do not have a mate at all, but trust to a mere stake, which they themselves drive into the earth above, and to which they fasten their rope. The only difficulty they seem to find in the matter is at the last part of their unassisted ascent, when they have to jerk themselves from the face of the precipice, in order to insert their hand beneath the rope and the cliff-edge. No accident, indeed, happens, I believe, either bird-catching or samphire-gathering, but well has Shakspeare called it a 'dreadful trade.'"

"You interest me immensely," said Mr. Stevens; "for all we know, then, there may be half a dozen folks beneath us, whose presence we know nothing about."

"No, not to-day," returned Raymond; "the wind is far too strong for—— Lord have mercy upon me! Help, man, help! Stain not your soul with murder!"

With one strong push between the shoulders, the treacherous stranger had thrust his companion over the cliff.

He had fallen, of course, but not sheer; his great muscular strength and agility had enabled him, even in that instant, to twist round with his face, and not his side, towards the precipice; and there he clung, a few feet below the edge, with his nails dug into the soft chalk, and his feet striving for, and even attaining, a momentary hold.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OVER THE CLIFF.

Raymond was well aware that the period of his existence must now be numbered by seconds unless the heart of this treacherous ruffian should relent, whose sullen face was looking down from the cliff-top upon his dying agonies.

"There is still time, man," he gasped, "to reach down your arm, and save a fellow-creature from death, who is not fit to die. So help me heaven, I will forgive, nay, bless you, if you will!"

"Forgive *me*, Raymond Clyffard!" replied the stranger, scornfully. "Nay, the debt is even still upon your side, and be sure I will exact it to the uttermost. You have found a resting place, I see, which perhaps will last you (although I am afraid, the nature of the chalk is friable) while you listen to what I have to say."

Hideous as was Raymond's position, closely as the mysteries of futurity were pressing upon him, yet he could not but inquire of that wicked gloating face. "What devil, then, art thou?"

"My name is Gideon Carr," returned the stranger, hoarsely. Then Raymond's face grew white as the cliff to which he clung, and as damp with the dews of terror of death, for he knew that he could expect no mercy.

"Ay, well mayst thou groan, young Raymond. It was your turn to laugh when you stole Mildred Leigh from your brother's arms——"

"He never set you to do this," interrupted the doomed man passionately. "I am sure Rue never did."

"You are right, sir. Your brother being a lunatic, had not the sense to plot revenge. But when you wronged *him*, you crossed the path of my sister Grace, and you had better have balked a tigress of her meal."

"But would you do murder for her sake, man! My arms are getting stiff, my fingers ache. God sees us both from yonder heaven. Ah, save me and yourself too by one good deed."

"Ay, it is but natural for one in your position to raise theological arguments," returned Gideon cooly. "But for me who am safe on the top here, I prefer to take a practical view of matters. You ask me whether I would commit what you are pleased to describe as a murder, although nobody else will take that view of it. I parted from you at yonder 'barrow,' where you expressed your intention of going by the Beacon for the sake of the view. (I was constructing this little story as we came along from that very place, and I think it will do capitally). My last words, as I left you there, were, 'Pray, be careful of the cliff; you do walk so very near the edge, my dear Mr. Hepburn.' If your body is never found again, as you just now guaranteed would be the case, when you little thought you were talking of yourself, then I need say nothing; and I am afraid you will suffer the inconveniences you hinted at as we came along, which result from being denied the rights of sepulture. But if your body *is* found, then there is my little story to explain your latest mischance. But I am digressing, and you have no time to spare, I am sure. You would say, why slay me for your sister's sake, since I have not injured *you*! But you *have* injured me, Raymond Clyffard; and, like Grace, I never forgive. Long ago, she and I together made up our minds that we would have Clyffe Hall; that the Clyffards of Clyffe should die out, and the Carrs rule there in their stead. Once get you out of the way, and marry Mildred to that poor fool, your brother, and we should have him, through that girl's influence, under our thumb; he would leave his lands to the proper persons; and having done so, would evince—but after a decent interval, so that there might be no dispute about his testament—such evident symptoms of lunacy as to cause him to be shut up—say at the Dene, in the custody of his loving relatives. A nice plan, was it not, and yet you and this minx, my niece, chose to thwart it! Ah! if you had heard the vow Grace Clyffard made upon the day you fled—it would have made your heart sink, and your cheek grow cold, even when you kissed your bride. Grace always hated you; but when this plain-spoken, honest lad, forsooth, turned out a plotter, and a successful one, her fury well-nigh choked her. I do believe, although she loves her wealth, she would give ten thousand golden pieces to stand where I do now, watching your useless struggles on the verge of death. 'Kill him!' cried she, on the very day when we found out your whereabouts, but a few weeks ago; 'be sure you kill him, Gideon; and if it *can* be done let him die some dreadful death! First take her protector from her——'"

An involuntary shudder passed through Raymond's frame, and into his face, wrinkled and wan, as though with age, entered a new agony.

(To be continued.)

Frederick Douglass was originally named Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. The name he now bears was given him by Mr. Nathan Johnson, of New Bedford, who befriended him shortly after his escape from slavery. Mr. Johnson had been reading "The Lady of the Lake," and was so pleased with its great character that he desired his protegé to take the name of Douglass. The ex-slave consented, and has borne the name forty-three years.

Personal Points of Prominent People.

John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, is dead.

Cardinal Giannelli, Archbishop of Sardis, is dead.

Albert Grevy has resigned the Governorship of Algeria.

Mr. Costigan, M.P., left Ottawa on Saturday for Manitoba.

President Arthur will take possession of the White House this month.

Senator Macpherson and family arrived home on Saturday morning.

A Mormon proselyte has been imprisoned in Germany for trying to make converts.

Henry Jackson, of Missouri, veteran of the war of 1812, died on Friday at the age of 102.

It is announced that the Duke of Albany (Prince Leopold) will soon marry a German princess.

Mr. Peter Smith, of McGillivray, brother of Mr. J. S. Smith, ex-M.P.P., died very suddenly recently.

Carlotta Patti has returned to Paris, and starts again in a few days on a Scandinavian tour.

Andrew Marshal Porter, Queen's Counsel, will succeed Mr. Johnson as Solicitor-General for Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone, attended by his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, felled some timber in Hawarden Park last week.

Lord O'Hagan, the retiring Lord Chancellor of Ireland, has been appointed a Knight of St. Patrick.

Rev. Elmore Harris, of the Centre Street Baptist Church, St. Thomas, has received a call from the Yorkville Baptist Church.

Thirty-two and a half pounds was the weight of the baby stranger that made its appearance in the house of O. O. Marbourg, Kansas.

Secretary Blaine has on the wall of one of his parlors a fine engraving of Gladstone, sent to hime by Gladstone himself, with an autograph.

Sir John Glover, Governor of the Windward Islands, was a passenger in the schooner Zeoe, which arrived at Annapolis, N.S., on Saturday from Antigua.

F. Lewellyn Jones, Bishop of Newfoundland, is shortly to marry Elizabeth Allison Archibald, daughter of Lieut.-Gov. Archibald, of Nova Scotia.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, a leader in Irish politics nearly forty years ago and ex-Premier of Victoria, is about to marry Miss Hall, of Liverpool, his own cousin.

On dit, that a prominent gentleman, connected with the judiciary of New Brunswick, has offered $10,000 to establish himself with a law firm in New Orleans.

Rev. Thomas Cabe has been appointed parish priest of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, Rev. Father Whalen's health interfering with the performance of his duties.

Mr. Wm. Natress, who preceded Mr. McTavish as Mathematical Master at the Agricultural College, has been engaged to fill the position again for a year and a half.

Lady Frances Evelyn Bertie, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Abingdon and a relative of Sir William Harcourt, has "gone over" and entered a Catholic sisterhood.

Lord Pembroke, at a recent volunteer dinner, adverted to the important lesson of the Cape campaign—that good riflemen can, even without organization, successfully cope with disciplined troops.

The death is announced of the Rev. George Henry Sacheverell Johnson, Dean of Wells, noted as a mathematician, and as one of the editors of the "Speaker's Commentary," aged 73.

Mrs. Garfield took up her residence in the Burke Mansion, Euclid avenue, Cleveland, on Saturday. Rudolph, her brother, has been appointed administrator of the late President's estate.

The infant son of General Lord Napier of Magdala, G.C.B., was baptized the other day at the Chapel Royal, St. James', their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales being sponsors. The child was called Albert Edward Alexander.

The remains of the late Alex. McDonald, member of Parliament for Stafford, whose death was announced on the 31st ult., were buried at New Monkland, near Glasgow. The funeral was attended by an immense concourse. Nearly all the miners of Lanarkshire abstained from work as a token of respect to the memory of deceased, who was Secretary of the Miners' Association for Scotland, and President of the Miners' National Association.

A significant and suggestive fact is that one of the first cases to be tried in the new Irish Land Court, or rather in which judgment will be given in a few days, is West vs. Parnell, the plaintiff claiming that he was cajoled by the famous agitator into contracting himself out of the benefits of the Land Act in 1870, and praying relief from said agreement.

Harrison is a revivalist, known as "The Boy Preacher," and is working with success in San Francisco. The Virginia City *Chronicle* says that he has a striking way "of jumping down from the pulpit and placing his foot on the altar rail, as if about to spring over at the obdurate sinners in the congregation;" and "he paces the pulpit like a caged lion," and "raises his voice to a scream and then drops it to a whisper."

Prince Chervachidze, an officer in the Russian Imperial Guard, is to be tried for the following peccadillo. The Prince and three of his friends were supping at a restaurant in St. Petersburg, when a civilian walked into their room by mistake. Prince Chervachidze at once cut him down with his sword. One of the victim's friends was attracted to the room by the cries, but the Prince nearly killed him. The Prince is aghast at the idea of being called to account for the murder of a mere civilian.

Mr. John Wilson, son of the late William Wilson, of Stirling, Scotland, and who was for many years President of the Canadian Branch of the Hudson Bay Company, was married on Monday last, at 1 o'clock p.m., in St. Ann's Church, West Eighteenth street, New York, by the Rev. George B. Reese, of Dobbs Ferry, an uncle of the bride, to Miss Mary Sutherland Clark, daughter of the late Lot C. Clark, and granddaughter of the late Theodore Irving, and grandniece of the late Washington Irving. There were no bridesmaids and no best man.

A London despatch says the British barque Bonita, St. John, N.B., October 14th, for Liverpool, lost her deck load. The British brig Busy Bee, Economy, N.S., was abandoned on her beam ends at sea. The crew were landed at Gibraltar. The British barque Cavalier, Quebec, September 24th, for Liverpool, lost part of her deck load. The Norwegian barque Dagmar, Captain Christensen, Shediac, N.B., for Dublin, before reported abandoned at sea, has been brought to Queenstown by a prize crew from the British ship Hebert Beech, St. John, N.B., October 1st, for Liverpool. She has four feet of water in her hold.

The London *Times*, replying to the arguments of Fair Traders drawn from the progress of trade in America, points to a comparative statement tending to show that the trade of Great Britain has increased even more wonderfully, that the increase in American exports is principally articles such as grain, for which America has natural advantages, and to which she gives no protection. The *Times* estimates the money and trade loss to America through the decline of her shipping at £16,000,000 yearly, and considers that an increase of the severity of American competition with European agriculture is certain. The question whether it is wise to permit this dependence on a single foreign country is one which may force itself on the attention of public men.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1881

AN UNINVITED CANDIDATE.

We learn that this County is to be honored by the candidature of Mr. F. C. Gilman, of Montreal, with whose position and reputation most of our readers are already acquainted. This gentleman's name has frequently figured in the Montreal papers, in connection with matters which can hardly be considered to recommend him as a candidate for public confidence. The first occasion on which the notoriety which Mr. Gilman has attained came to him in abundance, was that of the disastrous crash of the Mechanic's Bank, of which he was one of the Directors at the time of its failure; and also we believe the legal adviser of the Bank. We fear that some of our own County people were among the unhappy depositors, note holders and shareholders of that concern; but whether or no, the circumstances cannot yet have faded from the public mind. We remember that at the meeting which was held for the election of an assignee a desperate struggle was made by Mr. Gilman and his friends, to elect their nominee in place of Mr. James Court; whose integrity and efficiency in all business matters have long commended him to the high appreciation of a discerning public. On that occasion Mr. Trenholme and Mr. Maclaren represented the supporters of Mr. Court, and in the altercations which took place at the meeting, charges of perjury and larceny were freely indulged in. The manipulation of the bills of the Bank so as to create a large number of voters for the opponent of Mr. Court was believed at the time to have been devised by Mr. Gilman, and if his character were to be taken from the language which Mr. Maclaren and Mr. Trenholme held towards him on that occasion, there is only one place fitted for his occupation, and that is *not* the position of member for the County of Argenteuil. Since that period Mr. Gilman has been a member of the corporation of Montreal, one of the foremost in the support of the pretensions of the City Passenger Railway Company, and his advocacy of that Company's position culminated in the disgraceful personal encounter between himself and Mr. George Washington Stephens on the floor of the Council Room, which has raised the Montreal Corporation to a bad eminence in the way of disorder and violence.

We know nothing personally of Mr. Alderman Gilman, and we only remark upon two of the recent occasions on which he has figured before the public. It seems to us as, if we had no inhabitant of the County who is fit to represent it in the Legislature at Quebec, Mr. Alderman Gilman would be about the last person for whom any respectable voter would be inclined to mark his ballot. But as we have numbers of men, quite as well qualified by ability as Mr. Alderman Gilman, and in whom the people of this County have a degree of confidence, which could not be accorded to him; we can see no justification or reason for Mr. Gilman's candidature. There are many respectable men in the Reform party of this County, whom we should pronounce thoroughly well qualified to represent the County in the Legislature, if we agreed with their political principles. And if we are to have a Reform member, we hope it may be one of our own County people, whom we may be able to respect though we may differ from his views. But surely the respectable Reformers of this County are not so far wanting in self-respect as to ignore themselves, and import in the place of their own leaders a gentleman whose candidature in the city where he resides would be received with scorn and ridicule. If Mr. Gilman persists in his appearance in the County as a candidate, which we take leave to doubt, we feel confident that it will be because he is supported by some *clique*, and not by the voice of the respectable Reform party throughout the County. And we are sure there are many hundreds of members of that party in the County who will not be dragged through the mire at the heels of any *coterie*.

We have before us as a candidate one of our own people; a business man who has known how to make business successful; a native of the County who has been known to us from his childhood; a man who thoroughly knows its wants; whose integrity is undisputed; whose ability has been evinced in many matters both public and private; and who will in all probability pass the rest of his days amongst us; and thus feels the responsibility of his acts. We put aside all question of politics because upon them some of our friends and readers may not agree with us. But we are sure they will agree with us upon all the other points we have mentioned, and we say if our Reform friends desire to put a candidate in the field, let them select one of themselves. Let us have the knowledge that if a Reform candidate, it will at least be a man who has the interests of the County at heart, and not a mere stranger, who, unable to get support at home seeks to make our County a stepping stone to distinction, to be spurned aside whenever it shall have served his purpose. But if the leaders of the party in the County are not prepared to come forward, then let all County men join together without reference to party; let us teach this uninvited candidate that we know enough to manage our own affairs at home, and let us return a County man to represent our County's wants in the Legislature.

OPPOSITION.

To have, under our system, a wise, economical Government, it is necessary to have men, as the administrators, who are so extraordinarily patriotic as to prefer their country's good to their friends or their own interest, so wise as to need not the application of the adage "in a multitude of councillors is safety," so honest as not to be worth watching, but, failing these, we regret they have never yet been found, a strong, healthy, active opposition. True the alternative is far less desirable than the ideal for which it is substituted, yet it appears we are a long way off the happy time when the "ideal" can be realized. The division into political parties without any particular duties or obligations binding either, is open to serious objection. To one of these objections we refer at this time.

Once there was a man going home drunk, he was communing thus with himself, "If my wife is sitting up I'll thrash her for burning my oil and fuel; if she has gone to bed I'll lick her for leaving the house cold and dark for me." There is the utmost similarity between political oppositions and the unreasonable drunkard—it is impossible to satisfy them. Take as an example the Dominion finances. In 1878 Sir Leonard Tilley assumed that charge and found a deficit of nearly $3,000,000. Such changes were made as it was hoped would meet the difficulty. But the disease was chronic and at the end of the first year Sir Leonard had to say, "I am still short." Then the opposition grumbled, their organs scolded and called the Government false pretenders, blunderers, and all the *Parliamentary* epithets they so well know how to use. At the end of the third year Sir Leonard appears with a surplus of over $4,000,000, yet these papers are not satisfied. When the Government has proved itself capable, not pretenders, and no blunderers, then they are charged with extortion, robbing the *poor* man, taxing the bread and fuel of the poor, and doing all kinds of things to repress the poor, implying, of course, that rich men are favored, that they pay no taxes, that their feul and bread are *free*. But still they seem to think they are doing their duty to the country, perhaps they are honest but if they are it is after a wonderful lot of hard training and special pleading. During Mr. Blake's ramblings in New Brunswick Sir Albert Smith made a *speech* and to excuse the short comings of his administration, and to mislead, he undertook to enlighten the ignorant farmers, mechanics, lawyers and professors upon the nature of a deficit, and here is the enlightment. "A deficit only means that *more* money is spent away, and for the people, than is taken from the people," but the learned gentleman forgot to say where the *more* money comes from. It is clear that it don't come from the people for Sir Albert said it did not. Then where does it come from? Let us whisper it so the Dorchester Knight won't hear—that the professor of political economy at Sackville college says the money was BORROWED. Then Sir Albert went a step forward and enlightened his *ignorant* hearers as to the nature of a surplus, and here is another of his enlightments, "A surplus means that more money is taken from the people than is paid back to the people." Somehow Dr. Weldon failed to learn from Sir Albert what became of a surplus, and has since been seeking for the knowledge, so that his political economy class *may know about some thing nobody ever heard of before* Sir Albert *made his famous speech* at Sackville. In the same paper in which this great speech was reported there were a few lines read something like this: "Mortgage Sale." In the matter of Albert James Smith against Asa ——. Sir Albert did not forget to ask for his money and interest from Asa, but he seems to think Glen, Baring & Co. will not ask Canada to pay next summer their little account of five or six million dollars that he borrowed when he was running a deficit Government.

We should have thought Sir Albert and all the opposition in Parliament and out of it would have been ashamed to say a word about a matter involving their own business capacity, and we are very sure that if they are pleased to do it, the people are not pleased at the continued howl against a Government that is paying the debts contracted by their opponents. But if the opposition is right and a Government should not have a surplus how are they to return all the money that we have borrowed? Do the opposition mean that the people of Canada are going to repudiate, and tell their creditors the same as Asa told Sir Albert "take all you can get and that ain't much." We believe in a good opposition but we think they would be doing their duty better if they helped along what was right, while they denounce everything that was wrong.

THE MONTREAL DEMONSTRATION.

The Liberal Conservatives of Montreal had a grand meeting on Monday night. The Mechanics' Hall was crowded and thousands were obliged to go away there not being standing room for them. The chair was occupied by Mr. Henry Bulmer. On the platform were the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, the several Liberal Conservative candidates for Montreal, as well as some of the leading gentlemen of the city. The first speaker was Mr. Thomas White, M.P., who in a neat, temperate speech forcibly portrayed the inefficiency of the Opposition. He referred to Mr. Joly as follows:—

"Last week the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Joly, a gentleman for whom I personally have the highest respect, presented himself upon this platform and stated the grounds upon which he hoped that the people of the province of Quebec would sustain the Opposition rather than the Government of the day. Now, what, gentlemen, was the record, the argument presented by Mr. Joly? For the first half of his speech at least, as I have been informed, and as I gather from the report which I read—for the first half of his speech he dwelt chiefly and almost entirely upon the character of his own followers, and never had followers such a character from their leader. There was one thing which he desired to be perfectly understood if he consented again to present himself for Lotbinière and take his seat in the Legislature. It was that he warned his friends, those who followed him in the Legislature, and who were presenting themselves in the different constituencies as Liberal candidates he warned them for the future he would not consent to be driven and dragooned into wrong-doing as he had been in the past. (Applause.) Then he went on to cite instance after instance, piling argument upon argument of the terrible miseries that he suffered with such followers in the Legislature, and I am sure that there was scarcely a person in the audience who did not naturally and instinctively at least, refer to one of the candidates who has presented himself in one of the divisions of Montreal. On this platform Mr. Joly told the people of Montreal, and through them the people of the province, that if he was again elected, if he had again to consent to take his place in the Legislature, and lead the Opposition, he wished it to be perfectly understood that he would not be charged with being too honest; he would not yield as he has been in the habit of yielding to the improper solicitations of his friends—people's minds must have referred to a speech which had been delivered only a night or two before in St. Anne's school-house in the St. Anne's ward, when a candidate based his one reason why he was entitled to the support of the people of Montreal—that he had obtained situations for a number of his friends, and that he had bullied Mr. Joly; that he had threatened him with the withdrawal of his support if he had not done so. When they heard these complaints from Mr. Joly, men's minds must have referred to Mr McShane, one of the candidates for Montreal in this election. (Hear, hear and applause.) It had been attempted in this contest to separate Mr. Joly from his friends; it has been attempted by some and by one newspaper in this city. It is said that the Liberals have got an honest leader, but we cannot separate Mr. Joly from the Liberal party as a whole. We must take the party as a whole. Now, what was Mr. Joly's record, his own statement of the manner in which he conducted the affairs of the province, the manner in which he acts as a member of the Legislature? I have his own statement in a letter over his own signature appearing in last Thursday's *La Patrie*, the Liberal organ in this city, in which he declares that there was one question, that of the School Inspectorship for the province of Quebec, on which he would, if he had acted according to his own honest feeling, have voted one way, but in obedience to the men who followed him, but who in this instance were his leaders instead of his followers, he voted the other way. Now, I will ask you what reliance you can place upon a leader who says that he will not hereafter be charged with being too honest, but would be honest in fact. I ask you what you are to think of a leader who can proclaim over his own signature in a letter, not in a speech upon a public platform where he might have used words the meaning of which he did not intend, but in a cool written letter, confesses that he voted in the Legislature in obedience to the behests of the party in a sense different from that in which his honest conviction would have caused him to vote. (Cheers.) Then, gentlemen, we have been told that Mr. Joly's Government was an honest Government; that the Government had claims upon the honest people of Quebec, and this is urged upon the people of the province in every direction as a reason why they should vote for them. Well, all I can say is this, that I wonder men are not ashamed to challenge enquiry into the record in that respect. The Government which for nearly two years held office by the casting vote of a purchased Speaker (cheers) was not one which could plume itself upon being exceptionally honest and exceptionally true to conscientious principles. No, gentlemen, the first act of Mr. Joly's administration was to purchase a member who, at his election only a few weeks before, when the suggestion was made that possibly he might go with the Liberal party, wrote a letter declaring that it was a slander to make such a suggestion in regard to him. He asserted that he was a supporter of the Conservative party and would remain with the Conservative party. Yet in the coolest possible manner this man was purchased by Mr Joly's Government. For two years or nearly so that Government carried on the affairs of this province by the casting vote of that man in the Legislature. (Cheers.) Now, what was the record of the two parties? I am not going to detain you, gentlemen, when you have speakers who are thoroughly familiar with the affairs of this province, and the gentlemen who are the candidates for your suffrages in this city, and who are going to address you in a few moments. What, I say, is the record of the two parties? Fortunately for us the Liberals have been in office; if they had remained in opposition all the time they could have come before us, and told us that they would do so and so, and there might have been some reason for the arguments they have put forth; but fortunately they have a record to which we are able to appeal. (Cheers.) And what is that record? What did they do during the two years they were in office, to restore the financial position of the province, or to bring about those great reforms of which we hear so much, or to bring about for instance the abolition of the Legislative Council? Did they move in that direction by filling the vacancies in the Legislative Council? (Applause.) What did they do to bring prosperity to this country? In opposition to this, what has been done by their successors? The province never occupied the position it does to-day in the estimation of those in a position to advance those interests. (Cheers.) One of the first acts of this Administration was to enlist French capital in the interest of the province. People are coming to the province to develop its mines, to establish beet root sugar factories, and now there is an organization of French capitalists prepared to develop in every way the great mineral riches of the country. The policy of the Government is a policy of material development tending to promote the great interests of the Province of Quebec. That has been the result of the administration of to-day. (Applause.) There is no business man in this province who does not know, if he will honestly get rid of his political feelings and look fairly and squarely at the facts, and who will not admit that for nearly two years, during which Mr. Chapleau has been at the head of the Government of this province, his Government has been working earnestly, energetically and successfully, I am glad to say, in the promotion of those great measures which are calculated to advance the prosperity of this province. (Loud applause.) We have to-day facts staring us in the face, cropping out in every direction, which attest to us how good a thing it was for the province that the accident occurred which brought Mr. Chapleau into office in 1879. (Applause.) That he will continue in office I have no doubt, and you have no doubt, and Mr. Joly, who spoke from this platform, has no doubt. He stated in effect, that his *metier* was leader of the Opposition. He does not desire or wish to be in the Government of the country. What he desires is to sit in Parliament as a friendly or hostile critic of the acts of the Government of the day. He knows that will be his *metier* for the next five years at any rate. (Hear, hear and cheers.) I say this Government is certain to be sustained, and I will ask you, citizens of Montreal, whether you think it wise that a great city like this should place itself in opposition—and not because of any difference of political principles, because there is practically none—to a Government that is certain to govern this country for the next five years.

