THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. V. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1881. NO. 14.

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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The cause that produces it must be removed. For this purpose

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(From the German of Korner.)

Good-night!
Weary one, take sleep's delight;
Now the day so gently closes,
And each busy hand reposes
Till gay morning greets the sight,
Good-night!

Go to rest!
Let the tired eyelids fall!
In the street where silence lieth
Loud the hour the watchman crieth,
And the soft night-voices call,
"Go to rest."

Sleep sweetly!
Dream, sad heart, of Paradise!
Love thy holy calm hath shaken,
May bright dreams thy joy awaken,
Of thy loved one in the skies!
Sleep sweetly.

Good-night!
Sleep till breaks the coming day.
Sleep until the new born morning
Brings new duties with its dawning,
God will watch. Put fear away!
Good-night

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE EMPTY HOME.

The road which the two ladies had taken from Sandby to the down above the Mermaid's Cavern, although a short cut in comparison with that along the cliff-top, was several miles in length, and as Mildred fled back along it now it seemed as though it never would end. Her eyes were blind to its beauties, or if they were observed, it was only as landmarks to calculate how much of the tedious way still stretched before her. She could not listen to aught that the affection of Mrs. Carey, or the honest sympathy of Robert Andrews, prompted each to say. Her thoughts had sped on with her heart, before her, to the cottage and its precious treasure she had left unguarded there, deeming that she herself was standing between it and him who coveted it. She felt like some out-manœuvred chieftain, who, having set forth his forces to offer battle, learns that the foe has got between him and the defenceless town where the woman and children have been left, and by forced marches, hastens back, fearing unutterable things; and as, to his anxious eyes, it is something to see the town yet standing yonder, and not a mere heap of smoking ruins, so, when she first caught sight of her little home, tranquil and fair as ever, with the blue smoke from the kitchen chimney streaming in the wind (the pennant that shows that Commodore Comfort is abroad), and all its windows open to the sun, her white lips moved, although they did not speak to mortal ear, and with one long sigh she dismissed half her sorrow.

"I suppose Milly is in the kitchen, begging for plums," said Mildred to her friend, like one whose thoughts need endorsement, "cook always spoils the darling. Why do you not speak, Marion?"

"I was looking at that white thing on the roof; at the little window of the attic: there is somebody waving a handkerchief."

"Yes, so there is. That is Jane's bedroom; she is dressing, and the child is with her, doubtless; she is making a sign of welcome to us—that is all."

The mother's tremulous voice sorted ill with her confident words, and Mrs. Carey did not reply. As they drew near they heard Jane calling "Let me out—let me out, ma'am: he has locked me in."

Without interrogating her further, the two women ran up stairs and found the attic door locked against them. "He has taken the key away," sobbed the poor nursemaid from within, "and you must burst it in."

"Come up here, Robert Andrews," cried the lieutenant's wife. "Can you break this door open at once, without a crowbar?"

"Ees, ma'am, I rather think I can," returned the coast-guardsman, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Stand back, young ooman, within there, if *you* please."

Then raising his foot—that earliest battering-ram in the long roll of warlike instruments—he brought it down with accuracy upon the simple lock; away flew staple and screw heads, as though a petard had been applied to the spot, and behold little Jane, sitting on her own bed in tears, with twopence-halfpenny tight clasped in one hand, and her pocket-handkerchief in the other!

"I couldn't 'elp it, ma'am," sobbed she; "indeed, indeed, I could not. Who would have thought of any harm in a horgin-grinder, with moving himages all round and round, and one of 'em a-playing on the pianna! And poor dear little Milly so pleased—I felt quite obligated to give him what I could spare; and I ran up here for the money, leaving that precious darling dancing with delight, and he pretending to be so kind; and he must have followed me with his shoes off for I never heerd nothin' till he locked the door upon me, and then went down and carried off that beautifullest child! Oh! 'are you seen anything of her, and *can* you forgive me, though it ain't my fault, ma'am, it ain't, it ain't indeed."

"When did the man take away my child, girl?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, hoarsely,

"Oh, nigh two hours ago, ma'am. You see, cook she went down to Sandby after some s'rimps—or leastways after George Brown, for it's no use telling fibs in a time like this—and I and little Milly, we was left quite alone; and while we was playing in the garden, who should come over the hill from Lucky Bay but this here man with the music, and little folks dancing in front of it—such a sight as I never before seed! And when he had inveigled me here, and locked me in, I watched him with the little darling on his shoulder, still so proud, and pleased, taking the road across the downs to Westportown; but though I screamed and hollered, and squose my head out at the little window, and very nearly never got it back again, not a soul heerd me till I see you coming home to where there was no Milly."

The poor girl rocked herself in such an agony of distress as no reproaches could heighten. Mrs. Hepburn did not attempt to reproach her. "I was thanking God for *this*, Marion," whispered she, in hollow tones.

"God is never thanked in vain, Mildred," returned Mrs. Carey, gravely—"Now, do not cry, Jane," added she, addressing the still sobbing girl, "but answer my questions truthfully and sensibly; thereby you will be doing what you can to repair the mischief which has happened. Did you ever, to your recollection, see this organ-man before?"

"Never, never, never!" answered the girl hysterically.

"You do not think it possible that it could even be anybody you have seen before, in disguise; not, for instance, the man who called here yesterday and spoke to me upon the lawn—that Mr. Stevens?"

"I did not see the gentleman, not to remember him, ma'am; but this was a tall, big man, with a cruel face (though I didn't think so at the time), and he had gray eyes and grizzled hair."

"That is enough," said Mrs. Carey thoughtfully.

"Ay, and more than enough," groaned the wretched mother. "My Milly has been in his power these two hours."

"Yes, but he has the organ to carry, and the child as well," reasoned the lieutenant's wife. "Do you, Robert, take the road to Westportown, and try to come up with the villain. Pursue him, no matter whither he has gone. Give my husband's card to the chief constable, and tell him to spare no pains. Here is my purse. Ten precious minutes have been lost already."

She had scarcely ceased to speak ere the willing giant was upon his way.

Mildred had sunk down on the floor, and, huddled together like some poor wretch who feels the teeth of the frost, there she sat shivering. She was neither weak nor witless; but she saw in what had happened the corroboration of her worst suspicions; and as the partridge cowers while the hawk is in the air, so she shrank beneath this unmistakable work of the relentless hand of her Aunt Grace. Mrs. Carey dared not leave her in such a plight (for the nurse girl was worse than useless), nor, had she done so, could help have been obtained nearer than Lucky Bay. Nobody at Sandby would have done the bidding of the lieutenant's wife, or even listened to her, so bitter was the feeling in the hamlet against the coast-guard and all connected with it. So the three sat where they were, only that ever and anon Mrs. Carey went to the little window, and looked forth in hopes of seeing the figure of Robert Andrews, or some messenger of his, upon the westward road; but she saw nothing but the line of silver birches, thin and bowed, and the wild waste of down, and beyond, the ebbing sea and broadening sand. Once only she whispered to the girl, "Did Milly go with this man willingly?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, quite; and though of course it was the dancing figures which mainly pleased her, yet the poor dear child seemed to take a fancy to him from the first."

"That is very strange," mused Mrs. Carey.

After many a weary hour, the coast-guardsman returned. He had been unable to overtake the child-stealer; but the constables were on the alert, and the alarm had been given far and wide. The organ, with the figures in front of it, which had been so fatally attractive to the stolen girl, had been found in a ditch scarce half a mile away.

Mildred listened to what he had to say, without the blank despair upon her face taking any impress. She had expected no better news, and worse could scarce have been brought to her. Later in the evening, as they sat in the little parlor without lights, since Mrs. Carey averred that she could knit without them, and the gloom was dear to Mildred in her grief, there entered the truant cook. "Having a few hours leisure," explained she, "she had imprudently taking a sail with Mr. Brown in the *Good Intent*, and the wind, though favoring them in going out, had been so contrary when coming back, that they had been delayed thus long; also, when they did land, she had received such news as had quite 'turned her,' and she had been obliged to——"

"We know all that," interrupted Mrs. Carey, sharply, and making an imperious sign that she should leave the room. Then, after a few minutes, she herself arose, and going into the kitchen, said, "Your mistress thought you were about to speak just now of her poor child's being stolen; but if there is any new misfortune, tell it me. Heaven forbid that you have any bad tidings about Mr. Hepburn."

"No, ma'am, not about him."

With a great sigh of relief, Mrs. Carey listened to the narration of this domestic, discursive, egotistical, didactic, as it is the manner of her class to be, and more especially when they are conscious of being in disgrace, as though they would hide their error in a very mist of words.

Having heard all, she returned to her childless friend.

"Am I not right, dear Mildred, in supposing that of this bitter draught you have to drain, the bitterest drop is this, that the man Stevens, against whom you have been warned, and against whom Nature herself has warned you, should be the——"

"Yes, that my Milly should be in *his* clutches, above all men, that seems worst of all," cried the helpless mother. "No other could be half so cruel; no other ever frightened my lost darling by his very looks before."

"Ay, so I thought, my love. Now, Milly was not frightened at *this* man, who seemed to have a kind way with him, according to Jane's story. I thought that that had in it some seeds of hope; and now I have just heard——"

"What? what?" cried Mildred, clasping her feverished hands.

"Something that makes it quite impossible that the man who stole your Milly *could* be Stevens."

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE CUTTER.

Upon the same morning that the two ladies started on the expedition above described, Mr. Stevens took his departure for the same place in the coast-guard cutter, but several hours earlier. The cutter was on its return to Marmouth, and it was arranged by the lieutenant that his guest should be disembarked an Mermaid Bay, where the cavern was situated, as near the time of low tide as might be, there to remain until Mrs. Hepburn, or some other person in default of her, acquainted with the short cut homeward, should join him. To return to Lucky Bay, or even Sandby, by the cliff-top, was a very long round (including the whole of the walk taken by Mr. Stevens and his victim the previous day); and the sea-passage, of course, was longer still. Moreover, the boat could seldom come near the shore, in consequence of the reefs and rocks. The cutter, however, had a fair wind for her voyage, and sped along at a great pace, all on one side, as is the manner of such fast-sailing craft, and showing her very keel to the sun, as a flirt shows her ankle. Nor, I regret to say, was Mr. Stevens sea-sick. Upon that churning sea, with its patent double action of toss and roll, where most landsmen would have lost both heart and stomach, this gentleman sat as unmoved as though he had possessed neither, and swept the land with a telescope lent him by the boatswain. Was it not well understood that he was there to see the beauties of nature, the conformation of the chalk-cliffs, and the interesting habits of the sea-fowl? The crew had orders to give him the fullest information, and to afford him the best opportunities of observing whatever was most curious. Under these circumstances, they were rather surprised, as they approached the cliffs beneath Marmouth Beacon, which are notoriously the finest on the south coast, that Mr. Stevens seemed to take but little interest in them, and, on the contrary, expressed a wish that the cutter should at that very point make a circuit round the Dutchwoman, an isolated rock of considerable size, but no great beauty.

True, it was peopled by legions of sea birds, whose proceedings were most varied and extraordinary; some of the whitest, like under graduates in their suprlices, just returned from chapel to an unfinished wine-party, seemed never to be able sufficiently to express their satisfaction, as Mr. Stevens and his friend drew near; others, on the contrary, with uplifted beak and wing, gave utterance to the most vigorous protests against such an infringement o the laws of trespass; the island was theirs, they contended, "theirs, theirs, theirs," and even the water within forty fathoms of the place was private property; "it was shameful, it was disgraceful, and no bird worthy of the name of *Larus Marinus* should put up with it for a moment." Some of these feathered sticklers for their rights so grievously exhausted themselves by their deprecatory statements, that they had to retire awhile apart into certain holes of the rock for rest, or to partake, perhaps, of some marine medicament for the recovery of the voice, and in the meantime confined themselves to scrutinizing the strangers with suspicion, and shaking their heads. The young people, who presented the appearance of solid thistledown—little round balls of feathers—exhibited in their tremulous flappers, in their straining necks, and in their gaping mouths such astonishment as only the young are capable of. The solemn guillemots sat all of a row upon the ledges, coming to no decision upon the matter whatever, but like the *noblesse* in revolution time, gradually incressed by new accessions to their conclave, until the space grew insufficient for them, and the original members were toppled off croaking feebly. As for the cormorants they never ceased to take their "sensation headers," one after the other, like patriots who, perceiving their native soil is about to be violated by the foot of the foe, determine that their is nothing for it but suicide.

The foot of no foe, however, not even that of a bird-catcher, had even been placed upon the brawny shoulders of the Dutchwoman: sheer and smooth she rose for many a yard from the deep blue sea, before the jutting ledges commenced which led like inverted stairs to the crown of the rock, upon which grew some scanty herbage. Ages ago, perhaps, ere the island had been divorced from the land, some four-footed creature might have pastured on it; but henceforth, while the world lasted, neither sheep nor kine would crop a mouthful there. The cliffs, too, were green with samphire, doomed to grow there unpickled to the end of time; otherwise, the mighty rock was without a trace of vegetation, and in its inaccessible isolation looked unspeakably stern and lone.

"There's just as many birds, sir, in those cliffs yonder, and they are as steep as this, and three times as high," observed the cockswain, who had had enough of the Dutchwoman, and did not much relish the voyage home being lengthened by any more *detours* to examine islands, of which there was quite an archipelago yet to come.

"I know it," replied Mr. Stevens quietly, "and we will keep in-shore for the future; but I can see the Beacon Cliffs very well from here, through your telescope."

"Do you see a very steep place, just under the Beacon, sir—for I can't myself without the glass—where the chalk projects all the way down so as to form a sort of shoot?"

Mr. Stevens, as it so happened, was attentively regarding the very spot thus indicated, but he replied carelessly that all the cliffs seemed much alike to him.

"Nay, but the place I mean is steeper than the most," persisted the cockswain, "and, as it seems to me, who lost a friend there, like one great grave-stone. He was pushed over the top by a smuggler chap; a murdered man, sir. If you'll hand me my glass, I'll find the place out for you in a moment—— Why, bless my soul, sir, you've dropped it in the water; it is one of Dolland's best—a fifteen guinea one; who the devil am I to look to for making it good?"

"To *me*," returned Mr. Stevens coolly, producing a well-stuffed leather purse. "It was exceedingly careless of me; but that cormorant came up so close to me from his long drive, that he startled me out of my senses. You shall be no loser, my man! and while I am paying my debt, let me add a couple of sovereigns, that my friend here may have the wherewithal to drink my health at Marmouth. I can scarcely make myself heard; what an infernal noise and clangor these birds do make!"

"Yes, sir; I am sure if we could have made them quiet, we should have done it for you, a most liberal gentleman, I'm sure; but they do say the laughing-gulls only give themselves one hour's rest in the twenty-four, and, for my part, I've never had the luck to hit it; and they're just as noisy yonder on the mainland as they are here."

"Well, then, let's give 'em a wide berth for the present, for they have fairly dazed me with their clamor," replied the stranger; "the colony does not extend much beyond the Beacon Head, I believe."

"No, sir; they're very partial in their breeding haunts. If I steer out to sea for the next five minutes, and keep well off the headland, you will be no more annoyed by their chattering. If it wasn't for their young uns, one would think that all gulls was females."

Whether the ear of Mr. Stevens was really so delicate as to suffer from the dissonance of sea-fowl or not, it was clear that he was seriously annoyed by something. He lay back in the stern-sheets, frowning heavily, and without speaking, and over and anon he shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked back through his fingers, as through a closed visor, at the long white line of cliffs the cutter was fast leaving behind it.

Thus he remained lost in his own meditations, and only dreamily conscious of where he was, or what people about him were saying, when suddenly the cockswain nudged him, "Do you see that speck of white, sir, yonder?"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Stevens, leaping to his feet as though he were on dry land, and therefore nearly falling overboard; "it's nothing. Keep her out, I say—I beg your pardon," added he, perceiving that they were by this time far out at sea; "you startled me from an ugly dream. What was it you were saying?"

"I merely wanted to draw your attention, sir, to that white thing yonder, gliding under the white cliff; you would scarcely think it to be a boat, I dare say, but it is one. That's Walter Dickson's craft, the cunning thief. It is almost impossible to see her, painted white as she is, when she's sailing between us and the chalk; and yet, since he caught sight of us, look you how she hugs the land! I'll wager she has been to Marmouth for no good. Nobody but a dare-devil chap like Dickson would venture so close in shore, with such a sea on; you may take your oath he has some contraband goods on board."

"Fire on her! sink her! run her down!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens excitedly. "Why do you let the villain escape?"

"Well, we must keep on the right side of the law, you see. Nobody ought to know that better than you, sir, I fancy—asking your pardon for the liberty—for it strikes me you have worn the anchor buttons; one of ourselves, sir, only a deal higher up the tree," added the cockswain, touching his cap.

"I will bear you harmless if you will stop that boat," replied the stranger passionately. "I will give you fifty pounds if you catch her before she rounds the headland. Put the helm about, I say, and cut her off."

But the cockswain showed no inclination to obey. "Lor' bless you, sir we'd be glad to do it for half the money, and indeed for nothing at all, since you would take the risk; but it ain't no manner of use. The *Saucy Sall* runs three feet to our two. She'll be at Sandby, with the wind against her, a'most as quick as we were coming with the ebb and all. And, by the bye, the tide is on the turn by this, and you will have less time, since we have steered out so far, for seeing the Mermaid's Cavern, than you had calculated upon. However, we'll land you just beyond the point there, and we shall come in view of the bay in a very few minutes. 'Tis the prettiest sight to be seen in all these parts, to my mind."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WAITING FOR THE PREY.

The cockswain was right, although not particularly happy in his adjective. There is not a more glorious sight in all the coast scenery of Britain than Mermaid Bay. There are grander scenes, perhaps scenes more beautiful, but none to excel it for a combination of the beautiful and the grand. It cannot be viewed from above to any advantage, because the cliffs are sheer, except in one spot, where a zigzag path leads to the lofty down; but from the sea and from the beach it is beheld under circumstances equally favorable, though totally different in character. Approaching the bay from seaward, as in the present case, a crescent of chalk cliffs formed the background of a picture in which everything for that reason stood out as if in relief. Immense masses of outlaying fragments still bid defiance to the waves, which furiously beat against them, and then, as if maddened by their resistance, thundered white-lipped on, and wore the cliff itself into a hundred caverns. At one point in particular it seemed as though the charging host of waves had used some strategy, whereby the precipice had been pierced in more than one place, and a junction of its watery foes had been effected far within it. Sooner or later, the tall cliff for many a yard was doomed, thus undermined, to fall; and on its face, the oblique layers and rows of flint—Nature's own hieroglyphic—showed like Belshazzar's warning. Small use it was to set those mighty wardens, clothed in white, to break the advancing columns, when with every tide the enemy forced its way into the very heart of the citadel, and snapped the lessening pillars at their base, and tore the weakened walls.

The outlook from the extremity of this natural excavation was exceeding beautiful. Left and right, the light streamed in under rugged archways, each making a framework for the picture of the sparkling bay. In the one, the waste of waters stretched unbroken till it met the sky; in the other, a line of jagged cliffs, about two furlongs from the land, rose sheer as an iceberg, and pierced, like it, in weird and fantastic forms. But what was to be seen within the cavern itself was even still more curious and beautiful, for the sun rays, broken and intersected by a thousand shadows, shone upon walls of rainbow hues, such as no colorist could rival; panelings of the brown barnacle, "picked out" with scarlet and yellow sponges, and dotted as the firmament with stars by innumerable sea-anemones of richest tint. Amethyst and ruby, garnet and emerald, all were there, standing out like bosses on a shield; but instead of being a stone, each was a soft and yielding substance, fresh as a flower, and bright with a brightness that only life itself can yield. The ceiling of this treasure-house of nature was equally gorgeous; but the floor was of softest sand, and doubtless often painted by the twinkling feet of the sea fairies, after whom the place was named the Mermaid's Cavern.

A few times only in the year, at very low spring-tides, were mortals admitted within this exquisite chamber, and then only for a very little while. Summer and winter, day and night, its beauties were hidden beneath the unconscious wave, to which, nevertheless, they owed their brightness and their bloom, but gladdening who shall say what eyes?

Even on this occasion, the most opportune in all the year, there were but two hours between the time that the last reluctant wave left the silver fringe of the floor of the cave, and when the first notes of the great ocean organ should again begin to haunt its echoing walls; and as the keel of the cutter clove the yielding sand to land its passenger:

"If you stay with the mermaids, sir, beyond an hour and twenty minutes," was the cockswain's warning, "you will not leave their company without wet feet."

Then one leaped into the sea, and pushing the boat into deep water, climbed himself within it, and the sail filled once more, and lessened, and was lost, as the man Stevens watched it from the land.

With an evil glance up at the zigzag path, and a smothered oath at woman's tardiness, he sat down on the narrow beach, and drawing a letter from his pocket, read the contents slowly to himself. "She's wrong," he said, slapping the paper—"she's quite wrong there—'When you have made sure of R.'—Well, I *have* done that. It cannot be but that he is dead. I myself saw his dying look; an ugly sight, that haunts me still. I was a fool just now for showing—— It must have been what folks call conscience, I suppose; but I *did* see it—saw it as plain as I see this letter. I must get rid of all such nonsense, for I have a worse job in hand than that of yesterday—'When you have made sure of R., do not risk more at present. M., will be useful to us, and, indeed, almost indispensable. I can only calm R. C., by promising that she shall still be his, as indeed she may be, if all has gone well. He is obstinate as a mule and mad as the maddest, unless this lure is dangled before his eyes. Again I say, do not risk more with M.; as for the child, it will be invaluable. We will find means to bring it hither, and then its foolish mother will follow, I warrant, as a dam follows its lamb. Do not think me a milksop, nor that I forget my debts and yours; they will be paid in time. But again I say, when you have made sure of R., risk nothing more at present'—I *do* risk nothing," soliloquized Gideon Carr impatiently. "This business I have now in hand is a certainty. Never again is it possible that such an opportunity will occur for killing *both* birds with one stone. Rupert Clyffard will then be left without kith or kin—*Mad as the Maddest*, she says—I doubt it not; but I think I know a way to persuade even madmen to do what I will. If his fingers have joints in them, they shall write the words I dictate; or, at all events, sign his name in the right place on the parchment. How strange it seems that Grace and I, who have made so many sane folks appear mad, should now be striving to show this madman sane! I dare say Clement takes credit to himself for this, and calls it reparation. Poor superstitious fool! However, most of us have our hours of weakness, or at least our moments—as I had mine awhile ago. It must have been some touch of—what do they call it? Remorse! ay, some mawkishness which I myself knew not was within me, that caused me to think I saw through that man's glass—what?—pshaw! the thing must be a score of miles away by this time—half-way between the shingle and the foam; just as he said he would not have it be; of all fates, that the worst, he said—to welter on, unburied, in the boundless seas. I am sorry that I dropped that telescope. If the man *had* looked, what then? There was nothing for him to see; nothing for that Dickson neither. I was a fool; and now am I a fool to stand here on the open beach, and let you fellows see that I care nothing for this Mermaid's Cavern, which I have come so far to explore."

He walked to the nearest opening and looked in. "A dainty place for any lady of the *land*, not being a mermaid," muttered he, with a grim smile, "to die in. What a soft silver couch! What splendid hangings, and how rich the roof! Somewhat low, i' faith, but else how could one see the jewels? Would they were precious stones indeed, and that I alone knew of this Aladdin's cave! Why, it would almost be worth while to adopt Clement's plan, who means, it seems, when he gets rich enough, to become pious, good—to make investments in the way of charity, which may repay him in the other world. Methinks the interest should be high indeed, where the security is so problematical—Why does not this woman come? She *will* come, I feel certain that fictitious message from her husband, reminding her not to fail, was an excellent thought; she is a good wife, and she will come." He paused a little, then broke forth, as if in a passion, "Why should she have thrust herself between my ends and me? Why have refused the man we chose for her? Why married him, of all men in the world most hateful to us? True, she is our niece, but for that very reason, she should have done our bidding. No, curse her; she shall die! Will she bring the child herself, I wonder, or will there be the nurse-maid? Or will that woman, the lieutenant's wife, who is now staying at her house, come with her?—that slow-speaking, demure hostess of mine, who, I can well see, entertains no favor for Mr. Stevens. I trust she may; there is room for all three to drown in here—the tide will choke a dozen as easily as one. It is a question of five minutes, more or less, with anybody; that is all. Mildred is tallest, and will be the survivor of her child and friend—Ah! what fine crabs are here! Why, there's not a stone but roofs its tenant. That's what they talked of in the cutter, as we came along; but I was thinking of—I mean I was playing the fool. Well, these sidelong gentry will have some pretty pickings ere the day is out. How late their guests are, who will also be their suppers! They will scarcely arrive here dryshod; if they see me standing without, that will be an excuse for them not to enter. They will merely beckon me up to the cliff, and beckoning will not serve my turn; therefore, I shall stay within here—Come, Mr. Crab, thou art so very large, that I have a desire to kill thee."

This he said as one of the creatures stretched a mail arm from under a huge rock (for with great rocks, bearded with trailing weed, the sand was strewn), and then withdrew it suddenly, as though its hard projecting eye had seen some danger. "Come, friends, come out of thy hole."

(To be continued.

A Bouquet of Blunders.

Sir William Harcourt, in a speech at Glasgow, compared Lord Salisbury to that "ancient statue which had a head of brass and feet of clay. If it was the image mentioned in the Bible its head was of fine gold, but it may have been that

Paged thing of sabre sway,
With front of brass and feet of clay.

Mr. Gladstone, in his great speech at Leeds, spoke of Mr. Parnell "standing, like Moses, between the living and the dead, not, however, to arrest, but to spread the plague." It should have been Aaron.

The Lord Mayor of London, when receiving Mr. Gladstone at luncheon, described him as "our honored host." Meaning "guest."

The London *Daily News* alludes to Sam Weller as mentioning never remembering anything as a characteristic of "oldest inhabitants." Meaning Mark Tapley.

It was in a breach of promise case. Said the defendant, "I merely asked her if she would marry me, and she said yes; but I didn't make any promise to her." "You don't seem to be a very promising young man, that's a fact," said his honor, "but as you raised this young woman's expectations, we shall expect you to raise $10,000 also. Call the next case."

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Jottings on Late Inventions and Discoveries.

Charcoal deepens the tint of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias.

Cocoa beans possess twice as much nitrogen as grain, and therefore chocolate furnishes much nutriment.

Granite begins to yield at a temperature between 700 and 800, sandstones show greater power of endurance, massive limestones still greater and marble the greatest. Conglomerates are among the weakest stones.

Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

The average life of an English gold sovereign is about 18 years—that is, the coin loses three-quarters of a grain in weight in about that length of time. It then ceases to be legal tender. It is said that of the £100,000,000 of British gold coinage 40 per cent. is worn down below the legal weight.

M. H. Toussaint *(Comptes Rendus)* finds that no contagious malady possesses a greater virulence than tuberculosis, the virus resisting and preserving its efficacy at temperatures which destroy the bacteria of the splenic fever. The infection takes place as easily by ingestion as by inoculation.

There is no ivory waste. Even the powder is sold for making jelly. It is said that one leading cutlery firm in Sheffield made a calculation that to supply themselves with the ivory needed for their business they needed 1,280 elephants every year, and that even with this number, the tusks were each estimated to weigh 28½ pounds.

M. Muybridge has been showing Professor Marey, in Paris, some new photographic wonders. He is now able to take a photograph in 1-100th of a second. During a clown's leap he obtained six photographs, showing different positions. By means of an improved zoetrope, he projects such figures on a screen, so exhibiting a clown in his somersaults, a horse at gallop, a hare coursing, and even birds in flight, etc.

M. d'Arsonville, in the *Revue Scientific*, is very sanguine about the future of electricity. He says that it will supersede all the motive powers by man and surpass them in every way, and he promises to prove in an early article that, whatever natural force may be employed, it is electricity alone which can store and transport it to any distance in a practical and economical manner.

In England sea-sand is found to be very valuable as a fertilizer. In Cornwall, where it has been used, sheep have not suffered from the fluke and other diseases as they have done elsewhere. The best crop of potatoes is grown in sand soils. For wheat land sea-sand is a very valuable manure, the grain ripening twelve days earlier than with any other manure. Many other crops have also been benefited by its application.

How photography of colors may be accomplished by dyeing layers of coagulated albumen was explained to the French Academy of Science by MM. C. Cros and J. Carpentier. They submitted two photographic proofs of a painting in water colors along with the original, showing the exact reproduction of the details and colors. Three photographs of the original were taken—one through a liquid orange screen, third through a liquid green screen, and another through a liquid violet screen. For the image obtained through the first screen a red color bath was employed; for that produced through the second screen a blue bath, and for that effected through the third screen a yellow bath. In this process there is evidently no direct photographic reproduction of objects with their natural colors.

The Fresh Air Habit.

Early impressions are very enduring, and can make useful habits as well as evil ones a sort of second nature. In order to forestall the chief danger of in-door life, make your children love-sick after fresh air; make them associate the idea of fusty rooms with prison life, punishment and sickness. Open a window whenever they complain of headache or nausea; promise them a woodland excursion as a reward of exceptionally good behavior. Save your best sweetmeats for out-door festivals. By the witchery of associated ideas a boy can come to regard the lonely shade tree as a primary requisite to the enjoyment of a good story book. "*Or, mes pensees ne voulent jamais aller qu' avec mes jambees*," says Rousseau ("Only the movement of my feet seems to set my brains a-going"), and it is just as easy to think, debate, rehearse, etc., walking as sitting; the peripatetic philosophers derived their name from their pedestrian proclivities, and the Stoic sect from their master's predilection for an open porch. Children who have been brought up in hygienic homes not rarely "feel as if they were going to be choked" in unventilated rooms, and I would take good care not to cure them of such salutary idiosyncrasies. Every observant teacher must have noticed the innate hardiness of young boys, their unaffected indifference to wind and weather. They seem to take a delight in braving the extremes of temperature, and, by simply indulging this *penchant* of theirs, children can be made weather-proof to an almost unlimited degree; and in nothing else can they be more safely trusted to the guidance of their protective instincts. Don't be afraid that an active boy will hurt himself by voluntary exposure, unless his chances for outdoor play are so rare as to tempt him to abuse the first opportunity. Weather-proof people are almost sickness-proof; a merry hunting-excursion to the snow-clad highlands will rarely fail to counteract the consequences of repeated surfeits; even girls who have learned to brave the winter storms of our Northwestern prairies will afterward laugh at "draughts" and "raw March winds."—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in "Popular Science Monthly."*

Mitts Worn Over Gloves.

The latest importations in handwear show a large variety of mitts and wristlets knit of silk. Mitts knit like the old-fashioned chain-stitch knitted purses are among the handsomest of these. Unlined they begin in price at $1.50; at $1.75 they are lined with tinted plush. The colors only show when the mitt is on the hand, when the fine line of gold, cardinal or white, which accents the darker stripe of a seal brown, black or navy blue, is visible. Shot-silk mitts are in black silk, shot with red and lined with plush. They are $1.80 a pair. These mitts are equal to six-button gloves in length, but the wrists are closed, clinging to the wrist of the wearer in the style of the Jersey-top gloves. They are worn over kid gloves, and are of sufficient warmth to wear on the hand in winter without further cumbering it with a glove, if a muff is carried.—*New York Evening Mail.*

New Railway and Bridge Projects.

Application is to be made at the ensuing session of Parliament for an Act to incorporate "The Thunder Bay & Minnesota Railway Company," with power to build and operate a railway from at or near Prince Arthur's Landing to a point on Pigeon River, to bridge said river, and connect with the projected line from Duluth to Pigeon River; for an Act to incorporate Messrs. Wm. Goodersham, George A. Cox, John S. Newbery, James McMillan, John Proctor, B. F. Cheney and others as "The Sault Ste. Marie Bridge Company," with a capital stock of $1,000,000, and with power to build and work a bridge for railway and other purposes across the St. Mary River

"A curious illustration of the blindness of our forefathers to natural beauties is exhibited in the following account of the sea-anemode, extracted from an old English magazine, and headed "Singular Animal Flower Found in 1764.—The inhabitants of St. Lucia have discovered an animal flower. In a cavern of that isle near the sea is a large basin, from 12 to 15 feet deep, the water of which is very blackish, and the bottom composed of rocks, from whence at all times proceed certain substances, which present at first sight beautiful flowers, of a bright shining color, and pretty nearly resembling our marigolds, only that their tint is more lively. On examining this substance closely, there appears in the middle of the disc four brown filaments resembling spider's legs, which move round a kind of yellow petty with a pretty brisk spontaneous motion. These legs seemle pincers to seize their prey; and the yellow petals immediately close to shut up that prey, so that it cannot escape. Under this appearance of a flower is

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1881

TO-DAY is election day in the various Constituencies of this Province, and the result of to-day's voting will determine whether the CHAPLEAU Ministry will retain office and power for another four years, or whether Mr. JOLY will again resume the reigns of Government. We trust that in this County the friends of Mr. OWENS will do their duty and exert themselves to the utmost to swell up his majority, and teach Mr. GILMAN that the Electors of Argenteuil are not to be bought and sold like a carcass of meat at the shambles. He was brought into the County by Mr. MEIKLE, (who had not himself the ghost of a chance of again representing it,) and a few of the Grits of Lachute, who had the impudence to dub themselves—a Convention of the Liberals of Argenteuil—no representation from the various townships composing any part of it. He was brought forward as the forlorn hope—not that they expected he would carry the County when Mr. MEIKLE could not do it—but they considered it would never do to let Mr. OWENS walk the course without a struggle. Mr. GILMAN was known to be a man of means, and being ambitious, they thought they could easily prevail on him to step into the gap Mr. MEIKLE himself dare not enter—and thus put Mr. OWENS to the trouble and expense of a contest.—Electors of Argenteuil! the whole eyes of the Province, yea of the Dominion, are upon you—then do your duty as independent men, and show by the triumphant return of Mr. OWENS that you spurn the nominee of the Lachute clique.

In a previous issue we suggested the propriety of having a representative for this County in accord with the present Government, seeing that they were almost sure to be sustained at the Polls. The result of Nomination Day bears out our prophesy, for out of seventeen elected, twelve are Ministerialists, two Independents, and three Oppositionists. The general result of to-day is, we might say, a foregone conclusion. Even the Montreal *Witness* admits that the cause of Gritism is about lost. Apart from the difference between the two candidates, to which we have before alluded, it would be a great misfortune should the County be represented by an opponent of the Government. What influence for good would he have? Can any one suppose that any Government would give the same heed to the representations of a member pledged to oppose and obstruct, as to one prepared to work with them for the general good. *Let the Electors think seriously of this.*

MR. GILMAN'S UNTRUTHS.

Mr. GILMAN tried hard on nomination day to ignore the opinions of the press, and pitched into the WATCHMAN in a very discreditable manner for having given to the public a record of his antecedents. While doing so some one in the audience asked "why don't you put your side of the story in the WATCHMAN?" "Oh! the WATCHMAN will not publish anything for me," was Mr. GILMAN's reply. Some one said "it's a lie." We were not present at the time or we do not know what we might have said, but we will now state to the public that when a man—a public man can make such a false statement he is not to be trusted. We learn that CHARLES CUSHING backed him up in his assertion by shouting out "that's true." Will Mr. CUSHING please inform us who told him that we refused to publish anything for Mr. GILMAN We now most emphatically deny the truth of both statements. We are no bigots, and had Mr. GILMAN or any of the reform party offered us any printing we would have done it readily and expeditiously as possible. Mr. GILMAN however, commences to show how much favor he would confer upon this County by getting his address and circulars printed outside of the County. Is this the way to benefit the people of Argenteuil? We have repeatedly told our Reform friends that the columns of the WATCHMAN were open to them to give publicity to their views in opposition to ours, and to those of our correspondents. We rather court free discussion on all the leading topics of the day—in this way we are more apt to arrive at the truth—and the WATCHMAN being now the only paper published in the County, we feel the more bound too that our Reform friends should have access to its columns. But if, on the other hand, they do not choose to avail themselves of our offer they have only themselves to blame, and we are free of all censure. As to Mr. GILMAN's untruths, this one is only in keeping with his assertion that he was not a Director of the Mechanics' Bank at the time of its failure, when the books of the Bank prove that he was.

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

NOMINATION MEETING.

Great Enthusiasm and Large Attendance.

Friday last, November 25th, having been officially announced as Nomination Day, a very large concourse of people assembled at the Court House about 12 o'clock. The weather was seasonable, sun shining brightly, and a clear, sharp frost; consequently a large number of people were expected, and in that respect no one was disappointed.

At one o'clock precisely Thos Berron, Esq., Returning Officer, announced that two candidates had been nominated, viz: Francis E. Gilman, Esq., Lawyer, of the city of Montreal, and William Owens, Esq., Merchant, of the village of Stonefield. For these two only could votes be polled on the 2nd of December.

Richard Dudderidge, Esq., proposed that Alexander Pridham, Esq., Warden, be requested to take the chair. The motion was unanimously approved.

Mr. Pridham, on taking the chair, said that as chairman he was expected to be neutral to both parties. He would be so. He hoped that the audience would act fairly towards the speakers of both parties, and prove, as he knew they could, that they were an intelligent body of men. There was nothing to be gained by excessive demonstration, as all the time the audience wasted would count against the speakers. It was simply an act of justice on their part to remain orderly. He also read out the programme, and called upon Mr. Owens to address the meeting.

Mr. Owens said the Joly Government came before the electors of the Province of Quebec some four or five years ago with numerous promises of retrenchment, reform and general honest government, which he could hardly see that they had fulfilled. He found that the expenditure of the Joly Government was far in excess of the present Chapleau Government. $37,624 was saved to the Province by Mr. Chapleau since he gained the reins of Government. He said the Liberals of Argenteuil were turning Conservative, instancing the action of Dr. Christie and R. G. Meikle, Esq., in waiting upon a Conservative to represent the Liberals of this County. The electors must not think he was a bigotted follower of Mr. Chapleau, or any other person; he came before them as an Independent Conservative. He would support the Chapleau Government so long as he thought their action was for the benefit of the majority of the people of this Province in general, and the people of Argenteuil in particular. As to the assertion that he was not a county man he would say that any intelligent person could see that there was no truth in it. It was altogether too thin. Every one was aware of the cause of his being less in the county than formerly. It, because his business had increased to such an extent as to require his presence in the city of Montreal and elsewhere, he was to be put down as an alien, he thought it very hard and unjust. The fact was, his interest in the County is even greater than formerly. In regard to the local county appointments he said Mr. Meikle had given a very good excuse for not having done anything in this respect. Mr. Meikle's excuse being that he was in opposition and therefore could not do anything. Mr. Owens could sympathize with Mr. Meikle in this matter. Every person knew that the position of an intruder, as Mr. Meikle seemed to be looked upon, was anything but an enviable one. But here was a fact to which he would call the attention of his audience. Mr. Meikle was helpless because he was in political opposition to the Government of the day. It would, therefore, be a suicidal policy for them to vote for Mr. Gilman, as, if elected, he would also be in opposition to the Government of the day, as there was not the slightest doubt that the Chapleau Government would be returned to office with a larger majority than before.

Mr. Gilman then came forward and said that he must commence by referring to a personal matter, the fact of his candidature. He said that Mr. Meikle had waited upon him in Montreal and requested him to stand for the Liberals of this County. One of the first things he did after coming to the County was to take up a copy of the WATCHMAN, and there found his character, not, of course, over complimentary to him. So far as not being a County man he said it was quite as easy to communicate with him in Montreal as it was to communicate with Mr. Owens in Stonefield. In regard to the matter of the Mechanics' Bank, he said that he was not a Director nor was he Solicitor. His connection with the Bank was simply as a shareholder. In regard to the Joly Government it was his opinion that Mr. Joly was far more earnest in his endeavor to reduce the expenditure of the Province than ever Mr. Chapleau had been. Mr. Owens said that the County was turning Conservative. He thought far differently. He felt quite pleased to hear that Dr. Christie and Mr. Meikle had waited upon J. C. Wilson, Esq. He said Mr. Wilson was a strict opponent of the Chapleau Government. Mr. Wilson and he were very great friends indeed; visited each other, and were altogether on the most friendly terms. In speaking of the Legislative Council, he said his opinion was that it should be abolished, as it was quite a useless institution. He charged Mr. Chapleau with gaining the reins of Government by purchasing five votes. The reason that Mr. Chapleau had been able to carry on the affairs of this Province without imposing direct taxation was because he had borrowed $1,000,000 from French capitalists. He closed his speech by addressing a few words to the French-Canadians.

Mr. Bampton then followed. He said Mr. Gilman had complained that the time allowed him was not sufficient for him to give all the figures of the expenditure of the two Governments, and compare them. He believed, however, that if Mr. Gilman had had three weeks he would not have dared to compare the two expenditures. The Joly Government claimed to have been the first to have had a surplus; the truth came out, however, when the figures were "uncooked," and the fact was a deficit instead of a surplus. Mr. Gilman had boasted that he did not care what the press said of him; it was Mr. Bampton's opinion that when a man had got so low as that, he was not fit to represent any constituency. If a public man always acted in good faith he might always expect to keep a clean and clear record. This was certainly more than Mr. Gilman had done. As to his being a great friend of Mr. Wilson, he did not believe it, and would require other proof than his word to convince him. He had the same opinion of the statement of Mr. Gilman to the effect that Mr. Wilson was "a strict opponent of the Chapleau Administration." Mr. Gilman had asked what the Chapleau Government had done with the $4,000,000 loan. They had done just what Mr. Gilman had advocated, paid some of the old debts of the Province, and among others the loan from the United States, borrowed by the Joly Government. He spoke of Mr. Gilman's past career in connection with the Mechanics' Bank. He was known in Montreal as the "one cent man." He had gained this unenviable name by reason of his bill against the Bank being just one cent over the amount he had collected for it. He ought to be sent to Parliament because he always came out one cent ahead. Mr. Bampton's time having expired, he had to retire in favor of other speakers.

Dr. Christie then took the platform. He thought that if Mr. Bampton was to speak till doomsday he could not convince the meeting that Mr. Joly had ever done anything wrong. He said that Mr. Gilman came from Montreal highly spoken of by leading Montreal men. He went on to say that the Joly Administration could and did carry on the affairs of this Province more economically than the Chapleau Government. He was of opinion that if any man thought Mr. Chapleau was the best man to head the Provincial Legislature he should vote for him. On the other hand, any man who thought Mr. Joly could do better should vote for him.

Mr. Evanturel then addressed the meeting. He said that Mr. Gilman had attacked him on personal grounds at another meeting, when he had finished his speech and could not answer his accusations. He certainly gave Mr. Gilman a very hard character, taken from the Grit papers of Montreal. He showed a cartoon in a late number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* in which Mr. Gilman was shown in a very humiliating and ludicrous position—being thrashed in the Montreal City Council Chamber by Alderman G. W. Stephens. This caused roars of laughter. He proved, in a very decided manner, that the interest of Mr. Owens was identical with that of the people of the County generally, which could not be said of Mr. Gilman.

Mr. R. G. Meikle was the next speaker called upon to address the meeting. He spoke of what he had done for the County. He said he had procured $1,200 for colonization purposes the first year of his presence at Quebec, and made application for $1,500 for the second year, but did not get it. He said that he received letters from leading Reformers in Montreal which informed him that Mr. Wilson would support the Joly Government, if elected. He spoke to Mr. Wilson, but the latter said he could not run, as he had signed Mr. Owens' requisition, and if it had been otherwise would not run as an opponent of the Chapleau Government.

Mr. Owens then took the platform to reply. He proved that the province had gained a great deal by the French loan brought into the province by the Chapleau Administration; by reducing the rate of interest on loans, thereby enabling capitalists to engage in business, which they could not do before it came. So far as regards Dr. Christie's not waiting upon Mr. Wilson to request him to stand in the Liberal interest for this County, he could not see a great deal of difference between "waiting upon a person," and "meeting a person at a third party's house," which latter method was acknowledged by the Doctor.

This closed the programme of speakers, but the Chairman left it for the audience to choose any others.

Mr. Gilman then made a few closing remarks.

Mr. Abbott was then requested by the audience to make a few remarks. In answer to the request he said he had not prepared any speech, but would do his best for the brief period allotted to him—a quarter of an hour. The respectable and intelligent electors of the County had always given him an impartial and attentive hearing, and he felt sure they would continue to do so. He wished to warn the men of Argenteuil; they must not be led away by combast, jocular insinuations, etc. Mr. Gilman, in his opinion, tried to impose on the people of this County by misquoting and misrepresenting. For that reason he was opposed to Mr. Gilman. However, he did not like to dwell upon personalities, never did. It is easy to speak ill of any party to whom one may be opposed. Mr. Joly and his party had been eulogised by Mr. Gilman, very much to the detriment of the Chapleau Administration. Words were cheap, and came easy. But facts were against him. There was not the slightest doubt that Mr. Chapleau's Administration was much more to the benefit of the people than the other. As to the Chapleau Government selling the Crown and Mineral Lands, it was what every Government had done, and what every Government would do until they were sold. As he had said before, Mr. Gilman tried to impose upon the intelligence of the people by stating anything and everything he could think of derogatory to the Chapleau Government taking no heed to the truthfulness of his statements. In fact, the farther from the truth the better. He advised the electors to look into the figures of expenditure and receipts of the two governments, compare them and draw their own deductions there from; and not take Mr. Gilman's word for what he would wish them to take it—"gospel." Few men were more reckless in their statements than Mr. Gilman, and he hoped they would investigate. After doing so he knew they would come to the same conclusion that he had—that Mr. Gilman was not a fit and proper person to represent the constituency. Mr. Owens was the man, and the only man. This ended Mr. Abbott's speech, and the meeting virtually closed; Mr. Evanturel addressing a few words to the French-Canadians as a *finale*.

VENICE LETTER.

Regular Correspondence.

Venice, Nov. 12th, 1881.

The judicious traveller would not be long in Venice before he hired a gondola, and learned still more to appreciate the convenience of those ancient vessels, and the perfect adroitness of their rowers. It is extremely difficult even for a practiced University oarsman to acquire the skill of the gondolier. Deftly withheld from "yawing" by the fish-like back screw which the gondolier gives, the black hull glides along like a living thing, rearing over the scarcely-stirred water that quaint rostrum of notched steel which is certainly a survival of Roman ship building. With these sublime species of hackney cab at the Water-gate all Venice may be visited, even to the innermost "vicolo." In these delicious conveyances you may study, sketch, play music or cards, make love, or sleep as well as in a house. There are no rude stoppages or collisions, no hideous city uproars. At each water-worn corner, as the gondola glides near it, the cautious oarsman whispers rather than speaks a gentle "sta li," or "gia preme," warning any craft which may be coming from out of the gloom to pass to left or right. If there be such a one, its gondolier replies in the same muffled, mysterious tone, and the black hulls glide swiftly by, while another long lane of marble facades, paved always with the green sea, opens through the low door of the cabin. Days pass before the enchanted visitor realizes that this is indeed a capital without a horse or a wheeled vehicle in its confines, that there is no clamor, no dust, no mud, no noise by day or night louder than the soft lapping of the tideless Adriatic on the steps, the "preme," "sta li" or "gia e" of the boatman, and the wash of the sea weed which grows along the basement. The black boat seems to move like a thing born of the night and belonging to it, sombre and soft and still, gliding like a shadow into the shadows, and threading the maze of canals as if the eyes carved upon the bows could really see in the dark. Every trip, every errand at such times is a voyage of romance. From the Rialto to San Salute, from St. Mark's to the Giudecca, from the Lido to the Bridge of Sighs, the place is full of memories bewitching or tragic. That may be Shylock's house where the water-rat nibbles, and where the door stands half open. Where you drop your cigar-end in the canal Orfano, forbidden of old to fishermen, because the Dread "Ten" were wont to drown there the victims condemned by the "Lion's Mouth." Through the heavy shadow cast by the Bridge of Sighs comes a gaily-lighted gondola full of *masked* signoras bound to the ball, and chatting in the soft Venetian dialect which blunts to a lisp all the sibilants. Nor is it true that "in Venice Tasso's echoes are no more." If you have the right kind of *gondolier* and put him on his mettle, he can quote more than one soft love passage from the "Gierusalemme," or at least make the ear keep in music to "*La luna sta in mezzo di mare*," or some other barcarole.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

ELECTIONEERING FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.—ADMIRABLE CRICHTON KASSON, LAWYER, STATESMAN, AND, WITH QUALIFICATION, DIPLOMAT.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 26 1881.

Now that Thanksgiving festivities are over, politicians have turned their attention seriously to business, and much substantial work will be accomplished by the various candidates for the speakership before Congress convenes on the 5th of December. Nearly all the candidates are on hand, and have established headquarters, as the saying is; that is, they have hired suites of rooms at leading hotels, and are making their canvass in a way that is pretty familiar in almost every state capital in the country. To hear the adherents of the various candidates talk is to be very much mystified on the mathematical aspects of the question. It is pretty well established that there is but one speakership of the House, and yet, from the assertions of their friends, at least six men, Kasson, Hiscock, Keifer, Burrows, Donnell, and Reed, are to have this office. I gather, from all I can hear, that only three candidates have at present any strong committee support. These are Kasson, Keifer, and Hiscock. The chief objection to Mr. Kasson is that he is too good for the place, and that his party want him on the floor, where, since so many leading members of last session have stepped up higher into the Senate, there is no glut of first-rate ability. Mr. Kasson is, without doubt, a very able, and, it may be said, brilliant and accomplished man. It is not too much to say he is, by odds, the ablest man on the Republican side. As a lawyer, a statesman, a parliamentarin, a diplomat, and a man of the world, he has, perhaps, a better equipment than any other public man. It is a mistake to suppose that diplomacy is useful only at foreign courts. That is about the only place an American has no use for it, and, when I say that Mr. Kasson is a diplomat, I have no reference to his late residence in Vienna. He is a diplomat in that he is skilful in reconciling differences within his own party, of avoiding danger in the treacherous sea of politics, of gaining his victories without malignity, and with the always desirable possibility of reconciling the vanquished.

The speakership contest will, from to-day, grow more exciting. The Greenback members will arrive next week, and, it is stated, that until they are here, nothing can be definitely announced regarding their going into caucus or other intentions. A prominent Greenbacker said, yesterday, that the Greenback party followers do not propose to accept any house patronage that may be extended through any acts of their representatives. The question of a combination seems to be practically given up. The Republicans have 146 votes, and only need one for a majority. This additional one, it is claimed, will be that of Congressman Hyatt Smith. On the other hand, the Democrats of hard money proclivities will not enter into any coalition with the Greenbackers, not only because the Greenback party has now no standing in the country, but because it would be more satisfactory to make one party wholly responsible for the political welfare of the country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:—Your paper being the only vehicle in the County by which I can convey to the electors and others who were present on Nomination day at the Court House, in this village, a point blank denial of some statements made by Dr. Christie and our would-be member, Mr. Gilman, of Montreal, I hope you will grant me the space required for this article, which shall only deal with these men, and only as far as setting my position plainly and honestly before the people.

How and why my name was imported into the discussion on that day I know not, but I may conjecture, and I may say here, before going further, that had I had the slightest inkling that I was to be a subject for debate, instead of the real issue, "the best man for the County," I certainly would have been present and accommodated my many friends who loudly called for me when they heard these falsehoods uttered. When I came amongst you, now about two years ago, my aim then, as it has been ever since, was to make friends of all. I knew no politics in my friendship, and every man was to me a friend unless he declared himself my enemy. I am happy to state, thus far, I succeeded so well in friendship with all that the so-called Liberal party in politics of the County, thought fit, it is no secret gentlemen, to form themselves into a deputation to wait upon me and request me to allow myself to be nominated as an Independent candidate, to represent them (if elected) in the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, knowing all the while that my politics were Conservative. I will not go into particulars on this point; they called a meeting, a caucus meeting is the proper term, and during the day not having decided upon any one especially connected with their own party, they finally decided upon Alderman J. C. Wilson, a man, they said, who had a large interest in the county, and, moreover, a man whom they, in their wisdom, judged to be an honest man, and if an honest man he would, undoubtedly, vote according to his convictions, and his past career was substantial evidence that he was the proper person to represent the County. Had I come to Lachute that evening as expected, I would have been the recepient of a very flattering mark of esteem from these representatives of the Liberal party. I did not come, but came the next morning. I was waited on that morning—one honest man admitted that—and I was requested to meet the parties who were deputized,—note that, Mr. Editor, *deputized*,—that afternoon at two o'clock. I did meet them. Who would not? I wanted to hear what they had to say. I am a young man; I have ambition; no crime I hope; Mr. Editor; I was honest in meeting them, and I certainly thought they were honest in meeting me. I never saw three more earnest men in my life, Mr. R. G. Meikle, Dr. Christie and Mr. Dudderidge. They were introduced to me by—I mean Dr. Christie and Mr. Dudderidge—by Mr. Meikle as the deputation who were ordered to wait upon me and offer me the nomination They did their duty well and I believed them, and believe now, until I am further convinced to the contrary, that they were honest in their intentions, and they believed, as Dr. Christie himself stated, that they were dealing with an honest man.

Did these gentlemen commit a crime, as a deputation from the Liberal party, in asking me to become a candidate? No, Mr. Editor, in my eyes they did not; and Mr. Meikle thinks as I do, for he frankly admitted having waited upon me.

But Dr. Christie evidently thought so, and to make a crime doubly a crime he tries to deny, he does deny. Oh! Doctor! Doctor! Gentlemen it has been said of some people that they are good, honest citizens until elections come on, and then they lose all their self-respect and act anything but like honest men. Doctor, your statement is false and I must tell you so, and your friends so, and my friends so; sorry, Doctor, but I could not let it pass; my reputation is at stake. Do you suppose I would allow myself to be considered a sneak by my own friends. No, no, had I sought nomination from you I would have deserved the name you in your statements wish to convey to the people, both your friends and mine that I acted sneakishly, no other construction could be placed upon your denial of being one of a deputation who waited upon me. I repeat for the last time to all, Dr. Christie did wait on me as one of a deputation from the Liberal party.

Now, Mr. Editor, Mr. Gilman's turn comes. Mr. Gilman said his wife and mine were friendly, that his wife visited at our house and vice versa, and he and I visited each others houses. It would not be degrading to either probably had such been the case, but since Mr. Gilman wishes to use falsehood to gain notoriety in Argenteuil, I will give him a show, as the Yankee quaintly puts it, by declaring these statements downright falsehoods, made out of whole cloth. Then, again, Mr. Gilman stated that I requested him to come up and get nominated and I would support him; worse and worse, if there is one lie blacker than another this is one of the blackest kind. I never spoke to Mr. Gilman about Argenteuil; he met me going into the Council Chamber, in Montreal, one day, and asked me why I did not stand for Argenteuil, I replied I did not want to, that was all that passed; to save the matter up on Mr. Gilman—my wife, nor myself, were never in Mr. Gilman's house, Mr. Gilman nor his wife were never in mine; Mrs Gilman and Mrs. Wilson do not know each other. Mr. Gilman was never requested by me to come up and represent Argenteuil. Does it look like it, Mr. Editor, and gentlemen, when amongst the first acts of mine in this election I went out to Lakefield and gave the people some idea of Mr. Gilman as a representative man for a ward in the City of Montreal; how it was impossible for him to serve two masters—his constituents and his own pocket. Would I have done so if I had assured him of my support. No, gentlemen, and I beg of you, Mr. Editor, to publish, indeed, I request you to publish 500 copies extra of this issue and send one to each Liberal and Conservative whom you think attended that nomination meeting. Before the ink is thoroughly dry on this issue it will have been decided who is to represent us at Quebec. I hope it will not be Mr. Gilman, indeed, if I am a prophet, I would say he is doomed to sad disappointment, and he will go from whence he came a sadder and a poorer man.

Thanking you for your patience,

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

J. C. WILSON.

Two Ways to Look at a Thing.

MR. EDITOR:—"Fair Play" in your last issue in trying to correct the *Montreal Witness* has made a much more damaging admission than the implications of the *Witness*. He says "a man is innocent until he is proved guilty." Very good. Hon. Mr. Laurier writes an article censuring Mr. Senecal; Mr. Senecal prosecutes Mr. Laurier for libel; Mr. Senecal fails to convince the jury Mr. Laurier has libeled him; therefore Hon. Mr. Laurier is innocent of the charge, and Mr. Senecal still lies under all the charges made by the defendant. A READER.

—The political combat in Quebec thickens. Some of the leading men of the Grit Rouge party who desired to retire from public life, heedless of the prospects of their party, . . been induced by strong pressure from their friends to offer themselves for re-election. Still, the Rouges have great difficulty in inducing candidates to go forward to certain defeat in some of the constituencies. In Argenteuil the party have failed to secure a local man, and have set up the too well known Alderman Gilman, of Montreal, of whom even the *Witness*—as bitter a partizan as ever donned the garb of independence—says: "Argenteuil has at last found a Liberal candidate. It must have been in straits when it fixed on Mr. Gilman." The party is in a sorry way, and it is doubtful if they return more than eighteen or twenty members of the next Legislature.—*Brantford Courier, Nov. 25*

Humbugged Again.

I saw advertised about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get some, I consented 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 well for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging—H. T., St. Paul—*Pioneer Press.*

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

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

A pointed criticism need not necessarily be written with a fine pointed pen; one of Esterbrook's medium or coarse pointed pens will answer as well. Ask your stationer for them

DEATH.

BROPHY.—At St. Columbia P. Q., on the 24th November, after a short illness, Laurence Brophy, a native of Tipperary, Ireland, aged 45 years. Chicago papers will please copy.

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

BOOTS AND SHOES,

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

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

G. & M SIMPSON.

St. Andrews, Jan 25, 1881. 30tf

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,

v8 n1 ly

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 $200 to $ 40 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	" 3 in 4th Range,		800 00
N ½	" 14 5th Range,		200 00
S ½	" 14 in 5th Range,		200 00
S part	" 11 in 3rd Range,		800 00
S ½	" 2 in 4th Range,		200 00
S ½	" 19 1 4th Range,		400 00
S ½	" 10 in 6th Range,		800 00
S part	" 11 in 6th Range,		400 00
N ½	" 17 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	" 15 in 5 & 6th Range,		300 00

ARUNDEL.

S ½	" 16 in 7th Range,		600 00

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

34 y.

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 flannel, 11 cents per yard.
PRINTS, fast colors, 4 "
WINCEYS 5 cents and upwards.
A lot of Knitting Yarns to be sold cheap.

TRY THE LIQUOR 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.
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.

It 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	25
FASHIONABLE " " " "			2.25
DURABLE WOOL " " " "			2.50

Odd lines and best value ever offered in this City!

STYLISH PANTS, former prices	$1 20	for $1	00
SERVICEABLE PANTS " "	1.55	"	1.25
FASHIONABLE PANTS " "	2.00	"	1.50
ALL-WOOL PANTS " "	2.65	"	2.0

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.

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 n16 ly PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

STRACHAN'S

Gilt Edge Soap

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

W. STRACHAN & CO.,

36 Jacques Cartier Street,

MONTREAL.

Sold by all Leading Grocers throughout the Dominion.

v5 n7 ly

LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 14th Dec. at 8 o'clock sharp.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Just Received—S. Carsley.
Xmas 1881—H. Giles & Sons
Key to Health—T. Milburn & Son.
Dr. Fowler's Extract—T. Milburn & Son.
Mandrake Bitters—Henry, Johnsons & Co.
Hop Bitters—H. R. Manufacturing Co.
A Concert—Masonic.

LOCAL.

The right place to buy is at J. R. McOuat's—*prices right* and goods may be relied on.

Next week we will give An account of the dinner at Mr. Hope's by the Lachute Caledonia Club on St. Andrews' Day, the crowded state of our columns preventing us this week.

WANTED.—Ten Barrels Tallow at once at, J. R. McOUAT'S.

We are requested to state that the Stores in Lachute will be closed on Monday, Dec. 26th, and Monday, 2nd Jan. 1882

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Gents Fur Caps—a few Persian Lambs very cheap.

In another column will be found the announcement of the Free Masons' Concert to be given on Friday the 9th inst., by which it will be seen that we were correct in our remarks last week as to what the public might expect.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Overcoatings, Worsted Coatings, Tweeds, Etoffes, &c., if you want good value for your money.

The Government engineers report the feasibility of making the Lievres River navigable from Buckingham to High Falls. Operations will shortly be commenced in that direction. It will be a great boon to lumbermen and phosphate miners.

J. R. McOuat's for Misses', Ladies' and Gents' Rubbers and Overshoes.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden divided among the presents at their recent silver wedding a huge pine tree made of solid silver—trunk, branches and cones. It was intended not only to remind the pair of their German home, but to commemorate the traditions of the house of Baden, in which the pine plays a prominent part.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for the best assortment of Gent's Furnishings in this town.

NO WASTE, BUT THRIFT!

Falstaff's pun in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been read by all readers of Shakespeare; indeed, I am in the text of two yards ab y; but I am now at no waste, I am aided thrift." How greatly people err regarding thrift. Members of families are sick with coughs, colds, lung diseases, asthma, or it may be consumption, the family doctor is called in and prescribes, and makes visit after visit without any apparent advantage to the patient. A large bill is presented which is often paid with great reluctance. This might have been avoided by a timely use of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. It is without doubt, the most reliable, and safest family medicine ever invented

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)

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. W. Chisholm, of Lachute, now in New York for the benefit of her health, is improving rapidly and is expected home in a short time fully restored. This will be good news to her numerous friends here and elsewhere.

Turkeys! Turkeys! Turkeys! The highest price paid for Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Chickens and Partridges, at J. R. McOUAT'S.

Work of God.

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.—*Auburn News.*

Cash paid for Pork and Hides, at J. R. McOUAT'S.

A Reliable Fact.

It is an established fact that Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the best cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, croup, bronchitis, and all troubles arising from neglected colds. Price 25 cents.

Extra good value in Ready-made Clothing and Overcoats, at J. R. McOUAT'S.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil

Will be found invaluable for all purposes of a family medicine. Immediate relief will follow its use. It relieves pain, cures chilblains, frost bites, scalds, burns, sores, rheumatism, neuralgia, &c. For internal use it is none the less wonderful. One or two doses frequently cure sore throat. It will cure croup in a few bottles has often cured asthma. Colic has been cured by a teaspoonful dose. It cures with the utmost rapidity, it is really a wonderful medicine.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Dress Goods, Shawls, Cloaks, Beaver, Nap and Vicuna Cloakings and Mantle Cloths.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil

Is at the head of the list for all purposes of a family medicine. It is used with unprecedented success, both internally and externally. It cures sore throat, burns, scalds, frost bites; relieves, and often cures asthma.

Real Buckskin Moccasins and Mitts direct from the Indians, at J. R. McOUAT'S.

What to Study.

Pope, the poetical philosoper said: "The proper study of mankind is man," and yet, how little is the real science of man studied. If people understood and heeded the laws of health, and when out of order would resort to a common sense like Burdock Blood Bitters, many of the "ills that flesh is heir to" might be effectually remedied. It invigorates and regulates all the secretions to a healthy action.

Sure cure for a cough.

The most reliable remedy for a cough or cold, asthma, shortness of breath, sore throat, weak lungs and all bronchial troubles, is Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam Price 25 cents.

The Electric Light,

superceding as it does all other modes of illumination, and rivalled only by the glorious sunshine, will not be hailed with greater joy by mankind, than is Burdock Blood Bitters, which is as far superior to all other blood purifiers and tonics as the electric light is superior to the old fashioned tallow dip. Burdock Blood Bitters cures scrofula, and all foul humors and impurities of the blood.

FOR SALE CHEAP AT

Wm MURRAY'S

NO. 71 ST JOSEPH STREET, MONTREAL.

A Few Gold Watches and Chains

3 m 1

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE QUEBEC DAILY TIMES is the name of a new Conservative paper recently started in the ancient capital, which we hail with pleasure to our exchange list. *The Times* is ably edited, and must prove a great acquisition to the English speaking portion of the citizens of Quebec, as it fills a want long experienced in that city. It is a double demi sheet, neatly got up, and printed on good paper. We are sure it will have a large support, as it deservidly should.

VENNOR'S ALMANAC.—We have received from the Publishers a copy of Vennor's Weather Almanac for 1882. The Publishers in their preface say that "heretofore Professor Vennor's predictions have been confined to comparatively limited territory, but the present work embraces the United States as well as the Dominion of Canada, and give in addition a general outline of the approaching winter in Great Britain. It will be observed that the forecastes are calculated for *nearly a year in advance.*" Mr. Vennor says he has received numerous acknowledgments of direct benefits received from his forecasts from leading shippers and private individuals, and is, therefore, encouraged to continue his attempts. The work was printed at the Montreal Printing Company. It has a portrait of Professor Vennor with facsimile autograph. The probabilities in the Canadian edition are given in French as well as English. Price 25cts.

Go to J. R. McOuat's for Ladies Fur Caps and Muffs.

JUST RECEIVED!

Lots of heavy Tweeds (sprouting), in the latest styles and best quality.

FIRST LOT!
To be sold at $2.95 per yard.
SECOND LOT!
To be sold at $3.30 per yard.
THIRD LOT!
To be sold at $3.50 per yard.
FOURTH LOT!
To be sold at $4.20 per yard.
VERY HEAVY!
Black Blanket Cloth, to be sold at $2.65 per yd.
EXTRA HEAVY!
Indigo Blue Cloth, for Overcoats, to be sold at $3.45 per yard.
EXTRA HEAVY AND FINE!
Indigo Blue Tweed Overcoating, to be sold at $4.20 per yard.
VERY HEAVY!
Black Moscow Beavers, in all qualities and prices

S. CARSLEY,

JUST RECEIVED!

Another lot of Boys' Woollen Undershirts. Our stock is now complete in all sizes
Boys' Woollen Undershirts 25c.
Boys' heavy Woollen Undershirts, 45c.
Boys' extra quality Undershirts, 55c.
Boys' Scotch Wool Undershirts, &c.
Boys' Woollen Drawers to match the above, in quality and prices
WOOLLEN TUQUES!
A very attractive assortment of Woollen Tuques, in all the most fashionable colors.
SNOW-SHOE CLUBS!
Orders for Snow-Shoe Clubs for Tuques, Sashes and Pillow Shams, will receive special attention.
CARDIGAN JACKETS!
KNITTED WOOLLEN GLOVES!
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS!
CASHMERE MUFFLERS!
EVERYTHING IN GENTS' FURNISHINGS!
— AT —
S. CARSLEY.
MONTREAL.

A CONCERT!

will be given in the
VICTORIA HALL, LACHUTE,
ON
Friday Evening,
THE 9th OF DECEMBER, 1881,
under the auspices of
Argenteuil Lodge, No. 65, G. R., A. F. A. M.
THE BEST LOCAL TALENT,
and also
Amateur & Professional Performers
from abroad, have been secured. The members of the order will appear in regalia.
AN ADDRESS
will be delivered by an
OFFICER OF THE GRAND LODGE.
The Piano to be used will be the Celebrated GROSS SCALE GRAND, from the firm of Rainer & Co., Guelph.
Doors open at 7.30. Concert to begin at 8. Single tickets 50 cents, double 50 cents. To be obtained at Mr. Hope's, Mr. Patenaude's, the Telegraph Offices, and at the door.
— FOR PARTICULARS SEE PROGRAMME. —

XMAS 1881!

PEELS,
Lemon, Orange and Citron.
RAISINS,
Sultanas (seedless), Valentias and loose Muscatels.
SUGARS,
Extra Ground (for icing), Granulated, Coffee and Brown.
CANNED SALMON, SARDINES, LOBSTERS, TOMATOES, CORN AND PEACHES.
CROSS & BLACKWELL'S MARMALADE, Desiccated Cocoanut, Gelatine, &c.
FRESH TEAS, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE & COCOA.
Full Lines of Dry Goods, &c., &c., &c.
Furs! Furs! Furs!
—BOOTS & SHOES A SPECIALTY.—
Ladies' and Gents' Lined and Plain Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Goods, &c., &c.
Agents for the
Celebrated Crompton Corset,
and for
Dicks' Condition Powders and Liniment.
POULTRY TAKEN IN EXCHANGE
for goods
At Market Prices.
H. GILES & SON,
Lachute, Dec., 1881. 51-1y

Wm. MURRAY,
No 71 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.
Watchmaker,
AND
JEWELLER.
n1 1y

PLATED KNIVES, FORKS
Cruets Butter Coolers
FOR SALE CHEAP AT
Wm. MURRAY'S,
NO. 71 ST. JOSEPH STREET
MONTREAL.
n1 1y

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 intercats 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 Indépendants 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 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 à 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 à 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.

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 of 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 trimming, 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

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

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.
vandly

BREAD—HOPE'S—BREAD

J. HOPE'S BREAD still leading as testified to 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. Sanford & Co., East End.
G. L. Meikle, Post Office.
J. Patenaude, Montreal House.
J. & R. Sanford, Cash Store.
Fish & Ireland, Mills.

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

GREECE'S POINT.
Heaney, Stewart & Co.
Wards Brothers.
W. Forman.
Mrs. M. Binnon.

CHATHAM.
J. Cushing.

CHATHORO.
C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.
E. Labiane.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
LACHUTE BAKERY.
1tf

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.

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 assortment of first class watches, clocks and jewellery, which he will dispose of cheap for cash.
Repairing done with neatness and despatch. He respectfully solicits a call.
v5 n8 1y

FARMS FOR SALE.

THE FARM SITUATED IN 1st RANGE of Chatham formerly owned by the late Rev. Wm. Mayor, being lot no. 5 Also, the farm situated in the 2nd range, formerly owned by the late John O'Brien, being lot no. 20
TERMS EASY. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to the proprietor,
JAMES MILLER,
n8 3m 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 in doubt 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 43-1y

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.
53y1

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

"Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size $1.
For sale by all dealers.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

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

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 or 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. 39y1

Parties Wishing
TO
PLANT GRAPE VINES
and small fruits should
FORWARD THEIR ORDERS AT ONC
TO
Gallagher & Gauthier,
101 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET
MONTREAL,
proprietors of the
Beaconsfield Vineyards,
NEAR
POINT CLAIRE.

PARR'S' PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
1951 St. James St., Montreal.
We call special attention to our PANEL or TABLET Photos, one of the latest novelties. Also, a new water-proof process of producing large Photos, worked very fine. Our REMBRANT or SHADOW PORTRAITS are the finest produced; and the SOLOMON OF PHOTO-RELIEF are very fine for frame or easel. All negatives preserved. We have a stock of negatives from the late Notman estate. Solar Printing for the Trade. Copying, enlarging, and finishing, in Oil, Water Colors, and Ink.
We respectfully solicit your patronage.
1 m 3

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

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,
Worsted's, Overcoatings,
Cloakings, Cashmeres, Merinoes,
Costume Cloths, Wideaws, 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 beaver 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

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

There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and a thousand other diseases that owe their origin to a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, and inaction of the Digestive Organs, when the use of
DR. HENRY BAXTER'S
MANDRAKE BITTERS
will give immediate relief, and in a short time effect a permanent cure. After constipation follows Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to SICK HEADACHE will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they
PURIFY THE BLOOD
by expelling all Morbid Secretions.
PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE.
For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.
HENRY, JOHNSONS & LORD, PROPS.,
MONTREAL.

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 mill in winter, or by river in summer.
FISH & IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, Nov. 15th, 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

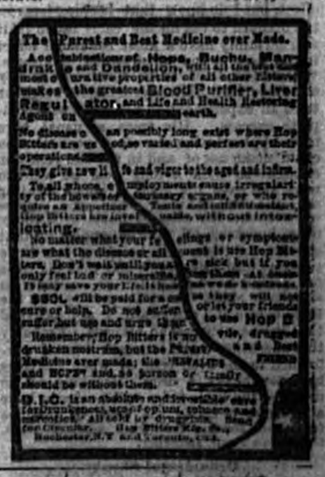
Strong bakers' flour, good family flour, Graham flour, cracked wheat, pot barley, oatmeal, buckwheat flour, tea by the chest, cattle or fish, sugars, coffees, spices, herrings, pork hams, and general groceries, all at lowest cash prices.
FISH & IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

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

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.

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

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 n11 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

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 TUESDAY, the 14th 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 8, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 25 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 15th December next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the above offices.
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. Perry Mercer has been appointed the agent at New Westminster, to enable him 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.
Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, Oct. 7th, 1881. 41 3m

FARM AND GARDEN.

A Budget of Special Interest to Rural Readers.

(Compiled by a Practical Agriculturist.

She Manages Well the Farm.

She manages well the farm,
This girl that is gently bred,
Though scarce a score of happy years
Have passed o'er her bonny head.
Fatherless, motherless, young,
Left with a tender brood
Of brothers and sisters small,
She works for the children's good.

So, up in the early morn,
She's out with a steadfast will
She visits the garden, field and farm,
And the orchard upon the hill.
The butter from yellow cream
Is made with her own fair hands;
She works with a hearty will to keep
The home with its fertile lands.

Show me a lovelier rose
Than the flush of this maiden's cheek,
As she gathers the apples rosy and ripe
Or rides the black horse sleek;
Show me a fairer sight
Than this same woman's hands,
Busied at daily household tasks,
As well as at tilling lands.

What though no father's eye
See that the work's well done;
Is not this woman brave and true,
Faithful as shines the sun?
Dressed in her homespun gown,
Living a healthful life,
Sowing good seed for aye,
Whether as maid or wife.

She manages well the farm,
This maid with the deep blue eyes;
With voice that charms like music rare,
In her low and soft replies.
Well will those children say
In the distant years to come,
"Sister, you have done well;
You saved us the dear old home!"

Rearing Sheep for their Milk.

In the south of France, where the climate is hot and the country mountainous, rearing sheep for their milk to produce cheese (Roquefort) is largely extending. The best milking ewes ought to have four or six teats, the udder voluminous, the wool rare and secreting much grease, ears long, head small and without horns. Sheep with four teats ought to be sought. In the Agricultural College of Montpelier there is a ewe with two lambs and yielding milk from six teats. So far the experiments have not succeeded in obtaining an animal producing much milk and a good fleece at the same time. Counting milk, lamb and wool, a ewe produces net about 45 francs yearly. Six quarts of milk yield one pound of cheese. The Chilians, to obtain special skins, much sought after, cross the sheep with the goat. Experiments are being conducted to the end of similar crossing for improving the milking capacities of ewes. Goat farming does not pay. The animal is destructive, its flesh held in little repute and its offal of no value.

Apples for Cows.

Apples, like other succulent food, are good for cows and increase their milk, provided the feeding is begun cautiously in the first place and gradually and regularly increased. But when cows break into orchards and over-gorge themselves, fever and bloating may follow, accompanied with loss or diminution of milk.

Peaches at the North.

Peaches can be grown very far north by taking certain precautions to protect them from the extreme cold of winter. In Dakota, where the thermometer usually goes twenty below zero, and last winter sunk to thirty-eight, a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* annually raises good crops of peaches. The trees are planted in a line at the foot of a steep sloping bank and inclined towards it. On the approach of winter, a slight bending brings them into contact with the ground, to which they are held by a weight, or by forked stakes driven into the ground. They then receive a thick covering of hay, straw or cornstalks, which enables them to obtain warmth from the ground. In spring the covering is removed, and a few short stakes serve as props to raise the tree and its principal branches to its original position. Another method which has been successfully adopted is to plant the trees in large boxes made of stout plank. On the approach of winter the boxes are turned on their sides, and the trees covered with straw and evergreen brush. When spring sets in the boxes are set upright again. Only the dwarf varieties are suited to this kind of culture.

Apples Every Year.

I do not know if keeping the orchard in better condition, manuring it liberally, picking off the fruit buds in the even year, keeping hogs in the orchard to eat the wormy fruit, etc., will have the desired effect, but I do know that keeping hogs in the orchard to eat all the early fallen fruit will certainly have a most beneficial effect in the destruction of myriads of insects, causing the fruit to be much less knotty and imperfect. Many years ago a neighbor tried an experiment on his trees with complete success. His trees, as usual, bore more apples during the even year than he could make use of and in the odd year not enough—so with a long pole he went to work and gave his trees a rough beating on the south side when the apples were about the size of hazel or hickory nuts, knocking off all the apples on that side he could see and breaking the little twigs as well—the result was that his trees for many years bore full crops annually on alternate sides. As I frequently saw the trees before and afterward, I am satisfied that it was a success in his case. Probably this operation would succeed best if performed in the even year, or when the trees have too heavy a crop. Breaking off so many of the little twigs will no doubt have a tendency to cause the trees to produce fruit buds for the following season.—*J. B. Garber, in Fruit Recorder.*

Ornamental Shrubs.

Of the fall treatment of ornamental shrubs the *Country Gentleman* says: "Ornamental shrubs, planted about dwellings, are often neglected year after year, and become distorted in shape and stunted in growth. They may be greatly improved by manure and pruning. The manure should be applied in autumn as a top dressing, extending at least as far from the stem on each side as the height of the shrub. The soluble parts of the manure will soak into the ground and accelerate growth next season. The mulching effect of the fibrous parts will be useful. Next spring, before growth begins, cut back the longer shoots at a fork; taking the longer or larger portion of the branch and leaving the smaller, will avoid any stump, bringing the shrub thus into handsome shape. If the growth is too thick anywhere, thin it out. If there are any crooked or dead shoots or branches, cut them off."

Other Settings.

It is doing fairly to feed one cow on two acres by means of soiling. A common cow may be expected to produce 150 pounds of butter in a year; a good cow may yield 250 pounds. The product is increased 25 to 50 per cent. by high feeding, because it is made more regular, and the milk is more abundant and richer. The best feed for milk and butter is coarse middlings and cornmeal.

A New Brunswick man claims to have invented the perfect butter tub. The outside is of wood and the inside is lined with a thin coating of cement, and over this again is a glass lining. The tub when completed will not weigh much heavier than a butter crock, and will cost about the same. The cover fits so as to make it thoroughly air-tight.

No farmer you meet seems more cheerful than one with a bearing orchard. Any sort of apples bring money, for many people, used to the surplus of previous years, have grown to think them better than medicine for cattle and horses.

There was a man who thought there was a waste of labor in allowing choppers to cord the fuel in the woods in the old way to dry for the summer, and so he hauled a large parcel of it, green in the spring, and stood it compactly in his shed, thinking he had done a neat thing. Now he is complaining that his wood is soggy, and is willing to admit that the ways of the fathers are worth studying.

Having to transplant some large evergreens in the midst of the recent drought, one of our first cares was to see that the trees had a chance to drink before removal. Whatever sap trees may hold at the time of transplanting is as valuable as if they had taken it up afterward.

Scientific apple culture is likely to get a boost from the present scarcity. There is more money in it for Canada than there is for orange culture anywhere.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

A Woman with Three Husbands who has Just Served a Term in Prison for Bigamy.

A Norwich (Conn.) despatch says: Early on Tuesday morning Mrs. Delia Maynard-Braman, who lately completed a term of six months in Wethersfield Prison on conviction of bigamy, drove to the home of one of her husbands, Charles Maynard, in Ledyard, four miles below this city, and abducted and escaped with her little child. Mrs. Maynard has had a romantic history. She was born of respectable parents in Canada. When a young girl she eloped with a French Canadian from a convent, and with him came to Rockville, Conn. She afterward lived in Vernon for some time, and then came to Norwich, where she married Charles Maynard, of Ledyard, and by him had a child, a beautiful girl now 4 years old. She lived with Maynard for a while, and then returned to Norwich and married Lyman Braman. Mr. Maynard said to-day that he did not know of his wife's marriage to Braman until they had been living together for several months. He resolved not to interfere, but subsequently learned that the child was neglected and had been left at the house of some of Mrs. Maynard's friends in New London. He complained to her, telling her that she must surrender the girl to him or he would bring a complaint against her for bigamy. She replied, "Go ahead; you can't do anything." Mr. Maynard then consulted Col. Ripley and had his wife arrested. The story of the arrest, of the woman's examination in the City Court, her flight from the city while under bonds, her capture in Massachusetts and subsequent conviction in the New London Court and her sentence are well known.

Amazing Feats of Economy.

A striking example of the amazing feats in the economical line so frequently performed by Frenchmen is afforded by the fortune to which M. l'Heritier, the well-known genre painter, has just succeeded through the death of his grandunele, the doyen of the Invalides, or French military pensioners, who died at Paris the other day at the patriarchal age of 90. This old soldier served the first empire throughout the terrible Russian campaign of 1813, during which he received wounds and frost bites that crippled him for life. Shortly after his discharge from hospital he was admitted to the Hotel des Invalides, and obtained a small subordinate appointment in the Ministry of War, carrying with it a salary of about $100 a year. Of this he never spent a penny, but laid it out in such wares as he could dispose of to his fellow pensioners at a reasonable profit. By industriously carrying on a petty but lucrative retail trade on ready money principles for 68 consecutive years, and investing his gains from time to time in good securities, he contrived to amass the sum of 450,000 francs. This he has willed to his grand-nephew.

How at a Sim Reeves Concert.

Mr. Sims Reeves met with an unexpected demonstration when he gave his farewell concert at Newcastle (England). After singing Blumenthal's "Requittal," and he should have sung "My Pretty Jane," when the local manager made the traditional speech that, "Since Mr. Reeves' arrival in Newcastle," etc., it was suggested that Mr. Herbert Reeves should sing instead, but a stentorian cry of "No" showed the opinion of the Newcastle amateurs. Amid cries of "Shame!" "Break the concert up!" "It's a swindle!" "Our money or the song!" "Finish the contract!" etc., the disturbance proceeded. The manager attempted to address the house, but was received with the cries of "Nonsense!" "Return the money!" etc. The audience refused to allow the concert to proceed, hissing all the artiste off the platform, and, after upward of an hour's riot, the gas was turned off, the audience victoriously singing "Rule Britannia."

Quadruplex Telegraphy.

On account of the large increase of the telegraphic business of the country, Mr. H. P. Dwight telegraphed for several sets of the elaborate and expensive quadruplex instruments for the use of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company. These instruments are now at work in the offices of the company in Toronto and at Montreal. By the "quadruplex" four messages can be transmitted at once over a single wire, two coming in and two going out. This invention is of immense value on routes where there is sufficient business to keep them employed. The company have now quite a number of duplex circuits (double transmitters), one being in operation between Toronto and Hamilton, also Toronto to London, Buffalo, Detroit, Ottawa, etc.

The Lady of Modern Venice.

(Correspondence of London Daily News.)

A Venetian lady used to be gallant in her youth and devout in her old age. She is now neither the one nor the other. In education she is inferior to a German or English charity school girl. Any one who reads a newspaper once a week is spoken of as *una donna molto colta*. She is perhaps the most inveterate gossip on the face of the globe. Her tongue wags eternally, and can only wag about the small talk of her native town, for all beyond it is an unknown world to her. Every afternoon she goes to a reception of a friend, when she is not herself receiving. At these receptions there is twenty to thirty women and one or two stray men. Each fresh arrival is handed around to be kissed by all the ladies, and when a visitor goes those who remain pick her to pieces as crows do carrion. Strangers—and in this they include even Italians who are not Venetians—they regard with distrust and dislike. They are by way of being on friendly terms with them, but behind their backs they sneer and jeer at them. No matter how long they may have resided here, the line of demarkation is kept up. As the Venetian ladies talk *patois* among themselves, and as many of them are unable to talk anything else, they never get over a feeling of awkwardness and constraint when with those whose language is the pure Italian. When not either at home or visiting, the ladies are seated on the Piazza of St. Marc, where they meet the men of their acquaintance and interchange notes.

The once famous cedar forest of Lebanon, formerly so extensive, has dwindled down to the dimensions of a mere thicket, numbering about four hundred trees. To save it from complete destruction and preserve it, at least, in its present extent, Rustem Pasha, the Governor-General of the Lebanon, has issued a special ordinance containing a series of stringent regulations calculated to put a stop to the vandalism and carelessness of travellers.

LATEST GOSSIP FROM BRITAIN.

The Marquis to be Viceroy of Ireland—Poor Eugenie's Household Gods—Princess Beatrice's New Book—A Lordly Coal Merchant—Waiter on Emigration—Roberts and the War Office—More Browning Poems—Moody and Sankey—Mrs. Langtry and the Stage—George Eliot's Grave.

The *Athenæum* says that Robert Browning will have a new volume of dramatic idyls ready by New Year's. Sir Frederick Leighton has become one of the Vice-Presidents of the Browning Society.

Among the interesting coming events noted by society papers is one connected with the Duke of Edinburgh's family affairs, and also the visit of M. Gambetta to this city at Christmas as the guest of Sir John Dilke.

The Bishop of Manchester, preaching at Oldham, referred to the visit of Moody and Sankey. He feared some forms which religion was taking among well-meaning but fanatical men were far from the spirit of soberness which pervaded Christ's teaching.

King Alfonso will pay a return visit to King Luis at Lisbon about the middle of December. Queen Christina will be unable to accompany him. The auspicious event in the royal family is expected in the spring. Her Majesty drives about frequently in an open victoria with her little daughter.

After all Mrs. Langtry is to appear on the stage. On the authority of Mr. Charles Harris, the *Cuckoo* says that the lady has determined to appear on the boards. She will assuredly make her *debut* in New York in January next. She appears to-night in an aristocratic amateur performance at the Twickenham Town Hall in Mr. Rae's comedietta, "A Fair Encounter."

The ex-Empress Eugenie is adding eighteen rooms to her new residence at Farnboro'. There is to be a room filled with the relics of Prince Louis, and fitted up exactly the same as the one occupied by him at Camden Place. The idea seems to have been taken from the dressing-room of the Prince Consort at Balmoral, which remains the same as when he was alive. His hat and gloves are on the table, and an effigy of him is also on the table.

Mr. Yates says he visited George Eliot's grave at Highgate the other day, and was struck by the many touching tokens of affection in the number of beautiful flowers that were lying at the foot of the cold grey granite pillar which tells who rests beneath. There is no grave in the cemetery more frequently asked for, and persons from all parts of the world visit it.

The *Whitehall Review* is responsible for the *on dit* that the Marquis of Lorne and his illustrious spouse may shortly replace Earl Cowper and his Countess at the vice-regal court of Dublin.

The Princess Beatrice's birthday book is published this week. It consists of twelve tastefully-arranged groups of garlands suitable to the months they represent, with a quotation from the poets. The illustrations are Her Royal Highness' own designs. It is greatly praised. The *Athenæum* quoting the lines:

Lady nursed in pomp and pleasure
Whence learned you that heroic measure,

asks, "How did the Princess learn to draw so truly and so well?"

The political event of the week has been the celebration of John Bright's 70th birthday at Rochdale, where he took occasion to review the great reforms of the last forty years.

The Marquis of Londonderry, entering into the retail coal trade of London, has been wonderfully successful in a few weeks' trial. So great has been the demand for coal supplied without the aid of a middleman that the agents of the Marquis have to engage other steamers than his own to carry coal.

John Walter, M. P. (as already telegraphed), made an excellent speech on Thursday on his American tour. It abounded with shrewd remarks as to the wonderful progress of the United States and with good advice to Englishmen. He recommends emigration so strongly that the *Spectator* to-day suggests that he has come to the conclusion that England is "played out," at least for gentry. Mr. Walter remained in the town where he made his speech in order to give information about the best parts of the country to strike for, and many intending emigrants called upon him. A great stream of emigrants next season is probable. The Canadian Government and the Syndicate which is building the Canadian Pacific Railway are making great efforts to secure settlers for the Northwest, and the Marquis of Lorne will deliver a number of speeches on the subject.

Sir Frederick Roberts declines to be dragged into the War Office row. He has been offered the post of Quartermaster-General under Sir Garnet Wolseley, but prefers to remain commander of the Madras forces. It may be doubted whether the Duke of Cambridge is so unpopular as the Radical party believe, and the general public cannot understand the extravagant fuss made about Sir Garnet. The Duke is terribly nettled at the fire of criticism to which he is being subjected. Should he be driven from his post he will no doubt be succeeded by the Duke of Connaught, whose god-father, the old Duke of Wellington, advised Her Majesty "always to keep the army in the family."

Matrimonial Eccentricities.

Numerous peculiar weddings are happening nowadays. A girl at Coultersville, N. C., was locked in a room by a father, who chained a savage bulldog under her window; but her lover poisoned the dog, pried open her window, and carried her off to a clergyman. Mrs. Reeder, on the death of her husband, in Baltimore, received the following letter from Franklin Broillar, of Carroll, Mo.: "I have just received the news. Will you marry me now? Enclosed find $100 to bring you and your children here." Broillar and Mrs. Reeder had been engaged before the war; but an uncontradicted report that he had been killed in battle led her to marry another man. When he learned that he had lost her he went west and waited twenty years to renew the courtship. She said yes. Old Edgerton, of Bellevue, Iowa, decided to get rid of his wife and marry a younger woman. This he accomplished by means of an irregular divorce and with the consent of the original wife, who remains in the Edgerton establishment as housekeeper while the bride plays the idle lady. A Nashville girl, being forbidden to marry her lover, promised obedience, but one day requested her father to hand their pastor a note on his way to business. Thus he was unsuspectingly led to deliver an invitation to the clergyman to call at once and perform the prohibited ceremony; and the latter, presuming that parental consent had been obtained, readily obeyed the summons. A couple were viewing the rotunda of the Capitol of Ohio when it occurred to them that the place was a good one to be married in. A minister was employed and the Governor gave away the bride.

McGill College (Montreal) students seem desirable of emulating the doings of the Oxford and Cambridge men in England. On Saturday night they defied the single policemen whom they met and amused themselves by turning down about thirty lamps on Sherbrooke street. Montreal is too large a village for gown *versus* town displays, and the police intend taking in the next half hundred that undertake any such pranks.

In Boston a "corner" in servant girls is reported by householders and others who desire the services of domestics. From $3.50 to $6 per week are demanded.

MALIGNANT DIPHTHERIA.

A Village Scourged—Frightful Mortality.

HOW THE DISEASE IS PROPAGATED

A correspondent writing from Adams, Jefferson county, New York, says: Diphtheria is raging in this village and causes a panic here. It is difficult to get any one to take care of the sick, lay out and bury the dead. Since last Sunday there have been seven deaths and within two months 23 deaths from it alone. There are a number sick with the disease. Mrs. L. and her daughter, Mrs. F., died last Thursday within three hours of each other, in the forenoon, and they were buried in the afternoon. The dead are buried as soon as possible, within three or four hours after death, without services and attendance at the cemetery. Two men and myself buried one to-day, and we were the only ones about.

Some light was thrown on the origin of diphtheria in a lecture before the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, the other night, by Professor Horatio C. Wood, who gave the result of his researches in connection with Dr. Henry F. Formad, involving the important discovery that this fatal and insidious disease is propagated by a microscopic plant, or fungi, existing in all human beings, especially in the mouth and throat, but lacking the power of reproduction until given increased vitality by those disordered conditions of the mucous membrane which attend sore throat when caused by cold. The investigations were made at the instance of the National Board of Health, and extended, not only to the phenomena attending the ordinary endemic diphtheria existing in Philadelphia, but to the more violent form occurring from time to time in different places.

Dr Formand visited an infected town on Lake Michigan, where one-third of all the children in a marshy district died of the epidemic, and brought back with him specimens of the diphtheric virus, several of the false membranes which invariably formed in the throats of the afflicted persons, and portions of the viscera. In all blood, said the Professor, there are two kinds of corpuscles, the red or color giving and the white. By careful study and experiments, both in human beings and the lower animals, it was found that this infinitisimal plant fastens upon the white corpuscles and multiplies its cells, altering their character until, with the interior destroyed, they burst and the plants set loose in an irregular mass separate and go off individually to continue the destructive work on other corpuscles. Thus increased, they poison the blood, choke the vessels and are found in myriad numbers in the spleen and bone marrow, where the blood is manufactured.

Professor Wood's investigations show that the false membrane, supposed to invariably indicate the presence of diphtheria, may be caused by ammonia, Spanish fly or any other irritating influence in the throat, so that its presence is not infallible as indicating the existence of a disease. But in any case the false membrane is built up by this parasitical plant, which grows and multiplies upon its inflamed surroundings, whatever may be the cause. It is when the plants grow strong enough to extent to the blood, either poisoning themselves or carrying the poison with them, that diphtheria sets in. The little plant is exactly the same as found upon a coated tongue.

When Professor Wood put plants such as are found upon a healthy tongue in sterilized matter they refused to grow. On the contrary, plants from the throat or blood of a person affected with diphtheria multiplied rapidly. The practical result of the investigation pointed out was the possibility that diphtheria, if existing theories hold good, may be prevented by artificial vaccination. In the case of splenic fever caught from animals, which has proved to originate in a somewhat similar plant, Pasteur has found that the plant, when exposed a sufficient time to the air, by the action of oxygen loses its poisonous character, and when then introduced into the system makes the animal sick, but is no longer fatal. The deduction is that this diphtheric plant, scientifically known as "micrococi," may in time be cultivated, so that when innoculated with it the system will be no longer subject to the disease in its fatal form. Concluding the lecture, Prof. Wood was applauded when he said that these discoveries could never have been made but for the aid of vivisection, against which there is a foolish prejudice in the minds of many.

A DETROIT ROMANCE.

A Father and Daughter Meet for the First Time Since the War.

A Detroit despatch of yesterday's (Friday) date says: Mr. W. S. Thompson, of Rochester, has just been re-united to his daughter after an eighteen years' separation. When the civil war broke out he was a resident of Ann Arbor, where he enlisted, and leaving his wife and 5-year-old child served in the Georgia campaign under Sherman. Meanwhile his wife and child moved to Detroit, where the former died. When he returned he could find no trace of his daughter, and all endeavors to recover her failed. He had long given her up as lost, till the other day, when in Detroit, an old friend, a policeman, gave him a clue. He said he had often met a lady on his beat, whose resemblance to Mr. Thompson was so great as to cause him to ask her name, which had been Thompson, she said, till she had married. She was then two years a wife. Mr. Thompson at once called on her. He could not recognize his child, but she at once flew to his arms and cried out "You are my papa." She explained that on her death-bed Mrs. Thompson had entrusted her to Canadian friends then living in Detroit. They afterwards returned to Canada, and, taking a fancy to the child, concluded to adopt her. They were careful to make no attempt to communicate with her relatives, lest the latter should object to the plan. But when the young woman became of age she returned to Detroit, and securing employment supported herself until her marriage. She was told some time ago that her father was dead, but was unwilling to believe it, and clung to the hope that she would one day meet him.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Dreadful Mortality Among the Workmen.

A despatch from Panama says Monsieur Goslon Blanchet, Chief of the canal service, died in this city, three days ago, of yellow fever. His duties required his frequent presence along the line of the canal, and he returned from a trip only a few days before his death, and was taken ill immediately upon his arrival. During the past few days a number of employees of the canal company have been brought to the foreign hospital, suffering from fever. At Gatan station there is an average of two deaths daily, caused by exposure to sun and rain, which the laborers undergo. There are at least 300 men employed at that point, building houses and making a road to Colon. These men have no accommodation or protection from rain, and are compelled to sleep in the open air and under cars, on moist or damp ground, which starts the fever and terminates fatally in a few days.

A Child Murderess to be Hanged.

A despatch from Montpelier, Vt., says the Supreme Court has overruled the exceptions raised by the counsel of Emeline L. Meeker, the convicted child murderess, and sentenced her to be confined in State Prison till the last Friday in March, 1883, the last three months solitary, and then to be hanged.

WILD ON THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

Telephones and Locomotives in Those Days—The Ark Exactly the Same Size as the Great Eastern—Perfect Civilization Then.

Bond Street Church, Toronto, was crowded last Sunday evening, and many had to turn away. Dr. Wild answered the usual amount of correspondence. One was: "What makes a man marry a woman who is foolish, fashionable, useless and with no morals to speak of, who can spend $70 in four months on millinery?" Love in the ancient pictures is blind. Cupid is blind. If a man keeps both eyes open, and a woman, too, they would never marry. (Laughter.)

The text of the sermon was Job xxii. 15 16: "Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden? which were cut down out of time, whose foundation was overflown with a flood." According to Dr. Gurney, there were eighty times as many people living before the flood as there are now. If I said this from the pulpit I suppose you would think of my name. (Laughter.) Some say man's appearance on earth was the result of evolution. These German thinkers say he is fortuitous. I believe Adam was a fair, square, fully complete man. No antediluvian man has been found among fossil remains to have lived 2,000 years before the flood. There is no remains of a man like there is of other animals. It has been said, on the contrary, that some beast went round the face of the earth and eat up men as fast as they died. Antediluvian civilization was very perfect, as perfect as it is this very day. The people were superior in longevity and in stature. I believe they had railways and telegraphs and telephones and factories and everything. They built fine houses, had tapestry and furniture like we had. They were divided off into trades. Cain was an agriculturist; Abel was a shepherd; Jubal a musician; Noah a carpenter. But you say he was not a good carpenter. He built a ship just the size of the Great Eastern. The ark was exactly the size and tonnage of the Great Eastern. They had as good an organ, I dare say, as this is (the doctor turning round and scanning the organ behind him). Before the flood there were two oceans, one above and one below the firmament. In antediluvian times there were no diseases. The ocean above could lick up every noxious gas, and the ocean below would purify every foulness that ran into it. When the flood came the firmament opened and the ocean above poured down its waters. The people prior to the flood were vegetarians. The clime was suitable and adapted to this kind of life, and it was only after the flood that animals were first eaten. Diseases are a thing of growth just as potatoes are. There were only one kind of potato once. How many are there now, you potatoists that know? I suppose there are fifty now. Each sin brought on mankind a new disease. Abellists were duallarians, and worshipped God and the sun. In mentioning the pipe incidentally the rev. gentleman remarked that we would like to see old Abraham sitting with a pipe in his mouth. On next Sunday I will continue this subject and speak on "The Lost Secret."

Cure for Snake Bites.

It is believed that the long-sought-for cure for snake bites has at last been found. M. de Lacerda has achieved remarkable results in this direction with permanganate of potash. In the first experiments the solution of the antidote injected was too strong, and destroyed the tissues of the animal under treatment. When, however, a 1 per cent. solution was used no inconvenience was produced by it, and twenty-eight out of thirty animals poisoned were cured. The two that died were young and ill-fed. It is thought, however, that they would have survived had the administration of the antidote not been delayed until their hearts had nearly stopped beating. The proper strength of the solution being determined, M. de Lacerda proceeded to inject it into the veins of the subjects within half a minute after the poison had entered the system. The animals showed no signs of suffering beyond a slight acceleration of the heart's action, which lasted only a few minutes. In another series of experiments the effects of the poison were allowed to manifest themselves before the administration of the antidote. In each case the trouble disappeared within five minutes, and within half an hour the dog was running about as if nothing had happened. Here is proof that Condy's disinfecting fluid, which contains permanganate, might save countless lives in snake-haunted lands. The reason of the success of this antidote seems suggested in M. Pasteur's late experiments—the poison germs are oxygenated into harmlessness. Why, then, might not hydrophobia also yield up its terrible secret to this simple method? It ought to be tried; but at all events no time should be lost in repeating the process adopted by M. de Lacerda with his dogs upon the victims of serpent bite.

The Prima Donna and the Bouquet.

Patti sung for the relief of the Michigan sufferers the other night in New York, the platform being occupied by Mayor Grace and other distinguished citizens. During the performance a man named Saunders brought in an immense laurel wreath, with which he proposed to crown Patti queen of song of two continents. She objected, and Saunders not being able to jam it on her head alone, the Mayor came to his assistance, when Patti broke and ran. The Mayor and Saunders took after her, and tore about the stage amid hoots and yells and hisses from the audience, mingled with cries of "Kill him!" "Throw the fool out the window!" etc. Finally the Mayor and Saunders were compelled to give up, and Patti went off without her crown.

Talmage on Tobacco.

Dr. Talmage gave his audience on Sunday a taste of his quality on tobacco, and in doing so he "chawed up" not only laymen who smoke, snuff, dip and chew, but he hammer-and-tongued such of the clergy as "solace their souls and shed quite as much of saliva over their sermons as they do of spiritual sentiment." He quoted all the authorities from the plagues of Egypt to Daniel Webster, whose enmity to Raleigh's weed caused him to enter the lists with "Let those who smoke go to the horse-shed."—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A shipbuilding firm on the Thames has undertaken to build an iron-clad of novel construction for the Brazilian Government, under a contract which includes a novel series of penalty clauses. The ship is designed to steam fifteen knots per hour; but if she fails by a quarter of a knot a penalty of £2,000 is to be paid; and so for every quarter of a knot in an ascending scale, until for a shortcoming of a knot of speed per hour a penalty of £16,000 will have to be paid; while the loss of a knot and a quarter will involve a fine of £32,000, and if a speed of less than thirteen and a half knots per hour can only be attained a sum equal to one-sixth of the total price of the vessel will be forfeited. If, again, the vessel when launched draws an inch of water more than the draught named in the contract, £1,000 is to be deducted from the price to be paid for the ship, and so on, again, in an ascending scale until a penalty of £25,000 is reached or six inches excess of draught.

Mr. and Mrs. (*nee* Grevy) Wilson were thrice married on the same morning—by the civil authority, the Protestant parson and the Catholic priest.

In a recent Brooklyn divorce case as the female respondent did not appear, her photograph was put in, identified, and admitted as evidence.

MORE WOMEN WANTED!

The Cry Which Comes from the Northwest Territories.

A Winnipeg correspondent writes: Some one has said that without the elevating influence of the fairer sex, man would retrograde into barbarism, and the truth of this assertion is partially borne out by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian missions in the Northwest, who estimates that there are about 1,000 or 1,200 young men of other denominations in a similar plight to the good young Presbyterians, pining in single blessedness in the Northwest, making in round numbers a noble army 2,000 strong. That it is not good for man to be alone, Mr. Robertson illustrates by a conversation he had with a couple of young settlers whom he visited on their homesteads several hundred miles from the city. In reply to a question whether they ever attended church a negative shake of the head was given. On being asked why, two reasons were assigned—first, that service was held infrequently, and secondly, that Sunday was cleaning-up day, when clothes must be washed and mended, and besides, one half apologetically remarked, "When our shirts are washed they are scarcely presentable for church going, consequently we stay at home." This may not be the experience of every one of this class, but it is of so many that an influx of a number of the fairer sex would be hailed with delight, and would have an ennobling effect upon the unfortunate youths. Of course, there are many who have sweethearts in their old homes, and are merely preparing a place to which they can take their brides, but still there must be many yet heart free, and these, I doubt not, would eagerly seize the opportunity of lighting their lone cabins with the presence of some fair daughter of Eve.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

Skeletons of the Victims of Mormon Malice.

(Ruby Hill News.)

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the Prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, in Utah—a region thirty-five miles long by thirty broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of a bird or wild beast never darkens its white, glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it and some papers which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train" which came south from St. Lake in 1850 guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley some came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader and broke off from the party. The leader turned due west. So with the people and waggons and the flocks he travelled three days and then descended into the broad valley whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the white sands bounded by scorching peaks met their gaze. And around the valley they wandered and one by one the men died and the panting flocks stretched themselves to death under the sun. The children, crying for water, died at their mother's breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed. Waggon after waggon was abandoned and strong men tottered and raved and died. After a week's wanderings a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a mountain. It lasted but a short time when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now after thirty years, the waggons stand, still complete, the iron work and tires are bright and the shriveled skeletons lie side by side.

Personal.

Lord Dufferin is about to publish a volume of his speeches and addresses.

Mr. Dewdney's appointment is only that of provisional Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest until a regular successor to Hon. Mr. Laird shall be appointed.

Hon. James Cockburn is at work as codifier of the Dominion statutes, and his resignation as member for West Northumberland will follow as a matter of course.

The death is announced at Cloverdale, Cal., of Lady Oliphant, widow of the late Sir Anthony Oliphant, K. C. B., Chief Justice of Ceylon, and mother of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, the accomplished writer and traveller.

Gen. Grant is said to be very fond of scrambled eggs and fried ham. Queen Victoria is announced as preferring boiled mutton with caper sauce to any other dish. Patti, it is written, worships boiled maccaroni and tomato sauce.

Dr. William Hammond says: "I never smoke until about 8 p.m., after my dinner, and then I smoke five or six moderately strong cigars from that until midnight, and I know I'm a wiser, a better, and a happier man."

The first-class pension for political services, vacant by the death of Lord Beaconsfield, has been conferred upon Mr. Childers, but its payment will be suspended so long as its present reversionary remains in office. The pension is £2,000 a year.

Prince Bismarck, who boasts of being the most popular man in Germany, is sorely chagrined at the fact that his second son, Count Wilhelm Bismarck, who offered himself as candidate at Muhlhausen, principally on the ground of being his father's son, was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, has a pleasant, handsome face. Though grey and bearded he is comparatively young. He has fourteen children. He seceded to the Roman Catholic Church while at Cambridge, and after reading a course of theology, was "tonsured" and took "Minor Orders" with a view to the priesthood. Finding he had "no vocation" for that life, he took to humorous writing as a profession. He still, however, keeps himself *au courant* with the theological questions of the day.

"Mr. Spurgeon, who has been the guest of Canon Basil Wilberforce, at the Deanery, Southampton, preached in the skating rink there on Thursday. An immense crowd surrounded the entrance two hours before the service commenced, and when the doors were opened there was a terrible rush, and several women fainted. Mr. Spurgeon, who was accompanied on the platform by Lords Mount-Temple and Radstock, and Canons Wilberforce and Barker, also preached to an enormous congregation at Portsmouth. I hear that he intends to pass most of the winter at Mentone, his health requiring the greatest care." Something more than a street acquaintance there!

Writing of the Archbishop of Canterbury, E. C. Granville Murray says: "Dr. Tait is the first Scotchman who has attained to the primacy of the English Church. He owes nothing to birth but the mother-wit, which has enabled him to win the various prizes of his profession. Any day you may chance to see Dr. Tait walking about the streets of London, and haply staring into the shop windows. He will probably be attended by a chaplain; and, of course, he will wear the unimposing dress of his order. The imagination must make a slight effort to realize that the aged, mild-looking gentleman in gaiters is the first British subject after the Princes of the Blood, and fills the place once filled by Lanfranc and Becket and Langton, by Cranmer and Laud." Dr. Tait is now 70 years old.

Mrs. Garfield will probably remain in Cleveland until May, and then go to Mentor for the summer.

SNORING IN CHURCH.

A New Remedy for this Annoyance to Preachers.

Snoring in church has been the bane of a good many preachers from time immemorial. Various methods have been tried to stop it. Parsons have threatened with the terrors of the bottomless pit, and tried to cajole the culprits with the joys of the New Jerusalem, but to no purpose. The evil has gone on, and will exist until Sunday and parsons are no more. A new method was tried to stop the evil by a pastor at Frome, a small hamlet about four miles from St. Thomas, but the snorers triumphed, and the last state of the preacher is worse than the first. On Sunday a number of the congregation fell asleep and began to snore, to the discomfiture of the parson, and the delight of the small boys. The parson testified that he entreated the sleepers to wake up, and gave them several gentle hints, but like the seed sown on stony ground it availed nothing. He ordered the few who were awake to go and arouse the sleeping, and after tranquility had been restored, went on with his sermon. On Monday morning, Mr. Horton, one of the leading members of the congregation, lodged an information before Mr. William McKay, J. P., of St. Thomas, against several of the younger members of the congregation, charging them with making outlandish noises in church. The magistrate said he would not fine the accused and establish a precedent that might cause a revolution, and endanger the liberties of people. If he fined these young men, some other parson might bring up his whole congregation, old men and all, to get them fined.

One of John Ruskin's letters gives his notion whether men who make themselves destructive vermin should be extinguished. He then proceeds thus to speak of insane murderers: "Yet, I assure you, sir, insanity is a tender point with me. One of my best friends has just gone mad, and all the rest say I am mad myself; but if ever I murder anybody—and, indeed, there are numbers of people I would like to murder—I won't say that I ought to be hanged, for I think that nobody but a bishop or a bank director can ever be rogue enough to deserve hanging; but I particularly, and with all that is left me of what I imagine to be sound mind, request that I may be immediately shot."

The Queen's Commissioners of Public Works have given permission for Mr. Carnegie, of New York, to place a historical window in Dunfermline Abbey. It has not yet been finally decided what figures will be chosen to fill the principal lights of the window, but these at least are likely to include King Malcolm Canmore, St. Margaret and King Robert the Bruce, all of which royal personages were buried in the Abbey.

Mrs. John Drew, now playing with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, says she has been on the stage since she was 9 months old, being taken on by her mother, in England, on January 10th, 1820, in a play called "Giovanni," in London. Her business was to cry, but the glistening lights so attracted her attention that she failed to take her cue. She came to America in 1827, and played in children's *roles*. During that year she played the "Duke of York," and in 1828 she received a medal from Edwin Forrest for services rendered in his support.

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—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

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THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. V. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1881. NO. 15.

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

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

He laid his strong hands on the rock, and strove with might and main to turn it over; but it did not move in its damp setting a hair's breadth. Thus foiled in his first plan, and angry at being foiled, Gideon Carr made another attempt to gain his end. He knelt down, and scratched the sand away with both his hands, as a terrior scratches at the burrow of a rabbit; but when he had made a considerable hole, he desisted, "for," muttered he, "she will take it for a grave, perchance, as indeed it looks like one. "But, nevertheless, this crab will I have." The hole was small, but he bared his brawny arm, and lying down within the hollow he had made thrust it in to the very shoulder. The fingers reached what he sought, but as he grasped it, the crab in its turn, with its toothed claw, seized them like a rack and vice in one. For one instant the man felt faint with agony, but rage soon conquered pain. "When I get out, my friend is armor," muttered he, "although I shall have no time to take you home to boil, I will drive wedges into these claws of yours (a thing which I am told you do not like), and leave you to die, without supping, like the rest upon certain dainty fare. Yes you will come notwithstanding that you struggle, and are so very large and strong;" and, indeed, huge as the creature was, the giant strength of Gideon Carr was dragging it forth, and had brought it almost to the very mouth of its dwelling, when suddenly the huge stone itself, undermined by the previous digging, and shaken by the present contest, toppled and fell forward—only a few inches, but within them was included Gideon's naked wrist, on which it pressed like a new world on Atlas. Taken even at this frightful disadvantage, the man could still, perhaps, have wrenched out his maimed limb, but for the tenacity of the crab, which held on to him more resolutely than ever: his closed fist forming with the creature itself a sort of solid knot, which it was almost impossible to withdraw through the now narrowed aperture.

For the first time in his long life—in view at least of any material danger—the damps of fear gathered upon the brow of Gideon Carr. The frightful thought: What if this creature holds me till the tide comes up and drowns me! sped with a sharp agony through his brain. But straightway he became himself again; resolute indomitable, calm. Without motion—for was not every moment now a loss of priceless strength?—he lay, calculating his chances. She would surely come, this Mildred for whom he had been waiting so long, but not until now, impatiently. He had felt quite certain of her coming, a minute ago or so, when he was free and out of all danger; then why should he doubt now? His own misadventure could not have altered her plans. No; she must needs come. He would set her to dig at the sand about his wrist, and then, when he was loose—yes, he would drown her still. He was not like Clement to cry, "Ye powers of good, if ye will help me now I will henceforth serve you." Why was it not through this woman's tardiness—curse her!—that he was now lying humbled and racked with pain? There was no bone, however, broken—he knew that; nothing to prevent his swimming away when the time came. But suppose she could not free him with all her efforts. Then he would hold her there, and they should drown together. Ay, but they should. There should be no lying story of righteous retribution, forsooth, told about Gideon Carr. As he had lived, implacable, unbelieving, defiant, so would he—— But pshaw! why think of death? He should not, *could* not die! Were all his mighty plans for the future to be scattered by a paltry creature that was sold in the market for sixpence? Was Clyffe Hall to be plucked from his grasp forever, and tens of thousands of pounds to be lost—for if he did not get them, were they not lost?—and thirst for vengeance not to be slaked after all, but only whetted? For what was Raymond's death? He had written to Grace last night, "*The first step of the road you think so perilous has been taken. R. C. is gone.*"—The first step! And was it, could it be fated that he was not to take a second? Fated! that word, though unformed by his lips, sent a tremor throughout his frame. What had the fool Raymond meant in his last agony by saying that he saw the winding sheet bound high about him, the token of black doom immediately impending? Doubtless a last malicious effort to give him discomfort—that was all—Ha! the rustling of a dress, and that of more than one! They are coming, at last: the more the better, for the time is getting short and the—— Gideon Carr did not conclude that thought, but groaning, passed his disengaged arm for the second time across his forehead. It was no rustle of a dress which he had heard, but the echo of the first sibilating wave as it swept the sandy threshold of the Mermaid's Cavern; yes, that herald of the rising spring-tide had given its fatal warning; by that he knew, although he could not turn to see it, that the rim of beach was now no longer visible: then, for a moment, his iron heart gave way, and a shrill scream of terror broke from his laboring lungs. Such a sound—the inarticulate confession of defeat—they had never sent forth before, and even now he did not appeal to Heaven, nor yet to man.

The coast-guardsman sitting lazily upon the cliff above was startled by it, and looked out sharply for the strange seabird that had uttered so harsh a note; and Mrs. Hepburn heard it on the down beyond, and asked her friend what sound it was, who told her it was but the west wind. If he had repeated it—but no voice could have framed a second time a cry so terrible, the concentrated anguish of a hopeless heart—perhaps help might have come. No woman could possibly have released him from his position, but the strong arm of Robert Andrews might have done it. Even as it was, unaided, this imprisoned wretch, made frenzied by his peril, heaved up the rock by a tremendous effort some quarter of an inch, so that he saw the creature that was his jailer! then back the mighty mass sank down, and pinioned him as closely as before.

And now, when he knew that his own efforts must be unavailing, a curious change came over him; he had never—that is to say, within the last ten minutes, in which his whole life seemed to have been comprised—he had never felt so confident of rescue. Mildred would come, of course, and seeing the tide up, would conclude that an accident had occurred—that he had had a fit, or sprained an ankle, and would hasten at once, for what was getting her feet wet in comparison with saving a fellow-creature's life? That was the way the woman would reason; doubtless, she must be positively certain he was *there*. She must have seen the cutter that brought him pass by Sandby. Where else *could* he be? And had not her husband told her—. Once more the guilty wretch shuddered from head to heel, for as his thoughts touched on Raymond, an icy hand was laid upon his limbs, as though a corpse had clasped them. Up, up it crept, and with it a stealthy sound. The tide had reached his feet, and higher yet. Though the floor of the cavern sloped upwards, his very mouth was only a little higher than his feet as there he lay; nay, the hollow of the sand which his own hands had dug would cause him to drown more quickly. He had said that it looked like a grave, but never dreamt that his own form would fill it. He had jested of a few inches more or less making all the difference as to survivorship in such a case as this, and now, thus prostrate, he was doomed to drown sooner than any child 2 years old. He remarked for the first time that the cavern was growing dark, and that a greenish tinge was mixed with what light there was; and turning as well as he could, he saw the two approaches to the place half filled with the rising tide, and only a jagged crescent of blue sky above it. Even while he looked, a tall, white-crested wave hissed in, and swept him to the very neck, and dashed his face with spray. The freshness of the foam seemed to revive him; and with a gleam of hope in his worn and anguished face, but with a cruel look upon it too, even though the coming pain was to be his own, he drew forth a clasp-knife from his pocket; then dragging it open with his teeth, he began to saw the blade against the sinews of his captive wrist. He would escape still, ay, that he would. What was a hand more or less compared with life? If he had but thought of this a little earlier; but even now it was not too late. A mighty wave here whelmed him from foot to head. "Too late, too late!" it echoed thundering in. "Too late, too late!" the screaming beach replied, dragged down by its return. Blinded by the salt water, Gideon could not find the place to aim at, but like an inexperienced woodman, cut and knocked the limb at random. Then another wave swept in, and roamed about the cave at leisure, and fell back upon him from the splendid roof and wall; and then another, and another, thundering doom!

CHAPTER XXIX.

DESOLATE.

"How shall I tell Raymond when he comes home?" was the thought which now occupied poor Mildred's mind, whenever it was not dwelling upon her lost Milly's fate. "How shall I find words to let him know that we are desolate, nay, worse than desolate, for that is what we say when death has snatched our darlings only to give them to God!" The agony of the mother was the more insupportable, since she was forced to remain inactive—since nothing could be done, save what already had been done. She could not take coach to Clyffe, and cry to the wolfish woman there, "You have stolen my lamb." Well convinced as she was that such was the case, she had not a particle of proof to support the accusation. It was useless to inform the police of the true state of the case, since that would enable them to take no further steps at present. When the actual stealer of the child should be tracked and secured, then, indeed, some blow might be struck at her who had set him on. But, at present, there was nothing for it but to wait and weep. Perhaps, when Raymond came, he might suggest some course of action, and yet the terror of having to tell him, "Our Milly is stolen," so weighed down her soul that she scarce wished him back. It would have almost been a relief to her, in her lonely anguish, if he had sent a messenger from Marmouth to say, "My business keeps me here awhile." In the interim, perhaps the robber might be captured, the child restored; or Aunt Grace herself might relent. No, that was impossible. Even if she could have heard her niece's agony, of the desolation she had wrought in hearth and heart, of the utter wreck of that humble little household, which she had effected as by the lightning's stroke, no touch of pity would have moved her; of that Mildred was as sure as of her loss itself. Hope she felt still; on which, indeed, alone she fed, through which alone she lived, and did not wither suddenly like a flower beneath the pall of the first snow—but not in her aunt's mercy. No, it was the thought of that hard, vengeful woman, which, more than all, made her dread her husband's coming. But when Raymond did not come, nor any messenger to tell her wherefore, and the third evening of his absence was thickening into night, then she began to feel that the uttermost depths of wretchedness had not been sounded even yet.

Terrible, indeed, are the weapons which God sometimes uses, or, in His inexplicable wisdom, suffers to be used against His creatures for their good. Inexhaustible is the armory of his tremendous will. "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his name," is a wise saying; but let no human mourner venture to add—"He can now take away no more; He has done His worst, or what seems to be His worst," when in truth all is good.

The arrows of His wrath have darkened our sun, but the night of our sorrow has still, perhaps, some moon of comfort. What, then, if the flight of His chastening darts continue yet, and darken it also, until all indeed is night! The shield of resignation is sometimes raised in vain—or what seems in vain, to our poor, impatient, ignorant, fretful spirit, with its "How long, how long?" and, smitten through and through, we lie prostrate in the dust, and still are smitten. Then, what was sorrow before, becomes almost joy by contrast with the more dismal present, as one who from inner gloom looks forth on some late traversed dusky way, and wonders how, with those glimmering stars above it, it ever could have seemed so dark.

Thus, no sooner did the shadow of her coming widowhood begin to steal over poor childbereft Mildred, than all her former woe seemed almost light; she no longer feared her husband's arrival, but waited for it eagerly, and at first hopefully; then yearned for it as never bride longed for bridegroom; then prayed for it, as for some blessed boon, almost beyond the power of heaven to grant; and still her husband came not. Mildred had heard from Mrs. Carey of the frightful fate of the man Stevens; of how one of the Sandby fishermen had gone to the Mermaid's Cavern for crabs at the next low tide, and found the drowned man still imprisoned like another Milo by the pitiless stone, with his wrist half cut through, and the knife still clasped in the other hand. Directly she heard the news a shudder had run through her frame, not upon his account alone who had thus perished, but because she also seemed to see a retribution in it for some crime at present undivulged—the finger of the avenger pointing to another fatal catastrophe, in which Raymond's own life might be involved. And when, after a little, news arrived that he had never reached Yarmouth, never got to the end of the journey begun with this dread companion, then indeed—her husband murdered, and her helpless child in the power of her bitterest foe—it seemed that there was no new sorrow, as no joy, left in the world for Mildred. In vain Mrs. Carey besought her to leave her own desolate home and remove to "Lucky Bay," out of reach of further hurt.

"No," answered she, with bitterness; 'lest my slain Raymond's spirit, wandering hither, should seek me in vain; or least, when Grace deems it time to smite, that of my murdered Milly should return, and wail for me about the desolate home which is the only one she knew. While as to further hurt, my friend," continued she, "I would thank this aunt of mine to send and slay me, as the most welcome revenge she can take."

If friendship and genuine sympathy could have mitigated such woes as Mildred's, there were many who would have gladly helped her to bear them. Coast-guard and smuggiers for the first time united in a common object—in striving to bring her comfort. If the stealer of her child had fallen into the hands of either party it would have gone hard with him indeed. The lieutenant was quite a changed man; all merriment and good nature had left his eyes; like a knight-errant under a vow of vengeance, who abjures feast and tourney, and even puts in abeyance his fealty to his own sovereign lady, so did Lieutenant Carey forsake pipe and glass, and even his duty to his fair mistress the revenue, and scoured the country night and day, and by land and sea, in Mrs. Hepburn's cause. Every yard of cliff, and particularly the Beacon Cliff, about which suspicions had been excited by Stevens' behavior in the cutter, was examined by his own eyes in his own boat; every foot of ground traversed by Raymond along the down land on that fatal day, was gone over with the carefulness of a sleuth-hound. His men, too, whose hearts had been won by Raymond's generosity and friendly bearing worked in the same cause with a will; nor, as I have said, were the free-traders backward in showing their sympathy for the widowed and childless lady, although they evinced it in a very strange manner.

They would not permit the body of Svevens to lie by the side of their own dead in the little church-yard. In vain were they told that they had no right to charge the poor wretch with a crime which it was not even proved had been committed at all. In vain was the drowned man interred with all decency by clergyman and clerk. They dug him up, again and again, and cast his dishonored limbs upon the way-side stones, until it was found necessary to remove them to a distant locality. Walter Dickson, whose boat had visited the Beacon Cliffs so immediately after Stevens had exhibited such an inexplicable dread of them, had come up himself to Pampas Cottage, and assured poor Mildred, with a profusion of the strongest expression in his vocabulary, that it was out of possibility that any person could have been pushed over the cliff in that part, without leaving, to a practiced eye like his (to which, moreover, the place was known as well as the palm of his own hand), some trace of his fall. The evident desire of the man to give some comfort so moved Mrs. Carey, who was present, that she rose up and shook both the free-trader's hands. "But you see it is no use, my man," she whispered, pointing to Mildred's hopeless face; "and even if you could give her hope, it would be a mistaken kindness. Nevertheless, I owe you a good turn for this, Walter Dickson, and will repay it you, if it should ever be in my power."

"Bless your kind honest face!" returned the smuggler with a curious sort of struggle on his own weather-beaten features. "If ever a coast-guardian goes to heaven it will be your husband, who has an angel for his wife to show him the way. Perhaps it is as you say, and nothing I can tell this poor lady can do her any good, but if she was to take the good book to my old woman this evening, as she has often done before, who is down and abed with the rheumatics, and nothing to think upon except the boys we lost at sea, older than this poor child (whom, please God, we shall see again) and therefore worst to part with, she might maybe forget for a little this sad trouble of her own in—— There, if she ain't gone to put on her bonnet and shawl already! We won't keep her from your company—that is, my old woman won't—not half an hour. She'll read, it is likely, just a chapter out of Job, something as teaches folk to put up with everything; although Job, I warrant—and saving your presence, Mrs. Carey—never knew what it was to be troubled with the Excise."

Whether it was the act of a good Catholic to read the sacred volume in the vulgar tone to a female heretic, deservedly suffering from the rheumatics, was a question with which, I fear, Mildred Clyffard did not concern herself, although she was probably the first of her name who had ever committed mortal sin in that particular. Perhaps the Church forgave her in consideration of her ignorance and her good intentions. But certainly upon her return—which did not take place nearly as soon as Mr. Walter Dickson had specified—she did not present the appearance of one who had incurred grave spiritual penalties. On the contrary, the consolation which she had administered she also seemed to have partaken of, and that so largely that Mrs. Carey could not restrain an ejaculation of joyful surprise. "You have heard some good news, dear Mildred. I am sure you have," exclaimed she excitedly.

"I have nothing new to tell you, Marion, but only the corroboration of something you said the other day, but which I, heaven forgive me! was too hard of heart to acknowledge. You told me that God was never thanked in vain. Within these few minutes I have found, my friend, that that is a true saying; but please do not ask me any questions."

CHAPTER XXX.

AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

I cannot think that the postman in this my district, W., who deals out birth and death, and happiness and misery, and ruin and competence, every morning of his life, save Sundays, to one or other of his fellow-creatures, does ever himself receive a letter; otherwise, he could not surely go about his work with such methodical impassibility. I have watched him taking his morning round—the one which is the most big with fate, since little comes by the afternoon post except bills and invitations—I have often watched him, I say, distributing his momentous missives, and not a feature alters whether he hands in the black-bordered envelope, which the fingers of the recipient do not venture to open, but hold it in their trembling grasp, while the lips murmur a silent prayer; or the scented *billet doux*, which the lover says asunder in his haste, but the maiden hides in her bosom till she shall be alone. Nothing interests him except a registered letter, at which (notwithstanding that he must know it brings its welcome with it) he grumbles and repines, because he has to wait while we sign our name. At Christmas, though he must know that those enormous oblongs he brings are bills, he has not so much as an "I'm sorry for you;" and an underlined "Immediate," in red ink, which sets tingling all the blood in one's body, does not afflict him nearly so much as a trifle of insufficient postage, without being reimbursed for which he is quite prepared to take the urgent document away again unopened; he doesn't care tuppence—yes, he *does* care exactly tuppence, and that's all. Upon Valentine's Day, indeed, he *may* show some sign of human sympathy, but that is a mere conventional and passing enthusiasm, and one which is incidental to his profession.

Now, the country postman is a very different person from this red and blue automaton of the town, and does not hold himself so high above human affairs. *Homo est.* He is a letter carrier, and he considers nothing which letters contain to be beyond his sympathy or out of his beat. If you want to get acquainted with a country neighborhood, I know of no better plan than that of accompanying the post man in one of his morning rounds. What an interest he takes in the letter for Widow Chareall, the hard-working, honest soul who comes out of the cottage and down to the garden gate with her bare arms, damp from the washing tub, and her three chubby children hanging about her skirts, and who thinks it must be a mistake, for who, alack! is there left to write to her *now*, and, indeed, for the matter of that, who ever *did* write, for her poor dear John was no scholar. But the postman assures her that for her it is, and for no other, and lingers whilst she breaks the seal, and learns with genuine pleasure that a bit of money, it seems, is coming to her, about which John always used to talk with a certain vague hope.

Then away by the short cut through the park, where the deer do not raise their heads at the sound of his well known foot-fall on the path, nor the hares at their morning toilet mistake for a moment his letter-wallet for a game-bag; and so by the range of stables to the back door of the Hall, where, if the footman is not in the way, the cook relieves him of the Hall bag, which she unlocks with her floury fingers, sets aside these for master, those for missus, and that on foreign paper for the eldest young lady with a grin, which our peripatetic friend reciprocates, for does he not know all about her engagement to the young soldier-officer in the Indies?

At the Manor Farm, again, he has a friendly chat with the guidwife, whose husband is away at the cattle show in town, and who takes counsel with him as to the propriety of opening that letter with the Westportown postmark, which she feels certain is about the heifer, and ought to be seen to at once; but finally decides to abide by his advice, and to "let it be," particularly since Mr. Leasehold is so very singular in the respect of "never thinking anything can be properly seen to except by himself." He is not in such a hurry, is the country postman—although *between* his stoppages, mind you, he steps out with such vigor that conversation is rendered well-nigh impossible—but that he has a cheery word for all he meets; and when he approaches the house of sorrow, such as Pampas Cottage, he finds time to remember to omit to wind his horn; and when the lady of the house, in deepest mourning, herself steps forth to meet him, his voice has something in it which expresses his sympathy.

Thus it happened, at least, with the postman from Westportown—just recovered from his late ailment, and therefore perhaps more full of the milk of human kindness than usual, upon a certain morning which I have in my mind. Mr. Hepburn had stood by him upon a certain occasion when he had been wrongfully accused to his superiors by old Frumps, Lord Absentee's agent and bailiff, of having kept back some letters for twenty-four hours, in order to save himself trouble in the delivery thereof; nor were Christmas boxes neglected at Pampas Cottage, nor was the offer of a glass of ale in inclement weather altogether unprecedented at that hospitable little house.

"I have two letters for you, ma'am, this morning," observed he respectfully—"one of 'em franked." And if ever a face added, "And I trust it may bring you some comfort in your trouble, dear lady," it was the face of that genial postman. This good fellow was well aware that he was speaking to one whose husband had been mysteriously snatched away but a few days before, and whose child had been as strangely stolen from her; but yet he deemed that a letter which was franked by a nobleman, and bore a seal with a large coat-of-arms upon it, must needs contain consolation. The other missive had by no means an aristocratic appearance. In the pre-envelope epoch, it was not so easy to turn out a neat-looking note as now, and the individual who had folded this particular document had either possessed a very indifferent eye for rectangles, or had accomplished this matter ingeniously (but still not well) with his feet instead of his hands: it had a number of those dirty creases upon it, each of which, like a wrinkle on the human brow, tells of failure and disappointment; and when all had been done and undone of which foolscap is capable, the wafer had been evidently too lavishly moistened, and then hammered down with a penny. And yet, without even a glance at its more imposing companion, it was upon this homely epistle that the eye of Mrs. Hepburn rested with anxious welcome.

"Thank you," said she, and while the man still lingered—"thank you, and good day;" but she never took her eyes off that straggling superscription, which might easily have been accomplished, like the folding, by a tolerably plastic foot, and which was spattered all over with ink to an extent inconceivable by those who have not witnessed the modern method of transferring ferns to dinner dolleys.

"It is the same handwriting," murmured she, "which warned me truly that—of my poor husband's fate. It can have no worse terrors for me now. What, then, if it offer some crumb of comfort? Perhaps about my Milly!"

Reader, have you ever had a letter in your hand directed to yourself, and only waiting the touch of your thumb and finger, which yet you dared not open? A poor farthing's worth of paper, with a little writing within it, which you have no more ventured to unfold without some preparation, thought or spoken, of the heart, than one of the Wandering Race would have ventured to break irreverently into the Holy of Holies. If so, you may remember that, notwithstanding your faith in heaven's mercy, you delayed that supreme moment again and again, and even endeavored perhaps meanwhile to interest yourself in matters of little moment—in the children playing in the street, or in sparrows fighting for a straw. Thus was it with Mildred Hepburn, as, with that pregnant missive in her hand, she turned her attention to its fellow-letter, expecting to find in it, she knew not, cared not what, but something that might help her to put off for a few moments longer the plucking of the fruit of that dread knowledge-tree. But no sooner had her eyes lit upon the handwriting, than, with an inarticulate cry of hate and pain, she ran towards the house, exclaiming, "Marion, Marion!"

Mrs. Carey, who had been watching her from the window, was by her side in a moment.

"See!" exclaimed the wretched woman, "this is the writing of Grace Clyffard. Not content with gloating over the ruin she has wrought, she must needs write to tell me that it is her work. Yes, I tell you yes; you do not know her yet, nor what her revenge is like. It would not seem to her to be complete unless she wrote: 'Niece Mildred, I am even with you now. That was my hand which struck you, through those you loved.'"

"If she writes that," said Mrs. Carey, gravely, "she acknowledges a crime, and incurs the punishment."

"Ay, true," gasped Mildred. "Her cunning is as great as is her hate—she has let me know it, then, by some less direct means—that is all. Take it—take it: it chills my blood to touch the paper over which the snake has trailed! What is it that she says? What cruel gibes? What subtle stabs? What lies? But no, I care not what she says. She cannot harm me worse by wicked deeds; why, then, should I let her wound my ears with her barbed words!"

Mrs. Carey took the letter, opened it, and read it slowly to herself. "It is most audacious, barbarous and base," groaned she. "She hints, I fear, that Milly is at Clyffe——"

"Then let me hear," interrupted Mildred, passionately. "Nay, I will be calm, dear Marion. Please to read it out. One likes to know about one's dear ones—even how they die. What news is there of my little unprotected darling in the she-wolf's den?"

"Even she-wolves, as one reads, have some times been kind to babes," returned Mrs. Carey, soothingly. "I cannot think that any bearing the name of woman would harm a child like yours."

But Mildred only shook her head, and signed that she should read the letter out.

"NIECE MILDRED,—I think that I have now no cause to owe you any grudge. However great may have been an insult in the first place, when the duel has been fought, the combatants, although in nowise friends, need be no longer enemies. They may even act together when their interests happen to be in common, which chances to be our own case. It is of importance to me that you should come at once to Clyffe. You will have nothing to fear in so doing, either from hate or love. My wrath is quite burned out; while, as for Rupert, he is ill, poor fellow, and needs a sick-nurse more than ever. If the ties of relationship and your own natural benevolence do not move you to accept this invitation, we are not without another little attraction, or what I believe to be such. But this shall be a secret till you come."

"Ay, she holds my child," groaned Mildred, as Marion ended; "and, as I have seen boys who have robbed an ousel's nest, carry home its young, and place them where the mother may hear their cries, and so herself be captured through her own loving instincts, so does this aunt of mine bait her fell trap for me with my very flesh and blood. Well, what then? I care not for myself what happens to me; and if I see my Milly once again——"

"Mildred Clyffard," interrupted Mrs. Carey, solemnly, "the thing which we do in our despair is rarely right. Moreover, there is scarcely anything the doing of which effects ourselves only, and no other. While you live and are free, your child has a friend to avenge, if not to protect her, and to protect by the menace of avenging. This woman feels this, and therefore desires to get you into her power. She has made a mistake, as I think in writing this letter. Her wrath has outrun her prudence, and carried her in reach of the law. There is much to explain in this, and which will have to be explained before judge and jury—But what is that other letter which you hold in your hand."

"I had almost forgotten it," answered Mildred, sighing, "although, before I recognized Grace Clyffard's hand, it seemed of urgent moment. It is from him who warned us of the man Stevens. You may read it also, if you please. There is nothing to be warned of now, and, alas, nothing to be told that is good tidings."

"But this is very strange," said Mrs. Carey. "Look you, the post-mark is the same with that borne by the letter from your aunt. Why, *this* comes from Clyffe Hall likewise!"

Certainly, at the top of the page were scrolled those words above the date, which was the same as in Mrs. Clyffard's communication. The rest of the contents were as follows:

"Widowed but not yet childless woman my heart bleeds for you. I have done what I could hitherto, and I have failed. Nevertheless, let me at least preserve what is remaining to you. Mrs. Clyffard will presently ask you to come hither, relying on your love for your child, who, indeed, is here, safe and well. You will doubtless suspect a snare, as it is only natural, but if it be a snare, it is for herself that Grace Clyffard has sent it. Come hither, and fear not. The unknown friend who watches now over your child will then watch over you also. It is true I have warned you in vain, but, as you have bitterly learned, not without there having been need of warning. I beseech you, put faith in me this time. If, by cutting off my own hand, I could have saved your husband's life, I would have done so, as God is my judge; nor in this do I boast, since the murderer Stevens (for he was the murderer) would have done as much, if he could, to have saved his worthless self. That man was Gideon Carr; the most dangerous of the foes who menace you and yours is therefore dead. You can count the rest upon three fingers—Grace, Clement Carr, and the man Cator. They are all here, but I am here also. Come, then, without fear.

"YOUR WELL-WISHER."

(To be continued.

Steps have been taken in Chicago for the establishment of an institution in which women addicted to stimulants and to opiates may be reformed.

Salvini, when asked if he would return to the United States, replied: "I have been there twice, and America has had all the Italian tragedy it wants." There is a great deal of truth in this remark.

My Mother's Songs.

Of all the songs from sweetest voices,
In young days or of old,
That make my inmost soul rejoice,
However oft they're told,
Are those sweet songs my mother sung
While at the home fireside,
When all the world seemed blithe and young
And joy was at our side.

O! I have wandered far away
In sunny lands of song,
And I have heard the minstrel's lay
That thrill'd the listening throng;
Tho' sweet the charm when beauty sings,
And sweet the minstrelsy,
There is no charm that memory brings
Like those old songs to me.

Through many years of joyous life
I reach the seer of old,
Now all the battle and the strife,
The fierce sun and the cold,
Are o'er for me, and calm I wait
To hear the "joy-bells" ring;
For I shall hear at heaven's gate
My angel mother sing.

The 100th Regiment.

The following particulars supplied to a friend concerning the 100th, or Canadian, Regiment have been sent to us for publication, and will interest many readers: "The regiment was raised in Canada in May and June, 1858, and went to England that summer 900 strong. It was stationed at Thorncliffe until the fall of that year, when it was sent to Gibraltar. Recruiting was kept up in Canada for four years, when it was discontinued as too expensive, and the regiment has been recruited since that time in Great Britain. The regiment came back to Canada in 1868 and served two years, and went back to England. In 1878 it went to India, where it is now serving. There are neither officers nor men in the regiment now who joined when raised—a great number of the men were bought out after serving a few years, and others were transferred to other corps, so it may be safely said it did not long continue a Canadian regiment. The death rate was low during the first five years. The men raised in Canada were a splendid lot of young fellows. The following are the proportions each Canadian officer had to furnish of men to entitle him to a commission: 1 major, 200; 6 captains, 80 each, 480; 6 lieutenants, 40 each, 240; total strength, 920. The officers, namely 1 major, 6 captains and six lieutenants, appointed from other regiments, raised no men. The regiment has not been in action. Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, C.M.G., who in his younger days was one of our most public-spirited young men, was among the first who obtained a commission. He left the regiment in 1862, to accept an appointment on the Militia Staff, Canada.

The Truth About It.

Says a contemporary: A short time ago we called upon a certain party in this city and asked him why he did not advertise.

"Oh," he answered, "what's the use? Nobody will ever see it."

"You're mistaken," said we, "every page of our paper is read."

"Nonsense," he replied; "even if people did read my advertisement, people would never think of it again. I don't want to advertise."

"But——"

"No buts at all. I don't want to advertise, and don't bother me any more; I'm busy." And he walked back into his store and strangled a poor little fly that was helping itself from a barrel of sugar.

Time passed, and we never again intimated advertisement to him, though meeting him daily. Yesterday the gentleman called at our sanctum, looking a little uncertain as to how he would be received. We cherished no hard feelings, and motioned him to a chair.

"I suppose you heard of that little affair of mine below?"

"Oh, yes," said we; "that little escapade on King street the night before last. Yes, we've got the particulars——"

"Hush! not so loud, please," said he; "of course you're going to say nothing in the papers about it?"

"And why not? It is a matter of interest to your friends and the people generally."

"Heavens! Why, it would ruin me."

"Oh, no, guess not; nobody will ever see it."

"Yes, they will; and it will ruin me as sure as I am sitting here. I'll be the laughing-stock of the town. They will see it."

We rose and touched him impressively on the shoulder.

"Well, we admit, the people will see it; but then, you know, they will never think of it again."

His words came back to him like a flash, and he trembled so violently that his eyeballs fairly jingled, and he was such an object for commiseration that we promised to keep mum. This little moral is drawn from the above, which is applicable the world over: Ask a man to advertise, and he will immediately say, in the majority of cases, that "Nobody will see it;" but advertise gratis some little indiscretion he may commit, and he immediately grows indignant over the certainty that the whole world will know it.

Old Lovers.