THE CARILLON DAM.

In our issue of last week we gave a short notice of the formal opening of this great work on the 9th inst. For many years lumbermen, merchants and others have pressed upon the attention of the Government the impediments in the way of satisfactorily navigating the Ottawa river. The old Carillon canal was found to be too small to admit vessels of sufficient size to accommodate the large and increasing traffic, especially in the season of low water. There was also often great trouble in passing timber over the rapids in low water. Several engineers of note had been from time to time consulted on the subject. Mr. Bell had given his attention to the matter for several years, and finally matured and recommended the scheme which was adopted, viz: building a dam across the river at Carillon of sufficient height to flood out the rapids at Chute au Blondeau, thus doing away with any necessity for the greater portion of the old canal, and constructing a short canal with two locks to pass the dam; and, to facilitate the descent of timber, a large slide is built in the dam itself. This work was begun under the Macdonald Government when last in power, but owing to several unforseen difficulties little progress was made. Under the Mackenzie administration it hung fire, and new tenders were called for, ultimately when Sir Charles Tupper took office the work was placed in the hands of Messrs. F. B. McNamee & Co., for the dam, and Messrs. R. P. Cooke & Co., for the canal. The former gentlemen have pushed forward the work to completion with commendable diligence, and, considering the magnitude of the work and the difficulties they had to encounter, much credit is due to them for having succeeded at this time. This is one of the greatest engineering feats that have been performed in Canada, and reflects much credit upon the Government who ordered its construction, the engineer who designed it, the staff who superintended, and the contractors who so expeditiously and faithfully carried out the plans.

It was to celebrate the completion of this great work that, in response to invitations from the contractors, a large number of gentlemen and not a few ladies from several parts of the county, and from Montreal and Ottawa assembled at Carillon on the 9th inst. As stated in our last, some of the gates did not close properly at first, this was caused by *debris* being carried in by the strong current and preventing the proper working of the gates, however we learn that this has since been remedied, and that a boat with a tow of barges has passed easily up the river through what was formerly the Chute.

The rain in the early part of the day, as well as the state of the roads no doubt prevented many from being present, as it was known there was quite a number of prominent public men and several eminent engineers.

A cold collation was given in the shed built on top of the dam, when healths, speeches and cheers closed the proceedings.

VOTE FOR OWENS A MAN OF ARGENTEUIL.

FALLING LEAVES!

"There is something inexpressibly touching in the fallen leaves," sighs an esteemed author. There is, there is, indeed. It's when you slip on one of the articles on a wet morning, and touch the unsympathetic pavement. But there is in reality touching language,—language uttered from the heart, yea, from the depths of the soul, in the many thousands of testimonials and letters (unsolicited) that come from those who once were sufferers from lung diseases, asthma and consumption, and who have used N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, and have been restored to their wonted health and activity.

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. 27y1

A Real Necessity.

No house should be without a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, in case of accident. There is no preparation offered to suffering humanity that has made so many permanent cures, or relieved so much pain and misery. It is called by some the Good Samaritan, by others the Cure-all, and by the afflicted an Angel of Mercy.

WE DO NOT WANT A MONTREAL MONOPOLIST.

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to record the death of one of the pioneers of this place—Mr. George Glines. He had been for some time in delicate health, but on Friday last was able to be out—on that evening he had an attack of inflamation of the bowels which on Monday morning terminated fatally.

The deceased was born in Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1804, and came to Canada in 1821, when this place was mostly a wilderness. He and the late Mr. Hutchins, of Lachute, camped over night at the chute, where now stands Mr. Fish's mill. He married a daughter of Mr. Hutchins by whom he had a large family. For many years he resided on his property on the north side of the river. A few years ago he removed to Montreal, but for the last three years he and his wife have resided at Lachute. He and his family have been long well known and highly esteemed. His bereaved widow and family have the sympathy of the whole community. The funeral took place on Wednesday last and the remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances.

THE CHARACTER GIVEN MR. GILMAN BY THE MONTREAL PRESS.

The Opposition party in Argenteuil have shown to what terrible straits they are reduced by nominating Mr. Frank Gilman as their standard-bearer in the approaching election. Mr. Meikle, who is a most respectable man, a worthy representative, if his party is strong enough to elect him, had the good sense to see that, however much respected and esteemed he may be, his political opinions are not those of a majority of the County, and he positively declined to go through the farce of a contest, whose termination was already quite apparent. The caucus then tried to induce Mr. Alderman Wilson, a Conservative, to contest the constituency; but that gentleman having been present at the meeting which nominated Mr. Owens, could hardly regard the invitation as other than an insult. Finally, as a *dernier resort*, with no higher motive than to prevent an election by acclamation, the candidature has been offered to Mr. Gilman, and has of course been accepted by him. He is not very particular whether he is elected or not. What he wants is the notoriety of the thing. He tried to get the nomination of his party for Montreal Centre, but leading Liberals intimated plainly that they would not only not support him, but would vote for the Conservative candidate, to prevent the risk of the discredit of the division being represented by him in the Legislature. We cannot think that any number of the respectable Liberals of Argenteuil are parties to this nomination; but if there are any among them who have not heard of Mr. Frank Gilman, we would gladly refer them for information to Messrs. McLaren and Trenholme, who were professionally engaged in connection with the Mechanics' Bank difficulties, or to Mr. George Washington Stephens, who recently accused him of prostituting his position as alderman to his own personal advantage. These are good liberal authorities and ought to be acceptable, as references by the Liberal party in the County of Argenteuil. Mr. Owens' friends, we trust, will not relax their efforts because of the farcical character of the opposition to that gentleman. On the contrary, their duty to see that every vote is polled is quite as great as if they had a serious and respectable candidature opposed to them.—*Montreal Gazette, Nov. 16.*

The Liberal nomination for the County of Argenteuil, which has been going a-begging for some time, has at last been offered to and accepted by Ald. Gilman, whose platter is usually right side up when there is anything falling. The Liberals of Argenteuil are not doing themselves credit, however, in selecting a non-resident politician of the self-seeking class as their standard-bearer. Better to stand or fall with an honest farmer, trader, or professional man of the County than accept a rejected candidate for a city division. When will the machine politicians learn that something besides fidelity to party connections is necessary in a representative, and when will the independent electors realize that there is more honor in voting for a good man who is defeated than in electing a man who has nothing but his party connections to recommend him?—*Mont. Star, Nov. 16.*

Argenteuil has at last found a Liberal candidate. It must have been in straits when it fixed on Mr. Gilman.—*Montreal Witness, Nov. 16.*

ARGENTEUIL CAN FURNISH A CANDIDATE WITHOUT IMPORTING ONE.

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 such communication to insure insertion but not necessarily for publication.

To the Editor of the Watchman.

Dear Sir—From the action of the council in passing the late by-law it is evident that they undertook to control a matter they did not understand, simple though it is. Any one who knows anything about the municipal code concerning such matters and has read the by-law in question, which attempts to bind certain ratepayers of the village to perform certain road work on part of the main road that passes through the village, cannot fail to see that the council can not enforce two of its clauses, for the reason that they are contrary to municipal law, and that the village is not a municipal village under such a case. How the council intend to enforce the making and gravelling of two front roads, compel those on the north side of the road to do such work on the whole of their respective fronts, and tax all in common for work done by them, the council, to be given by contract, which justly and lawfully belongs to others, is a mystery for the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer to unravel. Again, how they can appropriate 12 feet of the main road for side-walks while the road itself barely comes up to the requirements of the law (which says that front roads must be at least 36 feet wide, and kept free from all impediments, although the same law is exceptional in the case of article 389) will also trouble them a little to explain. It is easy to be seen that 12 feet is not only unnecessary but too much to appropriate from a road barely 36 feet; moreover, they have given Mr. Thomas Stewart a privilege which they cannot encroach upon without his permisson. It would be impossible to build a side-walk even 6 feet wide on parts of the road without encroaching on him. All things considered, this by-law is another proof of the inability of the council to perform its duties in a proper manner; in fact, the passing of this by-law is not a contravention of law is closely allied to it.

Yours, very truly,
K. B.

Senecal—Laurier Libel Case.

To the Editors of the Watchman.

Dear Sirs,—As the Montreal *Witness* is largely circulated in the county of Argenteuil, I would like to call attention to its article of Saturday last on the above Libel case.

In an editorial article it comments on it as follows:—

"Although the jury disagreed and were "discharged, it is impossible to say that "the parties concerned in the trial are in "the same position now as at the beginning. "Mr. Senecal was accused of having committed almost numberless crimes of fraud "and robbery before his appointment, and "of abusing the trust reposed in him by "managing the public affairs in his own "interests. He has come into court and "publicly challenged his accuser to prove "his statements. Mr. Laurier replied by "specifying certain criminal proceedings "in which he alleged that Mr. Senecal was "the chief actor. The prosecutor was thus "put on his defence, and had to prove his "innocence of these crimes, and without "attaching weight to the alleged majority "of the jury in favor of one party or the "other, the fact remains that Mr. Senecal "has so far failed, that twelve of his countrymen could not make up their minds "that Mr. Laurier did wrong in publishing "an article, the language of which was "only justifiable if it was absolutely true."

Is it possible that a paper which pretends to be an advocate of Truth and Justice would be so blinded with partyism as to make such assertions. Surely the *Witness* knows that British Law and British Justice never compels a man to prove his innocence.

If a man is charged with a crime he is innocent until he is proved guilty. Therefore, if Mr. Laurier made certain charges against Mr. Senecal and was unable to prove them, it was absurd to say that Mr. Senecal is guilty because he did not prove his own innocence. The very fact of the charges not being proven clears Mr. Senecal. I agree most heartily with the *Witness* in saying that the parties are not in the same position as at the beginning of the trial.

In the first place, the article in the *L'Electeur* was proven to have been a libel, and also Mr. Laurier to have been responsible for it.

In the second place, the charges against Mr. Senecal have not been proven by the defence, as may be seen by the Hon. Judge's charge to the Jury. Therefore, according to common sense and justice, Mr. Senecal has been libelled by the Hon. W. Laurier, who has failed to prove the charges he made against him.

I would be very glad to hear of the success of Mr. Owens in Argenteuil. The question here is "Will Argenteuil redeem itself?" I am sure if the supporters of Mr. Owens exert themselves as they ought, he will be one of the victorious number who will escort Hon. Mr. Chapleau in triumph back to the position which he has so ably and successfully filled.

Yours etc.,
Fair Play.

Montreal, Nov. 14th, 1881.

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.

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.
CREY COTTONS.
Having on hand a large stock of Grey Cottens 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. 26, 1881. 50tf

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

CHAPMAN & MATTINSON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
SASHES,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
STAIRS,
STAIR RAILINGS,
BALUSTERS & POSTS,
MOULDINGS,
And All Kinds of House Finishings.
DRY PINE LUMBER
Constantly on Hand.
LACHUTE MILLS,
v5 n10 1y 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

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

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. 36tf

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

GRENVILLE VILLAGE.
10 Lots with dwellings and outbuildings from $80 to $ each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot 8 in 1st Range,	$ 800 00
S W ½	" 5 in 4th Range,	800 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	" 2 in 4th Range,	200 00
S ½	" 19 in 4th Range,	400 00
S ½	" 18 in 6th Range,	600 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

BARRINGTON.

N ½	" 13 and 14 in 2nd Range,	1600 00
S ½	" 19 in 4th Range,	100 00
W ½	" 18 in 5th Range,	800 00

ARUNDEL.

S ½	" 16 in 7th Range,	600 00

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

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, 8 "
WINCEYS 5 cents an 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.
1tf *St. Andrews.*

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!

Stylish Pants, former prices	$1.30 for	$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.

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 $1.00 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

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. 27y1

LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets in Victoria Hall, Lachute, on Wednesday Evening, 2nd Nov. at 8 o'clock sharp.

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.

Burdock Blood Bitters.—T. Milburn & Co.
Dr. Fowler's Extract—T. Milburn & Co.
Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursi.—"
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.—Henry, Johnsons & Lord.
Merchandise.—G. L. Meikle
Continental Clothing Store—Smith & Co.

LOCAL.

New Store.—The undersigned will on or about the 5th of December next open out a general stock of Merchandise in Mr. Evans' Store. See advertisement next issue.

HUGH FRASER, Jr.

Lachute, Nov. 12th, 1881.

Messrs. Simpson & Kerr,

Dear Sirs:—In advertising list of prizes awarded at the annual County exhibition of the Agricultural Society, I find two errors have been made.

1st. In Ayrshire cattle, bulls under 2 years, Robert Doig, Upper Lachute, should be 1st prize instead of James McOuat, River Rouge.

2nd. In fancy work, (special) Duncan McGregor should be 1st instead of Hamelin & Ayr.

By inserting the above corrections in first issue of the Watchman, you will oblige,

Yours respectfully,
G. J. Walker,
Secretary.

The annual meeting of the Carillon Curling Club was held on the evening of the 14th inst. J. McEwan re-elected President, Dr. Robertson elected Vice President, and W. B. Forbes, Sec'ty-Treasurer. We are pleased to know that this club is in a flourishing condition both financially and otherwise, and that they are to compete this winter with the Sherbrooke club for a Royal Caledonian Medal; and they look forward to a trial of skill with their Lachute friends, who, we believe, are organizing a club. A dinner at Sauve's Hotel, St. Andrews, on St. Andrews' night by the Carillon Club.

"What every one says must be true." And every one who has tested its merits speaks warmly in praise of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all throat and lung complaints, coughs and colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and incipient consumption.

Support the Government that has raised the credit of the Province in the money markets of the world.

A Popular Remedy.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is one of the most deservedly popular remedies for the cure of coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, whooping cough, croup, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints. For sale by all dealers.

On Wednesday evening last some miscreant entered the shop of Mr. James McCree, at the West End, with fraudulent intent, the proprietor being absent in Montreal. About 8 o'clock Mrs. McCree and a friend had occasion to go to the store, when on applying the key they found another in the lock, and went to a neighbouring shop for assistance. On their return with re-inforcements they found that the robber or robbers had decamped carrying off some of the stock of confectionery, coolly locking the door and leaving the key on the outside. We are glad to say however that the loss was not heavy. Our village seems to be advancing in the scale of civilization in this as in other respects.

Dyspepsia,

that all prevalent disease of civilized life, is always attended with a disordered sympathetic system and bad secretions, and no remedy is better adapted to its cure than Burdock Blood Bitters taken according to special directions found on every bottle.

Uphold the Government that has brought foreign capital into the Province, thereby promoting its industries, and reducing the rate of interest to borrowers of money.

Weak Lungs and how to make them Strong.

Breathe with the mouth closed, have access at all times to pure air, exercise moderately, eat nourishing but simple food, and take that best of all cough remedies, Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, it speedily cures all throat and lung troubles of adults or children. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Friends of efficient management and good Government work for Mr. Owens.

When Doctors Disagree, who shall Decide!

Nothing is more variable than the different opinions of medical men; but when they fail to agree, or to perform a cure in a chronic disease, the patient often decides for themselves, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, and speedily recover. It is the grand key to health that unlocks all the secretions, and liberates the slave from the captivity of disease.

It is generally admitted that a man who has proved himself unfit to manage his own business is not likely to manage well that of others, and conversely the successful business man is the kind of a man people would prefer to entrust with the care of their affairs, either public or private. The Messrs. Owens, of which our candidate is an active member, have established and built up a very large and prosperous business which bears witness to their energy and capacity.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters.—*Vanda News.*

VOTE FOR OWENS.

Mr. George Washington Stephens, who opposes Mr. C. Peers Davidson, Q. C., in Montreal Centre, is reported by the *Star* to have said that he was a "Liberal" and a protectionist. Here is more straddle the fence. What is a Reformer anyway? Or failing that, what is Mr. George Washington Stephens.—*Cornwall Reporter.*

VOTE FOR OWENS A COUNTY MAN.

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*

DON'T VOTE FOR AN OUTSIDER.

Gray spent seven years in perfecting his "Elegy," but the time required to get a box of Esterbrook's Steel Pens is just long enough to send to the nearest stationer. Montreal agency, Robert Miller, Son & Co.

DEATH.

GLINES.—At Lachute, on the 11th inst., of inflammation of the bowels, George Glines, aged 77.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the County of Argenteuil.

Gentlemen:

Having been nominated by a large and influential meeting of the Liberal Conservative Electors of the County, as a Candidate for the representation of the County in the Provincial Legislature, I beg to present myself for your suffrages.

If honoured by your confidence, it would be my study to so act as to promote the best interests of this County in particular, and of the Province generally.

I believe that in the present position of the Province a policy of economy and retrenchment is essential. I am pleased to know that the Government have since their accession to office accomplished something in this direction, and I should, if elected, give every assistance to the carrying out of this policy.

Much has been done in the last two years, in the way of attracting the attention of foreign capitalists to this Province, and I believe important results are certain to follow the efforts in that direction, in the developing of the material interests of the Province. The Government to whom we are indebted for these efforts, I think, should be sustained by the people.

If elected, my best efforts would be directed to secure a fair and equitable distribution of money for colonization purposes, such amendments to the School Laws as may be necessary to improve the elementary schools of this Province. The wise and careful administration of the finances, and such a disposition of our Provincial railway as would secure its efficient working in the public interests, and develop one of the important results expected from it by constituting it a training school for *our people* in Railway business, and render it a valuable source of revenue to the Province.

On the subject of the Legislative Council about which so much has been said, I would be glad to see such legislation as would render it less expensive. Already by the action of that body itself something has been done in this direction, and I think in view of the popular expression on the subject something more may be accomplished.

In a word, if elected, my earnest efforts will be used to assist in everything calculated to promote the material interests and social well being of the people of this Province.

Respectfully soliciting your support at the polls,

I remain yours &c.,
W. OWENS.

Stonefield, Nov. 7th, 1881.

Aux Electeus Libres et Independants du COMTE D'ARGENTEUIL

Messieurs:

Ayant été choisi, comme candidat à la Législature Provinciale pour représenter le Comté, a une assemblée nombreuses et influente des Electeurs libéraux conservateurs, je viens soliciter votre suffrage.

Si vous m'honorez de votre confiance, je m'efforcerai de travailler à la promotion des intétêts du Comté en particulier et de la Province en général.

Je suis d'opinion, que dans les circonstances présentes, la Province requiert une politique d'economie et de retranchement. Je vois avec plaisir, que, depuis son ascention au pouvoir, le gouvernement à accompli quelque chose a cet effet. Et, si élu, je donnerai toute mon influence pour aider à ces projets.

Beaucoup a été fait, durant ces deux dernières années, à l'effet d'attrier les capiteaux étrangers en ce pays; et je pense qu'il en résultera des conséquences importantes dans l'intérêt matériel de la Province. Le gouvernement, qui nous à procuré ces avantages, doit je crois recevoir le support populaire.

Si je suis élu, je ferai tout en mon pouvoir pour faciliter une division juste et équitable des fonds de la colonisation; et toute amendement aux lois d'éducation à l'effet d'ameliorer le system d'écoles elementaires en cette Province; l'administration sage et prudente de nos finances; et toute loi tendant a l'administration efficace de nos chemins de fer, dans l'intèrêt public et au developement des résultats importants, que j'en attendais, en devenant une école d'instruction pour notre peuple en matière de chemins de fer et le rendant une source de revenus considérables à cette Province.

Quand au Conseil Législatif, dont nous avons tant entendu parler, je voudrais qu'il devienne moins dispendieux à la Province. Déjà par l'action de ce corps, il à déjà été fait quelques choses dans ce but, et pense qu'avec l'expression du sentiment populaire plus peut être fait.

En un mot, si je suis élu, je ferai tout en mon pouvoir, pour assister toute législation tendant à promouvoir les intérets matériaux et sociaux et le bien être du peuple de la Province.

Tout en sollicitant humblement votre vote aux polls.

Je demeure votre etc.
W. OWENS.

Stonefield, 7 Novembre, 1881.

GEO. L. MEIKLE

invites parties needing supplies for
FALL & WINTER'S USE
to call and enquire his prices before purchasing elsewhere, when they will be convinced, from the
Very Low Prices
at which all kinds of goods are offered, that
MEIKLE'S CASH STORE
IS THE
Cheapest Spot
to deal in.

Just received some fine LABRADORE HERRINGS, either in barrels or halves. As every barrel is inspected, Labradore parties may feel certain of getting a good article.

MEN'S ROCK ISLAND BOOTS, hand made. Remember when buying Rock Island boots to ask for the Star brand, if you want to be certain of getting the best boot.

A large stock of LADIES' FUR CAPS, MUFFS and BOAS. LADIES' ULSTER CLOTH in all grades and colors, from 95 cts. to $2.00. Best value in the market.

LADIES' BLACK CLOTH JACKETS at small advance on cost. In DRESS GOODS the stock will be found very complete, embracing all prices, from ten-cent WINCEYS, up to finest CASHMERES and ALL-WOOL GOODS. GREY COTTONS and TICKINGS at city prices. MEN'S OVERCOATINGS at prices to suit all parties. TWEEDS and HEAVY STUFFS, from 75 cents and upwards, of choice new patterns.

TAR PAPER, GLASS and PUTTY very cheap. A few VERY SERVICEABLE GUNS for sale at a great bargain. All

MARKETABLE PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS, and goods given in exchange at same prices as for cash.

WANTED
500 BRACE OF PARTRIDGES,
also
A Car-load of TURKEYS and GEESE,
as soon as the weather becomes cold enough to freeze them solid before bringing them to market.

Remember MEIKLE'S CASH STORE is the place to get a good quality of goods at the lowest rates 12 2

THE CONTINENTAL
Clothing Store,
66 BONAVENTURE ST.,
MONTREAL,
is the
Cheapest Place In The City
to buy your custom and ready-made clothing and gents' furnishings.

We are Selling a Good Overcoat for $3.50.
" " Ulster $4.50.

In our custom department may be found a
FINE ASSORTMENT
OF
Woollens & Tweeds
from which we are making some of the best fitting suits ever shown in Canada.
Best value for your money in Canada.

SMITH & CO.
v5n61y

SAW LOGS WANTED

Wanted all the spruce, pine, hemlock, ash, and other saw logs that we can get. Good prices will be paid, and contracts entered into for delivery at the mills in winter, or by river in summer.

FISH & IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

Grain Wanted.

Wanted all the wheat, oats, barley, corn, peas, rye, black buckwheat, and white beans that we can get, for which the highest cash price will be paid.

FISH & IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th 1881.

FOR SALE

Strong bakers' flour, good family flour, Graham flour, cracked wheat, pot barley, oatmeal, buckwheat flour, tea by the chest, cattie or lb., sugars, coffees, spices, herrings, pork, hams, and general groceries, all at lowest cash prices.

FISH & IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO
Get a Bargain.
WATCHES
OF ALL KINDS
VERY CHEAP.
VERY LARGE ASSORTMENTS.
All kinds of
JEWELLERY,
SILVER NECKLETS & LOCKETS,
GENTS' CHAINS.
Fine assortment of
GOLD & SILVER RINGS,
EARRINGS and
BROOCHES.
STUDS IN GREAT VARIETY.
C. W. HUGHES,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.

Mr. Hughes will remove to Mr. Cleland's new store on 1st December, opposite Mr. Meikle. v5n11y

Farm for Sale.

LOT NO. 8, IN THE 2ND CONCESSION of Thomas' Gore, containing about 90 acres, 20 of which are cleared, the rest well wooded. Apply to

10 3in JAMES BECKHAM.

School Teacher Wanted.

SCHOOL TEACHER WANTED FOR School Section No. 2, Brittonville, Morin. Apply to

WM. BURNS,
Sec.-Treas.
Morin Flats, Oct. 26th, 1881. 10 3in

Work and vote for Mr. Owens, who supports a Government composed of men of ability necessary to grapple with the finances and other offices of the Province.

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 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.

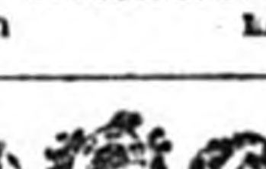
Drawing Classes.

Mrs. BOND,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.

MRS. BOND purposes opening classes for Painting in oils, water colors, monochromatic, crayon and pencil Drawing; also Painting on satin and china, work very fashionable in England and the United States.

References: Dr. Jenkins, D.D., Montreal. W. Wilson, Esq., 327 Pearl street, New York. Address P. O. box 194

n10 4in LACHUTE.



CANADIAN PACIFIC R'WAY.

EMORY'S BAR TO PORT MOODY.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West end of Contract 61, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to give Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge of the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C.P.R."

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. n10 12in

EVERY ONE

Interested in the lumber trade should subscribe for THE

CANADA LUMBERMAN,

the only paper of the kind published in the Dominion, and the recognised organ of the trade.

The Lumberman is a large four column, 16 page, semi-monthly journal, devoted exclusively to the lumbering interests of Canada, which is now entering upon the second year of its publication and in which the publishers, guided by the experience of the past, hope to make important improvements during 1842.

The Lumberman offers special facilities to advertisers, reaching those engaged in this important industry, as it has already secured a very large circulation among those in whose interest it is published. For specimen copies, rates of advertising, &c., &c., address

TOKER & CO.,
Publishers,
PETERBOROUGH.

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. v5n61y

—VICTORIA—
BUCHU & UVA URSI
THE GREAT SPECIFIC
FOR ALL
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS
AND
URINARY ORGANS.

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. Beattie, Farmers Exchange.

GREECE'S POINT.

Heaney, Stewart & Co.
Waddle Brothers.
W. Forman.
Mrs. M. Rippon.

CHATHAM.

J. Cushing.

CHATBORO.

C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.

E. Leblanc.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.

A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
14tf LACHUTE BAKERY.

NOTICE.

ARGENTEUIL VETERINARY OFFICE,
ST. ANDREWS.

I beg to inform the public that this office will be closed until March next, as I am returning to Montreal Vet. Med. College for some other degrees.

I remain, yours,
F. PAQUIN.
n29 3in

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

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
478 & 420 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.
Manufacturer and Importer, Lamps & Brackets. Coal oil Chandeliers &c.
FINE AMERICAN KEROSENES.
3 m-1

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

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. 14, 1881. v5n81y

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.

v5n61y

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.

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.

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Daniel Gray.

If ever I shall win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called among the gifted,
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
"Help us, oh Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering and to conquer" rounded
The loftier aspiration of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him,
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes of rarest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous word for sin of every kind;
Alas! that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

TO SIS.

A Delightful Homily with a Broad Application.

Come here, Sis, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. That is right; sit clear at the other end of the sofa. It makes more room for my gout and corns, besides being a good habit for a young lady to become addicted to. Always pander to this habit, and you will in time find yourself walking through green meadows and beside the still waters of self-respect. You may be walking alone, to be sure, but you will have fewer lawn dresses to do up on Monday morning. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it and shake your skirts and tell it to "shoo," as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster cans and pieces of barrel staves at it, as you did at the cow yesterday. But I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You don't imagine how it will brighten her dear old face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she had kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And along through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she has routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during these last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to you to be more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face. She will leave you one of these days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late. There, there, don't cry; she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you feel so badly you might go down and finish them, and let her change her dress and rest an hour before dinner. And after dinner you might do up the dishes while she takes a little nap. Then you might take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and fuss to make little spit curls as you used to do with yours, but give it a good brushing and wind it up gently and tenderly, as if you enjoyed doing it for her. The young man down in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience, you may explain to him that you feel under more obligations to your mother than you do to him. If this does not seem to satisfy him, ask him how many times he has got up in the middle of the night to warm peppermint for you when you were dying of the colic, or how many times he has carried you up and down the room just because you would not be quieted any other way. Ask him to repeat Mother Hubbard backwards, and if he is unable to do so it will be proof positive that he is not the one who has repeated it, and explained to you 1,700 times. Catechise him to find out if he is the one who gave you the black silk dress, and sat up at night to make it while you were off having a good time. Corner him up and make him admit that he went without a new bonnet last winter that you might enjoy a $12 one that you admired so much. Wring from him a confession that he has a stitch in his side, brought there by doing up your finery week after week. Then show him out the front door, put on a calico apron, and go out and help your mother pick currants for jelly, and I guarantee you will think more of yourself, the world will think more of you, and you will be happier and better for having done so.

As the villain in a play at Bradford was stealing towards his unwitting victim with a handkerchief soaked in chloroform, a gallery god who was carried away in his sympathy for the hero, shouted in a loud voice, "Look out." The roar that followed shook the opera house and completely unnerved the villain.

PERILS OF THE AIR.

A Balloon Easily Managed During the Night.

The intrepid æronaut, S. A. King, gives to an *Inter-Ocean* reporter some incidents of his recent remarkable experience in ballooning and tramping through a cranberry swamp in Minnesota. The interviewer asked:

"You at no time lost your self-possession?"

"The feeling is one I could not entertain for myself for one moment: for the very moment I begin to get alarmed in ballooning I am going to quit it. It is true we cannot yet reduce the business to a certain science, but with a due amount of skill, and experience especially, the old air sailor feels considerable confidence in his power to weather storms and make port safely."

"Well, Professor, what was the main discovery of the voyage aside from any scientific results that your companion of the Signal Service Surveys may yet report to the office at Washington?"

"The fact that a balloon shows a disposition to float at a permanent altitude during the night time was never more fully or more beautifully illustrated on any trip that I have taken than this. In this balloon there was so small an escape of gas—almost nothing at night—that all night long we remained suspended as if it were a cloud that held us equi-distant from the earth, or as if we were floating on the top of some denser medium than the air. There was no discharge of ballast nor loss of gas; we neither ascended nor descended, but kept steadily along at one height until morning. This was quite a singular feature, because usually a balloon in its voyage is constantly rising and falling. Its progress is marked by a steady series of ups and downs, gas overflowing—ballast discharged—and so over again, until the sand is all exhausted."

"How do you account for this phenomenon?"

"I had heretofore found the same effects in clouds, but not out of them, nor can I give a satisfactory explanation. It has always been the fact, however, that balloons can be better governed in the night than in the day; but I never found a balloon before that could be managed so easily, except in clouds. Not a cloud, however, varied the expanse of air on the night of Thursday and Friday. The moon was in her last quarter, and it was bright starlight, and all night long we had an unobstructed view of the ground, and a weirdly grand panorama it was."

Knights of the Maccabees.

The dispute between the two branches of the Order has been carried into the Court of Chancery in London. The branch bringing the suit allege that McGloghlan, the founder of the Order, was expelled, but he holds that they have cut off from the original body, of which he remains the head. Some time ago McGloghlan gave notice of a meeting in Toronto, but was prevented from holding it by the injunction of the court. He conducts a newspaper, and, it is alleged, has libelled several of his opponents. He also holds the seal of the Order, as well as some $200 of funds, and the opposition branch claim that he is doing so illegally. They entered a suit in Chancery to restrain him from holding office, and to force him to give up the seal and money. The case occupied Thursday and yesterday and the argument was lengthy and full. Mr. W. R. Meredith fought hard for his client. Mr. Blake asked to amend his bill, and the decree was given by His Lordship, after a thorough review of the case, in these words: "The bill is amended by making the Supreme Tent co-plaintiffs. The injunction is continued. The defendant is further restrained from preventing plaintiffs from getting the money; he is to give up the seal and pay the costs."

A Straight Man.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

It used to be all the fashion with lecturers to have the mayor of the town or some other prominent citizen introduce them to the audience as a send off, and upon one occasion in the years gone by when the temperance lecturer struck a certain town in Michigan, not over fifty miles from Detroit, the Mayor stood up before the audience and began:

"Ladies and—and—ladies and—and—"

"Gentlemen," whispered the lecturer.

"Yes, of course—ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to—to—I have the honor to—to—"

"Introduce," again whispered the lecturer.

"That's the checker—I have the honor to introduce you to the notorious—'m, the honorable—the honorable—Mister—Mister——"

Here occurred another painful pause, during which the Mayor walked over and asked the lecturer his name.

"Simpkins," was the reply.

"I have the honor to introduce," he repeated, as he walked back, "the honorable Mister—Mister—hang it! I never could remember a name two minutes! It's of no account, however. He and I have been playing poker all the afternoon at the hotel, and I give you my word that he is as straight as a ten-foot pole. Get up, Judge, and shoot off your lecture!"

A Fatal Fall in Leap-Frog.

In the catalogue of games known to the average boy there is one that has always enjoyed extraordinary popularity, commonly called leap-frog. The peculiar character of this game is sufficient to indicate that it was intended for the male sprouts of the rising generation exclusively. The coroner had a sad case to dispose of yesterday, which demonstrated most conclusively that the girl who plays the game does it at the peril of her life. Elizabeth E. Zeller, a young girl residing at No. 2,001 De Kalb street, left her home gay and happy last Saturday afternoon for school. In the evening she came home with a bruise on her forehead, which she said was only a scratch she had sustained while playing leap-frog with a number of other girls. The girls, she explained to her mother, arranged themselves in a row, and she succeeded in making all the leaps but one without the slightest difficulty. When she attempted to leap over the shoulders of the last girl in the row her dress caught on the girl's head, and caused her to fall head foremost to the ground. Nothing more was thought of the accident by her friends, and the leap-frog game was scarcely mentioned until Tuesday, when it was recalled to memory by the girl's anxious mother, as soon as the girl returned home from school in the afternoon and complained of a severe headache and began to vomit. These symptoms were followed by a chill. On Wednesday morning the severe pain that shot through her head caused her to moan and scream, so great was her suffering. She lingered with a consuming fever until Wednesday noon, when she died. The coroner held an inquest on her body yesterday, and rendered as his verdict that the deceased came to her death from congestion of the brain, following accidental concussion. It was a sad enough case to warn girls against leap-frog in the future. The girl was on the eve of her eleventh year, a bright child, affectionate, kind, beloved by all her associates, and idolized by her grief-stricken mother.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Ontario Government at Council meeting yesterday evening appointed Rev. Wm. Inglis, M.A., to the position of Librarian, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. S. J. Watson. Mr. Inglis is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, though he has not been engaged in actual ministerial work for some time. He has been prominently connected with journalism for a number of years, and is at present editor of the *Canada Presbyterian.*

THE COAL BUG.

A Wasteful Insect Dangerous to Human Life.

An entomologist has discovered what he terms the coal bug or the *cimex anthracitus.* Professor Otto Hechelmeyer, who has been interviewed on the subject by a reporter of the Philadelphia *Record*, makes the following startling statement: He said that, taking the result of Professor Agassiz's discoveries in mid-ocean, where he found that minute corpuscles threw off their shells, and these, growing together, formed immense deposits, it is not surprising that Professor Rodagaah, of Stockholm, whom he met in Gettingen last year, should appear with a new species of bug, which might be considered as a descendant of the pre-historic tree bug and which is now found in coal in great quantities and threatens to undermine many valuable coal beds. "It is very noticeable," said Professor Hechelineyer, "that the so-called coal dust is peculiar on account of its round appearance. Upon examination with the microscope it is found that these particles are covered with millions of these *cimex anthracitus.* Each one is about the size of the head of a needle, flat in appearance, and are plentiful at the bottom of coal veins, from whence they work their way to the top, making holes in the mineral and rendering it almost unfit for use. The male is of grey black color, and has six spots on his back. The female is bread and has nine spots. But why these spots vary in the sexes is something that has puzzled the scientific men who have examined them." The professor went on at length to give a description of these bugs and their evil propensities. He said that coal oil was but another form of these insects, but that in this liquid state they had become crushed, and those that escaped forced their way to the surface, where they were found. "You have often noticed," said the professor, "that when coal is first placed upon a fire, or when it is ignited, there is a crackling, hissing noise, and pieces fly about in the grate or range. That is caused by the death struggles of these insects. The more of these there are in coal the quicker it burns. Housekeepers often wonder why it is that one ton of coal will last longer than another. The cause of this is easily explained—one has more of the *cimex anthracitus* in it than the other. Boarding-house keepers who purchase cheap coal pay half for coal and the other half for a load of these awful insects as a general thing. Servant girls, stokers in fire-rooms and housewives cannot be too careful when moving about a coal pile, for if one of these minute creatures should get upon their clothing or flesh the former would be eaten into holes quicker than by moths. When they become attached to the skin of a person they burrow in, and, burying themselves, multiply fast, producing a white swelling, which eventually results in a softening of the bones and a horrible death. Coal miners who imbibe large quantities of whiskey are never attacked by these insects. The only method yet known to kill these bugs in a coal pit is to sprinkle a bucketful of chloride of lime solution over it, the proportion being about one bucket to a ton of coal.

The "Girondin" Disinfectant.

The virtues of this disinfectant, to which we have heretofore called attention, were fully shown on the occasion of the recent burning of the Fourth avenue car stables, where some 200 horses perished, the stench from their bodies, when uncovered, being almost unbearable. The "Girondin," however, proved equal to the task of disinfecting the half-roasted carcases so that it was possible for workmen to remove them without danger to themselves or the residents of that part of the city. The disinfectant has been adopted by the Board of Education, as well as the Fire and Police Departments of Brooklyn, for use in the buildings under their charge.—*Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, Nov. 2nd.*

If Dr. Crothers, Superintendent of the Hartford Inebriate Asylum, is correct in his observations and contentions, a new species of insanity plea will be advanced, and made to hold good in regard to a certain class of offences. Dr. Crothers recently told the Medico-Legal Society of New York that there is a trance state following inebriety, in which the patient is legally and practically irresponsible for his acts. His conduct in that condition is purely automatic, and he has no knowledge of what he is doing or recollection of it afterward. Dr. Crothers gave details drawn from his study of sixty two cases that had come under his care. In some of these cases a customary routine would be followed automatically. In other cases strange, inconsistent and purposeless acts would be done. Some of the cases cited were very curious. An atheist physician would turn up at religious meetings, pray and exhort fervently, fill the church people with joy over his conversion, and, on recovery from the trance, had no recollection of his behavior, and was angry and mortified on hearing of it. A bashful farmer used to go courting only in this trance state. Wife beating, bigamy, forgery, horse stealing, and homicide have been committed in this trance state, and the offender was unconscious of the act, and according to Dr. Crothers not responsible for it. Converts of Moody or Murphy have often been trance victims, ignorant of what they were doing. A United States Senator took the pledge at a gospel temperance meeting, and has ever since denied any knowledge of having done so. The defence often heard from inebriates, that they were ignorant of the crimes charged upon them, should, Dr. Crothers thinks, receive consideration, and should be subjected to competent medical investigation.—*Hamilton Times.*

It was lately said in the New York *Times* that "with the exception of the Rosebery espousals the Rothschild family have interbred in the closest manner until one would think that, according to the accepted rules of consanguinity, all the dangers arising from such family alliances would become manifest." Baron Nathan Meyer de Rothschild, of London, married a daughter of Mr. Cohen, of London. Sir Anthony married a daughter of Mr. Abraham Montefiore, of London. Sir Anthony's sister, Hannah de Rothschild, forty years ago married Henry Fitzroy, an uncle of the present Lord Southampton, and left by him a daughter, now the wife of Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., the well-known founder of the Grosvenor Gallery; and the two daughters of Sir Anthony de Rothschild married, one Mr. Eliot Yorke, a son of Lord Hardwicke, and the other Mr. Cyril Flower. All these marriages long preceded "the Rosebery espousals."

The New York *Sun* thinks Mr. Freeman should not have characterised as un-English the word "rare," as applied to meat insufficiently cooked, because Dryden says:

New-laid eggs with Baucis' busy care.
Turned by a gentle fire and roasted rare.

That the Mormons had a genuine fear of President Garfield's avowed hostility to polygamy is proved by their actions and utterances at the time of his death. A private letter from Salt Lake City says that when Garfield died Mormons openly expressed their joy upon the streets.

Our Kingston correspondent telegraphs that Mr. Donald Fraser, who has been Manager of the Merchants' Bank since 1872, has been offered the position of Inspector. Mr. Fraser's successor will be Mr. G. E. Hague, a son of the General Manager. He assumes his duties to-day.

About President Garfield's grave are to be planted a weeping beech, a pyramidal oak, a buckeye and silver fir.

TIMELY ADVICE.

How to Treat a Child While Under Great Fear.

(New York Post.)

"Mamma," called out a little boy the other night, after he had been snugly tucked up in bed, and was supposed to be far on the way toward sleep—"mamma, I'm afraid, my blouse hangs by the window, and it puts things in my mind that frightens me!"

"You are not afraid when you know it is your blouse that puts the fears in your mind?"

"Yes; and I can't help it, mamma."

There were two ladies sitting in the room below who heard the boy's words. One said:

"How perfectly absurd! What won't a child do to get his mother to come up stairs to him? I really think he ought to be punished for making up such a story as that."

The other, happily, was the boy's mother, and she said—but without going to him: "If you are afraid of the things in your mind you may get out of bed, light your candle and take the blouse down; you can look after you put the light out and see that there is nothing at the window to frighten a good boy."

She remembered, as if it were but yesterday, a night, a great many years ago, when she lay trembling, a horrified child, whose mother was dead and there was no one in the wide world to whom she dare to say that the lights and shadows made by the moonlight coming through a broken slat in the blind were so frightful to her that she could not sleep, but lay holding her breath and almost smothering beneath the clothes. She felt sure that her own little 6 year-old boy was suffering from the same unreasonable terror, at which he would laugh in the morning when he would awake and see his blue blouse waiting for him. The child, taking his mother's advice, and lighting the candle, which a kindly freak of fashion allowed him to have, removed the cause of his terror, put out the light and went back to his bed, and in a very few minutes a profound silence indicated that he was fast asleep.

One can easily feel sympathy for what may seem like an absurd whim in a child if he or she has paid any attention to the literature of nervousness, and knows anything of the various ways in which strong-minded men have been afflicted by hallucinations, or have been annoyed as was the old carpenter who, when sick, called his son to his bedside and asked him to make a shelf that was in his room perfectly true, and when the son remonstrated, he said: "Trouble's trouble; that shelf must be changed."

It is to be deplored that mothers, and all those who have the care of children, do not possess their confidence, and be enabled by the knowledge thus gained to prevent a morbid condition of the mind, which it may take years to outgrow.

EXTRAORDINARY CHURCH SCENE.

Many of the Congregation Poisoned by a Gas Escape.

A melodrama not included in the order of services was provided last Sunday in the North Church of Linn, Mass. The furnace fires had been lighted that morning for the first time this season, and the flues, not doing their duty, a great volume of coal gas gradually escaped into the church. It accumulated in an insidious manner, and no one seemed to be aware of its presence until just as the services were ending. Then the doors were opened as usual, and suddenly for some reason the poison took effect. No fewer than twenty persons dropped down helplessly in different parts of the room, and scores of worshippers were more or less affected. The church was finally cleared, and those who had been entirely overcome were laid in rows upon the lawn, where they gradually recovered their senses. No one was fatally injured by the poisonous gas, but it is thought that the attendance at divine worship the coming Sunday will be materially diminished.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

Some Remarkable Revelations—Three Peculiar Studies of a French Physician.

Startling revelations about the human voice have been made by a French physician. Careful experiments convinced him that both among animals and birds the voice is more sharp and piercing than in the higher species of races. The ancients also (he says) had more shrill voices than late generations—a fact which he probably ascertained by means of the phonograph used by Homer and dug up somewhere by Schliemann. If we add to these facts the consideration that in the individual too, the voice gradually changes from soprano to tenor and through baritone to bass, it would follow (as a corollary of the Darwinian law that the development of the individual is a recapitulation of that of the race) that in course of time tenors and sopranos are destined to disappear altogether, leaving only altos and bassos. Right here comes in the use of the phonograph. The last surviving sopranos and tenors will doubtless be employed by government to devote their life to singing into the phonograph for the benefit of future generations, who would otherwise be deprived of this luxury. And thus Edison's name will be cleared of the awful imputation that in the phonograph he invented a mere scientific toy. But our Frenchman has some further observations to make. Blondes, he says, usually have higher voices than brunettes, which is borne out by the observation that sopranos and tenors are usually light, bassos and altos of dark complexion. Among earnest and intelligent folk bass voices prevail, while the frivolous are tenors. Before dinner, too, the voice is higher than after dinner, a circumstance which compels tenors to dine early, in order to preserve the high pitch of their voice. Finally, the use of spirituous liquors leads to congestion of the larynx, wherefore tenors must be sparing in their use of them, while bassos may drink and eat as much as they please.

Terrible Suffering of Soldiers.

Immense sensation has been excited in France by the letters from northern Africa printed in a late number of the *Gazette Medicale* describing the condition of the medical departments of the armies in Tunis and Algiers. In one hospital, which had been established for three months, the sick were lying in their clothes, side by side, on the ground. There were but two basins for the use of eighty men sick with typhoid fever, and the doctors had hardly any medicines at all to give them. In another hospital the bed coverings could not be washed for want of water, and men already exhausted by sickness were placed on the rugs in which men had lately died of typhus fever. In another letter we read of a doctor being left for ten days in charge of a party of forty-six sick and wounded men, with only three days' provisions, and no drugs, except a solution of morphia and a small packet of glycerine; while at another place the misery of the sick was so great that the officers of the garrison themselves subscribed to buy food, medicine and bedding for them.

Rev. S. D. Hinman, missionary among the Santee Indians of Dakota, is suing Bishop Hare for libel. The alleged libel consists of the Bishop having said that Mr. Hinman was a profligate.

Sojourner Truth, a colored temperance agitator now operating in Chicago, says she knows many temperance people who, though they profess to be temperate, chew tobacco and smoke.

President Grevy ekes out an existence on a salary of $200,000 a year.

THE NEW TAY BRIDGE.

Progress of a Notable Engineering Enterprise.

The plans for the new bridge over the Tay, from Newport on the Fife side to Dundee on the Forfar side, have now been finally adjusted with the British Board of Trade, and steps are being taken that the erection of the bridge may be immediately commenced. It is now universally admitted that the greatest objection to the old bridge was the weakness and general flimsiness of the structure, through being constructed on single narrow pillars to bear only one line of rails. This was done because the Caledonian Railway would not join the North British in the cost of its erection, and to prevent the former company claiming running powers over it. This difficulty has been got over, and the new bridge is to have a double line of rails. Another improvement which it will have over the old bridge is that it will not be so high. The "Fair City of Perth" strongly objected to the old-bridge being erected on the ground that it would greatly impede, or obstruct, sailing vessels up the Tay to that city. To evade this objection the bridge was constructed higher than there was any necessity for. Strange to say, the same city has been most energetic in its endeavors to get this new bridge still farther reduced in height. Considerable improvements have also been introduced in the general lay off, or route, of the bridge, and apparently every precaution taken against all winds that can possibly blow, even in that land of hurricanes. In designing the old bridge the engineers seem to have been most afraid of the strong east winds which there sweep uninterruptedly from the ocean, while it was a west wind that caused its destruction. Some people were afraid that the new bridge was not intended to be really a new one, but merely a tinkering up of the old bridge. There is no ground, however, for such an alarm, as the old one is in no way to be used, except where practicable, as scaffolding, and will be taken down as the new one proceeds. In all, the new bridge will contain eighty-four arches, from land to land. Commencing from the Fife side there will be first four brick covered-in arches, then follow girder arches resting on malleable iron pillars to the Dundee side, and then more girder arches resting on cast-iron pillars. These arches vary in width from 245 feet to 68 feet. Eleven are 245 feet, two are 227 feet, one 162 feet, thirteen are 145 feet, ten are 129 feet 6 inches, one is 127 feet 6 inches, ten are 120 feet, one is 118 feet, twenty-five are 71 feet, two are 70 feet and four are 68 feet, beside the four brick arches. Four arches in the centre are 77 feet in height above high water mark. Great precaution has been taken against the action of the very strong river and tidal current which flows there. The pillars supporting the girders will rest upon a foundation of cast-iron cylinders, filled in with concrete, to within two feet of low water mark. From that point to eight feet above high water mark the foundation will be of brick, and will also be filled in with concrete. Excepting those in the very centre each arch will have four girders. Those in the centre will have only two. The double line of rails will be laid within them, as in the old bridge. The superstructure again is of wrought-iron plates, varying in thickness from three-eighths to seven-eighths of an inch, all firmly braced together. On each side there will be a parapet five feet high, which, besides adding to the beautiful appearance of the bridge, will help to break the force of the wind. The old bridge during its brief existence was very popular with the travelling public. Her Majesty the Queen passed over it shortly before its destruction. With a double line of rails, and every appearance of greater stability and safety, the new one will be still more popular.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE CLOSED.