Several years before the war a young man came to Little Rock, says the *Gazette* of that city, and fell desperately in love with a young lady. The girl's parents were rich. The young man was poor. A union was impossible. The girl prayed and the young man implored, but the ruthless parents remained firm. The young man went away. The war came on. The parents of the girl died. Her uncle squandered the estate. The other day the lover came back and inquired for the young lady. Age and poverty had visited her, but she had remained true. They met and embraced.

"You were away so very long," she said, leaning her tired head on his shoulder. "But you won't leave me again. Those who kept us apart are sleeping now."

"I will never leave my brave darling. I have been trying for years to see you."

But they did not marry. The young man got her to wash six shirts for him, and ran away without paying the bill.

The Friendly Societies.

The extent to which friendly societies of the "benefit" order prevail in England is very wonderful. In the last report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies we find that he takes cognizance of 15,379 societies, or branches, under the Friendly Societies Acts; and that these contain 4,692,000 members, with funds to the amount of £12,148,000. The building societies mentioned in the return represent funds to the amount of over twenty-eight millions and a quarter; and the industrial and provident societies nearly six millions more. Altogether these forms of providence among the working classes reach a total of £46,716,000. The one evil of them is that many of them fail, and do not fulfil their very friendly intention.

On her deathbed at Santa Barbara, Cal., twenty years ago, Mrs. Blanco gave $30,000 in trust to her most intimate friend, Mrs. Del Valle, charging her solemnly to keep its possession a secret until Marie Blanco, then a baby, became 21. Mrs. Blanco had no faith in banks or wills, and died satisfied that her daughter would receive the treasure, which was in the form of diamonds. Miss Blanco was recently married on her 21st birthday, and among the wedding presents were the jewels. Mrs. Del Valle had kept the secret from even her husband.

All the prisoners collected in Paris by the thrice a day rounds of the Black Maries are taken to a central office so as to be well scanned by detectives there. Spies, unknown even to the warders, are locked with the prisoners at night to get the real "blabbing." These secret agents are paid according to the worth of their services.

THE WATCHMAN AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1881.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

It is with sincere pleasure that we note the sweeping victory gained by the Conservative party at the polls on Friday last. We congratulate the people on the growth and spread of sound Conservative doctrine throughout this County, and the Province. They have been appealed to, and, refusing to be blinded by prejudice or passion or violent abuse of servants of the Government, have given their calm unbiased opinion in favor of an able, capable and constitutional administration. The great wave of popular opinion which has swept over this Province, has almost completely overwhelmed that party which in 1878 placed themselves into power by means of a gross violation of the constitution—whose record is one of unredeemed pledges and incapable government, and who now have nothing to offer to the people but more unreliable promises, and a radical ill-considered change in the constitution. It is not then to be wondered at that Mr. CHAPLEAU has come back from the people with an immense majority, and that Mr. JOLY finds himself to-day with scarcely a dozen followers. With the strong support the CHAPLEAU Government now possess, they will be enabled to consummate their statesmanlike and patriotic plans for the advancement and development of the resources of the Province; and to carry out the measures of economy and retrenchment they have begun; and by their able financial management to succeed in establishing that equilibrium between revenue and expenditure which their predecessors so lamentably failed to do, if not in securing a surplus in our Provincial treasury. The Province may congratulate itself, we say, in having secured another parliamentary term such well tried and capable public servants, as the members of the present Government have proved themselves to be.

The people of this County also have to congratulate themselves on having selected from amongst themselves a shrewd intelligent business man to manage their business in the Local Legislature. A more fitting representative of our local interests could scarcely have been chosen, and we are glad to see that the people have shown their appreciation of his merits and of the party he independently supports, by returning him with a larger majority than has ever before been obtained in Argenteuil.

With reference to the contest in the County itself, a consideration of the attidude of the two political parties will, we think, furnish a useful moral, throughout the campaign at every meeting the Conservative speakers were almost invariably annoyed by interruptions and noises; while those of the Reform party were allowed to speak freely and without interference. Especially was this the case on Nomination Day. At the meeting in the Court House, where it was apparent the majority of the audience were Conservatives, Mr. GILMAN and his speakers were listened to in silence, broken only by the customary sounds of approbation dissent or amusement. The Conservatives present maintained those principles of fair play and free speech with which their party is identified; and listened calmly to the arguments on both sides, weighed them judicially, and waited for polling day to give expression to their convictions. The speakers in support of Mr. OWENS' candidature were on the contrary interrupted by discordant and disgraceful uproar and noises. In the gallery were to be seen school-boys and children giving vent to sounds which, we are thankful to say, are not often heard nowadays at public meetings; amongst these boys, whom we cannot blame so much, were seen men, who, we regret to say, are looked upon as leaders among the *Liberal* party, encouraging and approving of, by their presence, these shameful proceedings. Even in the body of the hall itself there were men of reputed respectability, who so far forgot themselves as to indulge in unseemly hooting and yelling. From the presence of numerous prominent Liberals countenancing these proceedings, only one conclusion can be drawn, and that is, that they were afraid of having the arguments of the Conservative speakers heard by the people, knowing their convincing nature; and therefore endeavored to prevent a free discussion of public questions. The disapprobation of such conduct has been expressed by the people at the polls, and it is hardly necessary for us to stamp it with our disapproval; but we feel constrained to draw the attention of our readers to the contrast between the attitude of the two parties—that of the Conservatives, one of calm, fair and impartial attention to and consideration of all arguments—that of the so-called Liberals, one of noise and interruption and opposed to free discussion. We commend it also to the leaders of the Reform party in the County, that they may endeavor to mend the ways of their followers in future: for by *the use of such weapons*, in the political battle, they do but wound themselves.

It is to be deeply regretted that the late Liberal member for the County, having announced his intention of not running again, a contest should have been forced upon our people at the instigation, as we believe, of a clique of the Reform party in Montreal, by nominating an obscure outsider of questionable antecedents, when the feeling of the people was clearly in favor of the Conservative candidate. However it is "none of our funeral," and the Liberal wire pullers at Montreal have received a rebuff at the polls from the independent voters of this County, with which we doubt not all right feeling men are well satisfied.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

On Friday evening last, a large number of the friends of Mr. OWENS met in Olivet Hall awaiting the returns from the various polling places. When sufficient returns had been received to guarantee the victory by a large majority the meeting was brought to order by a unanimous choice of Col. Simpson as Chairman. Mr. OWENS thanked his friends for their efforts on behalf of the Cause, alluded to the unfair means which were used against him and expressed a hope that the contest now being over, differences would be forgotten and all work together for the common good. Enthusiastic speeches were delivered by Messrs. IRELAND, PRIDHAM and EVANTUREL, the latter speaking both in French and English. The address of Mr. IRELAND was of most thrilling interest, the audience being perfectly enraptured by his eloquence and at its close gave him three rousing cheers. On Saturday morning quite a number of the friends again met to take leave of Mr. OWENS and would have formed a procession to escort him to Stonefield had he permitted it. On this occasion a resolution was unanimously adopted, thanking Mr. EVANTUREL for his exertions and the good work he had done in discussing the questions of the day with his countrymen in this County.

TURNING THE FIRST SOD.

The St. Andrews Branch Rail Road is now a certainty. The line has been located, and the ceremony of turning the first sod took place at St. Andrews on the 1st inst., an order in Council having been passed and the contract signed for its construction. The first sod was turned by our member for the Commons, the Hon. Mr. Abbott, who filled the first wheelbarrow with that characteristic earnestness and pleasure which mark all his acts towards improvements of this County. He was afterwards called upon to address the crowd of people present on the occasion. In his remarks he referred to the first Railway in the County, to the Q. M. O & O. and the present Branch, giving a short history of them and his connection with the inauguration of them both.

Mr. F. C. Ireland was next called for who made a few remarks, stating that when he had first advocated this branch in the columns of the WATCHMAN some people considered it entirely impracticable, but a change of opinion had come over them and every one seemed now to admit, the branch to be a necessity not only for traffic but for the purpose of obtaining gravel which was so much needed for the main line. Mr. L. S. Buchan was next called upon, who made some very appropriate remarks, approving strongly of the road and hoping to see its speedy completion. The speakers all spoke very complimentary of the earnest efforts of Mr. Field and Mr. Beattie who had been indefatigable in pushing on the road to its present stage.

After the ceremony was over a splendid dinner was given to the guests at Sauve's Hotel, when the various toasts were drank and more speeches made by the Hon. Mr. Abbott, Messrs. L. C. Field, Chisholm, Ireland, Beattie, Fish, Mayor Simpson, Dr. Mayrand, Bell, Cook Edward Jones, John Kelly, and others. The whole affair passed off most pleasantly and will be looked back to as a red letter day in the history of St. Andrews whose beautiful locality; splendid scenery, salubrious climate and magnificent water privelleges all came in for compliments such as they deserve.

ST. ANDREWS' DAY IN LACHUTE.

The Caledonian Society, of Lachute, recently formed, celebrated St. Andrews' Day, so dear to every Scottish heart, by a dinner at Mr. John Hope's, Confectioner, on the 30th ult. The room was tastefully decorated with mottoes and evergreens. Two beautiful St. Andrews' crosses were placed at each end of the room, and one large one extending over the entire length of the supper tables; at each corner of the room were mottoes bordered with evergreens, bearing the following words: "Land O'Cakes," "Success to Our Club," "We're Sons o' the Heather," and "The Day we Celebrate." The whole presenting a grand picturesque appearance. Mr. Hope has evidently good artistic taste judging from the way the room was decorated. Mrs. Hope too done her part well—the most important and interesting to a hungry man—the dinner was cooked to a charm, and when the Royal Haggis was brought in piping hot, it was received with rounds of applause, and a vote of thanks given Mrs. Hope for the well cooked dinner.

The Chairman; G. L. Meikle, Esq., President of the Caledonian Club, presided at the head of the table, having the Rev. Mr. Forlong on his right, and Mr. James Raitt on his left. Mr. Mavor Dunbar, occupied the vice chair, having on his right the Rev. Mr. Mackie, and on his left Mr. Andrew Walker.

On the Haggis being brought in, Mr. Meikle called on Mr. Hope to give Burns' address to the Haggis, which he did in true Scottish dialect. It is as follows:—

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich.

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel swall'd kytes, belyve,
And bent like drums;
Then auld gudeman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' vie
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, *haggis fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye powers, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinkling ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis!*

After ample justice had been done to the Haggis, and the other good things so bountifully provided, the Chairman rose and said—

GENTLEMEN,—I feel it to be an honor to occupy the position of President of the Lachute Caledonian Society, but I also feel that it would have been better if, on this the first celebration of St. Andrews' Day by this Branch, the President's chair had been filled by some one more accustomed to preside on public occasions than I have been. I will not attempt at this time to make a speech, but will make way for others. I would however say that as the objects of the Caledonian Society, as set forth in our Constitution, are the cultivation of a taste for Scottish History, Poetry and Song, and the establishment of Scottish Games—that I think by having some portions of Scottish history read at each of our monthly meetings, as well as the recitation of select Scotch poems and singing a good Scotch song, it would be well as it would give the young folks a good chance to practice public reading—then as to the games of course, for the winter months, curling is the only suitable game, and I think we should take some immediate action and establish a Rink without delay; and I see no reason why we should not yet this winter be in a position to invite some of our neighboring clubs to meet us at a friendly game. I would have liked to have been able to say something regarding the worthy whom Scotchmen all the world over delight to honor this day, but as I see the Clergymen have honored us by their presence, perhaps they will speak on that subject. I have much pleasure in giving you the first toast for the evening—

The Queen and Royal Family.

The Rev. Mr. Forlong was called on to speak to this toast, which he did in a short neat speech, comparing the peaceful and prosperous reign of Queen Victoria, to that of Russia and other despotic powers.

Mr. McKimmie sang "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," which elicited rapturous applause.

2nd Toast—*The Governor General.*

Mr. W. J. Simpson being called on to reply to this toast, did so in a short but good patriotic speech. He spoke in praise of the Marquis of Lorne, and how wisely he had discharged the duties of his high and honorous office to the entire satisfaction of all the people of this great Dominion.

Mr. McCree was called on for a song, he sang in good style—"Kate Dalrymple."

3rd Toast—*The Press.*

Mr. Kerr in response complimented them on the formation of the Caledonian Club, was surprised they had not formed one long ago, hoped they would soon become so expert at the "Stanes" as to be able to compete for the Marquis of Lorne's prize. He then referred in a few brief sentences to the power of the press, and its influence for good or evil. Witness its power for good in Great Britain and the United States, two of the most powerful and enlightened nations on earth, where the press is unshackled and the people free.

Mr. Hope—song, "My ain Fireside."

4th Toast—*The Day we Celebrate, St. Andrews' Day.*

The Rev. Mr. Mackie was called on by the Chairman to reply to this toast, which he did, pretty much as follows:—

Mr. Chairman and Brother Scots! This is the evening of our national anniversary; in many lands our countrymen are assembled to do honor to the home of our birth; wherever we go we still look back with pleasue to the country of the brave and the free. There are many reasons why we should be proud of our nationality. Scotchmen in every nation are found in positions of honor and trust. They are noted for their habits of patient industry and perseverance; and through these virtues they succeed. What is the reason they succeed so well? It is their honesty and persbverance; and there is a guiding and restraining principle in their mind; they acknowledge with profound reverence the Supreme Being. Their early religious training and their home associations ever keeping them in the paths of virtue. There is much that would lead us to admire our country. Its genius—for there the arts and sciences have flurished. Its history is unique. Its poetry and song are inspiring. But whilst we value our customs and manners and dearly remember the land of the mountain and the flood, yet we desire to see all nationalities, in this large and flourishing Dominion, merged into one grand whole, and by the virtues of all, making this land honored and respected among the nations of the earth. (Applause.)

Mr. James Raitt—Song, "When the Kye come Hame," was cheered to the echo.

5th Toast—*Old Folks at Home.*

Mr. Dunbar replied to this toast. He said it gave him great pleasure to meet with his brother Scotchmen to-night on this their first anniversary celebration, and hoped when St. Andrews' Day comes round again they would be better prepared to celebrate it.

Mr. Andrew Walker was called on for a song. He sang, "Rabin Tamson's Smithy," in good style.

6th Toast—*The Home we Live In.*

Mr. Boa, in replying to this toast, did so in a short witty speech. He said that when he came into the hall he was taken for an Englishman instead of a Scotchman; but before he was through with his speech he proved he was not only a Scotchman, but a clever one too. He hoped the day was not far distant when people from all countries would in this the land of their adoption be so blended together as to form one great nationality in sentiment and feeling. (Applause.)

Mr. Hope sang—"We hae a' been provided for, and sae will we yet." (Loud applause.)

Volunteer Toast—*The Ladies.*

Mr. James Kelso replied by singing—"Auld Lang Syne." Mr. McCree—"Kitty o' the Clyde," and Mr. Wm. Joss—"Sandy and Donald."

Before parting a vote of thanks was given to Mr. and Mrs. Hope, who had contributed so largely to their comfort and enjoyment. Finals—"Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.'

LOCAL COUNCIL.

At the regular meeting of the Lachute Local Council held in the Court House, Lachute, on Monday, December 5th, the following gentlemen were present:—P. Dunbar, Esq., Mayor, and Councillors R. Dudderidge, T. Shepherd, J. Smith and W. McOnat. Also G. J. Walker, Sec.-Treas.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Mayor Dunbar and Conn. Dudderidge report having called on Mr. Morrell to see if he would undertake to board and take care of Hugh McDonald. Mr. Morrel declined to take him. Mr. James Smith presented his account of $9.04 for pavement. The bill was for the care and maintenance of the said Hugh McDonald, and also for wood supplied to him. A discussion arose as to the best method of providing for his maintenance and care during the winter. No definite conclusion was come to, however, and it was decided to await the coming of the Rev. Mr. Mackie, (the Rev. gentleman's intention to attend had been communicated to the board during the discussion) and get his opinion in the matter.

The inhabitants of Upper Lachute presented a petition requesting that the bridge known as Nichols' be kept in repair by the public funds. Mr. Thomas Morrison was appointed superintendent, and it is expected that he will have his report ready for the next meeting of the Council The Secretary was requested to give him all and any instructions necessary.

Mr. Bain sent a letter to Mayor Dunbar requesting that the by-law binding the ratepayers to keep in repair two front roads be re-considered. Mr. Bain had omitted to appeal from the said by-law when it was up before the Council on a previous occasion. The fact was there was not two front roads. It being the opinion of the Council that there was no grievance, the matter was dropped.

The Secretary read a circular from a Montreal firm offering for sale bound copies of the Municipal Code of the Province of Quebec, for the price of $1.50 per volume. The Council thought it very necessary that each Councillor should be supplied with a copy, purchased from the public funds. Conn. Shepherd moved, seconded by Conn. Smith, that eight copies of the work, seven in English and one in French, be purchased. Motion carried.

Capt. James Smith's bill of $9.01 was ordered to be paid.

Mr. Mackie not having put in an appearance at the time expected, the case of Hugh McDonald was again taken up. Finally a committee was appointed, composed of Mayor Dunbar and the Secretary, to make arrangements for the man's care for the winter.

Mr. W. J. Simpson made application to the Council for payment for putting down a new sidewalk in front of Mr. Matthews' property. The application was favorably received, and payment promised at an early date.

The Secretary was authorised to serve notice upon defaulting ratepayers, as money was needed to carry on the affairs of the municipality in a business-like manner.

The Council adjourned till Saturday the 31st of December, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"Friendship," Cicero says, "is the only thing in the world concerning the use of which all mankind are agreed," but all writers agree that a good pen is a desideratum, and Esterbrook's will be found to be A1.

DEATHS.

OWENS.—At Stonefield, on Wednesday, the 7th inst., Charlotte Lindley, relict of the late Owen Owens, of Stonefield, aged 88 years.

The funeral will take place to-day at half past 1 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

STRONG.—At his residence in the Township of Gore, County of Argenteuil, on Wednesday morning the 30th November, William Strong, aged 81 years and 5 months. A native of the County Sligo, Ireland.

NOW IS YOUR TIME
to buy your
Christmas Presents.
FINE
GOLD WATCHES,
very cheap.
—FINE SILVER WATCHES.—
GOLD AND SILVER CHAINS,
at all prices.
FINE SILVER NECK CHAINS.
SILVER AND GOLD LOCKETS.
Fine assortment of
RINGS, BROOCHES,
EARRINGS, STUDS, NAPKIN RINGS,
CRUET STANDS, PICKLE STANDS
CHRISTMAS CARDS.
Large assortment of
—TOYS.—
Fine large stock of
CLOCKS.
Buy your clocks from a Watchmaker where they are warranted for one year.
C. W. HUGHES,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
MARKET SQUARE, LACHUTE.
(opposite Mr. Meikle's).

Saw Mill Notice.

The Cash Price for Sawing this Season at Lachute Mills for ordinary Lumber is lowered to $2.00 per thousand feet, board measure.
FISH & IRELAND.
Dec. 1st, 1881.

NOVELTIES.

See S. Carsley's Fancy Sash Ribbons, and also wide Ribbons for Bonnet Strings, $2.50 per yard.

See S. Carsley's wide, fancy Brocaded Ribbons.

NOVELTIES.

S. Carsley's Belgian Chenille Fichus, 15c up.
S. Carsley's real English Leather Belts, 45c.
S. Carsley's hand-made Mitts for children, 22c

NOVELTIES AT S. CARSLEY'S.

New Rabbits' Wool in balls, all colors.
New Roman Wool in balls, mixed colors.
New shades in Knitting Silks, in balls.

NOVELTIES.

Ladies' and Children's Silk Hose, in all sizes.
Ladies and Child en's Balbriggan Hose.
Ladies' and Children's Merino Undersuits.

NOVELTIES.

Hand-knitted Undervests for Ladies and Children.
Hand-crocheted Dresses for children up to ten years old, in all colors.

NOVELTIES AT S. CARSLEY'S.

Exquisite Scarfs for ladies' wear.
Exquisite Bows for the hair.
Exquisite Fichus for the opera.

NOVELTIES.

Magnificent Bead and Bugle Trimmings.
Magnificent black Fancy silk Fringes.
Magnificent Feather and Fur Trimmings.

NOVELTIES.

Elastic Kid Gloves in 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 buttons.
Elastic Kid Gloves, from 25c to $2 per pair.
Elastic Kid Gloves, all by standard makers.

NOVELTIES AT S. CARSLEY'S.

New lot of Lace just to hand.
New lot of Figured and Plain Nets.
New lot of Crochet and Embroidered Collars.

NOVELTIES AT S. CARSLEY'S.

New babies' small Infantees.
New babies' small Booties.
New babies' pretty and warm Gaiters.

NOVELTIES AT S. CARSLEY'S.

Beautiful Screamer Nets.
Beautiful Ribbons plush and shaded.
Beautiful Mantle Ornaments.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

AUCTION SALE.

The Undersigned will sell by public auction on FRIDAY, 16th of DECEMBER, 1881, at the residence of Mr. JOHN LENNAN, HEAD OF CARILLON CANAL, the following articles:

3 draft horses, 3 draft mares, 4 milch cows, 3 heifers two years old, 1 calves, 2 hogs, one year old, 4 sets double harness, 2 sets single harness, light, 1 set cart harness, 1 tumbril car, 1 spring cart, 1 two seated buggy, 2 lumber wagons, 2 shanty sleds, 2 pair bob sleds, 1 double sleigh, 1 sleigh, 2 light cutters, 2 ploughs, 1 pair drag harrows, 1 set gig harness, 1 lot of wool fleeces, trace chains, logging chains and boom chains, 1 cross cut saw, 9 pork barrels, 2 water puncheons, 1 cooking stove, 1 Guilford churn, 1 iron bedstead, 2 wooden bedsteads, 3 washstands, 1 water stand, 2 tables, 1 writing desk, a lot of forks, hoes, shovels, and two inch elm planks, 2 buffalo robes, 1 set parent milk pans, with all the apparatus for straws, and other articles too numerous to mention.

SALE TO COMMENCE at 10 o'clock a. m. Mr. Lennan having given up farming, the sale will be without reserve.

TERMS: Under 5.00, cash; over that amount, twelve months' credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

A. CENTER,
AUCTIONEER.

J. & A. LOWE
HAVE ON HAND
A NEW STOCK
OF
Fancy and Useful Articles,
SUITABLE
FOR THE
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
J. & A. LOWE.
v4 n34 1y EAST END, LACHUTE.

FURS! FURS!

OUR STOCK OF LADIES' GENTS' AND Children's Furs comprises the latest in
PERSIAN LAMB,
SEAL, MINK,
BEAVER,
OTTER, and
GREY LAMB,

DEFER BUYING.

Defer buying your Xmas and New Year's presents until you have seen our New Goods and at Lowest prices at
THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
C. T. WALES & Co.,
1tf *St. Andrews.*

Montreal House,
SAINT ANDREWS.
News for the HOLIDAYS.

On all Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, and Drugs we will discount ten per cent, and on all Groceries five per cent., for this month.

After January 1st, 1882,

we will sell for cash or produce only. All accounts must be settled either by cash or note then.

G & M SIMPSON.
Dec. 7th, 1881.

Cash paid for Hides, Grain and Butter. 30 tf

PATENTS.

CANADIANS

can secure patents in the United States on the same terms as Citizens. It is best to patent first in the States, thus securing a 17 years' patent; otherwise time will be limited two years. Total cost of United States Patent $30, only $20 on making application, the balance only when patent is allowed. Total cost of Canadian 5 years patent $70; for 15 years, $74. On receipt of model or drawing, with description of invention, we will send advice, references and circular free.

Address,
C. A. SNOW & Co.
Solicitors of Patents,
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
v5 n8 1y
Please mention where you saw this advertisement.

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

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.
v5n48ly

A CONCERT!
will be given in the
VICTORIA HALL, LACHUTE,
ON
Friday Evening,
THE 9TH OF DECEMBER, 1881,
under the auspices of
Argenteuil Lodge, No. 65, Q. R., A. F. A. M.

THE BEST LOCAL TALENT,
and also
Amateur & Professional Performers
from abroad, have been secured. The members of the order will appear in regalia.
AN ADDRESS
will be delivered by an
OFFICER OF THE GRAND LODGE.
The Piano to be used will be the Celebrated CABINET SCALE GRAND from the firm of Rainer & Co., Guelph.
Doors open at 7.30. Concert to begin at 8.
Single tickets 35 cents, double 50 cents. To be obtained at Mr. Hope's, Mr. Pitcnaude's, the Telegraph Offices, and at the door.
—FOR PARTICULARS SEE PROGRAMME.—

XMAS 1881!

PEELS,
Lemon, Orange and Citron.
RAISINS,
Sultanas (seedless), Valentias and loose Muscatels.
SUGARS.
Extra Ground (for icing), Granulated, Coffee and Brown.
CANNED SALMON, SARDINES, LOBSTERS, TOMATOES, CORN AND PEACHES.
CROSS & BLACKWELL'S MARMALADE, Desiccated Cocoanut, Gelatine, &c.
FRESH TEAS, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE & COCOA.
Full Lines of Dry Goods, &c., &c., &c.
Furs! Furs! Furs!
—BOOTS & SHOES A SPECIALTY.—
Ladies' and Gents' Lined and Plain Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Goods, &c., &c.
Agents for the
Celebrated Crompton Corset,
and for
Dicks' Condition Powders and Liniment.
POULTRY TAKEN IN EXCHANGE
for goods
At Market Prices.
H. GILES & SON,
Lachute, Dec., 1881. 41-1y

Wm. MURRAY,
No 71 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.
Watchmaker,
AND
JEWELLER.
n1 1y

PLATED KNIVES, FORKS
Cruets Butter Coolers.
FOR SALE CHEAP AT
Wm. MURRAY'S,
NO. 71 ST. JOSEPH STREET
MONTREAL.
n1 1y

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering

Brown's Household Panacea has no equal for relieving pain, both in arnal 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 action over 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, for 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

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,
v6 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 $200 to $ 00 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.

TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot 34 in 1st Range,		$ 8 00 00
S W ¼	" 5 in 4th R range,		200 00
N W ¼	" 14 in 5th R ange,		200 00
S ½	" 1e in 5th Range,		50 00
S part	" 11 in 3rd Range,		5 00 00
S ½	" 2 in 4th Range,		200 00
S ½	" 19 1 4th Range,		400 00
S ½	" 10 in 6th Range,		600 00
S part	" 11 in 6th Range,		4 0 00
N ½	" 27 in 7th Range,		800 00
S ½	" 6 in 3rd Range,		1000 00

HARRINGTON.

N ½	" 18 and 14 in 2nd Range,		1600 00
S ½	" 19	in 4th Range,	100 00
W ½	" 18	in 5 h Range,	200 00

ARUNDEL.

S ½	" 16 in 7th Range,		600 00

Apply to
ALEXANDER PRIDHAM,
Grenville, P. Q.
2 6 y. Or Argenteuil Gua

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 Erropean
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.

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.

STRACHAN'S
Gilt Edge Soap
Is undoubtedly the best family Soap in the market, because it is of Uniform Weight, each Bar weighing a pound; because it is of Uniform Quality, and that quality the highest; because it is Perfectly Pure, containing only advantageous ingredients; because it has qualities which Soften and Beautify the Hands, not injuring them as inferior soaps; because, in a word, it is an Honest Article. It is manufactured by
W. STRACHAN & CO.,
36 Jacques Cartier Street,
MONTREAL.
Sold by all Leading Grocers throughout the Dominion. v5 n7 1y

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

LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 14th Dec. at 8 o'clock sharp.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

New Stock—L. & A. Lowe.
Downs' Elixir. Henry, Johnstone & Lord.
Burdock Blood Bitters.—T. Milburn & Co.
Novelties—S. Carsley.
Furs—C. T. Wales & Co.
Montreal House—G. & M. Simpson.
Auction Sale—A Center.
Dr. Fowler's Extract—T. Milburn & Co.
Now is your time—C. W. Hughes.
Patents—C. A. Snow.
Saw Mill Notice—Fish & Ireland.

LOCAL.

Yesterday being a holiday, the returning Officer did not count the ballots, therefore we cannot give an official return of the number of votes polled for each Candidate, but we believe Mr. Owens' majority is 200.

A Reliable Fact.

It is an established fact that Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the best cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, croup, bronchitis, and all troubles arising from neglected colds. Price 25 cents.

We call the attention of our readers to the new advertisement of C. T. Wales & Co., of St. Andrews. They have an extensive and well selected stock of furs, and it will, undoubtedly, be profitable for any person needing such, to pay them a visit.

The Electric Light,

superb thing as it does at other modes of illumination and rivalled only by the glorious sunshine, will not be hailed with greater joy by mankind, than is Burdock Blood Bitters, which is as far superior to all other blood purifiers and tonics as the electric light is superior to the old fashioned tallow dip. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Scrofula, and all foul humors and impurities of the blood.

Venhor predicted an open winter, and he has not been a "great ways out." The weather for a long time previous to the 7th, instant, had been quite soft and sloppy; but on the evening of that day the thermometer fell down quite considerably. On Thursday morning the temperature was considerably below zero.

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 best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. 21y1

There is to be a Christmas Tree in the Methodist Church, Lachute, Dec. 26th. Admission 10 cents; Children of the Sabbath School under ten years of age, free. All are invited. Doors open at 6 o'clock, p. m.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Mrs. Owens, the mother of Messrs. Thomas and William Owens, of Stonefield, and Mrs. Lunn, of Lachute. Deceased was born in Leeds, England, Dec. 10th, 1793, and has been a resident of Chatham, in this County, for the past fifty-five years.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil

Is at the head of the list for all purposes of a family medicine. It is used with unprecedented success, both internally and externally. It cures sore throat, burns, scalds, frost bites; relieves, and often cures asthma.

Don't forget the Concert in Victoria Hall, this evening. The programme is a splendid one, and the performers are all first-class.

One Experience From Many.

"I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a box of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and I gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said "suffer for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they be a mole mother without us happy."—The Mother.—*Home Journal*.

Attention is directed to the Auction Sale of farm stock, belonging to Mr. John Lennan, head of Carillon canal, on Friday the 16th, inst.

What to Study.

Pope, the poetical philosoper said. "The proper study of mankind is man," and yet, how little the real science of man studied. If people understood and heeded the laws of health, and if when ailing sought and resort to a common sense like Burdock Blood Bitters, many of the ills that flesh is heir to would be effectually remedied. It invigorates and regulates all the secretions to a healthy action.

Sure cure for a cough.

The most reliable remedy for a cough or cold, sore throat, hoarseness of breath, sore throat weak lungs and all bronchial troubles, is Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Price 25 cents.

OTTAWA VALLEY NEWS.

(From Local Correspondents.)

Brownsburg.

The young and rising generation of Brownsburgians have been on their ear for the last three weeks contemplating a grand time "tripping their light fantastic toes," in a building which has just been completed. A few days previous to the "eventful" night on which the grand dance was to take place, invitations were scattered freely, and some, at least, of the young Lachuters were not forgotten. On the night in question quite a number who had been favored with a bid donned their Sunday "go-to-meetings," and after a freezing drive arrived at the building, where quite a number had already arrived, and were anxiously awaiting the appearance of the fiddler, but no such one came. After half an hour's waiting a violin was secured, but 'twas of no use, as none in the crowd could "operate" worth a cent. Half an hour longer was spent in inwardly *blessing* fiddlers generally, and then the merry makers "vamoosed" to their respective homes with the deeply rooted conviction that for getting up dances the B. B. boys take the cake. Skip.

Lakefield.

We have to chronicle the death of Wm. Strong, Esq., one of the pioneers of the Township of Gore. Over fifty-one years ago he selected this place as the land of his adoption, and on Wednesday last, peacefully and without any apparent suffering, he passed away to his long home. On Saturday his remains were conveyed by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances to Trinity Church, Lakefield, where funeral service, followed by an impressive sermon suitable to the occasion was conducted by the Rev. ... Boyd, and thence to their last resting place in the adjoining cemetery. Deceased was a kind neighbor and an indulgent parent, and by his steady perseverence and industry had succeeded in placing both himself and his family in positions of ease and comfort. For the last few years he has been retired from business and often entertained his friends by accounts of his early hardships in conveying things to and fro before roads had been established and horses could be brought into the country.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

"Two weeks to Christmas! Only two!"
Rings out a voice in childish glee.
"Two weeks to Christmas!" and the shout
Is caught again, and lengthened out;
For other voices join the cry,
And on the air—around—on high—
Is borne the wild and glad refrain,
Till echo answers back again:
Two weeks to Christmas! how the words
Sweep backthrough time on memory's chords.
They pierce the hazy, shadowy past;
I see my childhood's home at last;
They rend the vail of that domain,
I enter in a child again.
And Oh! the visions, bright and fair
That greet me as I enter there.
The buried dead come forth to greet;
I hear the tread of youthful feet;
And children's fairy forms, I see,
Are dancing 'round a Christmas Tree.
'Mid girlish glee and boyish shout,
The Christmas gifts are passed about,
With bated breath, I almost rise
To seize the doll with big blue eyes
Descending from the laden tree;
And is it mine? O, can it be?
A moment—and my circling arms
Enfold a form of wondrous charms;
Another shout! 'tis Johnnie's drum
Like wave on wave, these visions come,
And like a wave that laps the shore,
Each view recedes like those before.
Once and again 'tis Christmas time;
This noisy, chattering group is mine,
The curtain rises as before,
The same gay scenes are acted o'er;
And one, who makes life's path to me
All rosy bowers—forever free
From piercing thorn or milder blight;
Stands by my side this Christmas night.
'Tis o'er! Again old time hath cast
His shadowy pinions o'er the past;
And still, upon this cold gray stone,
At open door, it stands alone;
And yet, is ringing wild and free,
"Two weeks to Christmas! Only two!"
A moment—and my pulse doth bound
With quicker movements to the sound;
And then a dirge, a wail of pain
Sobs through the air and racks my brain;
A wail for hopes forever fled,
The dirge—a requiem for the dead;
For friends, these fancy scenes portray,
That blest my life, are gone to-day.
He lies upon a western coast;
My children scattered—fortune tossed;
And *I* am waiting Heaven's decree
To seal the present unto me.
And when I tread the other shore
With all the loved ones wafted o'er,
One loud hosanna will we sing
To hail the birth lay of our King";
United there we'll chant the lay
A long eternal Christmas day!
—*Examiner*. R. S.

AN EXTRACT FROM "POPULAR AMUSEMENTS."

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., OF NEW YORK.

(Read before the Presbyterian Council.)

The American theatre, be it observed, is a concrete institution, to be judged as a totality. It is responsible for what it tolerates and shelters. We, therefore, hold it responsible for whatever of sensual impurity and whatever of irreligion, as well as of whatever of occasional and "sporadic" benefit, there may be bound up in its organic life. Instead of helping Christ's kingdom, it hinders it; instead of saving souls, it corrupts and destroys. We pastors know too well that when our Church members are enticed within its walls they do not find there a recreation of body and soul for a more vigorous service of their Lord. Their spiritual garments is not always brought away "unspotted by the flesh." They have given their public sanction and pecuniary support to an institution whose doors open downward, and not upward toward a Christian home in the heavens. Can a servant of Jesus take coals of fire in his bosom and not be burned? The average theatre is a gilded nastiness. Can we handle pitch and not be defiled? What concord hath Christ with Belial? Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing. I will receive you, and be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.

We have briefly reviewed the claims of the average American stage to the countenance and support of conscientious Christians: Let us also apply the principles already laid down to another popular amusement—the *promiscuous dance*. This form of social diversion, or rather of social dissipation, is increasingly persistent in its demands for the sanction of Christ's Church. Its advocates have an innocent ideal of domestic dancing, which they always push to the front, and against which people of common sense would no more wage warfare than against a game of croquet or the juvenile romp of "blind man's buff."

But there is a popular amusement which involves the promiscuous contacts and caressings of the sexes in the miscellaneous party and in the ball room which is fraught with terrible peril to personal purity and godly character. It is in no sense a wholesome recreation to body, mind, or immoral soul. This promiscuous dance has in it all the elements of intense excitement, with the inevitable stimulation of the most inflammable passions. It often tolerates unchaste movements and contacts, to which the daughters of Christ's household, the "handmaidens of the Lord," should never be exposed. It kindles salacious thoughts. It is associated with extravagance in dress, extravagance of late hours, with temptations to vanity, jealousy, and "fleshly lusts that war against the soul." Instead of being a recreation, it is a "revelling," which God's word forbids. That divine guide teaches young women to be sober; but how shall sobriety be cultivated amid the passion kindling whirl of the waltz? What a tormenting discordance is there between the divine description of woman's true adorning, not with gay apparel; but with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and the flashing flaunt of the ball-room! Is the dancing hall a department in the school of Christ? Shall our Christian daughters cease to emulate the examples of Ruth, Lydia, and Dorcas, and learn to enact the part of the daughter of Herodias? Surely, the household of faith is not so utterly bankrupt of pure, innocent recreations that it needs to steal from Satan a sensual pleasure which even heathen Rome in the best days of the Republic would not permit.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec has prohibited his flock from engaging in the "round dance"—a form of the dance which is said to be especially "possessed with a devil." He stigmatized it as the last expiring sigh of modesty. Shall Popish morality exceed Presbyterian? If promiscuous dancing dancing (like the theatre) be regarded as a totality, then let us make a clean sweep of the whole business.

I have now subjected two of the most popular amusements to the test between Christian recreation and unchristian stimulations. The principles applied to them should be applied to every form of amusement. Every recreation which makes the body stronger and the mind more alert for life's duties is positively beneficial. Against such there is no law. A healthy conscience, enlightened from above, will judge rightly on these points. It may also be affirmed that no follower of Christ should ever engage in any social entertainment or public amusement from which he cannot return with a clean conscience to his Bible and his closet. No follower of Christ should ever frequent any place which the Master would eschew, if he were personally on the earth; nor should a Church member be ever found in a place of amusement so questionable in character that irreligious people would be startled to find him there. The Master's command is to "abstain from all form of evil."

The Word of God draws a sharp, clean, dividing line between the pursuits and pleasures of the world and the pursuits and pleasures of Christ's flock. Over that dividing line lies the tempting path to self-indulgence, which is to-day the besetting sin and bane of the Church. Over that line lie sensual allurements, extravagance, frivolity, and slavery to the world. Over that line godly character is sacrificed; for no man can walk in the Spirit and at the same time fulfil the lusts of the flesh. Over that line into perilous amusements the servant of Jesus Christ has no moral right to go. If he goes to participate, he offends his Master. If he goes to protest, he offends and disgusts the votaries of sinful pleasure. If he ventures toward the doorway to sensual amusement, he must meet the sentinel of conscience, armed with the buydnet of this injunction: "Be ye not conformed to the world; for whosoever would be the servant of the world is the enemy of the Lord Jesus Christ."

This whole subject is one of prodigious practical import. The spiritual health and life of myriads of our youth depends largely upon the character of the recreations which they seek and the social pleasures in which they indulge. They must have and they will have some sort of recreations. It is the bounden duty of conscientious parents not merely to denounce sinful amusements, but *to provide* innocent, healthful recreations for their famalies.

To every true Christian the law of Christ will be the law of his pleasures. Walking in the Spirit, he does not stoop to fulfil the lusts of the flesh. Free to choose his pleasures, he is too free to want the sinful ones. As, when we listen to a well-trained orchestra, the music of the horns mingles with the rich swell of the bugle and the finer notes of the delicate viols, so a true Christian life should be full, heaven tuned harmony, in which pleasure shall blend with toil—in which work shall soften into play, and recreation shall rise into that strain of holy or heroic activities which impart to life both its sweetness and its sinew. Existence on earth is too short to be wasted in play; but it must not be made shorter by the wear of unremitting toil.

Let me give you in one line the conclusion of the whole matter. "Whatsoever ye do, *do all to the glory of God.*" This rule permits liberty and prohibits license. This rule padlocks the door to every sinful amusement; but it swings open a gateway through which life may become a procession of pure enjoyments, until it swells into the raptures of heaven. Blessed Saviour! let thy service be one unending recreation! thy presence our everlasting delight!

COLONIZATION MONEY.

A correspondent of the *Witness*, who sings himself "Commonwealth" complains after the following fashion of the manner in which colonization money is distributed by the Quebec Government:—

"SIR,—I notice that the Government has spent the bulk of the colonization funds in counties represented by Conservatives. Those electoral divisions represented by Liberals have been overlooked. In Argenteuil, one of the arguments used by Conservatives is that the Government will not help to improve the roads if a Liberal is returned. What right has a general Government thus to discriminate? It is shameful bribery."

It is evident that this correspondent has, like the *Herald* in the matter of the public estimates, been unconsciously attacking his own friends. Here is the record of the distribution of colonization money by the Joly Administration when it was in office:—

COUNTIES REPRESENTED BY LIBERALS.	
Chicoutimi	$12,000
Rimouski	2,700
Beauce	2,700
Gaspe	2,300
Argenteuil	1,900
Bellechasse	1,500
L'Islet	1,500
Montmagny	1,500
Portneuf	1,000
Drummond	1,000
Montmorency	600
Megantic	600
Stanstead	500
14 counties	$29,700

COUNTIES REPRESENTED BY CONSERVATIVES.	
Pontiac	$ 200
Compton	200
Richmond and Wolfe	500
Dorchester	180
Maskinonge	600
Champlain	nothing
St. Maurice	600
Nicolet	nothing
Joliette	nothing
Berthier	nothing
Montcalm	nothing
Terrebonne	800
Charlevoix	1,500
Terrebonne and Ottawa	1,200
16 counties	$5,780

Looking at this statement taken from the public accounts, we may well ask, with the correspondent of the *Witness*, "What right had a general government thus to discriminate? It is shameful bribery." But then it was "shameful bribery" by Mr. Joly, for being Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works, the distribution was made by himself.—*Gazette*.

NO WASTE, BUT THRIFT!

Falstaff's pun in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been read by all readers of Shakespeare: "Indeed, I am in the *waist* two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift." How greatly people err regarding thrift. Members of the family are sick with coughs, colds, lung diseases, asthma, or it may be consumption, the family doctor is called in and prescribes, and making visits after visit without any permanent advantage to the patient. A large bill is presented which is often paid with great reluctance. This might have been avoided by a timely use of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. It is without doubt, the most reliable, and safest family medicine ever invented.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil

Will be found invaluable for all purposes of a family medicine. Immediate relief will follow its use. It relieves pain, cures chilblains, frost bites, scalds, burns, corns, rheumatism, neuralgia, &c. For internal use it is none the less wonderful. One or two doses frequently cure sore throat. It will cure croup in a few hours. It has often cured asthma. Colic has been cured by a teaspoonful dose. It cures with the utmost rapidity, it is really a wonderful medicine.

—The excitement of phosphate mining in the County of Ottawa is on the increase. It is stated that the High Rock mine in Portland is going to employ five hundred men this winter if they can get them.

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 for insertion but not necessarily for publication.*

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR:—On reading your last issue I was amazed to find that Mr. Wilson has thought proper to make a most ungentlemanly attack upon me, apparently based upon a distorted report of what I said at nomination. I am inclined to think that if Mr. Wilson had been present and heard what I did say, instead of hearing it second-hand from political opponents, he never would have penned such an uncalled for tirade of abuse; but be that as it may, I will not copy his example in the way of abusiveness, but will simply state the facts as they occurred and leave th public to judge.

In the first place, Mr. Meikle received letters from friends in Montreal stating that Mr. Wilson was strongly opposed to the Chapleau Government, and suggesting that he Liberals here should bring him out as a candidate. Acting on these communications Mr. Meikle requested me to accompany him in waiting on Mr. Wilson to ascertain his views. I declined to do so; Mr. Meikle subsequently had an interview with him alone, and arranged that some members of the committee should meet him the following day at Mr. Meikle's house. According to agreement the meeting took place when were present Mr. R. Meikle, Mr. R Dadderidge, Mr. Wilson and myself. Mr. Wilson gave us to understand in the most unmistakable manner that, although he was a Conservative, he was not in favor of the Chapleau Government. We stated in the most explicit terms that we would not give him our support as a supporter of the Chapleau Administration. We were so perfectly satisfied with his views upon that point, that we offered him our warm and hearty support, if he accepted nomination. Mr. Wilson appeared to be anxious to come out, but was undecided. He said he had pledged himself to a certain extent to the other party, and asked for another day's delay that he might give the matter full consideration. On the following day he again met us at Mr. Meikle's and stated that he had decided not to come out. He thanked us for our courtesy, said his sympathy was with us, and if the question had come up a few days earlier his decision might have been different. Now, when the accusation was hurled at us on the hustings that Mr. Meikle and I had waited on Mr. Wilson, a Conservative, a supporter of the present Administration, and offered him our support as such, I replied, stating the facts exactly as they occurred. What I did say was that I had not accompanied Mr. Meikle when he waited on Mr. Wilson; but that I had been invited to meet him at Mr. Meikle's, and that I and several other gentlemen had met him and held a lengthy conference with him there. I further stated that I did not feel at liberty to state all that was said at that meeting; but I could say tha I had distinctly stated that I would support no man who was a supporter of the Chapleau Administration. I did not deny that I had met Mr. Wilson. On the contrary, I distinctly stated that I had met him at Mr Meikle's and had a lengthy conference with him. Now why does Mr. Wilson suppress or ignore that part of my speech, which completely refutes the unfounded charge which he has trumped up against me. What I wished to deny, and what I did deny, was that we had ever offered to bring out Mr. Wilson as a supporter of the Chapleau Government, or that we had surrendered our Liberal principles in the slightest degree.

I have now very briefly stated the facts in this case. I might say much more but I forbear, as I have neither time nor inclination for do I intend to be drawn into a fruitless newspaper controversy. Fortunately my statements can be confirmed by gentlemen of undoubted honor and truthfulness. I have submitted this letter to Mr. Meikle and Mr. Dadderidge who were present and cognizant of all these facts, and they said it was perfectly correct.

THOS. CHRISTIE.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

		M.	O.	I.
Argenteuil	Owens	1	0	0
Bagot	Cassayant	1	0	0
Beauce	Blanchet	1	0	0
Berthier	Robillard	1	0	0
Bonaventure	Riopel	1	0	0
Brome	Lynch	1	0	0
Beauharnois	Bergevin	1	0	0
Bellechasse	Faucher	1	0	0
Champlain	Trudel	1	0	0
Chambly	Martel	1	0	0
Chateauguay	Laberge	0	1	0
Compton	Lawyer	1	0	0
Charlevoix	Gauthier	1	0	0
Chicoutimi	O'Brien	1	0	0
Dorchester	Audet	1	0	0
Drummond and Arthabaska	Watts	0	1	0
Gaspe	Flynn	1	0	0
Hochelaga	Mathieu	0	1	0
Huntingdon	Cameron	0	1	0
Iberville	Demers	0	1	0
Jacques Cartier	Le Cavalier	1	0	0
Joliette	Lavallee	1	0	0
Kamouraska	Richard	1	0	0
L'Assomption	Marion	1	0	0
Lothbiniere	Joly	0	1	0
Laval	Loranger	1	0	0
Levis	Paquet	1	0	0
Laprairie	Charlebois	1	0	0
L'Islet	Marcotte	1	0	0
Montreal East	Taillon	0	1	0
Montreal West	Meshaw	0	1	0
Montreal Centre	Stephens	0	1	0
Missisquoi	Spencer	1	0	0
Montmagny	Fortin	1	0	0
Montmorenci	Desjardins	1	0	0
Wassing ge	Caron	1	0	0
Megantic	Irvine	0	1	0
Montcalm	Richard	0	1	0
Napierville	Paradis	1	0	0
Nicolet	Houde	1	0	0
Ottawa Co	Dthamel	1	0	0
Portneuf	Bro ssean	1	0	0
Pontiac	Bryson	1	0	0
Quebec Co	Grueau	1	0	0
Quebec Centre	Rinfret	0	1	0
Quebec West	Carbray	0	1	0
Quebec East	Stehyn	0	1	0
Rimouski	Asselin	1	0	0
Richmond and Wolfe	Pleard	1	0	0
Richelieu	Ledue	1	0	0
Rouville	Poulin	1	0	0
Shefford	Robertson	1	0	0
St. Hyacinthe	Mercier	0	1	0
St. Johns	Marchand	0	1	0
St. Maurice	Desaulniers	1	0	0
Stanstead	Thornton	1	0	0
Soulanges	Duczett	1	0	0
Shefford	Pregeau	1	0	0
Terrebonne	Chaideau	1	0	0
Temiscouata	Lecierc	1	0	0
Three Rivers	Dumoulin	1	0	0
Two Mountains	Champagne	1	0	0
Vaudreuil	Lalonde	1	0	0
Verchères	Brillon	1	0	0
Yamaska	Wurtele	1	0	0
		52	11	2

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

At the regular meeting of Olivet Division the following address was presented to our esteemed townsman Mr. Fish.

Perhaps no man in this section of country better deserves an acknowledgment from the Temperance people. It is well known that he has been the main stay of Olivet Division in sunshine and in shade.

May he long live to be the recipint of such expressions of regard:

ADDRESS.

To Brother JAMES FISH, W. P., D. G. W. P. Lachute Mills.

The members of Olivet Division, No. 114, S of T., desire on this the fifty-ninth anniversary of your birth-day to offer you their fraternal greetings and congratulations.

They embrace this opportunity to express the high esteem in which you are held by them as a man and a consistent and zealous Son of Temperance.

Your long connection with the order, the many offices you have so well filled, and the arduous labors you have performed for the order and the cause of Temperance, mark you out as a pattern for others to follow.

That you and your good lady, our sister, may long be spared in health and happiness to advocate and exemplify our principles is our sincere prayer.

Signed on behalf of the Division.
WILLIAM ROBINSON, acting W. P.
J. P. PATENAUDE, acting R. S.
Lachute, 6th December, 1881.

For Best Value
IN
Ladies' & Gents' FURS
GO TO
RIEPERT Bros.,
97 ST. LAWRENCE ST.,
MONTREAL.
THEY KEEP A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK
and
Deal Liberally with their Customers.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. v5 n7 1y

J. D. LEDUC, L. L. B.,
BARRISTER AT LAW, ETC.,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, P. Q.
Collections made on reasonable terms, in all parts of the district of Terrebonne (and other districts), and promptly remitted.
Oct. 15 1881. v5 n8 1y

LOUIS GOBEILLE,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
Main Street, Lachute.
Has constantly on hand a general supply of first class watches, clocks and jewellery, which he will dispose of cheap for cash.
Repairing done with neatness and despatch. He respectfully solicits a call.
v5 n8 1y

FARMS FOR SALE.
THE FARM SITUATED IN 1st RANGE of Chatham formerly owned by the late Rev. Wm. Mayor, being lot no. 5. Also, the farm situated in the 2nd range formerly owned by the late John O'Brien, being lot no. 2.
TERMS EASY. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to the proprietor,
JAMES MILLER, Cushing.
n8 3m

D. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY
Cures Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Sea Sickness and Summer Complaint; also Cholera Infantum, and all Complaints peculiar to children teething, and will be found equally beneficial for adults or children.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

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

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

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. Patineau, Montreal House.
J. & R. Rainford, Cash Store.
Fish & Ireland, Mills.
ST. ANDREWS.
F. N. Beatie, Farmers Exchange.
GREECE'S POINT.
Heaney, Stewart & Co.
Wood & Brothers.
W. Farmer.
Mrs. M. Hannon.
CHATHAM.
J. Cushing.
CHATHORO.
C. Bradford.
MUDDY BRANCH.
F. Lablanc.
F. Nanbert.
BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.
J. HOPE, Proprietor,
LACHUTE BAKERY.
1117

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?
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, Ratines, 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

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

SAW LOGS WANTED
Wanted all the spruce, pine, hemlock, ash and other saw logs that we can get. The old prices will be paid, and cont. can entered into for delivery at the mill 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 fish, sugars, coffees, spices, herrings, pork, hams, and general groceries, all at lowest cash prices.
FISH & IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

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 n8 1y

B. L. LEPAGE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LACHUTE, P. Q.
All deeds executed at remarkably reduced rates.
OFFICE: In the Court House Building, from a.m. to p.m. Evening at residence, Oliver Hall, West End.

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 ruchings, jet collars dress cape, widows' caps, real laces, Spanish laces, shaded plushes, shaded plush, and satin ribbons; silks and satin 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.
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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
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Ploughs and Ploughs castings of all kinds.
Stoves in great variety.
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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 medicine has been directly administered its effects has been invariably satisfactory, convincing the most incredulous that
CONSUMPTION
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OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: NORTH STREET
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The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most effective properties of all other Bitters, makes Hop Bitters the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can exist long after these Bitters are used, if the directions are strictly observed, and they are not beyond the reach of medicine.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds. $500, will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use HOP BITTERS.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the purest and best medicine ever made; the "FAMILY MEDICINE" and should be used when any medicine is needed. No person or family should be without them.
DR. C. is an absolute and irretrievable cure for Drunkenness, use of

THE HOUSEHOLD CIRCLE.

Seasonable Hints to Wives, Mothers and Sisters.

USEFUL RECIPES, GOSSIP, Etc.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate.)

Sunlight.

The sun, if you will only open your house to him, is a faithful physician, who will be pretty constant in attendance and who will send in no bills. Many years ago glass was something of a luxury, but now we can all have good-sized windows, and plenty of them, at moderate cost, and there is no excuse for making mere loopholes, through which the sun can cast but half an eye and from which one can gain only narrow glimpses of the beautiful outer world. If bay windows are too expensive, a very desirable substitute can be had by placing two ordinary-sized windows side by side, with a wide, capacious ledge at the bottom for seats or for plants. A room with a window like this cannot fail to be cheery, and its effect in a simple cottage house is quite sumptuous. There is likewise in its favor the fact that it is less exposed than the deep bay window to outer heat and cold. In a kitchen or in a child's bed-room, or in an attic where the walls are low, two half-windows set side by side and made to slide or to open on hinges, admit a broad, generous light, and give an apartment a pretty and pleasing rustic air. Let the builder endeavor to have all rooms in daily use, especially bed-rooms and sitting-rooms, well lighted by the sun. "To sleep on unsunned beds in unsunned chambers, and to work day after day in unsunned rooms, is the unrepented sin of half the nation," vigorously affirms a prominent writer. But this should not be said of that part of the nation living in the country far from those towering brick walls whose steps take hold on basement kitchens, and in whose depressing shadows many lives must necessarily be spent. In the country, with a whole sky to draw from, let there be light! If any rooms in the house must look solely to the north for illumination, let them be the parlor and the spare chamber. People who come and go can be cheerful for a while in a north-windowed apartment, but the constant dwellers in a house need its sunniest rooms.

Things Housekeepers Should Know.

Take a cup of cream off the milk pans every morning when you make bread; it will make the bread moist, white and delicate, and you will hardly miss it from the cream.

A merino or cashmere dress may be mended neatly by wetting a piece of court plaster of exactly the same shade as the goods, and putting it on the wrong side, pressing down every frayed edge and every thread, and laying a weight on it until it is thoroughly dry.

Take coach varnish and renew all your oil-cloths. Wash them clean, wipe dry and apply a coat of varnish. Be careful not to step on them until they are dry. If this is done once a year the oil-cloths will last twice as long as they will without it.

For the top of your round table that must reflect your face use the following polish: Take one ounce of yellow rosin and a pint of raw linseed oil; melt the rosin in a pipkin, and add to it by degrees one-half of the oil; when thoroughly incorporated, add by degrees the remainder. Before using the polish it will be best to wash the table well with warm water and rub it quite dry.

If you have a brass tea kettle it's all the rage now to bring it in to the table while you make the afternoon tea, and it must be polished so that it shines like gold. Buy 5 cents' worth of oxalic acid, put it in an ordinary wine bottle and fill up with cold water; when dissolved, rub the kettle with a cloth dipped in the solution. Elbow-grease is the only other necessity, and if plenty of it is used, the result will be wonderful. The kettle must be perfectly cold while cleaning. An objection to this method of scouring is that if the oxalic acid is brought into immediate contact with the hands and nails it produces an injurious effect on them, which is certainly undesirable. Care should therefore be taken that the scouring cloth be large enough to prevent such results. A preparation, that requires a little more labor but is equally efficacious, consists of a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in vinegar and applied in the same way as the other. Do not leave it where little fingers can get it for the preparation (the acid) is rank poison.

Tar may be instantaneously removed from the hand and fingers by rubbing with the outside of fresh lemon or orange peel, and wiping dry immediately after.

Use wire rope for clothes-line. It saves annoyance, is cheaper in the long run, and much more convenient.

A great deal of money may be saved in a year by taking care of things; by not letting the tea-kettle boil dry, and by taking thought about all things. For instance, when you buy a broom, instead of leaving it standing in a corner of the kitchen, and so making it one-sided, bore a hole in the handle, tie a stout cord in it, and hang it up when you are through using it, or screw a staple in the top of the handle to hang it up by; the broom will last twice as long.

Woman and Clothes.

This exaggeration of the value of clothes lessens, in a great proportion, the value of woman herself. It degrades the scope and purpose of her life. It leads directly to ignorance, ill-health, extravagance and social crime. Let mothers teach their daughters from childhood that this enticement toward elaborate and excessive dress, which will absorb them in the world's life, and which their own natures will so readily follow, is the temptation of their sex, which must be firmly and wisely resisted. Let them assure the girls that the enduring principles of taste and beauty, combined with simplicity and neatness, renders the young girl truly charming and attractive. Then, guided by maternal wisdom and forethought (alas! so sadly lacking now-a-days), her taste cultivated and guarded with the right moral sense, when a more thorough education shall have filled her mind with earnest thought, let us hope woman will no longer allow this blind worship of clothes to be a stumbling-block in the progress of the world.

Fixing a Child's Stockings.

Nothing looks worse in a child's appearance than an unsightly darn on the knees of his stockings; and it is an art not generally known, even among good knitters, how to avoid this. The following simple instructions will, I think, be useful in showing how easily new knees can be knitted into a stocking. Unravel top and bottom of the rent until you have on each end a clear line of stitches; take up upper line on a knitting needle; pull tight the jagged edges on each side of the hole, and with a worsted needle and wool just sew them over very lightly and neatly. This done, you have a space to fill up, and you proceed to knit the row you have ready on your knitting needle until you have a lap of knitting done the exact size of the hole. Then take up on a knitting needle the lower row of stitches, and knit it together with the upper row, on the inside of the stocking, just as if you were fastening off the toe of a stocking. Once more thread your worsted needle, and sew the sides of the flap, on the inside, to the sewn-over jagged sides of the rent, and, instead of an ugly darn, you have an almost imperceptible repair.

Recipes, Etc.

CURE FOR A PELON.—Take a teaspoonful of fine salt, a tablespoonful of black pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar and the yolk of an egg, simmer together and bind on. Renew twice a day.

COCOANUT CARAMELS.—Two cups of grated cocoanut, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff; bake on a buttered paper in a quick oven.

BAKING CAKE.—When baking cake in a long tin, line the sides and ends as well as the bottom with stiff white paper; you can then lift the cake out without breaking it, and can also be perfectly sure to bake it thoroughly in the middle without burning it anywhere else.

A large and rich cake is made from this recipe: One pound each of sugar, flour, chopped raisins, sliced citrons and blanched almonds, three-quarters of a pound of butter, ten eggs, one wineglassful of brandy and a teaspoonful of mace. Make with care and watch closely while baking.

COCOANUT CANDY.—Four cups of water, two and a half cups fine white sugar, four spoonfuls of vinegar, a piece of butter as large as an egg; boil till thick about three-quarters of an hour. Just before removing stir in one cup desiccated cocoanut and lay in small flat cakes on buttered plates to cool and harden.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of grated chocolate, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; stir constantly, and let it boil until it is thick; then turn it out on to buttered plates, and when it begins to stiffen mark it in squares so that it will break readily when cold.

CHILDREN'S PUDDING.—Grease the pan a very little, then put a layer of apples in the bottom, then a layer of crumbs, then a little sugar, and so on until the dish is filled. Pour a little water in and cover over with a plate or tin and set on the top of the stove, and let it remain until the apples are nearly cooked; then put in the oven and let it brown over nicely. The apples should be the last layer. Eat with milk or cream and sugar. This pudding will bake very quickly.

WORTH KNOWING.—It is said that a small piece of rosin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on a stove (not an open fire-place) will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the stove is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the rosin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by the combustion of the rosin. This is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same rosin may be used for weeks.

Saturday Night Thoughts.

Never go back on your friend.
Look at the bright side of things.
Unless you need a thing, do without it.
Youth is too precious to be squandered.
Make the most of present opportunities.
Hear both sides before forming an opinion.
Finish one thing before you begin another.
Put up with that which you cannot prevent.
Owe no man a cent that you are able to pay him.
Save small sums if you want to own large ones.
Zeal, if not heeded, is more vicious than virtuous.
Question the sincerity of a friend who flatters you.
Respect a man for what he is, not for the clothes he wears.
History is a kind of Newgate calendar, a register of crime and miseries that man has inflicted on his fellow-man.
There are some men in this naughty world who would be worth a million if a hundred per cent. were taken off for cash.
Dreams may serve as monitors, by indicating our present moral state; but must not be relied upon as foreshadowing future events.
Mental pleasures never cloy. Unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment.
We are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantasticalness or something worse not to do so.
What sunshine is to flowers smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered among life's pathway the good they do is inconceivable.
Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him.

A Lunatic's Newspaper.

There has been in existence in England for many years a periodical called the *New Moon*, the contributors of which are inmates of lunatic asylums. As a rule, the articles display marked ability, and no one would suppose that the writers were suffering from mental aberration. On one occasion the editor of the *New Moon* received complaints from several subscribers that the contents of the journal, although well enough in their way, were lacking in distinctive flavor, and did not betray their origin; so in the next number he gave free play to his refractory contributors. There appeared astounding political revelations; a paper on evolution, with woodcut illustrations of the shape of the human soul at different ages; the designs of a machine to facilitate bodily ascension into heaven in the manner of Elijah; and the first canto of an epic, which, when not utterly incoherent, was anticipatory of Alice in Wonderland. One number of this character was sufficient. The discontented subscribers expressed themselves satisfied, and begged that they might have no more of Bedlam broke loose in prose and verse.

Capital and Labor.

The Labor Congress, at Pittsburg, Pa., after a heated discussion, adopted a resolution favoring the entire prohibition of Chinese immigration. The resolution urged Congress to take the necessary action. A resolution was adopted denouncing the manufacture of cigars in tenement houses.

Over one hundred cigar packers in a New York establishment struck because a young woman was employed as packer. One of the strikers is the woman's brother-in-law.

Not only workingmen, but employers also, are feeling Chinese competition on the Pacific coast. Hop Kee & Co., of San Francisco, are said to have as complete machinery for the shoe manufacturing as can be found in the United States, and at a recent Crispins' meeting in that city it was stated that the above firm, together with Hop Wo & Co. and Hue Kal, are offering higher wages for the best skilled labor than is paid by the native American manufacturers. The American superintendent of one Chinese factory is paid $6,000 a year, and a man who had received only $35 a week recently went to a Chinese factory with wages of $50 a week. The Chinese employers make contracts with their best workmen.

A speck in the ocean only is Pitcairn Island, or the "Isle of Content," as it is aptly called. Although only six miles in circumference, it is inhabited by ninety-six of the happiest persons in the world. The inhabitants form an English colony and live a simple, happy life, undisturbed by the strife of the world around them. Money is practically unknown among them. The one magistrate on the island has a sinecure, for there are no disputes and lawlessness is unknown. Each man has his own house and land. The life is communistic in a way, for all are socially equal and share their goods with each other when one becomes needy.

The tunnel between Dover and Calais advances, Sir Garnet Wolseley notwithstanding, at the rate of a foot an hour.

THE GREAT MURDER TRIAL.

How Percy Lefroy Received His Sentence.

HE PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE.

A London correspondent writing on the last day of the trial of Lefroy *alias* Maplesson at Maidstone, for the murder of Mr. Gold, says: "The excitement caused by this case culminated to-day, when it was known that Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge would sum up and the fate of the prisoner would be made known. The court was crowded with friends of the judge, of the high sheriff and of the county magistrates. Four of the principal London papers had to combine in order to get one seat where the dulcet tones of the Lord Chief-Justice could reach them, and this boon was only obtained through the exertions of the under-sheriff, who throughout the trial has done all he could for the press, though he has no end of difficulties and red-tapeism to fight against. While the reporters have been straining every nerve in order to catch the words from the witnesses from the high gallery where the former were placed, the seats where, and where only, a proper hearing could be obtained have been monopolized by fair ladies. To-day was the crucial test to be applied to Lefroy's composure, or if it is not an insult to that worthy, his courage. He bore the test without flinching or quailing. His indifference during the whole case to everything that was to him a matter of life or death has been simply marvellous, but to-day he excelled himself. He listened to the long three and a half hour charge delivered by the judge to the jury with an occasional sign of boredom expressed by a politely concealed yawn, and he has always displayed a marked, though not too ostentatious, deference to the forms of the trial, scrupulously rising and bowing when the judge entered the court and took his seat. His personal appearance has somewhat suffered. He has been wearing all through the case a grey woollen shirt, which he, however, has embellished with white cuffs and collars. To-day, however, the supply of cuffs ran short, and he appeared with the ordinary wristbands of the woollen shirt. His face was, as it has always been, ghastly pale, and therefore there was no sign of emotion to be gathered from his complexion. Nor was there any other symptom to show that he was undergoing any ordeal more serious than that of a man who is having his likeness taken. I think the simile is not inapt, for Lefroy sat throughout the lucid and masterly summing up of the judge as motionless, and with as little movement of the features, as though he were in front of a photographer's lens.

At the conclusion of the charge the jury retired, returning after an absence of about ten minutes.

At the rendering of the verdict Lefroy stepped to the front of the bar, looking very pale and agitated. He wiped his mouth in a nervous manner with his handkerchief, and controlled himself with an evident effort. The jury said they found the prisoner guilty. The lips of the prisoner were seen to move, but no audible sound reached the gallery, and directly after the usual proclamation was made for silence while sentence of death was passed.

The Lord Chief Justice, having assumed the black cap amid deep silence, spoke as follows: Percy Lefroy Mapleton, you have been convicted, on the clearest evidence, of a most atrocious murder, a murder committed upon an old man, a harmless man, a man who had done you no harm, a man whose movements may possibly have been unknown to you. You have been justly and rightly convicted, and it is right and just that you should die, and the sentence is not the sentence of the judge and jury, but of English law. I will not harrow you nor endanger my own self-command by going into the facts of the murder, or by attempting to estimate your moral guilt. He only who knows the temptation can estimate the sin, and it is not sin, but crime, which I am here to punish. The law punishes your crime. Your sins, whatever they may be, will be judged hereafter. The sentence of the court upon you is that you be taken to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the proper place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck till you are dead, and that you be taken to the Sheriff of Sussex for the execution of this sentence; and may God have mercy on your soul.

Several jurors—Amen.

At the conclusion of the judge's impressive words the warder, who was standing on the right of the convict, touched him on the shoulder, and made a gesture to him to follow him down the steps from the dock. Lefroy made a movement as if to carry out this order, and then by a second thought turned full to the jury, and in a voice that had become perfectly firm and audible, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, some day too late you will learn you have murdered me."

He then disappeared down the steps of the dock amidst the murmurs of the audience in court.

A CANADIAN PRINCESS.

Her Royal Highness of Salm-Salm and Her Husband.

Prince Salm-Salm, who served in the American war of the rebellion, and was afterward with the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, was killed in battle in the Franco-Prussian war. His widow, a Canadian, mourned for him some years and then married an Englishman named Hennaye, who settled £1,000 per annum on her. The newly-married couple moved into a handsome house at Bonn on the Rhine, but soon disagreed, and the Princess banished him to Switzerland. Hennaye finally went back to England, asking his wife to follow him. She refused and he discontinued the payment of the allowance settled upon her. She obtained a limited divorce, relinquishing to her husband one-half the annual income settled upon her, and went to live in a villa on a Swiss lake, but Hennaye still loved his wife and pursued her. Finally, influenced by the arguments of Count Salm and other friends, she relented and agreed to live with her husband if he would buy her an estate in her own name. They found a castle in Steinmark, with 300 acres of land, which suited their fancy, and the reconciled pair are now living there. The Princess has fifty cows for her dairy and goes hunting and trout-fishing with her husband, and says she is happier than ever before.

The largest torpedo boat afloat left England for Copenhagen a few days since, having been built to the order of the Danish Government by Messrs. Thornycroft & Co. Her displacement is 55 tons, or 40 per cent. more than that of the largest torpedo boats in the British service; but her dimensions are still within the limit which will permit her to be conveyed by rail from one part of the coast to another. Her armament is exceedingly formidable, consisting of four of the largest Whitehead torpedoes, each of which carries a charge of 80 pounds of gun cotton, in addition to which she mounts a Hotchkiss revolving gun. She has a coal capacity of 10 tons, estimated as equivalent to 1,200 miles at a speed of 11 knots, and her full speed, as shown at the trial, as well during a run of three hours as at the measured mile, is 20 knots, which is two knots in excess of the stipulation.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden found among the presents at their recent silver wedding a huge pine tree made of solid silver—trunk, branches and cones. It was intended not only to remind the pair of their German home, but to commemorate the traditions of the house of Baden, in which the pine plays a prominent part.

WITCHCRAFT, LOVE AND MURDER.

A Negro Murders a Colored Brother to Obtain his Wife—Execution of a Wife Coveter.

A Charleston (S. C.) despatch says Henry Johnston was executed yesterday afternoon at Sumter for the murder of John Davis. A very large number of people were present.

At a late hour on the night of the 10th of February last Henry Johnston was lodged in the jail at Sumter, charged with murdering John Davis on the 5th of that month. The murdered man, as well as his assassin, were both negroes. Johnston shortly after his arrest stated that he was in love with the wife of the deceased, a woman near 25 years of age, the prisoner being about 40; that she repelled his advances, and he sought the aid of a conjuror, one Orange Isaacs, an aged negro. The so called conjuror gave him a charm—known in the language of negro witchcraft as a "hand"—composed of various articles, viz:—beeswax, fox's hair, a little sand from the shoe of the person intended to be acted on and a drake's foot, all sewed up in a small cotton bag. He was told to wear it next to his skin, over his heart, for one week and the woman would love him. He did so, and at the end of a week reported to the conjuror that the woman had confessed her love for him, but had refused to accept him unless her husband separated from her. The conjuror afterwards gave Johnston another charm designed to alienate the husband from the wife. It was worn the prescribed time, but he reported that the woman and her husband continued to live happily together, and that the charm would not work. The conjuror replied that Davis must be possessed by a devil, and that he would give Johnston a charmed bullet, which he must put in his gun and fire at Davis' head as he passed from the wood in which he was working toward his home at sundown the next evening. Johnston objected that if he killed the man the law would hang him if he were found out. His fears on this head were allayed by the conjuror giving him another charm, which he said would be proof against the law, and that no judge or jury could convict him while he wore it upon his person. Thus fortified, Johnston shot Davis through the head on the following evening, killing him instantly, and covering his body with leaves in the wood near the spot where he fell. He then proceeded to the house of the deceased, and was received and welcomed by the widow, and domiciled himself in the place of the dead man.

Johnston was tried and found guilty of murder in the first degree. Before the sentence, that he was to hang on the 25th of November, was passed, he asked the judge to give him as long a time to live as the law allowed. He asked the judge, "How would you like, Your Honor, if you were in my place, to be hung in a hurry?" Johnston always had hopes that the charm given him by Isaacs would keep him from being punished for his crime. His faith was strengthened by the fact that two of the jurors empannelled in the case were taken suddenly ill, so that two others had to be substituted in their places, and by the sudden death of the sheriff, a strong, healthy man, within three hours after the death sentence had been passed, and a few minutes after he had expressed his abhorrence of having to hang the man.

WOULDN'T PAY TAXES.

A Man Who Kept a Pack of Hounds to Keep off Bailiffs.

Baron Arpad Lopresti, who died a short time ago at his castle of Sosdia, near Temesvar, in Hungary, must have been one of the most remarkable noblemen of his time. He persisted, for many years previous to his demise, in not paying taxes to the Government. He kept a pack of huge hounds for the purpose of dealing with tax gatherers whenever they should present themselves at his castle gate. One of these fiscal agents succeeded some years ago in obtaining ingress to Sosdia, disguised as a peasant, with a view to levying execution upon the Baron's goods for arrears of taxes. He was shown into Lopresti's study, and had just commenced to take an inventory of its contents when the door opened to admit a savage wolf, which made for him without a second's hesitation. The unfortunate official got severely bitten, and only saved his life by clambering to the top of a monumental heated stove, inaccessible to his four-footed assailant. Since that epoch the tax-collectors of the district have exhibited a steadfast reluctance to do their office within the limits of Baron Lopresti's estate. The authorities at Temesvar contemplated invoking the aid of the military to bring the Baron to reason. He forthwith caused a declaration to be made public to the effect that he had undermined Sosdia with dynamite, and would blow it up himself and any force attempting to take possession of it sky-high whenever the Temesvar officials should try to carry out their threat. Thenceforth the authorities sedulously let him alone to the day of his death. That his was no idle menace has been conclusively demonstrated by the discovery of three dynamite cartridges, weighing nine pounds each, concealed in the cellarage of the castle.

Lashed for Attempting to Escape.

On Saturday last Edward Driscoll, one of the prisoners in the Central Prison, received twenty lashes at that institution for attempting to escape. The attempt was made on Thursday last. Driscoll was employed, with a number of the prisoners, in the brick-yard behind the prison, and taking advantage of the time when the men were rolling barrows of clay from one point to another he leaped over the fence separating the yard from the railway track, and ran in the direction of the rifle range. The prisoners cheered him lustily, but the guards closing around them probably prevented a general outbreak. Two of the guards started in pursuit of Driscoll, and fired several shots after him more with the intention of frightening him into a halt, than for the purpose of wounding him. The prisoner gave no heed to the shots, but continued his flight, in the meantime endeavoring to relieve himself of the prison clothing. The guards made the best time, however, and caught Driscoll a few yards west of the exhibition buildings.

A SLEEPER IN CHURCH.—A good story is told of Dr. Lindesay Alexander, the popular Independent Church clergyman of Edinburgh. Just as he had given out his text one Sunday, he observed the occupant of a front pew showing symptoms of drowsiness. Fastening one eye upon the man, he repeated his text a second time—"And two men came up to the temple to pray." (Pause, during which most of the congregation, including the individual in question, got their eyes on the doctor.) Still looking at the suspicious individual with an air of "I caught you this time," the doctor again announced—"And two men came up to the temple to pray"—"not to *sleep*, my friend." The doctor had at least one attentive listener that day.

Maine has since 1824 had a law that no convict shall be discharged from the State prison until the expiration of the full term of the sentence (unless pardoned out), exclusive of the time he has been in solitary confinement for violating the prison rules. In other States bad behavior merely prevents the convict from getting his term shortened for good behavior, but in Maine the law mentioned has been strictly obeyed. A thief who was insubordinate was lately kept 144 days beyond his term of sentence. He sued the warden for illegal imprisonment, and the Court decides that he can recover, the statute being unconstitutional.

COAL GAS.

Pennsylvania Coal Regions to Supply Gas for the Great Cities.

(Cleveland Leader.)

This is a day of stupendous business enterprises, but one of the latest bids fair to rival the tales of the "Arabian Nights." This is nothing less than the manufacture of gas for illuminating and heating purposes in the great gas-coal region of Western Pennsylvania, and the transportation of the same through immense pipes to all the large cities and towns of the East. Immense fields of gas-coal lands have quietly been picked up by eastern capitalists, and the work of developing them is to be prosecuted vigorously. At the same time retorts are to be built at the mouths of the mines, pipes laid therefrom to the large eastern cities, and before many months it is the intention of the company organized for this purpose—the Gaslight Transportation Company, of New York—to deliver a superior quality of gas for illuminating and heating purposes to gas companies and consumers at much less than the present prices charged by local companies. The gas is to be drawn through the pipes by means of exhaustion or gas dumps placed at stations, at regular distances apart, and so perfect in arrangement of the mechanical details that it is confidently asserted that the leakage will be less than that of any local company's service in the world. The project is one that is understood to have been carefully considered by the best scientific minds in the country, and to be eminently practicable in its operations, and to promise large profits.

Personal.

The death is announced of the Latin Patriarch of Constantinople.

President Garfield used pen or pencil four times after he was shot.

Sitting Bull's brother-in-law, Brave Bear, tried to commit suicide the other day.

Adam McCall, leader of the Livingstone Inland Mission on the Congo, died at Madeira on Thursday.

Mrs. Langtry, the London beauty, will make her *debut* upon the stage to a New York audience in January.

It is said that Mrs. Holland will carry out her husband's plans in reference to building cottages at Bonnie Castle for the literary workers on "Scribner."

The Princess Louise has recently been devoting much of her time in London to visiting art galleries, public and private picture exhibitions, and private studios.

Rev. Sydney H. Little, brother of the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, who visited Toronto recently, has, with his wife and family, joined the Roman Catholic Church.

The sister of Lefroy, the condemned convict who killed Mr. Gold, has, as a consequence of the trouble into which she has been plunged by her brother's crime, lost her reason.

Mr. Robert Browning has thus far written 93,323 lines. His first work, "Pauline; a Fragment of a Confession," was published in 1833, and consisted of over a thousand lines in blank verse.

The late Stephen Whitney Phœnix has left half a million of dollars to Columbia College. He was a graduate of '59, and three of his family were graduated from the same institution in 1796.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, is a man of middle age, who, with his dark eyes, his French beard, and roundant scarf knotted at his throat, looks more like a Parisian than an Englishman.

Mr. Thomas Scott, ex-M.P.P., of Meaford, tripped between the cars on the Northern recently, and but for the effort he made to throw himself free from the cars as he fell he would have been killed. He escaped almost uninjured.

In reply to a question as to whether Her Majesty's Government has sent an agent to the Vatican, Mr. Gladstone's Secretary has written: "Sir,—I am directed by Mr. Gladstone to inform you that Her Majesty's Government has sent no mission to the Vatican."

M. Renan in these days looks like a comfortable French priest, an occupant of some quiet village pulpit. His face is round, and would be coarse were it not for the noble brow and thoughtful, searching eyes. He is a small man, thick set and clumsy, and looks as if he liked the good things of this earth.

It is stated that Dr. Alleyne Nicholson, at one time a professor in Toronto University, will probably succeed to the Professorship of Natural History in Edinburgh University on the retirement of Sir Wyville Thomson. The latter's ill-health has compelled him for some time to relinquish the duties of the chair and during his absence Dr. Thomson has filled the position.

Florence Nightingale, in spite of her 61 years and her long confinement to an invalid's sofa, looks young and even handsome. Her fair face is unwrinkled, her large brown eyes are full of kindness, and she is still deeply and actively interested in various practical works for the relief of the sick and poor.

James Carver cut off Patrick Barry's nose at Preston, Conn., a year and a half ago. The piece was put back where it belonged, and the feature, though hardly perfect, is quite presentable. It is now Carver's turn to wear a nose stuck on, for Barry has got revenge by inflicting a precisely similar injury.

A box recently forwarded to Mr. Creyke, M. P., at London, from America, with instructions to unscrew it on opening, has been submitted to a critical examination, in the presence of Sir W. V. Harcourt and the Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is stated that the screws with which the box is fastened have their base in an explosive substance which would certainly be ignited upon any attempt being made to open the box.

Two members of the most fashionable London clubs have just had an unseemly row in the street. As Colonel Charles Napier Sturt was entering the Marlborough Club, on Pall Mall, he was assaulted by his father-in-law, Mr. Edwin Taunton, of the Junior Carlton Club, who called him a scoundrel and waved a bludgeon over his head, saying he would brain him. Mr. Taunton was compelled by a Police Magistrate to give bail to keep the peace in £1,000, with two sureties in £500 each.

According to Lord Derby, the position of England in reference to Ireland is not an enviable one. "We are in this dilemma," he says, in the "Nineteenth Century," "that we desire to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas, but that the one dominant idea which has taken possession of the Irish mind is that we should not govern Ireland at all. If we resist, we belie our loudest professions; if we give way, we break up the Empire."

Earl Fitzwilliam has returned to his English and Irish tenants the whole of the last half-year's rent. The Earl has also spent the following sums on his Irish tenants. From 1833 to 1856 he spent in emigration alone—in sending out whole families in chartered ships—no less than £23,586; from 1844 to 1856 he expended in feeding and clothing the poorer classes of his tenantry £8,000; from 1849 to 1879 he spent for the same good object £7,700; in converting bogs into profitable gardens he had spent £40,000; during thirty-six years his lordship had given £303,000 in improving his Irish estates.

The French are still "running" the mother-in-law jokes. *Le Figaro* says: "A traveller, turning to his neighbor, said, 'I think, sir, it would be prudent to shut the window on your side; it admits a current of air really dangerous to your mother-in-law.' To which the other, with a cruel smile, replied: 'I know it.'"

AN ERRATIC SUITOR.

Mr. Weller Has a Taste of Mother-in-Law.

A telegram from Wilkesbarre, Pa., says James P. Weller, the erratic bachelor who deserted his betrothed, Miss Bessie Norris, almost at the altar, unexpectedly returned to-day. He was assailed on all sides by the indignant friends of the young lady, who was lying ill at her residence. Mr. Weller went at once to the house of his affianced and asked to see her. The mother forbade his entrance, but he forced himself into the house and was met by the disappointed bride expectant, who arose from her sick couch at the sound of his voice and rushed frantically into his arms. Subsequently an interview took place between the mother and Mr. Weller, at which the daughter was present. He protested that he did not know what urged him to act as he had done, and said he was anxious that the wedding should take place soon. The mother would listen to no proposition from him, and he subsequently left the house. Later in the day he explained to friends that nothing but his obstinacy induced him to do what he had done. He said that he requested that the wedding be postponed for a second time, and the mother of Miss Norris bluntly objected. This angered him, and his subsequent action was more a retaliation upon the mother than a slight offered to the daughter. It is likely that an elopement and a flight to Florida, whither the two intended going, will result. There is great excitement here in social circles over the whole affair.

FICKLE FORTUNE.

From the Army to the Ditch.

There is living in Oswego a man whose career has been a striking illustration of the ups and downs of life. His name is Francis Burns, and he is descended from a good old Irish family. He received a good education, and at the age of 22 entered the British army with the rank of ensign. For two or three years Burns served on the west coast of Africa, and was then ordered to the West Indies. While there he engaged in a duel with a brother officer, and as the regulations against duelling were very severe, he, rather than submit to a court-martial, resigned his commission. He went to the United States, and from there to Canada, where, through the influence of friends, he obtained a position in the post-office in Toronto. This was while Lord Elgin was Governor-General. He did not hold this position long, and was next employed in the Great Western Railway police. His next move was to the position of tally man in the firm of Messrs. Cook & Garvin, Garden Island, and after spending a short time there he went to Oswego, where he obtained a similar position with Messrs. Swift & Post. For a time he held the office of Secretary to the Fire Department and sealer of weights and measures. At present he works as a common laborer. He has been in Oswego for twenty-five years, and although nearly sixty years of age is still active, and shows but slight traces of the vicissitudes through which he has passed.

Improved Trade of Great Britain.

(Bradstreet's.)

The British trade and navigation returns for October are at hand. They are encouraging. The imports for October were £31,307,000, 14 per cent. more than those of the corresponding month last year, and only about 3 per cent. below the total for October, 1879. Compared with October of last year, the total exports of British and Irish produce are fully 13½ per cent. larger, and compared with October, 1879, the increase is nearly 20 per cent. The total imports for the ten months are nearly 3 per cent. below those of last year to the same date, but more than 12 per cent. in excess of the figures for the first ten months of 1879. In the exports, on the other hand, the increase has been progressive, the returns for the year being about 2½ per cent. more than those for 1880, and fully 22 per cent. above those of 1879. These facts indicate that the trade revival there is a solid expansion. It has sprung to a large extent out of increased necessities in Great Britain, and has enriched other nations. The *Gazette* adds that "the area in which augmented trade is doing has enlarged almost month by month. The United States, India, Turkey, our colonies and one or two minor places do not stand alone as our increasing customers. Under stimulus, perhaps, of the tariff uncertainties, they have been joined by France, and to a limited extent by Russia. Nearly every country with which we trade has this year, for example, bought more copper from us than in either of the two preceding years. Many have bought more coal and coke. Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Austria, Roumania, Egypt and China have taken more cotton goods. Our exports of pig iron have been in the aggregate smaller than last year, but that is nearly altogether due to the reduced demand of the United States, other countries having rather increased their requirements, and for railroad sorts the demand has steadily expanded. We have thus no reason to be dissatisfied with the general position of the foreign trade of the nation."

Parental Brutes.

Thos. Burke is now in custody at Brooklyn, charged with a terrible onslaught on his child. Burke reached his home at No. 72 Sullivan street on Wednesday night much under the influence of liquor and began quarrelling with his wife, Mrs. Sarah Burke, who was also intoxicated, and at length so far exasperated her husband that he struck her on the head with a large iron poker, and then lifting an iron kettle from the stove he hurled it at her. She dodged and the kettle struck her 3-year-old son Thomas on the head. Burke fled. The child's skull was fractured.

A Veteran Convict.

On Wednesday morning last Elisha Phillips, the oldest convict in the Maine State Prison, died, being upwards of 92 years of age. He had passed over 37 years of his life in prison. He was noted as being the man who played a joke at one time on the Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison. He told a story about having a large sum of money buried in that State and the Warden took him out to dig for the money. After waiting awhile, Phillips asked for rest, when the officer got into the hole to dig and Phillips, kicking sand in his eyes, ran away.

The following story is told of the late William Brodie, the celebrated Scottish sculptor: Bred a plumber and gas fitter, he went from Banff to the capital with an intense love of art, but was found one afternoon disconsolately gazing at rejected exhibits by a friend, to whom he said bitterly: "High art won't keep my wife and me and the bairns, so I'll go back to the gas pipes and plumbing." But his wife, full of pluck, said: "Ye'll be a great man yet, Willie, if ye'll only keep up your heart. You stick to your art and I'll stick to you and the bairns, and I'll see that none of us ever come to want." But he shook his head sadly. The friend spoke a few consolatory words, and promised to call next day. He did so, and found all changed. A rich merchant had sent Brodie money to go to Rome for two years, and had undertaken meanwhile to care for his family. He went, and from the date of his return rapidly achieved success.

A telegram from Scutari states that hostilities have commenced between the Austrians and Krivoscians who refuse to enter the Austrian military service. The Krivoscians have taken three small forts, making prisoners of the garrisons.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—"She was always busy and always quiet," was written on the tombstone of a lady.

—Absent-mindedness seldom takes the form of mistaking our neighbor's cotton umbrella for our own silk one.

—The London *Spectator* says: "Genius protects itself." The *Spectator* has probably heard of the purchase we lately made of a self-cocking revolver.

—Dr. Dupuis, at a Kingston banquet—"I am sure, gentlemen, this was no merely formal toast. You all feel what you have drunk." All: "We do." (Applause and laughter.)

—At Bond Street Church, Toronto, last night in the course of his replies to correspondents, Dr. Wild said he took fifty-six papers and periodicals a week, and that he had been offered $400 to preach for one Sunday at a certain place.

—The Servia, the new Cunard steamer, makes twenty and one-half miles an hour. At this rate it would take but five days and ten hours from Liverpool to Quebec.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our separation,
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away
And when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs to appease;
Just as a bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings and so o'ercomes its rage.

Footlights.

Den Thompson has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism at Minneapolis, but is able again to appear on the stage.

Joaquin Miller has written two new plays based on his own stories. He proposes to call them "The Danites" and "Forty-nine."

Kate Bateman, the famous *Leah* and *Mary Warner* of other days, is starring in the English provinces in a play called "His Wife."

Mr. Edwin Booth has written to Berlin that he will appear in Germany next year, after having completed his unfilled contracts in England during next spring and summer.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will be married to Mr. Whitney in New York next spring. Miss Kellogg has earned during her life upon the stage about half a million dollars. Mr. Whitney is a man of large fortune.

Adelina Patti says that from the moment her name is announced to appear, she is, from early in the morning of the day, so nervous and agitated that, when the hour arrives, stage fright has taken possession of her.

The name of the author of "Queen and Cardinal"—the play which has recently proved with Mrs. Scott-Siddons' company a failure in London—is Walter S. Raleigh. The failure is said to be owing to the stupidity of the play.

Henry Ward Beecher is growing old. A week ago he complained to his congregation that those who wrote to him used very pale ink, and last Sunday he read amiss the number of the hymn he was giving out and had to stop the people short after they had sung one verse of an entirely different composition.

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AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. V. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, DEC. 16, 1881. NO. 16.

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

At LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Canada, by SIMPSON & KERR

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AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

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

With downcast head, and hands clasped as if in prayer, Mrs. Hepburn listened patiently, as a penitent before a priest, only at the word "murderer" a shiver seized her limbs as takes the poplar when its leaves turn pale before the bitter east wind. When all was read, she took the letter from Mrs. Carey's hand, and kissed it.

"I have faith in this man," quoted she, "who has taken pity upon the widow and fatherless."

"What! and yet you have never seen him, nor can even guess who he is?" cried the lieutenant's wife.

"Yes," said Mildred firmly. "Is not that the very definition of true faith? This is no pretense or stratagem, I am sure. It never could have entered Grace's heart, with all its cunning, to snare me thus. There is no approach to that for any good, not event in seeming."

"But how strange, Mildred, that you can make no guess at who this friend may be; for kindness, not like that warmth which makes the quicksilver to mount the tube, unconscious of what sort of heat it be, whether from sun or fire, sets the heart at once inquiring from whence the genial glow proceeds that has so moved it. Friend recognizes friend, no matter under what disguise he does his loving service. All love you here, dear Mildred, to the humblest. Have you, then, left none at Clyffe whom you can accuse of honest fealty?"

"No one more than another, dear Marion," answered Mrs. Hepburn thoughtfully. "They were all respectful to me—nay, even kind; but they could not forget, I think, that I was this woman's niece. They liked the Clyffard race, their natural lords—and especially their late master, Ralph—but not the interloping Carrs. No; I cannot fix upon a single face in which so much of pity as this letter breathes has ever shown itself."

"Then I would not go to Clyffe, dear Mildred," exclaimed Mrs. Carey. "Remain here; or, still better, come to us. Set the law to work at once. Give this woman to know that if any harm comes to Milly, she herself will pay for it with her *life*. We do not live in times when murder goes unpunished, and far less dares, with its reeking hand, to point jibingly at those whom it has made desolate."

"Ah, that was how my own dear Raymond used to speak," cried Mildred with agitation. "You feel as he felt, indignant—nobly brave, but again, I say, you do not know this woman. She fears nothing—nothing—except that she should be thwarted in her purpose. *I* do not want revenge; I want my child, my Milly. If she should but say 'there, take her safe and well,' I would premise never to molest her more."

"So would not I, then," cried the lieutenant's wife with flushing cheeks. "What! forgive the wretch who set a man to slay my husband? No; had she twenty lives she would need to look to them all. And if, in truth, she sat above the law, then *without* the law I would exact the penalty. I have no child, 'tis true, nor, as I hope, may I ever bear a child, if, having borne it, it should make me thus forgetful of my husband's wrongs—— Pardon me, Mildred; I have a home unshattered, a husband living, I know not what it is to be forlorn like you, or, perhaps, like you, I should sit down content with any shred of comfort that the destroyer might permit me to retain, and almost thankful that so much was left."

For a minute or so, over Mildred's face passed traces of some painful inward struggle, but presently it grew calm and even smiling. "I love you for your frankness, Marion, quite as much as for your charity. Some day, perhaps—not now—you will know how much I thank you for it; how my heart yearns towards yours. Perhaps, again, after this day and night, I shall never see you more; then God will thank you for me, and far better. May it be long, indeed, ere death o'ershadows *your* dwelling, and may loss like mine never be known to your true heart. Nay, do not weep, dear Marion; it is your part, not mine, to play the comforter; and that you have done so He will not forget who repays human love with love divine. May He suffer us, in heaven, if not here, to meet again."

"But what mean you, Mildred?" murmured Mrs. Carey, through her tears. "Whither are you going?"

"I start to-morrow morning, Marion, for Clyffe Hall."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SLEEPING CASTLE.

There are few things that try the tender human heart so cruelly as the revisiting a home scene from which death, or even absence, has taken away that which made it home; for however dear the external aspects of nature may be to us—and to some they are very dear—it is the association which they possess with our loves and friendships which, after all, forms their most sacred charm. The wood may wave as greenly, the fountain leap as brightly, and the lake reflect the peaceful sky as faithfully as of yore, but there is something missing to the inward eye which mars the beauty more completely than if some drought had stripped the trees of every leaf, and robbed the stream of its song, and the mere of its silver flood. Nature seems cruel then.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair!
How *can* ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

is a thought that stabbed many a breast, before Burns so touchingly expressed it.

Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That wanton through the flowery thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Never—*never*. And yet the sun shines as in the days when it was wont to gladden us, nor has the treasury of heaven, at night, lost a single star. "From end to end," writes another poet, very different from the Ayrshire ploughman, but equally susceptible of this divine regret—"from end to end of all the landscape underneath, I find no place that doth not breath some gracious memory of my friend." But while he was *with* us, what had we to do with memories? All is changed to us, although the scene remains the same—lovely as ever, and ready to enchant new eyes; the heartless beauty smiles even upon *us*, who have found out her falsehood. Yet Nature is not false for being fair. It is we who are altered, and not she. It is spring with her again, as it was with us once—ah me, how long ago!—for she renews her youth-time yearly. The summer odors are as sweet now as then, and borne by the same bright clear airs, which drive the self-same seas of meadow-grass, although their shores may shift a little (as those of ocean do) from copse to cornfield. The cradles of fresh moss, with their coverlets of wild-flowers, invite us as of old—only we are no longer children. The shadows flicker and pass athwart the face of the pool, and fade away into light (like a good man's death), exactly as they were wont to do; but in the faithful depths we see a wan, worn face, and the white head, where once the smile was mirrored, and the crown of flowers. The garden to our eyes has become a wilderness, nay, a very place of tombs, beneath each of which is buried a dead joy.

Thus was it with Mildred Clyffard, as her long lonely journey northwards drew to its close, and through the windows of the post chaise she began to discern the well remembered scenes amid which her love had ripened for him who was no longer with her. She had travelled all night, and at early dawn Ribble had shot up before her fair and green, with its great wall of limestone looking in the distance like a mural crown; Ribble, within which her troth had been first plighted. Then for many an hour her way lay through a land of rocks and streams, where every stone might have borne Raymond's name, and runlet babbled it, so instinct was it with his memory. The spring-time seemed to mock her with its joy. It was nearly midday when the wheels began to rattle over the uneven village street that led to the Hall gates. The last time they had done so it was when she had fled with her lover on the very eve of her threatened marriage with Rupert. Strange to say, she felt less terror in thus returning alone to brave the malice of her aunt, and the anger of him she had so slighted, than upon that occasion. She had then feared for Raymond, and listened for the clanging hoofs of the pursuer with a sinking heart; but now against him Grace Clyffard had done her worst, which was so bad that even she was glutted with it; while was not Mildred there to be her child's protector—preserver from she knew not what, fellow-guardian with she knew not whom—and did it not behove her above all things *not* to fear?

The post-chaise had drawn many a familiar face of child and woman to the doors of the hamlet, but the park itself, seen over the sunk fence, appeared unusually destitute of life for such an hour; no keeper with his gun, no laborer with an axe in hand about the plantations, no blue-aproned bearer of vegetables from the kitchen-garden, no message-boy loitering on the path that led to the village—no external sign of life, in short, such as is ordinarily visible about a great country household was there. The porter at the lodge, too, could not easily be roused; and while she waited, through the gilded iron gates the long avenue showed strangely desolate. As the cottage-door opened, she drew back mechanically, for she knew the man would start to recognize the face of runaway "Miss Mildred as was;" but she could hear his well-known voice in expostulation with the post-boy.

"You know, my man, it's no use your bringing anybody here at this time," quoth Giles the porter. "Why can't you let a poor devil, who scarcely remembers what a night's rest is like, take a little sleep?"

"It is a lady, and I did not like to tell her," replied the other in a tone so low that Mildred could scarcely catch the words.

"Nay," grinned Giles, "but that only makes it worse. The master will have no such folk within his doors."

"Ay, but she comes to visit Mistress Clyffard."

In a moment the gates were thrown back, and through her veil Mildred could see the porter drawn up in the most uncomfortable of the attitudes of respect, and shading his eyes with his hand, as though the glory of the exalted personage to whom he was doing honor was almost too great to look upon.

The deer that had been wont to keep at a considerable distance from the avenue, were now feeding close beside it, and cantered nimbly off as the chaise rattled by; while the rooks, more easily moved than of yore, rose in a single cloud from the swinging branches, and like a household roused by night-alarm, inquired of one another hoarsely what was wrong; whereupon some answered "Thieves!" and some cried "Fire!" and others (who seemed half asleep) murmured "Both! Both!" As the visitor drew nearer to the house itself, the peacock on the terrace began to scream; but Mildred remarked to herself how strange it was that, save the deep bay of the bloodhounds, not a note come from the distant kennel where the fox-hounds lay, and from whence such a tumult had been wont of old to issue in the daytime at the echo of hoofs from the court-yard. No sound of human tongue was heard, no cheerful noises such as the morning brings to every dwelling; no human face came to the blinded windows of the upper floors, and those beside the door were shuttered close.

"Is there death here?" asked Mildred of the post-boy, letting down the glass with a trembling hand, and thinking with agony of a small white face, growing pointed and thin, and cold little hands, which she had not been in time even to put crosswise over the sinless breast. "Speak, man, and tell me the whole truth."

"Well, ma'am," returned the young fellow, mitigating the Craven dialect for her benefit as well as he was able; "it's what I can't incense you about in a crack, but I'll not lee to ye. The master, you see, he's odd, and will have nothing done in the daytime. All the folks here gets up at eve, and goes to bed in the morning. It's mackly that they're all asleep, and will give me time to tell the tale before they answer the bell. Some folks hes lile brains, and some's an outehut:* and Mistress Clyffard, she has brains for hersel as well as for Squire Rupert."

"But he must be stark-staring mad," exclaimed Mildred involuntarily, "thus habitually to turn night into day."

"You've about hit the sticklebutt, ma'am; but 'mad's' a hard word, and a bad one" (here he looked cautiously around him) "to speak of hereabouts. Besides, we cant' be nesh† when there's so much gear going. It would not be wise in the mistress to lock him up like the rest of 'em. Better bev a bairn wi' a mucky face than wesh its noas off."

"Then this poor gentleman is only suffered to be at large to serve the purposes of another?"

"Nay, ma'am," returned the post-boy apprehensively; "I know nothing m'self. I only tell what I have been told; and if the great folk here should come to learn it, they would tak uncouth‡ at poor Toby Drayson.

"But what a dreadful hypocrisy, what an acted lie must all things here——"

"Tush, ma'am, dinna flite,¶ interrupted the other; "if leeing were choking, thear'd be hard gasping everywhere. And again, I say, speak not o' what I told ye. Ye braad o' me, I see, and have an honest kindly heart, or I should never ha' spoken—But what name shall I say, for here is somebody coming at last."

"Mrs. Raymond Clyffard."

"Saints and soldiers! What, are ye braad o' *them*? Then I wish I'd never spoken. But folk ses out when thar i' drink, and indeed, indeed ma'am, I made too free with the liquor this cold morning."

"Do not fear," returned Mildred smiling, "I am not of their race, although of their name; nor am I and Mrs Clyffard such friends, although we are relatives."

"Then, for any sake," returned the man confidentially, "let us shog back again to Lancaster, while yet we may. Wae worth ye, if ye stay here, and be an unfriend of the mistress. Come; for your kind face, and the trouble in it, I will take ye back, and risk all—ay, though there's an ill looking devil on the bridge younder—I wonder where *he* sprung from?—loitering there for no good, and as much as to say, 'What we have stolen, that we keep.' Say the word, and I'll ride him down like muck. Let him take care of his taahs."§

"Thank you much," returned Mildred, gratefully; "but I have come hither of my own will, and am not afraid to stay here." Nevertheless, as she looked back in the direction indicated by her new friend, and beheld the gaunt form of the man Cator standing upon the narrow way, as though indeed to forbid her egress, she felt that she had need of all her courage.

The next moment the door was opened by Mrs. Clyffard.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WEEK'S REPRIEVE.

"You have come at last, niece; I have waited for you long," said the Lady of Clyffe, letting fall her ice-cold syllables one by one, like drops from a petrifying spring.

"If I do not take your hand, it is not because I am not glad to see you."

Resolute, severe, unbending as ever was Grace Clyffard, in voice and gesture; but her fair features had suffered change. The brow was no longer smooth, and the little form had lost its rounded grace. Trouble, and what is worse than trouble, the anxiety of guilt—the dread solicitude of one who drives a chariot on a city wall, unfenced on either side, and dares not for his life look right or left, but always to his plunging steeds—had worn at last her wondrous youth away. Moreover, she seemed to take no pains to keep it; her attire was loose, and her fine hair unbraided, although it was plain she had not been roused from her bed, as other inhabitants of the Hall had been by this time. And indeed, Grace Clyffard, it was said, now never slept. Perhaps, had Ralph been alive, she would have contrived to retain her marvellous beauty, but now, as though aware it was of little use to her, she neglected it, unwomanly in that, as in all else. A look of scorn which had set upon her, when she first appeared, faded away as she gazed in Mildred's face, and marked its calm resolve. Twice had her niece essayed to speak and twice had failed, but it was easy to observe that her inability did not proceed from fear. Even Tobias Drayson, who was by no means free from apprehension, could see that, as, after lifting the luggage into the Hall, he threw into his farewell scrape at the door a more genuine sympathy than could have been expressed from all the bows that Lord Chesterfield ever made in his life.

"Stay one moment," cried Mildred to this friend of three hours' standing, who was about to leave her in the keeping of her mortal foe, "there may have been some mistake here after all—Mrs. Clyffard, where is my child?"

"She is in Lucy Cator's charge—a servant new to you, I think, but very faithful. Must you needs see her now?"

"Here, and at once!" returned Mildred resolutely. "I will not stir except to leave this house, unless I see her; unless I hold her in my hands."

The hideous thought that already pierced the mother's breast was again at work; she dreaded lest this fiendish woman, keeping her promise to the ear, might presently give to her orphaned arms her Milly—dead.

"Your child is safe and well enough," returned Mrs. Clyffard with a sneer; "this bell will bring her in three minutes. There!" She rang it. "But do not look so haggard, niece, for be sure I do not ask you to Clyffe Hall to play the mourner."

The cruel shaft sped not home; the mother had no ears save for the sounds she hungered for—the echo of a tiny foot-fall, and the babble of a baby tongue. Tobias, too, with head aside, awaited them with not a little interest: and presently they came.

"Run, then—run to mamma," cried a woman's voice, not unkindly, and then was heard the pompous stagger of an infant's feet, and the crow that bespeaks pedestrian confidence; and like an arrow from the bow, forth darted Mildred, and caught her child up as it strained, like hound in leash, to meet her from its nurse's hand, and hugged it to her breast, and kissed and fondled it, and rocked it to and fro, with murmurous inarticulate joy.

No sooner had the first gush of grateful happiness passed away, than her eyes glanced toward the door. It was closed; Tobias was standing by it no longer, and there was a dull sound of wheels.

"It will be better both for you, niece, and for your child," said Mrs. Clyffard, in her exultant voice, "not to think any more of what I read in your mind just now. You have foiled me once, it is true, but once with me is enough."

Mildred trembled.

"You fear," continued Mrs. Clyffard triumphantly, but speaking still so low that not a sound reached the nurse's ear; "you fear, and you are wise. You dare not risk so great a stake as that" (she pointed to the infant clutching in blind love its mother's cheek) "upon a losing game. Mind, I would not have you marry Rupert."

"*Marry* him!" That was all Mildred said; but had she cried, "Thou fiend and murderess, with hands yet dripping with my husband's blood, how darest thou to speak to me of marriage?" she could not have expressed more hate and loathing, than did her shrinking form, that seemed to fear pollution from the woman's touch, and poison from the very air she breathed in common with her. "*Marry* him!"

"No, niece; that is no longer necessary. But see you speak him fair, and promise what he asks for. There is no harm in humoring a madman. Thanks to you, Rupert has never been himself since when you broke your faith with him and me, and fled—as did your false mother before you—from kith and kin, to link yourself with their sworn enemy. I cannot quench the anger of my eyes the while I speak of it, but I have forgiven you this, and Rupert has forgotten it. He deems that every morrow is his marriage morn; and therefore, that the night may pass the quicker with him than if, on a sleepless pillow, he lay longing for his gypsy bride, he turns it into day—hunts, shoots and fishes by moonlight, or by torch-light if there be no moon, and makes the name of the mad Clyffard a wonder and a jest the country through. And he *is* mad, too; so mad, niece, that if I did but tell him 'That is Mildred's child, she that is widow of thy brother,' he would pluck her from thine arms, and dash her brains out on yonder court-yard stones; and yet the law would hold him harmless. But the law stirs not of itself; and if I have his name set to a certain parchment, written out and ready for his signing more than two years back, and which he would have signed upon the very day on which he called you his—you ungrateful girl—I say that even now, should he but sign it, there being no greedy heirs to wrangle with me, and dispute my rights, the thing would hold; and all this goodly heritage, on which I have fixed my eyes these many years, and have yearned after as you—weak fool—have yearned after that babe these ten days, shall henceforth be mine—mine—mine!"

Grace Clyffard clasped her hands as tho' she were invoking a blessing from High Heaven upon her sinful soul. So wrapped in greed, that for a moment she forgot the very presence of her niece. Then suddenly she swooped upon her with, "You dare not thwart me, Mildred; you dare not come between me and such a prize! If loss of all you love—who have already lost so much, and can afford to lose so ill—has terror for you, play me not false again! When will you see Rupert?"

"Alas, Aunt Grace, I fear——"

"When—*when*, I say?" exclaimed the pitiless woman, not stormfully, as the winds beat and the rains fall, but fiercely, as the hailstones rattle and hiss. "To-day, to-morrow? A week hence, if you will have it so; but when once named, see you depart not from the time. I will not brook postponement for an hour."

"Then I will see him *now*," quoth Mildred resolutely. "Here, at once: I am ready. Let him come."

"Fool, would you have him rend you limb from limb, you and the child as well? You know not what you ask. No, nor yet to-morrow. Those sunken cheeks must be plumped out, those eyes harbor no tears, those mournful garments be exchanged for others befitting one on the threshold of her bridal. A week hence it shall be. You hear me, girl? I do not mince my words; but do you heed? I will not take your silence for consent. Speak—speak, I say. What! you are contumacious?—Lucy, take her child!"

As the woman stepped forward to obey her mistress Mildred cried with passion, "I hear, I heed. I will do all you ask, if I have still my child; without her, nothing. Rupert and you may rend me limb from limb, as you have said, but I will not be parted from my child!"

"Good," returned Grace. "For a week, then, you shall have her to yourself; and then, after that, if the parchment be but signed, shall take her whither you will; if *not*, then you will not be much together, you and she. Do you understand me, Mildred?"

"Yes, we shall be parted like my husband and myself," returned Mildred hoarsely. "Let me go hence to my chamber; I cannot bear to look upon your wicked face."

"You are no flatterer, niece; but that does not affect me. My presence shall not vex you longer now, nor any more, unless your own conduct calls for it—Lucy, show Mrs. Raymond Clyffard to her room; and see you never leave her night nor day, as I have already charged you—Remember, a week hence, and you meet Rupert Clyffard as his betrothed bride. Have I your word, Niece Mildred?"

"You have, Aunt Grace," answered Mildred, resolutely.

For is not a "week hence" a precious boon, to be rejected by no human soul in present peril, and least of all by a woman? A very eternity of comfort—a space wherein a score of unlooked for buds of hope have time to spring up, any one of which may blossom into the flower safety.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A GENTLE JAILER.

Lucy Cator, the woman who was appointed to be Mildred's attendant, and also her jailer, was one of those persons who are always middle aged, like the wicked dwarf in the fairy tales (although she was by no means a dwarf), she looked as though she had been born into the world very gray and wrinkled, and yet with a beady brightness about her eyes that seemed to promise an eternal youth. If it was impossible to imagine her a child, it was equally hard to picture her bowed down and decrepit with age. Like the horse that we buy at fourteen, and work for six years, and boast (and believe our boast) that he is as young and as strong as ever, Lucy Cator looked capable of doing domestic service for several generations yet to come; the most prudent mother would have hired her to preside over a nursery of young children, with no fear that she would soon (alas, alas, for the poor human, who has no paddock to take her ease in, and to whom even the knackers afford no happy release, when past work!) become "unequal to the situation." She had been only recently taken into Mrs. Clyffard's service, but she came of a stock upon whom that lady could rely. Her brother William had been year by year establishing himself in the good graces of the Lady of Clyffe, and since Gideon's death he had grown to be something more than a servant. She could count upon him to execute projects from the consequences of which Clement shrank in fear; and although he was much wanted at the Dene, where, indeed, her brother could scarcely be induced to stay without him, she had retained him at Clyffe Hall of late for her own reasons.

Much of this Mildred guessed, and on that account, as well as from the odious relation of domestic spy in which she stood to herself, was inclined to regard her new acquaintance with great disfavor. But there was one thing which much mitigated this feeling—Milly was fond of Lucy. With that strange waywardness that belongs to infancy, and which might at times almost lead a mother to imagine that her own child was a changeling, no sooner had the three arrived in the large chamber allotted to their use, than Milly stretched out her little arms to her new nurse. Lucy stood with her hands by her side, not offering to take her from her natural protector, and still the child struggled towards her, as though it would have said, "Now, let me go to her, now do; for though I am well aware you are my mother, and the person to cling to in the presence of an ogress, such as she who has (I am delighted to see) just taken herself off, yet I do owe this singular-looking female an apology for my apparent desertion of her. You have no idea how civil she has been to me while you have been away; I really must go to her." A flush of wounded pride involuntarily stole upon her mother's cheek; but she stepped forward and gave her child to Lucy, saying "You have been very kind to her, I see; may God reward you for it!"

For an instant the whole face of the gray woman was lit up with pleasure, as suddenly as a gas-jet which one turns the wrong way before one turns it out—then once more it became as hard and wrinkled as a winter's road. "Mrs. Clyffard bade me treat the child with every care, ma'am," returned she coldly. "That was to be one of my chief duties."

"And what is expected of you else," inquired Mildred, her aversion renewed with this reply, "beside this hired care?"

"I am to wait upon yourself, ma'am," returned the other, her face quite buried in the child, who laughed and gurgled at her kisses like the rich wine escaping from the flask, and babbling of the vintage feast whereof it was the pride a score of years ago.

"That 'waiting' means watching, does it not—means playing the spy upon me night and day?"

"You heard what Mrs. Clyffard said, ma'am," replied the other quietly. She spoke with a humility that disarmed her interlocutor. It could not have been in the letter of her task that she should behave with such respect and gentleness. Besides, what could *she* know of the wrongs that had been suffered at Grace Clyffard's hands? No! It was manifestly unfair to treat this woman, who was only doing her duty—and that with delicacy and feeling—as one responsible for the actions of her mistress.

"You are right, Lucy, and I am wrong," said Mildred. "I ask your pardon for my angry words. If you knew how cruelly I and mine have been treated you would make allowance for me, I am sure."

Lucy bowed her head, but without speaking.

"I want, however, to know exactly the position in which I am. You are to be my inseparable companion. But am I to be also kept an in-door prisoner?"

"You may walk about the park, wherever you please, madam—that is, if I am with you; but not upon the village side of it, or in the avenue."

"Your orders are precise enough," said Mildred, bitterly. "Now tell me—I have a foolish fancy for visiting Ribble Cave to-morrow—do they preclude it?"

"No, madam, they do not."

It was well for Mildred that as this answer came her face was turned away from her whom she addressed, for at those words her features changed from shrinking pale suspense to the full rose of exultation. Nor was it at once that she could trust herself to yoke her rapturous thought with sober words.

"Lucy! I do not know if you have ever loved and lost, as I have done; but if so, when I tell you in that cave fell the first whisper of love upon my ear from lips that now are dumb, you will understand the prayer I am about to make to you to grant it; if not, perchance because I am of your own sex and friendless, you will indulge me in what is at worst a harmless whim. I wish to visit Ribble Cave *alone*. To me and to my child that place is hallowed; you would not surely break in upon your sister at the altar steps, and mar her prayers?"

The woman's face melted at this appeal like snow before the sun, then froze again as quickly as before.

"There is no outlet to the cave save one," continued Mildred; "and therefore you will not neglect your duty by remaining at the entrance; you will have us both secure."

Lucy shook her head. "Let us talk of something else, madam, if we must needs talk; but you cannot but be weary with your long night's travel. Here is refreshment, and when you have taken it, lie down upon your bed and sleep, as all at Clyffe are sleeping now."

"Not until you have promised what I asked," pleaded Mildred, passionately. "It is a small thing perhaps in your eyes; but in mine—ah! you cannot guess what value I set upon it! Come, promise me, and I shall sleep in peace."

"No, madam, I cannot," said Lucy, gravely; "your very earnestness forbids me to say 'Yes.' You will *not* be safe without my presence. From Ribble Cave there is an outlet besides the one of which you speak."

So flushed was Mildred with her recent joy, that she did not guess the woman's meaning, notwithstanding her grave tone, for the heart, when hopeful, is as disinclined as childhood's self to contemplate the dreadful void of death. "What outlet, Lucy?" Then, when she did not answer: "Do you think that I would drown myself, and so escape? Having just found my child would leave her motherless once more? Or drown her also; whereby her innocent soul would flee to heaven, while my own would suffer seperation from her—keenest pang of hell—forever? Do you think *that*, Lucy?"

"I did think so, dear madam; but I do not now. I see that I may promise what you ask with safety. Now, pray, eat a little, and then to bed."

"I cannot eat, good Lucy; I am too happy. This child is precious food to me, and also satisfies my soul with rest; but I will lay me down that you may sleep. What doors are these, for I do not know this room?"

"The nearest is the one by which we entered, opening upon the little gallery that runs by Mrs. Clyffard's chamber; and this upon the stairs that leads to the clock tower and the western postern."

"But is not that a third door beside your bed-head?"

"Yes, madam, and locked on the inside, as all the others are. It leads like the first."

"But not immediately?" said Mildred, with apprehension. "There must be a room between."

"There is a bed-room, madam."

"And is it occupied? Who sleeps there?"

"My brother, madam—William Cator."

(To be continued.)

* An outbuilding, an additional place of stowage for that article.
† Squeamish
‡ Take offence.
¶ Scold.
§ You are of the same breed or character, as myself.
‖ Toes.

NOBLE RESCUE.

The Steamer Germanic Saves the Hurworth's Crew of Twenty-five Men—Buffeting the Waves for Eleven Days—The Life-Saving Crew Rewarded.

A London despatch dated yesterday reports that the steamer Germanic arrived at Queenstown last night, having on board twenty-five of the crew of the British steamer Hurworth, bound from Montreal to Rotterdam, which she sighted in a sinking condition on the 1st inst. The weather was very stormy, but Chief Officer Bence and five men of the Germanic volunteered to take a boat and bring off the crew of the Hurworth. They made three trips, and brought all safely, but had a narrow escape on their last trip, the boat being stove against the Germanic's side. The Hurworth was laden with grain. She had encountered four hurricanes, which smashed the boat's bulwarks, poop, rudder and rudder-posts, and stove in the hatchway. The vessel drifted about unmanageable for eleven days. They sighted two vessels, one within three miles, but neither took any notice of their signals. The crew were greatly enfeebled by exposure and privations. After the rescue the passengers of the Germanic held a meeting, when Dr. Lyon Playfair was elected Chairman. They passed votes of thanks to Captain Kennedy, to Officer Bence and to the boat's crew, and one hundred and thirty-six pounds were collected. The boat's crew were presented with £10 a piece, and Chief Officer Bence was given a watch. The rescued men were also presented with cash by the passengers.

A SMALL-POX SCARE.

The Disease Rapidly Spreading Over the Continent.

A despatch from Chicago says the *Medical Review for December* says: "Small-pox seems to be sweeping over the country from the Atlantic coast westward to an extent not before observed during the present decade. The health reports indicate that almost every city and country village throughout New England and the Middle States is infected, while from Chicago the alarm is quite general. The mild weather so far has been favorable, but with the coming month there is reason to apprehend serious trouble. It is estimated that 30 per cent. of the 400,000 emigrants who landed here in 1881 are susceptible to the infection of small-pox. The 2,000 cases in Chicago this year were almost entirely confined to this incoming class."

A SLAVE TRADER.

A British Captain Killed in an Attack Upon a Dhow.

A Zanzibar despatch to London says on the 3rd inst. Captain Brownrigg, of the British man-of-war London, with ten men in a steam pinnace, attempted to capture a dhow flying French colors and loaded with slaves. The Arab crew resisted fiercely. Captain Brownrigg, a seaman, the stoker, and a supernumerary were killed, one man severely and two slightly wounded. The dhow escaped.

One Soul Made Happy.

"Yes, I always make a practice of sending some poor family a Thanksgiving turkey," he was saying to the grocer, "and shall want an extra one this week. "Yes, I must make at least one soul happy."

"Ah! Heaven bless you," called out a man who had been asking the price of onions, "you are the man who sent me that turkey last year!"

"Is that so? You were living on —— street?"

"I was, and I was laid up with a lame foot and my wife was nearly dead with the chills."

"Well, I'm glad to meet you. I told the coachman to give the bird to some deserving person, and I'm glad you were made happy."

"And I shall never forget you, sir. I put that turkey up at a raffle, raked in $3 on him, and, outside of a pint of whiskey for my wife, I laid in enough tobacco to last me six weeks! May you never know what it is to be poor!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Curious Custom.

Monsieur X.—"I discovare one curious gustom in your countree, madame!"

Madame—"What is that, monsieur?"

X.—"It ees zis: Ven a young ladee she get—vat you call it—married, she bag her game, I tink I hear you say?"

M.—"We sometimes so remark, monsieur."

X.—"And ven a young ladee she tell a young man she no haf heem, you say she geef heem de sack?"

M.—"Quite true, monsieur."

X.—"Now, madame, when I read in se dic—in ze dicshun—ze vat you call eet?—I find ze sack and ze bag are ze same ting. So, madame, I find me dat it is ze gustom in zis countree ven a young ladee she will marry she put ze young man in ze bag; and ven ze young lady she will not marry she make of ze bag a present to ze young man. Zis is one curious gustom I find in your countree, madame; and it mooch interests me."—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Strange Disguise.

The leading sensation in the town of Pullman, near Chicago, is the discovery in man's attire of an interesting female with dark hair and eyes, a comely form and pleasing manners. The lady has been at work in the town for the past three months as a roofer, and has done work on the highest buildings with as much skill as the best workman. Upon the discovery of her sex she donned female dress, and secured employment as a domestic. A sensational story about her is that she is a female safe-blower, and is recognized by some as the most expert burglar in the country.

Impaled Upon a Crowbar.

A despatch from Bordentown, N.J., says Reuben Evans, employed in repairing the steeple of the Marlton (Burlington County) Baptist Church, a few weeks ago, fell from the steeple upon an iron crowbar which was sticking in the ground. The crowbar penetrated his breast and came out at his neck. He died at his home on Tuesday night.

Edwin Booth varies from the arbitrary rule of fashion in the matter of bereavement. The rule would require his retirement from the stage for a year after the death of his wife. So far from this, however, he will proceed to finish all his appointments. Were he to yield to fashion he would break up an important combination and throw all its members out of employment. When Lincoln was assassinated Booth retired for a year. He felt that his brother's crime was of so public a character that it called for a public acknowledgment.

A Victoria (B. C.) despatch says Hon. Justice Robertson died on Thursday afternoon from the effect of injuries received through striking his knee on a rock last summer, while bathing in the North Thompson River. Inflammation set in and Mr. Robertson returned to Victoria about a month ago, and from that time he became gradually worse. A skilful operation was performed, but every surgical effort failed to save his life. His death has cast a gloom throughout the Province.

Mr. Charles H. Northam, who died recently in New Haven, bequeathed $125,000 to Trinity College, Hartford; to Hartford Hospital, $50,000; Christ Church, $10,000; Hartford Library Association, $5,000, and $35,000 to erect a chapel at Cedar Hill.

Mr. W. Owens, one of Picton's oldest citizens, died suddenly at 1 o'clock yesterday of paralysis of the brain. Mr. Owens was Mayor of Picton for nine consecutive years—from 1863 to 1871.

The Oath Required by a Gipsy Bride.

A despatch from Lafayette, Ind., says last evening E. M. Weaver and Elizabeth Stanley, members of a band of English gipsies encamped near this city, were married by Justice Weaver. Before the ceremony the bride compelled the groom to swear on the Bible that henceforth he would not touch a drop of intoxicating liquor unless presented to him by her.

Lord Ellenborough once said to a barrister upon his asking in the midst of a boring harangue: "Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr. ——, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed."

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, DEC. 16, 1881.

IRON AND OTHER MINERALS.

The knowledge of the richness of Canada in Minerals has become so extensively diffused that we are almost come to the place where we forget that there are any at all. Yet there is plenty of Gold, Silver and Copper; inexhaustable fields of Coal, Iron and Phosphates; abundance of Plumbago, and other less required minerals.

England with ore containing only 35 % of iron has become mistress of the iron trade.

An immense bonanza was struck in Spain where Englishmen are to make a fortune out of an iron mine containing 55 % of iron.

Americans are fast making strides towards the splendor of England's trade, with ore having only 45 % of iron, and that, too, often troubled with so large a per centage of sulphur as to make it very expensive. Yet the mines of Nova Scotia, from which the finest steel in the world has been made, are unworked. The Ironside Mines, in Ottawa County, containing 65 % of pure metal, the richest in the world, are undeveloped, and have no smelting furnaces. Last year American enterprise took 45,000 tons of our iron ore, worth $114,850; and $187,542 worth of our fire-wood. The wood to be made into charcoal, which in its turn was used to make charcoal pig iron, which we buy back at from $30 to $42 per ton.

The pine and spruce have been exhausted, yet there are millions of dollars worth of wood fit for charcoal, which could be shoveled from the pit to the furnace, if there was one. Yet our wood rots, *our* furnaces are unbuilt, and our capital runs the risk of getting lost for 3 per cent. The same thing is true, in another sense, of our phosphate. The crude mineral is sent to England for refining, after which we quietly *buy it back*, plus two freights, cost of handling, manufacturer's profit, cost of preparing, and 20 per cent. duty. So it is with our plumbago. It lays waiting for its day, while we go "to everywhere" for stove polish, crucibles, lead pencils, &c.

New manufacturing life followed the change in our fiscal policy. The smokestacks of the sugar refineries which had their shutters up and doors locked, are again smoking; new ones have been built. A beet root sugar, and a glucose factory have been erected, and are now in active operation. New cotton, woollen, glass, paper, rope and spool factories have been developed, while the old ones are full to overflowing. Why in all these has new life followed? Because they have the home market. Are these things (made at home) more expensive now than five years ago? Not one cent. Why? The law of supply and demand (so graphically presented by Sir R. J. Cartwright in 1879, when he said they—the manufacturers—would increase so fast that shortly they would cut prices until they ruined one another) controles the prices. But why is it that when everything is so active in every other trade, the manufacturing of iron is dead—if it ever had a life? Well, the duty on pig, old and scrap iron is only a nominal $2 per ton, and on bar, rod, plate and sheet varies from 5 to 17½ %. That is, a manufacturer here could not have his own country for a market, and the $11 duty per ton prohibits it being carried to the United States. It will thus be seen why the Americans can carry away our ore—it being free of duty—make it into iron and then send it back to us. Their furnaces are already built, and it is less expense to pay freights than to remove their furnaces, besides they can control our market and keep their own, which they could not if their furnace was on this side. The Englishman will not sell pig iron to a Canadian as low as he will to an American. That is a "round robin" has been formed in prices, so that if it is skillfully managed English iron can be bought in bond in the United States, two freights paid, besides other charges, and laid down in Montreal $2 or $3 per ton cheaper than it could be if bought in England. This is mentioned only to show that a Canadian would be entirely at the mercy of the English manufacturer, under the present tariff. That is the reason why we have no blasting or smelting furnaces. We believe in our National Policy, and hope to see our iron trade receive its full share of protection. Why is iron liable to the duties already given and steel free? The answer seems to be plain—for the same reason saws, axes, forks, shovels, and all edged tools, save cutlery, are 30 per cent., or to encourage home manufacturers.

But we ask, why not *protect* the men and capital that make iron from a mountain? Why not protect men who make steel from the side of the hill, as well as those who make shovels and spades from iron and steel that are made everywhere except in Canada?

Here we may just as well say it, there is no reason why a poor mechanic or laborer should pay 30 per cent. duty on his hammer, plane, saw, axe or shovel, while the learned gentry we call "Doctors" get their lances, forceps, and all steel instruments at 20 per cent. This is an iniquity, and one for which no sufficient justification can be given. But to go back to the iron. If Sir Leonard can see his way clear to make the duty on old, scrap and pig iron $6 or $7 per ton and put all refined iron upon the 20 per cent list, we think smelting furnaces and rolling mills would come along very soon. It is to be hoped the duty of 10 per cent. on steel will be allowed to come into operation in January. For a time these duties might increase the price of iron, but the Right Hon. E. Burk said long ago, "make things dear that they may be cheap." And Mr. Cartwright said the manufacturers would eat one another, and the buyers would have all the advantages. So there can be no reason why we may not suffer a present evil to get the certain good, two such high authorities tell us will be ours if we take the right road.

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE.

* * "They also grow wild with pleasure at the thought that while coal oil sells for a eleven and twelve cents at Ogdensburg, it costs thirty at Ottawa! The permanency of frauds like these may safely be fixed at the time when the general election takes place."—*Free Press.*

We give the "Press" all the latitude they ask. If they said oil sold for ten cents in Ogdensburg and thirty-five in Ottawa, they would have been correct. Yet what kind of a fraud there is in all this we are at a loss to know. To put this matter fairly before our readers, let us go back a few years.

Under the Government of SIR JOHN, which closed in 1873, coal oil paid 15 cts. per wine gallon impost duty, and an excise duty of five cents per gallon on the home made article. Besides this duty there was also a difference in the *test* in favor of Canadian oil. This tariff was continued under the MACKENZIE-CARTWRIGHT Government, until by continual pressure, led by Mr. COLBY, the popular Conservative member for Stanstead, supported by the whole party, the tariff was altered to 7 1-5 cts. per *Imperial* gallon on imported oil and the exise duty taken off of home production. Since that time to the present the only legislation affecting coal oil was a short act introduced last session making the *test* the same for Canadian and American oil. Now, when the Grit papers grumble at the duty on coal oil, they are only abusing their "Bosses" MACKENZIE, CARTWRIGHT, and their greater light BLAKE. If it had not been for the Conservatives, SIR JOHN and his party, the duty would have been 18 cents per gallon, and a fire flash five degrees higher for American than Canadian oil.

Now for this "outrageous" difference; and at first sight it does appear outrageous. If oil can be bought retail on the American market for ten cents per gallon, it would be at least two cents cheaper wholesale and therefore could be laid down in Canada at 16 cents per gallon. This would include cost 8 cents, duty 6 cents, and charges 2 cents. In the ordinary course of trade this oil would sell retail at not more than 20 cents.

If you wish to know the cost in Canadian gallons, please add one-fifth to these figures. It takes just six American to make five Canadian gallons.

Why is it then, we pay so high for American oil? Simply because the class of oil quoted as selling at the above figures, would not pass the *test*, consequently higher grade and therefore more costly oil has to be bought.

The Government are in no way chargeable with a "*fraud*," but rather are to be credited with a practical reduction of the cost by reducing the standard test to a common one for burning oil. It may be found however that by a combination of Canadian producers the wholesale price of home produced oil has been run up to the advantage of producers, and that retailers are indemnifying themselves by making larger profits on American oil than is usual, and consumers are paying the piper. *The actual cost per gallon of American coal oil during the year just closed, was* TWENTY-SIX *cents!*

THE VIENNA FIRE.

This year's record of disasterous fires has far exceeded that of last year, and the most noticeable is that of the burning of the Ring Theatre of Vienna last week, by which about one thousand persons lost their lives. The theatre contained over three thousand persons when the fire broke out, and the rush for the doors was so great that in a short time the inmates got jammed in the lobbies and corridors, and, as a consequence, the doors of the theatre got closed and could not be opened, and the people were smothered, trampled over, and burned to death. The description given of the scene was most heart-rending. The firemen too are much blamed for their tardiness in turning out when the alarm was sounded. The cause of the fire is attributed to carelessness in the upsetting of a lamp. An official examination is instituted into the cause of the fire, as well as the construction of the building. And for the future all public buildings must be so constructed as to give ready egress from them in case of danger.

FREE MASON'S CONCERT.

A fine night and an attractive Programme drew a large audience to the Concert given in Lachute on Friday evening, the 9th inst., under the auspices of the Masonic Lodge of this village. The entertainment commenced by Mr. Stevenson playing a March on the organ—the members of the order entering the hall at the same time in their regalia—after which came a glee by the choir. Mr. T. Barron, jr., played with great skill some variations on the popular French air "En Roulant." The greater portion of a Lachute audience does not appreciate any music on the violin but jigs and reels—but we hope their taste will improve. The fourth number was a song—"Water Cresses"—which brought, as all Miss Delaronde's performences do, an enthusiastic encore. Owing to domestic affliction the piano selection by Miss Owens had to be omitted, Mrs. Bond kindly playing a piece as a substitute.

Mrs. Roussille then sang, with exquisite taste and feeling, Pinsuti's song—"The Raft." This was *the* song of the evening; we will go further and say, that not for some years at least has a Lachute audience had the pleasure of hearing a beautiful song so well sung.

The seventh number was a reading by Mr. Dudderidge rendered with that depth of expression and feeling for which Mr. Dudderidge is so well known—its only fault being that it was a "leetle" too long.

Mr. Hope finished the first part of the Programme with the well known humorous song—"The Laird o' Cockpen." It is needless to say that Mr. Hope was encored—he always is.

Between the parts Mr. Wm. Hay, Master of the Lodge, in a few brief remarks introduced Mr. J. F. Walker, Depy. Grd. Master of the Montreal District, who delivered the following

ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—On the bills advertising the concert it is stated that "an address will be delivered by an officer of the Grand Lodge." I agreed to find some one to deliver this address, and hoped that it might be our Grand Master, John Hamilton Graham, a mason, not only renowned in this province, but through the whole Masonic World. A celebrated Vermont Masonic writer in speaking of him says:

"He has made a record that shall be inscribed upon the pages of the History of Masonry in this land, that shall last so long as the Institution has an existence on this continent."

Dr. Graham has written me to say that it was impossible for him to be with us to-night, and, as I have not found a substitute, I shall be compelled to say something myself.

This places me in a somewhat novel position, that of speaking on Masonry while some who are not Masons are present.

At our lodge meetings we tyle our doors against all not members of our order, and I, consequently, feel at home there, in expatiating on the mysteries, and explaining the secrets which have been transmitted to us through successive ages.

I am not going to tell you these secrets to-night.

They never have been told to those not members of our mystic circle. Outside the craft we are sometimes blamed for only imparting our mysteries to a select number.

Inside the craft we think that they are imparted, if anything, to too many; for although none have been known to divulge our secrets, some have been made Masons, though I am thankful to say not many, who have not practiced the principles and tenets taught in the lodge.

We are not banded together for any selfish purpose.

"God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
"Must rise from individual to the whole.
"Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
"As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
"The centre rooted, a circle straight succeeds
"Another still, and still another spreads;
"Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
"His country next; and next all human race."

In like manner the principles emanating from a Masonic centre know no bounds, but unite the whole human race in arms of universal love.

If our order had not been founded on the purest principles of piety and virtue it would have ceased to exist in ages long past, instead of being spread, as it is at present, over every portion of the habitable globe.

The uninhabitable portion of the globe has also been invaded by Freemasons, for Dr. Kane tells us that while on his expedition in search of Sir John Franklin he planted a Masonic flag among the icebergs in the far north, in a region only inhabited by the polar bear.

Masonry has been described as a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

Its creed is a very broad one:

1st. That there is a God, the Great Architect of the Universe whom all should reverence.

2nd. That our perishable tabernacle of clay contains an immortal spirit that the grave shall never receive, and over which death hath no dominion.

3rd. That brotherly love is a centre from which we cannot err.

While this creed is certainly broad enough, it does not prevent us from belonging to any religious denomination. For we do not put Freemasonry in the place of religion. Freemasonry works hand in hand with religion. But it does prevent us from persecuting those of a different belief.

Freemasonry inculcates loyalty to our country, and the practice of domestic as well as public virtues. It says to the candidate: Let prudence direct you, temperance chasten you, fortitude support you, and justice be the guide of all your actions.

What kind of men belong to this order? Men of worth, men of genius, men of letters. Kings and princes have been proud to exchange the sceptre for the gavel, to patronize our mysteries and to join our assemblies.

Our beloved Queen is surrounded with a halo of Masonry. She, herself, is patroness of the order. Her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, joined Freemasonry in 1789, in the Union Lodge, Geneva.

Altho' her Royal Consort never joined the fraternity, the Duke of Sussex had arranged to hold a special Masonic communication for the purpose of his initiation, which was only prevented by his last sickness and death.

While her eldest son, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was made a Mason by the King of Sweden in 1868, and is now Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England.

The historian, poet, novelist, Sir Walter Scott was made a Mason in St. David's Lodge, Edinburgh, March 2, 1801.

While a poet, perhaps still more dear to Scottish hearts, one that, we were told to-night in most harmonious music thrilled our hearts, "when building castles in the air," Burns was poet laureate of Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, and also Deputy Master of St. James' Lodge, Tarbolton. Perhaps you know the lines which he addressed to the Brethren of St. James' Lodge. I wish I had the sympathetic voice of the fine old English gentleman who read Alma's Heights, to properly render the lines.

A fling! a heart warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry way,
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind ye still, tho' far away.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light;
And by that Hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far away.

May freedom, harmony and love,
Unite us in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine:
That you may keep the unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far away.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far away.

Sir Archibald Alison, the celebrated author of the History of Europe, was initiated in Glasgow Kilwinning, and in 1847 was made Provincial Grand Master of Glasgow.

The Duke of Wellington was initiated in 1790, in a lodge under the Irish Constitution.

Coming to this side of the Atlantic, I will mention only two, the first and last presidents of the United States.

George Washington, the illustrious father of his country, was an enthusiastic mason. One of the lodges in the City of Montreal possesses a bible which was presented to the lodge by Washington. In reply to an address in 1790, he said: "Being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the Masonic Fraternity is founded, must be promotive of private virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interests of the society, and to be considered by them as a deserving brother."

James Abraham Garfield whose nobility of character claimed the admiration of the whole world, was also a distinguished member of our order. President Arthur in his message says: "The memory of his exalted character, of his noble achievements, and of his patriotic life will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the whole people. The announcement of his death drew from foreign governments and peoples tributes of sympathy, and sorrow, which history will record as the signal tokens of the kinship of nations and federation of mankind."

But I must not go on with the long list of eminent men who have been proud to enroll themselves under our banner. I will merely mention one more, Edward Bulwer Lytton, who concludes one of his poems with:

A king can make a gartered knight,
A clown be sprung of noble strain,
And wisdom scorns a servile mind,
Can never make a Brother.
This power alone thou Mystic Art,
Freemasonry is thine!
The power to tame the savage heart
With brother love divine.

So much for the men of Freemasonry, but we have had women Masons also.

Erwin of Steinbach who was engaged on the Strasburg Cathedral, had a daughter Sabina, who had received instruction in the secret arts of Freemasonry, and rendered her father valuable assistance in preparing with her own hands several columns which constitute the chief ornament of the principal doorway.

But we need not go back to the thirteenth century for an example. In 1733 the Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was made a Mason at Doneraile House, the residence of her father, Lord Doneraile. No doubt you have all heard the story, how when she was between nineteen and twenty years old she was concealed in a room adjoining the one in which the lodge was held and to gratify her curiosity removed a brick with her scissors and saw two degrees conferred, in attempting to escape she was detected and made a Mason. She afterwards married Mr. Aldworth, and the great female mason was always held up as an example of purity and nobleness of character, an ornament to the society of which she was admitted a member.

Perhaps some of you ladies wonder then, why we do not make a practice of taking ladies into the order, it is not that we love you too little, but we are apt to love you too much, our great object is to exclude all that interferes with brotherly love, and should we admit you, instead of carrying out our principles, we would in all probability become rivals for your love, and thus frustrate one of the great objects of the order.

But many ladies are true masons in principle, though not admitted within our closed doors.

No lines could be more thoroughly Masonic than those penned by Alice Cary:

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm whereer my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair
Love makes them so.

Tis not the wide apostolate
Nor sainhood's fame,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

I am sure that the ladies who are present to-night come with the best wishes for our success. Our success in forwarding an institution that has joined men in love and harmony tho' believing in different creeds and belonging to different nations.

Part 2nd. was opened by Miss Warwick playing in fine style a selection of Scotch airs on the organ, which was followed by a chorus by the choir. Mrs. Bond then sang—"A Home by the Sea," accompanying herself—both the song and the accompaniment were exceedingly well rendered.

Balfe's beautiful duet—"The Sailor Sighs," was then sung by Mrs. Rousille and Miss Fortier, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Fortier. Then followed a trio of two violins and piano by Mr. Barron, Miss Barron, and Mr. Barron, jr.

The next number—"Auld Robin Gray," was sang with much feeling by Miss Hunter. Mrs. Fortier played a selection on the piano—this lady plays well, as does also Miss Fortier; the accompaniments to Mrs. Rousille's song of "The Raft," were in admirable taste. Mr. Barron then sang—"The Sailor's Tear." We commend this class of song to Mr. Barron, as well suited, like most sea songs, to a good tenor voice.

The next was a clarionet solo—"Home Sweet Home," by Mr. Fish, which was rapturously applauded, and Mr. Fish responded with—"The Rose of Allandale." Another humerous song by Mr. Hope, closed one of the best concerts given in Lachute.

On behalf of the members of Argenteuil Lodge, No. 65, Q. R., A. F. and A. M., we beg to thank the Ladies and Gentlemen who so ably contributed by the exercise of their musical talents, to render the concert in Victoria Hall, on Friday evening last, a complete success; also to Mr. Dudderidge for his artistic rendering of "By Alma's Heights."

Lachute, 10th Dec., 1881.