The death is announced of Alexander Macdonald, Liberal Member of Parliament for Stafford, England. Deceased has had a most eventful career. He began life as a miner, his father having also followed that occupation in the coal pits of Lanarkshire, Scotland. He began to work when but a mere child, educating a miner's child in those days being regarded as a useless proceeding. Before he had reached manhood however, Macdonald developed a love of reading, and by earnest study, with what books he could lay his hands on, spelt his way to considerable knowledge. At this time the miners of both England and Scotland worked long hours and were paid wages not at all commensurate with their arduous, disagreeable vocation. Macdonald soon became a leader among his fellows. He inaugurated local unions among the miners, then he extended his influence to the formation of county associations, and eventually the entire mining community in Scotland and afterwards in England moved whenever he saw fit to counsel it. By his advice over 100,000 men have been known to strike at one time, and a word from him has set them all at work again. For years, he has been Secretary of the Miners' Associations, devoting his entire time and attention to the welfare of his constituents. He has enjoyed a handsome salary, and by his savings amassed enough of wealth to leave to his family an estate in his native county. Latterly, he has represented in Parliament the town of Stafford, and he was one of the few members who had his salary paid by his constituents. It has been said that Macdonald's whole course of action was dictated by selfish motives, and his later stylish mode of life is contrasted with his early efforts to secure the welfare of his fellow-miners. Be that as it may, the miners of England and Scotland are indebted to his early efforts on their behalf for much of the privileges which they now enjoy. When he began the agitation to secure the amelioration of their condition, they were little better than serfs. At the present time they have achieved an influence in the community which makes itself felt whenever they choose to exercise it. Their social condition, too, exhibits a remarkable improvement when compared with what it was a quarter of a century ago.

Texts for Saturday Night.

There is no dignity in idleness.

Impudence is not independence.

Do not be impatient for notoriety.

There is no calamity like ignorance.

This world belongs to the energetic.

Do not despise another because of poverty.

You can be decided without being offensive.

Do not hold the opinions of others in contempt.

Do not occupy time or room that belongs to another.

It is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.

The wish of your parents should be lovingly regarded.

Scepticism is no evidence of learning or independence.

Idleness is the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.

Do not sow wild oats unless you wish to reap that kind of a harvest.

In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.

It is a good rule to find out whether it is bread or stone before you bite it.

The will of a man who died in Berks County, Penn., the other day, contained this clause: "And I further disinherit and prohibit from participation in the distribution of my estate such of my male descendants as persist in wearing moustaches."

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—Take care of your habits and your health will take care of itself.

—Why tarrieth the milkman at the fountain? To see the milk made, of course.

—This country is never without its evil. Just about the time the fly disappears politics begin to get active.

—No, "Matilda," a woman is not a thief when she hooks a dress. Some one has been cruelly deceiving you, darling.

—Tom Slobson told his girl he was "going to give her the sack," and she, dear innocent girl, thought he meant a sealskin.

—What is the difference between an impecunious tramp and a deceased money-lender? One is dead broke and the other is dead broker.

—Toronto street cars now have compressed air when they are driven. They compress the air by jamming the car full of passengers.

—When a man has a husky voice be charitable and take it for granted that he has a hard cold. Don't be mean enough to think him drunk.

—The use of a proper disinfectant in your homes was never so urgent as now. At this time of the year fevers and contagious diseases always increase.

—The remains of Mr. George Cannon Duff (late of this city) were brought here by the G. W. R. from London this morning, and the funeral was very well attended.

—Great care should be taken in putting up stoves to have the pipes properly secured at the chimney. Serious fires often occur through lack of attention to this particular

—A lady passenger on a New York Central train threw some peach-stones from a car window near Corfu and with them two rings valued at $775. They were not recovered.

—Clam-juice is said to be good for indigestion. Lots of things good for indigestion; clams themselves, for instance. What the suffering people want is something good for digestion.

—"The only two men of the present century who knew what they desired and willed it strongly," says an English critic, "have been Bismarck and Cavour. The one created Italy, the other Germany."

Western brakeman—"The train is now about to enter the State of Missouri. Gentlemen who have not provided themselves with carbines will pass forward into the locomotive and crawl into the tender."

—Mr. John Regan, living at Riverside, Toronto, was found dead on Friday night on the sidewalk about 100 yards from his home. He was troubled with heart disease, and in running to catch a passing street car, dropped dead.

—The *Commercial Traveller* says that drummers have now a craze for wearing skull caps, and they often, when staying at hotels, don a red woollen nightcap, such as their grandfathers slept in, on arrival and wear it throughout the evening.

—"In fact, my lord, he's quite a St. Paul," said a gentleman interceding with Bishop Blomfield, of London, for an able but impecunious divine, not unfamiliar with the inside of debtors' prisons. "Ah," rejoined the prelate, "in prisons oft."

—Do you know why some people who call themselves candid are always saying abusive things? Here is the reason plainly given:

'Tis clear why Twister, wretched rat,
Always abusive in his chatter;
He's truly such a thorough flat,
We can't expect to see him flatter.

—A very heavy fog hung over the city last night, and in spite of the attempts of the moon to shine through, objects could not be distinguished at a distance of more than twenty feet. The atmosphere was almost saturated with moisture, which dripped from the trees like rain.

—A family of German immigrants passed west the other day, consisting of father, mother, nine children, forty grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. Enough of them were married to make the entire party number ninety-five. If they could only have been got hold of by the Winnipeggers, what a conquest.

—Mitigated misery—"Go into the room and bring that cake off the table," said a mother to her son. "It's too dark; I'm afraid to go into the room." "Go right into that room this instant, or I'll go in and bring out the strap." "If—you—bring—out the—strap," replied the boy, sobbing, "bring the—cake along—too."

—An undergraduate, under examination, was missing question after question. At last the examiner got irritated, and said: "I declare I've got a dog at home that could answer the questions that have been given to you." "Have you, really, sir?" said the undergraduate, blandly. "May I ask if you would sell him?"

—Miss Aggie Thomson asks: "How do you fix castor-oil so that you do not taste it? I am told there is some way to do this." This is the way we fix it so that we do not taste. We mix it with some sugar and the white of an egg, in a glass, and bribe the office boy to drink it. This is the most successful way we have yet discovered.

—"You want to be free from whatever gives you annoyance," said the doctor to the sick man; "free from all causes of worry and nervous excitement, from everything that tends to produce mental distress or agitation." "Doctor!" exclaimed the petient, sitting bolt upright in bed and clasping his professional adviser's hand with enthusiasm, "put that in writing and I'll apply for a divorce at once."

—A Paris man "gave himself away" the worst kind in this city the other day. He came here on business, and put up at one of the first-class hotels. The clerk gave his baggage and the key to his room to a porter, who conducted the gentleman to the elevator. Closing the door they began to ascend, unperceived by the traveller. He eyed the four walls of the elevator a moment and exclaimed: "Take my baggage back to the office; you can't put me off in a room like this!"

HOW MOTHER SAID IT.

The baby has gone to school! Ah me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
With the little "hindering thing" away?

HOW TEACHER SAID IT.

Another baby here! Ah me!
What can a teacher do?
As if I hadn't trouble enough,
Here's more of it in brew.
I wish its mother, alack-a-day,
Had kept the "hindering thing" away.

—A French authority takes a lofty view of the dressmaker's vocation. She must have the artist's eye to judge of the effects of color, the sculptor's faculty for form that she may soften the outlines, turn the figure to the best advantage, and arrange drapery in harmonious folds. She must know history in order to take from different epochs particular details suitable to various styles of beauty, and to be sure of making no mistake in the matter of accessories; and she must be a poet to give grace and expression and character to the costumes.

A SOAPSUDS IDYL.

Her arms were white as milky curds;
Her speech was like the song of birds;
Her eyes were gray as mountain lakes
Where dream of shadow stirs and breaks.
Her gown was print—her name was Sally—
Her summer years were barely twenty—
She dropped the soap to glance and dally—
And then the dimples came in plenty!
I praised her fingers, dripping sweet,
Where warmth and whiteness seemed to meet—
I made her blush and made her pout,
And watched her wring the linen out.
Oh, to meet her in the valley,
Snatch her hand, and call her Sally
Oh, to find her on the hill,
Kiss, and call her Sally still!
Oh, to clasp her quite alone,
And call her Sally of one's own
Thyme and marjoram were sweet
All the lavender was blowing—
Through the honeysuckled wheat,
Bees were coming, bees were going.

A Slight Mistake.

A paragraph is now going the rounds of the press referring to certain changes alleged to have taken place in the Toronto press. This announcement is in part correct and partly incorrect. It is quite true that Mr. James Fahey and Mr. Kernaghan, of the Toronto *News*, have left the management of that paper; but it is a slight mistake to say, as most of our contemporaries have done, that Mr. Kernaghan has joined the staff of our excellent contemporary the Toronto *Telegram*. Mr. Kernaghan has, on the contrary, been engaged on the staff of the Winnipeg *Sun*, and will arrive this evening to enter upon his duties as city editor of this journal. Mr. Kernaghan's abilities in a special line are not equalled by any writer on the Dominion press. As a humorist he has few equals in America, and his treatment of satire or pathos is acknowledged to be unapproached in the circle in which he has moved. His poems have been, many of them, of exceptional merit, and that one in particular on the death of General Garfield was voluntarily commended by the venerable chief of American literature as the finest tribute that had been paid to the departed President. The work of Mr. Kernaghan's pen will, we have no doubt, soon make itself acquainted with the appreciation of a class of intelligent readers such as favor the *Sun* with the liberal support for which we are indebted.—*Winnipeg Sun.*

The Age of Advertising.

As an illustration of the extent and variety of the advertisements which crowd the columns of the well-patronized journals of the day, it has been said, with but little exaggeration, that if the whole of our modern civilization should pass away as completely as that of some of the ancient monarchies it would be possible for the historian of that distant future to reproduce in his pages all the most prominent features of its art and its literature, its politics and religion, its commerce and its trade, from the advertising columns of some of the great newspapers of our times. The very fact that the present is emphatically an advertising age shows how keenly the importance of the subject is appreciated and how strong is the general faith in this method of bringing the buyers and the sellers, the employer and the employed, and all the departments of the business world face to face with each other. So thoroughly is the present generation impressed with the value of advertising that it is no longer a question of how little a business man can do with, but how much he cannot do without; so that it is no longer to limit and abbreviate his business announcements, but rather to study to extend, amplify and vary them as much as possible. In these days it has become a recognized fact that the business man who does not advertise is lost, and thus, in the eager race of competition, the people of energy and the people who succeed seize upon every method of advertising themselves to the world which ingenuity can devise or enterprise suggest.

Ella Weather cared nothing for the young men of Lawrenceville, Ill., but for deviltry made several believe she was in love with them. One of her latest tricks was to invite Albert Micholls and John Tenehan to call on the same evening, telling each that the other was particularly odious to her, and amusing herself with the quarrel which she felt sure would arise. The result was more serious than words. The rivals had a fierce encounter, and Tenehan was killed.

Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer and restorer, as improved and perfected, challenges the world and stands without a rival among the hair dressings, and is a universal favorite with the ladies.

TRADE MARK
$600.00.
Six hundred dollars are hereby offered in special prizes at the leading fairs in Ontario and Quebec, 1882, by
Thorley Horse and Cattle Food Company
HAMILTON, Ont.
As follows: $150 cash at Canada's Great Fair, Toronto; $60 Great Central Fair, Hamilton; $30 Western Fair, London; $30 Port Hope; $15 Sherbrooke, P.Q.; $15 Ottawa; $15 Chatham; $15 Guelph; $10 Kingston; $10 Walkerton; and $10 at county fairs in the remaining counties in Ontario. For particulars, see circulars.
MANUFACTORY, HAMILTON, ONT.

EXAMINE Our method of teaching. Watch the progress of our students. Investigate our claim to have the most thorough and practical school in Canada, and before spending your money, satisfy yourself that the
BRITISH AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
TORONTO,
Is the place to learn business. No institution offers equal advantages to young men. Students enter at any time. For circular, and specimens of Penmanship,
Address the Secretary.

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE
is a sure, prompt and effectual remedy for Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Prostration, Night Sweats, Weakness and general Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Organs. The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY. The Medicine is pleasant to the taste, and in no case and under no circumstances can it do harm. Each box contains sufficient for two week's medication, this being much cheaper than any other medicine sold—and while it is the cheapest, it is much better. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address. Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50 cts. per box, or 12 boxes for $5, or will be mailed free of postage on receipt of the money, by addressing
(TRADE MARK.)
Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co.,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.
Sold by all druggists everywhere.

CURE FOR LIQUOR CRAVING, INDIGESTION and Costiveness. New remedy, samples 15 cents, mailed for stamps 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.

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

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. V. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, NOV. 25, 1881. NO. 13.

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 **SIMPSON & KERR.**

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. 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.,
130 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL. 16yl

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. 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.

Alas, So Long.

Ah! dear one, we were young so long
It seemed that youth would never go,
For skies and trees were ever in song
And water in singing flow
In the days we never again shall know.
Alas, so long!
Ah, then was it all spring weather?
Nay, but we were young and together.

Ah! dear one, I've been old so long,
It seems that age is loth to part,
Though days and years have never a song,
And oh! have they still the art
That warmed the pulses of heart to heart?
Alas, so long!
Ah, then was it all spring weather?
Nay, but we were young and together.

Ah! dear one, you've been dead so long—
How long until we meet again,
Where hours may never lose their song
Nor flowers forget the rain
In glad moonlight that never shall wane?
Alas, so long!
Ah! shall it be then spring weather,
And ah! shall we be young together?

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

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

"Ho, ho! what! that pricks you, does it?" grinned his torturer. "You tremble for your dainty, fair young wife. You may safely leave her to her relatives, young sir. Is she not our niece? Do we not owe her an old score upon the mother's account? Did not *she*, like herself, run away from our good care, and marry in spite of us? Mrs. Hepburn is coming to the Mermaid's Cave to-morrow, she and the child too. The spring-tide rises fast, you tell me, in these parts—so fast that a stranger like myself might very well be caught by it. Nothing, indeed, could be more likely. Well, the tide *does* catch us; and after a resolute but unsuccessful attempt to rescue them—this is my second little story—I am compelled to swim away in order to save my own life. *They*, unfortunately, cannot swim. Now, you see, I have confided to you my whole programme, feeling confident that your sense of honor will prevent you revealing the particulars to any human creature. How surprisingly strong you must be in the arms, Raymond Clyffard! I had no idea that I should have a listener so long; however, you are perceptibly slipping now. There is a curious furrow on your right, down which you will probably glide to your destination. It almost looks like a path from here." He paused to gloat upon his helpless, hopeless victim, then continued; "Now, what would you not give, if I reached down my arms to you even now, and acknowledged that I was merely playing a practical joke? What would you not give, I say, to grasp the hand of Gideon Carr, the touch of which would, at this moment, be more grateful than that of any hand in Christendom, however fair, since *it* can save thee, and no other? Come, what will you bid? Will you give Clyffe? Will you make over all that would be yours, if your brother should die without a will?"

"I will give you all I have," gasped Raymond; "but Clyffe is not mine to give—it is my child's."

"What! the child that is to die to-morrow!" cried Gideon, scornfully. "Listen to this man, foolish guillemots; rabbits of the warren, prick your ears; here is a case you will understand. What a hand at bargaining is this unhappy gentleman, who has about a second or so to live! He offers, as ransom for his life, not even the money which I have already in my pocket! The door standing wide open, he wants to haggle with one about giving up the key. It is impossible that one can treat with a person of this character. You are growing very weak, indeed, Raymond Clyffard—you seem to be *in extremis*. Have you got any bequests to make? Your last words will be interesting. I can answer for that at least as respects one person—namely, my sister Grace. I will send them to her by to-night's post, I promise you, with all the details of your misfortune."

"Tell her, then," said Raymond, speaking with labored breath, "that I bequeath to her the malediction of a murdered man. You smile; but the hour will come when it will take effect. I know it as surely as I know what fate awaits me within the next few moments. May the bane of that ancient race, of whom she has been the evil star, cling to *her* as it has clung to us. May she inherit with our lands the curse which has pursued us through so many generations!"

"Your good wishes shall be faithfully transmitted," returned Gideon mockingly; "but I own to you they are unlikely to bear fruit. My sister Grace is the wisest woman I know, and the least likely to lose her wits like you proud foolish Clyffards. Why, look you, the Clyffards were always boastful of their genealogy, yet not one of them could count such a 'long descent' as is now awaiting you! I do not often joke; but upon occasions of this sort, *dulce est desipere* (one of the few phrases I ever picked up at school) *in loco*; that is to say, it is well to be merry on the brink of a precipice."

"Thou art *he*, Gideon Carr," replied Raymond solemnly, though speaking with great effort. "Thou art on the brink of the precipice of death. Well mayst thou shrink and grow pale. I tell thee, I, myself, a dying man can mark the sheet wound high upon thy wicked limbs, the token of black doom that stands behind thee—close."

Involuntarily, and with a face almost as white as that of his victim, Gideon Carr glanced over his shoulder.

The next moment he was alone.

Beneath him were the marks in the wet cliff, where the poor wretch had struggled and clung, but the failing limbs had given way during that instant, the body had slipped down the furrow into the viewless air. Scarce a sound had until now been heard save the voices of the two men, in that unequal talk; but now, as though released from some horrible spell, the thousand sea-birds which had been sitting upon the ledges, or hovering about their nests, seemed to send forth one cry of horror and alarm, and up they came swirling from the abyss below, with scream on scream, and circled round in the clear blue like wreaths of snow, as though appealing to high Heaven for murder done. The silent warren shone with timorous eyes; from every burrow started a harmless face, which ne'er till now had looked upon a crime; and what seemed worst of all, the rusty semaphore, noiseless heretofore, began to shake and creak, as the accusing winds swept by, and bade it point them out the manslayer!

Gideon Carr, to do him justice, was not one to shrink from any conflict, man to man, or even against odds; but he was by nature, like his brother, superstitious. Of religion he had none, not even that faith made up (if one may say so) of the worst part of religion, which finds divinity in hate instead of love, and clasps pale fear in place of roseate hope; and looks for night, and worse, instead of the dawning of the eternal day. He feared, as Clement said, neither God nor man. But his mind, which could see nothing in the firmament or in the ocean to suggest a Creator, entertained many a gross and vulgar article of the creed of the unlearned. To him, the future fashioned itself after the shape of a coal out of the fire; the croak of a raven would secretly fill him with forebodings, and the chatter of a jay with joy; secretly, I say, for he was ashamed of these weaknesses of his, and it was only very rarely that he betrayed to others the fact of their existence. It is also fair to add, that like most people similarly credulous, he had never been prevented by any portent from committing a bad action, or constrained by any omen to perform a good one. When the crime was committed, however—as now—which he happened to have in hand, Gideon Carr became a prey to his superstition; and moved by he knew not what, except that it was no sting of remorse or touch of compassion, he fled from the strange sights and sounds that filled earth and air about Marmouth Beacon, and which his own act seemed to have evoked, with a fleet foot and a wet brow.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SECOND WARNING.

Nothing, except seeing her husband return safe and sound, could have been a gladder sight to Mildred Hepburn on that fatal morning than what she did see within an hour or so of Raymond's departure—namely, the kindly sympathizing face of Mrs. Carey. The lieutenant accompanied her to the cottage in the slender hope that the two pedestrians might not yet have started; but finding that they had gone, he returned to the preventive station, by no means grudging his pains, although not without a good-humored laugh at Mildred's foolish fears. He left a little portmanteau behind him, "which," said Mrs. Carey, "please to let me put in your room, Mildred."

"What!" replied that poor lady, attempting to be jocular, "is it something so valuable that you dare not leave it at home, but have brought it to this fastness of Pampas Cottage, garrisoned so strongly by myself and little Jane the nurse-maid?"

"Well," returned Mrs. Carey, kissing her, "the fact is it's my brushes and comb, and just a few things for a couple of nights, which I have invited myself to pass with you, my dear, until Mr. Hepburn comes back again to scold you for being in such a fright about nothing."

"Oh, my dear, dear Mrs. Carey," cried Mildred, "this is more than kind indeed. And, ah! me," she involuntarily added, "how little have I deserved it at your hands!"

"Bless us and save us!" exclaimed the honest lady, "one would think you had done me and the lieutenant some grave injury."

"And so we have," exclaimed Mildred passionately; "for to mistrust the honest, and to deceive the pure of heart, is a grievous wrong. I feel as I have never felt before—so lonely, desolate, friendless—I *must* tell you all about it, or I shall go out of my mind."

"Stay, my dear," said Mrs. Carey kindly, but placing a finger on her friend's eager lips: you must not do anything in a hurry, and particularly when your husband is not here. I have long known—although I do not know if others suspect it—that you carry some burden about with you, deep in your loving heart. But I do not blame you for it; and unless I can help you to carry it, I do not wish to know its nature."

"But you *can* help me, my dear and only friend. I yearned to pour my sorrow out before you scores and scores of times. Ah, what have I not suffered from your love and kindness! Like some imprisoned bird that sees through glass sunshine and the trees, but feels that between him and them an invisible wall of crystal intervenes, and shuts out all—such is a secret between loving hearts. And yet—although I know my husband would not mind, for he has often told me to tell you if I would—now I have said so much, I seem to wish I had never spoken. Things are better as they are, perhaps. It is such a sad, sad story."

"Nay, Mildred, do not weep; come out into the cool fresh air. The open air is best for sorrow, for Dame Nature's hand, though rough, is kindly—at least I have always found it so."

"*You!* dear Mrs. Carey—well, dear Marion, if you will have it so—why, what can you know of sorrow?"

"Not much, thank God, my friend," replied Mrs. Carey earnestly; "and if He seems to *you* to have been good to me, who know not what He has done for a poor orphaned, friendless girl, how much more gracious and benign should He seem to me? No, dear, as you say, I have no sorrow; there is no room within my heart for aught but gratitude."

"And love. I am sure that there is room for love," said Mildred tenderly.

"Yes, dear. It would be strange, indeed, if He, who is Love's self, should have withheld that precious gift." And yet Mrs. Carey sighed. "You know, I hope, that John is dearer to me far than life; my father, husband, benefactor, friend—my all in all. A blessing for which I bless God every day. But we were never boy and girl together, like Mr. Hepburn and yourself; and when I married, I was not so young but that I——Look you," she interrupted herself smiling. "I am like yonder pampas grass, that has everything comfortable and snug about it, with an attendant in white marble to keep it moist and green, but which has little or no bud in spring-time."

"Ay, but in autumn, when the flowers fade and die," cried Mildred, "it blossoms in a hundred feathery sprays, and none of them will perish, even though they be gathered from the stalk."

"Yes, dear, I know," said Mrs. Carey quietly; "they are pleasant to have about the house (when, as you say, there are no flowers to be got), although their blossom *is* gray."

The two women did not speak for a little, but each held the other's hand. Then Mildred led her guest to a sheltered corner, where a seat was cut out in the cliff.

"I think I will tell you my story now," whispered she.

So hand in hand they sat, with their fair faces first in shadow, then in sunshine, then in shade again, as the morn grew to afternoon, while Mildred Clyffard told her tale from first to last.

"Am I anxious, fearful without reason?" ended she. "Have we not cause to fear, with a foe such as this aunt of mine?"

"Much cause," returned Mrs. Carey, gravely, "and much need for friends. No harm is done at present, but I wish you had told us this before. The lieutenant——"

"What! You will not tell *him!*" cried Mildred, starting from her seat. "Oh, what will Raymond say?"

"He will say I should have no secrets from my husband," replied the other firmly. "No, *none*, Mildred, *none*; not even that one whereof I spoke just now, and which should have been his and mine alone, but that I saw you needed some great confidence to lure forth your own hidden foe. John would have given you helpful counsel, for, though he is trusting and simple about his own affairs, he is both wise and keen when acting for others."

"He could not picture a woman like my aunt," said Mildred with a shudder; "no one could, who does not know her—so relentless of purpose, so unscrupulous in means, and actuated by such a deadly hate."

"Ay," returned Mrs. Carey, musing, "to be foiled by her whom she had thought her own instrument—that must have been wormwood to such a one as you describe. A woman that knows no shame nor fear, is dangerous indeed. Yet—you seem to dread some physical harm—is it possible that she would incur the risk of——"

"To gain her end," interrupted Mildred, solemnly, "Grace Clyffard would dare the gallows."

"Nevertheless, you have done wrong, and very wrong," pursued Mrs. Carey, "to hide yourself away, and so to let her know that you fear her."

"It was I," said Mildred, in low and broken tones. "My husband would have defied her to the teeth. But I—I know her so well."

"Poor child—poor child!" cried Mrs. Carey, tenderly. "This woman has done you harm enough already; to have inspired such terror should be a sufficient triumph to the most malignant. And yet, if you lived under your own names, and were known to all about you, and if your aunt was known to wish you ill, it would not be risk she would be running, did she work you any harm, but the certainty of detection: the blow she aimed at you would scarcely fall before the arm would be pointed out that struck it. But now, if you had not told me this to-day, why, your husband, your child, yourself, might be involved in some sudden catastrophe, the clew of which it would not be possible for us to discover. I do not wish to terrify you, Mildred, but I do think that you have taken the very means——Hark! did you not hear the garden wicket go?"

"I did," gasped Mildred, starting up and running into the cottage, at the back of which was the arbor in which they had been sitting—"I did; and little Milly is playing in the garden all alone."