W. M. HILLS, Secy. W. HAY, W. Master.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from the Publishers Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, Mass., the December numbers of "Wide Awake," "The Pansy," "Baby Land," and "Little Folks' Reader." All of these are first class works beautifully embellished with cuts descriptive of the subjects treated of. These magazines are well got up and neatly printed. The stories are such as children like, and all these books will be eagerly sought after by the young folks. Indeed "Wide Awake" is a superior publication, and from the prospectus for 1882, we find the following new serial stories are to appear in it: *From the Hudson to the Neva*, by David Kerr—a thrilling story of adventure. *Their Club and Ours*, by a boy only 14 years old. *A Long Hispano-Roman Story*, by Rev. Edward Everett Hale. And other brilliant writers of short stories, well known for their hearty sympathy with young folks will be contributers to these magazines during the year. The magazines being all moral in tone can be safely introduced into every family, as the lessons they inculcate will be a great help in forming the character of our young people, giving them a taste for healthy reading. The publishing price of "Wide Awake" (85 pages, issued monthly) is $2.50, or 25 cts. a single number. "The Pansy" and "Baby Land" 50 cts. a year each. "Little Folks' Reader" 75 cts. a year. Copies of these magazines can be seen at our office.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

At a regular meeting of the County Council held in the Court House, Lachute, on the 14th inst. There were present Alex. Pridham, Esq., Warden, and Mayors Dunbar, Hay, Chambers, Strong, Dobbie, Cook, Jekill, and G. J. Walker, Esq., Sec.-Treas.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The suits against the Arundel and Harrington Councils for repayment of work done on the Bevins Lake road was discussed. Mr. Walker read a letter he received from Mayor Cook some time ago, asking the council to postpone the suit against the Arundel council for 15 days, and he did not take out the suits.

Moved by Coun. Jekill, seconded by Coun. Hay, that they approve of Mr. Walker not taking action against the council before placing the matter before this council. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Jekill, seconded by Coun. Hay, that this council take action against the Arundel and Harrington councils after the 24th inst., if they do not settle their indebtedness by that time. Carried.

The Mille Isles and Gore roads was then discussed. Coun. Chambers stated that since the last meeting of this council the Township of Gore had been served with two writs for the bad state of their road, and that the council of the Township of Gore intend defending the suits.

It was then discussed at great length by the whole council. Moved by Coun. Jekill, seconded by Coun. Dunbar, that the proceedings in this case be left over until next meeting of this council, so that all papers and process-verbals in connection with this road be brought before this council.

The indebtedness of Mr. Barron was then brought up by Mayor Pridham. A deed of sale from Mr. Barron to the council of a piece of land was then read, when it was moved by Coun. Hay, seconded by Coun. Dunbar, that the action of Mr. Pridham in this matter be approved of. Carried.

A resolution of the Arundel council was then read appointing Mayor Cook to represent them with regard to certain proces verbals on the road leading from Dalesville to Beavens Creek and Township of DeSalaberry, and request this council to decide which proces verbal is good and which is null. After discussion it was left over till next meeting of the council. The council then adjourned.

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have a sound nerve and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood and keep the Liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system.—*Advocate.*

NOW IS YOUR TIME
to buy your
Christmas Presents.
FINE
GOLD WATCHES,
very cheap.
—FINE SILVER WATCHES.—
GOLD AND SILVER CHAINS,
at all prices.
FINE SILVER NECK CHAINS.
SILVER AND GOLD LOCKETS.
Fine assortment of
RINGS, BROOCHES,
EARRINGS, STUDS, NAPKIN RINGS.
CRUET STANDS. PICKLE STANDS.
CHRISTMAS CARDS.
Large assortment of
}—TOYS.—{
Fine large Stock of
CLOCKS.
Buy your clocks from a Watchmaker where they are warranted for one year.
C. W. HUGHES,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
MARKET SQUARE, LACHUTE,
(opposite Mr. Cook's).

AUCTION SALE.

The Undersigned will sell by public auction on FRIDAY, 16th of DECEMBER 1881, at the residence of Mr. JOHN LENNAN, HEAD OF CARILLON CANAL, the following articles:

3 draft horses, 3 draft mares, 4 milch cows, 3 heifers two years old, 1 calves, 2 hogs, one year old, 4 sets double harness, 2 set single harness, light, 1 set cart harness, 1 timbril cart, 1 spring cart, 1 leg seated buggy, 1 burner wagons, 2 shanty sleds, 2 pair mud sleds, 1 double sleigh, 1 cutter, 2 light cutters, 2 ploughs, 1 pair double narrows, 1 single harrow, a lot of whiffletrees, trace chains, logging chains and boom chains, 1 cross cut saw, 3 pork barrels, 2 water pitchens, 1 cooking stove, 1 Stalford churn, 1 iron bedstead, 2 wooden bedsteads, 3 washstands, 1 water stand, 2 tables, 1 writing desk, a lot of forks, hoes, shovels, and two bench plank, 2 buffalo robes, 1 set patent mink paws, with all the apparatus for drawing, and other articles too numerous to mention.

SALE TO COMMENCE at 10 o'clock a. m. Mr. Lennan having given up farming, the sale will be without reserve.

TERMS: Under 5.00, cash; over that amount, twelve months' credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

A. CENTER,
AUCTIONEER.

J. & A. LOWE
HAVE ON HAND
A NEW STOCK
OF
Fancy and Useful Articles,
SUITABLE
FOR THE
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
J. & A. LOWE.
v4 n34 1y EAST END, LACHUTE.

FURS! FURS!

OUR STOCK OF LADIES' GENTS' AND Children's Furs comprise the latest in
PERSIAN LAMB,
SEAL, MINK,
BEAVER,
OTTER, and
GREY LAMB.
DEFER BUYING.
Defer buying your Xmas and New Year's presents until you have seen our New Goods and at Lowest prices at
THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
C. T. WALES & Co.,
1tf *St. Andrews.*

Montreal House,
SAINT ANDREWS.
News for the HOLIDAYS.
On all Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, and Drugs we will discount ten per cent, and on all Groceries five per cent., for this month.
After January 1st, 1882,
we will sell for cash or produce only. All accounts must be settled either by cash or note then.
G & M SIMPSON.
Dec. 7th, 1881.

Cash paid for Hides, Grain and Butter. 30 tf

Saw Mill Notice.

The Cash Price for Sawing this Season at Lachute Mills for ordinary Lumber is lowered to $2.00 per thousand feet, board measure.
FISH & IRELAND.
Dec. 1st, 1881.

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

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 n51 1y

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

XMAS 1881!
PEELS,
Lemon, Orange and Citron.
RAISINS,
Sultanas (seedless), Valentias and loose Muscatels.
SUGARS,
Extra Ground (for icing), Granulated, Coffee and Brown.
CANNED SALMON, SARDINES, LOBSTERS, TOMATOES, CORN AND PEACHES.
CROSS & BLACKWELL'S MARMALADE, Desiccated Cocoanut, Gelatine, &c.
FRESH TEAS, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE & COCOA.
Full Lines of Dry Goods, &c., &c., &c.
Furs! Furs! Furs!
—BOOTS & SHOES A SPECIALTY.—
Ladies' and Gents' Lined and Plain Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Goods, &c, &c.
Agents for the
Celebrated Crompton Corset,
and for
Dicks' Condition Powders and Liniment.
POULTRY TAKEN IN EXCHANGE for goods
At Market Prices.
H. GILES & SON,
Lachute, Dec., 1881. 41-1y

Wm. MURRAY,
No 71 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.
Watchmaker,
AND
JEWELLER.
n1 1y

PLATED KNIVES, FORKS
Cruets Butter Coolers.
FOR SALE CHEAP AT
Wm. MURRAY'S,
NO. 71 ST. JOSEPH STREET
MONTREAL.
n1 1y

PATENTS.
CANADIANS
can secure patents in the United States on the same terms as Citizens. It is best to patent first in the States, thus securing a 17 years' patent; otherwise time will be limited two years. Total cost of United States Patent $80, only $20 on making application, the balance only when patent is allowed. Total cost of Canadian 5 years' patent $66; for 15 years, $74. On receipt of model or drawing, with description of invention, we will send advice, references and circular free.
Address,
C. A. SNOW & Co.,
Solicitors of Patents,
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE,
v5 n8 1y WASHINGTON D. C.
Please mention where you saw this advertisement.

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 $200 to $500 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.
TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot 3 in 1st Range,	$	8 00
S W ¼	" 5 in 4th R ge,		300 00
N ½	" 14 in 4th Range,		200 00
S ½	" 18 in 5th Range,		28 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,		800 00
S part	" 11 in 6th Range,		4 00
N ½	" 27 in 7th Range,		800 00
S ½	" 6 in 3rd Range,		1600 00

HARRINGTON.

N ½	" 12 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 0

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

Exhibition 1881!
Having been awarded
Eight First Prizes &
DIPLOMAS OF HONOR
at the Dominion Exhibition, Montreal, for my instruments, which have thus proclaimed superior to all others; I propose retaining
Hors Concours
this year, and holding an Exhibition PIANOS and ORGANS at my
PIANO ROOM
to which the musical public are respectfully invited.
Intending purchasers should avail themselves of this favorable occasion to see musical instruments.
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.

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

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

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

LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 14th Dec. at 8 o'clock sharp.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Burdock Blood Bitters.—T. Milburn & Co.
National Pills—T. Milburn & Co.
Index—T. Milburn & Co.
Public Notice—Lacoste, Globensky & Co.
Public Notice—Lacoste, Globensky & Co.
Sheep Strayed—James Earle.
Notice—John McCuaig.
Christmas Presents—S. Carsley.
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.—Henry, Johnsons & Lord.
Court Notice—Z. Roussille.
Photographs—J. G. Parks.
Can. Pac. Railway Co.—Chas. Drinkwater

LOCAL.

A job lot of Linen Towels from 10 to 20 per cent lower than regular prices, at
HUGH FRASER'S.

Ingenious Invention.

Some shrewd Yankee has invented a key that will wind any watch; It is a neat attachment to a charm, and it is said to work like a charm. So does that grand Key to Health Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest discovery of the age. It unlocks all the secretions and cleanses and invigorates the entire system. Sample bottles, 10 cents; large size, $1 00. Of all medicine dealers.

A nice assortment of Infants' Bibs and Robes, Boys' and Girls' Pinafores, Ladies' Jackets, Silk Ties, Clouds, at
HUGH FRASER'S.

On Tuesday last there passed through our village, the President of "The County of Argenteuil Fish and Game Protection Club" and party; on a fishing expedition. They hied to Lake Louise despite rain and bad roads and we learn, basketted several hundred Lake Trout, which result sent them home happy although wet.

Vases, Toilet Setts, Albums, Anthograph Albums and Christmas Cards in great Variety at
HUGH FRASER'S.

Sore Throat.

Apply Hagyard's Yellow Oil and take internally according to directions. Yellow Oil is the best remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bruises, Burns, Frost Bites, and all lameness, inflammation and pain. No household should be without it.

A WARNING TO CORRUPTIONISTS.—Eleven persons have been sentenced in England to several months imprisonment for bribery at elections.

Have Hope.

Before you despair of curing a pulmonic consumption just verging on Consumption try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; it has cured others, why may it not cure you? All dealers sell it.

The *Star*:—"The Coaticook Beet Root Sugar Company has turned out the first beet sugar made in Canada, and is therefore entitled to a fair share at least of the promised Provincial Subsidy."

Where Ignorance is Bliss 'Tis Folly to be Wise.

Dr. Bliss, if not a successful practitioner of bulletin; but the readiest bulletin of success is that which heralds the wonderful cures performed by Burdock Blood Bitters, that matchless tonic and blood purifier which acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, while it invigorates and strengthens the whole system.

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.—There is to be a grand Social Entertainment in Olivet Hall on Friday evening 23 inst. to aid the funds of the Sunday School Library. There are to be Magic Lantern views, Dialogues, Recitations, Singing, Music. Addresses, &c., &c.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

Cures coughs, colds, asthma, croup, whooping cough, sore throat, bronchitis and all lung complaints that lead to consumption. Price 25 cents.

Alfred J. Wilkes, of Brantford; Joseph Pallisier, of Montreal, and James Grover, Toronto, have been appointed Commissioners for taking affidavits to be used in Manitoba.

SALE OF PARTRIDGES.—We hear of a man from Arundel, who sold one lot of Partridges at Lachute, last week for $27.00.

If it is true that the Canadian Pacific Syndicate intend constructing a branch line to Fort Churchill or Port Nelson, the new route to Europe through Hudson's Bay will acquire additional interest.

A Cure for Croup.

Apply flannel saturated with Hagyard's Yellow Oil and administer the Oil internally on a little sugar as directed on the bottle. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Lameness, and all flesh wounds. All dealers supply it, price 25 cents.

TEMPERANCE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—On Tuesday a deputation, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Potts, the Rev. Dr. Sutherland and Mr. Arthur Farley, of Toronto, had an interview with the Premier in regard to the Temperance Colonization Society, of which they are members of the board of management, for a compact choice tract of land comprising about 2,000,000 acres. Sir John promised that their wishes should receive his attention.

The greatest revolution in Steel Pen making is in the new turned up point pens, unexcelled for easy writing. Ask for Esterbrook's Tecumseh, Chaucer and Telescopic pens. Robert Miller, Son & Co., agents, Montreal.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."—*Cairo Bulletin.*

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 mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. 22y1

NO WASTE, BUT THRIFT!

Falstaff's pun in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been read by all readers of Shakespeare: "Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift." How greatly people err regarding thrift. Members of the family are sick with coughs, colds, lung diseases, asthma, or it may be consumption, the family doctor is called in and prescribes, and makes visit after visit without any apparent advantage to the patient. A large bill is presented which is often paid with great reluctance. This might have been avoided by a timely use of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. It is without doubt, the most reliable, and safest family medicine ever invented.

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 healing 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

STATE OF THE POLLS.

POLLING DISTRICT NO.	PLACE OF POLLING.	GILMAN.	OWENS.
1	Regist'y Office, Lachute.	85	47
2	William Armstrong's.	73	26
3	Old Sayer House.	19	81
4	Council Room St. Andre's.	36	62
5	Davidson's S. H., Chatham.	38	68
6	No. 2 School H., Chatham.	27	91
7	McOuat's Shop, Brownsburg.	74	14
8	Warwick's S. H., Chatham.	40	25
9	Town Hall, Grenville.	14	86
10	S. H. No. 3, Tp. of G. & A.	19	3
11	Whitfield's S. H., "	33	45
12	McPhee's S. H., A. of G.	17	21
13	Lost River S. H., Tp. of H.	25	10
14	Shaw's S. H., O. S. of Har.	16	11
15	Public Hall No. 13, Arun.	20	17
16	Nail's S. H., No. 2, Went.	17	19
17	School H. No. 3, Wentworth	13	3
18	" " 1, Lakefield.	27	54
19	" " 2, St. Jerome.	22	41
20	New Hall, Morin.	13	35
21	L. G. Villeneuve's, Wolfe.	6	25
22	Celestin Bisson, DeSalab'y.	35	57
		689	889
			689
	Majority for Owens,		200
	Rejected Ballots, 27		

STATE OF THE POLLS IN SEP. '81.

POLLING DISTRICT.	PLACE OF POLLING.	ABBOTT.	CHRISTIE.
1	Registr's Office, Lachute.	59	89
2	Armstrong's Blacksmith Shop.	30	74
3	Old Sayer House.	96	22
4	Drill Shed, St. Andrews.	94	39
5	McIlhen's S. H., Chatham.	74	49
6	School House No. 2, "	76	44
7	McOuat's Shop, Brownsburg.	14	89
8	Warwick's S. H. Chatham.	7	52
9	Town Hall, Grenville.	52	24
10	Clark's S. H., "	59	21
11	Whitfield's S. H., "	55	37
12	McPhee's S. H., Augmen'n	18	41
13	Shaw's S. H., Harrington.	28	49
14	No. 2 School H., Arundel.	7	30
15	Nail's S. H., Wentworth.	25	32
16	No. 1 School H., Lakefield.	61	35
17	No. 2 " " St. Jerome.	48	27
18	New Hall, Morin.	41	12
19	Wolf.	28	4
20	DeSalaberry and Grandison.	58	52
		948	845
		821	
	Majority for Abbott,	127	
	Rejected Ballots, 19.		

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, not necessarily for insertion but not necessarily for publication.*

MR. CHRISTIE'S LETTER.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR,—Dr. Christie admits in his letter of last week just what Mr. Wilson charged him with—that is—he stated on nomination day that he had not gone with Mr Meikle to wait on Mr. Wilson. These are the Doctor's words: "I did not accompany Mr. Meikle when he waited on Mr. Wilson. Mr. Meikle requested me to accompany him, but I declined to do so."

No wonder Mr. Wilson should pronounce it false. The fact is Dr. Christie met with a deputation to the Depot on the evening that Mr. Wilson was telegraphed for and expected up. Dr. Christie was on the platform with Mr. Meikle and others, and was apparently as keen in his searches for Mr. Wilson as any other man on the deputation. This can be proved by men of "undoubted honor and truthfulness," as the Doctor says. There is no use for the Doctor to deny it. There is no use for him to shirk the responsibility of being a party who waited on Mr. Wilson, a Conservative, to ask him to run as an Independent. Mr. Wilson did not seek nomination at the hands of these gentlemen; but these gentlemen, including Dr. Christie, urged Mr. Wilson with all their might to become their candidate, and then because he would not accept they put him in a false light before the electors on nomination day, as Dr. Christie does in his letter by stating that Mr. Meikle and Mr. Wilson arranged that some members of the Reform Committee should meet Mr. Wilson at Mr. Meikle's house. A worse construction on a mean piece of trickery could scarcely be made by any body. The public will judge: yes, they have judged and condemned such actions. The letter of Dr. Christie is a poor subterfuge and in no way clears him, but makes his case worse in the eyes of the public

Yours truly,
AN EYE WITNESS.

Lachute, Dec. 14th, 1881.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—Please allow me to notice by way of correction of a paragraph in your last issue, that the tenor of the letter I addressed to Mayor Dunbar was wishing the Council to reconsider the matter of their by-law, and allow those interested to do the whole of the work required to be done opposite their respective lots themselves, as they were given to understand by Mr. R. Meikle when he presented the Petition to them for their signatures. As far as the gravelling of a double track is concerned I am in no way whatever interested in it; I simply stated that such was contrary to law. As to appealing to the Council, I was present in the Council-room the evening the by-law was passed, and I gave the Council to understand that their action was unjust; even the Mayor and some of the Councillors have acknowledged it to be unfair, and one of the Committee appointed to draft the petition said when the proper time comes the matter will be reconsidered.

Yours &c., WM. BAIN.

Canadian News.

The confidence of the country in the Canadian Pacific Railway as an investment is evidenced by the rapidity with which its bonds are being taken up throughout the country.

The gold mines of Beauce, which have so long lain dormant, although their wealth was perfectly well known, are now being actively taken up by capitalists from the United States and France. It is not creditable to the Province that this has not been vigorously done before.

Mr. Joly announces his intention to stick to the Quebec Opposition. Why shouldn't he? If he were to desert his little following in their hour of need he would be unworthy the confidence reposed in him. A vigorous Opposition is one of the essentials of our parliamentary system, and in consideration of this fact we are almost sorry that Mr. Joly's party in the Quebec House of Assembly is not stronger.

The first meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute for the season was held in the library of the Grosvener Gallery, on the 22nd of November. In the course of his address the President, the Duke of Manchester, said:—"Canada, our oldest colony, and excluding Newfoundland, our nearest, is larger than the United States, if we excepted Alaska. The Canadian growth of cereals will be multiplied fivefold at no very distant day. This was shown by a rapid glance at the agricultural future of Ontario Manitoba, and the whole of the Canadian Far West."

The ice bridge has taken and sleighs are now crossing to Calumet Station.

Canada Pacific Land Grant bonds were sold in Port Hope last Tuesday to the extent of $16,000. A local paper in noting the fact takes occasion to add:—"This security is becoming very popular with moneyed men throughout the Province, and it is likely our capitalists will invest largely in them."

Mrs. Redpath, of Montreal, has endowed the Presbyterian Theological College with $20,000

It is said Hon. James Ferrier, of the Upper House of Quebec Province, has resigned; and that Mr. Cameron, M.P.P. for Huntingdon, will succeed the honorable gentleman.

Large stores on Notre Dame street, Montreal, are illuminated with the electric light.

Last week's business at Halifax station of the I. C. R. was 300 cars inwards and 113 outwards.

The Ontario Assembly has been called for despatch of business on Thursday, January 12th, 1882.

The establishment of a line of Canadian steamers between San Francisco and Japan and China, calling at Victoria, B. C., would enable the Dominion to complete its circuit around the world.

OTTAWA, Dec. 14.—It is stated on good authority that Count Andrassy was so taken with Canada that he has decided to invest considerable capital in North-West lands.

The Montreal *Herald* announces the demise of Mrs. Penny, relict of the late Hon. E. G. Penny, for many years chief editor of that journal. The deceased lady was deservedly held in the highest esteem by a large circle of friends, to whom her geniality of disposition and social qualities generally had greatly endeared her.

The Toronto *World* (Liberal) thus refers to the chief organ of the party:—"The *Globe's* free trade articles would be more intelligible and more generally read if they were made shorter, and contained some particulars as to what duties, besides the duty on coal, it proposes to abolish; also how we are to enjoy free trade when our next door neighbors refuse to trade freely with us; likewise, where our revenue is to come from if we throw our markets open, if we are not to return to the Cartwrightian regime of deficits. These questions may be shirked in wordy newspaper articles, but they cannot be evaded upon the stump, where the free traders have so far failed to match their opponents."

American News.

The United States is becoming prosperous. It is growing an immense surplus of food, and making nearly all the articles which the people need. It is, in fact, becoming independent of foreign nations, and the balance of trade is largely in its favor. This state of things is not quite satisfactory to our English friends. They don't like our American policy of protection to home industry, whereby our laborers get good wages and manufacturers thrive. So they are at work through their agents and emissaries to induce us to take an anti-fat prescription in the form of free trade. They want to reduce us to the level of European nations and colonial dependencies. We guess the American people will not take the prescription. We are pretty well, thank you, and none too fat and prosperous for comfort. Not any free trade in ours. Let well enough alone.

COST OF THE GUITEAU TRIAL.—The *World* says Marshal Henry says the Guiteau trial will cost the Government not far short of $150,000.

George Francis Train offered to defend Guiteau, but the offer was declined.

An interesting event is expected next January in the household of Prince Arthur Duke of Connought, who married the Princess Louise of Prussia March 13, 1870.

A Boston gentleman who has taken a great interest in the poorer classes of society has been traveling extensively in Europe the past summer. He says that in no town or city that he has visited, either in America or Europe, has he found the mill operatives and laboring classes provided with such comfortable tenement houses as in Belfast, Ireland.

European News.

The President's message has produced an excellent effect in England.

A list of 580 victims has been made out in connection with the Vienna calamity. Official list gives 917 as the total number missing.

The Reichstrath voted £50,000 for the Ring theatre sufferers. Municipality of Vienna contributes 5,000 000 florins.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE.—A VIEW FROM THE REPORTERS' GALLERY.—SPEAKER KEIFER'S TRIALS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10 1881.

A "first performance," be it theatrical or parliamentary, always forms a great attraction for the spectacle loving Washingtonians. It was, therefore, not surprising, on last Monday, to find the galleries of the House crowded within, and its portals surrounded by a throng of eager sightseers, intent on taking stock of the new Congress. On occasions like this, I almost cease to bewail the unhappy lot of a journalist, for no matter how crowded the special galleries reserved for the families [illegible] of Members, for diplomats, by the *profanum vulg* wades his way [illegible] and the [illegible] that is striving to catch a glimpse through the windows, with an assurance that he will find a good point of view in the gallery occupied by what Gen. B. F. Butler once designated "the forty jackass power mud machine of the press." But this gallery, of which all members of Congress have a wholesome fear, is very exclusive, for there are quacks, snides and charlatans in this holy profession also. Every correspondent is required to file his credentials, which must state, over the signature of the Editor, that he is the authorized Washington correspondent of his paper. If these credentials receive favorable action from a committee appointed by the House, he is given a ticket signed by the Speaker which entitles him to a seat in the Reporters' Gallery for that session. The way to the Reporters' Gallery of the Senate is equally difficult, and, in each application, the petitioner must sign a paper stating that he is not a clerk in any Government office, and will not be interested in the prosecution of any claim against the Government. Having been duly admitted the correspondent has a position facing the House or Senate, and can hear and see everything going on. It is of great importance for him to be acquainted with the distinguished *dramatis personæ* on the floor, be say nothing of the supers and puppets. But, since eight or ten tragedians, and half as many comedians, make nearly all the noise, if he is sufficiently familiar with their faces to attach their names to their performances he will get along pretty well. If he is not, he will get along pretty ill, for such sublimity of impoliteness has, with help of natural bias, seldom been achieved, as that shown by a Washington journalist when anyone asks him a question. I have long since been through a novitiate, and know how it is.

There was nothing unusual in the organization of the present House. Speaker Keifer was no sooner in the chair than half a dozen members commenced talking to the remote ends of wires and post routes, on points of order, privilege, procedure, and like questions of little importance. An almost inextricable parliamentary tangle resulted, and the new Speaker exhibited more patience than skill in his efforts to manage the unruly Horse. Messrs. Robeson, of New Jersey, and Haskell, of Kansas, fenced for the Republican leadership. Ex-Speaker Randall and S. S. Cox for the leadership of the Democrats. Mr. Kasson looked on in silence from a remote seat, thinking, perhaps, how much better he could wield the gavel than Mr. Keifer, or if this thought did not occur to him, it did to almost everyone present. On Tuesday the same disorderly scenes were repeated, and the outlook is not peaceful for the new Speaker. The House adjourned until Friday, and the committees will probably not be known until next week.

The Senate met, duly organized, and on the second day, while the House was still in the throes of confusion, were listening to the President's message, read by the clerk of the Senate from paper heavily bordered with black.

DEATH.

WOOD.—At East Settlement, on the 13th inst., James Wood, formerly of Roxburghshire, Scotland, aged 77 years.

Funeral takes place to-day at 12 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
—AT—
S. CARSLEY'S.

At S. Carsley's you can buy beautiful quality of Silks and Dress Goods for Christmas Presents at the following prices:—

DEMI GROS GRAIN.

Black Silk	$0.59	Black Silk	$0.67
Black Silk	0.76	Black Silk	0.82
Black Silk	0.85	Black Silk	0.90
Black Silk	0.97	Black Silk	1.00
Black Silk	1.10	Black Silk	1.25

GROS GRAIN!

Black Silk	$0.82	Black Silk	$0.95
Black Silk	1.05	Black Silk	1.20
Black Silk	1.38	Black Silk	1.50
Black Silk	1.58	Black Silk	1.65

RICH!

Black Silk	$1.75	Black Silk	$1.90
Black Silk	2.00	Black Silk	2.25
Black Silk	2.48	Black Silk	2.67
Black Silk	2.75	Black Silk	3.00

COLORED SILK!

Colored Silk	$0.42	Colored Silk	$0.50
Colored Silk	0.65	Colored Silk	0.75
Colored Silk	0.85	Colored Silk	0.90
Colored Silk	0.97	Colored Silk	1.00
Colored Silk	1.08	Colored Silk	1.10
Colored Silk	1.15	Colored Silk	1.20
Colored Silk	1.25	Colored Silk	1.30

DRESS GOODS!

Dress Goods	$0.10	Dress Goods	$0.11
Dress Goods	0.13	Dress Goods	0.14
Dress Goods	0.15½	Dress Goods	0.17
Dress Goods	0.20	Dress Goods	0.21
Dress Goods	0.22½	Dress Goods	0.23½
Dress Goods	0.25	Dress Goods	0.27½
Dress Goods	0.28½	Dress Goods	0.30
Dress Goods	0.32½	Dress Goods	0.34
Dress Goods	0.35½	Dress Goods	0.37
Dress Goods	0.38	Dress Goods	0.39
Dress Goods	0.42	Dress Goods	0.47
Dress Goods	0.47	Dress Goods	0.51
Dress Goods	0.54	Dress Goods	0.57
Dress Goods	0.62	Dress Goods	0.68
Dress Goods	0.70	Dress Goods	0.75
Dress Goods	0.82	Dress Goods	0.89
Dress Goods	0.95	Dress Goods	1.00
Dress Goods	1.15	Dress Goods	1.25

S. CARSLEY.
Now with Clapperton's Thread.

WE would respectfully call your attention to our Photographic Establishment. Our facilities for portraiture are not surpassed; our Rooms are central and replete with choice specimens; our publication of Views comprise MONTREAL QUEBEC, MURRAY BAY, CACOUNA TADOUSAC, SAGUENAY, OTTAWA THOUSAND ISLANDS, TORONTO, NIAGARA, YEOSEMITE VALLEY, LAKE GEORGE, AUSABLE CHASM, SARATOGA, &c. 15 First Prizes awarded.

Studio 195½ St. James Street.
J. G. PARKS,
14 1y Proprietor.

NOTICE.

Strayed into the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 27, in the 5th range of Wentworth, near Lost River, a ram. It has a piece cut off the left ear. Color white. Owner can have it by paying expenses.

16 3t JOHN MCCUAIG.

SHEEP STRAYED.

The undersigned gives notice that five sheep have strayed to his premises. Any person proving ownership, paying cost of keeping them for several weeks, and this advertisement, can have them.

JAMES EARLE.

Bethany, Dec. 12th, 1881. 1 1m.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that application shall be made at the next session of the Legislature of Quebec for an Act incorporating the St. Eustache Railway Company, and authorizing said Company to construct and operate a railway from one point on the line of the North Shore Railway at or near Ste. Therese de Blainville, to some point near or in the village of St. Eustache, and thence to some point in the parish of St. Joseph du lac des Deux Montagnes.

Montreal, 9th Dec., 1881.
LACOSTE, GLOBENSKY & BISAILLON,
Solicitors for Applicants.
16 4tn

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that application shall be made at the next session of the Quebec Legislature for an Act incorporating a railway company with power to construct and operate a railway from some point on the North Shore Railway at or near Lachute, to some point in or near the village of St. Andrews of Argenteuil, under the name of "The Argenteuil Railway Company."

Montreal, 9th December, 1881.
LACOSTE, GLOBENSKY & BISAILLON,
16 5tn Solicitors for Applicants.

DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } *District of Terrebonne.*

A SESSION of the COURT of QUEEN'S BENCH holding Criminal jurisdiction in and for the District of Terrebonne, will be held in the Court House, in the Village of Ste. Scholastique, on Saturday the SEVENTH day of JANUARY next, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence, I give public notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the Common Gaol of the said district, and all others, that they must be present then and there; and I also give notice to all Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers, in and for the said district, that they must be present then and there with their Records, Rolls, Indictments, and other documents, in order to do those things which belong to each of them in respective capacities.

Z. ROUSSILLE,
16 3in SHERIFF.
Sheriff's Office, Ste. Scholastique, 2nd December, 1881.

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.

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. Mayer, lot 46 no. 9. Also, the farm situated in the 2nd range, formerly owned by the late John O'Brien, being lot no. 39
TERMS EASY. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to the proprietor,
JAMES MILLER,
n8 3m Cushing.

NATIONAL PILLS
SUGAR COATED. PURELY VEGETABLE
Highly recommended for Biliousness, Head-Ache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Loss of Memory, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any illness arising from the Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys. They are safe, mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 4 pills is a dose.
PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

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

INDEX
TO DISEASES, COMPLAINTS AND ACCIDENTS which HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is guaranteed to cure or relieve either in MAN or BEAST.
TAKEN INTERNALLY FOR
CROUP, CRAMPS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, COLDS, &c.
APPLIED EXTERNALLY FOR
RHEUMATISM, CHILBLAINS, SWELLINGS, GALLS, LAMENESS, CONTRACTIONS LUMBAGO, DEAFNESS, SPRAINS, NEURALGIA, CALLOUS LUMPS STIFF JOINTS, FROST BITE, CORNS, BRUISES, ITCH, PAIN IN BACK, PAIN IN SIDE, &c.
Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.
DIRECTIONS WITH EACH BOTTLE. PRICE 25c.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors
TORONTO, ONT.

BREAD—HOPE'S—BREAD
J. HOPE'S BREAD still leading as testified by the almost unprecedented demand which

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 (all kinds, Candies (The Best) and always fresh.
The following list of Stores keep his bread for sale, and see that the brand HOPE is on each loaf:—
LACHUTE.
W. Bamford & Co., East End.
G. L. Meikle, Post Office.
J. Patineaud, Montreal House.
J. & R. Bamford, 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.
CHATHORO.
C. Bradford.
MUDDY BRANCH.
E. Leblanc.
F. Naubert.
BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.
J. HOPE,
Proprietor.
14 1f LACHUTE BAKERY.

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.
une 1811 51-1y

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.
The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the FERTILE BELT of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory for sale at
$2.50 PER ACRE.
Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at six per cent.
A REBATE OF $1.25 PER ACRE
being allowed, on certain conditions, for cultivation and other improvements.
THE LAND GRANT BONDS
of the Company, which can be procured at all the Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, and other Banking Institutions throughout the country, will be
RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT PREMIUM
on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.
Special arrangements made with Emigration and Land Companies.
For full particulars, apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN MCTAVISH, Winnipeg; or to the undersigned
By order of the Board,
CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.
MONTREAL, *December 1st, 1881.* 16-4

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 Jawish 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

PLACIDE LATOUR,
BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.
COLLECTING AGENT,
Private Detective,
and confidential
Secret-Service Agent.
All business promptly attended to.
v5, 11y

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 buck wheat, 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 of lb., sugars, coffees, spices, herrings, pork, hams, and general groceries, all at lowest cash prices.
FISH & IRELAND.
Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

WM. BANFORD
is agent for
McCall's
NEW YORK BAZAR PATTERNS,
and keeps a full stock on hand.
Orders may be left with J. Bamford & Co's at West End Store, and will be promptly filled.
Lachute, Oct., 1881. v5 n8 1y

PLACIDE LATOUR,
BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.
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Lachute, Oct., 1881. v5 n8 1y

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
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 rushing, 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 crapes, 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.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY!
Ploughs and Plough castings of all kinds.
Stoves in great variety.
Agricultural and general machinery of all kinds made to order.
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

There is no excuse for suffering from

Liking and Disliking.

Ye who know the reason, tell me
How it is that instinct still
Prompts the heart to like—or like not—
At its own capricious will?
Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impressions first are led
Into liking—or disliking—
Oft before a word be said?

Why should smiles sometimes repel us,
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
What is that which comes to tell us
All that glitters is not gold?
Oh, no feature, plain or striking,
But a power we cannot shun,
Prompts our liking or disliking,
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit—
Which protects us, and controls
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of souls?
Is it instinct? Is it nature?
Or some freak or fault of chance,
Which our liking or disliking,
Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiment of danger,
Though the sky no shadow flings,
Or that inner sense, still stranger,
Of unseen—unutter'd things!
Is it—oh, can no one tell me,
No one show sufficient cause
Why our likings and dislikings
Have their own instinctive laws?

Saturday Night Reflections.

Nothing ages like laziness.

The world is a masked ball.

Tears are the strength of woman.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

Avoid a slanderer as you would a scorpion.

The art of praising caused the art of speaking.

Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill-nature.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

There are people who are almost in love, almost famous and almost happy.

The sphere of Christian duty is not there nor yonder, but here, just where you are.

The two powers which constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.

When our fortunes are at the lowest our wits and minds are commonly at the best.

Language is not an instrument into which a fool breathe it will make melody.

Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white hair.

Love is a compound of honey and gall, mixed in various proportions for customers.

Religion is good for nothing one day in the week unless it is also good for all the seven days.

Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to entertain others with your faults.

Seeking and blundering are so far good that it is by seeking and blundering that we obtain knowledge.

This instant is thine, the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

The science of life may be thus epitomized—to know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

Life does not count by years. Some suffer a lifetime in a day, and so grow old between the rising and setting of the sun.

Our incomes are like our shoes; if too small, they gall and pinch us; but if too large, they cause us to stumble and to trip.

Of all human frailties there are none so base as ingratitude, none so infamous as to return evil for good—to debase the purest friendship extended to us by life-long friends.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

The man whose thoughts, motives and aspirations and feelings are all devoted to himself, is the poorest of judges as to the effect of his own action on others.

If man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

When God would educate a man He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the Necessities rather than to the Graces, that by knowing all suffering he may know, also, the eternal consolation.

Notes from the Churches.

Talking about preachers, Abraham Lincoln once said: "I don't like to hear cut-and dried sermons. No—when I hear a man preach I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees!"

Josh Billings disposes of Bob Ingersoll in the following manner: "I wouldn't give 5 cents to hear Bob Ingersoll on 'The Mistakes of Moses,' but would give $500 to hear Moses on the mistakes of Bob Ingersoll."

In Ceylon, where Christian women are married to heathen husbands, generally the influence in the household is Christian; whereas when a Christian man takes a heathen woman the influences of the household are on the side of heathenism.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Free Methodist Church, of Fulton, N. Y., is blind, but he discharges the duties of the pastorate with his wife's help. She accompanies him to church at every service, occupies the pulpit with him, reads the Scriptures and the hymns.

The revised Testament is not used by the churches of New Haven, Conn. The clergymen of that town soon after the work was issued decided that instances of bad English were too numerous to admit of the edition being used. One of the gentlemen states that he has counted 150 instances of faulty English in one of the Epistles to the Corinthians.

The Archbishop of York had a shy at the Ritualists in talking against "Secularism" in the recent 'Church Congress. "Shame upon us," he cried, "if with foes closing in upon us, instead of studying the map and the routes and dividing the commands, we are studying the color of the uniform and the lace upon the jacket!"

Professor Robertson Smith, in returning thanks for the testimonial presented him the other day in Edinburgh, said that if Christianity could hope to keep the place it had previously held in the first rank of human culture—nay, above the rank of human culture—it was only by throwing itself again into deeper and more learned research, into more study of its own nature, its origin and its powers.

Checked in Time.

Mr. P. M. Powley, East River, N. S., writes a very short and pointed history of a cold which it became at one time his duty and interest to get rid of. "I had had it for a long time, it was becoming seated; medical treatment did it no good; tried Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam, the first dose benefited me. I am now perfectly well through its use." This is an instance of an insidious disease being taken in time and the results. If it had been permitted to pursue its ravages a short time longer, even Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam might not have been able to do more than temporarily to relieve the pain; but being taken as it was the cure was speedy and complete.

A eucalyptus planted near Mentone in 1869 had a height of fifty feet and a diameter of forty inches at three feet from the ground in 1874. It is strange that a tree which has such marvellous absorptive powers should be the special product of the driest of countries, its chief original home being, it seems, Australia.

A REAL ROMANCE.

The Heiress of Six Millions' Secret Marriage.

A despatch from Old Point Comfort says a romance has just come to light here in regard to the marriage of Miss Fargo, the heiress of $6,000,000, made by her father in Wells & Fargo's express. She became engaged during the past summer to Lieut. H. G. Squires, of the army, stationed at Fort Monroe. Her mother opposed the match, but the young lady having a spirit of her own determined to circumvent parental opposition, so on the 11th of last October she and Lieutenant Squires went for a walk to the Hygeia Hotel at Hampton. On reaching Hampton they went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Gravatt and announced their intention of being married then and there. Mr. Gravatt made no objection to tying the knot, but owing to the serious illness of his wife the party adjourned to the house of a neighbor, Mr. Heffelfinger, where the ceremony was performed. Mr. and Mrs. Squires then returned to Old Point. Nobody suspected they were married, as the clergyman and witnesses had been bound over to secrecy. Toward the last of October Miss Fargo, as she was still called, left with her mother for their home in Buffalo, and a few days afterward Mr. Squires followed her and claimed his wife. Locking the stable door was no use then, so Mr. and Mrs. Squires returned to Fort Monroe, and the marriage was published as having taken place on the 11th of October. So well had they kept their secret that not the least suspicion was awakened in regard to the true state of the case, and the announcement was a thunderclap to their most intimate friends.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

Not an Unmixed Blessing in England.

English benefit societies are falling into disfavor, and not without cause, if reliance is to be placed in the returns recently rendered of paupers in English workhouses who had belonged to members of these organizations. The total number of indoor adult male paupers who have ceased to be members of benefit societies is 11,034, of these 7,391 have ceased to be members by reason of non-payment of contributions, withdrawal or dismissal, and 3,913 breaking up of the society. Of the latter, there were those who were members who had been members for less than ten years, 1,720; for ten years and less than twenty years, 1,026; for twenty years and less than thirty years, 612; for thirty years and upwards, 555. This indicates a scandalous state of things. It is really painful to think that the law should be so loose that men of a frugal turn of mind, after paying in contributions to a benefit society for over thirty years should, by the collapse of the institution, be driven by necessity to the workhouse.

Notes on Ladies' Fashions.

Steel beads are passe, all others are worn.

Cloth suits trimmed with fur are very fashionable.

Pale blondes should not attempt to wear light gray.

Large bonnets and hats of plush or beaver are decidedly in the ascendant.

Japanese parasols flattened and stuck on the wall are "quite too too" and esthetic.

Red paper fishes with blue eyes are the latest novelty in Japanese hanging ornaments for rooms.

Striped novelty fabrics with shot threads of gold in hair lines are much used in composite costumes.

Cloth princesse dresses for small girls have a quilted silk lining throughout the skirt and waist.

One of the most effective stripes in new colors is of orange with hair lines of gold and edged with black.

The long Biarritz gloves are now shown in olive and silver gray shades, as well as in the popular tan colors.

Feather plush, woven of uncurled ostrich feathers, is among the choicest and most becoming of trimmings.

The rage for Japanese ornaments of all kinds for rooms, halls, parlors, chambers and boudoirs is on the increase.

Watered silks are combined with cashmere, Surah and plush in the French costumes imported for misses and little girls.

"Hamlet" Without Costumes.

At Waterbury, Conn., on Monday night Edwin Booth and his company played "Hamlet" to a large audience. The peculiarity about the performance was that it was given without the proper costumes and the conventional accessories. The result was novel, to say the least, and the effect was not unlike that of a rehearsal. Many of the situations were amusing which are not set down as such in book, as may be readily imagined. The ghost a very substantial and worthy gentleman in a stylish fall suit, could hardly fail to make a hit, but hardly of the kind intended by the immortal author. The company had been playing in Baltimore the week before, and had checked their baggage and properties through to Waterbury. Through carelessness on the part of railroad officials the baggage failed to arrive, but it was decided not to disappoint the large audience. At 8.30 Mr. Booth stepped forward to the footlights, explained the situation, and said that they would go ahead and give the three principal acts of "Hamlet," doing the best they could without suitable wardrobe and properties, and conclude the entertainment with the farce "A Quiet Family," or the audience could have their money refunded. Only a few people left.

Canadian Royalty in England.

The day following the arrival of the Governor-General in England His Excellency drove from Eaton Hall, with the Princess Louise, to Chester on a visit to the Deanery. Dean Howson afterwards accompanied the Marquis through the renovated cathedral. On leaving, the Marquis and Princess Louise drove to Hawarden Castle, where they lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. At 3 o'clock they left the castle and returned to Eaton Hall. The Marquis and Princess were there joined by the Duke of Westminster, the Earl and Countess Grosvenor, Captain and Lady Beatrice Compton Cavendish, and left for Chester general station, *en route* for London. The streets of Chester were thronged to witness the departure of the Marquis and the Princess. At the station a large crowd gathered, who cheered the visitors. A red carpet had been laid from the station entrance to the royal saloon attached to the express to Euston. Ropes had also been put up to form a barricade and a body of the city police was present to maintain order. After a short delay the train drew out of the station amid loud cheers, the Governor-General and the Princess acknowledging the compliment by repeatedly bowing.

Herring and Haddocks.

Speaking of misplacing the "h," the most ludicrous instance we ever heard of was that of a philanthropic English friend of ours. He laughingly tells the story:

Speaking at a public meeting, and wishing to enforce his remarks with a poetical quotation, he commenced:

"Speak gently to the herring."

Of course the audience laughed, and while he stood astonished at their levity a friend who was sitting behind him whispered:

"It would be useless to do that; they are as deaf as haddocks."

He saw the point.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

After five years' absence in Europe, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull has returned to the United States.

FATAL EXPLOSION.

Serious Conflagration at Minneapolis—Several People Killed.

A Minneapolis (Minn.) despatch says: At 4 o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in the milling district, destroying four large flour mills, one cotton mill, and causing the death of at least four men. The fire broke out in the flour mills of C. A. Pillsbury & Co., communicated to the Excelsior mill, owned by Dorillus Morrison and operated by Pillsbury & Co., and to the Minneapolis mill, owned by Crocker, Fisk & Co., which exploded, killing Neill Fredericks, first assistant engineer of the fire department. The fire then communicated to the Empire mill, owned by L. F. Watson, of Massachusetts, and operated by Pillsbury & Co. The street having been reached at this point, the fire was got under control, but brands from the conflagration falling upon the roof of a cotton mill near by, owned by Dorillus Morrison, it was also consumed. A railroad on trestle work in rear of the mills and several freight cars filled with wheat were also consumed. The explosion at the mill of Crocker & Fisk levelled the walls crushing the elevated railroad in front, killing three persons, injuring another fatally, and several others in a less degree. Possibly more than three fatalities occurred, but how many cannot be definitely stated. Fireman Daly, who was on the elevated railroad, was killed, and several other firemen occupying the same position were injured, and the force somewhat disorganized. The third person, not yet identified, was killed by a flyin missile. Another person standing under the railroad was crushed to death. The explosion was violent, shattering the windows ten blocks away. The mill had been shut down for some time, and the explosion may have been caused by confined gas or flour dust. The capacity of the mills burned is 2,400 barrels.

LATER.—Alex. Burk, sweeper in the Pittsburg mill, who was standing on the office steps, was struck on the head with a stone and died from his injuries. An unknown citizen was found killed outright. The wounded are: Daniel Harbach, fireman, badly cut; F. T. Coulter, fireman, left arm broken, right ear severed and otherwise severely injured; Alfred Kelkey, fireman, struck by a rock and badly injured. H. Snyder, mill foreman, received a bad scalp wound and was hurled into the canal, but escaped; Thos. Mullen, miller, was thrown into the canal and cut. Loss, $416,000. Insurance, $207,000.

WHISKEY AND WATER.

A Wrecking Company with a Novel Object.

The waters of the great lakes hide almost as many mysteries as old ocean itself, and the daily round of life of sailors on the lakes would furnish material for many a narrative that would sound like romance. One of the curiosities next season will be the search for a cargo of liquor that has been at the bottom of Lake Erie for over thirty years. A company has been incorporated in Chicago called the Favorite Wrecking Company. Its capital is $50,000 and its object the raising of the schooner Favorite, which sank off Sister Island away back in the forties. The Favorite had on board about 500 barrels of Canadian whiskey and brandy. The vessel has been seen several times from the surface in fair weather, and the wreckers expect that if they are successful in their search the "Favorite" brand of whiskey will be in great demand, and it will probably have less water in it than if it was on land all these years.

An Atlantic Express Ferry.

As already briefly stated by telegraph, a movement is on foot in New York, headed by Jacob Lorillard, to start a new American line of steamships to Europe. It is proposed to take a passenger from New York on Monday morning and place him in London before Saturday night. The Company believe they will be able to make the trip across in five days, or in five days and a half at the most. Their vessels will be five hundred feet long, and will be built of steel, to produce weight. They will be provided with power three times as great in their proportion to displacement as is obtained by ships now afloat. They will be divided into water-tight compartments, rendering them absolutely unsinkable. There will be fifty such compartments in each ship. No freight of any sort will be carried. There will be no accommodations for immigrants. Everything is to be in first-class style. Probably higher rates will be asked than are in vogue on the present lines—possibly an average of $50 more. Passengers will not be assessed for extras under any circumstances. No charges will be made for wines, or for porterage, nor will the servants be allowed to levy heavy taxes in the way of fees. Three ships will be built to start with. Each ship will have accommodations for five hundred passengers, and each will cost over $1,000,000, probably $1,250,000. The boats will not run to Liverpool. Their landing place will be Milford Haven, in Wales, which is two hundred miles nearer London than is Liverpool. Its harbor, too, can be entered on all sides. It is expected that a start will be made by the spring of 1883.

Tranquility.

Charles Fox, one of England's greatest statesmen, was fond of repeating the sentiment;—"How various his employments whom the world calls idle," while Dr. Sacy, a Port Royalist, was equally fond of the remark of a man of wit, "That all the mischief in the world comes from not being able to keep ourselves quiet in our rooms." In connection with this subject it is a well known fact that the men who do the least always seem to be overwhelmed with business, while on the contrary the men who do the most have the most leisure. Were Dr. Sacy's idea adopted by all, Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment would have little opportunity to show its complete mastery over rheumatism, frost bites, chilblains, ringworms, felons, etc., but such ailments as erysipelas would make it a necessity for every room. It is dangerous to be without it.

Second-Sight Performers.

Haidee Heller, once the assistant of Robert Heller in his second-sight performances, is now a cashier in a fashionable London restaurant. She has made several attempts to teach that famous trick to others since Heller's death, with a view to continuing it in public, but no one was able to master it sufficiently for practical purposes. The system is simple, and has frequently been explained as consisting of the use of phrases, words and even the initials of words, to designate familiar objects, and to spell out the names of unfamiliar ones; but a wonderfully quick mind is needed to employ it in a manner to deceive audiences. Heller was so clever an actor, too, and had by twenty years of practice so elaborated the deception, that nobody is likely soon to equal him.

At a recent wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, in London, five out of the six bridesmaids wore different colors. This novelty was rightly suggestive of a rainbow. One wore blue, another red, a third violet, and a fourth bronze. The two others, who were children, wore cream color.

A naughty paragrapher says the most popular air at the banquet last week was "'all to the chief!"—*Chatham Banner.*

It is not a bad idea to hang the emotionally insane first and then discuss the propriety of it afterward. Such a course would have the effect of balancing a large number of minds in this country if it were properly carried out.—*Detroit News.*

MONTANA LETTER.

Thanksgiving on the Yellowstone—Rich Finds of Gold and Silver—The Northern Pacific.

Letter to Hamilton Times.

COULSON, Montana,
Nov. 24th, 1881.

To-day is doubtless being observed throughout the United States by a general consumption of turkeys and other doings that make up what is generally accepted as the most sincere and hearty mode of returning thanks for the prosperity enjoyed by the nation during the past year, and it is altogether likely that such cheerful observance is more pleasing to the great Giver than less enjoyable ceremonies would be.

Away up here in the Northwest we cannot be expected, with our limited facilities, to give so many evidences of our thankfulness as they do in the States, and we cannot wind up the festivities of the day by devout attendance at church or theatre, but we flatter ourselves that in the most important ceremony of the day we can do our duty. By daily exercise in the pure air of the Montana prairies we have developed appetites that would strike terror to the heart of an eastern boarding-house keeper, while the vigor and staying powers which we can exhibit in an encounter with a thanksgiving dinner would convince the most sceptical of our sincerity.

To-day our party was strengthened by such engineers of the Northern Pacific, west of the Big Horn River, as could respond to Col. Pike's invitation to dine with him, and those east of the Big Horn were entertained by Col. Clough, at Miles City. As nearly all the engineers over 500 miles of the line west of the Missouri River are more or less acquainted with each other, and are generally a whole-souled lot of fellows, such re-unions are very pleasant.

Most of the inhabitants of Coulson, no doubt, spent at least part of the day playing "stud poker," which is as much a national game of the Yellowstone Valley as lacrosse is of Canada.

At this season, latitude and elevation, one would naturally expect to find a fully developed winter, but with the exception of a very few days we have had simply glorious weather. The thermometer outside of our tent now registers 51° above zero, and it generally ranges between 50° and 60° during the days. We have experienced several hard frosts and a few flurries of snow, but not enough yet to whiten the ground for any length of time. Though I have spent a number of winters along between the 38th and 40th parallels I never before experienced anything like such pleasant weather up to this date.

Indications point to a tremendous stampede to the Clark's Fork and Boulder River gold regions next spring. It has been known for years that the mountain through which these streams course contain gold deposits of extraordinary richness, but the fact that they lie within the reservation for the Crow Indians prevented any development, and prospectors kept their discoveries quiet, waiting for that part of the reservation to be thrown open. It now seems likely that a treaty will soon be concluded with the Crows for that section, but even if it should fail the stampede will take place. About one hundred miners have been quietly washing out gold up there all summer, and some of them are there still, holding claims. There is now in our camp about a peck of specimens brought down by prospectors, containing gold, silver and galena. Some of it is bright with small grains of gold evenly mixed through the rock, and in one or two specimens there are little lumps of pure gold and silver, from the size of a pea down. One sample of ore from Clark's Fork assayed $27,000 per ton.

One of our carpenters is a fair specimen of the "honest miner." He hails from Deadwood, always carries a pan in his baggage, and washes out dirt in every section he visits. On his way up the river he tried his luck at various points along the Yellowstone, and even the dirt thrown out of our new well was tested. As all the sands of the Yellowstone, down to Powder River at least, contain a slight mixture of "float gold," he found "colors" at nearly every attempt.

Some rich deposits of gold have been discovered near Fort Maginnis, on the Musselshell, which will also attract a crowd of miners next year. As the trail to the Musselshell leaves the Yellowstone Valley at this point, and the trail to the Clark's Fork mines turns up that river fourteen miles west of us, the gold fever will co-operate with the numerous other powerful influences that will next year make Coulson a city. Coulson will do a large outfitting trade, and for some years to come there will be an excessive demand for the products of the valley, which now command from 300 to 1,000 per cent. higher than eastern prices. I expect this statement will be discredited by most of your readers, but it is true, nevertheless, of everything except wheat and meat. We now consider potatoes (of which enormous crops are raised in even the poorest sections of the Yellowstone Valley) a luxury, and do not expect to get a supply for the winter. The price reached 17c. per lb. at Miles City this year, and though production will be largely increased next year the demand will far exceed the supply. A settler near Glendive recently exhibited fifty potatoes which weighed over one hundred pounds, and some of which weighed four pounds each.

In view of the above facts it is no wonder that speculators are already flocking in, on the lookout for both town lots and farming lands, and are taking up all of the latter they can get in their own names or that of anybody else, but in the latter case no one except an actual settler has much chance of holding land. Both the Government and Northern Pacific regulations recognize the right of the settler, squatter or otherwise, and the man who is found living upon and cultivating the land is given the first opportunity to homestead, pre-emption or purchase in all cases. No large tracts of land are sold to speculators, and no person, whatever may be his prominence as railway or Government official, can obtain more land than the poorest immigrant, except by purchase of perfected titles. The regulations relating to Montana lands are more rigid in this respect than in other territories.

There are several hundred thousand acres in this valley, between Coulson and Benson's Landing, not yet appropriated, but I believe that next year will see every acre of good land located, and those who locate in time will make handsome profits from the first. I have no hesitation in saying that I would rather have the profits from an intelligently worked farm here for the next five years than from the best eastern farm I know of for fifty years, and even without any gold fever to enhance prices the balance would still be in favor of the western farm by several diameters. There is now hardly a Crow Indian on the reservation, the whole nation being engaged in hunting buffalo, north of the Yellowstone. There are about five hundred white men in the same business, and as the buffalo are rather scarce this season, the Indians and white men may take a notion to hunt each other. We have seen no Indians for some time, except a large party of Bannacks and Snakes, or Shoshones, from Idaho, who paid us a visit while on their way to the buffalo ranges. They were a motley crowd.

Operations on the Northern Pacific are being pushed with increasing vigor. The graders that I passed nearly three hundred miles east of this last spring are now at work thirty-five miles west of this point, and many thousands of men are now employed upon the tunnel, through the main divide of the Rockies at Bozeman Pass and other pieces of heavy work in the mountains. There seems to be no reason to doubt Mr. Villard's prediction that within two years trains will run through from New York to Puget Sound. The mountains west of us present a constant series of beautiful views, and even the old mountaineers, who are familiar with the grand peaks of Colorado, cannot repress their expressions of admiration. By sunrise, sunset, moonlight and all other times, the varied effects of light and shade on the dazzling white peaks, ridges and ravines afford us an everlasting grand panorama which never loses interest. The cloud arrangements are of infinite variety, and the storms that rage among the crags and gorges, seventy miles distant, are distinctly visible. Sometimes a snow storm rages along the base, while the summits are bathed in sunshine, and at others the clouds scrape themselves into snow flakes along the rugged ridges, while all is serene on the lower slopes. S. P. P.

AT A FOE'S MERCY.

The U. S. Navy Practically Useless for Defensive Purposes.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Rear-Admiral John Rodgers, President of the Naval Advisory Board, is reported as saying: "Our navy is capable of neither inflicting material harm nor affording adequate protection from the assaults of either Chili, Brazil or Buenos Ayres, to say nothing of England, France, Germany, Italy or Spain. There are complications in Chili which possibly might lead to war. In that event, San Francisco and New York are practically at the mercy of Chili's ironclads. At best, it would be years before we could construct a vessel capable of opposing the Invincible, the Inflexible or any one of the dozen English ironclads. What we want are fast cruisers that would threaten the merchant marine of any country with which we are likely to come into collision." Mr. Rodgers is doubtful as to the expediency of building ironclads and is not sure whether we are not approaching the time when ships-of-war will throw off armor and fight in the lightest rig. Rear-Admiral C. P. Rodgers thinks, even if we have no war, the ships proposed by the Advisory Board are needed for the present uses of the navy. Chief Constructor Easby, head of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, thinks if the proposed appropriation of $30,000,000 were immediately available the vessels recommended by the Board could be built in about four years or less.

A SAD STORY.

A Beautiful Young Girl Driven to Death by Scandalous Reports.

A New York despatch says Long Branch circles have been greatly excited during the past week over the death and burial of a beautiful young girl named Lizzie Breece, who was literally driven to the grave by the tongue of scandal. Deceased was only 14 years of age, but was remarkably well developed, being as fully matured as the average girl of 18. She was engaged to a rising young merchant of Chicago, with the approval of her parents, who had decided, however, that the marriage should be deferred until she was a few years older. Miss Breece was a daughter of Mr. Richard V. Breece, one of the Board of Commissioners of Long Branch. He and his family, consisting of himself and wife, Miss Lizzie and another daughter 5 years old, resided in a handsome villa at East Long Branch. Miss Breece was a pupil at the high school. Last summer she was ill several months from malarial fever. As a consequence, she was absent from school during the conclusion of the last session. While she was absent some of her fellow pupils, who were jealous of her beauty and popularity, spread a report affecting her character. When she returned to school in September some thoughtless pupil told her of the scandal, which so preyed on the girl's mind that it brought on an attack of brain fever, which finally developed into congestion of the brain, and resulted fatally. Her family knew nothing of Miss Breece's trouble until she revealed it in her ravings. At first they supposed it to be merely an hallucination, until its frequent iteration caused Mr. Breece to make inquiries among the girl's school companions, from one of whom he learned the whole sad story. It was found impossible to trace the scandal to its source.

THE CRANK EPIDEMIC.

A "Professor" who Claims to be "The True Messiah" Arrested.

A despatch from Washington says: Prof. J. W. Shiveler, who calls himself "the True Messiah," arrived here on Thursday. He addressed letters to Judge Cox, Attorney Porter, and others connected with the Guiteau trial, to convince them of the fallacy of Guiteau's alleged inspiration. In the letter to Cox he demanded to be put on the stand to confront Guiteau, and to tell the court where and how to find this awful Deity of the Republican party. Shiveler was arrested to-day. He will be sent to an insane asylum. He is apparently 60 years old, with long white hair and heavy grey beard.

From Saratoga, N. Y., we have a later telegram, which says: Prof. Shiveler, claiming to be the true Messiah, who was arrested in Washington yesterday, is a resident of Saratoga. He came originally from Virginia. His wife says he has suffered from neuralgia in the head, and at times conducted himself in a peculiar manner, but is perfectly harmless. Mrs. Shiveler has communicated with her friends in Alexandria, Va., to look after her husband.

More remarkable in some respects than any of the proposed canals—Maryland, Florida, Fundy, Kraw, Kiel, Corinth or Cape Cod—is the one now in contemplation across southern France, to connect the Atlantic Ocean with the Mediterranean. By its very terms this project takes rank among canals of the first or interoceanic order; with the Suez and Panama undertakings. It must also rank with them in the vast expense of construction. But is such a canal likely to pay for itself? That is the real question; and an affirmative answer will turn even the Iberian peninsula into an artificial island, like other tempting peninsulas of the day.

The Australian colonies are discovering the importance of steps to preserve their forests from further destruction, not only on the ground that the timber should be protected, but in order to prevent losses in the water supply. Evils which attend the destruction of trees are already felt in many provinces in an increased dryness of climate, longer droughts and more numerous bush fires. During the thirty-eight years ending in 1868 the average annual destruction of the New Zealand forests was 23 per cent., and in the five succeeding years 20 per cent. It is proposed in South Australia that a block of 200,000 acres be reserved for systematic tree planting, and that in the first year $70,000 be expended on it, and in each of the eleven following years $52,500, a total expense of $650,000. After the first five years there would be, it is estimated, a revenue from periodical thinnings of $175,000, and in twenty-one years they would possess 310 square miles of forest.

All the material to repair the constant waste of our bodies has to be prepared chemically by the stomach or liver. What wonder, then, that they are so frequently deranged. Fortunately we have in that admirable compound, Dr. Wilson's Antibilious and Preserving Pills, a sure cure for all these derangements.

—Even in Shakspeare's time Patience sat smiling on a monument. This plainly proves that the esthetic craze is no new thing.

THE ABERDEEN GRAVE ROBBERY.

Full particulars of the Theft of the Earl of Crawford's Corpse—Arrested on Suspicion—A Troublesome Funeral.

A London despatch says: The latest intelligence from Aberdeen respecting the grave robbery states that three persons' footmarks have been traced, but it is believed that there must be more than that number concerned in the removal of the Earl of Crawford's remains from Dunecht, if not in the actual theft of the body from the vault. Inquiries have been made of the railway officials, who say that they have no trace of any package which would be likely to contain a human body. The present Earl and others of the family have from time to time received a number of anonymous letters stating that the late Earl's body had been removed, but no notice was taken, as it was not thought that the writers were serious. The vault is now guarded by a strong force of police, and every precaution has been taken against the entrance of any unauthorized person. A laborer in the locality has been arrested, and the Sheriff and Procurator Fiscal have gone to make the necessary investigations. The man's boots correspond with the footprints found near the tomb, casts of which have been taken. It seems more than probable that the removal of the body must have taken place months ago. The coffin, when it was found rifled of its contents, was covered with dust and mildew. The dust which had fallen from the saw employed to cut open the coffin was hidden by a fungoid growth, and the edges of the cut leaden shell were not as bright as they would have been had the depredation been newly committed, but were dull and blackened by lapse of time. Lord Crawford has placed the matter in the hands of his London solicitors, who have been in communication with the Home Office and with Scotland Yard on the subject. All sorts of theories are current as to the theft. It is even asserted that the body never actually reached the country. It is suggested that the thieves are from Florence, where the body was embalmed. The Dowager Countess and family are at Dunecht, and the present Earl arrived from the continent yesterday. The papers recall many singular circumstances connected with the body of the late Earl, which met with curious misfortunes on the way to its last resting-place. In the first place, there was immense difficulty in transporting it across the Alps. Then there was a violent gale in crossing the channel; the coffin had to be lashed on deck. Then at Aberdeen no hearse was found large enough for it, and the outer shell had to be removed. Lastly, on the day of the removal from Aberdeen to Dunecht, in one of the most violent snow-storms ever known, the hearse was snowed up on the journey for several days.

"HEAVENS, IS THAT THING LOADED?"

The Exclamation of a London Youth on being Shot by a "Didn't-Know-it-was-Loaded" Donkey.

A telegram from London of Saturday's date says James Black, a plumber in the employ of D. McPhie & Co., with a boy named Fred. Rankin, an assistant of Mr. Black's, had been engaged during the forenoon at the Dominion Bank. About noon they completed their work there, and after dinner went down to Burns & Lewis' wholesale house, and were about beginning work in the cellar, when Black asked the boy where his tools were. The boy went to get them, and on getting over to the corner where they lay, drew out a pistol, and pointing it at Black, said, in a mock heroic way, "You had not better say anything to me. Remember I am armed." At this time the elevator came down from the story above, on which were two boys, James Helpin, also an assistant of Blacks, and Albert E. Griffith, a clerk in Burns & Lewis'. Rankin pointed the pistol at Helpin, and then at Griffith, and drew the trigger. Griffith clapped his hand on his left hip, and sank on the floor exclaiming, "Heavens, is that thing loaded!" Great confusion prevailed. Griffith was conveyed to his home at 34 Waterloo street, where three doctors were immediately in attendance. They decided not to probe for the bullet, as the consequences were almost certain to be fatal. The bullet entered the left buttock, and is supposed to have passed almost through the body. The doctors regard Griffith's chances of recovery as extremely doubtful. Rankin says he did not know the pistol was loaded. He will probably be arrested.

A Model Mother.

When on Wednesday afternoon a Brooklyn lady was followed home by a man whom she had never before seen she naturally was frightened and left the fellow to her mother, who had opened the door. Under such circumstances the ordinary mother usually slams the door in a frightened sort of way and hurries to the parlor to peer cautiously through curtains or blinds to see what sort of an animal it is that has broken loose. But what the Brooklyn mother did was to invite the nuisance into the house and pretend to send for her daughter, to whom the fellow had asked to be introduced. First, however, she rang her burglar alarm. Results—A policeman, an arrest, a night in the station-house and a ten-dollar fine, but no introduction to the lady. If there were more of such women there would be fewer complaints about insolent men. Women should remember that it is perfectly safe to take such cases in their own hands, for a man who in any way annoys a lady is sure to be a sneak and a coward.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Wonders of November.

The month of November, just passed was one of the most remarkable on record, especially in respect to phenomena of vegetation. There were, during the month, many instances of trees laden with ripe fruit, and at the same time covered with the blossoms common to spring. Isaac Appleby, living near Monticello, N. Y., avers that he picked ripe strawberries in a meadow on his farm in November, and that as late as the middle of the month dandelions were in bloom in his fields. Violets were found in the field near a New Jersey town, and the pastures afforded more food for cattle than ever before so late in the season.

A Love Tragedy in One Chapter.

"Tell me you will marry me, or I will swallow this poison," said the madly infatuated Frank E. Marvin, a Chicago mechanic, to Mrs. Dowling, a prepossessing widow, but some years his senior, tapping the package which he held in the palm of one of his hands. To her provokingly merry laugh he replied solemnly, "Once for all, be my wife or I'll die right here." When she said, "No, it is impossible," he swallowed the poison, threw himself on her bed and died within a few hours. Her refusal was based upon the knowledge that he had at home a widowed mother and two sisters, who depended upon him entirely for support.

The following prescription is said by a scientific journal of Venezuela to be an unfailing remedy for inebriety: "Take three brown-backed frogs, cut them up fine and macerate them for ten days in alcohol This extract is to be administered to the patient in half ounce doses three times a day for two weeks and then in diminished quantity. The effect is to destroy all love of alcohol or its compounds for ever after." The mixture might be termed a frog cocktail.

It is understood that the marriage of Prince Leopold with Princess Helena of Waldeck will take place at Windsor Castle in March.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—One touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.

—Never go back on an old friend, even if he has risen to influence and distinction.

—The Boston *Traveller* says that the rule of our time is "housekeeping made easy."

—The *Courier-Journal* says the Louisville ladies trim their bonnets on the congregation side.

—Ernestine writes: "Would you like a poem on November?" Certainly, dear Ernestine—say on November 1, 3847.

—"Are the squirrels very thick this year?" asked a New York man of a returned hunter. "Well, yes," said he, reflectively; "the one I got was."

—A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

—There are two parts in the life of a coat-on-his-arm young man—the time when he gets cold in carrying his coat and the time when he warms up in the office.

A give-me-credit young man
A "where-di-the-horse-fly" young man,
"A you-taffy me
And I'll-taffy-thee,"
A three-dollar-a-week-young-man.

—Dr. Cochrane has received $150 from the Presbyterian Church of Ireland for the Home Mission Fund of the Canada Presbyterian Church.

—Symptoms of the approach of Christmas are to be seen on every side. Christmas goods and cards are visible in the shop windows. The shops are crowded, not so much with present as with prospective purchasers, and now and then paterfamilias can be discovered smuggling suspicious brown paper parcels into the house. The holiday feeling is in the air.

—A Yankee merchant has said, "The man who doesn't advertise never sells his goods twice to the same person; he sells so little that he has to charge like thunder to be able to live." Without advertising, no tradesman can hope to reach the ear of the great mass of the public, and the almost universal use of this effective medium of publicity stamps it as possessing the full favor of all shrewd business men.

THE CANDIDATE.

Father, who travels the road so late?
Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate;
Fit example of human woe—
Early he comes and late he goes.
He greets the women with courtly grace,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the fence the farmer at work,
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk,
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings:
Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman.

Brothers who labor early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate:
What is his record? How does he stand
At home; no matter about his hand,
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable?—he is our man.
Cheer such a one as the welkin rings,
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:
Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman.

Sing a song of hair oil,
Pocket minus chink,
Four and twenty editors
Spilling printers' ink:
Now the pen goes faster,
Wonder what they mean,
Guess they must be writing ads.
For the improved Carboline.

ANTI-LIQUOR POWDERS

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OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

The above paper is printed and published
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

At LACHUTE, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Canada, by SIMPSON & KERR

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

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THE WATCHMAN
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OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

VOL. V. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1881. NO. 17.

Only in Dreams.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we daily meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recoil of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope and resolve, aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dream departs, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

—*J. G. Holland.*

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

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

In her new-found child, in the seeming kindness of her attendant, and in the budding of a secret hope that was to bloom upon the morrow, Mildred had almost forgotten that she was a prisoner; but at the hated name of that unscrupulous servant of the Carrs, she awoke at once, as from a baseless dream, to the full consciousness of her unprotected state, and of the dangers that were threatening her. "Give me the keys, and let me put them beneath my pillow, woman!" cried she harshly. Then obstinately refusing to unrobe, she lay down outside the bedclothes, clutching her child to her bosom, while her sleepless eyes wandered from door to door.