Mrs. Carey followed, not without some undefined apprehension, which set her orderly pulses beating thick and fast. The visitor, however, was no one more formidable than a curly-headed youth, who called occasionally both at the cottage and at Lucky Bay, bringing with him fresh eggs and other delicacies from Westportown. This afternoon, however, he was without his basket, and bore in its place a large leathern bag, suspended from his shoulders.

"Please, ma'am, the letter carrier have been took ill this morning," observed he, grinning, "and I am a-doing post-man for him; only, what with driving here and there, and then back again, because of missing somebody out, and likewise the horse being dead beat, I'm afraid I'm rather late. Here's a letter for Mr. Hepburn, ma'am, and that's all." And off trotted the deputy deliverer of His Majesty's mails.

"A bill from Westportown, I suppose," said Mildred, scrutinizing the somewhat hieroglyphical address; "and yet does not this word in the corner look to you like *Immediate*, Mrs. Carey?"

"It is as like as the writer can make it," returned the lady confidently. "How unfortunate that your husband did not get it before his departure."

"Perhaps I had better open it," said Mildred; "something may have to be done at once. I hope it is not from Marmouth about his boat, or he may have taken his journey for—— Great heaven, what is this?"

"'Beware of the man calling himself Stevens, who lodges, I believe, with the coast-guard.—YOUR WELL-WISHER AS BEFORE.'

And Raymond has gone with him alone," cried Mildred, passionately. "I shall never see his bright and glorious face again!"

It was terrible to see how the light faded out of her own features as she spoke, and how the large and lustrous eyes lost all their light, as the note fell from her nerveless hand, and fluttered to the ground.

Mrs. Carey picked it up, and scanned it closely. "Never be frightened by an anonymous letter, Mildred; it is almost always the weapon of the base and cowardly. Suppose this Stevens is an honest man, after all?"

"No," replied Mildred with a shudder, "I will not suppose that. Dame Nature, whom you praised just now, has told me otherwise too plainly."

"Still, man to man, your husband is more than a match for him."

"Yes, but unsuspecting——"

"Nay, not so, Mildred," interrupted the other; "look you, 'your well-wisher *as before*.' This is not then, the first warning your husband has received."

"True, true, and that explains why he now sleeps with a loaded pistol beneath his pillow. I would that he had taken his weapon with him this unhappy day."

"Stay, Mildred; there is need of judgment here; there must be no rash leaping to conclusions. You do not know what schemes, what treacheries, are ever working about us, born of this wretched smuggling. I do not think it, of course—let me not offend you by what I say—but has your husband any connection with those who call themselves free-traders? I do not ask you to betray him; whatever you tell me shall be held as secret as the grave. I know there are many persons, otherwise honest, who have dealings with these people. If this man Stevens is, as my husband thinks, an officer of the Government, this warning may have well be sent to Mr Hepburn in case he be concerned——"

"No, no," sighed Mildred hopelessly; "I wish it were as you suggest: his life at least, would then not be in peril. We are good friends enough with all in Sandby, but we have no dealings with the law-breakers."

"Nevertheless," quoth Mrs. Carey, "I should like to see that first letter to which this present one seems to refer. It is almost certain to be more explicit, and from it we might gather at least from what quarter to expect the danger. I will wait here while you search for it, and try to shape some course to follow, if things should be as you fear, and this warning date from Clyffe."

"We have very few possessions," returned Mildred with a sad smile, "and no hiding place that I am aware of. If Raymond has not taken the letter with him I shall find it in five minutes."

It was well that Mrs. Carey's woman's instinct had suffered her friend to make that search alone. Truly, it was no extensive one, but somehow everything of Raymond's had acquired in those few hours of absence a sort of dearness which made her linger over each with reverent hands, and grudged that any but her own should touch them. There was a picture of herself in their little drawing-room; but, lo! she now found another, drawn by him, her lord, in pencil, and, by the date, before he had been her declared lover, and with it a certain rosebud, dead and withered, which she had given him at his request, before her heart had learned to leap at his footfall; along with these was one little lock of Milly's hair—a very history, in brief, of his love for her from dawn to mellow noon: true records, fading to the eye, but to the heart fresh as the sundew, fragrant as the May. Then in a drawer, his "secret drawer" he used to call it, but the spring was broken some days back, through making it leap out to please the child, she found the thing she sought, and would have rather found an adder coiled.

"Bewair, Raymond Cliffard. The cat's eyes have found you out at last; find another hoal for a little; and at once. There is danger lurking at your door. "A True Well-wisher." And straightway, when she read these words, the things that were her Raymond's seemed in Mildred's misty eyes not only dear, but sacred—sacred as the farewell breath from a mother's lips on one who sails for alien climes to dwell there, and who cannot hope to see again on earth that tearworn face, now tortured by its love, that smiled upon him in his cradle—sacred as the last words of a dying man, who points to his orphaned child at play among her toys, and whispers, "Thou wilt not forsake her, friend; thou art fellow-guardian of her now with God himself;" for death seemed shadowed forth on that poor scrawl, as certainly to her who read it as though it were a tombstone telling. "Here Raymond lies," and by that awful hand all things are consecrated, no matter how common, with which our loved and lost have had to do.

No weeds could have made Mildred Clyffard look more widowed than when, with her white face all drawn and gaunt, she sank down on her knees beside her husband's vacant pillow; and there, while she strove to pray for mercy, mercy came and numbed her pain with swoon.

CHAPTER XXV.

BY THE SHORT CUT.

"Here is your child, my dear, here is little Milly; will you not kiss your child?" were the first words which Mildred heard upon recovering her grief-stricken senses. It was Mrs. Carey that uttered them, who had lifted her upon the bed, and was sitting patiently beside it with the little girl in her arms. She laid her precious burden down by the mother's side, and let the round large eyes of the infant do their gracious work.

"I have read that letter, dear," said she, "and I do not augur so ill from it as you do."

Mildred groaned, and put up her hand to hide the torture of her face.

"If this Mr. Stevens intended any evil to your husband, it is clear he would not have come home."

"Come home!" cried Mildred, starting from the pillow with the look of one who, shipwrecked in the tropic seas, beholds from his lonely raft some succoring sail: "Raymond come home?"

"No, love, not Raymond."

The rounded arm on which the listener leaned gave sudden way, and with one long drawn moan, the head sank back upon the pillow.

"But this Stevens has come back, for I have seen him and even spoken with him. He called here just after you left me on the lawn, and very much surprised he seemed to be at seeing me here. However, that he had returned instead of taking to flight, as he might easily have done, convinces me that at present no mischief has occurred. And if these warning letters be genuine, we are now forewarned."

"What did this man say?" asked Mildred, with eyes tight shut, as though to keep out some hideous vision.

"He said your husband bade him look in here on his way back, to remind you that you should be at the Mermaid Cavern by 3 o'clock to-morrow at latest, if Milly is to see the sea-flowers. Mr Hepburn and he parted company, he said, on Marmouth Down by the Saxon Barrows."

"Ay, at the grave-side," said Mildred hoarsely. "And now he thirsts for this little life and mine."

"If you have any such foolish fancy, Mildred, you should not go to meet this man."

"What! disobey my husband's last command? No, my friend; I go to-morrow as he bids me."

"Then I go with you, Mildred, that is certain: nay, but I *do*. You are rather obstinate, my dear, yourself, just now; but compared with *me* when I have made up my mind to anything, you are Docility personified—ask John else. I am not afraid on my own account or yours; but if we have Milly with us, I shall take one of our men from Luck Bay to help to carry her, if we tire."

"True friend in need!" cried Mildred; "my mind seems feeble as my limbs. I cannot think at all but only suffer. Yet cannot the road be searched where this man went with Raymond, and the—the cliff?"

"That has been done, dear. One of the coast-guard followed them this morning, directly I got your letter. He met Mr. Stevens returning, very near the spot where he says he parted with your husband, and then went on as far as (by the time) the two could possibly have gone together, a mile beyond the beacon, but there was no trace of anything wrong."

"Thanks, thanks, dear Marion; I have no right to despair, having a friend like you. This little one, too; yes, you are right, she shall not go with us to-morrow."

"That's a wise woman! Now Mildred is like herself again. But one whole day, and you will have your husband back, I promise you; and in the meantime, fear not this man at all. The lieutenant has had a word from me, and will watch the man as a cat watches a mouse. My husband's honest heart takes all he does not know for good; but being warned, his hand is like a vice to grip the wicked. Woe bitter woe to him who plots against an unprotected woman and her child beneath John Carey's eyes! This Stevens is a very bold and crafty villain, you would say; but he with whom he has now to deal is keen, although not cunning; and as for boldness, I do indeed believe my husband would, in his shirt-sleeves—in the cause of honor or duty—defy a lion."

Mrs. Carey laughed, but while she spoke, the fire of honest pride glowed in her cheeks and eyes, and made her pleasant face one glory.

"So, Mildred, without being very brave ourselves, we may rest to-night without fear. Come, you must have some tea and then to bed; and this young lady, too, must be persuaded to retire, since such late hours are bad for her complexion."

I think unto the house of sorrow there is no human blessing equal to a breezy-minded woman, tender at heart, but chary of her tears, ready to listen to woe, but not to flatter it, and Martha-like, careful to fulfil the ordinary duties of the house, whatever earthquake may have shaken the pillars of its peace.

The night passed, thanks to Mrs. Carey, without alarms; and when the next day, at noon, the two friends set forth upon the inland way which led by a short cut to the cliffs above the Mermaid Cavern, the clouds of evil fore-boding had thinned, so that a little sunshine struggled through, and found its way to Mildred's heart. It was a lovely walk; the fields, with garments various and rich were welcoming everywhere the presence of the spring; the woods had donned their beautiful green robes, and all the incense-breathing earth was bright and glad. Now their road lay through lanes with lofty banks, by nature's lavish hand set thick with flowers, and where overhead the pale sprays of hawthorn upon either side strove hard to kiss; and now it climbed some hill-top, from whence many a mile of pleasant English ground, with hall and hamlet, church tower and low white farm, wooed their willing eyes.

"This is the third time," said Mildred apprehensively, when they had gone a considerable distance, "that looking back I have perceived that man yonder; he pretends to be gathering violets whenever we turn round, but I do not like his following us in that manner. When we pass Mr. Jasper's farm, we will step in, and then he must needs miss us."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear; do not flatter yourself that the gentleman is so interested in our proceedings," said Mrs. Carey, laughing; "see, he has deserted us already, and has taken that path across the fields."

"I am heartily glad of it, Marion; for now that you have put me in better hope about dear Raymond, I am ashamed to say I begin to be alarmed about ourselves. I almost wish we had got that escort with us you proposed, in case of our having brought little Milly."

"More lanes, more hills, more beauties on all sides; and now the banks decrease, and become mere rounds of green, and the road dwindles to a turf track, and presently is lost upon the boundless down. Now, too, the thunder of the unseen sea breaks in upon the island harmonies, and the scented air grows fresh. "We are very late, dear Mildred; we must not tarry now; it is long past 3."

These words of Mrs. Carey referred to a disinclination evinced by her companion to arrive at their distination; a scared and hare-like look had once more taken possession of her, as though she beheld some object of fear behind and about her.

"Did you not hear some sound like a human voice, Marion?"

"Yes, love; our west winds are full of such cries," returned Mrs. Carey, cooly. "When I first came to live in these parts, I used to open our bed-room window, both before and after the gales under the impression that some one lay outside in pain. The sea, too, is getting very loud; I think it must be near mid tide."

"But we were to be at the cavern long before that, were we not?"

"Yes, if we took Milly to see it; but not otherwise. Why should we trouble to descend the cliff, and then toil up again? We have only to guide Mr. Stevens home. He cannot mistake the only path that leads hither from the shore, and when he has got up, he cannot fail——"

"There he is!" interrupted Mildred, hastily. "How my heart beats—how my knees tremble! But why is he lying down?"

"That is not him," returned Mrs. Carey, confidently; "it is a larger man then he."

"Yes, great Heaven!" cried Mildred; "it is the very person who has been tracking us all the way, and who pretended to take the path across the fields. Marion, my friend, we are betrayed, and it is I who have led you into the snare. May Heaven and you forgive me! Your husband never will, I know."

"I think he will," returned the lieutenant's wife, laughing, "for that is Robert Andrews, one of his own men. I did not feel so brave as you did about this expedition at starting, so I begged to have a body-guard, in case we wanted one. It was I who beckoned him, behind your back, to take the field-path, and so get here before us. You are not vexed, are you, Mildred?"

"I am grateful beyond all that words can say," answered Mildred, fevently.

At a sign from Mrs. Carey, the man arose, and came forward to meet them.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Stevens?" inquired she. "Is it possible that he could have missed us after coming up the cliff!"

"Quite impossible, ma'am. If your head can stand looking over here, you will see that yonder is the only path up from the bay; and, except at low tide, one cannot get round either point. The cavern lies almost underneath us. If he had come up here on the down, we must have seen him; there is no shelter except that very lane as you came by."

"But the tide has now risen quite high, Robert, and he cannot possibly be in the cavern."

"Not unless he be a merman, ma'am," assented Andrews, grinning and touching his hat, as though in apology for jocking before his superiors. "My own belief is as the gentleman got sea-sick, and was landed a good way short of this. He may be back at Sandby, or even Lucky Bay, by this time."

"Back at Sandby!" cried Mildred with clasped hands; "then he may even now be at the cottage! Home, home, for Heaven's sake! Why did I ever leave my child?"

With that she turned, and began to retrace her steps, without waiting to hear what comfort the lieutenant's wife was endeavoring to find for her. Moreover, Mrs. Carey's face belied her cheering words; it was pale and full of apprehension: and after one more glance at the insatiable sea, which had already devoured the shore, and was sucking with greedy lips the cliff itself, she hastened after her friend.

(To be continued.)

A San Francisco despatch says the British Flying Squadron, bringing the two English princes, sons of the Prince of Wales, has arrived at Yokohama from Australia. They are in Tokio as the guests of the Japanese Government. The programme of festivities in their honor extends over seven days, and includes two banquets with the Mikado.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, author of "Young Ireland," is to be married at the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, next week, to his cousin, Miss Hall.

The Mother Lodge.

(From the Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald.)

We have been favored with the following maternal verses, composed by Mr. Robert Hunter, the worthy Bard of St. John's Lodge, No. III., Hawick, on hearing that the members of the Craft were about to erect a new Masonic Hall at Kilwinning, the cradle of Scottish masonry:

OUR MOTHER LODGE.

Oh, dear to Scottish Masonry,
The Mother Lodge must ever be,
That home of worth
That brought to birth
A brotherhood so grand and free.

Her broad foundations deep doth stand,
Whereon is reared our Temple grand,
That guiding star
That shines afar,
A beacon light to every land.

Adown the page of history
Thy sons are shining gloriously;
Like jewels rare
Beyond compare
They gild the name of Masonry.

A name that hath been nobly won
By duties dared and bravely done,
From shore to shore
The world o'er,
'Tis found wherever man hath gone.

Thy daughters aye shall honor thee,
And guard thy birthright sacredly;
They love thy name,
And proudly claim
A near and noble line from thee.

Thy hoary locks a crown shall be
An honor aye to Masonry,
Till earth and sky
Shall wane and die
And time blend in Eternity.

TWELVE YEARS OF SILENCE.

The Curious Freak of an Insane Man.

Near Alexandria, Ky., about twelve years ago, a young man named John Alford began to show evidences of mental derangement. His father is an old, respectable citizen, and there is quite a numerous family of brothers and sisters well known in the upper end of the county. He was at the time unmarried and about 30 years of age. He was rather good-looking, tall and erect, and probably six feet high, and there was no apparent cause for his derangement. Some time after, during the fall of 1869, he was duly adjudged a lunatic and taken to the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, where he remained a few months and was sent home by the authorities of the asylum as harmless, but incurable. He remained with his father for a while and was then taken to the county jail at Alexandria, where he has remained with short intermissions ever since. But the strangest part of the story has yet to be told. Soon after his first attack he refused to speak. Every effort was made, both at home and at the asylum, to induce him [illegible], but without avail. He had a fair [illegible], but neither would he make [illegible] his wants by writing. During all these twelve years he is not known to have uttered a single word, and has resisted the most importunate and ingenious efforts to induce him to speak. A few weeks ago, to the great surprise of his friends, he began to converse as well as he had ever done, explaining his strange conduct by saying that he made a promise to God that he would not speak for twelve years, and the time had now expired. But a return of his ability to talk, however, brought with it no improvement in his malady. To all appearance he is hopelessly insane. Although but a little past 40 years of age his body is stooped, his limbs emaciated, his face haggard and cadaverous, his hair quite gray and unkempt, making him to appear a feeble old man. It is a strange case, and doubtless would be an interesting one to medical gentlemen.

Friends and Foes of Tobacco.

The use of tobacco was a capital crime a couple of centuries ago, both in Russia and Turkey, and in Italy all persons found guilty of taking snuff in church were excommunicated by the papal bull. Sultan Amuruth IV., in the beginning of the eighteenth century passed a law making snuff-taking punishable by death as well as smoking. The punishment for the first-named offence in Russia was the loss of a nose, if convicted three times death was the penalty. But in spite of all such legislation the custom of indulging in tobacco throve apace. Aubrey says that it sold for its weight in silver in Great Britain, where it was mainly used in the form of snuff. A story is told of a rich old snuff-taker who in her will left with each legacy a "pound of good Scotch snuff," which she considered one of the grandest cordials of nature. Napoleon Bonaparte, Pope, Voltaire, Steele, and a crowd of other celebrities were notorious snuff-takers. Lord Bacon approved of smoking, and the leading lights of English literature, from the time of its introduction to the present, have been enthusiastic in its defence.

A Wicked Judge.

A Minnesota judge named Cox is in a scrape. It took five hours to read the charges against him in secret session of the State Legislature. Habitual drunkenness seems to be His Honor's special weakness, but some of his freaks are rather amusing. He fined a lawyer $1,200 for telling him he was too drunk to understand a legal point, but took off the penalty when the culprit mildly suggested that the court might take his, the judge's, unpaid whiskey bills in payment, "because," added the counsel, "I can raise the fine for about $10." Another counsel proposed that Cox should sit when sober at least one day in the week, to revise his drunken ruling on all the other days. He is charged with having forced the acquittal of an abandoned woman and then gone to board with her.

If, as Shakspeare says—and he is generally admitted to be pretty good authority—"the bright day brings forth the adder," the dark and rainy day brings forth that even more malevolent reptile, the man who carries his closed umbrella tucked under his arm, with its tip sticking out behind him on the plane of the horizon. Such a creature, too, never proceeds on his way steadily and as if he had any business to attend to, but stops to look into every shop window, and permits those who follow him to run their eyes, chests or stomachs, according to their respective heights, against the dangerous weapon he carries. There is but one way to treat such men, and that is to affect a violent hurry, approach them at great speed at right angles to their course, run fiercely against their umbrellas and whirl them around like teetotums, and pass on briskly, affecting not to see the angry looks that this action will excite in those undergoing discipline. This course, if adopted and persisted in by a number of determined men, would soon clear our streets of the nuisance.

A MILL SONG.

O merry and fast is the busy rhyme
The mill wheel sings all day,
Yet Robin, the miller, has plenty of time
To spare, when I pass that way.
"O, Janet!" he cries, "I love you well,
But keep our secret sweet;"
Yet somehow or other the lassies tell
Whenever we chance to meet.

O loud and clear, O loud and clear,
The clack of the busy mill!
There's many a gossip about, I fear,
Whose tongue runs faster still!

The coat of my Robin is white with meal
That floats from the grain below,
And some times, it may be, his arm will steal
Where a sweetheart's arm my go.
And the gown I wear is blue and dark,
And bears a token plain,
So the lassies they laugh at the dusky mark
"O, Janet, again, again!"

O loud and clear, O loud and clear,
The clack of the busy mill,
There's many a gossip about, I fear,
Whose tongue runs faster still.

Lord Lorne's Quebec speech is admired by the American papers. His thrust at the slanderers of the Princess was dignified and deserved.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 25, 1881

THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE.

Mr. GILMAN's much vaunted administrative ability, there has not been much of it displayed yet, except so far as concerns his providence for F. E GILMAN in everything, he takes hold of. As to his being an acquisition to the Quebec Legislature, he has not been thought much in that way while holding a seat in the Montreal City Council. There he has been an obstructionist, and a demagogue of the first water. If such qualities are likely to constitute him an acquisition at Quebec, he is exactly the man for the situation.

If he is a man of leisure, as the *Herald* says, the best thing he can do is to enjoy that leisure at home—public life is no place for him—and when he has nothing better to do he might take lessons in the manly art, in which he has shown himself to be by no means an adept. Possibly Alderman STEPHENS might take him in hand again. He may be a man of independent fortune, and we will not stop to enquire how that has been acquired, but we will say that he is not a man of personal independence, for, if story be correct, he is, body and bones, the property of the City Passenger Railway Co., under whose auspices, it is said, he is seeking to go to the Legislature, not as the representative of the County of Argenteuil, but of that grinding monopoly, for which, in season and out of season, he has worked for his own reward, and to the detriment and disadvantage of those by whom he was sent to the City Council.

Let the electors of Argenteuil bear this in mind. They are not content, no matter under what pretexts, to be made instrumental in furthering the interests of a corporation, whose object is to pile up more money and water more stock. Moreover, while corporate legislation is proceeding and making the rich richer, and the poor poorer, affairs in which the community at large is vitally interested are obliged to be held over, and so, from year to year, matters which are of the most vital concern are left over. Argenteuil, we are convinced, does not wish to be a pocket borough for Mr. GILMAN and his corporate confederates, who, if they seek to have their voices heard in the Legislature, ought to obtain a hearing through the City constituencies. In the Legislative Assembly, Montreal has three representatives, and through them should its citizens and capitalists make their desires and their complaints known. If Argenteuil has to seek a *protegé* of the Montreal Horse Car Company to represent it, the question arises: does it deserve representation at all?

There are peculiar reasons why at the present time, the Company with which Mr. GILMAN is connected, desires to have as many votes as possible in the Assembly. Those reasons are not to the advantage of the public whether of Argenteuil or of Montreal; more particularly let Mr GILMAN receive a well merited rebuke for the audacity which has characterized his conduct, and let that rebuke be the lack of a corporal's guard to support him.

Mr. GILMAN cares neither for the Liberals nor any other political party.

If the present is, as pretended, a crisis in the history of the Province, it is not the time to place adventurers in the Legislature who have everything to make and nothing to lose. Mr. GILMAN politically is only an adventurer; he seeks to try "his prentice hand" upon the yeomen of Argenteuil, who have, we think, too much at stake to allow their interest to be at the mercy of his manipulations. Let him go to Montreal where he is known and be made to realize how he and his record are appreciated, and by rejecting him the electors of Argenteuil will have prevented at least one man from trifling with and trafficking in a public trust of the most momentuous importance.

THE GRIT PRESS & THE TARIFF.

The "Grit" press has found out a *real* grievance now. Printing Presses are too high. Hear the *St. John Globe* and reprinted by the Ottawa *Free Press*: "Practically there is no type in Canada and as for the duty on printing presses, it is a shameful thing to tax the tools of an important trade the way these are taxed. Nobody is protected for no printing presses, except a few unimportant kinds of job presses, are made in Canada. To tax them twenty-five per cent on their value is a shameful extortion. *A duty of ten per cent would be for these a fair contribution to the Revenue.*" The italics are ours. Nobody would believe that this grievance exists only in the imagination of the Grit editors. Surely they must be too poor to buy a tariff or they would never give themselves away like that. Printing presses of all kinds are distinctly specified in the tariff as paying *an ad valorem duty of just ten per cent.* Exactly what the *Globe* and *Free Press* think they should pay. People do get credit sometimes from unexpected quarters. Who would ever have imagined the *Globe* and *Free Press* could have thought, much less said it, that Sir LEONARD had done one thing right?

In our Editorial on Opposition a mistake occurs in Sir ALBERT's definition of a deficit, the word *away* should read *among*. The correct reading is "more money is spent *among*, and for the people," &c.

A Precious Trio.

The *Herald* complains that the Conservative press are resorting to personalities in their opposition to some of the Liberal candidates for Legislative honors, and is horrified that any body should be so naughty as to do this. Our contemporary is hardly fair. It has presented three candidates, all known in Montreal, for election to the Legislature in the interest of pure and honest government. We have a right to assume, therefore, that these gentlemen are at least truthful, that they are not common slanderers, and we may surely, therefore, assume that what they say of each other is true. We have first Mr. McShane, the Liberal candidate for Montreal West, whose success is presented to us as an augury for purity and honesty in public life. We know what Mr. George Washington Stephens, the Liberal candidate for Montreal Centre, has said about him. We copy the language in another column, but it is so choice, and withal so emphatic, that we take the liberty to repeat it here:—

> "My reasons for supporting Mr. Kennedy are based upon my positive knowledge of Ald. McShane's unfitness as a public representative."
>
> "Knowing that Ald. McShane was in the Council at that day, I have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that Ald. McShane was trafficking in stalls of the public markets."
>
> "Last summer I was told by the gentleman who said he paid the money to Mr. McShane that he had paid that worthy $7,000 for a Dominion contract upon the canal."
>
> "Ald. McShane was totally unfit for the place he occupied in the Council. He had not the first idea of honesty. It was evident that the ward should rally and put Boss Tweed out. For his part he had never cheated a coal carter."

Now that is so tersely and distinctly put, that we cannot do better than advise any elector of Montreal West to cut it out and paste it in his hat, so that he may constantly have at hand the certificate of character furnished by the Liberal candidate for Montreal Centre to the Liberal candidate for Montreal West. Then we have Mr. Stephens himself. And here is the character which Mr. Gilman, another bright and shining light of the Liberal party, who is endeavoring to get elected in the county of Argenteuil in the interest of honest Government, has given him. The occasion was a recent meeting of the City Council, when both gentlemen showed how eminently qualified they are to be members of a respectable deliberative body:—

> Ald. Stephens asked Ald. Gilman if on the 6th of October, he did not buy 100 shares of C. P. R. R. stock, and a little later 200 shares more, and if he was not still the holder of 200 shares.
>
> Ald. Gilman—That is none of your business. The question is an impertinent one, which no one but a blackguard would think of asking.
>
> Ald. Stephens—I assert now as a fact that that gentleman did, on the 6th of October, buy 100 shares of this stock, and subsequently 200 shares more. I defy him to prove the contrary.
>
> An Alderman—What of that?
>
> Ald. Stephens—Well, I would ask what reliance can you place on a gentleman who comes here as a stock jobber.
>
> Ald. Gilman—And what reliance can you place on the word of a man who never gave a vote unless he was paid for it, or was interested in it. I defy him to point to a single vote in which he was not interested.

And then a little later on we have this description of what took place, and of the opinion Mr. Gilman had of Mr. Stephens:

> "As Ald. Gilman was leaving the chamber some one expressed a hope that such disgraceful scenes should be prevented in the future.
>
> "'They come on when there are such blackguards in the Council as this,' said Ald. Gilman, pointing to Ald. Stephens.
>
> "The words were hardly uttered when Ald. Stephens struck Ald. Gilman several blows in the face—so rapidly that the bystanders hardly knew what had happened. Ald. Stephens then caught his antagonist by the throat and they both fell over towards the open door of the sate, Ald. Stephens energetically punching his *confrere's* head all the time. Ald. Gilman got in a few blows in return, and the two were separated. Ald. Gilman was "winded," and when his friends suggested that he should not fight any more, he said that he would not strike a common street loafer like Stephens."

Now that is pretty strong. "A blackguard"—"a common street loafer"—"a man who never gave a vote unless he was paid for it"—these are strong expressions, and we remind our contemporary that they are not ours; they embody the opinion of Mr. Gilman, Liberal candidate in Argenteuil, entertains of Mr. Stephens, Liberal candidate in Montreal Centre. But, as will be seen, the latter reciprocates thoroughly, in his opinion of the former. According to Mr. Stephens, Mr. Gilman is a gentleman who goes to the Council as a stock jobber, making use of the mandate intrusted to him by the electors of St. Antoine Ward for his personal objects as a stock jobber. And yet all these three gentlemen, whose opinions the one of the other we have ventured to give, are soliciting the suffrages of the electors in order that corruption may be put down, and honest Government established. On their own statements, they are a precious trio to be intrusted with representative positions. We trust our contemporary, the *Herald*, will not accuse us of personalities, in thus giving the public the benefit of the opinions of these gentlemen of each other. We should be glad to hear the *Herald's* opinion as to the truthfulness of the statements we have quoted.—*Montreal Gazette, Nov. 21.*

Support the Government that has raised the credit of the Province in the money markets of the world.

THE CITY OF WINNIPEG.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY—ITS BUSINESS AND PROSPECTS—THE LAND FEVER AND HOW IT ACTS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WINNIPEG, October 29th.

Winnipeg covers about a square mile of the Red River Valley, and is bounded on the east by the Red River, and on the south by the Assiniboine. The Winnipeg of to-day extends for about a mile west of the Red River, and north of the Assiniboine, but the Winnipeg of the future has no boundaries. It is as large as Chicago and New York. North of the C. P. R., south of the Assiniboine and for miles westward on the Prairie, it is surveyed out into town lots. I have heard it said that Winnipeg is "rather prettily situated!" I have even heard the more appreciative exclaim over it the usual "Oh, how lovely," but I have failed to see it. Its situation I will acknowledge is as beautiful as that of any other town which rises out of a dead plane, and is bounded by two muddy rivers, but not a whit more so. Having spoken of the situation, I will now refer you to the situated. I would not have you suppose that this square mile (which I have before referred to) is all covered with stately edifices of stone and brick—this is not the case. The houses—with the exception of the Hudson's Bay building, the Bank of Montreal and a few other good brick buildings—are for the most part built of wood, and exhibit an obvious parsimony in their distribution. The houses are few in number, but their capability to accommodate is never questioned by any gentleman who has ever found himself the fourth occupant of a small room in one of its leading hotels. I am credibly informed that its

POPULATION AT PRESENT

numbers 12,000 with a floating population of about 2,000, and I believe it. However, I may be too credulous on this point, for ever since my first night's experience in Winnipeg—when I visited six hotels before obtaining admittance, and was then allowed to enter a small room on a third flat, as one of a party—I am ready to believe that the population may be any number between twelve and twenty thousand. Were I capable of placing the town before the readers of the WATCHMAN in all

ITS BUSINESS LIFE

I fear that I would be rewarded for my pains by having many of my statements discredited, by those who have never experienced Western life. On arriving in Winnipeg I had my first experience in this respect at the station. Although I had remained over at Emerson during the day and arrived in Winnipeg that evening, not by the special train of the excursion party, with which I came, but by an ordinary train, I found a crowd around the station, such as I had never experienced on an ordinary occasion, in any city. I have seen such in Montreal on the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne or Parnell at Bonaventure; but never in that city did an ordinary passenger train, or rather a train of ordinary passengers, provoke so great an interest or receive so grand a reception. The little station—for it is a little one—stood apparently to mark the spot where the train would stop, and served to point out the place where the crowd should assemble. I noticed that evening what perhaps some of the readers of the WATCHMAN have noticed, on other occasions and in other towns, that the cabmen, busmen and hotel drivers were not lacking in energy or voice. Against the latter class I consider that I individually and the travelling community as a whole have a strong case; for they persist in driving passengers to their respective hotels at an expense of fifty cents, even when they are well aware that their hotels have not been able to receive any one for twenty-four hours previous. The scene may change; you may leave the station, and passing along the Main street reach the central parts of the town, yet the busy bustle never changes; and the plankwalks, from sun to sun, and far into the night, are ever beaten by eager feet in numbers scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen for themselves. The throng on the Main street may be compared to that on St. James St., Montreal, on a fine Saturday afternoon, when grace and beauty and the city clerks are all out for a promenade. In numbers they agree, but in appearances they differ, the Winnipeg pedestrian bearing more business on his brow and exhibiting more elasticity of step. Men rush by each other here with hope and purpose written in their face, and appear as if each man saw Dame Fortune but a step ahead and expected every moment to detain her by treading on her train. This spirit of hope and enterprise pervades all classes. Men invest their money readily, and rarely without profit.

TOWN LOTS AND FARMING LANDS

attract speculation with a power certainly never exceeded in Canada, and perhaps not in all America. You scarcely ever find on any evening of the week less than four auction sales of Winnipeg and Brandon lots. Brandon lots of 33 feet front find quick sale at prices varying from $100 to $2,000, and Winnipeg lots of 50 feet front find an equally ready market at prices ranging from $100 to $10,000. Since my arrival, a block of buildings was sold for $120,000, and we have every reason to believe that the sale was in good faith. Were this property situated on any of the leading streets in Montreal or Toronto it would not realize $50,000. These figures may convey a limited idea of the "boom" in Winnipeg. How

TO ACCOUNT FOR THE "BOOM"

may be even a more difficult task than to describe it. I am of opinion that it springs from a number of causes, but that in the main it is due to two in particular. The fact that much of the surplus money of the Eastern Provinces, and some English and French capital has been finding its way into the country, has materially facilitated speculation. Loan offices are much more numerous here than auction sales, and equally willing to do business. But there is another cause which has done even more than imported capital for the advancement of Winnipeg. This is the unlimited confidence which every man has in the future of the city. From the member of Parliament down to the day laborer, every man is ready to place his money on the result. Strangers on arriving here, before they are smitten with the land fever, usually administer to the infirmities of the Winnipeg citizens; caution them of their folly; show them that they are rich in land but not in gold; tell them that they have seen the same thing time and again in other cities, and that such is always the precursor of a monster collapse. Some gave the city one, some two, and others three years' grace, but almost all predict that the collapse is in the near future. Fortunately, these predictions are always on their arrival in the country; for I can safely say of these wise men of the East that nine-tenths of them invest before they are a month here, if they have any money to invest. When I consider that around and far out to the west of us lies one of the largest and most fertile tracts of land on the Continent of America, wide enough to settle and rich enough to feed, not only the surplus population of Great Britain, but of all Europe; a tract, the extent and fatness of which the millions of Europe could neither fill nor exhaust, and that Winnipeg will possibly ever remain the gateway through which this country is to be entered, I am prepared to look for as long a period of prosperity, as the most sanguine have dared to dream of. A few days ago I visited St. Boniface, which is built on the east bank of the Red River opposite Winnipeg, for the purpose of seeing the new French College just completed. The building is a spacious and magnificent edifice, and constructed with strict regard to comfort and health. I called on His Grace Archbishop Tache, whose residence is close to the college, to enquire the cost of the building and other facts in connection with the country. His Grace received me with more than ordinary courtesy, and showed me a painting of the Queen which he had painted by an artist in Winnipeg. He said that 3 days after he had given the order it was hanging in his palace and admired by the Marquis of Lorne. The building, he said, cost about $50,000; was lighted with gas, and heated with hot air and water, Mr. Prowse, of Montreal, having the contract. His Grace spoke in high terms of the country, and said that a man with $1,000 could settle fairly well on land, and have sufficient remaining to live on till he could dispose of his first crop. G. R.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

[From our regular Correspondent]

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 8, 1881

While Mr. Gladstone was the guest of Lord Derby at Knowsley, a few days ago, the Liverpool Liberal Association invited him to present an address of congratulation upon the foreign policy of the Government; and also to express a hope that, when the Land Act was fairly tried in Ireland, the Ministry would once more adopt the ordinary method of Government in that country. It strikes me, as perhaps it will many others, that the Liverpool deputation was rather anticipating events. The deputation wanted to look into the future, but Mr. Gladstone, with his customary ingenuity, turned the minds of those who addressed him towards the past. He began with the Transvaal, stating how firmly the Government had declined to make any further concessions to the Boers, and that the result had been most satisfactory. Then he discussed Irish affairs, again dwelling on the past rather than the future. The Premier, however, with an enthusiasm born, I fancy, of hope rather than positive belief, gave quite a roseate account of the eagerness of the Irish tenantry to avail themselves of the Land Act. Of course there will be eagerness at first. People will seek the Land Court as they seek any other Court of Law; that is, with the full conviction that they will gain their cause. It will be time enough to speak of the workings of the New Act when a few cases have been decided. Meanwhile, all friends of order, law and justice must cordially hope that Mr. Gladstone's cheerful anticipations may be realized. The incidents of the past few months have been perilous, not only to Ireland, but to England. With anarchy approaching our very doors, the Government may well be excused if, in the effort to restore order, some have suffered whose deeds were comparatively harmless. Mr. Gladstone rejoiced that the proposal to confer the freedom of Dublin upon Mr. Parnell was rejected.

All who are interested in the welfare of Italy will be glad of the welcome given to the Italian monarch in Austria. Strange it is at this moment to regard the friendly feelings springing up between Italy and Austria when but a few years back the very sight of an Austrian uniform in an Italian city was enough to cause a disturbance. But events move fast in these days. Italian unity was a fine thing regarded from a practical point of view, but there was also associated with it Italian isolation, which was not without its dangers. To be thrust out of the European family was not a good thing for Italy, because in the midst of a general war, or possibly even in a dispute between two of the great Continental Powers, Italy might have portions of those very dominions wrenched from her which had cost so much to gain. There are clouds upon the horizon, however, in spite of all the jubilation, for it cannot be denied Italy is bitterly discontented with the progress of affairs in Tunis; and the people of Italy hail the prospect of an alliance with Austria as the readiest method of giving support to their country in the event of possible complications, while Italian statesmen are perfectly convinced that, while Austria and Germany remain upon their present cordial terms, there will be no chance of France gaining new allies.

It is easy to understand why Italy looks so sour at France. The subject affects England less, but England has also some reason to complain. When Lord Granville some months ago questioned the intentions of France the matter was smoothed over in choice diplomatic phrases, and, as a French statesman said, "England was pacified;" but a total contradiction is given to every word then uttered by the facts of a French occupation of Tunis and the complete deposition of the Bey. Meanwhile the French have upon their hands one of the most difficult enterprises in which they have ever embarked. It will cost them dear in money and men, and it is quite impossible at present to predict that it will bring profit or glory to the French Republic.

Mr. Henry Irving has been creating quite a *furore* at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, where he has met with success, altogether unprecedented in the annals of local theatricals. The receipts for the first four nights of his engagement amounted to the handsome sum of £1,390, showing an average of £347. 10s. per night. Mr. Irving's Shylock particularly has awakened the enthusiastic admiration of all who have seen him in the part. Miss Ellen Terry, it will be readily believed, has shared largely in the honors bestowed. AUGUST.

ELECTION NEWS.

LAKEFIELD.

At a meeting called by the Conservatives on Thursday evening, Alderman Wilson addressed a crowded meeting in the schoolhouse. This gentleman entered at length into the past history of Alderman Gilman in his civic capacity, basing his remarks entirely on facts which had transpired in the proceedings of the City Council, and which were to the personal knowledge of Mr. Wilson. Although called upon to do so no Liberal had the courage to attempt to clear Mr. Gilman. The meeting then closed, the audience declaring itself entirely in favor of the local Conservative candidate. On Friday last at Lakefield, the speakers were Mr. Gilman and Mr. Meikle, ex M.P.P., on the one side and Messrs. Ireland and Bampton on the other. After a three hours debate the meeting declared itself almost unanimously in favor of the County-man, Mr. Owens.

GRENVILLE.

At a meeting called in the Liberal interest on Saturday last, before a large and orderly assembly held in the town hall, Messrs. Gilman and Owens addressed the constituents, followed, by Messrs. Bassette and Weir for the Liberals and Clendenneng and Eventurel for the Conservatives. Mr. Gilman replied and Mr. Bampton replied for Mr. Owens. With the exception of a few men purposely brought from Cushing as *claqueurs*, Grenville went to a man in favor of the local candidate, Mr. Owens.

CUSHING.

On Monday afternoon at the stone hall there was a meeting, sparsely attended, though called by Mr. Gilman, and held in a Liberal stronghold. The candidates addressed the meagre audience, followed by Dr. Christie and Messrs. Clendinneng, Bampton and Weir. No enthusiasm was displayed by the Liberals, who seem to have lost heart on account of the severe handling Mr. Gilman has received at all the meetings, as an outsider of questionable antecedents.

EAST SETTLEMENT.

A meeting was called and held in the Conservative interest on Monday evening last. Mr. Eventurel and others addressed a crowded audience, which declared unanimously in favor of the County man, Mr. Owens.

A Real Necessity.

No house should be without a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, in case of accident. There is no preparation offered to suffering humanity that has made so many permanent cures, or relieved so much pain and misery. It is called by some the Good Samaritan, by others the Cure-all, and by the afflicted an Angel of Mercy.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

SECOND LOT!

17	yards Dress Material for	$1 65
15	yards Dress Material for	1 55
14	yards Dress Material for	1 40
15	yards Dress Material for	4 25
12½	yards Dress Material for	4 30
14	yards Dress Material for	4 55
14	yards Dress Material for	4 10
13	yards Dress Material for	4 50
15	yards Dress Material for	5 18
12	yards Dress Material for	7 90
19½	yards Dress Material for	7 25
14½	yards Dress Material for	5 35
14½	yards Dress Material for	4 10
16	yards Dress Material for	6 25
12½	yards Dress Material for	6 00
14½	yards Dress Material for	5 20
12	yards Dress Material for	3 95
17	yards Dress Material for	4 85
12½	yards Dress Material for	4 20
14½	yards Dress Material for	3 00

WRAPPERS.

8	yards Fancy Dress Material for	$1 50
9	yards Fancy Dress Material for	0 65
10	yards Fancy Dress Material for	0 63
8	yards Fancy Dress Material for	0 84
9	yards Fancy Dress Material for	0 95
10	yards Fancy Dress Material for	1 05
8	yards Fancy Dress Material for	1 10
9	yards Fancy Dress Material for	1 20
10	yards Fancy Dress Material for	1 35
8	yards Fancy Dress Material for	1 25
9	yards Fancy Dress Material for	1 40
8	yards Fancy Dress Material for	1 68
9	yards Fancy Dress Material for	1 90
10	yards Fancy Dress Material for	2 10
8	yards Fancy Dress Material for	2 35
10	yards Fancy Dress Material for	2 60
8	yards Fancy Dress Material for	2 15
9	yards Fancy Dress Material for	2 56
10	yards Fancy Dress Material for	2 80

(To be continued.)

S. CARSLEY,

GAITERS!

At S. Carsley's you can get Gaiters in all sizes, in all shades, and several qualities; imported gaiters and also our own make.

HEAVY RIBBED HOSIERY.

Try S. Carsley's own make of hosiery, made on precisely the same principle as the cotton hosiery sold during the Summer months, which proved such an immense success.

THE REASON WHY.

Having double toes and double heels, and being made as well and as firmly as ordinary handknitted stockings they were enabled to wear and give such satisfaction that those who tried them recommended them to their friends, and thus made the undertaking a complete success.

BETTER STILL.

S. Carsley now offers 10 different qualities in plain and ribbed with double toes and heels, of his own manufacture.

S. CARSLEY.
MONTREAL.

GRAND OPENING
—OF—
NEW GOODS.

I take the pleasure in intimating to my friends and the public in general that I shall open out,

On or about the 5th of December,
IN
MR. EVANS' STORE,

a complete stock of general merchandise, comprising:

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, FURS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, STATIONERY, BOOTS & SHOES, RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, PAINTS & OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HARDWARE, &c., &c.

And also, specially
FOR THE HOLIDAYS,
a nice assortment of
FANCY GOODS,
suitable for presents
Christmas Cards,
in great variety.

The stock has been bought with great care, and will be sold at a small advance on cost. It shall be my aim to keep it complete in every department, and will endeavor to give satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Pork, &c., taken in Exchange for Goods.

HUGH FRASER, Jr.

Lachute, Nov. 1881. n13 3m

B. L. LEPAGE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LACHUTE, P. Q.

All deeds executed at remarkably reduced rates.

OFFICE: In the Court House Building, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Evening, at residence, Olivet Hall, West End.

THE CONTINENTAL
Clothing Store,
66 BONAVENTURE ST.,
MONTREAL,
is the
Cheapest Place In The City
to buy your custom and ready-made clothing and gents' furnishings.

We are Selling a Good Overcoat for $3.50.
" " Ulster $4.50.

In our custom department may be found a FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Woollens & Tweeds

from which we are making some of the best fitting suits ever shown in Canada. Best value for your money in Canada.

SMITH & CO.

v5 n1y

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.

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 Boootees, 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 28, 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.

je 3 3m

CHAPMAN & MATTINSON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
SASHES,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
STAIRS,
STAIR RAILINGS,
BALUSTERS & POSTS,
MOULDINGS,
And All Kinds of House Finishings.
DRY PINE LUMBER
Constantly on Hand.
LACHUTE MILLS,
v5 n10 1y PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

SAW LOGS WANTED

Wanted all the spruce, pine, hemlock, ash, and other saw logs that we can get. Good prices will be paid, and contracts entered into for delivery at the mills in winter, or by river in summer.

FISH & IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

Grain Wanted.

Wanted all the wheat, oats, barley, corn, peas, rye, black buckwheat, and white beans that we can get, for which the highest cash price will be paid.

FISH & IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th 1881.

FOR SALE

Strong bakers' flour, good family flour, Graham flour, cracked wheat, pot barley, oatmeal, buckwheat flour, tea by the chest, cattle or lb., sugars, coffees, spices, herrings, pork, hams, and general groceries, all at lowest cash prices.

FISH & IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, Nov., 10th, 1881.

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

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. 26tf

REAL ESTATE.

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

GRENVILLE VILLAGE.

10 Lots with dwellings and outbuildings from $300 to $ 00 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot	3 in 1st Range,	$ 800 00
S W ¼	"	5 in 4th Range,	200 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	"	2 in 4th Range,	200 00
S ½	"	19 in 4th Range,	400 00
S ½	"	10 in 6th Range,	600 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	"	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,	800 00

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

FALL 1881.

New Dress Goods!

Costume Cloths only 10c.
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. WALES & Co.,

Sep. 14.
1tf *St. Andrews.*

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 " " 1.65 " 1.15
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 n28m.

Drawing Classes.

Mrs. BOND,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.

MRS. BOND purposes opening classes for Painting in oils, water colors, monochromatic, crayon and pencil Drawing; also Painting on satin and china, work very fashionable in England and the United States.

References: Dr. JENKINS, D. D., Montreal. W. WILSON, Esq., 327 Pearl street, New York. Address P. O. box 104

n10 4in LACHUTE.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'WAY.
EMORY'S BAR TO PORT MOODY.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to give Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge of the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dep. Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. n10 12in

LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 2nd Nov. at 8 o'clock sharp.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Grand Opening.—Hugh Fraser.
Dress Goods.—S. Carsley.
Professional Card.—B. L. LePage.
Downs' Elixir.—Henry, Johnsons & Lord.
Burdock Blood Bitters.—T. Milburn & Co.

LOCAL.

The right place to buy is at J. R. McOuat's—*prices right* and goods may be relied on.

At a meeting of the Lachute Caledonian Club held in Victoria Hall on Tuesday evening last, it was decided to hold the annual dinner on St. Andrews' Day, and Mr. John Hope consented to provide it for a very moderate sum.

WANTED.— Ten Barrels Tallow at once at, J. R. McOUAT'S.

We are informed by G. J. Walker, Esq., Secretary-Treasurer of the Argenteuil Agricultural Society, that on Tuesday last he received the Government Grant and is now prepared to pay all premiums awarded by the Society during the present season.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Gents Fur Caps—a few Persian Lambs very cheap.

LACHUTE IRON MINES.—The Hon. L. R. Church and Mr. F. C. Ireland have purchased from Mr. D. Stalker, of this place, the mining rights on his farm; and operations are to commence at once to get out ore providing the weather keeps favorable.

J. R. McOuat's for Misses', Ladies' and Gents' Rubbers and Overshoes.

The combined efforts of Mr. McOuat, founder; Messrs. Raitt, tinsmiths; Mr. LeBeuf, bricklayer; and Messrs. Chapman & Co., carpenters, have succeeded in placing an excellent hot-air furnace in St. Simeon's Church.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Overcoatings, Worsted Coatings, Tweeds, Etoffes, &c., if you want good value for your money.

Rev. H. J. Evans leaves to-day for Chatham, Wentworth, Harrington, Arundel, Amherst and Ponsonby—not to return until the middle of next week. St. Simeon's church will be closed morning and evening on Sunday 27th. The Sunday School will, however, be at the usual hour 2:30 p.m.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for the best assortment of Gent's Furnishings in this town.

Mr. Gilman is said to be supported by that monopoly in Montreal known as the City Passenger Railway Co. who want his services in the Quebec Legislature as well as in the Montreal City Council. Down with monopolies is the cry of every honest elector.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Lachute Mill Flour, Ottawa do., Buckwheat do., Cornmeal and Oatmeal. (P.S.—Lachute Mill Flour at Mill price.)

MASONIC.—We understand that a Concert is to be given under the auspices of the Masonic Lodge here early in December. Should it be gotten up our readers may expect a treat as it is a well understood principle with the craft that any public entertainment given by them must be first class.

Turkeys! Turkeys! Turkeys! The highest price paid for Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Chickens and Partridges, at J. R. McOUAT'S.

Mr. Gilman tried to claim at the Lakefield meeting that he was as much a county-man as Mr. Abbott or Mr. Owens. It is well known that Mr. Abbott was born in the County, educated in the County, lived in the County and practiced law in the County; while the attempt to make out that Mr. Owens is not a County-man is as far fetched an argument as Mr. Gilman is a far-fetched candidate, whose speech betrays him to be a Yankee.

Cash paid for Pork and Hides, at J. R. McOUAT'S.

Mr. Gilman held his first meeting in Lakefield on Friday evening last and addressed about a dozen Electors, some boys and a few ladies. His speech was without force, point or enthusiasm. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Ireland and Mr. Bampton, whose addresses were enthusiastically received by the audience, most of whom were in favor of Mr. Owens. Mr. Bampton urged the electors to send Mr. Gilman not to the Quebec Legislature, but to a place in the rear of this County known as the Trembling Mountain.

Extra good value in Ready-made Clothing and Overcoats, at J. R. McOUAT'S.

We are glad to learn that a contract was signed yesterday with Mr. Robert, Contractor, for the construction of the branch line from Lachute to St. Andrews, and that it is intended to break ground at St. Andrews on the 1st December next at 12 o'clock. We congratulate our friends of St. Andrews upon this approaching close connection with our town, and we confidently look forward to the North River having a line of factories on its banks connecting the two places.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Dress Goods, Shawls, Clouds, Beaver, Nap and Vicuna Cloakings and Mantle Cloths.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday, 16th inst., Catherine, daughter of Mr. Daniel McPhail, of this place, while in the act of stooping near a cupboard, received a very severe contusion on her head from a falling timber, a heavy 2-inch plank, which had been leaned against the cupboard to dry, and which slipped and fell. Miss McPhail is still suffering acutely from the wound. We trust with God's blessing and good medical care, and nursing, she may be restored. Much sympathy is felt for the afflicted family.

Real Buckskin Moccasins and Mitts direct from the Indians, at J. R. McOUAT'S.

The highest point reached by any railroad is 16,646 feet over the Andes. 853 gross of Esterbrook's Bank pens would stretch the distance.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Ladies Fur Caps and Muffs.

"What every one says must be true." And every one who has tested its merits speaks warmly in praise of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all throat and lung complaints, coughs and colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and incipient consumption.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

SKETCHES FROM THE GUITEAU TRIAL.—A WEAK PROSECUTION. —MR BLAINE AS A WITNESS.— SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE FIRST DAY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 19 1881.

I have this hour returned from the Guiteau trial, and will give you my impressions while they are fresh. The court room was so densely crowded that I could not at first see the prisoner, but, pressing within the bar, I secured a seat from which I had an excellent view. As I took my seat, I heard a sharp, distinct voice say: "I want the Court to know that I do not come here on my hands and knees as a criminal, but as a representative of Deity." Looking in the direction of the voice, I saw a pale, thin, excited and gesticulating man; it was Guiteau. Soon the door of the witness room was opened, and all eyes were fixed on the well known form and features of Jas. G. Blaine. He was conducted to a seat within the bar Colonel Corkhill now arose to open the case for the prosecution. If the reader has seen a verbatim report, I presume he has felt regret and shame that the United States, in so important a case, a case in which the words of counsel will be read in every civilized tongue, should have been so incompetently and weakly represented. The address was a verbose, rambling, irrelevant harangue, about the late war, the assassination of Lincoln, our form of Government, and it abounded in sophomorical flight and hackneyed platitudes—all calculated to confuse the jury as to their duty, and mystify them as to the criminality of the criminal. Considering the cause and the occasion, so much verbal ineptitude has seldom been crowded into so brief a time. When the counsel sat down, I thought a sigh of relief came from a disgusted court and bar. I have no personal ill feeling toward Col. Corkhill, but, if something is not done to rebuff the intrusion of such low grade mediocrity into responsible position in this country, the public legal service will be in danger of inanition. Owing to his social standing and connexions here, the city press speaks flatteringly of his failure, but the press outside of Washington is free from social embarrassment, and can dare to serve God and man by telling the truth. I can now see why the Government would not entrust the Star Route case to him, but I cannot understand how a sane Government ever entrusted him with any thing.

Mr. Blaine was now called to the witness stand. The clerk was proceeding to administer the oath with the Bible, but Mr. Blaine whispered his perference for the other way, and was sworn with his right hand elevated and without kissing the book. A chair was offered him but he preferred to testify standing. He detailed the incidents of the morning, the hour, and the moments preceding and following the assassination. But little was added to the tragic history with which the public is familiar, but it was exceedingly interesting to hear the story from the distinguished witness. After Mr. Blaine had concluded his testimony direct, Mr. Scoville, the brother-in-law and counsel of Guiteau arose to cross examine him. With arms folded across his chest, and with perfect poise and composure, but not without deference to the witness, he questioned Mr. Blaine with great skill and directness. His object was to elicit from a distinguished authority a history of the cause and effect of the bitter dis-unions within in the Republican party at the time of the assassination, and to impress the jury with the idea that those dissensions were calculated to throw unsound and loosely pivoted minds off their balance, thus shifting the odium of Guiteau's offense to this supposed ulterior cause. Mr. Blaine answered the questions relative to politics within his party with apparent reluctance, and with much adroitness and wit. When the cross-examination was over, Mr. Blaine bowing to the Judge, and shaking hands with the clerk who had administered the oath, left the room.

I believe that Guiteau is insane, but not to the degree of irresponsibility for murder, and my opinion has not been formed from what I have seen, more than from his assertion that he was a lawyer, a politician and a theologian. The vanity of those three professions is too much for even a strong mind.

Dyspepsia, that all prevalent disease of civilized life, is always attended with a disordered sympathetic system and bad secretions, and no remedy is better adapted to its cure than Burdock Blood Bitters taken according to special directions found on every bottle.

Uphold the Government that has brought foreign capital into the Province, thereby promoting its industries, and reducing the rate of interest to borrowers of money.

Weak Lungs and how to make them Strong.

Breathe with the mouth closed, have access at all times to pure air, exercise moderately, eat nourishing but simple food, and take that best of all cough remedies, Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It speedily cures all throat and lung troubles of adults or children. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Friends of efficient management and good Government work for Mr. Owens.

When Doctors Disagree, who shall Decide?

Nothing is more variable than the different opinions of medical men; but when they fail to agree, or to perform a cure in a chronic disease, the patient often decides for themselves, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, and speedily recover. It is the grand key to health that unlocks all the secretions, and liberates the slave from the captivity of disease.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the County of Argenteuil.

GENTLEMEN:

Having been nominated by a large and influential meeting of the Liberal Conservative Electors of the County, as a Candidate for the representation of the County in the Provincial Legislature, I beg to present myself for your suffrages.

If honoured by your confidence, it would be my study to so act as to promote the best interests of this County in particular, and of the Province generally.

I believe that in the present position of the Province a policy of economy and retrenchment is essential. I am pleased to know that the Government have since their accession to office accomplished something in this direction, and I should, if elected, give every assistane to the carrying out of this policy.

Much has been done in the last two years, in the way of attracting the attention of foreign capitalists to this Province, and I believe important results are certain to follow the efforts in that direction, in the developing of the material interests of the Province. The Government to whom we are indebted for these efforts, I think, should be sustained by the people.

If elected, my best efforts would be directed to secure a fair and equitable distribution of money for colonization purposes, such amendments to the School Laws as may be necessary to improve the elementary schools of this Province. The wise and careful administration of the finances, and such a disposition of our Provincial railway as would secure its efficient working in the public interests, and develop one of the important results expected from it by constituting it a training school for *our people* in Railway business, and render it a valuable source of revenue to the Province.

On the subject of the Legislative Council, about which so much has been said, I would be glad to see such legislation as would render it less expensive. Already by the action of that body itself something has been done in this direction, and I think in view of the popular expression on the subject something more may be accomplished.

In a word, if elected, my earnest efforts will be used to assist in every thing calculated to promote the material interests and social well being of the people of this Province.

Respectfully soliciting your support at the polls,

I remain yours &c.,
W. OWENS.

Stonefield, Nov. 7th, 1881.

Aux Electeurs Libres et Independants du COMTE D'ARGENTEUIL

MESSIEURS:

Ayant été choisi, comme candidat à la Législature Provinciale pour représenter le Comté, a une assemblée nombreuses et influente des Electeurs libéraux conservateurs, je viens solliciter votre suffrage.

Si vous m'honorez de votre confiance, je m'efforcerai de travaillez à la promotion des intérêts du Comté en particulier et de la Province en général.

Je suis d'opinion, que dans les circonstances présentes, la Province requiert une politique d'economie et de retranchement. Je vois avec plaisir, que, depuis son ascention au pouvoir, le gouvernement à accompli quelque chose a cet effet. Et, si élu, je donnerai toute mon influence pour aider à ces projets.

Beaucoup a été fait, durant ces deux dernières années, à l'effet d'attrier les capiteaux étrangers en ce pays; et je pense qu'il en résultera des conséquences importantes dans l'intérêt matériel de la Province. Le gouvernement, qui nous à procuré ces avantages, doit je crois recevoir le support populaire.

Si je suis élu, je ferai tout en mon pouvoir pour faciliter une division juste et équitable des fonds de la colonisation; et toute amendement aux lois d'éducation à l'effet d'ameliorer le system d'écoles elementaires en cette Province; l'administration sage et prudente de nos finances; et toute loi tendant a l'administration efficace de nos chemins de fer, dans l'intérêt public et au developement des résultats importants, que j'en attendais, en devenant une école d'instruction pour notre peuple en matière de chemins de fer et le rendant une source de revenus considérables à cette Province.

Quand au Conseil Législatif, dont nous avons tant entendu parler, je voudrais qu'il devienne moins dispendieux à la Province. Déjà par l'action de ce corps, il à déjà été fait quelques choses dans ce but, et pense qu'avec l'expression du sentiment populaire plus peut être fait.

En un mot, si je suis élu, je ferai tout en mon pouvoir, pour assister toute législation tendant à promouvoir les intérêts matériaux et sociaux et le bien être du peuple de la Province.

Tout en sollicitant humblement votre vote aux polls.

Je demeure votre etc.
W. OWENS.

Stonefield, 7 Novembre, 1881.

A Popular Remedy.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is one of the most deservedly popular remedies for the cure of coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, whooping cough, croup, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints. For sale by all dealers.

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. 22t1

GEO. L. MEIKLE

invites parties needing supplies for

FALL & WINTER'S USE

to call and enquire his prices before purchasing elsewhere, when they will be convinced, from the

Very Low Prices

at which all kinds of goods are offered, that

MEIKLE'S CASH STORE

IS THE

Cheapest Spot

to deal in.

Just received some fine LABRADORE HERRINGS, either in barrels or halves. As every barrel is inspected, Labradore parties may feel certain of getting a good article.

MEN'S ROCK ISLAND BOOTS, hand made, Remember when buying Rock Island boots to ask for the Star brand, if you want to be certain of getting the best boot.

A large stock of LADIES' FUR CAPS, MUFFS and BOAS. LADIES' ULSTER CLOTH in all grades and colors, from 95 cts. to $1.00. Best value in the market.

LADIES' BLACK CLOTH JACKETS at small advance on cost. In DRESS GOODS the stock will be found very complete, embracing all prices, from ten-cent WINCEYS, up to finest CASHMERES and ALL-WOOL GOODS. GREY COTTONS and TICKINGS at city prices. MEN'S OVERCOATINGS at prices to suit all parties. TWEEDS and HEAVY STUFFS, from 75 cents and up wards, of choice new patterns.

TAR PAPER, GLASS and PUTTY very cheap. A few VERY SERVICEABLE GUNS for sale at a great bargain. All

MARKETABLE PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS, and goods given in exchange at same prices as for cash.

WANTED

500 BRACE OF PARTRIDGES,

also

A Car-load of TURKEYS and GEESE,

so soon as the weather becomes cold enough to freeze them solid before bringing them to market.

Remember M E I K L E ' S C A S H S T O R E *is the place to get a good quality of goods at the lowest rates.* 122

NOW IS THE TIME
TO
Get a Bargain.
WATCHES
OF ALL KINDS
VERY CHEAP.
VERY LARGE ASSORTMENTS.

All kinds of
JEWELLERY,
SILVER NECKLETS & LOCKETS,
GENTS' CHAINS.
Fine assortment of
GOLD & SILVER RINGS,
EARRINGS and
BROOCHES.
STUDS IN GREAT VARIETY.
C. W. HUGHES,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.

Mr. Hughes will remove to Mr. Cleland's new store on 1st December, opposite Mr. Meikle. v5 n1 1y

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

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. Hanford, 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.
E. Lablanc.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
1tf LACHUTE BAKERY.

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

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

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

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 11 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. 20

TERMS EASY. Title perfect. For farther particulars apply to the proprietor,

JAMES MILLER,
n8 3m Cushing.

PATENTS

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C. A. SNOW & Co.
OPPOSITE PATENT OFFICE,
v5 n8 1y WASHINGTON D. C.

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

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
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LIGGET & HAMILTON
importers of
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
Carpets, and Housefurnishings.
A splendid assortment of
SEALETTES,
for winter cloaks, now being sold
AT A VERY LOW PRICE.
A large line of MILLINERY in stock.
LIGGET & HAMILTON.
47 & 49 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.
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Burdock
Blood
Bitters.
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,
JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
ERYSIPELAS, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
SALT RHEUM,
HEARTBURN,
HEADACHE,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

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

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, Dulls Deniner, 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

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.

If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters.

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

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

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BITTERS
NEVER
FAIL

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

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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.
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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

Wm. MURRAY,
No 71 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.
Watchmaker,
AND
JEWELLER.
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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.

Ottawa River Navigation Co'

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,
30tf President.

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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 PH-TO-TYLIF 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.

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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. 4 1y

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' 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.

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

A HORRID CRIME.

Brutal Assault Upon a Fifteen-Year-Old Girl.

A Wolcot (N. Y.) despatch says the 15-year-old sister of Mrs. Hogan, of South Butts, Wayne County, was the victim of a horrible outrage on the evening of Wednesday last. Being on a visit to her brother-in-law, Mr. Hogan, she attracted the attention of Joseph Smith, aged 25, a farm laborer about the neighborhood. Early on Wednesday evening, after Mr. and Mrs. Hogan had left home to attend a wedding, Smith went to Hogan's house, knowing that he would find the young girl alone. The girl knew him, as he had been employed upon her brother-in-law's place, and she was not frightened at first at his appearance. Soon after Smith confronted her in the kitchen he asked her to go into the parlor and play for him at the organ. She excused herself, saying she must bring in the clothes which had been washed and hung out to dry. As she started for the door, to get out of his presence, he struck her from behind with his fist, and felled her to the floor. She resisted and struggled as best she could, but two or three more blows about the head rendered her utterly unable to offer further resistance, though in her terrible fright still retained consciousness. Having overcome his victim, Smith took carefully from his pocket a stout cord, with which he proceeded deliberately to gag her and prevent any outcry. The gagging was done by tying the cord so tightly around her neck that she could utter no sound whatever. He then dragged her from the house into the orchard, and carried her thence some 25 rods, tearing off portions of her clothing as he proceeded. He outraged and partially butchered the girl, inflicting a frightful wound upon her person with his knife. This done, the dastardly craven fled from the scene of his crime and left the weak and then unconscious girl to die, as he supposed. She was still gagged and bound, as well as nearly nude, with scarcely anything to protect her from the chill frost of the night, and there she lay in a semi-conscious state, suffering, bleeding, and all but dying until morning. When Mr. and Mrs. Hogan returned from the wedding they missed their girl and instituted a general search, which was only terminated at 7 o'clock Thursday morning, by the finding of the poor girl as above described. When found she seemed to be dying from loss of blood and exposure. Having been restored to consciousness she told all she knew about the outrage. Inquiries proved that the ruffian had got shaved in Wolcot on Thursday morning, and in the afternoon was seen at North Huron heading for the lake, with, it is supposed, the intention of stowing himself away in a Canadian vessel. The following is a description of the villain: Height, 5 feet, 9 inches; rather strong built, shoulders a little stooping; light hair; moustache lately shaved off; light blue eyes; large and prominent nose; rather slow in speech; is a little peculiar; wore dark pants, yellowish brown coat, nearly new, and new kip boots. The poor girl lies in a very critical condition, though there is a hope of her recovery.

Mrs. West, the Irish Beauty.

(Dublin Evening Telegraph.)

Mrs. Cornwallis West, who accompanies her kinsman, the Hon. Lionel Sackville, to Washington, is a beautiful and brilliant Irishwoman—a niece of the Marquis of Headfort, her maiden name Fitzpatrick. She is lively and *spirituelle*, like Erin's bright daughters in general; and became by those qualities alone one of the leaders of London society. Opinions were divided as to the place she was entitled to hold in respect of beauty, for her rival was powerful and found her claims to the first place as "professional" supported by the taste expressed by royalty; but concerning the superiority of intellect there was not the slightest difference of opinion. Ruthin Castle, the seat of Cornwallis West, has always been enlivened with all sorts of dramatic entertainments, in which the lady of the castle takes the leading part with the greatest talent and ease, while her low-browed, classical rival could never sustain a conversation with any degree of interest. She is still young enough to justify pretension to witch the world with her loveliness, having been born during the Crimean war and christened by the odd name of Eupatoria. Her style of beauty is in direct contrast with that of her rival—laughing, sparkling, blonde and piquant. Her arrival at Washington will be an event at that city and serve not only to waken up the diplomatic corps from the droning *ennui* of its commonplace routine, but will serve to protect her honorable kinsman during the siege which he will surely have to sustain against the American "gurlls," always on the watch and ready to pounce upon a diplomatic bachelor.

Oregon's Extraordinary Lake.

Several of our citizens returned last week from the Great Sunken Lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average 2,000 feet down to water all around. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, as it is so far below the surface of the mountain that air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve or fifteen miles and its width ten or twelve. There is a mountain in the centre having trees upon it. It lies still, silent and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle into the water several times at an angle of forty-five degrees and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but is vouched for by our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.—*Jacksonville (Or.) Paper.*

A Fine Affair.

The dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce of New York to the French and German guests on Saturday night last was one of the most elaborate and costly ever provided by Delmonico. It is the correct thing now to present the bill-of-fare on a conspicuous banner, so that he who eats may read, and this one feature was elaborate, and indicative of the profusion of the whole. This banner of blue satin was suspended from a standard of brass, the top of which was the rod of Mercury—the symbol of commerce. On the satin surrounding the actual bill-of-fare, which was printed upon a scroll held by an eagle, were represented in colors at the top the seal of the Chamber of Commerce, and a view of Yorktown, with the dates of 1781 and 1881. The flags of France and the United States were on the side, with French and American soldiers in the costume of the last century. Under this was a view of the Giant's gap, on the Union Pacific Railroad, with a locomotive engine and a train of cars whirling along. Beneath all was a representation of the American steamship, the City of Peking. The standard was about eighteen inches high. The responses to the toasts were hardly as enjoyable as the dinner. The speakers were rather prosy.

Wisconsin has been trying to destroy its wolves, wild cats and foxes by offering a reward for every one killed, and within six months has expended nearly $8,000 in this way. But those who seem to know, say that the only result has been to increase the number of these animals, the reward offered for their destruction being an incentive to breed and raise them.

SHUT UP IN A MADHOUSE.

A Rational and Intelligent Lady Confined Among the Hopelessly Insane.

THE DESPAIR OF DEATH.

A despatch from Kanas City says the terrible experience of the first night in a madhouse is one of those things which has long remained a part of the unwritten history of misfortune or crime. It is seldom that one who has passed through its nightmare of horrors comes out sane. But to be thrust in among such unfortunates as these, knowing the mind is unimpaired but cannot long withstand the dreaded strain upon it—the jeers, the screams, the moans, the maniac laugh—must be esteemed the acme of human misery, more bitter than the despair of death. Such was the condition of Mrs. Scanlon during her first night in St. Joseph. For three days she neither ate nor slept, and during all that time the bitter tears of despair scarcely ceased to flow. It was doubtful if her intellect could have withstood this strain much longer, but on the third day she received a cheering letter from her attorney saying that there were proceedings for release, and again hope sprang up in her breast. Till then all had been only the darkness of despair. A stranger among strangers, with no familiar faces about her, and with no hope of communication with the outer world, she heard only the mad laugh of the maniac or the maudlin sobs of the hopelessly insane. Mrs. Scanlon, of this city, has been the victim of all the horrors of an insane asylum at St. Joseph. Your correspondent to-day found this lady at the home of her sister, and, as she entered the room, he saw a petite young-looking woman of full and even beautiful figure, with clear blue eyes which showed no trace of insanity, and dark hair. The recent inmate of so dreaded a place as the asylum received her visitor kindly, and acted in a lady-like and becoming manner, which asserted itself at once in contradiction to the charges made against her. Two prepossessing little children of the McLeods cast wandering, but not at all abashed, glances at the visitor, and a playful dog gamboled about his feet—a strange contrast to the bolts and bars of a madhouse. Mrs. Scanlon talked quietly and pleasantly of her trip to St. Joseph, and of her other experiences in the asylum there, but waived the question whenever the subject touched upon facts in the former case with a readiness which showed not only her clearness of mind, but her tact and good sense as well. The facts in this part of the case, however, have already obtained publicity. Mrs. Scanlon said that when the sheriff came for her and showed her the orders for her incarceration, she went quietly, as she saw that resistance was useless. At first she wanted to rebel, but when she saw that it was too late she was disposed to make the best of it. She was driven to the bridge depot, but did not expect to stop at Dunlap & Freeman's office. The journey was a sad one, as she feared the trial in store for her and did not know where it would end. On arriving at St. Joseph she was taken direct to the asylum.

"Were you locked up in a cell?" was asked. "No. For the first two days I was locked up in the ward where harmless patients are left, and afterward I was granted the freedom of the halls and building."

"How did the other patients affect you?" "Their cries and shrieks were fearful. For the first three days I could not eat nor sleep, and cried constantly. I do not think I ate a mouthful. On the fourth, when I received a letter from Mr. Dunlap, and knew there was a movement on foot for my release, I felt more relieved, and continued to bear my imprisonment more calmly." Mrs. Scanlon said that the officers, physicians and matrons were all very kind. Nevertheless she could not have borne the thought of hopeless imprisonment, away from home and friends and in such a place, long. She wondered how such things could be in a civilized community, and shuddered to think what the result might have been had the newspapers or her friends not raised the standard of rebellion. If people could be thus condemned without a hearing, once within the prison wall, death would be their only release. She was delighted to see the sheriff, who came to release her from her enforced confinement, and the return journey was more pleasant than the sad night of her departure. She was informed that the prosecution said they would fight the case when it came up before the county court next week, but did not think they would.

SOME LOVELY DRESSES.

The Costumes Worn by the Elite of New York at a Recent Grand Reception.

At the ball given to the German and French delegates to the Yorktown celebration, in New York on Monday night, many of the toilets were exquisite, and it is long since a public society event in New York has shown such costliness and elegance in attire. Conspicuous even amidst the unusual brilliancy of toilets were the Marquise de Rochambeau and Mrs. John Jacob Astor. The Marquise de Rochambeau was dressed in black satin trimmed with black thread lace, *decollette* and sleeveless. Around her neck was a necklace of diamonds and opals, attached to a large splash of diamonds in the form of marguerites joined with opals. The diamonds are an heirloom, and the setting is in the purest style of Louis XIV. In her hair were diamond crescents and stars, and at the top of the corsage was a large diamond brooch. Mrs. John Jacob Astor wore an imported dress of blue satin, trimmed with very deep old point d'Angleterre lace, yellow with age. The train was of several colors of brocaded satin. The corsage was cut in a deep square. Her diamonds consisted of a large necklace, to which was attached a magnificent brooch. At the bottom of the square was a splash of diamonds in the shape of a marguerite, and from each shoulder across the front of the corsage were similar splashes depending from necklaces. She also wore a tiara of diamonds with several diamond stars in her hair. The diamonds consisted of three full sets, and were much admired for their beauty. Their value was estimated at $100,000. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt wore jetted tulle, with jet ornaments on the front, over a black satin *en traine*. The corsage was of black satin, veiled with jetted tulle. The neck was cut in a deep square and trimmed with drifts and ripples of the black tulle; the ornaments were diamonds. There were 750 couples present, and the event was a great success.

At the Post-Office.

A motherly looking woman yesterday carefully handed the stamp clerk at the Post-Office a letter marked "in haste," and inquired if there was any extra charge for writing that on.

"Oh, none at all."

"How soon will the letter go out?"

"In about forty minutes."

"No sooner than that?"

"Well, we might hire a special train and get it off in about twenty minutes."

"Would it be too much trouble?"

"Oh, none at all."

She thought for a moment, turned the letter over three or four times, and finally said:

"I guess I won't ask you to hire a special train, but if you will be kind enough to telegraph my sister that I have written her a letter to tell her that I can't come till Monday, and to be at the depot to meet me, and that mother didn't go to Toledo after all, I shall be ever so much obliged. Good morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LATEST SCOTCH NEWS.

Farms containing upwards of 3,200 acres are presently advertised to let in Perthshire.

Shetland herring fishing has this year proved the most successful season ever known. The total value of the fish caught is estimated at over £50,000.

It is stated that Sir Wyville Thompson, Professor of Natural History in Edinburgh University during the past 11 years, is about to resign, consequent on ill health.

Recently there has been remarkable success by anglers on the Tweed at Kelso. In a single week one gentleman caught 22 salmon and 21 grilse, the aggregate weight of which was 554 lbs.

Sir George Campbell, speaking at Dysart, said, while everything was done for the Irish farmers, the Scotch farmers, who were in real distress, received little attention, because they had committed no sensational outrages.

Two poachers, while hunting for rabbits in the Links of Queendale recently, approached quite close to each other in the dark, and each looking over a hillock mistook his companion's head for a rabbit. The first who fired lodged the contents of his gun in the other man's head, who now lies in a precarious condition.

A largely attended meeting of farmers has been held at Insch, where the land agitation was inaugurated two months ago. The Chairman said there could be no doubt about the extent of the depression that existed in agriculture, and the farmers must enter upon a work in which they were certain to encounter much opposition. He mentioned that of 23 proprietors who had been invited to attend a conference only 11 had replied, and their answers were regarded as unsatisfactory. It was moved that, as all means to bring about a temporary arrangement between farmers and landlords had proved abortive, the meeting resolve to apply to Parliament for a Land Bill. The seconder of the motion said that the landlords had turned the cold shoulder upon them in the meantime, but perhaps they would have to alter their attitude before long. The resolution was carried, as was also one to the effect that the passing of the Land Bill was now urgently demanded. Dr. Farquharson, M.P., also spoke.

The Roman Catholic Diocesan Synod of Glasgow—the first since 1558—was held lately in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Great Clyde street, Archbishop Eyre presiding. At first the church was crowded with the laity. The proceedings commenced with the singing of a psalm and hymn, during which the clergy of the arch-diocese moved in procession from the sacristy round the church to their places in the stalls and at the altar. High Mass was then celebrated, after which the litany of the saints was recited. Then the hymn of the "Holy Spirit" was sung, during which all the laity left the church and the doors were shut. The Archbishop delivered his charge, after which his Secretary read the decrees for the administration of the diocese. These consisted for the most part of the appointments of officers and of examiners of the candidates for orders. There was also read the "Confession of Faith," which was accepted by all the clergy in succession. The proceedings, which lasted four hours, concluded with singing of the "Te Deum."

An incident has just occurred which brings back vividly to public recollection the fate of the Renfrewshire Bank, which had its headquarters in Greenock, and succumbed to the pressure of financial difficulties in 1842. Patten's sugar refinery, which has been silent for many years, having lately been acquired by Messrs. Alexander Scott & Sons, workmen have been set to work to clear out the premises, with the view to the sugar-house resuming its functions. In the course of their operations many old books and papers had to be disposed of, and among these it is said a large quantity of one-pound notes, the issue of the now defunct Renfrewshire Banking Company, has been found. Orders were given for their destruction by fire, but a few of the notes have fallen into the hands of some of the workmen. That notes of any kind which are not *bona fide* should find their way into circulation is an intolerable evil, and in the interests of society it is much to be desired that any Renfrewshire Bank notes in existence should be speedily seized and destroyed. The matter is naturally causing a considerable sensation.

The Minister and Prince Charlie.

St. Cuthbert's is the largest church in Edinburgh, having a seating capacity of 3,000. It is decidedly quaint, both as to exterior and interior. It is situated in the midst of the beautifully kept cemetery which lies immediately below Castle Rock. The present building is said to be about 150 years old. It was in use in 1745, when the Pretender was in possession of the castle just above it. Neil McVicar was the Whiggish pastor at the time. Orders were given that in all the churches prayers should be offered up for the young Prince. The proximity of the castle guns suggested to the recalcitrant pastor that "discretion, and so on," and he cut the knot by the following prayer: "As for this callant that is come among us seeking an earthly crown, Lord, speedily send him a crown of glory." Good old Neil's portrait still hangs in the vestry. In the porch of the church is a memorial stone of Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, and among the graves outside is that of Thomas de Quincey. We have said St. Cuthbert's is a large church—the congregation fills it. It has 2,700 communicants. Dr. McGregor, who has lately been travelling with the Marquis of Lorne in the Northwest, is senior minister. Rev. James Barclay, who, two Sabbaths ago, preached before the Queen at Balmoral, is his colleague, and there are besides two assistants.

A Tribe of Tree Dwellers.

A French naval doctor, M. Crevaux, has lately made important explorations in the northern parts of South America, more especially in the valley of the Orinoco and its affluents. Among other facts of observation he states that the Guaraunos, at the delta of that river, take refuge in the trees when the delta is inundated. There they make a sort of dwelling with branches and clay. The women light, on a small piece of floor, the fire needed for cooking, and the traveller on the river by night often sees with surprise long rows of flames at a considerable height in the air. The Guaraunos dispose of their dead by hanging them in hammocks in the tops of trees. Dr. Crevaux, in the course of his travels, met with geophagous, or earth-eating tribes. The clay, which often serves for their food whole months, seems to be a mixture of oxide of iron and some organic substances. They have recourse to it more especially in times of scarcity; but, strange to say, there are eager gourmands for the substance, individuals in whom the depraved taste becomes so pronounced that they may be seen tearing pieces of ferruginous clay from huts made of it, and putting them in their mouths.

The Buffalo *Express* of yesterday publishes the following sonnet written by William Kerby, regarding the visit of Lord Lorne to the Northwest:

What went ye to the wilderness to see?
A shaking reed? Men in kings' houses dwelling?
A prophet? Yea! more than a prophet, telling
Of lands new named for Christ—a gift in fee
And heritage of millions yet to be—
Green prairies like an ocean broadly swelling
From rise to set of sun—great rivers spelling
Their rugged names in Blackfoot and in Cree.
That went ye forth to see, and saw it lie,
That glorious land, reserved by God till now
For England's help in need, to drive the plough
A thousand leagues on end, till in the sky
The snowy mountains from the vales upborne
Bear on their proudest peak the name of Lorne

Vassim Pasha has been appointed Governor-General of Tripoli.

BURIED IN THE DEBRIS.

Thrilling Scene at the New York Falling Buildings—A Brave Woman and Heroic Fireman.

The most remarkable occurrence of the recent fall of a tenement building in New York was the rescue of Mrs. Minnie Hill, wife of John Hill, who occupied the first floor of No. 53 Grand street. She was imprisoned under the mass of rubbish for seven hours, and was conscious all the time, but during five hours—from 9 until shortly after 2 o'clock—her face was exposed to view, and she was able to converse with the firemen who were working to extricate her. About 9 o'clock the firemen heard her cries almost immediately under their feet. They stopped work with the shovels and pickaxes, and began moving the *debris* with their hands. They soon came to a section of ceiling, from underneath which they heard her cry: "Hurry up, please, I'm nearly smothered." They cried out to her to hold out a little longer and she would be rescued. Within ten minutes her head, face upward, was discovered fastened to the floor, so that she could only move it from side to side, by a large beam, crossing within two inches of her throat. The rest of her body was covered with a number of beams, which fastened her down so that she could not move. Thomas O'Holloran, a fireman, supported her head for a few moments, when her brother arrived, and bent over, asking if she was hurt. She complained that her shoulder was fastened to the floor so that she could not move, and that she could only move her legs a few inches in any direction. As she told her story the scene was almost ghastly. It seemed like a head talking, for the mass of bricks, plaster and beams surrounded her on all sides, except for a few inches around her head. All the rest of her body was hidden from sight. She said that when she heard the cracking noise in the wall she snatched her little son Frankie, 3 years old, to her breast, and was about running into the rear room for a baby 3 months old. Before she had time to go many steps the floor seemed to sink under her feet, and she fell with the little boy still in her arms. In an instant all was in darkness and her child was struck out of her arms. She had lain there for two hours in the darkness without losing her consciousness, fearing to move lest the beams should fall closer and crush out her life. She heard the firemen working above her, and shouted several times without effect. She did not give up hope of being rescued, but was afraid that any moment a pick-axe might break through the ruins immediately over her face and go through her head. A wet cloth was placed over her mouth and nostrils and a wire gauze screen over her eyes to protect them from the dust and pieces of plaster which were constantly falling about her. Fireman O'Halloran stood beside her, bracing up a portion of the wall which threatened to fall over on her. It did fall eventually, but the courageous fireman never moved receiving its full force on one of his legs, which was severely sprained. There she lay for five hours from the time she was uncovered, with the firemen and bystanders continually telling her to be of good heart and that she would soon be rescued. The cause of this long delay was the complicated position of the beams which were holding her a prisoner. A pile of rubbish had to be removed from all sides of her before each one could be taken away with the certainty of not injuring her. When she was finally recovered she was covered with a blanket and removed to the ambulance. Then for the first time, when life was made a certainty to her, she fainted. She soon recovered and was taken to the New York Hospital. Shortly after Mrs. Hill's rescue, the body of her little boy Frank was found crushed and mangled within five feet of his mother.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

Three Little Girls Purchase 30 Cents Worth of Rum, and Two Nearly Die from its Effects.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Early last (Tuesday) evening Officer Purse, of the First police district, found two little girls lying in a gutter at Broad and Wharton streets in a drunken stupor. Another little girl, who had been playing with them, ran across a lot on the appearance of Purse, but was captured by Officer Proctor, to whom she gave her name as Maria McLaughlin, aged 15, living at No. 1,509 Dorrence street. All three were removed to the station-house in a hack, and the two insensible children placed upon stretchers. The eldest, Maria, said the names of her companions were Maggie Martin, aged 13 years, living at No. 1,237 Federal street, and Annie Boyle, aged 11 years, of No. 1,337 Keats street. They had been playing on the lot, when, finding they had thirty cents among them, they procured a bottle and one of them went into a tavern and bought ten cents worth of whiskey. They drank this and then had it filled twice again in two more taverns. House-Sergeant Shadrick questioned her closely, but was unable to ascertain where they purchased the liquor. It being evident that the two girls were in a precarious condition, Dr. Thomas C. Rich was at once sent for, and after applying a strong course of treatment for over an hour he pronounced them out of danger, at the same time expressing the opinion that had not assistance been summoned they would soon have been beyond recovery. Subsequently Edwin McLaughlin, father of the girl Maria, visited the station in a state of extreme mental distress and said that his child was incorrigible. That morning, he added, she had stolen $11 from him and of this only $1.55 was found on her when arrested. Shortly afterwards Patrick Martin, father of another of the girls, arrived and remained while the doctor was restoring his child to consciousness. The case will be thoroughly investigated to-day and efforts made to find the saloon-keepers who sold the liquor.

Saturday Evening Reflections.

Try your skill in gilt first, then in gold.

A hen to-morrow is better than an egg to-day.

Publish your joys, but conceal your sorrows.

The bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

Let us not burden our remembrances with a heaviness that's gone.

He who throws out suspicion should at once be suspected himself.

Time and the sun will make vinegar without any shouting to help them.

The wrangler, the puzzler, the word-hunter, are incapable of great actions.

To act upon a determination made in anger is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

A peculiar iron ore has been discovered near the Battery Hill siding, Pictou, N. S., which is said to contain 90 per cent. of pure iron. Abram Toney, a young Indian, has discovered rich gold-bearing quartz.

Sowing spring wheat late in the fall has been tried at Edmonton, Man., with the best results. Besides ripening early, the grain is in every way better than from the same seed sown in the spring.

WORK FOR THE MISSIONARY.

People Who Bang Their Hair and Eat Their Grandmothers.

(Paris Correspondent Baltimore Sun.)

You have read Darwin's "Voyage of a Naturalist," and remember his description of the "Terra del Fuegians." He says: "I certainly have never seen creatures more abject and more miserable—completely nude, the body running with the falling rain, the figure short, the visage hideous, the skin dirty and greasy, the hair disheveled, the voice discordant, the gesture violent. It is hardly possible to believe them to be human creatures inhabitants of the same world with ourselves." In the Jardin d' Acclimation here there is a group of these creatures recently imported, and the description written by Darwin fifty years ago is as correct as if written yesterday. In a large enclosure taken from some of the other wild animals are assembled four men, four women and two or three children of these barbarians, and a more curious sight I have never seen, or a more interesting one. A crowd of thousands of the demi-monde and the curious of all classes press their noses continually against the wire screen which surrounds their inclosure. Sitting on their haunches, or lying at half length about a log fire, are these creatures, clad in a simple sheepskin tied by a string about the neck, and waist-cloth. The latter is put on in deference to the prejudices of the visiting Europeans, and not particularly for the Parisian, who rather fancy the nude. Their hair, full of vermin, is a tangled mass, which they are continually scratching. It is entirely innocent of scissors, excepting at the forehead, where it is hacked off or banged in the most fashionable and idiotic style, to keep it out of the eyes. They in feature resemble the Circassian rather than the Indian—forehead broad and low, nose broad at base, mouth large. Briefly their food at home is chiefly fish, eaten alive; here it is beef or mutton, hacked off with a huge knife and thrown into the ashes. When cooked to their taste it is pulled out with a stick and eaten, dirt and all. Of their chief luxury—their grandmothers—they are unfortunately deprived. It is their custom to eat the old and feeble and the wounded. When asked why they do not eat their dogs instead, they give you to understand that the dog can catch the otter, and an old woman can't catch anything. Of the family or family relations, chiefs or patriarchs, they have no notion, no religion, no faith, not even feticism, the refuge of the most degraded Africans. He has no knowledoe of his age, of any distinctive names, or of time; he is a Fuegian, as a horse is a horse, a pig a pig, and simply a member of a herd; no knowledge of property, and no regard for it beyond a miserable canoe, a bow and arrows, and the sealskin which he throws over his shoulders. He possesses nothing. He has no habitation, but at night makes a rude nest like a monkey or a dog, and sleeps huddled together with his neighbors. His life is vagabondish, nomadic, and he seeks something to appease his hunger continually like any wild animal. Mr. Darwin says of their wigwams: "They resemble in form and size a pile of rubbish, the work of an hour." Their language, Capt. Cook said, sounds very much like a man "gargling his throat." Their cruelty is notorious, and they think nothing of dashing out a child's brains on the rocks if he displeases them.

How a Woman Was Paid for Her Chickens.

(Salt Lake Tribune.)

Governor Murray tells a laughable story of his experiences in the Georgia march to the sea which is worth repeating:

"Speaking of the famous march through Georgia," said the Governor, "I never forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying to death. Of course we were obliged to subsist off the country as we went along, and we naturally took about the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken ranch kept by an old lady, who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to lick all Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now, chickens were considered as officers' meat, and as we were infernally hungry we went for those old hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed, she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear that woman's yell clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeons to quiet her, but they failed, and then all the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose that somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what it was all about, and when we told him he said: 'Give her a bushel of Confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that won't stop her.' Acting on this hint, I proceeded to business. We had captured a Confederate train the day before, with $4,000,000 of Confederate money, and I hunted up the train at once. Well, I stuffed about half a million dollars in an old carpetsack, and marched into the house.

"'Madam,' said I, opening the sack, 'I'll give you $50,000 to quit this noise.' It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. I laid the packages of money on the table, and I never saw such a delighted woman. The effect pleased me, and I continued: 'General Sherman presents his compliments and $100,000.' I never in my life saw such a pleased old woman, and I wound her up by dumping the contents of the sack right down on the floor, and telling her that when it came to contribution for distressed females I could be outdone by no man living."

"She invited the officers to supper, and she cooked every chicken on the ranch, and set out cider as free as water. We were having a pretty good time when a long, lank old coon came in, and she said it was her husband. Pretty soon his eye fell on the money. 'Sarah,' said he, 'where in blazes did you get all this darned truck?'

"'A present from General Sherman,' said she.

"'Taint worth a continental cent; they're kindlin' fires with it down at New Orleans.'

"The old woman rose up, her face as white as your shirt-front, and her eyes wasn't pleasant to meet.

"'So you are the man that gave me this, are you?' she called out, reaching for the old broom.

"The entire mess rose and started from that house. We never heard any more of her, and there isn't a man in the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that Confederate money, if it would bring 100 cents on the dollar at the Treasury Department, Washington."

Interesting to Liverymen.

Judge Chadwick has just given his decision in a case of some importance to liverymen which was tried by him at the last Division Court held in Guelph. During last summer Mr. J. A. Nelles hired a team of horses from Mr. Hiram Anderson, a livery stable owner, to drive to Puslinch Lake, but instead of returning from the lake direct he drove by way of Preston, making the round trip about twenty-eight miles instead of eighteen. The horses were brought to Mr. Anderson's stable very warm, and one of them showed symptoms which led the owner to call in the assistance of Dr. Greenside, V. S., the following day. It was then learned that the beast had been foundered, and there was evidence that this had been caused by injudicious driving. Mr. Anderson entered action for damages amounting to $50, and the Judge gave a verdict in his favor for $40.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—A London reviewer says that the period of cheap money has come to a close.

—A pretty blonde is likely enough to become a belle, but she will go cracked if she is tolled so too often.

—A fashionable lady calls the train of her new silk dress "Cyclone" because it sweeps everything before it.

—The Ontario Legislative Assembly building is receiving a cleaning in preparation for the coming session.

—The best harpists are said to be in Wales. But has it not long been held that the best wire-pullers are in Toronto?

—French ladies are patronizing a modified form of the Mother Hubbard cloak. The gathers about the neck are graceful.

—Indian cashmere for mantles is frequently lined with quilted satin merveilleux and edged with black fur from six to ten inches deep.

—The following typographical error shows the vast importance of a comma. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her man, is a brute."

—A Hamilton man buys dry goods for his wife and wet goods for himself, and both are perfectly happy because his means are such that they both have all they want.

—Nothing like an honest quill. A St. Louis paper starts an editorial with: "Our ancestors, the baboons of Africa," etc. Don't you ever get lonesome to see the old folks?

—London *Truth* suggests that the Order of the Knights of St. Patrick be widened and remodelled and that to the Irish Order there be given a green ribbon in place of the blue one.

—The man who goes into a store where fish are sold and buys a dozen more than the family requires may be described as one who has been out fishing all day and is on his way home.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette's* military critic says that the practice of rifle shooting cannot supercede the effect of tactical dispositions, and that, above all things men must learn to fire rather low than high.

—The following curious birth notice appears in the London *Advertiser*:

ROGERS—At Kingsmill, on the 7th November, the wife of William Scott Rogers, of a son (No. 1) weight 10 lbs. All doing well, including the father, who is considerably proud.

—When you are tempted to do a wrong action sit down for a moment and say this verse three times and you will be safe:

A lover forsaken
  A new love may get,
But a neck that's once broken
  Can never be set.

—A traveller says he found a prescription made up precisely in the same way, to vary in price in the following cities, thus: London, 8 francs; Paris, 12.50; Munich, 4.15; Stuttgardt, 4.15; Bucharest, 12.50; Athens, 5; New York, 30 cents. Rents have a bearing on these prices to some extent, but Bucharest rents are not higher than those of London.

—The days are chill and the leaves are falling:

Summer his death note has softly sung;
The bird no longer its mate is calling;
Autumn is passing; her glories palling;
  No longer the leaves shine golden brown,
    But wet and dreary,
    Through moaning eerie
  Of winds, sad sobbing, are drifting down.
The autumn's dying will soon be rung.

"Dang it," said Gallagher to Ragbag, "what do you want to tell such howling awful lies for? You were giving yourself dead away. Nobody believed you. You'll get the name of being the biggest liar in the city." "Do you really think so?" asked Ragbag. "Think so! I know it!" "Oh, rapture! That's what I want. I'm working to get the job of selling a lot of mining stock in the rural districts."

—I read in a fashion journal that "tournures of several flounces of horsehair are light and becoming," and further, "that it is impossible to get the dress and tunic backs to set as they should unless some support is worn." The form then, is to be made to fit the dress, not the dress the form. Could there be a better illustration of the ignorance and *crass* stupidity of the so-called guides to fashion?—*Truth.*

—An old fellow whose daughter had failed to secure a position as teacher, in consequence of not passing an examination, said: "They asked her lots of things she didn't know. Look at the history questions! They asked her about things that happened before she was born? How was she going to know about them? Why, they asked her about old George the Third and other men she never knew? That was a pretty sort of examination!"

—The *Lancet*, in an article strongly denouncing tight lacing, says: "So long as men persist in regarding an unnatural deformity as a beautiful object, so long will many women do their utmost to become 'beautiful,' no matter how painful the ordeal to which they will have to submit. Once more, then, we urge the female members of the community to abandon this fatal article of attire."

—Here is a Man who has just Stopped his Paper. What a Miserable-looking Creature he is! He looks as if he had been stealing Sheep. How will he Know what is going on, now that he has stopped his Paper? He will borrow his neighbor's paper. One of these Days he will Break his leg, or be a Candidate for Office, and then the Paper will Say nothing about it. That will be Treating him just Right, will it not, little children?—*Primer.*

—Dear friends! have you a dado—a new dado—among you? No doubt you have—most of you—new dados this year. 'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour. We never loved a fond gazelle to charm us with her deep blue eye but what the confounded thing was sure to up and die. The dado is going out of fashion. Morris of England, the great authority in such matters, declares that no wall-paper should have a dado, but that the dado should be quite a separate affair, of stamped leather, or of carved wood, or something, at least, of that sort.

—A medical authority says when you get a chill all over and away into your bones, and begin to sniffle and almost struggle for your breath, just begin in time and your tribulation need not last very long. Get some powdered borax and snuff the dry powder up your nostrils. Get your camphor bottle, smell of it frequently, pour some on your handkerchief and wipe your nose with it whenever needed. Your nose will not get sore and you will soon wonder what has become of your cold. Begin this treatment in the forenoon and keep on at intervals until you go to bed, and you will sleep as well as you ever did.

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

Yes, I'm going to burn it. Her picture,
  Which, held in a dainty gilt frame,
Has been on my mantel a fixture,
  Goes under it, into the flame,
And one last farewell look I am taking;
  If ever I loved her, 'tis o'er,
And yet at my heart is an aching,
  To think I shall see this no more.

In this picture, how well I behold her,
  Her bright eye and pretty sweet face,
Her white arm and one dimpled shoulder,
  Half lost in a soft cloud of lace;
The other plump shoulder just glancing
  Through rich chestnut tresses is seen,
By Jove! 'tis a vision entrancing!

No wonder they call her "the queen,"
And all the young fellows adore her—
  And some not so young, too, may be—
And he who has not knelt before her
  Is thought an eccentric. Ah, me!
It really seems wicked and cruel
  To make of this rare gem of art
That once I so prized merely fuel.
  I turn the card o'er and my heart
Is steeled. There is written:—"Thine ever,
  With love, Araminta." That line
Seals the doom of the picture. It never
  Must meet any eye, now, but mine.

So here goes the picture with sorrow,
  So ends one sweet dream of my life;
For I'm going to be married to-morrow,
  And that picture, if kept, might make strife.

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.

An Old-Time Rule Reversed by an Advocate of Late Suppers.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provision for a late meal just before dropping off to their nightly slumbers. Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will waken it; and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a babe to sleep on an empty stomach. We used the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults long after partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not after the type of infantile repose. There is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion. To sleep well the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the brow that lately throbbed with such vehemence. To digest well, this blood is needed at the stomach, and nearer the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows the well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

The palm for politeness among convicted murderers must be awarded to the two Rumbergers, sentenced to be hanged at Harrisburg last week. Henry received the announcement with entire calmness, while Frank remarked to the Court, with a smile, "Thanks, I am an innocent man!" Even a guilty man could not have more courteously expressed his gratitude.

President Grevy is a man of much simplicity and *bonhomie*. His good sense and his kindness are proverbial. It is notorious that he holds in horror capital punishment, and looks as carefully into the cases of wretches asking for pardon as if he were an advocate engaged to urge in their behalf extenuating circumstances.

Captain Francis Ramsay assumes the superintendency of the Naval Academy at Annapolis on the 15th instant, in place of Rear-Admiral Rodgers, retired.

Those who use Carboline, as now improved and perfected, the great petroleum hair renewer, are always distinguished by the beautiful soft texture of the hair produced by the use of that most exquisite of all toilet preparations.

LIVER POWDER DRIVES AWAY BILLIOUS headaches, dyspepsia, rheumatism, piles and desire for liquor. Sample 10 cents, mailed anywhere. W. HEARN, Druggist, Toronto.

$600.00.

Six hundred dollars are hereby offered in special prizes at the leading fairs in Ontario and Quebec, 1882, by

Thorley Horse and Cattle Food Company

HAMILTON, Ont.

As follows: $150 cash at Canada's Great Fair, Toronto; $60 Great Central Fair, Hamilton; $30 Western Fair, London; $20 Port Hope; $15 Sherbrooke, P. Q.; $15 Ottawa; $15 Chatham; $15 Guelph; $10 Kingston; $10 Walkerton; and $10 at county fairs in the remaining counties in Ontario. For particulars, see circulars.

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EXAMINE Our method of teaching. Watch the progress of our students. Investigate our claim to have the most thorough and practical school in Canada, and before spending your money, satisfy yourself that the

BRITISH AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

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Is the place to learn business. No institution offers equal advantages to young men. Students enter at any time. For circular, and specimens of Penmanship,

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MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE

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