Hour after hour went by in perfect silence save for the singing of the birds, which had not as yet conformed themselves to the inverted habits of Clyffe Hall, ere Lucy's deep-drawn breathing convinced Mildred that her jailer was asleep. Milly had long been wrapt in soundest slumber. If she could only rise without awakening either, and reach the postern with her precious charge, while yet no human creature was astir!—once in the village she would be safe enough, or what seemed safe by comparison with such a neighbor as this woman's brother. The postern had no lock, she knew, but only bar and chain, which she could unfasten. Softly she arose with key in hand, and keeping her eyes fixed upon Lucy, opened the second door without noise, then lifting up the sleeping child, stole forth as silent as a ghost, and flitted down the stair.

Not five minutes had elapsed ere she returned, and pale and cautious as before, stole into bed again with beating heart. In her hand she held a slipof paper,which she had found, newly fastened—for the wafer was still wet—upon the postern.

"On your life, do not open this door. You will eskape, swete lady, but not by such means, I am watching over you. Having had faith in me thus far, is it worth wile to mistrust me now?—YOUR WELL-WISHER AS BEFORE.

"Destroy this note at once."

This Mildred read and re-read until every word was hers; then tore the paper into a thousand fragments, and placed it in her bosom. Like a charm, it stilled its throbbings; and presently the healer sleep drew down her eye lids with his viewless hand, and smoothed the care from off her troubled face.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A BROKEN NIGHT.

Not until the weary fall asleep and wake again after an insufficient amount of repose are they fully conscious of the extremity of their past fatigue. Ere they give way to sleep, it seems to them that they are tired, but not exhausted; but when something arouses them after a few hours, then they know, by harsh evidence, how near their overtasked strength must have been to collapse. The muscles are stiff, the limbs powerless, the eyelids heavy as lead, the brain torpid, and only with pain and difficulty quickened to thought. Our whole being piteously, and yet drowsily, demands to be let alone in that antechamber alike of death and life—repose—a little longer. "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep." When, under such circumstances, some importunate sound compels our reluctant attention, we are long before we can trace it to its true origin; and before we wake, it sometimes suggests dreams in which we seem to live a lifetime. Thus Mildred Clyffard, dead to every sense save that her lost child was folded in her arms, lay, dreamless as the dead, for hours, and then began to know that she was prisoner in an enchanted castle, ruled over by the wicked and malignant Grace, assisted by certain evil demons—Gideon Carr, to wit, and Clement, and William Cator; but yet she had friends outside, and, in particular, Lieutenant Carey (always in complete armor, and upon a milk-white steed), who was encamped (by himself) without the walls, and passing his time very agreeably, as it seemed, in summoning the garrison by blast of trumpet to surrender to his clemency. Nor was the garrison backward in the trumpeting business (without which, by the bye, it is the opinion of the present writer that the chivalric period of this world's history would have ceased much sooner than it did), but sounded onsets, and recalls, parleys, fanfaronades, etc, with neat finish and admirable execution. Poor Mildred's prescient spirit sighed for the extension of Mr. Bass' bill to shalms and trumpets, but still the brazen clamor continued until it fairly woke her. It was deep night, but through the windows, which looked down on the courtyard, flashed a lurid glare.

"Fire!" was the sudden thought that dragged her by the strong arm of terror from the bed, and made her put aside the blind with hasty fingers, encumbered by her babe. A strange sight met her gaze. The space was thronged with men and horses, shown by the light of flaring pine-torches; the strife of tongues, the clang of spurs and hoofs, filled the dark air with weird unnatural din; and while she looked, the hounds came trotting from their kennel, and the crack of whips broke forth, and then again the sharp, short summons of the horn.

"Do not be alarmed, dear madam," cried Lucy from her bed; "the master is only setting forth to hunt. I suppose it seems strange enough to you, though we at Clyffe are getting quite used to turning night into day."

Strange, yes, strange indeed, for though the sights and sounds were in themselves not unfamiliar to Mildred, she scarcely recognized them under the changed circumstances. It almost seemed as though those persons were engaged in some unhallowed rite, some impious attempt to turn God's gift of darkness from its proper use and purpose. In such a parody of the blessed morn, appeared something sacrilegious; so ill did the borrowed light depict the dawn; so dissonant the noises that strove in vain to wake the sleeping world. The air was dumb that should have been alive with Nature's waking sounds, though what sounds were made, she echoed like one wonder-stricken; so that the noise and clangor of the scene itself were ceaseless, although islanded in a boundless sea of silence; and though the torches flared and blazed, and every hoof drew fire from the stone, a mighty belt of darkness encompassed all.

"And is this scene enacted every night?" asked Mildred, half to herself.

"Yes, madam, every night, far into spring, and long after the other pack at Kendal has ceased to hunt. At first, the novelty of the thing attracted many folk, but now the master hunts alone, save for his own people. Wet or dry is all the same to him, and even for frost he cares not. I am told that it is a grewsome sight to see his reckless riding—he that was once such a book worm, and averse to all outdoor sport, until——"

"Alas, can this be he," interrupted Mildred pitifully, "who mounts the black horse—it is Raymond's own *Black Diamond*—at the Hall steps? Why, he moves like an old man; they almost lift him into the saddle. How worn and thin he looks and how deadly pale!"

"Ay, madam, and so he always looks, except, they say, when he is at the full gallop, ahead of all the field, and thinks himself alone; then some that have been near him say he cries out dreadful things, threats against this and that man, and even against my mistress—or breaks into mad songs; while over his face there comes a look exactly like what his great-great-grandsire, Guy, wears—that is his picture as used to hang in the gallery—him, you know, as leaped into Hell Gates; and, what seems stranger still, he takes a pleasure in that awful spot, and places like it, which lead Heaven knows whither. Three months ago he made *Black Diamond* take the stone wall into the Pothole Field, where never man or horse dared go before, and galloped in and out among the chasms, until William seized his bridle, and led him out by force."

"I thank your brother for that deed," cried Mildred fervently, "if for naught else. All are moving off, and yet I do not see him. Why is he not there now to see his master does not come to harm?"

"He serves Mrs. Clyffard, madam, not Mr. Rupert, unless by her command, and perhaps she has ordered it otherwise."

"I forgot," returned Mildred coldly. "Is it her pleasure that we arise now like the rest of the household, or wait for morning?"

"You will please yourself, madam; but the child has always kept its usual hours since it has been in my charge, and if you do not mind the loneliness—for the days are very long and lone here——"

"By no means," interrupted Mildred bitterly; "the faces are few indeed at Clyffe whose absence I shall mourn. Nay, do not cry, my darling, my sweet Milly. Let us to bed again, and try once more to forget our sorrows."

"The child is hungry, madam," observed Lucy in the same deprecating tone which she had so often used before; "I have food for her in the cupboard, if you please let me rise and give it her." Not waiting for an answer she got up, and striking a light—for the last glimmer of the torches of the receding hunt had by this time faded away—set milk and bread upon the table. "Will you not take something yourself,dear madam?" entreated she respectfully. "I have meat and wine here which are not poisoned. For your child's sake, you should not starve yourself."

"Are you friend or foe?" inquired Mildred searchingly. "If not a friend, I beseech you do not mock me with this lip service. Stay— now tell me"—she took the woman by the arm, and scanned her face—"are you my well-wisher"

Not a feature changed, not a ray of intelligence gave token that the allusion was understood. In the simplest tone she answered, "Yes, madam, indeed I am. Why should I not be so?" Then suddenly perceiving the key, which Mildred in her agitation had left in the door leading to the postern, she cried with fervency, "Heaven be praised that you are here alive! You have opened yonder door; It may be you are a sleep-walker, so I will take the key; but, oh! madam, beware of what you do. Be sure you never venture forth in daylight without me by your side. At earliest morn they set the blood-hounds loose—Red Rufus—who is so terrible to strangers."

"But I did not meet a blood-hound when I came hither."

"No, madam," answered Lucy, with hesitation, and hanging down her head; "it was loosed afterwards, and it is always so to be; I heard my mistress say so."

"That is a prison, indeed, from which it is death to attempt to flee!" exclaimed Mildred vehemently. "Has this lady whom you serve, then, the right to issue a warrant for my execution?"

"Your Aunt Grace charged me, remember, not to leave you, madam, night or day, and with me you are safe, and the child, thank Heaven, is safe, for I myself took her to Rufus, and the huge hound licked her baby hand in love, which having done, he is her friend forever."

"Thanks for that, Lucy," quoth Mildred, shuddering still at the peril to which she had so nearly exposed herself. "I will not strive to free myself again; I will trust to God alone and such help as He may send me; and I will trust in you, Lucy, although you promise nothing, for I do think you wish me well."

Then Mildred ate a little, and presently disrobed, and once more laid her weary head upon the pillow, and slept so soundly that she never heard the night hunt coming home across the echoing bridge, nor woke again till it was broad bright day.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

How unchanging are fair Nature's features! Time, which destroys all *our* poor beauty, does but heighten hers; while even the torch of war, which lays the homestead waste and kindles into ruin all that man has built, or sown, or planted, leaves her scarcely scathed, and swift to repair damage, covering the bloodiest grave with green. Crime, and wrong, and woe affect her nothing. She supplies this life's stage with matchless scenes, let the actors play what they will, and smile upon the direst tragedies as on the peacefullest domestic dramas. Never did spring morning dawn more brightly or broaden on into a more glorious day than that which on the morrow bade in vain the inmates of Clyffe Hall rise from their shameful sleep, and smote Grace Clyffard's pillowed but unrestful face with unaccustomed blushes. Eden itself, be sure, was not less fair after the fall, than when it pleased the innocent eyes of our first parents; and Ribble towered as nobly in the sky, and flashed its hundred streams as bright and purely as though no curse, nor Carr, had ever vexed the house of Clyffards.

"How well you loved old Ribble, madam!" said Lucy Cator, as Mildred's eyes devoured the glorious hill as the three crossed the park.

"Ay, that I do," replied she with eager passion; then added, less warmly, "look how the cloud-berry dyes its very crown, as though the sunrise lingered there! How beautiful it is!"

"Yes, madam, but very cruel. Its boggy fells have smoored poor folk before now; and others have spent weary years in jail, for hunting on the slopes the wild red deer, before the Clyffards built them in."

"Do you remember that, Lucy?"

"Ay, that I do, madam; and when the tenants hereabouts—of whom my father once was one, before the evil days came on us—were all called 'foresters,' and sworn to cherish and preserve the vert and venison. It was an old-world place in those days, with old-world customs, such as you have never heard of. We were very simple folk. There was not such a thing as a time-piece in all Clyffe, save that in the clock tower of the Hall, and the young master's hunting-watch which struck the hours. Poor Mr. Cyril, how I mind his showing me that toy! As for glasses to tell the weather—yon mountain was the only glass we had:

If Ribble's head do wear a hood,
Be sure the day will ne'er hold good—

that was all we knew about the weather."

"But if the Cators are Clyffe people, how is it that they come to serve the Carrs?"

"Well," returned Lucy hesitatingly, "they thought, I suppose, to better themselves. Besides, we didn't occupy the place here we had been used to, and for poor people it was not so pleasant to live hereabouts. You may talk of law, but in those days, what the Clyffards said was law, nay, what his steward or bailiff even chose to say: if a man trod on either side the public way that cuts the park, some forester would take him by the collar, and beat him like a dog. Look there, at yonder gentleman before us, loitering by the beck—some wandering artist, I suppose, by his portfolio. Well, in the time I speak of—— But here Rufus comes. There is no fear, madam. He always runs to us thus to bid 'good-morning.'"

"Take the child," cried Mildred. "There *is* fear, I say. The dog is angry—furious."

"By Heaven, and so he is!" exclaimed Lucy. "He is tracking some one, but not us. Alas! it is that wretched man. He will tear his life out." Then, raising her voice to its full pitch, she cried. "Flee—flee up-stream, and hide!"

The person addressed was too far off to catch her words, although the sound attracted him. But he looked up and saw the dog, whose dreadful errand it was not difficult to understand. With nose to ground, the mighty creature came on at headlong speed, now swerving this way, now the other, as the careless footsteps of the man had loitered devious, but never stopping for one instant.

"Flee for your life!" screamed the two women with one voice; and the man turned and fled, but not up-stream. A little wading in the water, and then one of the numerous hollows in the wave-worn rock would have concealed him safely, at all events, until Lucy could have come up and calmed the beast; but instead of that he climbed the eastern bank, and made for the boundary-wall of the deep park. Up to that time, a hoarse deep bay had ever and anon broken like a knell upon the women's ears; but the instant that the man showed himself the dog was dumb, and ran straight as arrow from the bow.

A terrible cry escaped from Mildred's lips, and she covered her eyes with her hand.

"The man runs very fast," said Lucy comfortingly; "it is possible that he may yet reach the wall first, and that Rufus cannot leap it."

"But if he does?" moaned Mildred.

"Then Heaven have mercy on the poor doomed wretch!" answered Lucy fervently. "He is not one of the Clyffe people—a stranger seeking the cave, perhaps, without a guide—and the brute will—— But he nears the wall. With what strength and speed the fear of death has winged him! He climbs it, and the dog springs after him, but fails and falls; and now he springs again. Alas, he has dragged himself to the very summit, and—— Oh, my God!"

"What, what? I dare not look, Lucy. I charge you, tell me what has happened?"

"A miracle!" cried Lucy joyfully. "A moment ago, and I should have replied, 'A murder.' The dog comes back again: he must have known the man, although I know him not, who, as I thought, knew everybody hereabouts. See, he comes this way, gamboling like a puppy; he is joyful, because he has found a friend, and one too, who has authority to bid him come and go. I should not have deemed that any man save William, and the poor master himself could have had such power over Rufus."

With red tongue lolling low, wide jaws, and chest all flecked with foam, the huge beast thundered up; but his eyes were no longer aflame, nor each hair of his russet coat bristling as before with brutish hate and lust of combat. Lucy patted his vast head, bent low before her; then gave him Mildred's hand to kiss, in token of fealty.

"Now you are friends," quoth she; "you need never fear him more—But who was that old acquaintance, Rufus, you have just parted from? I protest that I am somewhat curious to see him. But if—for you look very pale, madam—this scene has been too much for you, let us go home, and postpone your visit to the cave, which, indeed, you may not find solitary. I cannot think what could have brought the man hither, unless to see it; for the gate is as often unlocked as locked."

"Thank you, good Lucy, but I must do as I have purposed," returned Mildred resolutely; "I feel better now."

Nevertheless, she henceforth moved with trembling, and scarce could hold her little one, as she stooped to pluck the wild-flowers by the way—the early orchis, the pale blue violet (as great a prize to her as though it were not scentless), and the white sorrel, striped with blue; or strove to clasp the golden saxifrage (almost as vain a task as to rob the butterfly's wings of their rich bloom), and babbled of all the glory of the spring in her unknown tongue. Above the entrance to the cave itself, the snow-white bird-cherry drooped like a knight's plume; while in front nature had spread a carpet of forget-me-nots.

"How fitly these grow here!" said Mildred with swimming eyes. "Will you wait for us, good Lucy, and wait patiently? This torch"—taking one from the heap which always lay within the antechamber—"will last me for two hours and more."

"I will wait, madam," returned the other. "I will trust your word not to rob yourself of God's good gift of life; you know not indeed, you know not lady—how much of happiness it even yet may have in store for you."

Mildred's voice faltered as she answered, "That is true, good Lucy; and you will never repent this day, I think."

She stooped down, for she was taller than the other, and kissed her cheek, which was like a shriveled apple, that had, however, retained its ruddy hue. Then, having lit the torch with flint and steel, she took her way with her astonished babe into the heart of Ribble, with expectations higher than had filled the soul even to him who was the first to explore its hidden glories: for where was treasure of earth or fairy-land that could compare with what she well knew lay hid in the cathedral chamber—whence from the darkness, with a joyful cry, sprang forth her own brave husband—her Raymond, loved as only those are loved who have been lost, mourned as the unreturned dead are mourned; but found, and hers once more!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BURIED IN THE CHALK.

When Gideon Carr last looked down upon his victim from the Beacon Cliff, he saw him, as he thought, within a few seconds of death; and when, his attention being called elsewhere an instant, he no longer beheld him clinging to the bare white wall, he naturally imagined that he had fallen sheer upon the beach beneath. Such would have been the case with nineteen out of twenty men in a strait like that of Raymond Clyffard's; but years of voluntary hardship, such as sportsmen use, had made his sinews lithe and strong as steel; and running (where no horse could gallop) on the craggy fells in the chase of the hill-fox, had made his limbs as supple as any bird-catcher's, who gains his bread at peril of his neck; and leaping from rock to rock, in many a foaming beck to cheer his hounds upon the otter, had given him eye as true as his who, on the slender rope, appears to totter, only to deceive the gaping crowd below him. And though as brave as any one who drew breath, Raymond abhorred to die, and longed to live; and even in that extremity, held on with his manly soul to hope, as to the cliff with his strong fingers, and took his measures with cool brains upon the very brink of what seemed sure destruction.

I have said that on his right hand lay a sort of gutter, down which, indeed most persons would have shot at once, but which to him, as he clung panting to the precipice, seemed to offer some salient points, some colgnes of vantage, or, at all events, a preferable position to that which he at present occupied, exposed to any action of his mortal foe, a touch with whose walking-stick or finger-tip must needs have been his instant death-doom.

He was by no means so exhausted, or at least so near to utter collapse, as he seemed; and taking advantage of Gideon's momentary glance aside, he slid down along this almost perpendicular track as slowly as feet and hands could serve him to arrest the force of gravity. At last—that is, after such a second of time as might count against a year of ordinary life—he found that he had stopped himself. Above him hung the frowning brow of the precipice, under which his sideways course had brought him, so that he was quite hidden from his enemy's sight. He had just possessed himself of that fact, when, from the depths below, came up the innumerable flocks of sea-fowl, as though to resent his intrusion into their almost aerial domains. The touch of a passing wing would have set him falling, like another Lucifer, through space; their hideous and unexpected din, which even alarmed his murderer, standing on the solid earth, shook his very soul within him, and closing his eyes, he waited for a moment, as though for the stroke of doom. Upon the sloping ledge on which he lay, never before had any creature bigger than a bird found foothold; a few more inches, and it terminated, as Raymond found out afterwards, without a rim, a crack, a nodosity—smooth, as though a carpenter's plane had leveled it. If he had known it then, even *his* iron nerves might have given way, or proved unequal to the task that lay before him. But when he dared to take his eyes from the slope to which he clung with foot and finger, he steadily turned them to the cliff alone, notwithstanding that there seemed some devil within him that prompted him to glance into the unfathomable gulf below, and so to perish. Then he perceived upon his right hand, and so close that he could touch it had he dared to move, a hollow in the chalk, large enough to contain his body, and which seemed to widen with its depth. To the *mens sana*, reasoning in its arm-chair, or indeed to any person who possessed the advantage of level ground, his getting into this hole would have seemed merely the exchange of a speedy death for one equally certain, although more lingering; but to *him* stretched on that ledge of death, it appeared (so comparative is the estimate of what is good) a very haven of security— a consummation scarcely to be hoped for, so intense was his desire to attain it. Yes, that five-foot orifice in the otherwise unbroken wall of white seemed to him like the gate of heaven.

Slowly as a snail creeps, writhingly as a worm crawls, and trailing his whole body along the ground, like one in pain, Raymond dragged himself inch by inch into the hole. Then brain and muscle failed together, and he lay for a little like one dead—to all appearances as though he had fallen indeed through many a fathom of space upon that pebbly beach. When consciousness returned, he found himself in an excavation of considerable extent, the roof of which was sufficiently high to permit him to stand upright. From this dark recess the broad blue showed brighter, and the sparkling sea seemed to smile more joyously, than Raymond had ever seen them; the sea-birds' screams, which had not as yet by any means subsided, had now a note of gratulation for his ear; and thankfully his throbbing brow welcomed the clear breezes, the very softest of which had whispered to him but a few minutes back of death. Then with the present sense of safety arose new fears, new needs. How was it possible that he should ever escape from such a prison? It was most unusual, he well knew, for vessels of any kind to venture close in shore among the rocks and islets; and even if they did so, how was he to draw attention to himself in such a strange and unlooked-for place of durance? Moreover, if even he should make people aware of his being in such a predicament, by what means could he be extricated? Long before they could dig down to him through the solid rock, he would assuredly perish of hunger, unless the guillemots and gulls should bring him food, as the ravens nourished the prophet of old. As for any human creature coming to his assistance by the way he came, or as to himself attempting to escape by the same road, his brain reeled at the very thought of such a chance; he could see now the full extent of the peril to which he had been so lately exposed, and having seen it, his whole being revolted at the idea of tempting destruction a second time in the like manner. What he had heard of the wondrous agility of the bird-catchers in these parts did indeed cross his mind, but he well knew how the rock above him overhung his place of refuge, and felt with a sinking of his noble heart, that even to those human spiders he was inaccessible.

What, however, most occupied Raymond's thoughts, and racked him with anxiety, was how to attract the attention of his fellow-creatures, not for his own sake, but that Mildred and her child might be warned in time of the murderous design of Gideon Carr. To foresee misfortune falling over our dearest ones, and to be powerless to avert it—there is no anguish bites like that! It is the very nightmare of reality—a curse that only falls on most of us, thank Heaven, in dreams. How should he let her know her danger? Should he pencil it out a score of times upon the back of certain letters that he happened to have with him, and trust them, like the Sibyl's leaves, to the winds, in hopes that one at least might flutter to the hand of a friend? Alas, the wind was blowing from off-shore, and forbade even that promiseless project. Or should he inclose a letter in the case of his hunting-watch, and drop it on the beach below, on the chance of its attracting the attention of some passer-by?—where neither pleasure nor business brought a human creature from one month's end to another! Sick at heart with the conviction of the futility of any such schemes, Raymond turned wearily away from the mocking sunshine, and sought the gloom of the interior of the cave.

As he did so, it struck him for the first time how strange it was that there were no sea birds, nor any traces of them, in a place so much better adapted for their purposes than the precarious ledges all about him, which were swarming with eggs and callow young. What could have kept out such tenants from so convenient an abode? No animal inimical to their kind could harbor in such a position, while eyrie of hawk or kestrel it certainly was not. His third footstep struck against something soft, which he carried with some difficulty, though without resistance, to the light, when this riddle in natural history received its solution,

The reason why the guillemots avoided the cave was because it was the occasional resort of man, or at all events bore tokens of his presence. What Raymond had dragged forth was a huge bundle neatly packed in sail-cloth, and containing a large quantity of foreign lace. Half a dozen similar packages were arranged in a semi-circle, at the far end of the cavern, along with two or three bales of rich and handsome shawls. These costly articles were not very useful to Raymond in his present position, except that, collectively, they formed a by no means despicable bed. Their chief value to him lay in the fact that they needs must have a mortal owner, who had probably some mechanical means of communicating with his property. It would have been a speculation of considerable importance to Raymond had his own interest been alone at stake, as to when this communication took place, with respect to his bodily sustenance—for meat and drink are at least as much necessaries of life as Brussels lace and French shawls—but his anxiety concerning his wife and child swallowed up all other cares.

Again and again, as he grew accustomed to the semi-darkness of his retreat he minutely examined the walls and roof in search of some means of egress, by which he could make his way to Pampas Cottage, first to protect his dear ones, and then to avenge them; but all was solid chalk. Remembering, too, how far beneath the surface the cave was situated, and, in particular, how liable to observation any opening needs must by, made at the very top of the Beacon Down, he became satisfied that nothing of that sort existed. Secrecy was evidently the main consideration with those who stored their goods in such a place as that in which Raymond now found himself, nor had he any doubt but that he was in a hiding-place of the free-traders, as they called themselves, persons in advance of their age, whom the less favored part of the community stigmatized as smugglers. It was likely enough that some of his Sandby friends were part-owners of these very goods, which, indeed, were far too valuable to belong to any one individual. This, however (as it seemed to Raymond at the time), was a matter of very secondary consequence. Shawls and lace might belong to the breakers of the law or not, all that concerned him was that those who claimed to be the owners might send to fetch them—although by what means he could not so much as guess—ere the dreadful morrow upon which hung the fate of Mildred and the child.

But the curtain of night descended slowly upon a sailless sea, and the hours of darkness wearily wore on without a sound, save the monotonous murmur of the wave, and the shrill scream of the herring-gull and the kittl-wake.

(To be continued.

Paul Morphy's Delusions.

Paul Morphy, the celebrated chess player, is, it is said, afflicted with two singular hallucinations. One is a horror of the game of chess; the other the continually recurring notion that unless he secures a loan of $200 he will be financially ruined. His condition is well understood by his friends, and he goes about among them asking for a loan of $200, which is never refused, and which he never takes. When he drops into an office with this request, apparently in extreme anxiety, the friend to whom he applies responds: "Certainly, Mr. Morphy; will you take the money now?" He is instantly calmed with this reply, and goes away with the remark that he will call for it again; but never does.

Sandy was a drouthy carpenter in a village in the north of Scotland. One night during a very severe thunderstorm he was awakened by his housekeeper about midnight. "Guid help us!" exclaimed the old woman in great terror, "it's my firm belief that the day of judgment's come." "Gif that be the case," said Sandy, "ye wid better rin for the pig wi' the drap whiskey, for it wid be a pity to lat it be lost."

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Some Recent Discoveries and Speculations.

According to a French medical journal whooping cough has been successfully treated by Dr. Barety, of Nice, by turpentine vapor.

Several years ago Ericsson predicted that the Nile and the Ganges would be lined with cotton and other factories driven by solar heat. A French engineer in Algiers is already contributing to the fulfillment of this prediction by pumping water and making it boil by solar force alone.

Every one knows that the very feeblest currents produce audible sounds in the telephone, which is more sensitive than any galvanometer to feeble currents. M. Pellat lately declared that the heat necessary to warm a kilogramme of water one degree would, if converted properly into the energy of electric currents, suffice to produce in a telephone an audible sound for 10,000 years continuously.

A number of researches on the ripening of cheese have been made by Drs. Musso and Menozzi and Signor Bignamini. They find that the quantity of true albumen suffers little change during the process, but the double compounds of albumen with calcium phosphate are decomposed, yielding peptones and amides. Lactose undergoes both the mucous and alcoholic fermentation.

Prof. Bastian has found unmistakable evidence in the beliefs of the people of the Sandwich Islands and of New Zealand regarding the origin of the universe and the genealogy of their deities that these people must at some very remote period have shared some way or another the higher culture of the natives of Asia.

Unless the fossil remains of the tropical regions of the globe afford the means to bridge over the vast gap which separates man from the living anthropoids, Dr. G. Fritsch holds that the Darwinian theory of the descent of man is an unwarrantable assumption incapable of strict scientific demonstration. It is somewhere in the tropics, he thinks, that man was developed. But, as he states, that advance may have been made on some continent now submerged, and, if so, the proof of the question is impossible. Dr. Fritsch is evidently in close sympathy with Darwin, and he is unwilling that any stone should be left unturned before abandoning the hypothesis of the descent of man. He advocates, therefore, strongly, in a paper read before the Berlin Geographical Society, an intimate co-operation of geography and anthropology.

A paper by Dr. Manning, Medical Superintendent of the Hospital of the Insane at Gladesville, New South Wales, is abstracted by *Nature*. The paper treats of the causes of insanity in 3,077 patients admitted to the institution in ten years, from 1869. About 3.9 per cent. of the cases are attributed to isolation and homesickness. Those suffering most from the latter cause were persons who spoke English imperfectly. The cases of isolation included shepherds, whose occupation some years ago, and still is in some places, most lonely, although that state of things is improving. The isolation, which is some times terrible to a new emigrant, and which often lasts for years, is kept up by the disparity of the sexes, which at the close of 1879 stood at 409,665 males and 324,615 females, and it is fostered by the peculiar, shifting, restless life of the miners and bushmen. The amount of insanity caused by intemperance has been exaggerated. Five per cent. of the cases arise from sunstroke; about 8.3 from drinking bad liquor to excess sometimes and then abstaining for a long time. Badly-cooked food is credited with a large number of cases, and so is prolonged lactation. At Gladesville only 7.2 per cent. of the patients had their diseases transmitted from their ancestors.

NAVAL DEFENCES OF ENGLAND

The Most Powerful Navy in the World—What it Could do in Case of a War Breaking Out.

Sir Edward Reed, ex-Constructor in the British Navy, has been giving some opinions to a newspaper reporter. Speaking of the relative power of the navy, he said:

"I consider that the navy of England is at present the strongest in the world; it is not by any means so pre-eminently strong as to secure to Great Britain the certain command of the seas. On the contrary, the navy of France, under the Republic, is very rapidly advancing toward an equality with the British navy in the matter of iron-clad sea-going ships, while Germany is building up a considerable fleet. Italy, too, is producing a navy of very fast ships, with a little armor placed here and there over some of the most vital parts. In comparing the navies of Europe with each other it must be borne in mind that while in the English and Italian ships the armor has been contracted to within narrow limits, in the French navy the principle of protecting the whole length of the ship between wind and water has been adhered to. This would give them great advantage in action."

The coast defences of England were thus alluded to:

"The circumstances of the United States and England are totally different. Here you have a vast seaboard, with numerous bays and ports, on extremely few of which are there any shipbuilding or engineering appliances. Your resources in iron or steel shipbuilding establishments are very meagre, as you have so small a mercantile marine to keep up. In Great Britain, on the contrary, we have private shipbuilding and engineering establishments upon almost every important river. We have, therefore, to provide only these portions of coast defence vessels which require much time to produce, such as the principal forgings of the hull and the engine. With these already prepared in abundance, we could throw the whole of our private establishments, in case of war, upon the remaining work of building these coast defence craft, which would be the mere putting together of frames, skin plates and fittings. In this way we could in a few weeks make the whole of our coast bristle with gunboats and steam rams. America has no such resources."

EARL FITZWILLIAM, who lately summoned his tenants to Wentworth House to inform them that they had no half year's rent to pay, is one of the dozen wealthiest nobles in England, and comes of a solid, respectable race, which has vigorously supported liberalism, and never wasted their substance in riotous living. He is grandson of the Earl for whom Dublin put up its shutters when he was recalled from the Viceroyalty through the intrigues of those who anticipated from him a policy far too favorable in their eyes toward the Irish people. Wentworth is about the only house in England where the practice is still maintained of having occasionally a public day. It is then announced that Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam are at home to all friends, and from far and near come the "nobility and gentry," not forgetting the farmers. A member of the family presides at each of the dining tables. The servants of the guests are duly feasted in the servants' hall. On one occasion the Fitzwilliams entertained at a fete nearly 40,000 people. Lord Fitzwilliam's income is not less than $1,200,000 a year, of which probably a third comes from collieries. His estate in Wicklow, Ireland (which comes to him from the famous Earl of Stafford), is estimated at $200,000 a year. He spends every autumn there, and did not miss his visit this year. Last year, deeming his presence specially desirable, he was there for nearly six months.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE is confined to her house in London in consequence of indisposition occasioned by a fall.

THE LADIES COLUMN.

Holidays.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart—
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclowded to their close,
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart [blows!
Like swallows singing down each wind that
White as the gleam of a receding sail;
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are; a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

FACULTY IN HOUSEKEEPING.

There is no position in life that needs so much inventive and retentive faculty as in the many little trials and difficulties of housekeeping. If "order is Heaven's first law" it is also the law of Home. The place when nothing is to be found, the habit that is a series of careless acts; the uneven tenor of the ways of life, all conduce to make life what it ought not to be. Five times the amount of work can be done if there is a regular system in the doing, and any one who makes an apology for untidiness, ought to be aware of the fact that no housekeeper is blinded by it, for it is easy to understand that things can be more easily kept in place and less time be lost than is spent in the searching for and picking up, so prevalent in careless households. My boys have a very bad habit of laying down coat or hat wherever it may chance to happen. I endeavor to teach them that if each one would hang his hat on a nail, it would add to the tidiness of the room, and be less trouble to his sisters, while teaching the habit of "a place for everything." I know that natural characteristics have something to do with it, and that an innate neatness born in some children causes them to notice and care for their clothes more than others. But seeing the unhappiness caused by disorder in many families, I am forced to say that tidiness is a faculty that ought to be cultivated by every housekeeper and taught to her sons and daughters like every other lesson or training.

A woman has so much to do with a man's life, and can make home a paradise, or a foretaste of the most realistic inferno.

Regularity and routine are necessary parts of a housekeeper's duty, and in ordering a meal or cooking it, there is nothing that requires more faculty. Men know nothing of the many irons that have to be in the fire of the kitchen at once. A woman of faculty can manage them without trouble, but once let the machinery get in a muddle, the routine lag a little, and everything goes wrong, and viewing the matter from all stand-points, I am persuaded that there is more in faculty than in the manual labor—more than many women take the trouble to understand or demonstrate. A habit of order and looking ahead is of more value to children than half the education of the schools. It will give them a chance to get through life and miss many of its petty trials.

SETTING THE TABLE.

It is true, as I well know from experience, that the best servants do not set a table properly. In fact, I dispensed with the servants' assistance entirely about my table, and performed that part of the work myself in order to avoid the jumping up for this and that while eating. But then, it is not always the domestics who are at fault, for the mistress and the "quick, bright farm rs' daughters," however exact about other thing, are often neglectful about this one matter. On some tables things are always lacking—a napkin, a fork or a spoon. Think of putting on one tablespoon for supper, when you know that two or three will be needed for the food which has been provided. And yet I know a lady (and she is not the only one I might mention) who does this invariably. She is neat, methodical, and an excellent cook, but her table is never set properly, and the *indispensable* tableware is always in the closet. If one will only try she can easily remember the things which are needed for a meal, and so avoid the getting up (which is always unpleasant) for this and that which should have been on the table before the meal was served. A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

ROYAL ROMPS.—Queen Louise of Prussia, mother of the present Emperor of Germany, died at the age of thirty-four. She was very lovely in person and quite as lovely in mind and heart. It is of her and one of her sisters that a charming anecdote is told by Bettina, in Goethe's "Correspondence with a Child." The two young girls—Louise was then fourteen—were at Frankfort on the occasion of a coronation, and were assigned as guests at the house of the Frau Ruth Goethe. Their governess was with them. German court etiquette was very unyielding in its requirements, and the two girls were quite wild with joy at being free for a time from its restraints. The first use they made of their new freedom was to fall to pumping vigorously at the pump in the courtyard, splashing the pavement, and plentifully bespattering themselves. Their governess was horrified, and not being able herself to stop them, appealed to Frau Ruth. She—the joyous-hearted mother of Goethe—settled the matter by locking up the governess, and letting the girls pump to their hearts' content.

THE MEMORY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—The ex-Empress Eugenie is adding eighteen rooms to her new residence at Farnboro. There is to be a room filled with the relics of Prince Louis and fitted up exactly the same as the one occupied by him at Camden place. The idea seems to have been taken from the dressing room of the Prince Consort at Balmoral, which remains the same as when he was alive. His hat and gloves are on the table and an effigy of him is also on the table.

—They who picture Queen Victoria in their mind's eye as clad in a robe of crimson with a gold crown upon her head will be shocked to learn that she takes her daily drive at Balmoral with a black straw bonnet upon her head, and with a large shawl of small check shepherd's plaid upon her shoulders.

PERSONAL.—The Princess Beatrice has given £2,000 out of the proceeds of her Christmas book to the support of the Belgrave Hospital for children.

—Mrs. Garfield has sent through the State Department to Queen Victoria a photograph of the late President, for which Her Majesty asked after his death. It was suitably framed, and is a cabinet size picture.

—Lady Florence Dixie, who went to the Transvaal as correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, camped out with her husband and cooked her own rations.

Somebody went to a music teacher's room while he was out, and left a cat with her tail in a steel-trap. And of course the cat complained and everybody said: "Goodness! he must have a girl in there practising grand opera."

FOR THE BOYS.

AUNT JUDITH'S STOCKING.

Ha ha ha! How funny it is yet when we think about it. I wonder if there ever will come a Christmas that we boys won't laugh when we think of what Aunt Judith got in her stocking!

You see, though she was mother's sister, she wasn't a bit like her—well, I should say not. She was just all puckered up with meanness, and hated boys worse than poison, and gave us no end of a racket. Why if we left our shoes in the middle of the floor, she'd fill them with sand, and hide our hats when we forgot to hang 'em up, and sweep our marbles away, and make 'lasses candy when we weren't at home, and we didn't have any peace of mind under our own father's roof, and she was held up to us all the time like a kind of a saint: "Your dear Aunt Judith!" "Your poor Aunt Judith!" and she marching over like a grenadeer, and making our lives miserable. She wasn't afraid of anything either, and made us go down cellar in the dark, and said, "Well, if I was a boy!" Humph! if she had been, what a precious good licking she'd want to give herself.

Yes; she was afraid of something too—that's what I'm a getting at—afraider than we would have been of a real live bear, or a band of pirates, and when we found that out we just laid low and waited to drop on her. Tommy, he's a little shaver—he said it was kind of mean to do it at Christmas, but we all allowed that if we didn't spoil her fun, she'd spoil ours, and that was the year Santa Claus dropped Tommy. Of course we know—pooh! I should say we did! but Tommy, he got a letter from Santa, telling him he should not come down the chimney any more—there's too many little ones, and it was too hard on the muledeer—and the little goose believed every word!

So we "concluded," as Aunt Jude says, to hang up stockings all around, and mother was to be Santa Claus for us, and we were Santa Claus for her, and Aunt Judith and Tommy came near telling all about it, and letting the cat out of the bag—no, I mean letting the—well never mind, see further on, as Oliver Alltalk says.

I guess you'd have thought we were having fun if you had heard us. We stayed up till twelve, and had a whole candle to see by, and locked the door, and oh, such fun as we had, chasing it round and round, not the stocking, but the—there, I nearly told!

Aunt Judith's stocking was just like herself, a long, lanky, cotton and wool, kind of mixed thing, and it seemed as if we would never get it filled, it was so empty, and we didn't dare to put in anything very heavy for fear—well, we put in a new pair of gloves from mother, and a silk handkerchief from father, and a hymn-book from Tommy—she was great on hymns—and then a new pen handle from me, and a scent bottle from Bob, and then we hung it on the door handle, and it swung round and round, as it was never going to stop, and then we sneaked into bed and in two minutes we were all fast asleep, and it was broad daylight when we woke up.

There was the stocking though, and before we got ours off the door knob Aunt Judith stalked out in a red quilt, and her hair tied into a little knot on the top of her head, and began taking her presents out in the sitting room; when she got down to the toe of the stocking, she grabbed it, and then she gave a yell like a whole land of Injun savages, and father and mother run to see what was up, we didn't dare to, and we only peeked, and there she was up in a chair a screamin at the top of her voice. "Oh, take it off! Oh, take it away! Oh, I shall die! I know I shall!" And she couldn't get her hand out cause the stocking was narrer, and she danced and hollered! Oh, cracky! it was as good as play! And then father jerked the stocking away and turned it inside out, and a little bit of a mouse fell out, deader than a door nail!

Then father was mad.

"I should think you might have some sense, Jude," he said, and he kind of grinned, and then we knew it was all right, but we had to ask her pardon, all the same; but we had the fun, and she never sat down on us since she squeezed that mouse to death. It was mean, but we made it up the next Christmas.

The Melancholy Story of Miss Rice's Death.

The sympathetic nature of Perth was at white heat all last week in consequence of the severe shock occasioned by telegraphic information of the death in Fargo, Dakota, of Miss Ida Rice, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Rice, County Court Clerk, and neice of Mrs. Duncan McLaren, of Carleton Place. The first message said she was seriously ill; the second, dead. On the first receipt Mr. Rice started at once for Dakota, the revolution of feeling from a joyful letter from Ida on the previous evening and that terrible telegram being of the sharpest turn. When details arrived, it was learned that Miss Rice was visiting her sister, Mrs. Lamont, at Fargo, and taking lightly sick in the afternoon, took a spoonful of what seemed magnesia but really was arsenic. In a few minutes, symptoms of poisoning appeared, and physicians were called, who labored hard and skilfully, but could not arrest the progress of the fatal draught, and she died at five o'clock. The quick death of one so young, so beautiful, so fair of face and temperament, would arouse emotion in every heart; but when it was known she was about to share her charms with a Dakota gentleman entirely worthy of her—Mr. Charles Scott, a leading surveyor of the Black Hills—the emotion became intenser. The remains were encased in a metallic coffin, and were accompanied home by Mr. Rice and the faithful and sorrowful lover. Miss Rice was buried in Elmwood cemetery, Perth, last Sunday, being arrayed in her wedding dress. The funeral is said to have been one of the largest Perth ever witnessed.—*Centeral Canadian.*

Great Men's Opinion of a Political Life.

Macauley wrote in one of his intense sentences, after all his bright career in the English Parliament, and after being renowned the world over by all who could admire fine writing and great thought—Macauley says: "Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics."

Daniel Webster, after his wonderful career, and in the close of his life, writes: "If I were to live my life over again, with my present experiences, I would under no considerations allow myself to enter public life The public are ungrateful. The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history, those acts which have been before God the most disinterested, and the least stained by selfish considerations have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused. No, no, have nothing to do with politics. Sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your duty to your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard life, a thankless life. I have had in the course of my political life, which is not a short one, my full share of ingratitude, but the unkindest cut of all, the shaft that has sunk the deepest in my heart, has been the refusal of the administration to grant my request for an office of small pecuniary consideration for my only son."

That is the testimony of a man who ought to know. He who has a good occupation, a good home, a good character, a good field of usefulness, and a good hope in Jesus Christ, has all that is worth having. More than that, is exposure, is chagrin, is worriment, is exhaustion, is death. Be content with such things as you have; you brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content.—*Exchange.*

A large number of firearms and Fenian documents have been discovered in Dublin.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1881

CHRISTMAS.

So Christmas time has come! The year is old,—
He's going! Let us speed the parting guest;
His had warm hands, but O, his heart was cold!
He took young birds from out the parent nest;
And spared the aged by whom years were told,
The sick and weary who did long for rest,
He was most cruel to some friends of ours;
He gathered up their fairest, sweetest flowers,

He brought us something and our thanks are due.
Was it new strength, or has the old revived?
It matters little if it prove but true
To our fair purpose, and is longer live!
Then some that pleased us when our hopes were new,
And every passing year somehow contrived
To leave us who're it found us—just as weak,
With aims and needs of Which we dared not speak.

So CHRISTMAS time has come! The joyous season when the hearts of all touched by a softening and blissful influence, and the fragrant blossoms of love and good will spring up in more abundant luxuriance. CHRISTMAS has come again! and once more a glory that was born of heaven rests upon earth! Its first announcement was hailed with delight,—"when the morning stars sang together,"—and the plains of Bethlehem re-echoed with the joyful song, that will be continued on earth as long as time endures: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men." It is at this memorable season when the old year, like old friends, are fast slipping away from amongst us, that an especial power to call up memories of the past, come quick and silently. And through these indistinct remembrances there comes occasionally the bright sunshine of pleasant associations. For memory recalls with pleasure the agreeable events of the good old CHRISTMASES that some of us enjoyed in our childish glee long, long ago. In fact those happy hours so innocently spent at the old fireside, is where we still delight to linger, and we live our youth over again in the past. How sweet the old music which we used to join in singing rings in our ears as we try to sing it now. And what hallowed sounds there is in the very name *home*—our dear old childhood home—blest with parental love and protection—free from all anxiety regarding the future—we reveled in the joyous season of CHRISTMAS festivities as something more than earthly. Brothers, sisters and beloved friends joined in that family gathering of years gone by in celebration of the joyful event. Their familiar faces rise up before us to-day. But those loved voices are not here now. The Master called them home. They will unite with us no more on earth in celebrating the birth of our blessed Saviour, God's best gift to a lost world. Well may our hearts well up with grateful love for such an inestimable gift with all the blessings which have crowned our lives both past and present. His guiding hand has brought us almost through another year; and now as we stand upon its threshold and retrospect the past: its rich blessings and many trials still linger in our hearts. Each new day brought some fresh remembrance of his love and tender care. Some days the warm sunshine flooded our home and heart with cheerful praise, and again clouds and storms darkened our pathway and we felt "cast down but not forsaken." We knew our

"Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best."

And it is with joyful emotion that we hail another CHRISTMAS morn! Every week we hold intercourse with hundreds of our readers whom we have never seen, but feel a great interest in them all, we tender them our cordial greetings, wishing them one and all A MERRY CHRISTMAS, with many happy returns.

The election for West Northumberland has resulted in the return of Mr. Guillet, the Conservative candidate, over his opponent, Mr. Waters, by 68 votes. The issues were squarely laid, and the contest was looked on as a test one. In view of the statement of the Grit press that the return of their candidate would be a "deadly blow" to the Government. Both parties entered into the contest with spirit putting forth all their energies; the result, therefore, may be regarded as a substantial Ministerial success. And it unquestionably proves beyond a perad venture that as yet no reaction has taken place in Ontario against the Government on account of their National Policy.

We are informed that a survey has been going on for some time past, to ascertain the shortest and best route for a cordwood and timber slide from the outlet of Lake Louisa to Lachute, by John Newton, Charles Vary, and others interested; and after tracing several lines that might be taken, have decided on one which is almost a direct line between the points mentioned; and a splendid descent the whole way save a short distance before reaching Lachute, which is rather level; but the difficulty could be overcome by staging, etc. There is an immense unbroken forest in that part of the country which only wan's an outlet; and Mr. Newton is about to erect a sawmill having secured an eligible site, and is going to commence operations immediately.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN'S EXPERIENCE—"An experience of over 30 years enables me to declare unhesitatingly in favor of newspaper advertisements. They are the best read and best printed mediums, and the prominence an advertisement is sure to receive by being brought more directly in connection with interesting reading matter makes a neatly arranged newspaper the very best source, by all odds, that an advertiser can possibly select." A good advertisement in a live newspaper is the best of all possible salesmen, or, as Lord Macaulay said, "Advertising is to business what steam is to commerce—the great propelling power."

Mr. OWENS requests us to state that as he was not able to visit all parts of the County prior to the recent election he will be at the following places, as under:
Lakefield,... Monday, 9th Jan., at 10 a.m.
Mille Isles, " " " at 7 p.m.
Morin,..... Tuesday, 10th Jan., at 10 a.m.
Neil's School House, Wentworth, Tuesday, 10th Jan., at 4 p.m.
When he will be happy to meet the electors at the above mentioned time and places.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The December numbers of "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," and Boy's Own Paper," are to hand, and, as usual, full of interesting and instructive reading matter.

The *Boys Own Paper* has a color plate engraving attached to it, of the famous English football players of 1881—eighteen in number—a fine looking lot of heathy, active young men. The artist has done his work well. The picture is worth framing. It has besides five illustrations—the first that of the "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's"; a school story—the second "The Cryptogram"—the third "The Illused Boy"—the fourth "Wild Adventures Round the Pole"—the fifth "Through the Deepest Canon," being the wildest of the Wild West, by Major J. W. Powell.

The *Leisure Hour* for this month is a capital number, and highly illustrated. The frontispiece is a well executed engraving entitled "Duncan Gray," representing an old man and old woman and a stately good looking young woman who casts side-long looks at a young man sitting on a chair some distance from her, who evidently is annoyed at the presence of the old folks and would rather be left alone with the young lady; the door entering into the room is slightly ajar and two female smiling faces are peeping in viewing the scene. Then there is the meeting of "Old Friends"—"Athens"—"David Wilkie, R.A.," the great painter. "Reading the Gazette," from a splendid painting by Wilkie, showing with what eagerness it is listened to by every officer present as one of them reads aloud—the "House of Commons"—the burning of the old "House of Parliament"—"Palace Yard in the 18th Century"—"Prince Leopold," with selections from his addresses, &c.—and "Martin Fletcher Watched and Misjudged," or the troubles of a city man. All the articles in this magazine are of a high literary order and very entertaining.

Sunday at Home has a beautiful colored frontispiece, "Grace Darling" in her life boat, accompanied by her father on their way to the rescue of a ship-wrecked crew. Then there is "Flowers for the Bride"—"Labour and Rest"—"A ship in the Ice" whose masts, spars, and sides are encrusted with ice—"Samuel Manning, LL.D.," one of the Secretaries of the Religious Tract Society—"The Flight from the Convent"—"Rescued"—"Sunrise in the old Home"—"A Merry Christmas"—"On the Rewa"—"Naomie's Return to Bethlehem"—"The Midnight Chimes." This is one of the best numbers of the year of this very popular magazine—a very readable book—all the articles being written by the best writers known to literary fame. These magazines may be had of Messrs. Wm. Warwick & Son, Publishers, Toronto. Price of each for one year, $1.50; per mail, $1.75.

THE RURAL CANADIAN.—This is the name of a new Agricultural publication just started in Toronto, the Publisher being C. Blackett Robinson, and the Editor W. F. Clarke. It is got up after the style of the *Rural New Yorker*, and resembles that paper very much. The editorials are well written, the selections good, and the price one dollar per annum. It will assuredly have a large circulation among the Farmers of Ontario, and possibly of this Province also. We hail it with pleasure to our exchange list.

"The Law of Life and Journal of Health" for December is received. It is an old established magazine, published by Austin, Jackson & Co., of Danville, N.Y., and edited by Harriet N. Austin. It has a good staff of contributors, and the subjects treated of are ably handled. The style of the get up of the Journal is after the Engish model, the typography is equally good, and the whole appearance of the magazine is first class. Single copies 15c. $1.50 per year.

LIFE OF GARFIELD.—We have received from the World Publishing Company, Guelph, Ont., their reprint of the Life of General Garfield, late President of the United States. The publishers have far exceeded their promises when they announced the publication of this book, having added considerably to it—thus making it more valuable and interesting. It contains 768 pages of well printed reading matter, and numerous illustrations which were not promised by the publishers. They have the exclusive right for the Dominion of Canada, and are selling the books in large numbers, although we understand that cheap, inferior editions are being introduced, yet we are glad to learn it does not seem to interfere with the sale of this very elaborate work which is recommenned by the most intimate friends of the late President Garfield, amongst whom we may mention President B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, Ohio; and we are glad to hear that so worthy a work is having such an extensive sale. Send for copies to World Publishing Company, Guelph, Ont.

SCORE TWO MORE FOR GRENVILLE

People enjoying the blessing of city and village life, cannot form any idea of the hardships endured by those of their less fortunate fellow beings, to whose lot it falls to make for themselves a home in the forests and mountains of a new country. A case in point has just fallen under the notice of the writer. Mrs. Mitchell O'Brien, who lives in the 8th range of the township of Grenville, (and whose husband had gone into the lumber shanties for the winter, leaving his wife and two small children to take care of themselves,—which means feed the cattle, chop the wood, thresh out the grain, take it to market, and generally to paddle their own canoe). This amazonian on the morning of Friday, the 9th inst., not feeling very well, being at the time near her confinement, thought she would run over to her next neighbour *only* three quarters of a mile, and ask some of the women folks to return with her for the night. So putting her two children to bed and making on a good fire, for it was a bitter cold night, she started for her next neighbour's—on arriving at the house she suddenly remembered that she had neglected to close the damper or draft of the stove before leaving. Mrs. Campbell, her neighbour, endeavored to allay her fears about her children by offering to send her husband, but he being an old man and no one else around, the two women started out to return to O'Brien's followed by the old man Campbell. A short distance from Campbell's Mrs. O'Brien noticed the bright rays of the moon struggling to rise through the trees and hills, and thinking it was the reflection of her burning dwelling, redoubled her exertions to reach her home; but being convinced that it was only the moon, she sank down on the road side and instantly gave birth to a fine boy. Resting herself for about five minutes to give time to Mrs. Campbell to wrap up the boy, they started for home where they found all safe; and, after satisfying themselves of the safety of the boy, Mrs. O'B. retired to rest, where she had not been long before she requested Mrs. Campbell to hurry as she might be again required, and on Mrs. C. going to her found that another fine boy had arrived. In the mean time old Mr. Campbell arrived and was sent after another neighbour.

Saturday morning, however, Mrs. O'Brien rose from her bed as usual, and thanking her neighbours for their very great kindness, told them she could manage now very well. On *Monday* following she sent for her brother to come and help her kill her pigs; who, after coming, found he could not catch them; they being at large and running wild. Mrs. O'Brien, however, took a pail of feed, and calling the pigs set them to eat, and then deliberately seizing their hogships by the hind legs held them until her brother despatched them, and then assisted him to dress them.

Mrs. O'Brien is a sister of the celebrated Mrs. James McClusky who presented her husband with twins on two several occasions, and because the neighbours said such things were of common occurrence went one better, presenting him next time with triplets. MORE ANON.

Grenville, Dec. 17th, 1881.

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system.—*Advance.*

The President, with his private secretaries, will keep bachelors hall at the Executive Mansion this winter. There will be no ladies there except those invited to preside on social occasions.

The police entered the office of the *United Ireland*, in Dublin, arrested Burton, the clerk, O'Keefe, sub-editor, and seized all the papers.

Another plot for the assassination of the Emperor of Russia has been unearthed in St. Petersburg.

NOW IS YOUR TIME
to buy your
Christmas Presents.
FINE
GOLD WATCHES,
very cheap.
—FINE SILVER WATCHES.—
GOLD AND SILVER CHAINS,
at all prices.
FINE SILVER NECK CHAINS.
SILVER AND GOLD LOCKETS.
Fine assortment of
RINGS, BROOCHES,
EARRINGS, STUDS, NAPKIN RINGS,
CRUET STANDS. PICKLE STANDS.
CHRISTMAS CARDS.
Large assortment of
—TOYS.—
Fine large Stock of
CLOCKS.
Buy your clocks from a Watchmaker where they are warranted for one year.
C. W. HUGHES,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
MARKET SQUARE, LACHUTE,
(opposite Mr. Melkle's).

J. & A. LOWE
HAVE ON HAND
A NEW STOCK
OF
Fancy and Useful Articles,
SUITABLE
FOR THE
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
J. & A. LOWE.
v4 n34 1y EAST END, LACHUTE.

FURS! FURS!
OUR STOCK OF LADIES' GENTS' AND Children's Furs comprise the latest in
PERSIAN LAMB,
SEAL, MINK,
BEAVER,
OTTER, and
GREY LAMB.
DEFER BUYING.
Defer buying your Xmas and New Year's presents until you have seen our New Goods and at Lowest prices at
THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
C. T. WALES & Co.,
1tf *St. Andrews.*

Montreal House,
SAINT ANDREWS.
News for the HOLIDAYS.
On all Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, and Drugs we will discount ten per cent, and on all Groceries five per cent., for this month.
After January 1st, 1882,
we will sell for cash or produce only. All accounts must be settled either by cash or note then.
G & M SIMPSON.
Dec. 7th, 1881.

Cash paid for Hides, Grain and Butter. 30 tf

Saw Mill Notice.
The Cash Price for Sawing this Season at Lachute Mills for ordinary Lumber is lowered to $2.00 per thousand feet, board measure.
FISH & IRELAND.
Dec. 1st, 1881.

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

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.
v5n6 1y

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

XMAS 1881!
PEELS, Lemon, Orange and Citron.
RAISINS, Sultanas (seedless), Valentias and loose Muscatels.
SUGARS, Extra Ground (for icing), Granulated, Coffee and Brown.
CANNED SALMON, SARDINES, LOBSTERS, TOMATOES, CORN AND PEACHES.
CROSS & BLACKWELL'S MARMALADE, Desiccated Cocoanut, Gelatine, &c.
FRESH TEAS, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE & COCOA.
Full Lines of Dry Goods, &c., &c., &c.
Furs! Furs! Furs!
—BOOTS & SHOES A SPECIALTY.—
Ladies' and Gents' Lined and Plain Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Goods, &c, &c.
Agents for the
Celebrated Crompton Corset,
and for
Dicks' Condition Powders and Liniment.
POULTRY TAKEN IN EXCHANGE for goods
At Market Prices.
H. GILES & SON,
Lachute, Dec., 1881. 41-1y

Wm. MURRAY,
No 71 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.
Watchmaker,
AND
JEWELLER.
n1 1y

PLATED KNIVES, FORKS Cruets Butter Coolers.
FOR SALE CHEAP AT
Wm. MURRAY'S,
NO. 71 ST. JOSEPH STREET
MONTREAL.
n1 1y

PATENTS.
CANADIANS
can secure patents in the United States on the same terms as Citizens. It is best to patent first in the States, thus securing a 17 years' patent; otherwise time will be limited two years. Total cost of United States Patent $60, only $20 on making application, the balance only when patent is allowed. Total cost of Canadian 5 years' patent $34; for 15 years, $75. On receipt of model or drawing, with description of invention, we will send advice, references and circular free.
Address,
C. A. SNOW & Co.,
Solicitors of Patents,
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE,
v5 n6 1y WASHINGTON D. C.
Please mention where you saw this advertisement.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM
CURES COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS ETC.
Parties Wishing
TO
PLANT GRAPE VINES
and small fruits should
FORWARD THEIR ORDERS AT ONC
TO
Gallagher & Gauthier,
101 ST. FRANÇOIS XAVIER STREET
MONTREAL,
proprietors of the
Beaconsfield Vineyards,
NEAR
POINT CLAIRE.

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 $200 to $449 each.
10 vacant building lots from $50 to $100 each.
TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE.

W ½	Lot	3 in 1st Range,	$ 8 00 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,	40 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,	4 0 00
N ½	"	17 in 7th Range,	800 00
S ½	"	6 in 3rd Range,	1000 00

MARRINGTON.

N ½	Lot	12 and 14 in 2nd Range,	1600 00
S ½	"	19 in 4th Range,	100 00
W ½	"	18 in 5 in Range,	300 00

ARUNDEL.

S ½	Lot	16 in 7th Range,	600 0

Apply to
ALEXANDER PRIDHAM,
Grenville, P. Q.,
21y. Co. Argenteuil, Que.

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.

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.

STRACHAN'S
Gilt Edge Soap
Is undoubtedly the best family Soap in the market, because it is of Uniform Weight, each Bar weighing a pound; because it is of Uniform Quality, and that quality the highest; because it is Perfectly Pure, containing only advantageous ingredients; because it has qualities which Soften and Beautify the Hands, not injuring them as inferior soaps; because, in a word, it is an Honest Article. It is manufactured by
W. STRACHAN & CO.,
36 Jacques Cartier Street,
MONTREAL.
Sold by all Leading Grocers throughout the Dominion.
v5 n7 1y

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

LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 28th Dec. at 8 o'clock sharp.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Burdock Blood Bitters.—T. Milburn & Co.
Auction Sale—W. J. Christie.
S. Carsley's List—S. Carsley.
Downs' Elixir.—Henry, Johnsons & Lord.
Hagyard's Yellow Oil.—T. Milburn & Co.
Hagyard's Pec. Balsam—T. Milburn & Co.
Lost—Robert Palisser.

LOCAL.

Ingenious Invention.

Some shrewd Yankee has invented a key that will wind any watch; it is a neat attachment to a chain, and it is said to work like a charm. So does that grand Key to Health—Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest discovery of the age. It unlocks all the secretions, and cleanses and invigorates the entire system. Sample bottles, 10 cents; large size, $1.00 of all medicine dealers.

MASONIC.—Tuesday next being the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, the Freemasons here will install the officers of the lodge and enjoy themselves at a dinner—so we hear.

Sore Throat.

Apply Hagyard's Yellow Oil and take inwardly according to rect ons. Yellow Oil is the best remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bruises, Burns, Frost Bites, and all lameness, inflammation and pain. No household should be without it.

PANSIES IN DECEMBER.—We were presented by Miss Louise Groulx on Wednesday morning with a beautiful bouquet of Pansies, grown in the open garden. This is most extraordinary for the twenty first of December in this northern latitude.

Have Hope.

Before you despair of curing a troublesome cough, don't overlook Consumption's Foe, Hagyard's Pectoral (so says it has cured others, why may it not cure you? All dealers sell it.

FIRES.—The Montreal Nail Works were totally destroyed by fire on Sunday evening about six o'clock. The loss is estimated at $150,000. On the same evening the paint and oil establishment of Messrs. A. Ramsey & Sons was also discovered to be on fire, and before it could be extinguished property to the amount of $5,000 was destroyed.

Where Ignorance is Bliss 'tis Folly to be Wise.

Dr. Bliss if not a success at probing for bullets, was highly successful in despatching bulletins; but the grandest bulletin of success is that which heralds the wonderful cures performed by Burdock Blood Bitters, that matchless tonic and blood purifier which acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, while it invigorates and strengthens the whole system.

The *Gazette* says: "We are authorized to state that the rumors which have been circulated in reference to the sale of the Q., M., O & O Railway are without foundation. No offers such as have been mentioned have been received by the Government. It may be said also, that the suggestion that the Government should advertise for tenders for the railway is without force. Hon. Mr. Chapleau has already announced that he will not accept a less sum than eight million dollars for the property; this is the *minimum* price fixed, and in fixing it the Premier practically invites offers for the railway from any one who is prepared to purchase at a price that would be satisfactory to the Government."

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

Cures coughs, colds, asthma, croup, whooping cough, sore throat, bronchitis and all lung complaints that lead to consumption. Price 25 cents.

A Cure for Croup.

Apply flannel saturated with Hagyard's Yellow Oil and administer the oil internally in a little sugar as directed on the bottle. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Lameness, and all flesh wounds. All dealers sup ly it, price 25 cents.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."—*Cairo Bulletin.*

TURKEY STUFFING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday last Mr. John McNiece purchased from one of our Grocers, what looked to be a fine plump fat turkey, weighing over seventeen pounds, for which he paid nine cents per pound. He took it home pleased that he had procured for his Christmas dinner so fine a bird. But what was Mrs. McNiece's surprise on examing the turkey to find it already stuffed and ready for cooking. She, nevertheless, thought she would see what it was stuffed with. First, the breast was filled full of small raw potatoes—the body ditto, and by way of seasoning to give it an additional relish two large pieces of old iron were added, the whole nicely covered over with a coating of sawdust or indian meal to make it look and feel smooth to the touch. Mrs. McNiece not liking this kind of stuffing had it removed, and the more palitable substituted. The potatoes (fifty in number) and the pieces of iron weighed over seven pounds—thus making the actual cost of the turkey over fifteen cents per pound. The Grocer from whom this bird was purchased does not know the name of the scoundrel he got it from. It is a pitty—for such a wretch should be severely punished. We have also heard of other miscreants putting stones in the middle of ferkins of butter. We advise our merchants to have their eyes open, and examine very carefully what they buy—especially from strangers.

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

NO WASTE, BUT THRIFT!

Falstaff's pun in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been read by all readers of Shakespeare: "Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift." How greatly people err regarding thrift. Members of the family are sick with coughs, colds, lung diseases, asthma, or it may be consumption, the family doctor is called in and prescribes, and makes visit after visit without any apparent relief, and the patient grows about as fast as the bill is presented which is often paid with great reluctance. This might have been avoided by a timely use of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. It is without doubt, the most reliable, and safest family medicine ever invented.

Cost 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 for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 22x1

"There was a sound of revelry by night,"
And joy unmixed had added its delight,
And history graved its grateful record when
The Esterbrooks brought out their Falcon Pen.

LACHUTE IRON MINES.—A mining engineer from Montreal has been inspecting the Lachute iron ore, and his report is so satisfactory that the purchasers have set men to work this week to sink a shaft, and if the quality and quantity of ore proves as satisfactory as is expected, large quantities will be got out this winter. This will give employment to a good number of men and prove a great boon to Lachute. Our article last week on mining showed the richness of Canadian ores over the ores of other countries, and it is confidently believed that the ore of the Laurentian mountains at this point will be equal to that of Hull where iron mining has become a large industry. It is passing strange that with the surface prospects of ore at Lachute, and the favorable report of the late Sir. William Logan on the iron deposits here, they should not have attracted attention before. Great credit is certainly due to the parties who have now undertaken at so much expense and time, the work of exploring and testing in a practical manner the iron deposits at Lachute, and we wish them much success in their undertaking.

Canadian News.

Quite an agitation is in progress here (Quebec) in consequence of the Vienna tragedy, for alterations in the means of exit from the Music Hall and other public buildings.

Mr. Orde, formerly of Ottawa city has made $60,000 speculating in Manitoba lands during the past year, and Mr. J. P. Grant, brother of Dr. Grant, $40,000.

Dr. Gendron, of Montmagny, has entered an action for libel of $5,000 against Mr. Landry, M. P.

The Gatineau Valley Railway directors had a meeting last week at which Mr. Murray Mitchell, a representative of English capital offered to construct the line from Hull to the Desert, provided the municipality interested vote a bonus of $75,000, and the local Government a grant of land equal to $6,000 per mile.

The Episcopal Methodists of Morrisburg are to hold a meeting this week, to arrange for amalgamation with the Canadian Methodist body.

Mrs. Redpath, of Terrace Bank, has settled an endowment of $20,000 on the Montreal Presbyterian Theological College.

It is stated that a rich discovery of oil has been made near Picton, Ont.

Point Fortune, December 15.—A sad drowning accident occurred on Tuesday morning, while a number of the inhabitants were returning from the funeral of the late Mr. O. Marcotte, from St. Andrews. Mr. and Mrs. Cousineau attempted to cross the ice by the French Church road, which has not yet been hushed. The day was very foggy, and as they had no trees to direct them they lost their way and drove into an air hole. The horse, after struggling a while, sank. Mr. Cousineau got hold of the ice with one hand and his wife with the other, and called for assistance, which came, but too late to save Mrs. Cousineau, and barely in time to save Mr. Cousineau, whose strength was fast failing. Mrs. Cousineau leaves six young children to mourn her loss. Mr. Cousineau has the profoundest sympathy of the villagers in his sad bereavement.

Prof. Dawson of the Dominion Geological Survey, reports that the forests of Columbia are of vast importance. Many first class mills have been established, and the total annual product is about 200,000,000 feet. Dawson estimates that timber covers 110,000,000 acres, or two thirds of the whole province. The Douglas fir or Oregon pine is the most valuable commercial tree. It frequently exceeds eight feet in diameter, and raises to a height of from 200 to 300 feet, forming great and dark forests.

McLachlan Bros' new steam mill at Arnprior was put to a test on Thursday of last week as to its capacity for manufacturing lumber, and worked to a charm. At five o'clock p. m. over 500 logs had been sawn up, and it is estimated that the day's cut amounted to over 200,000 feet.

The Marquis of Lorne before sailing for Canada will escort the Princess Louise to the south of France, where she will remain for some time for the benefit of her health.

Canadian wholesale buyers are making heavier purchases in England than for several years past. This goes to prove that the National Policy is not discriminating against the Mother Country so much as might have been feared.

The Intercolonial is doing its duty as a through freight medium. Merchants find that their goods arrive in Montreal via that route from Halifax much sooner than from American ports. Besides, there need be no complaints with regard to Customs' entries of goods passing through the United States.

The English papers continue very emphatic in their comments on Mr. Blaine's instructions for the essential modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. One of the arguments is irrefragable. "If the United States cannot trust England in the Isthmus of Panama, how can England trust the United States?

W. W. Ogilvie and W. F. Alloway, says a Winnipeg paper of the 12th, have returned from their visit to Rat Portage in search of a suitable site for the new grist mill proposed to be built there by A. W. Ogilvie & Co., of Montreal. They are pleased with the prospect and think that for two miles from Keewatin to the Winnipeg the water power to drive machinery is unsurpassed in the world. It is stated that this firm will expend $500,000 there in establishing manufacturing industries. Arrangements have also been nearly completed for running a siding into the site from the C. P. R. main line.

The Governor of Kansas is a temperance reformer of the Cromwellian type. He intends to issue a proclamation which will, if we mistake not, cause a rumpus. He will offer, as Executive of the State, the following rewards:—$500 for the conviction of any brewer or distiller, or the abatement of such place of business as a nuisance; $100 for the conviction of a saloon keeper, or the closing of the saloon; $300 for the conviction of a county attorney, sheriff or marshall for failure to enforce the law; $100 for the conviction of any policeman on the same charge. This is thorough.

The turkey fair, on Friday and Saturday last, was in every respect a great success. The weather was clear and cold. About twenty buyers were in town; the competition was brisk and about sixty tons of turkeys changed hands at prices varying from ten to fifteen cents, the average cost being from eleven to twelve cents. We only heard of one sale on Friday at fourteen cents and one on Saturday at fifteen cents; but there were quite a number at thirteen cents for prime turkeys. Geese sold at 6 to 6½ cents, one sale being reported as high as eleven cents. Messrs. Shaw, Mathe on & McMaster and Messrs. Meighen Bros., were the largest buyers, the former firm shipping 102 cases, and the latter about an equal amount. None of the other buyers took in more than about five tons. The total purchases on the first day were computed at 37 tons and on Saturday at 25 tons, the value being about $15,000. At Smith's Falls on Tuesday and Wednesday the prices ruled equally high notwithstanding the wet weather. Buyers report that the quality of the poultry improves each year.—*Perth Expositor.*

It is to be hoped that Lord Dunmore is only a pioneer in a good work for this Province. The purchase of 100,000 acres, with the obligation of clearing 2,000 acres every year, must prove a great incentive to immigration.

At the Stanley memorial meeting in London, Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, expressed the hope that the tribute would be made international, so that Americans might contribute. There are doubtless many Canadians who would likewise join.

We are glad to hear that the Victoria Rifles are doing something outt of the common in military matters. Instead of keeping the men at the hay foot, straw foot for ever, a signal class has been formed, and the men are being taught to do sentry go, mount and relieve guard, picket duty, patrols, escorts, fatigues, and the many duties which go to make up practical soldiering in the field. This is something like work, and let us hope the Victorias will further be improved by practising shelter trench drill and forming an ambulance corps and learning to fire at a moving target. The Queen's Own should not be allowed to have all the honors, and emulation is the spur to efficiency, as competition is the life of trade.—*Star.*

European News.

The census of France was taken on Sunday. The population is estimated at 38,000,000.

In consequence of the opposition to the scheme for an industrial exhibition in Dublin, a strong movement is on foot to carry out the project at Belfast.

The Treasurer of the Ladies' Land League announces that the receipts for the past week for the prisoners' fund amount to £1,150 and for the general fund to £264.

Several hundred tenant farmers ploughed Parnell's farm in Wicklow county and performed all the necessary work thereon. On separating they cheered Parnell, Dillon, Sheehy and others.

Mr. Walter Powell, M. P., who was carried out to sea in a balloon on Saturday, and from whom nothing has been heard, is a Welshman. He was born in 1842 and educated at Rugby, and has represented Malmesbury as a strong Conservative since 1868.

The condition of the cotton crop, as reported to the Department of Agriculture, is lower than in any season since 1866. The total crop is estimated at about 4,900,000 pounds.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERT.

The concert in aid of the Sabbath-School of Jerusalem and Bethany came off on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst, according to announcement and, altogether, it proved a grand success in every respect. The meeting was called to order by the chairman, Mr. John Summerby, who filled that position well.

The first part of the programme was commenced by a few of the scholars singing "Home Sweet Home." Then followed a reading "The story of the rich man's mother," by Mrs. John Crozier: Recitation by Master John Maxwell; Duett by Mrs D. Pollock and Miss L. Crozier, "The moon is beaming o'er the lake." Reading by Mr. Walter Sherman. Then followed a "Manx Farewell" song by Mr. S. McKimmie: Humorous reading by Mr. Malcolm Smith; then a song and chorus "Give my love to all at home" by the Miss a Crozier. Mrs D. Pollock and Mr. Alex. Stewart; Misses Loynachan and Griffith gave a very amusing dialogue; Scotch Reading, "My first sweetheart," by Mr. S. McKimmie; Then followed a selection of Scottish airs on the organ and violin by Miss Crozier and Mr. McKimmie, Miss Jessie Stewart, Brownsburg, gave a recitation "The Curfew shall not toll to-night," which was remarkably well rendered; Song, "The gray hairs of my mother," by Miss L. Crozier, which closed the first part of the Programme.

Recitation, Guilty or not guilty," by the chairman; Humorous Scotch reading, "Prize Concerts." by Mr. S. McKimmie; Dialogue by the Misses Bell and Mr. Valentine Curry; Recitation, "Somebody's Mother," by Master George Maxwell; Song by Mr. Duncan McGibbon, Brownsburg; Humorous Irish reading by Mr. Val. Curry; Next followed a duett, "Juanita," by the Misses Crozier; Reading by Mr. W. Sherman, very humorous; Then followed a selection of Scottish airs on the organ and violin by Miss L. Crozier and Mr. S. McKimmie; Humorous reading by Mr. Malcolm Smith; Next came a beautiful song and chorus, "Good bye old home," by the Misses Crozier, Mrs. D. Pollock and Mr. A. Stewart; Two Irish songs by Mr. John Swails. A lengthy programme was then brought to a close by singing God save the Queen. Each of the performers rendered their parts well judging from the applause of the audience. COM.

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.*

LACHUTE COUNCIL TAX.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:

There are loud and grievous complaints about the way the Lachute Council is taxing the people, and also the way the tax is being collected. The people do not seem to know what the tax is for, and many of them did not know there was a tax levied until the bailiff came to the door to collect it. Some say the tax is illegal and cannot be collected, and others assert that the Council is running things blind, and that an explanation will have to be given of where the money goes to. If money is collected from the whole parish to repair roads in certain localities the people ought to know why their money is so spent, and why the people in each locality do not make and keep their own roads. If there are certain persons sued for roads, let them pay the expense of their suits, if they chose to contest them, and not saddle a tax upon the whole parish. Some explanation is necessary, and if you, Mr. Editor, can enlighten the ratepayers, you will much oblige

ONE OF THEM.

Lachute, Dec. 20th, 1881.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

SPEECHES AND BILLS—SENATOR PENDLETON'S WAY—THE CIVIL SERVICE MENACE—SOCIO-POLITICAL RECEPTIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17 1881.

This has been a week of somewhat desultory speech-making in the Senate, and of presenting innumerable bills in the House.

Senators Pendleton and Hill spoke on the civil service reform question. Senators Beck, Maxey, Anthony and Garland had something to say about the Presidential succession, in case of the death or disability of the Executive. And Senator Sherman presented his three per cent. funning bill, which, it is believed, will, with immaterial modification, become a law, it being essentially the same measure that passed the House last session.

It is somewhat amusing to see a Senator making a set speech. It is such a burlesque on Grey's lines. "The applause of listening senates to command." The Senate does everything but listen and applaud. The Senate dozes on the settees; it smokes in the cloak-rooms; it goes down to the restaurant, and it treats the orator with what a casual observer might think disrespect. But the orator is quite indifferent to the indifference of the senate. He is speaking over and beyond them. His object is to spread his speech on the record, and to have it noticed by as many as possible of the eight or nine thousand journals of the United States. Senator Pendleton is not a brilliant speaker. There is an apparent lack of earnestness in his oratory. His rhetoric is somewhat verbose. He lacks the nicest precision in his choice of words. Thurman or Edmunds can put in twice as much prickly information to the page. Then again, civil service reform is not a subject upon which the average senator can wax eloquent. Though of the most pressing importance, it is dry and uninteresting. There is a faithless apathy pervading political and official circles with regard to the possibility of improving the present corrupt and pernicious system. The Ohio Senator deserves credit and praise for the persistance with which he besieges this black walled and apparently inexpungable menace to free institutions.

Last week, Senators Lapham and Miller, of New York, had a brilliant reception given in their honor at Marlois' Hall. And to-night a like reception will be given to Speaker Keifer at Masonic Hall. Do you understand the agency and the object of these mammoth socio-political entertainments? I will tell you. A number of Government clerks from New York and from Ohio feel insecure in their places and take this means of introducing themselves to the new senators, and to the most influential man from Ohio. They wish to strengthen their influence, because they know that influence and not fitness is the accepted qualification for office at these headquarters. This is, in brief, the civil service system of the United States. Why did not Mr. Pendleton make use of these fresh conspicious instances in his argument? Some senators are too gentle to live. One good *argumentum ad hominem* is worth a *tome* of ponderous generalities. If the argument hurts somebody, *tant pis pour l'un.*

—I once gave a lady two and twenty receipes against melancholy: One was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this was trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.—*Sidney Smith.*

MARRIED.

LLOYD—BLACK.—At Chatham, Dec. 20th, by the Rev. W. Forlong, Lachute, Mr. Wm. Lloyd, farmer, St. Lyn, to Annie, daughter of Mr. David Black, farmer, Chatham.

S. CARSLEY'S LIST.

Ladies' two-inch and three-inch Webbing Belts, with two and three straps.

Ladies' fine Leather and Morocco Belts, in two, three and four inch widths

At S. Carsley's—Children's real English Leather Belts, strong and useful, 5c, 5c 6c, and 7c each.

At S. Carsley's—New Satin and Brocaded Scarfs, suitable for making caps and trimming.

At S. Carsley's—A lot of pretty and stylish Fichus, in extra quality, suitable for presents.

At S. Carsley's—Ladies' and Children's Combination Suits, a specialty. Try them.

At S. Carsley's An immense and complete stock of Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

At S. Carsley's—Stockings, real Scotch Lamb's Wool, are being sold at half prices.

At S. Carsley's—Children's rough, medium and fine Hand-made Mitts.

At S. Carsley's—Ladies' and Children's strong Hand-knitted Snow-shoe Stockings.

At S. Carsley's—Ladies' Cheniile Scarfs, in plain, fancy and shaded.

At S. Carsley's—Ladies' and Children's plaited, sailor and large round Collars, plain and embroidered.

At S. Carsley's—Laces, Antique, Spanish and Smyrna, in ecru, white and black.

At S. Carsley's—Thousands of pairs of new and perfect-fitting Corsets for the Holidays.

At S. Carsley's The best selection of Kid Gloves in the city to choose from. All new stock.

At S. Carsley's—Stockings with double heels and toes, ribbed and plain.

At S. Carsley's—Stockings that fit perfectly which are made to wear well.

At S. Carsley's—Ladies' and Children's fancy plaited Collars for 5c and 9c each.

At S. Carsley's—Lovely present-made up in fancy boxes, all ready for sending away.

At S. Carsley's—Magnificent Passementerie Trimmings, suitable for dresses or mantles.

At S. Carsley's—New, pretty and stylish Fringes, ranging in price from 3 c to $3.00 per yard.

At S. Carsley's—Fine assortment of plain, spotted and brocaded Nets.

At S. Carsley's—Infants' Booties and Infants' Fancy Jackets in great variety.

At S. Carsley's—Fifty patterns to choose from in Children's Fancy Wool Dresses.

S. CARSLEY,

393, 395, 397, 399 NOTRE DAME ST.

MONTREAL.

G. A. NANTEL,

ADVOCATE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR,

St. Jerome,

DUMONT STREET, office of *Le Nord*, near the College.

Will attend all the Courts of the District of Terrebonne.

Auction Sale.

The Undersigned will sell by public auction on

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30TH, 1881,

at the residence of the late

Geo. L. Glines,

next door to the Store of Messrs. Giles & Son,

LACHUTE,

the following articles:

1 dining extention table, black walnut sideboard, cooking stove, hall stove, 6 cane seated chairs, 1 ditto rocking chair, 1 lounge, 1 centre table, 1 sofa, 4 hair cloth chairs, 1 hair cloth rocking chair, 1 whatnot, 1 side table, 2 iron bedsteads, 1 black walnut bedstead, 2 washstands, 1 large black walnut washstand, 1 bureau, 2 looking glasses, 1 tapestry carpet, 2 fenderstuffs, 6 brackets, 1 kitchen table, 3 kitchen chairs, 1 cooking stove and pipes, 1 wool door mat, 4 china vases, 2 oil paintings, 4 oil chromes, a number of small pictures, 1 crumb cloth, 2 curtain poles and rings, 2 trays, 3 lamps, 1 cruet, 1 set china, 1 set stoneware, quantity of crockery, glassware, silverware, tinware and cooking utensils, 6 crocks, 2 washtubs, 1 clothes wringer, 1 tin bath tub, 1 preserving kettle, 1 snow shovel, 1 axe, a quantity of wood, potatoes and vegetables, and several other articles too numerous to mention.

SALE TO COMMENCE AT 10 A. M.

TERMS:—Under $5.00, cash; over that amount, nine months' credit, by furnishing approved joint notes.

W. J. CHRISTIE,
AUCTIONEER.

Lachute, Dec. 17th, 1881.

LOST.

Lost an April pig (sow) three weeks ago. Color white. Any information concerning her whereabouts will be thankfully received by the undersigned. He will pay expenses.

ROBERT PALISSER.
n17 4in. CARILLON.

WE would respectfully call your attention to our Photographic Establishment. Our facilities for portraiture are not surpassed; our Rooms are central and replete with choice specimens; our publication of Views comprise MONTREAL QUEBEC, MURRAY BAY, CACOUNA, TADOUSAC, SAGUENAY, OTTAWA, THOUSAND ISLANDS, TORONTO, NIAGARA, YEOSEMITE VALLEY, LAKE GEORGE, AUSABLE CHASM, SARATOGA, &c. 15 First Prizes awarded.

Studio 1953 St. James Street.

J. G. PARKS,
14 1y Proprietor.

NOTICE.

Strayed into the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 27, in the 5th range of Wentworth, near Lost River, a ram. It has a piece cut off its left ear. Color white. Owner can have it by paying expenses.

16 3i. JOHN McCUAIG.

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 1st RANGE of Chatham formerly owned by the late Hon. 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,
n8 3m Cushing.

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

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. D. Meikle, Post Office.
J. Pattinaud, 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.

CHATHORO.

C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.

E. Lablanc.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.

A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
11tf LACHUTE BAKERY.

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 49-1y

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

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

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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL

CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the FERTILE BELT of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory for sale at

$2.50 PER ACRE.

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at six per cent.

A REBATE OF $1.25 PER ACRE

being allowed, on certain conditions, for cultivation and other improvements.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS

of the Company, which can be procured at all the Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, and other Banking Institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

Special arrangements made with Emigration and Land Companies.

For full particulars, apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN McTAVISH, Winnipeg; or to the undersigned

By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

MONTREAL, *December 1st*, 1881. 16-1

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, Denines, willed & 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 Lon'on & 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

PLACIDE LATOUR,

BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

COLLECTING AGENT,

Private Detective,

and confidential

Secret-Service Agent.

All business promptly attended to.

v5, 1 1y

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 hog sugars, coffees, spices, herrings, pork, hams, and general groceries, all at lowest cash prices.

FISH & IRELAND.

Lachute Mills, Nov. 10th, 1881.

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 n8 1y

DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } *District of Terrebonne.* }

A SESSION of the COURT of QUEEN'S BENCH holding Criminal jurisdiction in and for the District of Terrebonne, will be held in the Court House, in the Village of Ste. Scholastique, on Saturday the SEVENTH day of JANUARY next, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence, I give public notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the Common Gaol of the said district, and all others, that they must be present then and there; and I also give notice to all Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers, in and for the said district, that they must be present then and there with their Records, Rolls, Indictments, and other Documents, in order to do those things which belong to each of them in respective capacities.

Z. BOUSSILLE,
16 3in SHERIFF.

Sheriff's Office, Ste. Scholastique, 2nd December, 1881.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that application shall be made at the next session of the Legislature of Quebec for an Act incorporating the St. Eustache Railway Company, and authorizing said Company to construct and operate a railway from one point on the line of the North Shore Railway at or near Ste. Therese de Blainville, to some point near or in the village of St. Eustache, and thence to some point in the parish of St. Joseph du lac des Deux Montagnes.

Montreal, 9th Dec., 1881.

LACOSTE, GLOBENSKY & BISAILLON,
15 5in Solicitors for Applicants.

PUBLIC NOTICE

is hereby given that application shall be made at the next session of the Quebec Legislature for an Act incorporating a railway company with power to construct and operate a railway from some point on the North Shore Railway at or near Lachute, to some point in or near the village of St. Andrews of Argenteuil, under the name of "The Argenteuil Railway Company."

Montreal, 9th December, 1881.

LACOSTE, GLOBENSKY & BISAILLON,
15 5in Solicitors for Applicants.

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 moving machines.
School Desks and Seats for Public Halls.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all our work.

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THE VIENNA TRAGEDY.

Full Particulars of the Great Fire.

700 LIVES SUPPOSED TO BE LOST.

Horrible Scenes and Mutilation of Bodies —The Awful Death Struggle—An Impotent Fire Brigade—Touching Incidents—A Solemn Warning.

Friday's Vienna despatches give fuller and graphic reports of the great fire there, as follows:

The *Wiener Allegemeine Zeitung*, whose offices are opposite the ill-fated Ring Theatre, gives an account of the catastrophe, of which the following is an extract: We write with death in our hearts, unable to find words to describe the pain which we suffer. A terrible calamity befel our city to-day. The Ring Theatre, formerly known as the Opera Comique, is in ashes, and hundreds of human beings are victims of the catastrophe. Nothing like this horror has ever occurred before in this city. At ten minutes before 7 o'clock the fire broke out. The theatre was pretty well filled, but happily not entirely crowded. A considerable number of people were still in the *foyer* and dressing-rooms, and a dense mass of carriages occupied the Schotten Ring. It had just commenced to snow, and in the auditorium of the theatre there was the usual bustle before the commencement of the performance. People were walking up and down looking for their places, and the noise of turning down of seats was heard on all sides. The boxes were still empty, but the balcony and galleries were well filled. On the stage everything was in a state of activity and bustle. Workmen were removing the scenery, etc. Offenbach's comic opera, "Les Contes de Hoffmann," was to be performed for the second time. Some of the singers and actors had already taken their places on the stage in costume, but a large number of them, however, were still in the dressing-rooms in the hands of the costumers and hair-dressers. The overture had not yet begun. How the fire commenced cannot be definitely stated, and probably it will never be known. According to one version the scenery was ignited by a spark from the electric machinery. According to another, a workman with an alcohol lamp caused the disaster. The former version is the more likely one. Director Helmesberger, who stood upon the stage, was the first one to notice the fire. In a moment after the "flies" were wrapped in flames, and the network of wood, ropes and canvas was burning like tinder. The people on the stage were stupified with fear at first, and they speedily took to flight in most terrible confusion towards the ladies' dressing-rooms on the left of the stage, where a small staircase led to the Hohenstanperg-trasse. In a moment the curtain flew up, and the draught blew it hither and thither, until like a fiery tongue it darted back and forth from the auditorium to the stage. The fire became master of Ring Theatre. "Fire!" "fire!" "the Ring Theatre is on fire!" was the cry that went from mouth to mouth. On the Ring-strasse the flames were already bursting through the roof, and cries such as Vienna never heard before filled the air. They seemed not like the cries of human beings, but such woeful accents as can be heard only in a death struggle. The scene was indescribable. All those inside the fated building were pushing their way toward the street, which was densely crowded at all points. The audience from the theatre struggled and crushed each other in the *peristyle* and *foyer*, and confusion reigned supreme. Suddenly cries were heard from the windows of the theatre leading to the Ring. The balcony over the entrance was soon emptied, and the cries of those at the windows and of those within the theatre were awful, and swelled louder and louder. The mass of the people in the street was growing denser constantly.

All the morning papers publish long heart-rending accounts of the catastrophe. Most of them place the number of the dead at 300, but with persons who were in the fourth gallery yet to hear from the number will be swelled to five hundred at least. Even the police seem reluctant to speak of the extent of the disaster in the upper gallery, and neither firemen nor soldiers have as yet dared to penetrate the dreadful scene. To a fireman who had assisted in bringing out the bodies from the third gallery a correspondent put the question, "How many persons do you think are in the fourth gallery?" "Two hundred, and possibly five hundred," was the reply. "Who can tell; they are there in thick masses. We shall not know how many are dead until the people of Vienna have sent in their list of the missing ones to the police." The origin of the fire is not yet established to a certainty, but of the cowardice of the firemen and stage attendants, who should have let down the iron screen, of the general want of provision in the event of such a catastrophe, there remains no dobt.

In the panic the persons responsible for the safety of the theatre neglected to use the means of telegraphing to the fire engine station. The audience were consequently left ten minutes struggling in the darkness for exit. The life-saving brigade then arrived with ladders, torches and jumping-sheets. People jumped from the windows a dozen at a time. In an hour and a half the whole building was a roaring furnace. The persons whose bodies were first recovered apparently died from suffocation, but others present a shocking spectacle. Many have the heads or feet burned off. The building is still on fire. The funeral of the victims is fixed for Sunday. The managers of all the theatres announce special performances for the benefit of the sufferers. The number of persons actually reported missing is 600. The Superintendent of Machinery states that the machinery became ignited as the lamps were being lit by the electric current. The theatre was the property of the State lessees. The loss is one hundred thousand florins. All the performers, except three of the chorus, were saved. Three professors and a member of Parliament are missing. Baron Rothschild subscribed 10,000 florins for the sufferers.

Another despatch says: In the narrow stairway between the second and third galleries the firemen discovered a huge mass of human bodies writhed together. The corpses taken out of the galleries were so mangled, so entwined, that there is no doubt the unfortunates at last struggled and fought each other in order to gain the door. Three of the corpses could not be separated, and were borne away together. The scenes descriptive of the bodies awaiting recognition in various places are too fearful to repeat. Many of the dead appear to be ladies of the better class. On the fingers of one are brilliant diamonds. Most of the bodies are simply without human shape. On many the legs, arms and hands are wanting. The scene outside the burning theatre, wives seeking their husbands, children looking for their parents, and parents looking for their children, was heartrending. The immense crowd stood silent as death, watching the flames. Three of the Grand Dukes were present last night at the scene of the disaster, watching the finding of the dead. They wept bitterly. The Emperor has telegraphed for full details to be sent to Godollo. Subscriptions have been opened by all the Vienna papers for the relief of the sufferers.

"A few seconds," says the *Wiener Allegemeine Zeitung*, "after the commencement of the fire, Mgr. Jauner appeared at one of the windows of the first storey leading to the Ring. He shouted to the crowd, but what he meant only a few could understand. He asked the crowd to keep quiet and not to press on. 'Only the curtains is burning, keep quiet, don't press on,' a human voice cried, making itself heard for a few minutes, then it was suffocated by the thundering noises produced by the fire and the human crowd. The fire had gained rapid headway inside, and had reached the gas fixtures. The lights went out in all the corridors of the theatre. In wardrobes and restaurants and in the lobbies dark night reigned. A lurid light was only seen in the auditorium, where the devouring flames carried disaster, but still showed to some few the road to safety, but the staircases—those unhappy staircases—in one moment they were filled up and obstructed. The crowd pressed on, trampled, fell down, and fresh masses of fugitives went over the bodies of the unhappy ones who had fallen. There was no escape. There could be none, as one pressed against the other. Some few who had jumped up at the first moment got through. Now and then also a strong man made his way out. On the Ring there were seen some faces, blackened by the smoke and reeking with blood. They had fought for their lives in the thick crowd. Strange forms appeared naked and half-naked. Strangely dressed people they were. One of them wore nothing but a woolly under jacket and a powdered wig. A second one did not even wear as much as that. The lady dressed in a student's costume of red velvet, who had to sing the part of the *Student Nicholas*, was followed by another one in an airy night-robe. The cafes in the neighborhood were changed into dressing-rooms and warming chambers, the Police Station into a hospital and a death chamber."

The Vienna fire department proved itself supremely inefficient. There was only one fire engine, giving a stream scarcely larger than a finger, and it could not reach the upper portion of the house. The hand engines were duly fed from water butts filled from barrels driven to the ground. There were no fire escapes, and the ladders came late on the ground, and when they arrived much time was lost in planting them. There was a great display of military, who kept order, but of efficient firemen and apparatus there was a lamentable lack. There is to be a searching official inquiry into the cause of the fire, and as to who is culpable.

To look at the dead bodies in the morgue and at the Krankenhous tells more of the terrible death which the victims met than the report that any eye-witness has yet given. Some appear to have died from suffocation alone. Two beautiful girls are there with their faces scarcely discolored, looking as if they were only asleep. Another youthful female figure lies there, only one charred stump of her neck remaining, while her body and lower extremities are untouched. The linen of her underclothing is as spotlessly white as when in the afternoon of the fatal day she dressed herself for the play. Her death is described. Easily caught in the dense surging crowd, the flames descended upon them all, charring and consuming only the heads with the fierce heat. Most of the better preserved bodies show one arm uplifted, as if struggling for freedom, while the other hand is closely pressed to the mouth to exclude the destroying breath of the fire. Others have the heads and upper part of bodies without disfigurement, while the feet and legs are charred off. Other victims are represented by the trunk alone, the heads, feet and legs missing entirely. Those who were exposed to the flames are as dark as Africans, but with the form and features often faithfully preserved. The other bodies retain the form of the last desperate struggle, the features expressing the final cramp of agony. Others are fair women, some with diamond rings still glittering on their fingers. The only objects by which they can possibly be recognized have been trampled to death and then partly consumed by the fire. Some have their skulls crushed in and limbs distorted and broken. From others the bowels protrude—a horrifying sight. But why continue the ghastly list. So far only a dozen persons have been recorded as having escaped wounded but with life from the catastrophe. The rest are all dead, and all this fearful result is due to the criminal carelessness, negligence and lack of the ordinary precautions of safety.

The audience was helpless. The bravest man could do nothing. The shouts of Director Jauner to the audience, endeavoring to quiet them by saying that there was no danger, reads to-day like the act of a man deprived of his senses. The calmest head, the bravest heart, could have done nothing to save those nearest and dearest to him. It was almost impossible to save any one but one's self. Several of those who escaped are to-day madmen. Last night, about midnight, a young man belonging by his dress to the upper classes was found in a side street near the burning theatre, bareheaded and singed, insanity expressed in his staring eyes, and crying out incessantly the single word "Amalie, Amalie." He held a strip of fur worn by ladies around the neck hysterically to his bosom. "Where do you live? Have courage," said a compassionate bystander, but his only answer was, "Amalie, Amalie. I sprang down, but she is being burnt within. She is being burnt within."

VIENNA, Dec. 10.—Every hour adds to the excitement here over the horrible holocaust of Thursday night. Of the few who escaped from the fiery furnace many have gone mad. The fortunate ones emerged from the building after their struggle begrimed and sometimes bloodstained

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

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VOL. V. LACHUTE, Q., FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1881. NO. 18.

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SAUCY SALL.

With the first dawn of morning, Raymond swept the sea with a little spy-glass, which he had put in his pocket the previous day for the use of Mr. Stevens; there was one stately vessel visible that had just started upon the broad highway of the Atlantic for the western world but the instrument which told him that much by showing him the streaming stars and stripes could bring the ship no nearer, save to his vision! The wind had partially lulled which had hurried the clouds in flocks athwart the moon all night, and the huge three-master made but little way. It was agony to the captive to watch her lessening hull, her masts dwindling inch by inch to a mere stick of canvas, then sinking altogether out of sight; and yet he knew well that though he had caught sight of her from the first, she could not have come within distance, by a mile, for any signal of his to be discerned, far less attended to.

A few hours later, but still very early in the morning, the preventive boat from Marmouth passed on its way to Lucky Bay; but it, too, gave the outlying rocks so wide a berth that all signs and cries were unavailing. He had made bold to strip one of the precious bales of its sailcloth covering, to flutter flagwise at the mouth of the cave; but at the distance which the cutter kept, it could have shown no larger than an albatross' wing. Moreover, unlike one placed upon the down, or even on the beach, he was in a position where no mortal would think of looking for a human creature, or of taking any sign as made by man. Foot by foot, the cutter slowly drew away, for the wind was not in her favor, and tacked and tacked, though never near the shore, till presently the headland cut her off. Neither food nor drink had Raymond taken for twelve hours, yet the fever of his blood ran high; and like a wild beast in his lair, he paced his narrow prison, feeling desire for nothing save to be free. The day grew on, and with it drew the fatal time when Gideon was to put his murderous design into execution. The tide was almost at its lowest, which was the only period at which the Mermaids Cavern could be reached, and which Raymond himself had bidden his wife remember, appointing as it were with his own breath the hour of her doom.

He was about to lose the beloved partner of his life, the wife of his youth, still beautiful as a bride, the mother of his innocent child—nay, and that helpless child herself as well—at the hands of one already a murderer in intent, and whom neither beauty nor helplessness would move a hair's-breadth from his cruel purpose. Thoughts like these would have been enough to drive some men mad in a like position, or to tempt them to end such mental agony by one leap forth into the viewless air; but not so Raymond. If he could not save, he might still live to be avenged. Sooner or later, he would surely escape from his living grave; then wifeless, childless, he would track the wretch who had made him desolate—ay, though the pursuit should lead him half round the world; and then, face to face, the victim risen from the tomb to confront his murderer—then, for a few brief minutes, he would taste of that nearest approach to joy which would then be left to him—revenge! Foot to foot, hand to hand—and, better, without a weapon, for so the thing would last the longer—how he would woo that ruffian to the combat, and bear him backwards with tardy but relentless force, and squeeze the life out of his lying throat by slow degrees! He should come twice to life again, and die three times; once for himself, in payment for the time when Gideon mocked him in the very jaws of seeming death; and once—the husband's breath came quick and short the while he thought upon it—once for Mildred; and once again for the child; and then his dark soul should wing its way to hell. Raymond Clyffard's veins swelled into knots, and his fingers dug into the flesh of his clinched hands the while he thought upon his great revenge. He had never been so near the fate of his race before, as when he brooded over that grim picture; the curse of the Clyffards almost came upon him. But as though he had felt that it was nigh, and knew that if it fell he would be powerless for the work of retribution, he beat it back as it were by force, and compelled his mind into other channels. He made it count the puffing as they stood in single file upon the ledges beneath, and mark how often the green-eyed haggard cormorant dived within the hour, and how long remained before he emerged from under water with draggled wing.

Towards noon something occurred, however, which of itself demanded his attention. The little revenue-cutter once more rounded the point upon its return-voyage to Yarmouth. He forgot at the moment the arrangements which had been made by Lieutenant Carey for the transportation of Stevens to Mermaid Bay, and it was with a great cry of fury that through his glass he discerned the form, although not the features, of his enemy. The boat this time seemed coming in quite close to shore, so near that his signals could not fail to be observed, and Raymond's heart had begun to beat with hope as well as passion, when suddenly her course was turned to seaward, and she made for the outlying piller of chalk which was called the Dutchman. This change of tack at first originated in a natural disinclination on the part of Gideon Carr to approach the scene of his yesterday's crime, where the tide might by chance have left some ghastly evidence of it, or even the white cliff presented some damning stain; but as he continued to scan the spot through the boatswain's glass, he caught sight of Raymond's signal, which for the moment struck icy terror to his soul, and produced the change which we have already described to have occurred in him; and finding the boatswain importunate for the possession of the glass, he purposely dropped it into the sea, although even through it, it is doubtful whether any other eye but his own could have perceived that which had so moved him. Nay, after a little thought, Gideon almost convinced himself that what he imagined he had beheld was merely the effect of morbid fancy; and as the cutter drew further and further from the land, so his wicked conscience grew less disturbed.

Then came the incident of Walter Dickson's craft being seen running close in shore towards Sandby, and at once all his fears returned. If, by any miracle, Raymond Clyffard was really yet alive, and what he had seen had indeed been a signal of his supposed victim, intended as a demand for help, those on board the smuggling vessel could not fail presently to see it; hence Mr. Stevens' passionate attempt to induce the crew of the revenue cutter to arrest Dickson's course. We know that that appeal was futile, and how the cutter kept on her way, and carried Gideon Carr to his righteous doom in Mermaid Bay; but Raymond only knew that so far, at least, the murderer's plans had been successful, and that probably within that very hour both wife and child would perish through his cursed guile, choked by the pitiless tide. No mental torture could have been contrived by tyrant of old more poignant than that he was doomed to feel when he beheld in the far distance the cutter with its hateful burden at last standing in for the land. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when what should come swirling round the eastern promontory, through a passage, thought to be somewhat dangerous, between the mainland and a cluster of outlying fragments of it called the "Stark," but the lugger of Mr. Walter Dickson, so close to the cliffs that one who stood upon the Beacon Down might have almost tossed a biscuit on to her slanting deck. On she came, noiseless and swift as a white phantom, steered by Mr. Walter Dickson himself, who, with half-shut eyes, lay dreamily in the stern-sheets, as though his slender craft were in no more danger than if she were coasting upon Ullswater.

"They're allus out upon some fool's errand or other," observed young Richard Brock, who, with two others, made up the crew of the lugger, in continuation of some remarks called forth by their meeting with the revenue-boat. "If they had been off Mermaids Bay three nights ago, instead of now, they might ha' done a good stroke o' business."

"They would not have got it cheap, whatever they got," answered his father from the bow thwarte, removing his pipe from his mouth in order to give due emphasis to an imprecation. "Fifteen hundred pound-worth of shawls and lace—where the devil are you steering us to. Walter? *Port*, man, *port* or we shall be on *Gull's Castle!*" And, indeed, so near to the outlying chalk-rock of that name did the lugger pass, that as the old seaman gave his warning, he also kicked off his shoes in readiness for a swim.

"Look, mate, look!" cried Walter Dickson, scarcely conscious of the danger they had so narrowly escaped: "there's somebody in *Martin's Nest*."

The sensation which this exclamation produced upon the crew of the lugger was most extraordinary; they did not indeed start from their seats, as landsmen would have done, but each uttered a hasty ejaculation of wrath and wonder as his looks followed the direction of the steersman's eyes to where Raymond could be plainly seen fluttering his signal, and gesticulating with the utmost vehemence. He was calling to them, too, at the top of his voice, and adjuring them to return at once to Mermaid Bay, and save his wife and child; but the distance was too great and the wind too violent to suffer them to catch a word he said, although they guessed by his motions that he was endeavoring to make himself heard.

"Who is it?" cried old Will Brock savagely. "What cursed fool can have risked going there in daylight, and without leave or license, too, from those who have the best right to give it?"

"It ain't one of our folks at all," answered his son, shading his eyes with his hands, as he scanned the shining cliff; "it's Mr. Raymond Hepburn, of the cottage."

"The worse for him," muttered the old man furiously. "Is there not a gun in the boat? Pass it here, boy. I am going to shoot a razor-bill—that is all."

"No, no; none of that," interrupted Dickson; "we should only make bad worse by anything of that sort."

"Fifteen hundred pound-worth of shawls and laces," exclaimed the other with passion; "the best run I ever made in my life; and all that you and I and the rest of us have in the world! Are you going to risk all that, Walter Dickson, for a friend of them blasted blue-jackets? Give me the gun, I say."

"No, Will; you shall not do murder—or rather attempt it, for that fowling-piece would not carry half the distance. 'Tis clear that this man has not been seen by anybody as yet, or he would not be playing such frantic tricks yonder, in order to let us know he was there. How he ever got into the *Martin's Nest*, I know not; but he is evidently alone. We have only him to deal with in the matter, and if we can keep him quiet——"

"There is only one way that makes all safe," interrupted the old man gloomily. "Why he will get half that's there for merely saying it is there."

"Nay, nay; Mr. Hepburn is a gentleman, and his wife has been good to my old woman," answered Dickson warmly; "and you have been my mate, Will, for these thirty years, and one of whom I should be sorry to have to say, 'That man was hanged for murder.' I have as large a stake in yonder goods as any man here, and should be equally loath to lose it, but there is blood enough on that Beacon Cliff already."

"Only a coast-guardsman," muttered one of the crew who had not yet spoken.

"Very true, Elliot," returned Dickson quietly; "although, let me tell you, it does not become one of your stock to talk like that. In the heat of a fight, one may chance to get blood upon one's hands, and hardly know how it came there. But pushing folks over precipices—ay, you may frown and swear, too, for all I care—or shooting them in cold blood, while they are asking us for help, like this one—such things are not to my taste, nor do I believe that good can come of them."

"Then what do you propose to do, Master Clear conscience?" inquired Brock, sullenly. "Is Lieutenant Carey and his friend, this Mr. Hepburn, to go shares together in our property?"

A hoarse murmur of rage and dissatisfaction came from the throats of the two sailors, who had themselves no little interest in the proceeds of the late "run," and whom this reference to the intimacy between the commander of the coast-guard and the present subject of conversation excited to fury.

"I will go bail that no one here suffers any loss," replied Walter Dickson resolutely. "*The Saucy Sall* is worth something, and I have a little money at bank, which, in case of the worst, shall be at your service. There—does that suit you, mates?"

All reluctantly allowed that under these circumstances, so far as they were concerned, they had certainly no further right to complain, but, at the same time, they avowed their disinclination to accept so generous an offer.

"No, no," said Brock, with a gleam of kindly feeling in his hard gray eyes; "we ain't a-going to cut our cable from you, old fellow. We're in a heavy sea; but if we pull together with a will, we may perhaps keep our shirt-collars dry yet."

"That's well said, mate," answered Dickson, cheerily. "Now, my plan is this—to get one of our people to visit the *Martin's Nest* this very night. If I was as lissome as I used to be——"

"*I* will go," interrupted young Richard Brock, sententiously. "There will be moon enough for that."

"You're a good fellow," replied Dickson, with much heartiness; "and your father is proud of you, for all that he looks like a cormorant who has just dropped a fish. You shall visit the poor gentleman, my lad, and explain matters. It will be hard upon him as well as upon us, we may be sure; but you must make him see the necessity of being a prisoner for some time to come at least, and more than that of his remaining quiet, so that nobody but ourselves may know where he is. If the *Martin's Nest* was discovered, even without its golden eggs, it would be a heavy blow to the good cause."

"Ay, that it would," murmured the crew as with one voice, but no longer with peevish sullenness; for their confidence in Walter Dickson was great; and now that a little time had been allowed for reflection even old Will Brock confessed to himself that his friend's counsel had been wiser than his own, as well as more humane.

Throughout the period of this conversation, the lugger had been making short tacks in front of the Beacon Cliff, since it would have been dangerous to bring her up in such an anchorage; as for landing, it was not to be thought of at that place; nor if it could have been done, would it have availed for any intercourse between the crew and Raymond, so great was even yet the force of the wind, and the distance between the beach and his place of captivity. *He* could indeed have communcated with them (through the medium, as already suggested, of something written and inclosed in the cover of his hunting-watch), but, of conrse, they had no cause to suspect the urgent necessity of the case, and were unwilling to risk the peril of a disembarkation, from which, as it seemed to them, no good could possibly come. In a few minutes more, the unhappy man, whose hopes for the rescue of his wife and child had been lately so flattered, had the misery to read their fate (as he had every reason to fear) in a few ill spilled words, printed with chalk upon a board, and held over the side of the lugger:

"Be Pashent. Help will come to-nite. But *on your life* do not show yourself again, or make any more signals."

Then in spite of his reiterated attempts by voice and gesture to reverse this fatal sentence, the head of the *Saucy Sall* was turned towards Sandby; and in a few more minutes the sea was once more sailless, and Raymond watching the cruel foam come crawling in, and listening to the long-drawn hiss of the rising tide with a heart robbed of its last hope.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW THE MARTIN'S NEST WAS DISCOVERED.

Once more the pale moon rose upon Raymond Clyffard in his captivity, and this time it looked down upon him pitifully, with scarce an intervening cloud; tipped with rays, each tiny wavelet (for the wind had dropped) broke into silver smiles; the sapphire sea, like one great jewel, sparkled lolly from marge to marge. But the captive had no eye for its beauty; it would have been the same to him had inky darkness overspread the scene. Whatever canvas nature might have displayed, he would only have seen upon it the picture of a little home, emptied of all its happiness by one remorseless hand. His mind was sorely usurped by utter wretchedness; the sense of desolation reigned supreme; even revenge stirred not now within him. His long fast had doubtless combined with his late anxieties thus to prostrate him; but one who had seen Raymond thirty-six hours before, as he stood upon Beacon Down, radiant with health and vigor, would scarcely have recognized him, as with woe-begone face and lack-luster eye, he sat within his solitary prison. It was nearly midnight, but he felt no desire for sleep; and yet so occupied were his thoughts, that he could hardly be said to be a waking, conscious man. As he saw nothing, so he heard nothing of what was passing around him. It was only when a huge object suddenly darkened the mouth of the cave, and then retired, leaving it light again, that he became conscious that he was not alone—that there was a human being swinging to and fro in front of the *Martin's Nest*, now touching the threshold with his feet, and now leaping out again into space, so as to gain a greater impetus, and thereby penetrate still further upon his return. "Can you not shorten matters, sir," cried this human spider, "by catching hold of me presently?" The voice of his fellow-creature acted upon Raymond like a restorative; he leaped up from his costly couch of shawls and laces in time to seize his visitor the very next swing of the pendulum, and retain him in his grasp. "Hold tight, sir," cried Richard Brock, for he it was who presented himself under these very peculiar circumstances. "You have no idea (however anxious you may be to leave the *Martin's Nest*) how a body wants to get out of it which has entered after *this* fashion. But what's the matter with you, sir, beside hunger and want of room?"

"Can you tell me any news of my wife?" gasped Raymond. "Tell me the worst at once, man; is she alive or dead?"

"Lor bless you, sir, alive and well—why not? I saw her this very evening."

"God be praised!" cried Raymond, fervently, wringing the man's hand who had brought him such blessed tidings. "And is my child safe too?"

Richard hesitated a little.

"What! has that devil Stevens drowned my child?"

"No, no, sir. Don't call names. The man you speak of is drowned hisself, poor wretch, held by a stone crab in the Mermaid's Cavern, until the tide came up and—— Well, that's a strange thing to be thanking heaven for, unless, maybe, you are thinking that the chap was a coast-guardsman, which, it seems, he was not, after all."

"He was a murderer in thought, if not in deed," returned Raymond, sternly, "as I will tell you."

"All in good time, sir," observed the young man, cheerily; "but first you take this bread and meat, and let the brandy in that flask fetch up a little color into your cheeks. You must be main hungry, so use your teeth and rest your tongue, while I take the eggs here out of the *Martin's Nest*." With these words the young man began fastening two of the bales to the rope of three-inch cowhide which had brought him, a hundred feet of which, at least, besides what he had himself required for his descent, were in the hands of his friends upon the down above. "Now, do not fear but I shall return for the rest," cried he; "and when I have cleared all these goods, I will still come back and keep you company."

"But why not take me with you instead of the bales?" inquired Raymond, with whom good news and a few morsels of food had already worked wonders, and who felt quite equal to any peril or exertion the object of which should be to set him on *terra firma*.

"I will tell you that presently, and everything else it concerns you to know, Mr. Hepburn; but duty first, say I (unless it's revenue duty), and pleasure afterwards; so here goes." With that the young man stepped into the air with his burden as calmly as a tide-waiter would step from deck to quay, and keeping himself off the rock with his nimble feet, was rapidly hauled up to the summit of the down above. Then again descending, and being caught by Raymond as before, he took away more bales, and so on till the cave was bare. "You do not think I will desert you, Mr. Hepburn?" said the young man frankly, as he started with his last freight, and Raymond was watching his movements with wistful eyes.

"No, Richard, I do not. I can easily understand why I am not to see how those bundles of——"

"Gull's feathers," interrupted the young man, smiling; "we cliff-fowlers make our living by collecting them, you know."

True to his promise, Richard Brock once more descended, bringing with him this time some rugs and blankets, as well as a further supply of provisions. At sight of these Raymond looked by no means grateful.

"What!" cried he, "am I to stay in this place another night?"

"Ay, sir, and another, and another, I fear, although no longer than I can help, I promise you. If I had been the sole owner of what is here just now, you should be free at once, for I know that I could trust to your honor, and besides, I owe your good lady a kind turn for what she did to my Phœbe in her sickness. But there are others who are deeply concerned in the matter—it's the best run we have had this many a year, and everything must be got well away before we risk letting you out. Even then—I'm speaking what others say, sir, and not my own thoughts—even then, you would do us a mort of mischief by telling about the *Martin's Nest*. It is the best place for stowage along the coast; and all the better for the little mischance as happened to poor Price down yonder. The blue-jackets think the place uncanny, and shirk their night-watches upon the beacon in consequence. There's Walter Dickson up there now, holding on to this rope as quietly as though he was not sitting upon the beat of the coast-guardsman; though, indeed, if one should come, he has his answer ready: If one likes to go bird-fowling by night instead of by day, what's that to the custom-house? They will never trust themselves at a rope's end to see what I'm about—of that I'm certain. And, by the bye, Mr. Hepburn, how in the name of the devil—for is he not called the Prince of the powers of the air in Holy Writ?—did you yourself chance to come here?"

"I climbed down by yonder ledge," quoth Raymond coolly.

"What! without a rope?" exclaimed the other with a perceptible shudder: that is not humanly possible!"

"Yet by that means, and no other, did I come hither, Richard, although not of my own free will, as you shall hear." Then Raymond narrated all the circumstances (so far as consisted with his assumed name of Hepburn) which had brought him into his present inconvenient plight. To the details of the attempted murder this companion listened with not a little excitement and indignation; but in the description of the means by which the *Martin's Nest* had at last been reached his interest was manifested even still more keenly.

"You are the king of us all, sir!" exclaimed the cliff-fowler enthusiastically, when the tale was told. "There is not a man in Sandby who could have got here from the cliff-top as you did; no, nor ever was one, I believe, even when Walter Dickson was young. He it was, sir, who first discovered this place, and that in a very curious manner—one which I should have thought could scarcely have been equaled for strangeness, if I had not heard your story."

"And how was that?" inquired Raymond: not that he much cared to know, but because he began to feel a great repugnance to being left alone, and desired to retain his present companion with him as long as possible.

"Well, sir, it was when Dickson was quite a boy, about 16 or so, and when Sandby was not so full of folk as it is now: there were scarcely any cliff-fowlers then, for there was a better trade than bird-nesting to take to, and all hands were wanted for it, so that the gulls had an easy life of it to what they have now, and were only plagued by the boys. Dickson and my father were playmates at that time, as they're workmates now, and have been so these thirty years and more; always together, shrimpin' and fishin', or risking their necks about the cliffs with letting one another down by a bit of rope such as nobody but madcaps like them would have trusted themselves to. One day, while knocking about in a coble, which, I believe, had been pronounced unseaworthy by the rightful owner—in the Beacon Bay here—Dickson spies out this dark hole.

"'What a lot of gulls' nests there ought to be in there!' says he.

"'What a lot there *are*!' cried my father, whom I have heard tell this story about a hundred and forty times. 'What a lot there are! for I can see 'em.'

"'I wish we could get at 'em,' continues Dickson.

"'What's the good o' wishin'?' answers my father. 'Don't you see how the cliff hangs over? You might as well wish to get at the moon.'

"'No, mate,' returns Dickson gravely, 'because you ain't got nowhere about the moon where you can stick a stake in with a rope tied round it, and lower yourself down hand over hand; let alone any stand point such as yonder down, where a chap one could depend upon—like you, Brock—might stand and hold the rope, and shift it properly.'

"'You ain't a-goin' to try that, mate?' says my father firmly, 'nor anything so foolhardy.'

"'No, I'm not a-goin' to try it; I'm a-goin' *to do* it,' returned Walter Dickson. 'Why, think what must be in that 'ere hole, mate, in which never a fowler yet has put his fingers, I'll be bound; what feathers and skins, and oil and eggs! Why, I doubt whether even that last run, which your father (that's *my* grandfather, Mr. Hepburn), is never tired of talking about, will ha' brought more grist to the mill. Only, not a word about it to any soul, mind. They'd make us promise not to try it; or, perhaps, it 'ud put it into somebody else's head to do the very same thing before us.'

"'You needn't be a bit afraid of that last, boy,' answers my father, grimly enough; 'and as for the first, I am not one to blab and spoil sport; and if you're fixed upon it, why I'm your man for anything. Only, you'll never use this rotten old cord for such a place as yon, where you'll have to swing right under——'

"'No,' replies Dickson, interrupting him sharp, 'I'm not a fool, although you chose, just now, to call me one.'

"'I said "fool-hardy,"' replied my father positively, 'and I say it again.'

"'Well, we'll see what you say to-morrow, when you haul me up from yonder hole—under the eave of the down though it be, and for all the world like a *martin's nest*—with my pockets full of fulmars. As for the rope, Lucy Pritchard (and here my father says Dickson blushed, for Lucy was the young girl as he was courting then, and whom he afterwards married), will lend me that fine one which was her mother's only marriage portion, and has never been any good to her, because she has no son. Lucy has often begged me, if I must needs go fowling, to use that rope, and so I'll do it to-morrow, and to some purpose; and as for the stake, if you do not choose to hold me, lad, I will borrow an iron bar of the blacksmith; so you may please yourself.'

"But when the morrow came, and found Walter Dickson on the Beacon Down, William Brock was there likewise; and when the other, who was too proud to ask his help, since it was not offered, had thrust the bar into the earth, and fixed the rope, then says my father, 'And do you suppose as I'm goin' to let you risk your neck alone, mate? No, man, no. You and I are a-goin' to see this 'ere *martin's nest* together; and if we miss it, why, even then we shall not be parted.'

"Then Walter and he shook hands, for they was very fond of one another as boys, as they are now, although they has their tiffs. 'Just as you like,' says he; 'the rope is strong enough for ten such as we are, and the bar won't break.'

"Then instead of tying the hide around their bodies as I and all sensible cliff-fowlers do—these mad boys lowered themselves slowly down, merely holding it in their hands; and work enough they had, when they got opposite this place, to swing themselves into it, as you may guess when there was nobody within to help them in as you help me. Moreover, my father says that the birds flew out upon them in hundreds—just as in the big print we've got stuck up at home of the opening of the doors of the Ark—and beat them with their wings, not that the poor timorous creatures showed any fight, but by reason of their excessive numbers. At last the two boys swung themselves sufficiently far within to obtain foothold, and my father instantly began to lay his hands on all with life that had not yet flown away. 'Quick, quick!' exclaimed he; and Dickson, seeing how much he needed help, and what great spoil there was, ran towards him eagerly.

"The next instant both cried out together, 'The rope!' 'The rope!' But the recollection of it came too late! My father had forgotten it at first, and now in his excitement Walter also let it go. So there it swung, now near, now far, but already too far to be reached, and coming with every swing less and less near. At last it hung quite still, above five feet or so beyond the entrance; and it will give you some notion of the extraordinary feat that you, sir, have accomplished in arriving here, that neither of the boys, though cliff-fowlers born dared venture out upon yonder sloping ledge, and so approach the rope by your own road. If they had done so, however, it would even then have been beyond their reach.

"They were so completely trapped as any guillemot they had ever caught in springs. It might be days, as they well knew, before anybody discovered the bar upon the down above, and if that happened, he who found it would probably draw up the rope, and finding nothing would conceive that he who had left it there must needs have fallen into the sea. It was quite impossible to make their voices heard upon the cliff-top, and the *Martin's Nest* was unknown to all except themselves. Their only hope, like yours, lay in attracting the notice of some one on shipboard; but they had no large sailcloth such as you found here—nothing except their own clothes, which could not be seen save at a very little distance.

(To be continued.

Curiosities of Suicide.

Professor Adler has been giving his views on suicide before a congregation of New Yorkers. He says it is estimated that the tendency to suicide has trebled during that period, and the increase is still going on. There are many disposing circumstances that exercise an influence upon the frequency and the manner of self-slaughter. Sex has an influence. There are many more male suicides than female. The weather exerts its influence. There are more suicides in hot and in wet weather than in colder or in dry weather. It is said there are more suicides in moonlit nights than in dark nights. Race, nationality, city life and the professions exert an influence. But all these conditions dwindle in importance when compared with the influence of culture. It seems like an accusation of modern civilization when we learn that the frequency of suicide is greatest where civilization is at its height. Among the savage races suicide rarely occurs. Among the more ignorant populations of the south of Europe and of Turkey suicide, while it occurs, is less frequent than elsewhere. It is to Germany belongs the bad pre-eminence in this respect. Germany, that boasts its universities, its eminent men of science and philosophers, its thorough system of popular education, is the blackest spot on earth so far as suicide is concerned.

A Mother's Fatal Mistake.

A despatch from Ionia, Mich., dated Monday afternoon, says: Last night Mrs. Emli Chevlron, of this city, gave her 1-year-old baby a teaspoonful dose of what she supposed to be a cordial, but which was instead a medicine of which three drops was a dose for an adult and was when given in excess a deadly poison. The child lived but a short time.

Nearly £260,000 will fall to the British Crown from the estate of the late Mr. Perton, of Cheltenham, whose will does not dispose of more than £60,000 out of a fortune exceeding £300,000, and who was illegitimate and leaves no issue. It is understood that he had fully intended to distribute his property among the children of his brothers and sisters, his parents having married after his birth; and no doubt the authorities will recognize their claims, especially as an informal memorandum of his testamentary intentions has been found.

It is rumored in Montreal that Attorney-General Loranger will be raised to the Bench, and that Mr. Taillon, M. P. P. for Montreal East, will succeed him in the Quebec Cabinet.

THE BIRD OF FREEDOM

Refuses to Fraternise with the British Lion.

Contemptuous Reception of a "Fourth of July" Resolution by Congress—Snubbed by His Own Countrymen While Insulting the Flag and Queen of England.

A Washington despatch dated yesterday says the following is a resolution Representative Robinson (N. Y.) made several attempts to introduce into the House without success:

Whereas, on the centennial anniversary of pulling down the English flag at Yorktown by Washington and his compatriots, the English flag was rehoisted and saluted without the authority of Congress or custom;

And whereas at the very time the salute was given the English Government was trampling on the last vestige of free government by suspending the right of *habeas corpus*, suppressing public meetings, and crowding their jails with honorable gentlemen unaccused of crime, and some of them American citizens, and others chosen and honored representatives in Parliament of their own people; therefore,

Resolved, That we extend our sympathies to those patriots and members of Parliament suffering imprisonment under an unheard of despotism.

Resolved, That this House does not approve of the salute given to the flag representing this unheard-of-despotism, and that said salute was untimely and unusual for; unusual and insulting to the memory of the brave men who, one hundred years ago, pulled it down, and hoped it would never be raised again on American soil; insulting to millions of our fellow-citizens—to whom, and whose ancestors, it was, and is, an emblem of tyranny—and insulting to other friendly Powers, whose flags were not saluted, though they deserve equal, if not superior, recognition.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State is hereby directed to communicate to this House at the earliest moment whether any person or persons claiming to be American citizens are now, or recently have been, suffering imprisonment in British jails, and if so, what crimes are alleged against them, and what efforts have been made to secure their speedy trial or release, with all correspondence relating to same.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State is hereby also directed to communicate to the House copies of all correspondence with foreign Governments within the present year relative to the extradition of alleged criminals, or in relation to the sacred rights of asylum to the political refugee.

Resolved, That while we appreciate the womanly sympathy of Victoria in the sorrow of our departed President's family, and can excuse her for not being familiar with our written constitution, yet her Ministers should have known that the reception of any present, of any kind whatever, by any person holding office under the United States, without the consent of Congress, would be a violation of our constitution and an invasion of the privileges of this House.

ROYAL INCOMES.

Annuities Received by the Queen and the Royal Family—A Further Grant to Prince Leopold.

(Liverpool Courier.)

The marriage of Prince Leopold is likely to lead to an appeal for a Parliamentary grant. When His Royal Highness attained his majority in 1874 the House of Commons voted him an annuity of £15,000. His elder brother, the Duke of Connaught, has enjoyed a similar pension since 1871, and as an additional sum of £10,000 per annum was asked for on the occasion of his marriage in 1879, it is almost certain that a similar application will be made in the case of the Duke of Albany. A still more liberal practice was for obvious reasons observed in regard to the Prince of Wales, who has an annuity of £40,000 in addition to the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. The Duke of Cannaught, who from the date of his majority had been allowed £15,000 per annum, had that grant increased, as in the case of the Duke of Edinburgh, to £25,000 when he married the daughter of the late Emperor of Russia in 1874. As for the ladies of the royal family, the Princess of Wales receives from the State £10,000 per annum, and the following annuities have been granted to the Queen's daughters on marriage by the House of Commons: The Princess Royal, £8,000; the late Princess Alice, Princess Helena and Princess Louise, £6,000 each per annum. The other annuities payable to the royal family are—Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck), £5,000; Princess Augustus of Mecklenberg Strelitz, £3,000 (granted in 1843); the Duchess of Cambridge, £3,000 (also granted in 1843); and the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000, in addition to military pay and other allowances. Princess Beatrice being still unmarried has no direct allowance. Her Majesty the Queen, as is well known, receives £60,000 per annum for her privy purse, and the expenses of the royal household, also paid out of the consolidated fund, amount to about £340,000.

The Execution of the Poor.

We do not expect good tables and chairs if the wood is warped and the workmanship bad; we do not look for fine strawberries if the roots be choked with weeds and the gardener careless of everything but watering at regular intervals; yet we expect children to grow into good men and women (and bemoan the depravity of the lower classes), when the development of the boy into manhood has been checked in every possible way, except that he has been sent to school regularly, and taught to read and write. We expect a boy who has no playground but the street, no knowledge of the world beyond the city in which he lives (except from reading books), no experience of real pleasure to make life worth much to him, nothing to develop in him the love of the beautiful, except a chance tree or stray sparrow; no knowledge of any power but that of money, and none that shall make it seem worth his while to do anything but try to get money—we expect him to be a good workman, a good husband, a good father, because we have told him in school it is his duty. Always hungry, we expect him to learn to be moderate; always between two huge brick walls, we expect him to develope into a right-thinking, broad-minded man; never knowing real freedom of mind or body, we expect him to learn self-government.

Novel "Cure" for Small-pox.

A Mr. Hines writes to the Liverpool *Mercury* on small-pox, and sends the following recipe, which he claims to be an invaluable remedy for the dread disease: "I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man if the worst cases of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar, dissolved in a pint of water, drank at intervals when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious, lingering illness."

Although stern toward the majority of those who surround him, the present Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., has always been a sympathizing and affectionate husband and father. At 1 o'clock daily he lunches with his wife and children, and to this meal none but the closest intimates of his family are ever admitted. After luncheon, if there are no further deputations to receive or important business to attend to, the Czar goes out walking or driving in company with the Empress or his sons. At 7.30, which in Russia is considered a late hour, the Emperor and Empress dine, but at this meal the children, who have been already consigned for the night to the care of their superintendents, do not appear. In the evening there is often a little music, of which the Empress is as fond as the Emperor, and Her Majesty is a good pianist. The Czar retires to bed early, and by 11 o'clock all is silence.

A heavy rain storm prevailed at the time appointed for Frank Wells' marriage, at Crawfordville, Ind., and it may be that the dampness quenched his matrimonial ardor, for he borrowed $3 and an umbrella from the bride, walked off hurriedly toward the railroad station, and has not since been seen in the town.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1881

REVIEW.

Upon the eve of another year we look back and count up the history of one so nearly numbered with the eternity of the past.

Among us in the quiety of this County prosperity has been our share, business has increased and a new impetus has been given to this village by the enterprise displayed in the new

PAPER MILL.

Peace and good feeling have been ours even through political contests. No calamity has invaded; but death has cast an occasional shadow over many hearts.

IN CANADA

we rejoice in chronicalling a wonderfully prosperous year. Business has made rapid strides back towards the place it lost six years ago. A magnificent harvest, high prices, developing manufactories, and good wages have made hearts contented and life enjoyable. Yet amid the rejoicing of the year have ascended deep wails of sorrow.

To each of our memories is still fresh that fearful moan sent up by thousands of anguish riven hearts for the two hundred and thirty of the Forest City's fairest, "done to death," by the accident which sent the

"VICTORIA"

down on junior Thames.

Hundreds look back upon happy homes and well filled grainneries lost in a moment, with still more valuable lives, through the thoughtless carlessness of those who started bush fires in the drouth of summer, by some accident or by the hand of some murderous villian.

The tour of the Governor General through the

NORTH WEST,

again brought prominently to the front that home of millions, which is being so rapidly opened to the world by the construction of the

CANADA PACIFIC,

and being so quickly peopled since the removal of that menace to all law and order—Sitting Bull. Early in the year active operations were begun by that powerful corporation known to us all as the Syndicate, upon the highway across the continent. Several hundred miles of road have been put into running order, and before another year rolls round the iron horse will be puffing all the way over the prairies and wheat fields between Winnipeg and the foot of the rockies.

The abolition of the Bankrupcy laws, the defeat of the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, the chartering of railway and telegraph corporations, were the most important items of legislation; but the disallowance of the "Streams Bill," passed by the Ontario legislature, developed a latent feud and opened a very important question both to lumbermen and politicians.

THE ORA INDIAN TROUBLES

have finally been settled, but we are sorry to say in a way not creditable to the Administration of Justice in the Province. While in Ontario the *absence of law* at last gave justice in the long contested suit by which Adam Mercer received the property of his father illegally escheated to the Province.

The year has also witnessed the consolidation of the two companies operating Telegraph lines. Several struggles over the

SCOTT ACT

have taken place with varying success.

The taking of the census during the year has shown that we have made satisfactory progress.

Several periodicals have been launched upon the uncertain sea of public opinion, and some have been withdrawn from the public. Chief among the latter was *Bystander*, a publication of which no higher commendation can be given than to say the talented, scholarly, and polished writer Goldwin Smith, was the presiding genius.

While no heart-burning questions have been discussed, all the ethical and social subjects have received their fair share of attention. Education, involving both primary and higher, has received more than usual, but by no means, sufficient attention.

The discovery of oil at Sarnia, the beginning of the tunnel under the St. Lawrence at Montreal, with many useful improvements in art and science, many a quiet, yet no less useful display of talent which benefits man, have made up the roll; while the death of Judges, Statesmen and Ministers has added certainly to the fact that in our own home men must die as the years go by.

January 1st, 1881, found our fathers over the sea in the midst of discontent, anarchy, and almost civil war. Ground to death by landlordism, priest-ridden and over populated, at the mercy of demagogues and agitators, the Irish were ready for any movement their leaders might suggest. Rioting, murders, and all sort of agrarian outrages were being perpetrated; life was unsafe and property was not considered, until Parliament passed a statute and thousands of armed men were sent to enforce it, nothing like quiet was restored. During the early part of the year all attempts to break up the

LAND LEAGUE

were futile; but towards the autumn ill advice produced the famous "No Rent Manifesto," which gave the Administration an opportunity to declare the organization illegal. Since that time that Association, and its progeny the "Ladies League," have been entirely crushed. A Land Act put into force, with the relief already given and expected from the Land Court and a good harvest, have tended to appease and reassure the people. The firm stand taken for law and order, by Archbishop Croke and the great body of the clergy, has greatly strengthened the hands of those charged with the maintenance of order. We hope before many months to be able to report that this fair island is once again enjoying peace. Rumblings of the agitation against rents has reached England and Scotland, but as yet have caused no apprehension. The peace of the Empire has been almost profound; only a small war with the Boers in

SOUTH AFRICA,

in which the country was engaged at the beginning of the year, has been brought to an ignominious close, after repeated defeats, by surrendering the whole country to the enemy. Ignobly hauling the flag from the walls of Chandahar where it had been planted with so vast an expenditure of blood and money, and the evacuation of Afghanstan, complete the military record.

The overflowing of the senior Thames, and consequent destruction of property.

THE INVASION OF PARLIAMENT

by a more formidable foe than the Home Rulers, was a feature of the year as unusual as it was undesirable.

(To be continued.)

THE ANNUAL MEETING

of the members of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil, was held this year at Lafleur's Hotel, in the village of Lachute, on Wednesday, the 21st inst., being called for the presentation of the Directors' Report and Financial Statement for the past year, and for the election of a new Board of Directors. The President of the Society, John Hay, Esq., occupying the chair, and about one half of the members of the Society were in attendance. The first business of the meeting was the reading by the Secretary, Mr. Gavin J. Walker, the Directors' Report, Financial Statement and Auditors' Report for the year, as follows:—

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

To the members of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil.

GENTLEMEN,—

Another year has passed away and your Directors again submit for your approval the Financial Statement of the receipts and expenditure of the Society during the year; which statement they trust will meet with your approval.

Your Directors consider that the different exhibitions of the Society held during the year have come up as high as any of former exhibitions of the Society, and in fact they consider have surpassed them, especially in the matter of stock and industrial exibits—a marked improvement being observed in horned cattle and sheep.

The Directors again have to express their sorrow that the stock brought into this County, at the request of the members thereof, have not been better patronized, and will be glad to hear any suggestions that may be kindly made to them on the subject.

During the year our Local Government at Quebec decided upon sending to each Agricultural Society in the Province two tons of Goemon Bephosphate, at a cost to the Society of $20 per ton. Your Directors were not in favor of receiving the Bephosphate considering it more advisable to allow each member to buy his own manures; but finding after remonstrating with the Secretary of the Council of Agriculture of this Province, through whom the said Phosphate was to be sent to each Society, that the Society would have to accept of it, and the spring season being then far advanced desired the same to be forwarded at once, and upon receipt of the same called an auction sale and sold it off, realizing from the sale thereof $39.00, when the actual cost of the Bephosphate to the Society, after paying freight amounted to $63.05, making a loss to the Society's funds of $24.00 besides the incidental expenses attending the sale. The Bephosphate, as far as your Directors have learned, has not given satisfaction.

The subject of having af ruit association in connection with the Society has been suggested to some of your Directors. The Directors would likes to have your opinion on the same.

Your Directors think it would be a great source of improvement among the members of the Society, if they would follow out one of the suggestions of Mr. Clarke, the gentleman who lectured here some time ago, and have farmer's clubs established through the County, where agricultural matters would be discussed. Your Directors also consider that the local weekly paper published in the County (THE WATCHMAN), might be made use of to express some of the experienced farmers opinions on agricultural topics, the Editor having frequently kindly stated that the columns of the paper were at all times open for the same, and that any communications would be gladly received.

In closing their report your Directors would call your attention to the report of the Judges on Green Crops, recommending the sowing of Western Corn, &c. which recommendation highly meets with your Directors' approval.

GAVIN J. WALKER, *Secy.-Treasurer.* JOHN HAY, *President.*

Balance Sheet of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil (Que) for the year 1881.

Dr.		
To balance cash on hand on Dec. 10th, 1880		$129 87
To Government grant for 1881 after deducting Bephosphate sent by Government and freight		592 95
To cash received from sale of Bephosphate		39 00
To cash received for members' subscriptions and special prizes for the year 1881		323 18
To cash received from fees for use of society stock		14 75
To cash received for entrance fees for green crops, farms and articles shown during the year 1881		54 75
To cash received from sale of tickets to enter building, fall show		20 70
To interest allowed by Secretary on monies in his hands		6 00
To balance cash overpaid receipts		59 26
		$1236 46
Cr.		
By cash paid out for premiums awarded during the year 1881	1009 50	
By cash paid Judges on crops	60 00	
By cash paid for printing and advertising	14 00	
By cash paid J. Clark for care of society bull	10 00	
By cash paid C. P. Lafleur for annual dinner and lunch show day	35 00	
By cash paid A. Center, Auctioneer	2 00	
By cash paid postage, rent and other incidental expenses	32 01	
By cash paid Secretary his commission	73 95	
	$1236 46	

AUDITORS' REPOR.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Board of Directors of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil, to audit and examine the Secy.-Treasurer's Books, from the 10th of December, 1880, (date of last audit) to 20th December, 1881, inclusive, have this day done so, and certify that we have audited and examined his Cash Book and the above Balance Sheet, and we have found the same to be correct, which shows a balance due to the Secretary of fifty-nine dollars and twenty-six cents, ($59.26) at this date. We also find Post Office Saving Bank book, No. 613, which shows a balance of one hundred and forty six dollars, with nine dollars and ninty-two cts. interest, accrued up to June, 1881, making a total of one hundred and fifty-five dollars and ninty-two cents ($155.92) to the credit of the Society at that date. We have also examined the Secretary's books containing the amount of Premiums awarded for the year 1881, and find it corresponds with amount stated as paid out for premiums in the Balance Sheet for said year. We also find receips for other monies paid out.

(Signed) HENRY J. GILES,
THOS. CHRISTIE, jr.

Lachute, Dec. 20th, 1881.

Mr. Thomas Morin moved, seconded by Mr. Thomas Shepherd, the acceptance and adoption of the Report and Financial Statement, and the motion having been put to the meeting was unanimously carried.

Mr. Alfred Centers made a few remarks and suggested that the Directors in future make a By law ordering all exhibits in the Industrial department at the fall exhibition, be entered and placed in the building the day before the show and adjudged the same day, so that on show day the building might be open all day for spectators. He considered it would be a great improvement, and would be the means of increasing the funds of the Society. This suggestion was considered by the majority of the meeting a good one.

The election of a new Board of Directors was then proceeded with, and the following gentlemen were elected as Directors, viz: John Hay, George B. Hooker, Andw. Walker, Robert Morin, Robert Watson, Alex. Pridham, James B. Cushing, Phineas Lane, Peter Gordon, Thomas Burwash, James Gordon (E.S.), John Doig, and Robert Morrison.

The question of the disposal of the Society stock was then considered. Moved by Mr. Mathew Burwash, seconded by Mr. Robert Crozier, and resolved, that the Society Stock be sold by public auction at the next annual fall exhibition of the Society.

Meeting then adjourned.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We are pleased to note that the Hon. Mr. Skead has been re-appointed Senator.

—An extra of the *Canada Gazette*, issued on Saturday, calls the Dominion Parliament together for the DESPATCH OF BUSINESS, on Thursday, the 9th February.

—Six thousand heads of cabbage were shipped last week from Ottawa to New York. During the past year quite a large trade has been worked up in vegetables between Ottawa, Boston, and New York.

—The contract for the St. Lawrence Railway Tunnel, has been awarded to a syndicate of contractors composed of New York and Montreal men. Mr. Walter Shanly will be engineer in chief.

—On the morning of the 22nd inst., the body of J. B. Monk, brother of Mr. Monk, M.P.P. for Carleton, was found in Bronson's mill-yard, Ottawa. The skull was found fractured; the cause of death is a mystery. Two theories are advanced, one that he accidentally fell over the parapet; the other that he was foully dealt with. A Coroner's inquest will be held, the police in the meantime investigating the case.

—A despatch from Pembroke to Mr. John O'Meara, barrister, Ottawa, conveys the sad intelligence of the death by drowning of William and Michael O'Meara, sons of Mr. Wm. O'Meare, Warden of the County of Renfrew. The unfortunate young men, with a number of companions, had been out skating, and in gliding over some thin ice went through. Their companions made every possible effort to save them, but without success.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS—CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 24th, 1881.

Congress has adjourned for the holidays and we are in the midst of Christmas festivities, which are enjoyed, by young and old, in a more whole-souled and thorough way than they have been enjoyed at any time since the great financial crash of '73. The young rejoice in a greater opulence of presents, and their parents are happy in their greater power to give. There are no lack of those who lament that Christmas is no longer the series of happy festivals of bygone years, but they belong to that class who describe a golden age which exists only in the imagination. It is difficult to believe, in the face of ocular demonstration, that there is any decline in the appetite of the children to-day; their laughter is as genuine, their happiness as simple and spontaneous as ever. Nor are the young folks, who are by this time too old to be called children, so artificial as some would have us believe. It is true that their tastes are in a certain sense more extravagant than were those of their fathers and mothers at the same age. The increase of national wealth has taught us all how many pleasant things money can get—things not only pleasant in themselves, but positively harmless, except where the expense they entail is selfish or unjustifiable. The girls know how pleasant it is to ride along a ringing frosty road on a well-trained, easy-going poney; to drive a faultless horse in a pretty phaeton, to have a sleigh ready, should an exceptional fall of snow give opportunity for it; and to be able to gratify that most harmless of all tastes, the love of what is pretty in itself, in new dresses upon appropriate occasions. The boys, too, know the delight of shouldering a gun; of bestriding a bycicle, and of indulging in other manly pursuits, the only drawback to which is that they cost money. But because we have learned to appreciate the almighty dollar, we have not, on that account, become slaves to it, and we may safely believe that the hearts of our young folks are as true as ever, their instincts as generous, their appreciation of what is straightforward and simple, and loyal, as keen as it ever was. And Christmas, now more than ever, is the time to test such feelings. It is the time when from every side appeals are made to us; the time when we can all, each in his own way, do something at any rate to make others happier. Even those who cannot give in substance can spare their time and trouble; and there are kindly words, and deeds, and thoughts, more precious than gifts, and equally pleasant both to those who give and those who take. Day by day, as the dear old festival draws nearer, memories and associations cluster round us. We are a year older than we were; and, though a year is but a short time in itself, yet but a few years go to the making of a life. We are a perceptible step further removed from our youth, with its many sided pleasures and its restless vitality; a step nearer to the last rest of all, which those need least dread whose life has been happy because they have made happy and bright the lives of others. Christmas may change its customs and habits, and Christmas in Washington this year of grace 1881, is strangely unlike Christmas as it was enjoyed in the days of the first President and his immediate successors, but the human side of the festival, its interest and its sympathies, remain unchanged. Our hearts do not change with our fashions, and with the return of Christmas have again returned all that in our younger days made Christmas gatherings occasions to be long anticipated and affectionately remembered.

PARIS LETTER.

Regular Correspondence.

Paris, France, Dec. 5th, 1881.

The appointment of M. Paul Bert to the Ministry of Public Instruction and the attaching to that department of the administration of Public Worship did not fail to excite in the clerical press a perfect storm of indignation. The new Minister was accused of hatching the most nefarious schemes for the destruction of the Church, and in Catholic circles his appointment was hailed as an undisguised declaration of hostility on the part of the Gambetta Cabinet. M. Paul Bert has taken an early opportunity of making known the spirit in which he intends to fulfil the duties of his delicate and important post. On Friday afternoon the *personal* of the Public Worship Department was presented to the new Minister by M. Flourens, the ex-chief of the administration, who resigned his post on the accession of M. Gambetta to the premiership. On receiving the officials M. Paul Bert delivered a highly important speech, calculated to allay the suspicions of the clerical party, if not exactly to impress them with any high opinion of the friendliness of the Government towards the Church.

He said the Minister of Public Worship must be neither religious nor anti-religious; his ministry is not a matter of doctrine. In giving to the word "police" its highest significance, it is simply as Minister of the General Police of Public Worship, and not of doctrine that I shall take up my position. We do not propose to constitute a national clergy, or to use the church as an instrument for governing with the priests as a sort of gendarmerie. In practice we shall avoid the two excesses of violence and petty annoyance. All statements with which my name has been associated in this respect will vanish. It will be seen that I am not a blundering revolutionist, but a man educated in respect for science and the law. I do not ask for your secret approbation of all I do, but I expect you to do your duty as public officials. The nation in whose name, however humble I may be, I have the honor of speaking has given me the necessary powers to make its will obeyed. I hope I shall not have to use them.

The straightforward, if curt, expressions of the new Minister have the great advantage of a clearness seldom found in similar utterances. The church is told that, pending the time when it will be severed from State control and support, it must expect no favor and demand no privileges not granted by the instrument which since the commencement of the century has been so frequently distorted by an all-powerful priesthood. Henceforth the Government will remain neutral so long as the Church divides only within itself, but will stay with a firm hand any further encroachment on the civil rights of the people. M. Paul Bert may be taunted with severity in his remarks, but no one can reproach him with equivocation.

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.*

DEWINTON, MAN., Dec. 18th, 1881.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As I suppose there are many of your readers who take a lively interest in the future greatness of this Prairie Province, I doubt not that a few notes concerning the progress made towards the settlement and cultivation of the country, will be readw ith interest by many of my old friends in Argenteuil.

After three days and nights of tedious travel by boat, on the Assiniboine, (where I was nearly eaten up by mosquitoes) and then landed in a dreary place fifteen miles from the nearest settlement, you can easily imagine that my opinion of Manitoba was none of the best. But I am happy to say it has since changed, for on my arrival on the Big Plain, I was surprised to see the magnificent fields of wheat and oats, such as I had never seen before. The yield of wheat for the present season is about 30 bushels, and oats 50 bushels per acre. All other kinds of grain, as well as potatoes and other vegetables, do well, but are not extensively cultivated.

What is known as Big Plain, is a magnificent tract of country situated in Norfolk County, from 20 to 30 miles wide, and between 30 and 40 miles long. Bounded on the South and East by sand hills.

It is but four years since the first land was taken up here. All those who had passed over it before considered the land too light for farming.

Now that every one-fourth section is taken, some of these same parties wish they had land on the Big Plain, where they see the advantage of a light, dry soil, where the farmers can sow their seed as soon as the snow is off the ground, and harvest their grain before the autumn frosts, which are less frequent here than in the lower countries.

This part of the Big Plain has lately been errected into a municipality, the election of Warden and Councillors is to take place on the 3rd January, and for which there is likely to be a lively contest. The meetings of the Council are to be held in DeWinton, which is also the County Town, being on the line of the C. P. R., 117 miles West from Winnipeg and 25 East from Brandon. The Town site of 480 acres was purchased by Messrs. Ferris & Rankin, of Portage Laprairie, from a Mr. Muir, of High Bluff, for the sum of $10,000 cash.

It is but eight weeks since the first building was commenced in DeWinton, and to-day it can boast of two private dwellings, two stores, registry office, one hotel, one lumber yard, one blacksmith's shop, and one feed and sale stable in course of construction by a Mr. Elliott, of Galt, Ont., who will be out with a car load of cattle in a few days.

The amount of wheat expected to be shipped here this season is about 100,000 bushels. The price at present is 75cts, but farmers are holding off for more. Oats are in fair demand at from 55 to 60 cents per bushel.

The land "boom" has also reached this place, some $25,000 worth of DeWinton lots have been sold at prices ranging from $150 to $400 per lot of 25 feet frontage. It is impossible for any one to imagine the amount of speculation going on in town lots unless he has seen it. Your Winnipeg correspondent, under date of Oct. 29th, gives a true picture of Winnipeg life without the least exaggeration.

Although we have had an early winter this year, I cannot say that I have felt the cold any more than in the Province of Quebec.

I will now close my letter. Dear Mr. Editor, wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

Truly yours, H. R.

[We will be glad to hear from our DeWinton correspondent as often as he can make it convenient to write us.—E. W.]

SHREWSBURY, Dec. 21st, 1881.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:—On or about the 15th of September last, there was a meeting called by L. O. Lodge, No. 716, Shrewsbury, also by Lodge No. 717, West Gore, to take into consideration the propriety of uniting, at both meetings it was agreed they would. After there being a meeting convened of Shrewsbury Lodge No. 716, which was largely attended by members of both lodges. The purpose of the last named meeting was taken into consideration, when it was unanimously decided that No. 716 be maintained.

On Monday the 5th inst., No. 716 met, it being the usual monthly meeting, and the first time for the above two numbers to be in session. It being the date of change of officers for the ensuing year. After the usual rotation of business and brotherly greeting had been gone through with and the chair being vacated, the lodge proceeded to lection of officers, which resulted as follows:

For the 22nd year without interruption John Chambers was elected Worshipful Master; Ensign William Morrison, Deputy Master; Andrew Rothwall, Secretary; John McCulloch, Treasurer; William Thompson, Chaplain; John Morrison, Director of Ceremonies.

The lodge in question has timber made and on the ground for a new Orange Hall 24x28 feet, which they purpose building in the coming Spring.

ANDREW ROTHWALL,
Secretary.

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the Liver and kidneys active to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system.—*Advance.*

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Christmas Presents.
FINE
GOLD WATCHES,
very cheap.
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GOLD AND SILVER CHAINS,
at all prices.
FINE SILVER NECK CHAINS.
SILVER AND GOLD LOCKETS.
Fine assortment of
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EARRINGS, STUDS, NAPKIN RINGS,
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Large assortment of
—TOYS.—
Fine large Stock of
CLOCKS.
Buy your clocks from a Watchmaker where they are warranted for one year.
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Fancy and Useful Articles,
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FOR THE
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PERSIAN LAMB,
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DEFER BUYING.
Defer buying your Xmas and New Year's presents until you have seen our New Goods and at Lowest prices at
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Montreal House,
SAINT ANDREWS.
News for the HOLIDAYS.
On all Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, and Drugs we will discount ten per cent, and on all Groceries five per cent., for this month.
After January 1st, 1882,
we will sell for cash or produce only. All accounts must be settled either by cash or note then.
G & M SIMPSON.
Dec. 7th, 1881.
Cash paid for Hides, Grain and Butter. 30 tf

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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,
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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 description of goods, 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

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for goods
At Market Prices.
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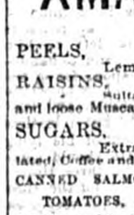
Lachute, Dec., 1881. 41-1y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S ½ part	" 11 in 3rd Range		5 00
S ½	" 2 in 4th Range		250 00
S ½	" 19 in 4th Range		400 00
S ½	" 10 in 6th Range		600 00
S ½ part	" 11 in 6th Range		4 00
N ½	" 27 in 7th Range		800 00
S ½	" 6 in 3rd Range		1000 00

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N ½	" 13 and 14 in 2nd Range		1600 00
S ½	" 19	In 4th Range	100 00
W ½	" 18	In 5 in Range	360 00

ARUNDEL.

S ½	" 16 in 7th Range		600 0

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this year, and holding an Exhibition of PIANOS and ORGANS at my
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Intending purchasers should avail themselves of this favorable occasion to secure a musical instrument.
I shall have in stock from
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LACHUTE MILLS,
v5 n10 1y PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

STRACHAN'S
Gilt Edge Soap
Is undoubtedly the best family Soap in the market, because it is of Uniform Weight, each Bar weighing a pound; because it is of Uniform Quality, and that quality the highest; because it is Perfectly Pure, containing only advantageous ingredients; because it has qualities which Soften and Beautify the Hands, not injuring them as inferior soaps; because, in a word, it is an Honest Article. It is manufactured by
W. STRACHAN & CO.,
36 Jacques Cartier Street,
MONTREAL.
Sold by all Leading Grocers throughout the Dominion. v5n7 1y

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

LAURENTIAN LODGE, No. 14, I. O. O. F., meets in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Jan., 11 at 8 o'clock sharp.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Burdock Blood Bitters—T. Milburn & Co.
S. Carsley's List—S. Carsley.
Downs' Elixir.—Henry, Johnsons & Lord.
Hagyard's Yellow Oil.—T. Milburn & Co.
Hagyard's Pec. Balsam—T. Milburn & Co.

LOCAL.

Mr. John Raitt having dissolved partnership with his brother, as tinsmiths, the business will be carried on by him on his own account. A good supply of tinware always on hand.

The Rev. J. V. McDowal has been visiting at Lachute during the holidays.

We hear of a Batchelors Ball with married lady patronesses to come off soon.

Mr. Peter Campbell, who has been ill for a short time, is again well and at his post.

Mr. E. B. Hume, of Bethany, we are sorry to hear is very ill.

Have Hope.

Before you despair of curing that cough or consumption try Hagyard's Pectoral "Balsam." It has cured others, why may it not cure you? All dealers sell it.

Loud complaints are heard because the local columns of the WATCHMAN have been so lean of late. We will try to improve. It would not do to have every thing fat at this season.

Sore Throat.

Apply Hagyard's Yellow Oil and take in wardly according to directions. Yellow Oil is the best remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bruises, Burns, Frost Bites, and all lameness & flammation and pain. No household should be without it.

The Rev. Mr. Walton got off a good pun at the entertainment in Olivet Hall on our turkey item of last week. He said the people in the West End were wonderful folks, for as soon as an iron mine had been discovered in the East End the people in the West End had discovered one too—and that inside of a turkey.

Ingenious Invention.

Some shrewd Yankee has invented a key that will wind any watch; it is a neat attachment to a charm, and it is said to work like a charm. So does that grand Key to Health—Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest discovery of the age. It unlocks all the secretions, and cleanses and invigorates the entire system. Sample bottles, 10c cts; large size, $1.00 of all medicine dealers.

The very mild weather of the past week or two, strange to say, caused a great dearth of wood at Lachute, because the roads were not in a condition for getting it out.

ALL THE TALK.—The weather—the iron mines—the number of drunkards—the Guiteau trial—the Batchelors Ball and the (n)ice amusements.

The past week or two has been occupied by concerts, entertainments, dinners, Christmas trees, &c., &c., to an unusual extent even for the season.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss 'tis Folly to be Wise.

Dr. Bliss if no a success at probing for bullets, was highly successful in despatching bulletins; but the grandest bull tin of success is that which heralds the wonderful cures performed by Burdock Blood Bitters, that matchless tonic and blood purifier which acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, while it invigorates and strengthens the whole system.

Christmas family gatherings have been pleasant this year, where intoxication has not marred the pleasure, and the quantity and variety of complimentary cards have been greater than ever in these parts.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

Cures coughs, colds, asthma, croup, whooping cough, sore throat, bronchitis and all lung complaints that lead to consumption. Price 25 cents.

The entertainment in Olivet Hall the other evening was quite a success. Among the attractions was an Auction Sale of the children. The bidders were Fashion, Ambition, Intemperance, Infidelity, Crime, Education, and Religion. The bidding was quite spirited and the competition very lively. Religion was the successful bidder as she appeared to do better for them than any of the others.

A Cure for Croup.

Apply flannel saturated with Hagyard's Yellow Oil and administer the Oil internally on a little sugar as directed on the bottle. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Lameness, and all flesh wounds. All dealers sell it, price 25 cents.

CARD OF THANKS.—Rev. H. J. Evans, and the Superintendant and teachers of St. Simeon's Church Sunday School, desire to express their grateful thanks to Messrs. Wm. Pollock and Thomas Borron and the Odd-fellows of Lachute, for gratuitously placing their respective Halls at the Service of the Sunday School on the occasion of the Christmas tree. The happy gathering was held in Victoria Hall as being admirably adapted for Children's games and a large crowd.

The Montreal Honorary Committee of the Marriage Law Reform Association, composed of Sir. Francis Hincks, K.C.M.G., Rev. A. deSola. LL.D., Rev. Gavin Lang, A. W. Ogilvie, Esq., Rev. J. F. Stevenson, LL.D., with Mr. R. D. McGibbon as Honorary Secretary, announced that a vigorous effort will be made this year to carry Mr. Girouard's bill to legalize marriage with the sister of a deceased wife. Already a large number of journals have pronounced themselves in favor of the reform, and we take it, the Senate will have no occasion to reject the bill another time on the ground that public opinion had not clearly been expressed on this question. If ever there was a popular bill, Mr. Girouard's is one. And so say we all.

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

NO WASTE, BUT THRIFT!

Falstaff's pun in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been read by all readers of Shakespeare: "Indeed, I am in the *waist* two yards about; but I am now about no *waste*, I am about thrift." How greatly people err regarding thrift. Members of the family are sick with coughs, colds, lung diseases, asthma, or it may be consumption, the family doctor is called in and prescribes, and makes visit after visit without any apparent advantage to the patient. A large bill is presented which is often paid with great reluctance. This might have been avoided by a timely use of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. It is without doubt, the most reliable, and safest family medicine ever invented.

Any person who needs a daily paper should see the Montreal DAILY STAR, a paper that has come to the foremost rank in Canadian journalism by dint of enterprise, reliability, promptness and impartiality. The STAR'S market reports are reliable, and it is the only daily paper in Canada that makes a special feature of our own local news of this district. It has local correspondents all over the country. THE STAR is independent.

CARD OF THANKS.—Rev H. J. Evans returns his heartfelt thanks to the Congregation and friends of St. Simeon's Church Lachute, for their magnificent Christmas gift, a superb fur cap, beautiful surplice and purse. Also on behalf of Mrs. Evans for a very elegant toilet set from her Sunday School Class, and many beautiful gifts from kind friends for herself and children.

Euclid flourished about the year 300 B. C. and experts in flourishing steel pens can be suited among the numerous styles of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.

There were a good many whose merry Christmas made sorry hearts for others. The intoxicating cup was the cause.

The Christmas tree entertainment of St. Simeon's Church Sunday school took place in Victoria Hall on Tuesday evening last, and was a most enjoyable affair. We were transported in memory to our own childhood seeing the happy faces of the young folks, and hearing the merry shouts of laughter as they joined in the time-honored games of lo gago. Great praise is due to Mrs. Stevenson and other ladies for the hearty manner in which they led the games of the children. After tiring themselves pretty well in this way tea and cake was passed round, to which full justice was done. Mr. Evans then made a few remarks, in the course of which he gave a history of the naming of the church; he was followed by Mr. Ireland who said "though not of the church he was with us," and showed in a very clear manner the deep interest he takes in everything in anyway calculated to advance the cause of Christ. Capt. Smith followed in a few well chosen remarks, at the close of which Mr. Anderson introduced the guest of the evening, namely Santa Claus, whose entry was received with shouts of delight by the children. Old Santa removed the gifts from the tree (which was loaded) and they were passed to their fortunate owners. The last thing taken from the tree was a cap and surplice, a gift from the congregation to their pastor, accompanied by their wishes for his future prosperity, &c. Too much cannot be said of Mr. Evans, to whose exertions in a great measure are due the success of the entertainment, and to Mr. Barron to whose kindness they are indebted for the free use of the Hall, lamps &c.

Methodist Sabbath Schools.

The two Methodist Sabbath Schools in Lachute have just held very successful entertainments.

The School in Olivet Hall has been quite prosperous for a number of years.

The entertainment on Friday Evening, consisted of Singing, Recitations, Dialogues and Magic-lantern views &c., which apparently delighted both children and friends.

In the Church on Monday Evening we had similar exercises in Singing, Recitations, Addresses &c., but instead of the Magic-lantern, we had a grand xmas tree which bore fruit in abundance of almost every kind. The presents were appropriate for xmas. Some of them quite valuable. In addition to the good things distributed among the children, Coffee and Cake was provided for the friends.

The attendance at both places was beyond every expectation. And we believe both Schools have ample funds for replenishing their libraries and providing suitable School papers &c., for the coming year.

Com.

OTTAWA VALLEY NEWS.

(From Local Correspondents.)

Grenville.

(Back of the Mountain.)

Christmas trees are the order of the day here, which shows there is still some enthusiasm and life among the inhabitants of this mountainous region. The first one bloomed on the evening of the 22nd, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, every seat in the building was occupied, which certainly showed a feeling of kindliness and sociability, among the several families residing in this locality. Our worthy Sec.-Treasurer (Mr. Arch'd McPhee) was elected chairman, and performed his part ably and with cheerful good-will. The programme consisted chiefly of recitations and singing, performed by the school-children. First, a speech made by the chairman was short but eloquent followed by singing by the school-children "We meet once more we meet," received with hearty applause; reading by Miss E. Bradford, "No seats in Heaven"; recitation by Miss Maggie Hunter, "The Horkey," which was duly appreciated; singing by Misses Cooke and Bradford, "Dreaming of home"; recitation by Master Joseph McHardy, "the Quaker and the robber"; recitation by Master Samuel Hunter, "Hurrah, hurrah for Canada"; singing by the school, "Vacation's coming"; recitation by Master John McHardy, "Pat's criticism"; recitation by Master Albert B. Chester, "Elisha ing after Floddon"; singing by Misses Hattie Cooke and Maggie Hunter, "Meeting and parting"; recitation by Miss Effie Cooke, "Curfew must not ring to-night"; recitation by Miss M. Steele, "Carsabianca"; singing by Master A. Chester, "the new over there"; reading by Mr. McHardy, "Miky Tree and the Priest"; recitation by Miss Ellen Robinson, "Christmas eve picture", recitation by Miss Annie McHardy, "My father's at the helm"; singing by the school, "say a kind word when you can." A recess was then given and the good things prepared by the ladies were passed round, and, after having partaken of their generous repast, Mr. McPhee turned to the programme. A recitation by Master Willie McHardy, "the well of St. Heyne," was well received; recitation by Master Henry Nixon, "the fox and the drake"; singing by Master A. Chester and others, "where do you journey my brother"; reading by Master Coral Cooke, "an awful scene"; recitation by Miss Emily McHardy "it's just the same as it used to be"; dialogue, "the train to Mauro"; recitation by Miss Hattie Cooke, "the last hymn"; singing by Misses Cooke and Bradford, "singing from the heart"; recitation by Miss M. Hunter, "Coloraine"; recitation by Master James McPhee, "a little boy's troubles"; singing by M. Bradford, "tired"; singing by the school, "ring the merry Christmas bells"; speech by Santa Claus while he distributed the presents, gracefully received by the assembly. (There being about $13.00 worth of article which were calculated to be both useful and ornamental.) Many a bright happy face of both old and young was occasioned to grow brighter and happier still on this occasion of so much interest to them. The programme having contained good selections, and each and every part given with hearty goodwill, kept the audience on the smile. Among the presents distributed was a handsomly bound autograph album presented to Miss Bradford as a parting gift from her pupils; and one which she highly prizes and will keep among her treasures as she traverses the grassy plains of the N. W. T. The meeting closed by the congregation singing the doxology, and all dispersed, we presume, highly pleased with the proceedings of the evening.

B.

HE MUST NOT WALTZ.

A Pennsylvania Church Member Suspended for Dancing.

THE CHURCH UNCONDITIONALLY REJECTS HIM.

A despatch from Erie, Pa., says: The sessions of the Presbyterian Synod, now meeting in this city, have been taken up all this week with the hearing of the case of Heber Donaldson, who was expelled from the church at Emlenton on account of dancing. According to Mr. Donaldson's story he was an active member of the church at Emlenton, and in April last, being at a private party, he attempted to walk through the figure of a quadrille, something he had never before attempted. He admitted the dancing, but denied that there was any law of God or the Church that pronounced it a punishable offence. But of this he could not convince the church session, and they suspended him from the communion of the Church. From this he appealed to the Clarion Presbytery, but they refused to sustain his appeal, and as a last resort the case was brought before the Synod.

REASONS FOR THE APPEAL.

Mr. Donaldson stated to the Synod that his reason for bringing his appeal before them was:

First—The Clarion Presbytery erred in not allowing me to discuss the moral phase of dancing.

Second—The Presbytery erred in sustaining the action of the session, as that with which I am charged does not contain the elements of an offence either under the laws of God or of the Presbyterian Church.

Third—That the Presbytery erred, as their decision was not supported by the evidence, there being no proof on record that any sin was committed on the occasion in question.

Fourth—The Presbytery erred in sustaining the action of the session, as their decision involves the making of new conditions of communion, and the making of conditions of church membership which are not conditions of salvation.

Fifth—The Presbytery erred in that they proceeded immediately by judicial process, without having first resorted to other milder remedies, as provided in our book of decipline.

Mr. Donaldson is a lawyer, and had his case prepared with great care and attention. His first point was, "Is dancing prohibited by the Word of God?" and on this subject he quoted verse after verse from the Scripture where dancing was indulged in and "used as a means of glorifying God, and yet in this enlightened age it may not be used as an amusement without offending some member of the Church of Christ." He then called attention to the Kirk Session of Scotland in their persecutions in cases of amusement in the seventeenth century, in which they decided that consistent church members should avoid the very appearance of evil, but he maintained that by so doing every minister of the Gospel was made a monk and a spy upon his congregation, and such a course was not sanctioned by the Scriptures, in which is ever to be found mentioned music and dancing, the latter full as frequently as the former, and yet in the seventeenth century even music was considered sinful and dangerous. "I consider dancing in its purity," said Mr. Donaldson, "as sinless as a smile or a song. The sin is in the abuse of it, hence if you don't abuse it you don't sin."

At a late hour, and after much discussion, the Synod sustained the action of the Emlenton Church, in expelling Mr. Donaldson from the church. The case has created quite a stir in religious circles. The action of the Synod is by many most seriously criticised.

ANOTHER NORTH WESTERN COLONIZATION SCHEME.—We learn from an Insurance and Financial Journal that a new company, under the title of the "Land Corporation of Canada," has just been set afloat in London. Its capital is fixed at £500,000, divided into fifty thousand shares of £10 each. The directors are the Duke of Manchester, Robert G. Allen, Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, Messrs. Alexander Fraser, Ellis Gilman, Arthur Grenfell and Henry Maynard. There will be a Canadian local committee, consisting of Messrs Bannatyne, Bain, Blanchard, and Sweeny, of Winnipeg. The bankers in London will be the Westminister Bank, and in Canada the Bank of Montreal. The corporation has the option of purchasing from the Syndicate one million acres of land along the main line of the Canada Pacific Railway or its branches. They contemplate also purchasing other lands from the Hudson Bay Co., and the Government of Canada. They will divide the land into farms of from 160 acres each to 640 acres each. On each farm they will erect suitable buildings and will let these farms to tenants. The terms will be very easy, with a view to inviting settlement. The tenants will be offered the option of purchasing their farms on certain conditions. The project is received generally with favor among business men in London, and it is thought that the shares will be disposed of without difficulty.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, it at once makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."—*Cairo Bulletin.*

Another isthmian canal is proposed. This time it is the Isthmus of Kraw that is to be severed, giving a waterway across the Malayan peninsula, and shortening by 600 miles the route from India to China. The canal will be about 30 miles long, through a fertile country of great wealth in tin, gold, and other minerals.

THE BONUS.—The Quebec Government have given official notice again that an Act will be applied for to the Dominion Government to enable them to collect the bonuses from the municipalities for the Railway.

QUAIL ON TOAST.—Dry-pick them, singe, cut off the heads, then the legs at first joint, split down back, draw, put into salt water for 15 minutes, drain, dry with a cloth, lard them with little pieces of bacon, and boil over a good fire. If one does not care for the bacon dip each into melted butter two or three times. Have ready as many slices of buttered toast as you have birds, and serve a bird breast up on each piece. Thin slices of broiled bacon are very good served with the quail.

Mr. Legge and his son from New York are spending their holidays here.

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

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE *of our dear little brother who. died December 15th, 1881, aged 4 days.*

We loved this tender little one,
And would have wished him stay,
But let our Father's will be done—
He shines in endless day.

Jesus came and took him
To fill a vacant seat—
To be a little angel—
At God's right hand on high.

Dear little brother thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel,
But I hope we'll meet in heaven,
In the sweet by and by.

Jesus came and took him
Home, when he thought fit,
And the dear little pet is happy,
Sweet, in heaven at rest.

Scarce four days he lived here with us;
O what a painful time!
The tears rolled down our cheeks,
For the little lamb.

And as he lay within my arms,
And watched him all night long;
But Jesus came in the morning
And relieved him of his pain.

J. C.

Shrewsbury, Dec. 29th, 1881.

GENT'S FURNISHING!

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS!

A very large and beautiful assortment of Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs now on hand. Any one wishing nice Silk Handkerchief is sure to be quite and satisfied with the price at S. Carsley's.

Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs, in all qualities, from 12c to $1.50.

GENT'S SOCKS!

Our hand knit Socks, made from Desiratum Yarn, is the newest and best Sock for the money that is made. It is not so heavy as the Scotch Yarn Sock but will wear as well. It is not quite so fine as a Fingering Sock but is just as soft and comfortable. Call then at S. Carsley's for Gents' Desiratum Sock from 45c.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S MILLINERY ROOM!

For the Largest and Best Assortment of New and Fashionable Hats,
Good Brush Beaver Hats at 88c.
Fine Beaver Plush Hats, New Shapes, at $1.75.

CARSLEY'S MILLINERY ROOM!

FOR TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS.

Every New Style represented in this Splendid Stock.

FEATHERS! FEATHERS! FEATHERS!
SHADED OSTRICH PLUMES.

A Fresh Stock of this Fashionable Trimming for Hats and Bonnets. All the New Shades of Color.

BLACK OSTRICH PLUMES!

We are now selling the largest quantity of Black Ostrich Feathers since the opening of this department. Because they are decidedly cheap.

S. CARSLEY,
393, 395, 397, 399 NOTRE DAME ST.
MONTREAL.

G. A. NANTEL,
ADVOCATE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR,
St. Jerome,
DUMONT STREET, office of *Le Nord*, near the College.

Will attend all the Courts of the District of Terrebonne.

Auction Sale.

The Undersigned will sell by public auction on

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30TH, 1881,

at the residence of the late

Geo. L. Glines,

next door to the Store of Messrs. Giles & Son,

LACHUTE,

the following articles:

1 dining extention table, black walnut sideboard, cooking stove, hall stove, 6 cane seated chairs, 1 ditto rocking chair, 1 lounge, 1 centre table, 1 sofa, 4 hair cloth chairs, 1 hair cloth rocking chair, 1 whatnot, 1 side table, 2 iron bedsteads, 1 black walnut bedstead, 2 washstands, 1 large black walnut washstand, 1 bureau, 2 looking glasses, 1 tapestry carpet, 2 kidderminsters, 5 brackets, 1 kitchen table, 3 kitchen chairs, 1 cooking stove and pipes, 1 wool door mat, 4 china vases, 2 oil paintings, 4 oil chromos, a number of small pictures, 1 crumb cloth, 2 curtain poles and rings, 2 trays, 3 lamps, 1 cruet, 1 set china, 1 set stoneware, quantity of crockery, glassware, silverware, tinware and cooking utensils, 4 crocks, 2 washtubs, 1 clothes wringer, 1 tin bath tub, 1 preserving kettle, 1 snow shovel, 1 axe, a quantity of wood, potatoes and vegetables, and several other articles too numerous to mention.

SALE TO COMMENCE AT 10 A. M.

TERMS.—Under $5.00, cash; over that amount, nine months' credit, by furnishing approved joint notes.

W. J. CHRISTIE,
AUCTIONEER.

Lachute, Dec. 17th, 1881.

LOST.

Lost an April pig (sow) three weeks ago. Color white. Any information concerning her whereabouts will be thankfully received by the undersigned, He will pay expenses.

ROBERT PALISSER.
n17 4in. CARILLON.

WE would respectfully call your attention to our Photographic Establishment. Our facilities for portraiture are not surpassed; our Rooms are central and replete with choice specimens; our publication of Views comprise MONTREAL QUEBEC, MURRAY BAY, CACOUNA, TADOUSAC, SAGUENAY, OTTAWA, THOUSAND ISLANDS, TORONTO, NIAGARA, YEOSEMITE VALLEY, LAKE GEORGE, AUSABLE CHASM, SARATOGA, &c. 15 First Prizes awarded.

Studio 195½ St. James Street.

J. G. PARKS,
14 1y Proprietor.

NOTICE.

Strayed into the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 27, in the 5th range of Wentworth, near Lost River, a ram. It has a piece cut off its left ear. Color white. Owner can have it by paying expenses.

16 3i JOHN MCCUAIG.

Saw Mill Notice.

The Cash Price for Sawing this Season at Lachute Mills for ordinary Lumber is lowered to $2.00 per thousand feet, board measure.

FISH & IRELAND.

Dec. 1st, 1881.

For Best Value
IN
Ladies' & Gents'
FURS
GO TO
RIEPERT BROS.,
97 ST. LAWRENCE ST.,
MONTREAL.

THEY KEEP A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK, and Deal Liberally with their Customers.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. v5 n7 1y

J. D. LEDUC, L. L. B.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, ETC.,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, P. Q.

Collections made on reasonable terms, in all parts of the district of Terrebonne (and other districts), and promptly remitted. Oct. 15 1881. v5 n8 1y

LOUIS GOBEILLE,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
Main Street, Lachute,

Has constantly on hand a general supply of first class watches, clocks and jewellery, which he will dispose of cheap for cash.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch. He respectfully solicits a call. v5 n6 1y

FARMS FOR SALE.

THE FARM SITUATED IN 1st RANGE of Chatham formerly owned by the late Rev. Wm. Mayor, being lot no. 5. Also, the farm situated in the 2nd range, formerly owned by the late John O'Brien, being lot no. 20.

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

JAMES MILLER,
n8 3m Cushing.

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

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.

CHATEORO.
C. Bradford.

MUDDY BRANCH.
E. Lablanc.
F. Naubert.

BROWNSBURG.
A. Paul.

J. HOPE,
Proprietor,
14tf LACHUTE BAKERY.

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 49-1y

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM
FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the FERTILE BELT of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory for sale at

$2.50 PER ACRE.

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at Six per cent.

A REBATE OF $1.25 PER ACRE

being allowed, on certain conditions, for cultivation and other improvements.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS

of the Company, which can be procured at all the Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, and other Banking Institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

Special arrangements made with Emigration and Land Companies.

For full particulars, apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN MCTAVISH, Winnipeg or to the undersigned.

By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

MONTREAL, *December 1st, 1881.* 16-4

What are all those people waiting fo

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, Deniues, 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

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

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.

WE 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.

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 n8 1y

DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, }
District of Terrebonne. }

A SESSION of the COURT of QUEEN'S BENCH holding Criminal Jurisdiction in and for the District of Terrebonne, will be held in the Court House, in the Village of Ste. Scholastique, on Saturday the SEVENTH day of JANUARY next, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence, I give public notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the Common Gaol of the said district, and all others, that they must be present then and there; and I also give notice to all Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers, in and for the said district, that they must be present then and there with their Records, Rolls, Indictments, and other documents, in order to do those things which belong to each of them in respective capacities.

Z. ROUSSILLE,
16 3in SHERIFF.
Sheriff's Office, Ste. Scholastique, 2nd December, 1881.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that application shall be made at the next session of the Legislature of Quebec for an Act incorporating the St. Eustache Railway Company, and authorizing said Company to construct and operate a railway from one point on the line of the North Shore Railway at or near Ste. Therese de Blainville, to some point near or in the village of St. Eustache, and thence to some point in the parish of St. Joseph du lac des Deux Montagnes.

Montreal, 9th Dec., 1881.

LACOSTE, GLOBENSKY & BISAILLON,
16 3in Solicitors for Applicants.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that application shall be made at the next session of the Quebec Legislature for an Act incorporating a railway company with power to construct and operate a railway from some point on the North Shore Railway at or near Lachute, to some point in or near the village of St. Andrews of Argenteuil, under the name of "The Argenteuil Railway Company."

Montreal, 9th December, 1881.

LACOSTE, GLOBENSKY & BISAILLON,
16 3in Solicitors for Applicants.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY!
McRAE & McRAE.

Lachute, March 31st, 1881.

Ploughs and Plough castings of all kinds.
Stoves in great variety.
Agricultural and general machinery of all kinds.
Mower Extras always on hand.
Oil expressly for mowing machines.
School Desks and Seats for Public Halls.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all our work.

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 acute and mildly purgative they

PURIFY THE BLOOD

by expelling all Morbid Secretions.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.

HENRY, JOHNSONS & LORD, PROPS., MONTREAL.

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

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Kidney and Urinary Restorative in the world. No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, as a trial will convince the most skeptical. They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500, will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends but use Hop Bitters and be well.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "TEMPERANCE and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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 Constance, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 35 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. 31st, 1881. 44-13in

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, Girard Hall, West End.

THE JERSEY LILY.

First Appearance on the Stage—Favorable Press Comments.

A despatch from London says the *Times* devotes nearly a column to the first appearance on the stage of Mrs. Langtry at a matinee yesterday in the Haymarket Theatre as *Miss Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer." It says that the representation was eminently successful. The audience evidently came prepared to make every possible allowance, but none whatever was required. The oldest play-goers were astonished at the ease with which Mrs. Langtry glided into her part and the felicity of her execution throughout.

The *Post* says that Mrs. Langtry's interpretation fully gratified the high expectations which had been formed.

The *Telegraph* says Mrs. Langtry's voice has refinement in every note. Reviewed as a whole, her performance was a most interesting and successful experiment.

The *Daily News* says that from first to last nothing was done in a slovenly way. Mrs. Langtry not only had perfect mastery of her words, but was able at times to fill in the portrait with little touches of byplay. It is not too much to say she promises to become an excellent actress.

The *Standard* says that Mrs. Langtry did at least as well as could have been expected.

Mrs. Langtry's costume, on the occasion of her recent *debut* as an amateur actress, was dainty but simple. She wore a pink dress of a very delicate shade, with lace disposed about it, and a panier. Her lace collar showed the neck and throat; it was the counterpart of the one in her last portrait by Mr. Millais and her only ornaments were a diamond arrow brooch and a bolt with a diamond clasp. On one hand she wore her wedding ring, on the other a small diamond and a couple of bracelets decorated her wrists.

Newspaper Borrowers.

An exchange recently published a letter from a lady subscriber, in which she complained bitterly of the annoyance she experienced from the habit her female neighbors had of constantly borrowing her papers. The exchange offers the suffering lady, and all others similarly situated, an adequate means of succor. Here is the plan: Let the lady, immediately upon receiving the paper, carefully cut from it some item—most any item will do, only let it be neatly and carefully removed from the paper. Then the following procedure will be sure to ensue: In a few moments the neighbor's boy will come after the paper—he will take it home—within three minutes he will emerge from the house and scoot down the street and very often return with a folded newspaper of the same date as the one just borrowed. By the time the clipped paper has circled around among the female borrowers the streets will be lively with hurrying boys, and the revenue of the newspaper will be materially increased. Not one woman among them all would be able to sleep a wink without knowing just exactly what that cut-out item was. The next day the lady must pursue the same course, and similar results will surely follow. In an extremely obstinate neighborhood these proceedings have to be repeated three or four days, but no longer. By that time the lady will be able to read her paper in peace, and the newspaper's finances will be the gainer through several new subscribers. This rule is infallible where the borrowers are females, but it can't be vouched for in the case of men. There isn't that inherent curiosity to work upon, you know, and—and—but perhaps we are getting a little too deep.

Latest Fashion Gossip.

The London *World* says: The divided skirt has been exhibited on the stage. It will not do. It is neither so picturesque nor so decorous as the old Bloomer costume. It can never be popular; and the sooner it retires into the limbo of costume failures, along with the Greek dress and other affectations and tomfooleries, the better. Surely it cannot be that the maids and matrons of England are really going to let themselves be cajoled, by the confederacy of milliners, into abandoning the pretty and simple fashion of close-fitting dresses, and returning to the obsolete barbarism of hunch and bunch and balloon petticoat. "She walks in beauty" can never be said with truth of her who walks in a crinolette. Fair shapes disfigured by these oscillating protuberances have for some time been ominously frequent; and if, under the influence of Parisian or Parisio-American example, the fashion is once allowed to gather head, we shall not have long to wait for the return of the full-blown calamity of the crinoline. I am delighted to hear that a counter-movement is on foot among a number of ladies, whose influence ought to be more than a match for that of any number of milliners, and who are pledging themselves never to give way to the threatened reaction in feminine costume.

Luxury in New York.

The luxury and perfection of detail in New York dwellings is passing into a proverb. Nowhere in the world, probably, is so much time and money expended upon the furnishing and ornamenting of the homes of the rich as in this city. The draping of curtains has become a distinct branch of art, and every decorator and upholsterer has one or more employes whose sole business it is to arrange in graceful folds the draperies, which are now indispensible, at doors, windows and fireplaces. Even the banisters must now be stuffed and tufted and draped on either side with heavy fringe. Ceilings are frescoed and painted in the studios of distinguished artists, and then transferred to the houses that they are to embellish. Hundreds of women are employed, at an expense of thousands of dollars, upon embroidery and art needlework which are to adorn the sumptuous palaces in which our rich men live. Paintings, statuary, carvings in stone and wood, the richest fabrics of French and Indian looms, indeed, all that is rare and beautiful in nature and art, are brought to bear upon the decoration of these republican palaces. Even the stables in which the horses, coachmen and grooms are to be housed are far more luxurious than the simple homes in which the fathers of our race passed their lives. The newly-finished stables of Cornelius Vanderbilt in Fifty-eighth street far outshine those of the Roman Emperor whose sumptuous appointments have become a matter of history.—*New York Sun.*

THE Empress Eugenie is adding eighteen rooms to her new residence at Farnborough, in England, which was by no means a small house when she bought it. There is to be a room filled with relics of Prince Louis Napoleon, and fitted up exactly the same as the one occupied by him at Camden Place. The Empress is also building a Roman Catholic chapel adjoining the house, and it will be open to the neighborhood. Probably the idea of the relic room is taken from that which has been arranged at Balmoral. There, in the dressing room of the late Prince Consort, all remains as though he were alive. His hats and gloves are on tables, and on the bed there is an effigy of him.

Anent this time look out for coughs and colds. The cold weather induces many people to keep the temperature in their houses so hot that the greatest danger arises from going out into the cold air from the furnace-like temperature of the sitting or dining-room. Not only this, but windows are closed at night, and the sleeping apartment becomes impregnated with fetid air, so that the occupants awake in the morning unrefreshed and uncomfortable. If people would only learn what a tonic fresh, pure air is, and how destructive to health are hot and ill-ventilated rooms, the doctors' bills would not be so heavy and the undertakers would not flourish as they do.

LORNE AND LOUISE.

An Apology for a Libel—Witty Speech by the Marquis.

It has been definitely arranged that the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, will sail from Liverpool by the Allan steamship Parisian on January 11th. The Marquis will not be accompanied by the Princess Louise, Her Royal Highness having been ordered to the south of France by her medical attendant. His Excellency's sister, Lady Frances Balfour, will proceed to Canada with him, as will also her husband, Mr. A. J. Balfour, who is a nephew of the Marquis of Salisbury.

A London correspondent says it is thought that an effort will be made to remove the Marquis from Canada to Ireland. The Princess Louise is not afraid to live in Dublin, and the Marquis is understood to be willing to make the suggested change, although he expresses himself devoted to his Canadian duties, which he would relinquish with regret.

For some weeks past London society has been in a ferment of anger about an article in *Truth* said to be a personal attack upon the Princess Louise. The libelled lady has had her attention called to the scandalous affair, and was moved to tears at the wild and absurd charges made against her. The article appeared during Labouchere's absence on the continent, and he has offered the Marquis of Lorne an apology for the outrage.

Lord Lorne spoke at the London Exhibition of smoke-preventing appliances on the 30th ult. The Princess Louise was present. In the course of his remarks His Excellency said: "I came to see what I am sure we shall all find to be a most interesting and instructive exhibition, and not to make an uninteresting exhibition of myself (laughter); and I should, I think, have been excused on this ground alone—that I have now for some years been an entire stranger to London smoke. I have been living in a country where the people have nothing to complain of in this respect, and where such a thing as smoke or fog is entirely unknown. I am glad to hear from one of the gentlemen present here that Canada is a contributor to the exhibits, which we hope to visit on leaving this hall. (Cheers.) I heard also with great pleasure one statement made, and repeated in the report just read, that no great coercive powers are to be asked for from the Legislature; although I believe there are persons on this platform who, according to newspaper reports I read in Canada, have expressed a desire to make some flaming orators in the House of Commons consume their own smoke. (Laughter.)

ORIGIN OF PIGTAILS.

How a Badge of Servitude Became a National Custom.

A recent imperial edict on the subject calls our attention to the origin of the pigtail, which is now the distinctive mark of a native of the Flowery Land. It is one of the strange phenomena of the country, where everything is so ancient, and where so few innovations have been tolerated, that this practice, which was originally the badge of conquest, should have been not merely accepted, but permitted to intertwine itself so closely with the national life that it would now require forcible measures to induce the people to forego it. For in the days before the Manchu conquest, when the throne was occupied by the great dynasties of antiquity, the Chinese allowed their hair to grow as best it pleased them; and they were even known to some of their neighbors as the "long-haired race." But when the great soldier Noorachu marched southward from Moukden to conquer China and establish the Manchu dynasty, he gave an order to his lieutenants to compel the people, as they submitted, to shave their heads in token of their surrender. The Manchus were thus enabled to discover at a glance which of the Chinese were vanquished and which were not, while the thoroughness of their success was expressed in the most formal and emphatic manner. This practice, which was adopted partly from the exigencies arising out of the conquest of the multitudes of China by a mere handful of Tartar soldiers, was continued and became an integral portion of the Manchu system of government, and the result has tended to confirm the wisdom of the founders of the present dynasty. The popular views on the subject of the pigtail have not yet been ascertained with any degree of certitude; but it may be remarked that all the insurrections of the last twenty years have put forward, as one of their features, the intention to renew this practice, which has there been represented as a badge of conquest. There now, however, seems more chance than ever of its perpetuation.

RESTORED FROM A DECLINE.

NORTH GREECE, N. Y. April 25, 1880.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" have done for my daughter. It is now five weeks since she began their use. She is more fleshy, has more color in her face, no headache, and is in other ways greatly improved. Yours truly,

MRS. MARCELLA MYERS.

IN several cities and towns, at the present time, an agitation is on foot to reduce the number of representatives, and concentrate authority in responsible heads. Those who are thinking over the matter may be able to come to a decision by studying the experience in Boston, Mass. The departments of police, health, fire and water in that city are now managed by paid commissioners appointed by the City Council, but this has not been satisfactory, and a change of some kind is about to be made. A committee of the Council advises that one commissioner in each department be appointed by the Mayor to hold office permanently, and that two other members be chosen, one each from the Aldermen and Councilmen, the permanent Commissioners to receive salaries and the others not. Their idea is that this plan would concentrate responsibility, secure greater permanence in office, and yet give each Board a representative in both branches of the city government. What the ratepayers in Canadian municipalities complain most of is the log-rolling resulting from the ward appropriation system. It is not improbable that several bills, each having different remedies for the evil, will be presented at the ensuing session of the Ontario Legislature.

THE news that plans and papers of great importance have been stolen from the offices of the German Grand Central Staff may well cause commotion in Berlin. Much has been said of the perfection with which Gen. Moltke has arranged the German army to move in any direction, at a few hours' notice, whether to invade Russia, Denmark, Holland, France, Austria, or Switzerland. Not only the general plans, but all the detailed instructions, have been pigeon-holed, and even the orders for moving troops on particular railroads are said to be made out in blank, ready for signing and issuing, so as to cause no delay. Having arranged all with German thoroughness, it is suddenly discovered that there are drawbacks to this perfection; for there is a natural suspicion that the stolen plans of the campaign have found their way, or will find their way into the hands of the military authorities of the country whose prospective invasion has been so carefully prepared for.

At a concert which took place recently at Inverary Castle the new Duchess of Argyll played the pianoforte accompaniments, and Lady Colin and Lady Archibald Campbell sang some old Scottish ballads in a way to elicit hearty plaudits. The Duke of Argyll and Lord Colin Campbell were both amongst the audience.

THE STOLEN EARL.

Further Details About the Grave Robbery Perpetrated on the Body of Westland.

HOW THE CRIME WAS DISCOVERED

The London *Standard* gives the following additional particulars about the robbery of the body of the Earl of Crawford: "There can be no doubt that some time between Wednesday night and Thursday morning the plan adopted for furnishing convincing evidence of the theft had been executed. So many people pass the vault daily that any interference with it would be almost immediately observed. The chapel is practically a part of Dun Echt House, there being an entrance to it from the library. The apparatus necessary for raising the slab and removing the railing would be conveniently handy, building operations being at present in progress at Dun Echt. The coffins were opened skilfully and without the least violence. Neither the outer one of oak nor the inner wooden one has been broken, the lids having been simply unscrewed. As the lead shell had been soldered it had to be cut open; but this also had been neatly performed, and so the appearance of the vault yesterday did not awaken in the spectator any such feelings as would naturally be associated with the application of force and violence. The object of the thieves seems pretty clear, and the opinion is that they must have been well acquainted with the district. That several persons were engaged in the robbery is pretty certain. The slabs were of Caithness stone, very heavy, being six feet square and several inches thick. Dun Echt House is about a mile from the road, and so the thieves might carry on their operations unmolested by the public; but the fact of the chapel being connected with the house makes it a matter of certainty that the theft must have been perpetrated during the night. The deceased Earl being a spare man, the thieves would be able to carry off the body all the more easily. On Thursday morning a laborer passing the spot on his way to his work observed that the ground on the top of the entrance to the mausoleum had been disturbed and that the slab opposite the first step of the stairs was on its side, supported by a stick. The man communicated with the servants at the house, but it was decided not to enter the vault until the arrival of the Commissioner and police officers from Aberdeen. Those officials were at once summoned, and when they arrived in the forenoon they decided to enter and examine the mausoleum. For this purpose another slab had to be lifted, and two persons entered. They were horrified by the sight that met their view. Strewed upon the ground were pieces of wood and sawdust, and the coffins in which the remains of the late Earl had lain were lying on the shelf in a state of wreck. The wooden erection placed in front to protect the coffin had been torn away. The authors of the outrage had then unscrewed the lid of the outer coffin. The others were not treated so respectfully; these they cut with chisels or some sharp tools, and after making an opening in the end large enough to admit of their doing so, they pulled the remains of the noble Earl out by the feet and carried them away. The silver mountings of the coffin were untouched, a circumstance which leads to the belief that the main object the robbers had in view was the ransom which they hoped to obtain for the body. The occupation of Lord Crawford's later years was the collection of a library which is considered to be quite unrivalled among private collections for comprehensiveness among all the literatures of the world, and for the many rare and unique editions it contains. To mention only a few in this magnificent library of more than fifty thousand volumes and MSS., which is at Haigh Hall, near Wigan, there are the "Catholicon," the only known book from Guttenberg's second press, which is printed on vellum and dated 1460; the Mazarin Bible, the first book printed by typography, by Guttenberg, undated, but printed probably about 1450-54; the "Cicero de Officiis," 1465, the first printed classic; the famous block book "Speculum," on which are founded the Dutch claims to priority in the invention of printing, his collection of Bibles, mostly first editions and in various languages, and many containing the "parent texts;" a singularly large collection of the romances of chivalry, including the Arthurian and Carlovingian cycles, nearly all of which are first editions and in various languages; and an extraordinary number of ancient manuscripts in Coptic, Arabic, Cufic-Arabic, Syriac, Persian, Japanese and Chinese—among the latter the great cyclopædia—and all the standard works of a first-rate Japanese library. For this splendid collection he had built a spacious new library at Dun Echt, which, unhappily, he never enjoyed the happiness of seeing filled with the treasures of his life-long studies. Dun Echt House, one of the most princely mansions in Aberdeenshire, is picturesquely situated in a romantic spot. The building has within the past ten years undergone complete restoration, and only a very small portion of the old residence remains. Attached to the mansion is a private chapel of chaste design, the beauties of which have attracted the attention of many tourists who have come to see the splendid observatory erected in an adjoining park by the present Earl during the lifetime of his father. The mortuary chapel is of white marble, and underneath it is the mausoleum which has been desecrated. The mausoleum had not been consecrated when the late Earl died; but when the news of his death was received the Bishop of Aberdeen proceeded to Dun Echt and consecrated the tomb, to which three days afterward the remains of the lamented nobleman were consigned by his relatives and his tenantry, by whom he was greatly revered.

A GOOD THING FROM THE STATES.

(Montreal (Canada) Post.)

In this age of quackery it is consoling to discover that there is something solid in existence, and that, though there are vendors who lie most cheerfully about their wares, there are others who tell the truth and allow time to test the merits of what they offer for sale. As year after year rolls over the frauds and the shams sink away out of sight in the pools and morasses of obscurity, while what is really good and true stands boldly forth all the grander for its age and solidity. Thus while within the present decade thousands of patent medicines, puffed at one time to inflation, have shrunk before the test of analysis, ST. JACOBS OIL has bravely borne the strain, and is to-day renowned all over the world for its famous curative powers. It is truly one of the phenomena of the age we live in. The sale of this article is incredible. It is to be found all over the civilized world and in a good many places which are not civilized—for, unfortunately, the bones of sorrowing man are racked and ache with pain no matter what region he inhabits—and we believe it is yet destined to be found in every house, and to supersede the many nostrums which still remain abroad to rob and defraud humanity of its money and its health. The firm of A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Md., spend half a million dollars yearly in advertising ST. JACOBS OIL, and hence we may guess at the full extent of their enormous business. It is truly marvellous, or would be, did we not know the circulation of this inestimable blessing.

Canon Partridge, of Rochester, N.B., has been elected rector of St. George's Parish, Halifax.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Judge Hughes on Depravity Among the Young.

A LETTER FROM QUEEN VICTORIA.

Rev. A. J. Broughall, of St. Stephens, Toronto, is recovering from his illness.

The City of Philadelphia has five hundred and forty-five Sunday Schools.

The Torrance Memorial Fund is now closed, the $1,200 necessary having been received.

Rev. Mr. Robertson, of England, has been invited to supply the pulpit of the Lewis Street Baptist Church, Riverside, Toronto.

Owing to the practical difficulties which have arisen, the proposition to unite the Yorkville and Alexander Street Churches, Toronto, has been abandoned.

It is said that an effort will be made to get Mr. F. Archer, organist in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, to give an organ recital in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on or about Christmas Day.

It does not appear that Moody and Sankey are repeating their triumphs in England. Their audiences are comparatively small, and the clergy do not, as before, countenance their revivalism. The London *Times* says that nearly all of the converts made during their first visit are now backsliders.

At a meeting of the Pulpit Committee of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, it was decided to recommend to the members that a call be extended to Rev. Wayland Hoyt, of Brooklyn, to become pastor of the church. It is expected that the call will be unanimous, and it is not improbable that it will be accepted.

Rev. J. S. Hoyt, of Boston, sent to the Queen a copy of a sermon he preached on the death of President Garfield, in which he made kindly references to Her Majesty. The Queen accepted the pamphlet, and directed her Secretary, in thanking Mr. Hoyt, to say: "Her Majesty was much touched by the allusion made to her in your address, and, indeed, I think I may add that when she expressed her genuine feeling of sorrow for his (General Garfield's) death, the Queen scarcely expected the warm and hearty response which has been returned to Her Majesty from across the Atlantic."

The process of casting the new big bell for St. Paul's Cathedral in London has now been completed at the foundry of M. Taylor & Sons, of Loughborough, Leicestershire. The preparations had occupied many months. The new bell being the largest in the kingdom, an additional furnace had to be erected, three being required for the purpose. About twenty-one tons of metal were prepared, and this, on being permitted to issue, occupied about four minutes and three-quarters in filling the huge mould. On November 26th the enormous casting was in process of cooling down. On being dug out it will weigh no less than seventeen and a half tons. The Midland Railway Company have declined to transport the ponderous load to the metropolis, and it will accordingly have to be conveyed by road.

Another consistory will shortly take place in Rome for the express purpose of the creation of new cardinals. The prelates destined to receive the purple are the three Archbishops of Algiers, Seville and Cologne, the last of whom would be called to reside in the Roman Curia, which will greatly facilitate the pending negotiations with Berlin, in allowing free course to the German Government of choosing for the See of Cologne a prelate agreeable to the German Government. In this same consistory, which will be held towards Christmastide, the Pope will proclaim the names of the cardinals previously reserved by him *in petto*, and which are generally expected to be Mgr. Ricci, majordomo to His Holiness, and Mgr. Jacobini, brother to the Cardinal Secretary of State, and himself Assessor of the Holy Office, which latter post being in itself a *cardinalici* distinction, will be given to Mgr. Laurenzi, actually Auditor of the Holy Father. The Prefecture of the Congregation of Councils, vacated by the recent death of Cardinal Caterini, will be offered to Cardinal Nina in lieu of his present charge as Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces, which administration would be incorporated with the duties of majordomo and of the Secretaryship of State.

Judge Hughes, of St. Thomas, in his recent address to the Grand Jury at the Elgin Sessions, struck a subject worthy of thought. He said: There are many of our young men, and indeed, young women too, who when you meet them on the streets or elsewhere show the utmost lack not only of good breeding, but even of any breeding at all, who have no more thought about the realities of a responsibility to God or respect for man than they have of taking to themselves wings and flying. Take our churches and Sabbath schools for example. The young men are conspicuous by their absence; as a rule, to see young men at a Bible class or Sabbath school is the exception. At a Sabbath school gathering not long ago there were present 1,500 scholars, four-fifths of whom were girls and women. In one of the largest State Prisons in the United States two-thirds of the inmates are men. The same proportion is maintained in all the prisons of our parent country. In our own Province the same proportion is steadily maintained, if you leave out of the court women of ill-fame whose sins are traceable to the wiles and wickedness of men. Is there not a sad connection between these statements? Does not one of them explain the other? It would appear that the class which gives the fewest to the church gives most to the prison, while the class which gives most to the church gives least to the prison.

An Hallucination and its Results.

Laboring under the hallucination that somebody was about to lynch him, John Ryan, formerly of New Brunswick, started from Fort William recently to walk to the railway works. He had not gone far when he left his comrade and wandered off. When he had gone some seventy miles he discarded his boots and went barefooted. He was afterwards found by an Indian lying in the snow unconscious, and almost frozen to death. The Indian and his squaw thawed him out, and sent him by train back to Fort William. During his walk Ryan lost a good watch and $600 in cash, and has since dropped several of his toes.

Dr. Dow.

This name is widely known through the remedy for rheumatism, and equally painful and stubborn diseases, that has earned world-wide fame under the name of Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment. Dr. Dow is a medical practitioner of long experience, living in Fredericton, N.B. His Sturgeon Oil Liniment which was first used in his regular practice, soon became so well and favorably known that he was induced to place it in other hands for its production, while Dr. Dow himself was elected to represent his fellow constituents in the New Brunswick Legislature. Many thousands have had occasion to thank a kind Providence for the discovery of this medicine containing ingredients brought from almost every quarter of the globe, and which cures rheumatism, frost bites, chilblains, burns, scalds, erysipelas, ring-worm, boils, felons and other painful and annoying ailments. It never fails.

A gentleman has contributed $62,500 to the fund for the relief of sufferers by the Vienna theatre fire.

A NATIONAL BLESSING.

(Philadelphia Record.)

The Nineteenth Century, above all other ages, has been noted for its many inventions. It has given us the steam power in its thousand-fold applications, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light and innumerable other discoveries, all blessings to humanity; each day bringing us new surprises until we have become so accustomed to the exhibitions of the genius of our century that any new development is at once received as a matter of natural consequence, and most people will simply remark: "I told you so." As an instance of this fact we would only call attention to that wonderful discovery, St. Jacobs Oil. A few years ago this Great German Remedy had never been heard of before in this country; to-day you can hardly find a man, woman or child in the United States who has not used the remedy for some pain or ache, or at least has witnessed its use and seen its wonderful effects on a fellow-being. St. Jacobs Oil has become a national remedy, for it is known in every city, town, village and hamlet in the country. It is a cosmopolitan preparation, for it is praised by the Americans, Germans, Italians, Bohemians, Danes, Swedes, Portuguese, Spaniards, French—yes, even by the "Heathen Chinee." It may be termed the universal blessing, for it is endorsed by the rich and poor, the clergyman and the physician, the merchant and the laborer, in fact by all classes of the community. St. Jacobs Oil, by its almost marvellous properties, can be employed for a simple cut or sprain, or the worst case of inflammatory rheumatism. Persons who have been confined to their bed for years with that terrible disease, rheumatism, have been completely cured by the use of a single bottle. Such cases have been quoted by the leading journals of our country; for instance, the St. Louis *Post-Despatch* says: Under the title of Old Probabilities, one of the most useful and valuable officers of the United States Government is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteroligist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent tour through the Northwest the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers to: "The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually eighty, fell to thirty-five; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me; after suffering for three years, I thought, as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains, I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since."

The Boston *Globe* says: Charles S. Strickland, Esq., builder, No. 9 Boylston street, and 106 Harrison avenue, Boston, thus speaks: "The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express can only be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee joint became swollen to enormous proportions and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself, as best I might, to another month's agonies. By chance I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was free from pain in the knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism."

The Chicago *Times* says: "Everybody on the South Side knows J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., who has been a resident of Chicago for over twenty years. Mr. Harvey expressed himself on the 'Oil subject' as follows: 'I have spent over $2,000 to cure my wife of rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment failed to bring about. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity. It is a boon to the human race, and I am very glad to have this opportunity of testifying to its remarkable efficacy. I cannot speak too highly of it, and I would be recreant to my duty to those afflicted did not I lift my voice in its praise.'"

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "Mr. Geo. I. Graham, 920 Nineteenth street, Philadelphia, is a journalist of many years' experience, and is actively connected with the Philadelphia *Sunday Mirror*, a leading theatrical and musical journal. During the 'late unpleasantness' Mr. Graham was captain of Company K, One hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania Regiment, and through exposure on the field he contracted a variety of ills, and he says a very troublesome case of rheumatism in the right leg and foot was a war inheritance that he had in vain tried to get rid of, until he was recommended to try St. Jacobs Oil. He states that he felt a slight relief even on the first application of the Oil. Before the first bottle he purchased had been used up he had but few traces of his rheumatism, and at this time he says the disease has entirely left him, which he attributes entirely to the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He remarks: "'No person need suffer with rheumatism if St. Jacobs Oil can be obtained; to those who are afflicted with that complaint it is worth its weight in gold.'"

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: Captain Paul Boynton, the world-renowned swimmer, thus speaks of the old German Remedy: "From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this old German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without St. Jacobs Oil, as I do not see how I can get along without it."

St. Jacobs Oil has been endorsed by persons of national reputation, who would not lend their names if they were not convinced that it was a duty they owed to suffering humanity they have experienced the wonderful effect of the Great German Remedy, and they want their fellow creatures to know the result. We would only mention in this connection the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio: "Excellent for rheumatism and kindred diseases; it has benefited me greatly." Mme. Marie Savotti, prima donna, Wilhelmj Concert Troupe: "Nothing can compare with it as a prompt, reliable cure for the ailment named." William H. Wareing, Assistant General Superintendent, New York Post-office: "Proved all that is claimed for the Oil and found efficacious, ready relief for rheumatic complaints." Hon. Thomas L. James, Postmaster, New York, referring to Superintendent Wareing's report concerning St. Jacobs Oil: "I concur." Prof. C. O. Duplessis, Manager Chicago Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill.: "Our professionals and amateurs use it in preference to everything they have ever tried." George W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent Police, New York City: "Members of this department relieved of rheumatism by its use." Stacey Hill, Esq., Mount Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine." Captain Henry M. Holzwarth, Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, Ohio: "Surprising relief; a world of good." Prof. Edward Holst, pianist and composer, Chicago, Ill.: "Its effects are in harmony with its claims." In conclusion we would say that it is the imperative duty of every family to have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil on hand for all emergencies; for the remedy is a true friend in need, and the occasion for its immediate use may come when it is least expected. Follow this advice and it will not be long before you will join us in calling St. Jacobs Oil "A National Blessing."

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

A Little Girl Upon Hearing It Died of Fright.

An inquest was held on Wednesday on the body of a little girl, aged 10 years, who died of fright in consequence of "Mother Shipton's" alleged prophecy that the world would come to an end in 1881. The deceased child, having read old Mrs. Shipton's alarming prediction, yielded such implicit belief to it that she became more and more nervous as the year advanced. On Thursday week she came back from school crying bitterly and talking of Mother Shipton. When she went to bed that evening she was still crying and wringing her hands, and early the next morning died in a fit of convulsions, brought on, according to medical evidence, by "shock to the system." It is to be regretted that this unhappy little girl was not informed of the fact that Mrs. Shipton was an old imposter, who prophesied, among other things, that when the dragon of Bow Church and the grasshopper of the Royal Exchange should meet London streets would be deluged with blood. These two vanes happened to meet in a stonemason's yard in Old street road in 1820; but no such deluge as that foretold by Mrs. Shipton took place. It is due, however, to the venerable lady to admit that she did not prophesy the end of the world in the present year, as has been pointed out on frequent occasions for the benefit of the nervous.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A SURPRISED PHYSICIAN.

A DYING PATIENT RECOVERS THROUGH THE INTERPOSITION OF A HUMBLE GERMAN.—Some weeks ago Dr. G——, a very reputable and widely known physician, living on C—— street, was called to attend a very complicated case of rheumatism. Upon arriving at the house he found a man about forty years of age lying in a prostrated and serious condition, with his whole frame dangerously affected with the painful disease. He prescribed for the patient, but the man continued to grow worse, and on Sunday evening he was found to be in a very alarming condition. The knees and elbows and larger joints were greatly inflamed and could not be moved. It was only with extreme difficulty that the patient could be turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so oppressive that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body.

The doctor saw that his assistance would be of no avail, and left the house, the members of the family following him to the door, weeping. At this critical hour, a neighbor, a poor and humble German shoemaker, appeared to the grief-smitten ones as a saving angel. He had heard of the despair of the family, and now asked them to try his remedy, and accordingly brought forth a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. As a drowning man will catch at straws, so the poor wife applied this remedy; she had no hope, but would try anything, as a matter of duty. The first application eased the patient very much; after a few hours they used it again, and, wonder of wonders, the pain vanished entirely! Every subsequent application improved the sufferer, and in two days he was well and out. When the doctor called a few days after, he was indeed surprised; for, instead of a corpse, he found a new-made man.—*Exchange.*

Two Children Burned to Death in Their Parents' House.

A despatch from Harbor Springs, Mich., says a sad occurrence took place here yesterday which cost Mr. Angus Alberts his house and the lives of his two children. Alberts had been making shingles for a new house, and left a pile of the shavings in the house he occupied. His wife and himself left the house for a short time, and his two children, aged 4 years and 1 year respectively, in some way set fire to the shavings. The house and its contents and the children were burned before help could reach the scene of the fire.

Answer to Many Correspondents.

In reply to numerous inquiries from our readers concerning the wonderful qualities of the great German remedy, St. Jacobs Oil—mentioned in our last issue—we would inform them that the article may be obtained from our retail druggists, or by their aid. Ask for St. Jacobs Oil, and if the dealer does not keep it in stock he will be able to procure it in a few days from the wholesale houses. We understand there is existing an immense demand for the remedy, which is not so very surprising when it is considered what it is daily accomplishing in the way of relief and cures, bordering, in some instances, on the miraculous.

Sudden Death at a Party.

A New York despatch says: Miss Sarah Redmond, of No. 177 Reid avenue, Brooklyn, died suddenly at a reception between 3 and 4 o'clock on Saturday morning at No. 175 Reid avenue. She was participating in the festivities throughout the evening, and suddenly complaining of faintness, sat back and expired. Her body was taken to her parents' home. She was 22 years of age.

"Incurable" Restored to Health.

Black Brook, New Brunswick, is a small settlement, but one of considerable importance nevertheless. Like all small places, small events are magnified so as to become of great importance and are talked of in all the neighborhood. Such a topic was given rise to by the wonderful cure of Mr. E. T. Rose. He was said to be in the last stages of consumption, his attending physician had given him up, while not one of his friends could hold out any hope that his days were not very limited in number. At this time by some means or other the patient began to take Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam and at once a change became apparent. His cough grew looser, the phlegm came up more easily, his general health began gradually to improve and in a short time the man was well.

The latest triumph of scene painting is recorded by the veracious Paris newspapers. The manager of a Paris theatre recently imported an elephant from Persia to figure in an Asiatic spectacle. When the animal was first brought upon the stage it astonished the company by making demonstrations of extreme delight. Everybody was puzzled till it was discovered that the scenery represented the public square in Ispahan. Then all was clear. The scene was so true to nature that the elephant fancied himself back at home and rejoiced accordingly.

J. T. Trott, Canton, Ont., writes: I have found Dr. Wilson's Anti-bilious and Preserving pills one of the best medicines for dyspepsia ever used. I had the disease for the last six months, often vomiting my victuals before I could get relief. These regulated my bowels and caused my complete cure.

Rev. Dr. Cramp, one of the oldest clergymen in the Dominion, and for many years head of the Baptist College at Wolfville, N. S., died at Halifax yesterday.

ONTARIO has little to learn from the Southern States in the matter of public institutions. In reply to a charge that he has used the pardoning power too freely, Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, says: "We are all human, and have human hearts, which are touched by the sorrows of others. This is no great offence, but I think I have often been unjustly criticised." What moved him effectually, he explains, was the fact that in the penitentiary two convicts were crowded into nearly every cell four feet wide, six long and six high. The men thus roomed were dying at a fearful rate, and he determined that the prison should not be a charnel-house. Therefore he set nearly 200 of the feeblest and most deserving of them free. Our neighbors require the presence of a Howard.

One of the ten Arabic papers published in Egypt said lately: "All our revenues are absorbed by foreigners. All our merchants, all our high officers of State, are foreigners. They are the lords and we are the donkey boys. They live happily and we live a life of degradation. They are paid well and we are paid badly. We hope the Chamber of Deputies will take all this into consideration." Again, another writes: "We were once the kings of the universe. We were 500,000,000, and now we are 30,000,000, and this is caused by our indifference to religion, our hearty reception of foreigners, our confidence in foreign journals. Our sons and our daughters are at the mercy of foreigners, and our country is in their possession. We must go back to our religion, and not listen to those who say fanaticism is dangerous."

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY."—(Trade mark registered) is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

A Northern man with consumptive tendencies was inquiring a few days ago about Florida. He met a man who had spent a winter there, and in the course of boring for information, asked if it was very wet there. "Wet!" was the reply. "Well, I should smile. The only dry thing I found in the State was the cows."

What is beautiful? Why, Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, as now improved and perfected. Clear as spring water, delightfully perfumed, and will not soil the finest linen fabric—a perfect toilet preparation and absolutely makes the hair grow on bald heads.

IN a recent English work on "Great Movements and Those Who Achieved Them," detailing facts connected with the introduction of gas, the use of telegraphs, the reform of prison and sanitary customs and so forth, the writer undertakes to show that the House of Lords has frequently been in strong opposition, the will of the nation being emphatically declared long before the Lords gave their slow sanction

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary establish a permanently healthy action. *Being entirely vegetable* no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy