THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, AUG. 1, 1884. NO. 48

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

The above paper is printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by SIMPSON & KERR.

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

Announcements or Notices of a personal or business nature, in the Editorial, Local or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent insertion.

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SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be at ST. ANDREWS from the 9th to the 14th, and at LACHUTE on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month.

An Escaped Comet.

During the last four years some comets have paid visits to the ruler of the solar system and displayed their dazzling trains to the admiration of his attendant worlds. Every one of these comets has been remarkable for some unusual or unaccountable conduct. The big comet of 1881 suddenly flirted its streaming tail into the northern hemisphere unannounced and unexpected, and surprised the astronomers at their telescopes as much as it did the milkmen on their early morning visits to the pumps. The comet of 1882 amazed the world by suddenly appearing at broad noon close to the sun, where it soared like a fiery bird with broad wings extended, and as it retreated from the solar system it appeared to be chased by a bevy of little comets to which it had apparently given birth during the terrors of its plunge through the flaming banners of the sun. In 1883 the comet of 1813 reappeared. But the most extraordinary comet of all is the one which was discovered at the Vienna observatory about a month ago. It seems to have been clearly seen, for the observers and fully measured its position among the stars, and it was believed from its place and motions that it was one of the comets of 1858 returning. But after thus showing itself the comet disappeared, and, although a battery of telescopes has been brought to bear upon the spot where it appeared, from nearly every observatory in Europe, not a glimpse of the mysterious visitor from the realms of outer space has been caught.

Following the Doctor's Advice.

"Doctor, I want you to do something for me. My nerves are shattered completely. I am not able to eat anything and I sleep very little at night. What would you advise me to do?"

"What has brought about this condition?"

"Drinking too much, I'm afraid."

"Well, I would advise you to give up drinking."

"H'm, that idea never occurred to me. What's your charge for the advice?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? I am much obliged to you, doctor. Let's go and take something."

A Disinfectant.

In cases of diphtheria or other contagious diseases, a German physician recommends a mixture of equal parts, say 40 drops of turpentine and carbolic acid put into a small kettle of water, and allowed to simmer slowly over the fire in the same room with the patient. The atmosphere of the sick room must be kept constantly impregnated with the odor of the substances. In several cases of diphtheria there was no attempt at isolation of the patient, and the mother cared for sick and well without spread of the disease.

FOR THE FARMER.

Kindness as an Investment.

There is nothing worse for domestic animals than to scare them half to death. Fright uses up the vital forces more than work, more than the growth of flesh or fat, more than anything else, unless it is persistent starvation.

We have had two men working for us, with teams, on the same farm at the same time. One would take his horses from the stable when they had been refreshed by a few days' rest, and were feeling well, and because they were pretty frisky while they were being harnessed, and the off horse did not keep the furrow well at the first send-off would get out of patience and yell at his team till finally they would break into a trot, when he would throw the plow to the full depth into the first hummock he could find, bring the team to a full stop, and by this time they would be well in a "lather" and quivering with excitement. After he had yelled for a few minutes, and the horses had become fully frightened, they had used up enough strength to move the plough for an hour.

The other man knew better. When he observed while "hitching up," that the horses' heads were carried high, and that they were feeling first rate, he would say to himself: "There is a good head of steam on to day, and I shall be able to get a good day's work out of these fellows if I save it all to be used to the best advantage." Therefore he would speak in as quiet a tone as possible, would move gently about, and aim to get his team afield without the risk of any rumpus or excitement, and would bear with a few irregularities, such as getting out of the furrow and pulling by fits and starts a few times. The consequence would be that when they were warmed up to their work, they would move on smoothly and at the same time quickly, and at the end of an hour these would be a row of nice fresh furrows to show as an equivalent for the "steam" the other man had used up in mere fret and fume and worry and passion.

As it is with larger animals, so it is true of fowl; if you at all times exercise kindness toward them, they will doubtly repay you for all your care and kind attention.

Budding Forest Trees.

The propagation of woody plants by the process known as budding, consists in taking from one tree or shrub, a bud, and transferring it to another. The plant upon which the bud is placed is called the stock. The limits of this operation are not very well defined, but for all practical purposes I may say that it is limited to the members of the same genus, or closely allied plants; that is, oaks may be budded on oaks, chestnut on chestnut, and generally the nearer related the species, the more successful the operation. But, like all other rules pertaining to the propagation of plants, there are exceptions, and occasionally we may find that the wood of two species, belonging to the same genus, cannot be made to unite and form what is termed a union.

There is always a preference in stocks belonging to the same genus, and the propagator seeks the best for his purpose. I may say, however, that, as a rule, the weak and feeble growing should always be placed upon the strong growing, if rapid growth and long life is the object in view.

Budding is usually performed in summer, soon after the buds, or a portion of them, are fully developed on the young wood of the present season's growth. The stock into which the buds are to be inserted, must be in a similar condition, although the stem or branch at the point of junction may be more than one year old, but in no case must the bark be so thick and rigid, that it cannot be readily separated from the wood beneath, because the bud is to be inserted under the bark of the stock, and unless this can be done, the operation will fail.

We have to depend upon the assimilated or true sap, to form a union between the bud and the stock, the same as we do on layers and cuttings to produce roots, for all the operations are analogous, only in budding, the albuminous matter forms a union with the same material in the stock, while in the layer and cutting, it is emitted in the form of roots.

The proper time for budding trees, must, of course, vary with the latitude, season, and kind of trees to be propagated, as some come forward earlier than others, but as a rule, it may be performed as early in the season as good plump buds can be found at the axils of the leaves in shoots of the present season's growth. The upper and immature ones, can, of course, be discarded, if it is necessary to commence budding before all are in fit condition to use.

Killing Weeds.

The *New England Farmer* says:—If farmers could be only made to realize the economy of a thorough pulverization of the soil before planting or sowing their seeds, we should soon find a very marked improvement in the appearance of the cultivated fields in the country, for wherever we go we find a great deal of very poor, and very coarse farm work. Many farmers seem to make as hard work of taking care of a field of corn, potatoes, or other annual crop, and do their work as "back handed" as a carpenter would who should undertake to build a house, or make a nice piece of furniture out of undressed lumber, and the attempt to smooth it up and polish it off after the parts are all put together.

The best market gardeners have learned that the highest success in the cultivation of their crops can only be attained upon land that has been most thoroughly prepared, not only by high manuring, but by repeated ploughing and harrowing, and with implements suited to the work. Coarse turfs, stones, or hard lumps of loam or clay are not allowable in any good market garden, and they should not be in ordinary farm fields. Nor is there half the necessity for rough, course, farm work that one might infer from the too common practices of the average American farmer. It is not necessary to grow a half crop instead of a full crop. Neither is there any need of having one half the product of our lands returned to us in the shape of worthless weeds. It costs no more to grow a pound of wheat or corn than to grow a pound of weed seeds, and it costs no more to keep a field clear of weeds than to keep it half clear, provided one takes hold of the work at the right end, and at the right time. Indeed, good work on the farm saves labor rather than wastes it, just as good work in any other industry proves economical in the long run.

No one need travel far in the country at this time of the year, to find planted fields that were so rough and coarsely worked during the early part of the season, as to require a great deal of patience, as well as hard work, in their cultivation during the growing period of the crop. All the work of the present seems to have been done poorly, and far too much left for the future. The ploughing having been but half done, the harrow failed to do its part of the work of pulverization. The surface being left rough and uneven, the rows could not be planted straight, nor could the seeds be covered at an even depth, nor upon a uniformly level surface. The rows being crooked, and the hills coming at various heights, the work of the harrow or cultivator must be far from complete.

We have seen, in one instance, a farmer going four times through each row in his corn field with his cultivator, before he could get the soil in any kind of condition for the hand hoe. In other instances, a less amount of team work has left the field so thoroughly tilled that little or no hand labor was required. Good farmers are learning that more than half the effort usually expended in tending a hoed crop might be saved by a proper previous preparation of the soil. To do this, we should first plough thoroughly. If the field is sod land, the sod should be turned completely over, and in furrows of uniform width and depth, and the depth should be sufficient to allow of making a mellow seed bed upon the inverted furrows without turning back any of the sod. If the plough runs eight inches deep in some places, and only two or three inches deep in other places, or if the furrows are partly turned and left upon their edges, this mellow seed bed without turf or sods, will be impossible to obtain, and the subsequent work of tending a crop will be expensive and annoying.

The time has come when the cultivation of the soil here in New England, and in all the older States, must be done by the most economical methods possible, that our labor may be fairly remunerative. We can no longer afford to spend our time killing weeds chiefly by hand labor, or by the use of crude, ineffective instruments. We must get our grounds in such condition by good ploughing and good harrowing before the crops are put in, that the later work will be comparatively easy and inexpensive.

Out-Door Amusements.

Julian Ralph, writing of out-door sports for young ladies and the influences exerted by these sports, expresses her belief that the new taste is on the whole beneficial to the sex. Of Brooklyn and its amusements she says: The older girls, young ladies of marriageable age, were playing lawn tennis, and playing it with young men, and with a vigor that required the agility of gymnasts. When they leaped they sprang clear off the ground and landed as lightly as birds; when they ran it was with a free and graceful movement. When they struck at a ball it was with a blow that gave assurance of quick judgment, strong muscles, and trained sight. Near by, I saw three girls of fifteen or sixteen practising a running jump. Farther on were some other tennis players, who in an intermission had started a game of tag. Do you remember how the average girl used to play tag a few years ago? She would run screaming at the top of her voice with a mincing step from under absurd entangling skirts; until her short breath gave way, and then on being touched by her equally hysterical companion, would sink breathless on a seat or upon the grass. That is not how these young women did it. Their dresses somehow produced the effect of swiftness, and they bounded lightly over the turf with palms closed and held at the breast, with lips shut, and with eyes aflame with fun. They doubled, danced tantalizingly before the one who was "it," dodged like wrestlers, and shot away like deer, and never did one of them utter a scream.

In a fashionable ladies' gymnasium in a Canadian city I saw some girls on a trapeze, on horizontal bars, with fling rings, and with rowing and lifting machines, and when I suggested that the introduction of a punching bag such as pugilists use to develop their muscles and chests, limber their backs, and promote quickness of motion, would be a good thing to add to the paraphernalia there, the proposition was favorably received. The new movement is a grand one. Women can no longer lounge at home and read novels or confine their accomplishments to the three R's, the piano, and the waltz step. It is not in keeping with the spirit of their age. The true women's rights movement is under way, and is leaving the foolish platform reformers far behind. Women are devoting their lives to the arts and sciences, to trade and the professions. They must get strength and robust health in order to enjoy confidence in themselves and fertility in resources. Exercise has no unsexing influence. The athletic girls of my acquaintance are all the more girlish or womanly, as the case may be, in consequence of their better development. It will be well when we can say "farewell" to the last of the dolls and "all hail" to the new race of active and confident women.

Burial on the Bank of the Congo.

The body of the dead man has been previously smoked and dried over a slow fire, so that the flesh, except upon the hands, shrunk and reduced to a leathery covering round the gaunt bones. The face had been gandily painted with scarlet, yellow and white pigments, and the whole body was encrusted with the red dye of the camwood tree. Round the nose and mouth was wrapped a band of cloth and gay patterned cottons swathed the body. For some reason the hands were quite plump and well covered with flesh, as if in life. The dead man had been placed in his grave in a sitting posture, many layers of native cloth lying under him, and ready to cover him up on the top were piles of cotton stuffs received in trade from the far off coast, and representing to these natives a considerable amount of wealth. In the vague, half-determined notions which the people here have conceived as to a future existence, everything in the spirit world is supposed to be a pale copy of things existing on the earth, so that for this reason they put cloth, vessels of pottery and, in the case of a chief, dead slaves into the grave, in order that the deceased, on arriving in the land of shades, may not appear unprovided with the necessary means of making a fresh start in a new life. The grave in which this man had been buried had been dug in a hut, and the head of the corpse was not more than two feet below the surface.

Throwing the Boomerang.

The boomerang used by the natives of Australia is a piece of thin wood about an inch and a half wide, an eighth of an inch thick, and perhaps twenty inches long; its shape varies, sometimes being like the segment of a circle, at others like a man's arm bent at the elbow, but the way of using both these forms is exactly the same.

The weapon is grasped at one end in the right hand, with the concave side uppermost, and the black man takes a run, such as the ordinary cricketer does when he is throwing a ball. On a sudden he stops, and away flies the boomerang, not straight, as one might suppose, but revolving on its own axis so quickly that in the air it looks like a circular piece of board; this motion gives it the wonderful power of flight, which must really be seen to be believed. At at the course is in a direct line from the thrower, and at such a height as he may require, but as it draws toward the limit of its distance it swerves slightly to the right, and making a semicircle, turns toward its owner, coming back on an exactly opposite course to that which it took on the outward journey, generally falling within a few feet of the thrower. During the flight the revolving of the boomerang causes a peculiar purring sound, not unlike the hum of a top.

A Sword of Honor Presented to a Woman.

Mlle. Lix is now 45 years old. She is the daughter of an officer in the French Army, and was born at Colmar. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father raised her as a boy, and made her wear boy's clothes until she was 8 years old. At 12 she could ride and fence admirably. At 17 she was well educated and spoke English and German. She went to Poland as governess to the daughter of a Polish countess. In 1863, when the rebellion broke out in Poland, she put on male attire, and joined the rebels. For bravery on the field she was made a Lieutenant. She returned to France in 1866, and when the cholera broke out in the north she distinguished herself as a fearless nurse and helper of the sick poor. In recognition of this service the French Government appointed her Postmistress of Lamarche, in the Veges.

When the Franco German war broke out Mlle. Lix again put on her soldier clothes, enlisted in a free corps and soon afterward again became a Lieutenant and took part in the fight at Bourgonce Nompatelise. She was called Lieut. Tony, the name given to her by the Polish patriots. She proved herself a brave fighter as well as a kind-hearted woman, and her labors for the relief of the wounded were indefatigable. When her company became part of the army of Garibaldi she devoted heself exclusively to the ambulances. At the close of the war she resumed her duties as Postmistress, but soon began to suffer with rheumatism, which she had contracted during the campaign, the hardships of which proved too much for her. She resigned; and the Government then gave her charge of a tobacco bureau at Bordeaux. She moves about on crutches. Her soldiery conduct won for her many honors. In '72 the Government conferred upon her a gold medal of the first class, as well as the bronze cross of the ambulances. Gen. Charrette in '73 sent her the medal of the Pontifical Zouaves, while the ladies of Alsace presented her with a splendid sword of honor; and this year the Chief Secretary of the National Society for the Encouragement of Good Conduct, M. Henore Arnoul, also sent her a modal of honor. Gen. Faidherbe, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, is about to present her with the cross of the Legion.

Two other French women, Mlle. Dodu and Mme. Jarretout, have also been decorated for bravery during the war of 1870 71.

Picking up the Cable.

The laying of the telegraph cables is now so common that the description of the machinery for picking up a broken one will be read with interest. It consists of a rope about an inch and a quarter in diameter, made from the strongest hemp, with interwoven wires of fine steel. The grapnel at the end is merely a solid shaft of iron some two feet long, and weighing about one hundred pounds, and prolonged into six blunt hooks, which much resemble the partly closed fingers of the human hand. In picking up the cable in deep water, the *Minia*, after reaching the waters near the break, lets out her rope and grapnel, then takes a course at right angles to the cable, and at some distance from the fracture, so that the broken ends may not slip through the grapnel. The grapnel rope is attached to a dynamometer, which exactly measures the strain of the rope, and shows unerringly when the cable has been caught. If the grapnel fouls a rock the strain rises very suddenly to a high point; but the exact weight of the cable being known, the dynamometer signals by the steady rate of increase its hold on the cable far below. The ease and certainty with which cables are picked up in these days is amazing. A while ago one of the lines of the Anglo-American Company was caught without trouble at a depth of two and a quarter miles in the middle of the Atlantic. Capt. Tott, of the *Minia* who has won great fame for his skill and ingenuity in cable matters, but recently picked up the French cable 180 miles off St. Pierre, and in four hours from the time the grapnel was let go had the cable spliced and in working condition. The splicing is a work of great delicacy and skill, and when accomplished by trained fingers the spliced part can scarcely be distinguished from the main cord. So rapid has been the improvement in perfecting the modern cable that the resistance to the electric current has been reduced to one-quarter what it was twenty years ago, while the duplex system of sending and receiving messages doubles the capacity of every new cable laid.

The Disappearance of "The Scold.'

Nothing was more common in the sixteenth century that a "scolding woman," and the scolding woman had not disappeared in this country till after Declaration of Independence—some even survived that. The evidence of this does not rest upon tradition. The literature and the laws are full of it. Laws had to be framed with severe penalties to protect men from the "common scold"; and these penalties were often inflicted, one of the most effective of them being the "ducking chair," which in many cases was the only one that could check the wagging of the virulent tongue. Nothing is commoner in the ballad literature of the sixteenth century than the complaints of the railing of the scold and the shrew, and the devices for taming them was as ingenious as they were brutal. Either the literature of the time is an awful libel, or scolding women were so numerous as to be a great feature of the age; scolding was as prominent as begging, and the scolding wife as common as the tipsy husband. The philosopher wants to know whether it is the temper of women which has changed, since it is a fact that the "common scold" has practically disappeared from modern life (there used to be women whom even the sheriff was afraid of), is no more a *piece de resistance* of literature, and has not to be legislated against, or whether the apparent difference is only a change in man's attitude toward the sex. Some students of sociology think that the man's submission has wrought the transformation, and that women appear to be more sweet and amiable now they have their way unruffled. It is a very delicate question, and one that would not be raised here except in the interest of science. For the disappearance of traits in human nature is as useful a study as the elimination of useful members or the development of new organs in our evolution. Nobody except the sociologist can say what the disappearance of the "common scold,' has to do with man's position in the modern recreations of society; the business of this department is to collect facts, not to co ordinate them.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

"NO MEN NOWADAYS."—"Ah! and had ye a good funeral?" asked the old man in Glenelg, when his sons returned from the ceremony. "And had ye plenty to eat and drink?" "Yes, plenty." "And had ye a good fight?" "No, no, there was no fighting." "Ah," sighed the veteran, "there are no men nowadays."

Geraniums and calceolarias, used in "window gardening," are said to exert a powerful influence in keeping a room free of flies.

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.

A Showman Stung by one of his Reptile Collection.

In Kyle's Park at Highbridge, just to the right of Kyle's Hotel, is a large white oblong tent. Both sides of the entrance are adorned with huge dime museum oil paintings. One represents a dark-skinned man smilingly imbibing a stream of fire, and the other a Circassian girl, gracefully reclining on a red sofa. Above the entrance is painted an immense snake holding a cow in its jaws, while a large sign announces that everything inside is alive, and that the show is going on all the time.

Mr. James Reilly owns the show, and is by profession a snake charmer. Mr. Chas. S. Clark is manager and fire-eater, and Clarks's wife is the Circassian girl. The admision to the show is five cents, and the cheapness of admision, combined with the vivid pictures and hidden music, draws large crowds.

The chief attraction of the show, next to the Circassian girl and a young female gorilla, is three diamond-back rattlesnakes, which Mr. Reilly caught in Mexico, and which he says, are the only ones of the kind in this country.

At 4½ o'clock Sunday afternoon twenty exhibitions had been given, and Mr. Reilly, in order to stimulate the curiosity of the crowd and to prove to them that the things were alive, took one of his rattlesnakes in his hands and went out to exhibit it to the crowd. Mr. Reilly is a muscular man of medium height, with light hair, blue eyes, and sandy moustache. His friends say that he is a man of dauntless nerve, and that he never drinks.

The snakes were kept all together in a large square box with a glass cover. Mr. Reilly has owned them a little more than a year, and during that time they have been fed but once. Mr. Clark, the manager, said they only needed to eat once a year, when each of them swallowed a live rabbit or pigeon whole, after having first charmed it.

The smallest of the three rattlers had recently shed his skin and

WAS GETTING HUNGRY.

During the morning he had shown signs of ugliness, and when Reilly took him out of the box to exhibit him outside the tent, the snake made an attempt to bite him, which it had never done before. Clark called Rielly's attention to it, and told him to be careful, but the latter grasped the snake firmly by the neck and laughingly remarked, "I can squeeze worse than he can bite." Then he went outside the tent with the snake wrapped around his neck, holding it firmly with his right hand, just below the head. In a short time several hundred people gathered around as the snake charmer played with his dangerous pet.

Among the spectators were three young fellows, somewhat elevated with the beer the had drunk. They guyed the snake charmer, asked him who pulled the snake's teeth out, and whether it was not too old to eat hay. Reilly becamce irritated, and replied angrily. He was holding the snake over a large table with both hands. To emphasize his remarks, he let go with one hand, dropping the body of the snake upon the table. As he did so the grip of his right hand which was about the snake's neck was loosened.

Quick as a flash, the snake's head darted out. His half closed eyes flashed fire. His jaws opened wide, and, before Reilly was aware of his danger, the snake's fangs were

BURIED IN THE BACK OF HIS RIGHT HAND,

between the thumb and forefinger.

The crowd yelled and fell back, thinking that the snake would be dropped among them, but Reilly was not that kind of a man. With his left hand he pulled the snake back into his former position, and, renewing the firm hold of his wounded hand, carried him into the tent and replaced him among his brothers.

Fully two thousand people crowded in after him, while Clark ran for assistance. Reilly had told Clark that a bite from the snake was sure death, and he repeated this to the crowd around him. After he had succeeded in emptying the tent he went over to the hotel and drank glass after glass of strong whiskey.

Meanwhile Clark had been vainly searching for a physican. He returned in half an hour, accompanied by six policemen, carrying a stretcher. Reilly, encouraged and advised by all around him, had been steadily drinking whiskey, and when his partner arrived the barkeeper said he had taken more than half a pint. He was placed on a stretcher and taken to the police station.

While he was waiting for an ambulance there Dr. Case of 330 West Fifty-ninth street was called in. He approved of the whiskey treatment, and administered as much more as could be forced down, at the same time making deep incisions in the man's hand in the neighborhood of the wound. Dr. Case said the depression of the action of the heart was amazing. The man was almost pulseless.

Reilly, who was semi-unconscious when he was not drinking whiskey,

MECHANICALLY SUCKED HIS WOUND.

He had been doing so ever since the snake bit him.

The physicians at the Ninety-ninth St. hospital, where he arrived at 6½ o'clock, said that the only thing which would have assured his recovery would has been prompt amputation of the right hand. The wound was very deep. Nothing could then be done for him but to continue the treatment of stimulants already begun. Whiskey was poured steadily down his throat, and frequent injections of the liquor were made under his skin, in order that the alcohol might the more rapidly mingle with the blood.

At 11 o'clock Sunday night Reilly was very low and little hope was entertained of his recovery. A puffy, dropsical-like swelling had risen to a height of several inches over the wound and was gradually extending up the forearm as the poison penetrated more and more into the system. At that time the quantity of alcohol taken by the patient was sufficient to have killed any man under ordinary circumstances. The doctors said that with the poison acting as an antidote, he could not contain enough liquor to harm him. The patient frequently vomited blood.

The greatest interest was felt in the case by the whole hospital staff, and two or more were constantly in attendance at his bedside. Mr. Clark, Reilly's partner, said "It's wonderful that Reilly should have been so careless, when he told me a dozen time that a bite from one of those diamond back rattles was sure death. But the fact is he wasn't afraid of anything. The snake that bit him had fifteen rattles, and that would make him sixteen years old. It takes two years to get the first rattle, and every rattle after that counts for one year."

Through the long hours of Sunday night Reilly turned and tossed on his cot in the tent annex of the Ninety-ninth Street hospital. With each succeeding hour

HIS AGONY INCREASED,

until not even the frightful quantity of stimulants constantly forced upon him could afford him momentary unconsciousness or respite. Substantial nourishment of any kind was out of the question, and only occasional sips of iced milk could be forced down his parched throat.

As the morning came his sufferings still increased. His throat seemed gradually closing up, and it was almost impossible to make him swallow the amount of whiskey absolutely necessary to sustain life. The injections of alcohol under the skin were made all the more frequently on that account, but his sufferings were so great as to counteract its effect. After midnight he did not loose consciousness for a moment. He talked little, but clearly and to the point. Dr. Spaulding the house surgeon, who was constantly with him, said he never saw a man endure such agony with so much courage. Reilly refused to allow anyone to fan him or to put himself out in any way on his account.

Dozens of physicians called during the day but none could suggest any treatment different from that pursued. Early in the morning gangrene set in. The hand grew black as ink all around the wound, which remained a light purple. The swelling which was very great, increased until the hand was more than

THREE TIMES ITS NATURAL SIZE.

The black swelling spread constantly until the gangrene had reached above the elbow. It was then evident that the man must die. The gangrene alone would prove fatal unless the arm could be amputated at the shoulder, and that operation would have certainly killed the patient, as it was impossible for him to rally sufficiently to bear it.

At 10 A. M. Father McEvoy visited the dying man and administered the Sacrament to him. Reilly fainted several times, and once it seemed as though he were dead. The priest drew back and exclaimed:

"There, he is gone already."

Reilly came to, however, but refused afterwards to speak.

Numerous letters and telegrams containing suggestions were received, and one man, a farmer named Purdy, brought his remedy in person, which he was permitted to try. It was a decoction of herbs, with which the wounded arm was washed, the herbs being used as a plaster over the hand.

When everything had been arranged to suit Purdy, Reilly turned his face to the wall and in a few moments dropped off to sleep for the first time since his treacherous pet bit him. After a short nap he awoke, and it was evident that the destructive work of the venom had been going on during his sleep. The black swelling had reached his shoulder and was spreading down his side beneath the arm. His face twitched painfully

UNDER THE TERRIBLE AGONY

which he suffered, and the heart had almost lost its action from the effect of the poisoned blood passing through it. His pulse had almost stopped. His eyes were growing glassy, and all his skin was gradually becoming discolored. Decomposition seemed almost to have set in before death.

At six o'clock in the evening Mary Clark, the Circassian girl, came in and sat at the head of the bed, while her husband stood at the foot with the rest. Reilly was still conscious, and his face was lighted up as he recognized her, but his suffering had weakened him beyong the power to speak.

Purdy's treatment was continued at intervals, and as much whiskey was administered to him as he could take, which was but little. He grew constantly weaker, however, the action of the heart grew almost imperceptible, and at seven minutes past eight he drew several deep breaths, the action of the heart ceased entirely, and he was finally delivered from pain altogether. He had suffered heroically for twenty-eight hours.

For two hours after Reilly died his friends and those who had witnessed his sufferings remained together. All agreed that he had shown the greatest pluck throughout, not having uttered a single complaint. Purdy stayed too, and it was nearly ten o'clock when he gathered his herbs together and sadly departed. He said he could have cured Reilly if he could have arrived in time, and many of those who at first were the most skeptical admitted that he might have done so.

An Egyptian Breakfast.

We went to breakfast with Princess Manseur, the Khedive's sister. The meal was of a most elaborate description, consisting of many courses' and partaking more of the character of a dinner than a breakfast, or rather *dejeuner*. The dining-room was luxuriously furnished. In the centre was a large circular velvet carpet, embroidered with gold, on which stood an octangular table, covered with an embroidered velvet cloth, on which the breakfast service, including napkins worked with gold thread, was arranged in the European fashion, a vacant place being left in the middle for the silver *plateaux* containing the successive courses. As affording some idea of the resources of Cairene culinary art, it may perhaps be mentioned that we were offered in the following order soup, roast turkey, calves' head stuffed with forcemeat, pillau of rice and raisins, macaroni cheese, kabobs of mutton on skewers, asparagus *a la'huile*, pancakes, cream rice tart, pastry and jam, milk of almonds in a bowl, with pistachio nuts, eaten with tortoise-shell spoons, and cheese, followed by dessert, with ices and little cakes, and ending with coffee, which was served in another room. On the table itself were several varieties of *hors d'œuvre*, such as anchovies, olives, potted meats, a sort of bitter white sauce, and clotted cream. Champagne and other wines were handed round. The party consisted of eight person, and the entire meal was served within 40 minutes—remarkably quick work, considering the length of the *menu*. Each guest was provided with a beautifully embroidered Turkish towel, and water was brought to us in large silver basins after dinner to wash our hands in.

Origin of the Names of the Days of the Week.

In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have representations of the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived. From the idol of the Sun came Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his apparent course around the world. The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands. Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars above his head, holding a sceptre in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand and a bow in his left. Seater, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand wherein are fruits and flowers.

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried through a sieve, if you only wait." "How long?" asked the penitent spendthrift. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Liquid oxygen is estimated to have a density of between 0.84 and 0.865, but the former figures is thought perhaps to be a little too low.

All the vessels of the British Navy which carry divers are to be supplied with telephones, for the purpose of submarine communication.

When the electric lighting of the Paris Opera is completed there will be no fewer than 4,000 glow (incandescent) lamps distributed throughout the house.

Mr. J. A. Pond, of the New Zealand Institute, has given an account of the rare discovery of platinum in a vein. It has been found in octahedrals in a quartz vein in the Thames gold district.

What ought to be a very durable paint has been made of very finely powdered zinc, mixed with oil and siccative. A varnish is thus produced which may be applied with a brush in the ordinary way.

Trichina, if the experimental results of the work of MM. Mignon and Touard, of Paris, are to be relied upon, are said to be rendered innocuous after the meat containing these parasites has been subjected to a temperature so low as 20° Centigrade.

A stalactite cavern is said to have been discovered in the neighborhood of Cerdon, in the Department of Ain, France, near the road connecting Lyons with Geneva. Only a few country people are alleged to have entered it for any considerable distance.

A resin obtained from *Xanthorrhœa hastilis*, a tree indigenous in New South Wales, is used in the manufacture of picric acid, of varnishes suitable for well seasoned wood in dry, warm climates, of sealing wax, of brass lacquer, and of japan gold size. It is worth in Sidney $120 a ton.

The authorities of Berlin are trying tile pavements for the streets. The tiles are molded into blocks 7.8 inches square and 3.0 inches thick, and impregnated with bituminous products up to 20 per cent. of their volume. They are laid on concrete 6 inches thick, and the spaces between are filled with hot tar.

M. Durand has published an important paper on spontaneous combustion in collieries. As the engineer of the Doyet collieries, in the Department of Allier, France, he has had great opportunities of examining all the conditions under which subterranean fires occur. He refers spontaneous combustion to three causes—the oxidation of iron pyrites in the coal, friction from slipping, and heat of air current.

Vaccination performed once does not act as a preventive of smallpox after a certain length of time has elapsed. An examination of the statistics of this disease shows that of those who had taken it and had been vaccinated in infancy, 90 per cent. are over 10 years of age, while only 10 per cent. are under 10 years of age. Re-vaccination at intervals, say, of seven years, is the only known effective measure for protection.

Experiments have been conducted at the Bavarian Museum of arts on a new method of bleaching bones. After digesting the bones with ether or benzine to remove the fat they are they are thoroughly dried and immersed in a solution of phosphoric acid in water containing 1 per cent. of phosphoric anhydride. After a few hours they are removed from the solution, washed in water, and dried. Bones thus treated have almost the same appearance as Ivory.

The manager of the gasworks at Deventer, Holland, has had recourse to this plan for preventing stoppages in his ascension pipes: He inserts in the mouth-piece end of the retort, immediately after charging, a sheet of iron which fits the retort as closely as possible, and has in the middle a hole equal in area to the ascension pipe. The tarry vapors, heavy oils, and carbon dust are for the greater part arrested by this plate, and are thereby prevented from rising a few feet higher and condensing on the interior surface of the ascension pipe.

Unexpected Prizes.

An English clergyman obtained an excellent position for having refused preferment offered to him under circumstances derogatory to his dignity. He was a fair singer, and a vulgar plutocrat, who had invited him to dinner, promised to give him a living if he would sing a comic song at dessert. The quiet rebuke which the young clergyman administered made the plutocrat ashamed of himself, so that the next day he proffered the living with a letter of apology; but the living was refused, the clergyman stating that it would be impossible for him to forget the circumstances under which it was first tendered. This was the more honorable, as the clergyman was very badly off. Another patron, hearing of what he had done, appointed him to a benefice as a testimony of his admiration. We may conclude with the story of a man who was suddenly made rich because of his great stupidity. He was the only dull man in a bright witted family, and going to dine with a very wealthy relative who had a horror of fools, he made so many silly remarks that the old man cried out in exasperation: "I must do something for you, for you'll never do anything for yourself. If I don't make a rich man of you, you'll become a laughing stock to the world and a disgrace to your family."

A Natural Curiosity.

A natural curiosity, that bids fair to outrival the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has just been discovered on the farm of John Davis, who resides six miles east of Jacksboro, Campbell County, Tenn. Only one chamber has been explored thus far, and that only partly, in which prehistoric mummies, with sandals on their feet, in excellent state of preservation, have been found, some petrified, others preserved by salt in the cave. The walls of the chamber are decorated with paintings of extinct or imaginary animals. A large stream abounds with blind fish. Mr. Davis has captured a species of jackal or red fox, and the cave seems to be alive with both animal and vegetable life. Crickets as large as English sparrows hop or leisurely walk off when alarmed, and rats as large as jack-rabbits run about in semi-domesticated recognition. Footprints of exquisite mold are well defined in the hardened mud, and miniature forests along the banks of the river are clothed in snow white foliage and sensitive flowers.

Home.

You are to be pitied if you cannot find your first and greatest happiness at home. There is where you should find it. The independence that comes to a man when his day's work is over and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make so much difference whether you own the house or whether you have one little room in that house; you can make that room a true home to you. You can people it with such sweet fancies that it will be fairly luminous with your presence, and it will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none should ever transgress. It should be the place to find true love and courtesy.

Uncomfortable People.

We all know them; they are in every community, in every church, in many families. They are always uncomfortable themselves, and they inflict discomfort on everybody else. A really aggressive and well-developed specimen will overshadow a locality like a banyan tree, yielding the whole year through all manner of fruit bitter to the taste, and not to be digested without serious injury. These people supply an ample stock of friction; they bring out the latent possibilities of general unpleasantness in a large or small circle; they sow seeds of discord, not only in the fallow ground, but by the wayside, and are followed by abundant harvests of the kind that are sown with joy, but reaped with tears.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements 10 cents per line insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion; solid nonpariel measure.

One square, 24 lines nopariel, per year	$15 00
One quarter column, per year	25 00
One-third column, per year	30 00
One-half column, per year	45 00
Three-fourths of a column, per year	60 00
One column, per year	80 00
Professional Cards, if not more than six lines, per year	4 00

A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements. Transitory advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUG. 1, 1884.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Arrival of some of the members at Montreal on Sunday.

The following members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science arrived and registered at the Windsor:—Prof. R. F. Guyther, M.A., of Owens College, Manchester; Mr. Joseph Paget of Stuffynwood Hall, Mansfield, Nottingham, accompanied by Mrs. Paget and Miss Williamson; Prof. George Francis Fitzgerald, M.A., F.R.S., of Trinity College, Dublin, and Prof. G. D. Livering M.A., F.R.S., F.C.S., professor of chemistry in the University of Cambridge.

Among visitors to the British Association meeting recently booked for quarters at the Windsor are Mr. Joel Cook, correspondent *London Times*; Prof. E. L. Youmans, editor *Popular Science Monthly*, New York; Miss Eliza A, Youmans, the authoress in Botany and kindred topics; Dr. Dallinger, Cambridge; Major. General Laurie, Oakdale, N.S.; Prof. Felix Adler, the founder of the Society for Ethical Culture, New York; W. K. Muir, of Detroit, and Dr. T. W. Gross, the eminent surgeon of Philadelphia.

The Toronto local committee for the reception of members attending the meeting of the British Association who may visit Toronto has been formed, of which Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of the University, is chairman and Allan MacDougall, C. E., hon. secretary. It is expected that members will arrive at Toronto on Friday, 5th of September and be their guests till Saturday the 6th. Excursions will probably be made to the Falls, the experimental farm, Guelph, and the Muskoka Lakes. Besides a grant of $500 by the City Council the Provincial Government has also made a liberal grant.

CANADIAN AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE IN ENGLAND.

Acting under the instructions of the High Commissioner, Mr. James Dyke, the agent of the Canadian Government in Liverpool, made a very interesting exhibit at the Royal Agricultural Show held at Shrewsbury recently, which is usually attended by several thousand farmers and others.

The Shrewsbury *Chronicle* in alluding to the Dominion of Canada's portion of the exhibition says:—

> This is one of the most interesting and attractive stands on the ground. It has a handsome decorated front, and specimens of Canadian farm and agricultural produce from all the provinces in the Dominion are here shown. There are special departments for the productions of Manitoba, Nova Scotia, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, and Ontario, and visitors to this stand will be certain to obtain a large amount of information and instruction with reference to the products and prospects of the enterprising and wealthy colony of Canada. The principal features on the stand are samples of Canadian grown timber, but perhaps what is worthy of very special notice is a magnificent collection of grain in the ear. There are 60 varieties shown, and no better evidence could be given as to the agricultural capacity of the country. The straw is long and bright, and the ears full formed as to the grain that is shown in glass-covered cases, and a sample of two-rowed barley in one case is superior to anything ever seen. There are also specimens of Canadian minerals, including an anthracite coal from the Rocky Mountains, which has now been reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway. There are also several specimens of Canadian soil taken from beds four feet deep at intervals of twenty miles between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains. This shows how rich are the alluvial deposits over a district 2,000 miles long, and how inexhaustible must be the growing capacity of this virgin land.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

The living try to beautify their cities by planting trees and flowers, but the city of the Dead lies neglected, to the everlasting disgrace of the living relatives. Two arbor days have passed and not a tree has been planted around any of the grave-yards in Lachute. The situation of these grounds is beautiful, and if judicially planted with trees might be made a place of beauty and attractive. But as they now stand, they look uninviting and repulsive. Let not another spring pass over without some little attention being paid to the recepticle of the dead.

There are some very fine monuments erected in these grounds; we notice one in particular in the Methodist ground, erected by the Messrs. Hills to their parents. The following is a description of the monument:—

The Urn is of Quincy granite, highly polished. The cap is of Canadian grey granite from R. Forsyth's Quarries, Standstead, Que. The die where the inscription is, is of Quincy Mass. granite, lettered in gold, 2nd Base is of Canadian gray granite, bottom base is made out of our native limestone. It was erected in its place by Mr. R. Forsyth of Montreal.

In the Presbyterian ground Doctors Christie have a beautiful one erected—it is of peterhead Scotch granite, sent to Scotland for through Mr. Moir, the ground base being limestone, second base do., third base peterhead granite, die do., oblique or spire column (polished) do., family names in raised letters. Also in this grave yard there is another very fine monument belonging to Mr. Miller. The ground base is limestone, second and third of marble, turned column, marble top surmounted with turned cap. These are beautiful monuments—the workmanship being excellent. The latter two were erected by Mr. Moir, Marble Worker and engraver of this village.

Lachute it seems is not the only place where no respect is shown to the dead. The Cornwall *Reporter* has the same complaint to make as ourselves. It says: "Cornwall has but little respect for its dead as evidenced by the disgraceful condition of the cemeteries, all is disorder and dishonor—long grass, sunken graves, broken railings, splintered and fallen monuments, rank weeds, a place for pollution and shielding for shame. All sacred regard for the remains of once beloved ones seems to have been lost and the dust of the dead might as well be laid beneath the commons. The churches must bear the blame, for this unchristian inexcusable neglect of their burial ground."

PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

The subject that now interests us most, is the means to be used for the prevention of the spread of Cholera should it unhappily reach this continent. In view of this we copy a reply to an inquiry, made of Mrs Florence Nightingale, the Crimean heroine, to the *New York Herald*, that her experience in India, where cholera is never wholly absent, tends to prove that cholera is not communicable from person to person. That the disease cannot be ascribed to "somebody else;" that the sick do not manufacture a "special poison" which causes the disease, Cholera, she says, is a local disease—an epedemic affecting localities, and there depending on population of earth, air, and water and buildings. That the isolation of the sick cannot stop the disease, nor quarantine, nor cordons, nor the likes. These, indeed, may tend fatally to aggrivate the disease, directly and indirectly, by turning away our attention from the only measures which can stop it. That the only preventive is to put the earth, air and water and buildings into a healthy state by scavenging, limewashing and every kind of sanitary work, and, if cholera does come, to move the people from the places where the disease has broken out and then to cleanse. Persons about cholera patients, she says do not "catch" the disease from the sick anymore than cases of poisoning "infect" others. If a number of persons have been poisoned, say by arsenic put by mistake into food, it is because they have each swallowed the arsenic. It is not because they have taken "it," the "mysterious influence," of one another. Vigorously then enforce sanitary measures, but with judgement—*e.g.*, scavange, scavange, wash cleanse and limewash; remove all putrid human refuse from privies and cesspits, and cesspools and dustbins; look to stables and cowsheds and pigsties; look to common lodging houses and crowded places, dirty houses and yards. "Set your house in order" in all ways sanitary and hygienic, according to the condition of the place, and "all will be well." The real danger to be feared is in blaming somebody else and not our own selves for such an epidemic visitation. As a matter of fact, if the disease attacks our neighborhood we ourselves are already liable to it. To trust for protection to stopping intercourse would be just as rational as to try to sweep back an incoming flood instead of getting out of its way.

DOMINION EXHIBITION.

We have received from the Secretaries a copy of the Prize List of the Dominion Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, to be held on the Montreal Exhibition Grounds, Mile-End, opening on Friday, 5th September and closing Saturday, 13th Sept. The prizes offered amount to $25,000. We are assured that the prospects for the Dominion Exhibition are most encouraging, already many applications for space have been received by the Committee of Management, and from the actual efforts which are being made in the preparation of exhibits, it is beyond doubt that the Exhibition will be one of the most atractive and successful that has ever been held in the Dominion. The Building and Grounds will be brilliantly illuminated with *electric light* and will be open to the public every evening, thus ensuring a greatly increased attendance of visitors and an enhanced benefit, to exhibitors. His Excellence the Governor General will open the Exhibition on Saturday, 6th September, and it is expected that all exhibitors will not fail to have all their goods on the grounds by that day, in order that the Exhibition may be perfect in all its details on the visit of His Excellency. Reduced fares will be given by all the Railway and Steamboat Lines during the Exhibition. Exhibitor's tickets can be procured at *one fare*, to Montreal and return, good from 3rd to 15 September.

THE WILSON EMPLOYEES PIC-NIC

The employees of Messrs. J. C. Wilson & Co., Montreal, held their annual pic-nic in Lachute last Saturday, about 125 employees and friends came out by special cars, kindly provided by their much esteemed employer Mr. J. C. Wilson.

The day opened by inspecting the Paper Mills, then followed the races and games which were very well contested, particularly the 100 yds. race and running long jump in which almost professional records were made. Mr. Harry Phillips won the admiration of all by the beautiful manner in which he ran and jumped.

The Ladies races brought out a large number of the fair sex among whom quite a rivalry existed as to who should carry off the first prizes some of which were very beautiful and valuable. We must congratulate the ladies on the whole-hearted manner in which they entered into their branch of the days enjoyments.

After doing justice to a fine spread catered to by Mr. J. Hope, of Lachute, who won the good will of all by his genial manner and good dinner. The Lacrosse match between the office and factory began which though perhaps a little rough still proved an exciting and well played game, some very pretty playing was done on both sides, Messrs. Phillips, McKay and Sheppard distinguished themselves for the factory, and Messrs. Graham, Clagey, Murray and E. T. Ramsay for the office, the match resulted in a draw, the game not being finished owing to the heat of the day, the party then dispersed to spend the balance of the afternoon in driving, boating, swinging &c. After tea all adjourned to Charlebois's Hotel, Mr. Charlebois kindly placing his large parlor and piano at their disposal for the concert which followed:—

Mr. G. S. Wilson occupied the chair, opening the concert in a very able speech, reviewing the business from its establishment till now.

A number of comic songs, choruses and recitations were sung and recited in an able manner, Mr. H. P. Keevil distinguishing himself by the manner in which he recited "Mary the maid of the Inn," which called forth an *encore* when he gave his celebrated "Broom Dance," Misses Brown and Shiers presided at the piano.

Mr. Keevil moved, seconded by Mr. Glover, a vote of thanks to Mr. G. S. Wilson for the able manner in which he conducted the proceedings of the evening, it was carried unanimously with "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mr. Glover said he regretted Mr. J. C. Wilson's unavoidable absence and he was sure they would join in requesting the chairman to convey to Mr. Wilson their sincere regrets at his not being present with them.

A vote of thanks was passed to the chairman and committee of the pic-nic for their untiring efforts to make the day a grand success, Mr. F K. Smith, (chairman) replied in behalf of himself and committee.

After passing a vote of thanks to the Lachute Band for its kindness in serenading the pic nic. The concert broke up and all were soon on the way home highly pleased with their days outing.

THE CHOLERA.

A REVIEW OF THE EPIDEMIC.

PARIS, July 26.—At a meeting of the extreme left last night it was decided to send nine deputies, headed by M. Clemenceau, to Toulon and Marseilles to inquire into the cholera epidemic. The total number of deaths since the outbreak has appeared will reach thousands. About 500 persons who were attacked with the disease have been cured. The proportion of cures would be greater if those rendering assistance were better organized. Much prejudice exists among the lower classes against the doctors. Many are convinced that they have been ordered to promote the epidemic by administering poisonous remedies. Some force the physicians to taste the medicines, and the doctors are afraid to enter the houses on account of the hostility of the occupants. During the present epidemic sickly persons appear to have been attacked rather than whole sections of the population. At Arles many persons have become insane through fear. The total number of places in France where the infection has appeared is 14. Marseilles is threatened with a meat famine as many butchers have closed shops. Others find difficulty in procuring supplies.

THAT CASE OF CHOLERA IN THE SOUTH.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Surgeon-General Hamilton has received to-day a copy of a letter from Dr. J. B. Peace, who attended the supposed case of cholera on the steamer Annie Silver and warned the authorities. Dr. Peace says the family arrived at New Orleans on July 14th from San Luis, Spain. The vessel had been at Bordeaux, Toulon and Vera Cruez. Though the father did not speak English, Dr. Peace says he learned he had been detained at Toulon. The doctor says farther the child died with every symptom of cholera. Whether this was a case of Asiatic or sporadic cholera I will not positively assert, but cholera it was.

FEARFUL STEAMSHIP COLLISION OFF CORUNNA.

OVER 130 PERSONS DROWNED.

LONDON ENG., July 28.—The survivors of the steamship Laxham report that on the evening of the collision there was a thick fog. The Laxham was going slow. Both steamers were sounding their whistles. The Gijon struck the Laxham amidships and the latter was nearly cut asunder. The funnel was knocked over and the boiler burst. The chief Engineer in reversing the engine was horribly scalded. Most of the Laxham's crew boarded the Gijon. Captain Lothian tied his wife and child to himself and all were hauled aboard the Gijon by ropes. The Laxham sank in twenty minutes after the collision. The Gijon soon began to settle. Terrible confusion prevailed. The captain stood with a revolver in his hand, but was still unable to keep order. The passengers and crew were fighting for their lives. Boats were lowered and filled to the gunwales but they could not accommodate half the people. Those who had managed to secure places were obliged to keep off the others with knives. The Gijon sank bow first. The quarter deck was crowded with men and women. The captain and officers were on the bridge. It is estimated that one hundred and thirty persons perished.

Success of an Electric Railroad in Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, July 27.—The first commercially successful electric railroad in America was started in operation here yesterday by the East Cleveland Street Railroad Company, who have just completed a mile of road, and ran cars on it to-day for the first time. The experiment was so successful that the company expect to change their entire system, comprising over 20 miles, into electric roads. The current is carried on underground conductors, laid in conduits like those of a cable road. The cars started and stopped and reversed with the greatest ease. Any number of cars up to 15 can be run at one time on a single circuit, and from one machine, which is a result not obtained by any European system. The success of the new road has made a great sensation in both street railroad and electrical circles, and is expected to greatly extend the field of electrical development.

Extension of the Empire.

LONDON, July 28.—The Under-Secretary for the colonial department stated to-day in the House of Commons that the government was ready to confirm the Queensland scheme for the confederation of the Australian colonies and the annexation of New Guinea and other Pacific Islands as soon as the colonists have finally determined upon the necessary steps to accomplish this.

DEATH OF ARTEMUS WARD'S MOTHER.—Died in Waterford, July 12, 1884, Caroline E Brown, well-known as the mother of the celebrated humorist, Artemus Ward. Mrs. Brown was born in Waterford in September, 1806. She was a daughter of Calvin Farrar, a merchant in that town She married the late Major Levi Brown, who died many years ago. She was the mother of two sons, who both made a reputation in the world—Cyrus W. Brown, well known in newspaper circles as a versatile and interesting writer and Chas. F. Brown, better known as Artemus Ward. The latter was the idol of her heart. She never wearied of talking of Charles. His memory with her was ever bright, and she delighted to discourse of his merits. Mrs. Brown was a great reader, an intelligent lady, being well posted on the leading topics of the day. She by will directed that a portion of her small property be devoted to the erection of a monument on the family lot at Elm Vale Cemetery, at South Waterford. Her nearest surviving relative is a sister, Mrs. Helen W. Eastman, of Boston, herself like Mrs. Brown, a widow, and a lady of wealth and culture. —*Portland (Me.) Argus, July 15.*

The Paris *Figaro* advises France to abandon her relations with England and form an alliance with Germany.

Many parts of Minnesota have been visited by a destructive hailstorm, crops, cattle and houses being much injured.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Some writer has said that if we should speak of the "Old Castle of Heidelberg" as "the old stone house on huckleberry hill," many of the poetic and romantic associations would be lost, although the literal meaning would remain the same; and while this may be true to a certain extent, the word Heidelberg meaning nothing more than "huckleberry mountain," yet it is also true that for one who has ever had the pleasure of seeing this grand old castle—the finest ruin in Germany—no change of name can ever change or obliterate the memory.

The city of Heidelberg is most delightfully situated in the narrow valley of the Neckar, just at its junction with the valley of the Rhine; and the castle, which for several centuries was the seat of the Palatinate, and was regarded as one of the most impregnable fortresses of Europe, overhangs the valley on the south side of the river, and about 300 feet above the city. It consists of numerous towers and other defensive works, together with the remains of the palaces which were built and occupied at different periods in its history, the whole protected by a moat not less than fifty feet in width and from thirty to forty feet in depth, the main entrance being formerly over a drawbridge and through a narrow passage in a watch tower, closed by a massive portcullis, whose threatning iron points can still be seen above our heads as we enter. One of the most important towers was blown up by the French in 1689 and so great was the strength of the masonry that a large portion of the wall, nearly twenty feet in thickness, fell outward without crumbling and still lies in the moat, a monument to the skill of the masons who erected this mighty fortress. Nearly a hundred years later the castle was struck by lightning and since that time no attempt at restoration has been made. In one of the cellars is the celebrated "tun" or wine cask, the largest ever constructed. It is as large as a small house, having a length of thirty-two feet, a vertical diameter of twenty-six feet and a horizontal diameter of twenty-two feet and holding about 50,000 gallons or nearly 1,800 barrels. It was built more than one hundred years ago and has been filled several times, but is at present unused.

About seven hundred feet above the castle, on the top of the mountain, is the Konigsstuhl, or King's Seat, with a tower which commands the finest view we have as yet seen in Europe. It includes a large portion of the fertile plain of the Rhine and the valley of the Neckar, with the rivers winding away to the northward until they unite at Mannheim, and on the east and south the dark unbroken green of the Black Forest, with the Odenwald, the Suabian and the Taunus mountains in the distance. Looking westward towards the Rhine, the scene is not unlike that from the Catskill Mountain House, looking towards the Hudson; but with the added advantage that here the mountains, although much lower, rise abruptly from the plain, while the point of observation is the highest for many miles, thus giving and extensive view of the forests, mountains and valleys on the north, the east and the south.

The University of Heidelberg is one of the most famous in Europe, but its buildings are in no way commensurate with its great reputation. The plain, dingy structures which are pointed out as the University buildings are in striking contrast to the massive and elegant halls erected by many of the colleges and universities of America. A majority of the students are faithful, hard-working seekers after knowledge, but duelling and dissipation constitute the amusement of too large a portion. The duelling is a mere farce, slender swords being used, sharpened only at the point, while the upper portion of the face and the chest are protected with a wire screen. A fencing master stands by the side of each of the contestants to ward off any blow that may seem dangerous, and the sham fight goes on until one or the other has received a wound, unusually in the lower part of the face, the scar from which will form an honorable (?) record of university life. We saw some dozens of these disfigured faces about the city, while others whose wounds had not yet healed were going about with their countenances plastered up as though they had been enjoying an interview with a belligerent cat.

Baden Baden, about two hours' ride southward from Heidelberg, is, we were informed by the clerk of our hotel there, "the prettiest place in Germany;" and after a few hours spent in looking over its attractions we were not inclined to dispute his statement. It is situated in a lovely valley, surrounded by wooded hills just at the edge of the Black Forest; and shares with Wiesbaden the honor of being one of the two most popular watering places of Europe. Its Cursaal is much finer than that of its rival and was built years ago by the lessee of the gambling privilege; but for twelve years public gambling has been prohibited throughout Germany and with it has gone much of the glory of Baden. The good old times, when "things were lively," are remembered with longing up many of the old *habitues* of the place, as well as by the shopkeepers whose coffers were enriched by the flood of gold so recklessly poured into the city. It still has many attractions, however, in its parks, its concerts, etc., and is visited annually by thousands. The waters, like those of Wiesbaden, have been famous ever since the old Roman days and the chemical ingredients are about the same as those of the latter place. They are used for almost every ailment, real or imaginary. Fat people drink that they may become lean and lean people drink that they may become fat. Sick people drink that they may become well, and if well people are fools enough to drink, we see no good and sufficient reason why they should not become sick. It is an amusing sight at about five or six o'clock in the morning, to see hundreds, both sick and well of both sexes making their way to the "Trinkhalle" where the waters from all the springs are collected and struggling with one or more glasses of the sickening stuff. Thinking that some of the readers of these letters might wish to sample some of these famous waters, we have secured, "at great expense," the following recipe, which, by both analysis and synthesis, has been proven correct to the thirtieth decimal: To fourteen gallons of rain water two weeks old, add two quarts of soft soap and five pounds, sixteen ounces of common salt. Boil until done and when it has cooled to a temperature of about 150 degrees, try a glass of it and if you like it you have our permission to come to Baden Baden and drink all you wish.

Strasburg, the ancient capital of the province of Alsace and for nearly 200 years in the possession of France, but wrested from that country during the Franco-Prussian war, is located in the midst of a fertile plain, which surrounds the city for many miles on every side. It has a population of about 90,000 and is strongly fortified. The Cathedral, with its wonderful astronomical clock is the principal attraction of the city and is well worth a visit. It was commenced in 1015 and the structure as it stands at the present completed in 1439. The original plan contemplated the building of twin spires similar to those since erected on the Cologne cathedral; but only one was built thus detracting much from the appearance of the facade. It is 310 feet in length (80 feet less than the structure at Cologne) with a nave 100 feet in hight and a tower which is often incorrectly stated to be the loftiest in Europe, it being 465 feet high, or 46 feet lower than the great spire of Cologne. The astronomical clock is built on the floor in the south transept, and is one of the most complicated pieces of mechanism ever constructed. It is the result of twenty years of labor, fifteen of which were devoted to the plans and calculations and five to the actual construction of the machinery by inventor. It is only about fifty years old, having been built to replace one which was destroyed. Besides showing the hour of the day, the day of the week, month etc., it gives the church festivals, the position of the earth and much other valuable astronomical information and is calculated to follow the calendar correctly for 999 years. Its display of puppets is one of its great attractions and they certainly show great ingenuity on the part of the inventor. The principal display takes place at noon, when figures representing the twelve apostles pass before an image of Christ, each bowing in turn, a cock crows, a figure of Time turns an hour glass and various other puppets and images take part in the exhibition. The view from the spire of the cathedral or from the platform on which the missing tower was to have been built, is an admirable one including the city, surrounded by a complete circle of fortifications, with the vast plains beyond. A large number of storks being protected by the laws of the city, build their nests on the tops of the chimneys of many of the houses, and from the cathedral dozens of these awkward birds may be seen.

The Falls of the Rhine was the next point on our programme and were reached by us from Strasburg by passing over the Black Forest railway, a road which is regarded as one of the triumphs of modern engineering. It runs for many miles over the densely wooded hills of this romantic region, the dark green of the forests and not any foul deeds of blood, furnishing the reason for giving it the uncanny name which it bears. The alleged falls, which are spoken of as "the most imposing in Europe," are located at Neuhausen, three miles west of Schaffhausen, and an American may be pardoned should he indulge in a quiet smile at the doubtful majesty of the affair. It is a mere cascade, the river making a descent of about sixty feet, flowing over the rocks on one side at an angle of about 45 degrees and on the other at about half that inclination. Of course the water is dashed into foam as it is hurled downward and in the absence of anything better, the "falls" might be regarded as "very pretty." Nearly in the centre of the fall rises a steep, rocky island which can be reached by a boat from below, and from the top the best view is obtained. If you can imagine that the rock is about to be washed away by the rush of the waters you may be able to arouse some enthusiasm over "the most imposing falls of Europe."

From Neuhausen, a short ride brings us to Lake Constance, one of the largest, but not the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes. On the north and northeast its shores are low and flat, but farther south the mountains rise around it and give it some fine bits of scenery. We cross from Constance to Friedrichshafen, on the northeastern shore, and from thence recross to Romanshorn, at which place we again take the train for Zurich, where, on the shore of the beautiful lake of that name we spent a "day of rest."

CHAS. L. NOBLE.

The Canal Across Ireland.

LONDON, July 27.—The survey for the Anglo-American ship canal from Kingston harbor to Galway Bay has been completed and the plans prepared submitted to a conference of engineers.

The Cheapest and best Reapers in the market are to be had at

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

REAPERS 4 KINDS, | MOWERS 3 KINDS, | RAKES 5 KINDS,

These machines are selected from the best makes in the Dominion, and take the lead wherever they have been introduced.

As our business demands our full attention we do not intend to go out canvassing. But will give our customers the benefit of the usual commission paid agents, which enables us to sell at prices which defy competition. Call and see the different machines. REPAIRS a specialty.

Lachute, May 4th, 1884.

McOUAT & McRAE. 11y

Affairs on the Nile.

SUAKIM, July 28.—Friendly tribes on the mainland near Agig have been massacred to the number of 500. There are 11,700 rebels around Suakim, who make nightly attacks on the town, coming within short range of the garrison. Sailors and marines have been landed, but the rebels fearlessly danced and waved their spears in broad daylight within two miles of the fort. A letter from General Gordon, dated the 11th, emphasizes the necessity of his remaining to protect Kassala. He says his soldiers are in good spirits and he is only awaiting the rising of the Nile to destroy the rebels.

A report has reached Dongola that Gen. Gordon has recaptured Berber.

Texas cattle fever seems to be rapidly spreading in Kansas and Nebraska.

The honour of knighthood has been conferred on Hon D. L. Macpherson.

O'Donnell, one of the dynamite prisoners on trial at Warwick, has pleaded guilty.

Through trains from Quebec to New York are to be run over the Quebec Central Railway.

The Algoma election trial is to be proceeded with, with the object of disqualifying Mr. Lyon.

Hendricks has formally accepted the candidacy of the democratic party for the U. S. vice-presidency.

The total number of deaths from cholera in France is given as 2,300. The disease seems to be spreading over the country.

OTTAWA, July 28.—Two young boys named DeValiquette and Hogg were rescued from drowning by miss Emily O'Neil, daughter of Mr. E. B. O'Neil, near O'Neil's Island on Saturday last. The boat in which the boys were rowing capsized, and Miss O'Neil went to their rescue and saved them. This young lady has saved some ten persons during the past four years.

QUEBEC, July 28.—A sad accident occurred yesterday at Murray Bay. Two daughters of Mr. Contnrick, one of the wealthiest farmers of the district, and a young man, a medical student, were out driving in a calèche; when descending a very steep hill, at the foot of which is a bridge almost at right angles with the road, the horse took fright, and all three were thrown from the vehicle. One young lady was thrown against the bridge, and died almost immediately after. The other was thrown over the bridge into the water, and her life is despaired of. The young man was seriously, but, it is hoped, not fatally injured. The event cast a gloom over the village. This is said to be the fourth fatal accident that has occurred at the same spot. Among former victims was the mother of the member for the county, Mr. Cimon, who met her death a few years ago by being thrown from a vehicle.

Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, who has just returned to this country, gives it as his opinion that London is now the most religious city in the world. London, he says, possesses what scarcely any other great metropolis has—a vast amount of "santified wealth." Sanctified wealth he considers rare in the United States. "In my opinion," continues Mr. Moody, "America requires missionaries more than England does."

THE PROPOSED INSANE ASYLUM.—Dr. Buck of London, Ont., and Dr. Workman of Toronto, will in a few days, in company with the committee, visit the three proposed sites for the Asylum for the Protestant Insane. The location of these places are the Perrault farm between Longueuil and St. Lambert, the land at Lachute and that at Longue Pointe. A report will in all probability be made to the general committee on next Monday.

OBITUARY.

DIED at Reidsville, North Carolina, U. S., MARY D., wife of the late JOHN HART, of Palermo, Ont., Canada, and beloved cousin of Mrs Dawson Kerr, of Lachute. The deceased lady had always enjoyed good health until the last two years. Last summer a consultation of Doctors pronounced the disease from which she was suffering cancer. On being told that her case was incurable and that the work of destruction going on so rapidly would end in death: she calmly submitted all into the Lord's hand, praying that she might have faith and patience to pass through the ordeal of suffering with fortitude and christian resignation. Happily for her she was converted to God in the bright morning of youth, while in the enjoyment of good health and strength, she gave the Saviour the best of her life, and being of a cheerful happy disposition, with a well cultivated mind, she was a useful worker for her Master. In the Sunday-school, in which she took great delight, in the prayer and class meeting, the temperance cause: indeed she never appeared to waver in her love to the Master, nor grow weary of her attachment to his cause. She was a devoted member of the Methodist Church in which her pious mother and grandfather lived and died in. On the morning of the 25th of June, 1884, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Her prayers and the many prayers of her loving friends were fully answered in her behalf. Although suffering extreme pain from surgical opperations when near her last, she never murmured and seldom complained, always praising God for his sustaining grace; thankful for her comfortable surroundings, especially the loving and devoted attention of her only daughter Mrs. Rosetta Clarke, with whom she lived and died. And thus the early associations of our youthful days are passing on only a little before us—"Fording the river one by one"—laying down their travelled-stained garments, and on the verge of the silent grave we hear them telling of the power of Jesus to save from all sin,—"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And dying find my latest foe,
Under my feet at last!

R.K.

The principal attraction at the wedding of Lord Tennyson's son was Lord Tennyson himself. Here was an elderly gentleman in conventional attire, devoid of a single note of the eccentricity of genius, and accommodating himself to his environment with much *aplomb*. Lady Tennyson's health rendered it doubtful almost to the last if she should be present; as it was, a bath chair conveyed her from the deanery to the chapel and back, and, robed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, she remained in it throughout the ceremony. The beautiful children of Mr. Lionel Tennyson were greatly admired. The site of the Laureate, Lord Houghton, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. William Alingham and Mr. F. Locker, in a group together, was probably one witnessed for this occasion only.

Advices have been received of a defeat of a French column in Madagascar, after a three hours' fight.

A Mrs. Weldon has recovered £1,000 damages from a London doctor who signed a certificate of her insanity.

—The Prince of Wales has requested Sir Charles Tupper to allow him to recommend him as a Royal Commissioner to the Colonial Exhibition of 1886, of which His Royal Highness will be president.

—The government is about to take steps to give a uniform depth of fourteen feet in the Welland Canal.

—The situation at Toulon and Marseilles continues to improve. A classification of the deaths at the former place shows that over a third of the victims were Italians.

—Over three inches of rain has fallen inside of twenty-four hours in some parts of Maryland, causing disastrous freshets.

—Five hundred cattle have been ordered to be killed at Chicago, on account of the outbreak of a disease called bloody murrain. Two train loads were affected, having come from Kansas, where, also, an epidemic has broken out.

PARIS, July 29.—The new divorce law has been gazetted. Three thousand suits for divorce have already been begun, in which many noble and prominent families are involved.

DEATHS.

MORRISON.—At Arundel on the 27th ult, John Morrison, eldest son of the late Thos. Morrison, Lachute, aged 51 years.

McMARTIN.—At Socorro, New Mexico, July 9th, Samuel McMartin, son of Duncan McMartin, St. Andrews, P. Q., aged 59 years.

S CARSLEY'S
MILLINERY SHOW-ROOMS.

Clearing sale of first-class Millinery, Hats and Bonnets. Every Trimmed Hat, ever Trimmed Bonnet, marked down to exactly HALF PRICE.

Original Price, $ 6 00;	Reduced to $ 3 00
Original Price, $ 6 80;	Reduced to $ 3 40
Original Price, $ 7 50;	Reduced to $ 3 75
Original Price, $ 8 50;	Reduced to $ 4 25
Original Price, $ 9 50;	Reduced to $ 4 75
Original Price, $ 11 00;	Reduced to $ 5 50
Original Price, $ 12 50;	Reduced to $ 6 25

The above are all New, Choice Goods, made of the very best materials, and suitable for the early Fall.

S. CARSLEY,
NOTRE DAME STREET.

YOU CAN BUY AT
S. CARSELEY'S
ANNUAL JULY SALE:

Patent Spoon Busks, for Corsets, for 6c each.
Colored Ice Wool, for 5c ball.
Black Skirt Braid, for 3c piece.
Black and Colored Fine Mohair Skirt Braids, for 8c piece.
Colored Wool Fringe for 5c yard,
Buttons for boys' suits at 5c dozen.
Buttons for ladies Prints at 5c dozen.
Hook and Eyes for 1c package.
Knitting Cotton, all colors, for 4c ball.
Ribbons for the hair at 3c yard.
Ribbons for bows at 5c yard
Ribbons for fancy work at 5c yard.
Sash Ribbons at 10c yard.
Wide All-silk Sash Ribbons, at 25c yard.
New Sash Ribbons, worth $1 yard, at 55c yard.
Velvet Ribbons from 3c yard.

CLAPPERTON'S THREAD!

Clapperton's Thread is gaining in public favor. Try it. Their name is on every spool.

S. CARSLEY.
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775 and 1777.
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

In the Matter of F. Naubert, St. Philippe.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

A lot of land forming portion of No. 10 in the 3rd range of the township of Chatham, and situated in the village of St. Philippe, d'Argenteuil, consisting of one half arpent, with *fine large store well fitted up; dwelling house, hangard* and out-houses erected thereon.

This property is well and favourably known and has long been occupied as a general store. It is situated immediately opposite the Parish Church, and is undoubtedly the best site in the district for business purposes.

Apply to
JOHN FULTON,
Trustee.
214 St. James St. Montreal
48-2m.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

St. Andrews Advetisements

ALWAYS BUSY . .
AT THE
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
ST. ANDREWS.
WHY?

Because at WALE'S you find the best assortment and the prices are right.

C. T. WALES & Co.
ST. ANDREWS.

C. T. Wales & Co., are agents for the "Adams & Westlake" Oil Stoves.

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,
ST. ANDREWS, P. Q.

Carpenters, Joiners and Undertakers. Coffins and Caskets always on hand—cheaper than anywhere else in the Dominion.

NEW STORE IN BROWNSBURG.

THE undersignd begs to inform his friends and the public that he has opened a new store in Brownsburg, around the corner to the West from the old stand. New Store and New Goods, at reasonable prices. Consisting of Groceries, Dry Goods and some Farming Impliments. Come and examine goods and prices.

S. B. HUTCHINS,
Brownsburg, P. Q.
38 3m

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex succeed from the first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co. Augusta Maine.

SPRING STOCK.

WE have now received our NEW SPRING STOCK of MILLINERY in all the new styles. Also Montreal Trimmed Hats and Bonnets on hand. New stock of MANTLE AND DRESS TRIMMINGS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c.

JACKETS & DOLMANS made to order.

J. & A. LOWE
EAST END, LACHUTE.

Lachute Marble Works,

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES in American Marble and Scotch and Canadian Granite. Parties wanting work done in my line will find it to their advantage to call and see samples. Good work, moderate prices. Lettering done on standing monuments and headstones.

GEORGE L. MOIR,
Proprietor.
Lachute, April 25, 1884.

Clearing off Stock.

FROM MONDAY, 23rd JUNE, I will begin a grand clearing off sale of the stock comprising DRY GOODS, such as:

Tweeds, Cottonade, Cottons,
Wincies Dress Goods,
Ready-made Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Crockery.
Haying Tools such as
Scythes, Snaths, Rakes,
Forks &c.

And will give more particular attention to Groceries, which my stock will always be found more complete than ever, and at prices to defy competition for cash or ready pay. a all kinds of produce will be taken in exchang

At the Crooked Sign,
West End, Lachute.

F. X. BERTRAND.

N. B.—All who have standing accounts with the above will oblige by calling and settling before the 15 July.

SPECIAL NOTICE

OUR STOCK of Parlor, Dining-room, Library and Chamber Furniture is unsurpassed by any in the Dominion, and our Parlor Suites, covered in the various new styles of the latest designs of coverings and trimmings, varying in price from $50, $75, $100, $150, $200, $250 $300 and $450, according to style of frame and covering. Our new style of Cluster Set at $150 is selling faster than we can produce them since we reduced the price from $275 to $150. Our Chamber Suites from $25, $30, $35, $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80, $90, $110, and up to $450 are also acknowledged the best value, quality considered. Our stock of Baby Carriages from $12, $14, $16, $18, $20, $24, $28, $30 and up to $40 and $45, rattan, with moveable buggy top of rattan, upholstered with crimson satin, and all iron work nickel-plated, warranted the best and finest-finished in present use, marked in plain figures, subject to a discount of 5 per cent. for cash, and no goods sold at one price at our oldest (acknowledged by all the most reliable) house in the city without a full guarantee of being as represented. A call at our old numbers, 7, 9 and 11 Notre Dame street West, corner of McGill street, will ensure to all the best value, by leaving their orders at OWEN McGARVEY & SON'S.

TENDERS WANTED.

TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED up to noon of the fourth day of August next, for the work of repairing the outside walls and foundation of the Lachute Academy and School building, and also for the levelling of the grounds and gravelling of the same belonging to said building. Any information required about the work to be done can be obtained by applying to the undersigned or at the Secretary's office. Tenders to be sent into the secretary Mr. G J. Walker's office. The lowest or any tender for the work not necessarily to be accepted.

Lachute, 22nd July, 1884.

SIMON McKIMMIE,
ARCHIBALD MITCHELL,
THOMAS McOUAT,
School Managers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Mowing and Reaping Match.—P. A. Murphy.
Property for Sale.—John Fulton.
Knitting Machine.—Hamelin & Ayer.
Annual July Sale.—S. Carsley.
Reapers —McOuat & McRae.

LOCAL.

JAMES LUDDERIDGE,
Provincial Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Lachute, P. Q.
No. 44-6m.

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.
R. G. MEIKLE.
Lachute, April 3 th, 1881. 35-tf

LOUIS GOBEILLE,
Watchmaker and Photographer,
Main Street, Lachute.

Now is the time for bargains in Reapers. Call and see the celebrated Massey Harvester, New Canadian Reaper, Sawyer Reaper, Low Down Binder, at Victoria Foundry.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the toilet.

HEAVY RAIN.—It rained heavy all day Sunday. It commenced in the morning between ten and eleven and continued a heavy down pour all the remainder of the day and all the night. On Monday it cleared up and the sun came out strong. Haying is progressing vigorously; and all along the line of railway between here and St. Scholastique the hap crop will be good.

A CRYING EVIL—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

Sheriff Rouissille, of St. Scholastique, is engaged in erecting a beautiful brick building one and a half stories high with mansard roof. The size of the building is 34 by 44 feet. Has a never failing spring in the seller, the water of which comes up into the kitchen, and can be sent to any part of the house by force pump through pipes. The lot adjoins the one on which the Court-House and Jail is built. As the Sheriff intends having the grounds surrounding the house tastefully laid out and planted, it will be an ornament to that part of the village.

NATIONAL PILLS is the favorite purgative and anti-billious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

—A new variety of potato bug resembling a spider in form and agility, is reported to be at work near Wiarton. Paris green has no effect on this insect.

WORMS often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for the small price of 25 cents, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.

—A despatch from Quebec states that the difficulty between Mr. Massiah and the Government has reference to a reported shortage of $800 to $1,000 in the office accounts. The Montreal *Herald* says: "It has been ascertained, from reliable authority, that a successor has been already appointed to Mr. Christopher Massiah as Crown Timber Agent at Montreal, in the person of Mr. Tasse, one of the Inspectors of Prisons and Asylums. There was a tremendous rush for the position.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is very healing and soothing, and does wonders when applied to old sores.

—In connection with the rumored retirement of the Hon. Mr. Lynch, from the Quebec Cabinet, it is said no changes will take place till Premier Ross returns from P. E. Island.

A common co'd should not be neglected Downs' Elixir will cure it.

A DISTINGUISHED TOURIST.—On Friday last a gentleman and lady arrived in Ottawa and registered at the Russell as "Mr. and Mrs. Black, England." On the afternoon of Saturday Mr. Black rode about the city on horseback, accompanied by Capt. Goudeau. He purchased an expensive camping outfit in Mr. Graves' hardware store, Sparks street, and other necessaries at Sparks street establishments, and he left this morning for Buckingham to spend a few days on the Du Lievre river. The stranger was Lord Abercrombie, who is travelling through America *incognito*. He has been in the States for the past six or seven weeks.

From Kingston.

M. C. Polson & Co., druggists, write that Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry has long been the best remedy for Summer Complaints in the market.

Remember the moonlight Excursion at St. Andrews on board the Steamer Princess on Wednesday next

Woman's Weakness.

Much of the weary weakness peculiar to females is caused by irregularities that could be promptly remedied with that Excellent regulating Tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

We have received the first copy of a new publication, entitled the "Canadian Dairyman." It is a monthly quarto of 16 pages, neatly printed on good paper, with an illustrated cover. This is a publication much needed, and cannot fail of meeting with a ready sale, as it treats principally on the manufacture of butter and cheese. Subscription price 50 cents a year; single copy 5 cents.

Can Deafness be Cured.

Mr. John Clark, of Mildridge, Ont., declares it can, and that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the remedy that cured him. It is also a specific for all inflamation and pain.

"Our Little Ones" for the month of August is received, it is, as usual, replete with interesting reading and full of pictures—just what pleases children. Russell Publishing Co., 36 Broomfield st., Boston U. S.

A St. Ann's Victory.

Mr. John Morrison, well known in St. Ann's N. S., had serious Kidney Complaint that bordered on dropsy. After hope had nearly fled, he was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

DELAYS AT LACHUTE STATION.—Owing to the increased number and size of the freight trains on the C.P.R. there is an unusual amount of delay experienced at this station by the trains that stop for water and frieght, being unable to get up the step grade and have to back down to get a good start so as to ascend the grade at the station.

A Cure for Cholera.

Procure from your druggist one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and take as directed. It cures all Summer Complaints.

HAYING.—A quantity of hay was got in the barns last week in excellent condition and the crop is pronounced to be much better than was anticipated in June.

A Remarkabe Record.

The most remarkable cure of Scrofula on on record is that of the Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiarton whose case of Scrofulous Abscess baffled the skill of seventeen Surgeons for twenty-three years. He was perfectly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

HARVESTING.—We hear of some farmers in this section who sewed barley on the 28th of April and had it safely harvested on the 26th July also oats are being cut. With fine weather now, an abundant harvest would soon be gathered in.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bag (new)	$0 90
Butter beans, "	1 50
Cabbage, per head	0 05
Cauliflower, "	0 10
Carrots, per bunch	0 05
Onions, " "	0 05
Eggs " dozen	0 15
Butter, " lb	0 15
Cheese, " "	0 10
Spring Chickens 25cts. to 30c a. per pair	
Fowls from [illegible]cts. to [illegible]c s. " "	
Pork " $8 to $8.50 per hundred.	
Flour, per 100 lbs	$2 90
Oatmeal " "	2 75
Oats, per bushel	0 55
Wheat, "	1 25

LACHUTE, Que., April 8, 1884.

For more than two years I was afflicted with a pain in my side and could not lie upon it; it seemed as though there was something caked or solid in it. Being urged to try GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR I did so, and was cured by less than half a bottle of it. I have also found it an excellent remedy for Asthma, which has troubled me for three years.
CHARLES BRADFORD.

CHEAP POTATOES.—Some one ought to keep a plentiful supply of potatoes for sale to prevent the people from stealing them. One man has had his potatoe patch robbed of forty hills. The best remedy is to supply the market with plenty of good cheap potatoes so that people who must have them and will have them will not need to steal them. There is talk of some cold shot being used as a remedy. This might do but we would recommend the other plan.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—The bribery Commission Stands adjourned to 1st September.

—In Russia a hailstorm destroyed forty lives and property valued at over $500,000.

—Forty thousand people attended a demonstration in favor of the Franchise Bill, and denouncing the House of Lords at Manchester on Saturday.

—Thunder storms seem to be unusually severe this season—six deaths by lightening are reported from Cincinnati on Saturday.

—The home Government have at last consented to New Guinea being attached to the new confederation of Australia and New Zealand.

—Fifteen nuns of the congregation of Ste. Anne left Lachine on Wednesday for British Columbia, where they will assume the charge of mission schools.

—Several passengers who had secured state-rooms on the outgoing steamships for Europe on Saturday backed out and did not sail, being afraid to face the cholera.

STATUE TO BURNS.—Lord Rosebery on the 26th unveiled a statue of Robert Burns on the Thames embankment. Many prominent Scotchmen were present.

—The boundary question is said to be finally settled, and that the Privy Council will render a decision fixing the western boundary of Ontario at the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods.

—James Stephens and Gallagher propose to visit America to advocate the Irish cause. It is expected that England will demand the extradition of the Fenians concerned in the Scotland Yard outrages.

—Three hundred women at Hartford, Conn., have been swindled out of $1,200 by "Watson & Co." a firm which advertised for lace makers and required a deposit from applicants for material, etc. The firm decamped with the money.

—A general order promulgated by the Cuban dynamite centre at Cardenas has been received by the branch society at Key West urging the completion of their labors so that simultaneous explosions may be made throughout the island, commencing in November.

—Gen. Booth, of the Salvation army, intends entering London at the close of his provincial tour at the head of one hundred brass bands. The Home Secretary has been appealed to to stop it, but has declined. The crash must come.

—London *Truth* says that Mme. de Kalomine (Countess von Romrod) is to receive her annuity of £1,000 a year from the Grand Duke of Hesse even if she contracts another marriage. The grand duke contemplates abdicating in favour of his son, Prince Ernest, who is not yet sixteen.

—After the council of ministers at the Elysee on Saturday Premier Ferry held an interview with the Chinese ambassador. At the meeting it was arranged that China should pay France an indemnity of 20,000,000 francs. A pacific solution of the troubles is now certain.

—The gross bribery and corruption made use of at the last Algoma election was of too disgraceful a character to bear publicity, and therefore Mr. Lyon has acknowledged the truthfulness of the charges by aboudoning any defence in the courts and resigned his seat as member for that constituency.

—At a reception given by one of the Rothschilds in Paris a noted beauty wore white satin with tunic studded with double rings of steel and silver sown on satin, and having the effect of brilliant spangles. The habit bodice was of white satin with large pockets, each ornamated with five buttons in red paste. Her hair was studded with paste stars, buckles to match on the shoes, and her silk stockings were spangled with steel.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., July 26.—At 10 a. m. the Greely relief squadron weighed anchor, manœuvred and steamed into the bay. The Thetis led, followed by the Bear, Alert and all the harbour steam tugs and launches, with the flags of Great Britian and the United States at half-mast, and crowded with leading citizens. On all the public buildings and mercantile premises flags were draped. Hundreds of vessels in port displayed their national flags in mourning; thousands of spectators from the shore waved adieus, which were returned by the receding squadron. Greely and the other survivors were enjoying tolerable health.

—Abbas Pasha, somewhere about 1853, sent a challenge to the Jockery club to run any number of English race horses against his Arabs for a sum not less than $50,000. The Jockery Club is a society, and could not accept such a bet; but some merchants at Cairo made a bet with his son Halees Pasha, who inherited his father's stud, which cost nearly five million dollars to collect and breed, to race eight miles for $2,000 a side. The Cairo Merchants sent to England and bought from Tattersall an Irish mare, Fair Nell, without a pedigree, which he had used as a park and covert hack. The race came off within two weeks of her landing in Egypt, and in the eight miles she beat the Pasha's best Arab, over a rough, stony ground, by a full mile, doing the distance in 18¼ minutes, and pulling up fresh.

—Mr. Stanley says he returned to England because he considered he had completed the work of establishing satisfactory trading stations along the Congo river from its mouth to Stanley Pool. He eulogizes the trading prospects of the country, and considers that Gen. Gordon commands perfectly practicable routes of escape from Khartoum. Mr. Stanley believes the sending of a large English force to extricate Gen. Gordon will be a most perilous undertaking, and likely to be attended with great loss of life and expense. The English would be unable to stand the climate.

—A cable despatch from the secretary of the National Artillery Association of Great Britian announces the fact that Her Majesty the Queen has given one hundred pounds for a "Queen's prize," to be competed for at the forthcoming meeting of the Dominion Artillery Association in Quebec, when a team of English artilery volunteers will take part, will be received with the utmost gratification, not only by members of the militia force, but by Canadians generally, as indicative of the interest taken by Her Majesty in the Dominion. This is we believe, the first instance of a "Queen's prize" directly contributed by Her Majesty to a colonial military association.

—The chamber at Windsor Castle where the greatly lamented John Brown died is sealed up, and bears a brass plate recording the date of his death and the many virtues ascribed to him by the Queen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SELLING FARMING IMPLIMENTS.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:—The old maxim "too many irons in the fire" may apply to the man also who has too many irons out of the fire. Farming implement selling must be a profitable business if Lachute can support half a dozen men in that line of trade. It is to be expected that men like McOuat & McRae and Mr. Larmonth who have spent their time and money in establishing the business which they follow as their sole means of livelihood should be patronized, as they understand it thoroughly, and are in a position to supply farmers with the best at reasonable prices; but when a well to do farmer commences opposition to these men who are following their legitimate business, simply for the few dollars commission he may make out of it, while he may find in the end that he has too many irons out of the fire, and it would have been to his advantage if he had stuck to his legitimate business and followed the principle of "live and let live," which, after all, is not only the most benevolent but the most profitable as hundreds of farmers have found out by experience. I am not a farming implement man nor interested in any of the traders in that line, but simply puzzled to know how it is that so many have launched out in this business at Lachute, and especially a farmer who, by report, it seems has enough to do to mind the multiplied interests on hand, without trying to make a few dollars a year to the detriment of those whose legitimate business it is to deal in farming implements.

Yours Truly,
ARGUS.

THE ST. ANDREWS NEW CEMETERY SCHEME.

DEAR MR. WATCHMAN.—In your issue of 27th June last, you kindly gave insertion to a mild remonstrance of mine against a flagrant act of wrong about to be perpetrated by a section of my neighbours in bringing the new resting place for their dead to my very door and dominating my entire property, which it surrounds on three sides up to my fences and within 20 yards of my well for drinking water. If this uncalled for and, in the circumstances, unnecessary act concerned myself alone I should have no right to trouble you or the public further, but bringing an intollerable nuisance within the bounds of the village instead of taking it further away as is now universally done in better regulated places, should rouse all well disposed citizens to an indignant remonstrance, and yet here the old adage holds good that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business" as, strange to say, the writer's is hitherto the only voice raised against so plagrant an act of oppression on the part of a *religious* body towards other inoffensive people, probably because his injury is the greatest—Nay more, some have condoned, if not virtually encouraged this mischievous scheme by selling their land for the purpose, not thinking probably of its destination nor realizing the consequences to themselves and to others but thereby effectually sealing their own lips against any further opposition instead of seconding the writer's protest legally served upon the intruders In this connection it seems hardly creditable that the only answer vouchsafed by the Reverend Divine, whose mission is supposed to be to encourage peace and amity among the people of his Parish, was simply "I shall go to Montreal to consult my lawyer"—no attempt at conciliation but war to the knife on the part of this man of peace, who, like the Jew in the play, insists upon his pound of flesh "if the Law allows it and the Court awards it" without reflecting upon the consequences to Shylock himself of his recourse to the arbitrament of the Law, because Lawyers differ equally with Doctors, and mine may entertain a different opinion to his But perhaps his Reverence does not know Shakespeare, his studies being confined to the Book of Books, which inculcates "peace on earth and good-will towards men," upon which divine precept he endeavors to improve by casting a fire brand among his neighbors.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

Your Ob. Servt.
A. McINTOSH.
St Andrews, P. Q., July 28th, 1884.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—What a pitty it is that statemen s are so often misunderstood; and what a sad thing that so many put the worst possible construction on anything at all ambiguous. It appears that in one of my "screeds" the names of two commercials were mentioned in connection "fun and frolic," and in the same connection was the remark that liquor could not now be had here on Sunday. The inference attempted to be drawn was, that gentlemen of the class in question were addicted to "spreeing." Now Sir nothing was further from my intention. In my travels of late years I have met and become acquainted with very many of these gentlemen, travelling with them and lodging at the same hotels. From my experience I venture to say that they are as a class as free from the excessive use of liquor as any other, indeed without being of sober habits and attentive to business they could not hold their important and responsible positions. When we consider that their business throws them in so many ways into temptation, the wonder is that so few succomb. They are generally vivacious and full of fun *when business is over*, and why not? but as to their exceeding the bounds of propriety as a class. I have got to learn it.

The canvass for the Scott Act petition is being vigorously pushed and the friends of the cause are quite sanguine. The venders of liquor are not idle however, and it is pretty openly hinted that funds will not be wanting—should the act be carried and properly enforced in this county, Lanark and Carleton a great victory would be acheived, as the traffic would be crushed on the south side of the Ottawa from the city of Ottawa westward. On the C. P. R. extension, above Sudbury no liquor is allowed; regular detectives are employed by the company, and any found with incomers, even a pocket flask, is unceremoniously destroyed. The penalty for smuggling it in by pedlars is so vigorously enforced that very little is attempted.

Yours truly,
OLD ACQUAINTANCE.
Renfrew, July 29, 1884.

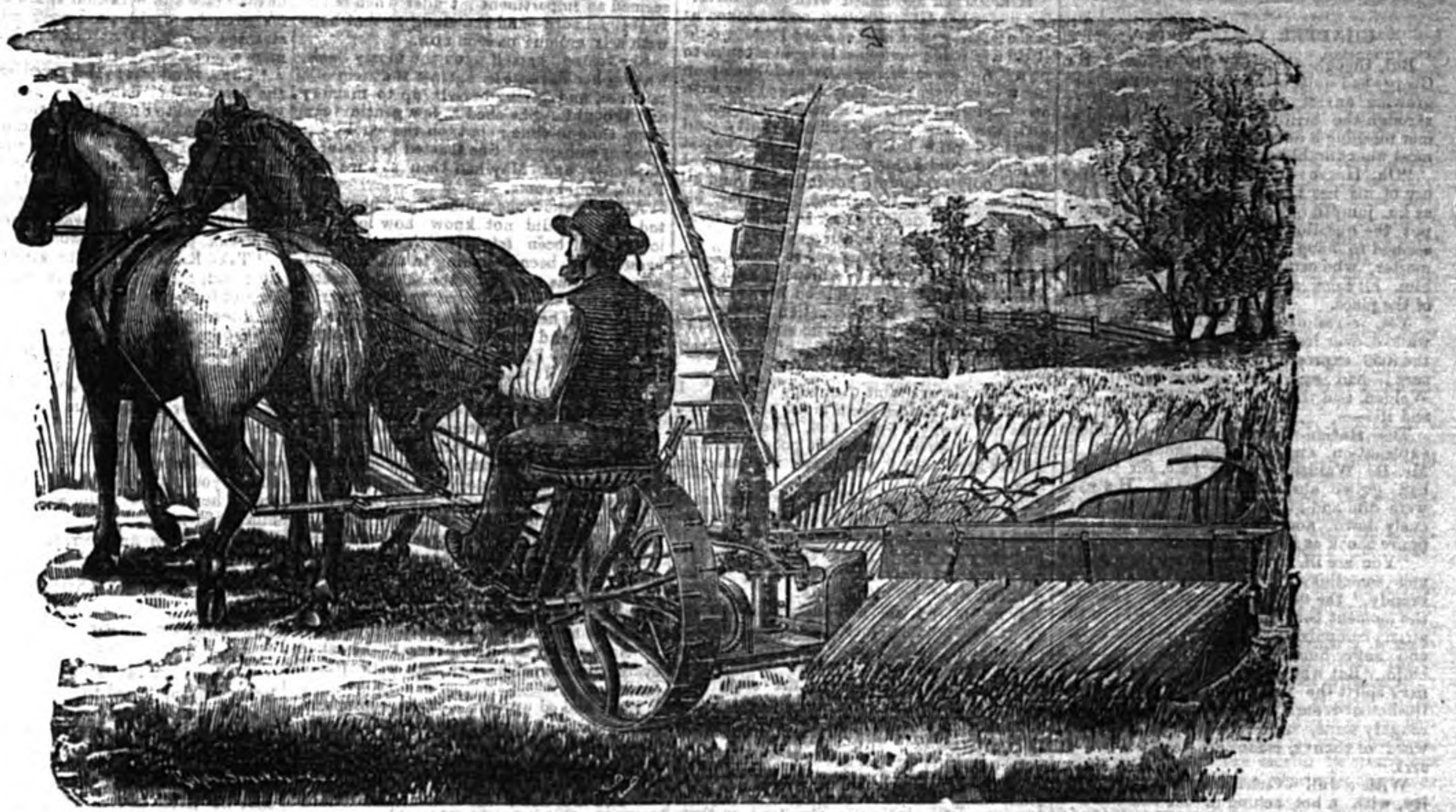
REAPING AND MOWING MATCH.

An important Reaping and Mowing Match took place here yesterday, on the farm of Mr. Francois Latramboise, of this village. The following machines entered the contest:—The Noxon Bros. Manufacturing Co., (limited.,) of Ingersoll, Ont., The Massey Manufacturing Co., Toronto; J. Harris Sons & Co., Brantford; Frost & Wood's, Smith Falls; M. Moody & Sons, Terrebonne.

After naming the following judges Viz:—Jos. Gratton, Michael Fortier, Daniel Kena and Samuel O'Rourke, the machines took their respective places in the field. After good work being done and a thorough inspection of the Judges, the unanimous verdict was in favor of the Noxon Bros. combined Machine No. 24, as occupying first place. This splendid Machine is rapidly gaining in public favor, as the Company's Agent Mr P. A. Murphy, has been particularly fortunate in placing a large number in the County all of which gives splendid satisfaction.

St. Scholastique, 25th July, 1884.

FROST & WOOD'S DAISY REAPER!



THIS unique Machine is a *model of neatness and simplicity, lightness and strength.* It is, as will be seen from the skeleton cut, a single wheel self-raking reaper, cutting five feet wide, and weighing but 700 pounds. *The main wheel is large, insuring smooth running and easy draft* on rough or soft land, and, being on a line with the small grain wheel, gives a *centre cut*, and enables it to turn and back as easily as a cart. Both ends of the Cutter Bar *can be raised or lowered at the same instant*, by one lever, operated by the driver with ease while the machine is in motion; and by a *second lever* the guards can be *tilted up* or down to suit every variety of surface or condition of crop, no matter how fallen or tangled. This insures *clean cutting* every time.

The *tripping devices* are exceedingly simple and easily understood, while the operator can regulate the size of bundles to suit the grain.

Several hundreds of them have been at work through the trying harvest of 1883 with the most marvelous success, and we therefore offer it to the public as a thoroughly tested machine, that we can fully warrant. The common remark made on first witnessing it at work was, *"Well, she is a Daisy!"* We hope that it will always be found like its floral namesake—the simplest and daintiest flower of the field.

Call and see sample.

ALEX. LARMONTH, *Foundry Street, Lachute.*

St. Marys Carriage Manufacturing Co.

(INCORPORATED.)

Capital $48,000.

A Division of Surplus Stock will take place on
OCTOBER 22, 1884.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.
SHARES FOR SALE $2.00 EACH.

This is the best investment in the Country Send for prospectus and full particulars to.
JAS. THOMPSON, President. H. A. L. WHITE, Sec'y-Treas.
St. Marys, Ont.
AGENTS WANTED BIG COMMISSION.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1293, as per cadastral plan, on Main st., with double tenement house, shop and outbuildings.

The above corner lot is one of the best business stands in the village, being in close proximity to the new mills being erected by Messrs. Campbell & McKenzie. Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

BANKRUPT STOCK.

IN ORDER to clear out the balance of Bankrupt Stock purchased at Auction a few days ago, special inducements will be offered for the next 30 days.

A good stock of SCYTHES to select from at 20 per cent. off on regular prices.

GRIND STONES,
SCYTHE STONES,
HORSE POKES &c., at special prices.

A large stock of BOOTS & SHOES at from 10 to 50 per cent. off on regular prices.

A fine brown SUGAR of 15lbs. for $100.

Now is your chance—make hay while the sun shines. All goods marked in plain figures, and every man served alike.

H. ROBERT.
St. Philippe, July 8th, 1884.

OUR
FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE

And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

A few of the many articles that can be made on our Family Machine are Undershirts, Drawers, Mitts, Hosiery, Gloves, Caps, Cuffs, Tidies—all these can be made any size.

OUR RIBBER IS PERFECTION.

Makes the Pearl Rib-Stitch one-and-one, one-and-two, one-and-three, etc., perfect in elasticity, beautiful in appearance, more durable and perfect than Hand Knitting.

Our Machines make the only perfect seamless full fashioned

HOSIERY IN THE WORLD.

With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Blind girls can knit and finish one dozen pairs of Socks in one day; and $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 can be easily made in one day.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Testimonials from the Blind.

CREELMAN BROS.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

HAMLIN & AYER,
Lachute Woolen Mills.
Agents for the Counties of Prescott and Argenteuil.

OTTAWA RIVER NAV. Co.

SATURDAY
EXCURSIONS!
CARILLON
—TO—
LITTLE RIDEAU
AND BACK
☞ 25c.

Str. PRINCESS or Str. MAXWELL

One of the above Steamers will leave Carillon every Saturday, at 3 p.m. Returning will leave Little Rideau about 5 p.m.

This is a cheap and enchanting trip through the most beautiful portion of the Ottawa River.

R. W. SHEPHERD, Jr., Manager.

LACHUTE FLOUR MILLS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR

Strong Bakers Flour Guaranteed	$2.90
Manitoba Bread Flour	2.70
Lower Grade Flour	2.25

ALSO

OATMEAL,
BUCK WHEAT FLOUR,
CORN MEAL

And feed of all kinds at reduced rates,

Call and see before buying elsewhere.

P. CAMPBELL,
Lachute Mil's, ar. 5th 1884. n251y

Wanted

From 3,000 to 5,000 GOOD ASH LOGS, Apply to
Campbell & Co.,
NEW STEAM SAW-MILL,
LACHUTE.

Lachute Hotel.

THE Undersigned begs to inform his numerous friends and the general public that he has leased the above Hotel situated on the South side and immediately opposite

THE LACHUTE STATION.
COMMERCIAL ME
AND THE
Travelling Public

will find the above Hotel superior to anything in Lachute.

THE TABLE

will be found to be supplied with all the Delicacies of the Season

First Class Sample and Show Rooms.
GOOD STABLING AND SHEDS.

Having had ten years experience in HOTEL KEEPING in the United States, he hopes to give every satisfaction to his patrons.

JAMES CURRY,
35 Proprietor

NOTICE

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith & Horse Farrier, in returning thanks to the people of Argenteuil for past favors is now prepared to attend all troubles in Horses and Cattle and Castrating Colts, as he is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it.

W. ARMSTRONG, Farrier.
Lachute, Mar. 26th, 1881. 11-tf-

Spring Circular.

THE undersigned having made arrangements for the disposal of the entire stock in trade of the firm of

L. CUSHING, & SON

offer the same to the public at unprecedented low prices for

CASH OR PRODUCE

at marked rates. The stock is complete comprising many articles not usually found in country stores, including Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Iron, Stoves, Salt, Flour, Furniture, Ploughs, Sawed Lumber (Pine, Spruce, Tamrack, Hemlock & Hardwood), Cedar Posts for wire fencing, &c., &c., &c. Parties desirous of obtaining bargains are invited to call early and get their choice, as the whole will be sold below cost prices.

The Public are informed that the business will be continued by the undersigned in the

OLD STAND,

where a full assortment of goods required for a country business, will be constantly kept on hand and which will be sold for

CASH OR PRODUCE

only, and at cash prices. They solicit a share of patronage.

J. B. CUSHING, & Co.,
Cushing, P.Q., March 18. 29-

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

ORIENTAL Fruit Laxative

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

Indigestion,	Constipation,
Sluggishness of the Intestines,	
Billiousness,	Disordered Stomach,
Low Spirits,	Habitual Costiveness,
Torpid Liver,	Headache,
Melancholy,	Cerebal Congestion,
Indisposition,	Sallow Complexion,
Internal Fever,	

and all irregularities arising from an obstructed condition of the system.

Prepared by the
Medical Specialties Manufacturing Co
ST. ANDREWS, QUE.
Sold Everywhere.

$66 a week at home. $5 00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainity, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland Maine

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.

USE DOWNS' ELIXIR FOR COUGHS & COLDS

FOR SALE.

One Gold Watch and Chain worth $175.00, will be sold for $125.00, as the party is leaving town and wants the money
n21y 71 St. Joseph St., Montreal.

Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA CHOLERA INFANTUM DIARRHŒA AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

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MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience.

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$2,000

A YEAR (OR MORE) AND A PERMANENT
SITUATION

Are hereby offered to at least one person in each town to act as our local agent and correspondent. First come, first served, other things being equal. References required. Full particulars given on receipt of return postage. Address at once, mentioning this paper.

National Intelligencer,
Publishing Co., 116 Washington St.
10-1-y Chicago, Ill.

BREAD! BREAD!! BREAD!!

THE undersigned begs to call attention to the superior quality of his BREAD. Fresh every day. ROLLS, BUNS, &c., &c., delivered by obliging Drivers. Orders left at the Store will be promptly attended to. Cakes of all kinds, Pastry, Crackers, Candies, always fresh and choice assortment. Figs (new), Nuts, Dates, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Grapes, &c., &c.

J. HOPE,
Baker and Confectioner.
Market Square

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co. Portland Main.

FOR SALE.

$1,000.00 worth of the best English fine gold earrings and brooches will be sold at 25 per cent less wholesale price. These goods are warranted the best of old stock. Nothing flashy; but genuine goods. Those who want such goods had better call before they are all gone.
n2 1y 71 St. Joseph St., Montreal.

FOR SALE.

A special line of SILVER WATCHES worth $15.00 will be sold for $12.00, and all other goods in proportion. These goods, which are advertised by WM. MURRAY, will be guaranteed as the best of quality and as represented. Remember the place,
71 Saint Joseph Street,
n1 1y MONTREAL.

READER READER

Are You Sick?

Or have you a *FRIEND* afflicted with any disease? Investigate

COMPOUND OXYGEN,
Nature's Life-Renewer.
A SURE CURE
FOR
CONSUMPTION.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, and

All Chronic Diseases

and cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Debility, Sterility, &c. Send for circular on a postal card, and learn of this WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC treatment. Office and Home treatment, as may be desired, and charges moderate. Address,

COMPOUND OXYGEN DISPENSARY.
10-1-y. 147 Throop St., Chicago, Ill.

J W. HUTTON.

PRACTICAL BUILDER, BRICKLAYER & PLASTERER, is now prepared to Execute all kinds of work as Building, Bricklaying & Plastering. Parties requiring work of a first-class order, and at moderate charges would do well to communicate with him.

Boiler and Oven Building a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed—Estimates Given

Address J. W. HUTTON,
Care of J. HOPE, Lachute

REFERENCES.—Dr. Bell, Montreal General Hospital; Mr. [illegible], St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal; J. M. Aird, Baker, 83 St. Joseph St., Montreal; F. C. Ireland, Esq., Lachute Mills; J. Miller, Esq., L'Original, Ont.

TAPE WORM.

An Eminent German Scientist has recently discovered from a root extract, an absolute specific for Tape Worm.

It is pleasant to take and is not distressing to the patient, but is peculiarly sickening and stupefying to the Tape Worm, which loosens its hold of its victim and passes away in a natural and easy manner, entirely whole, with HEAD, and while still alive.

One physician has used this specific in over 400 cases, without a single failure to void worm entire. Success guaranteed. No pay required until removed with head. Send stamp for circular and terms. HEYWOOD & CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

FARM FOR SALE.

West half of Lot No. 25, in the 10th Range of the Township of Grenville, on the East side of River Rouge, nine miles from [illegible] Station. 60 acres cleared, the remainder in bush. It is well watered, being within one mile of a Wagon and Blacksmith shop. Stores, Churches and School convenient. Title good. For terms apply to the proprietor on the premises.

CHARLES JOHNSON,
[illegible]
7th July 1884. [illegible]

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

But, though thus partially relieved, Sir George had quite enough of sharp dread and growing anxiety to make the short drive through the brilliant freshness of the summer morning a never-to-be-forgotten and almost unendurable age.

"Oh, Heaven spare my child!" the fierce cry of his heart rose unchecked to his lips, as he jumped out at the station door, and put the question on which his very life seemed to hang to the sunburnt station-master, who came forward at once to greet him, all eager attention to the great man of the place.

Yes, certainly, Mr. De Walden had walked over from the Court and gone up by the 8:50 express. Oh, yes, he was quite sure!—had seen and spoken to Mr. De Walden, and thought he looked very pale and ill——

The station-master paused in his fluent explanation, struck by the thought that, if Mr. De Walden had been pale, Sir George had grown absolutely ghastly. His eyes were dim and glazed, his hands hung nervously down, and his handsome upright old figure shook as with sudden palsy.

"You are ill, sir. Sit down; let me get you something. Simmons, fetch some brandy," the man cried anxiously; and for the moment Sir George had to yield to the strong compulsion of his physical weakness, and suffer himself to be supported like a child. But when he had gulped down the fiery spirit the porter brought from the refreshment-room, he pushed his supporter roughly aside, and, with only a muttered word of thanks, made his way to the dog-cart.

With a dull overhanging sense of calamity, with a hot aching in his heart and a dazed agony in his brain, Sir George drove on and on until he reached his own lodge-gate—the pretty honeysuckle-grown cottage that had struck him yesterday as the very abode of picturesque tranquility—until the lodgekeeper's buxom, cherry-cheeked wife came out, not, as it seemed, to accord him her usual respectful curtsey, but to stay his progress.

"Don't go on, sir," she cried eagerly, and earnestly pressing her curly-headed baby, with a sort of passion, to her breast—"at least not yet—not until you know. Oh, poor dear old gentleman, how shall I tell you all?"

She paused, with a little sob; and Sir George noted her pale cheeks and sad brimming eyes with a sort of intolerant anger. The change in the ruddy smiling face did not surprise him, but it filled him with a savage resentment. He did not question the woman, and so make her hard task easier, as she half hoped he would; he tried to push blindly on, but she detained him still.

"Oh, not like that, my poor master!" she cried, forgetting all fear in her intense pity for the man on whose head calamity was about to fall in such a crushing fashion. "We all love our children alike, great gentlemen and poor folks like me, and there's news to break your heart up at the house. The little master——"

"What of him?" Sir George broke in hoarsely. "Woman do not madden me! What of my boy? Is he—found?"

The woman looked at him pitifully for a second, then cried, with a sudden rain of tears—

"Found? Yes, the little angel! My lady found him in the shrubbery, quite dead, sir—murdered they say!"

CHAPTER VI.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," quoted May Verner cheerfully, as she patted her sister's dusky and dishevelled locks, and did her best to make light of an unpleasant situation. "Come, Essie, crying one's eyes out don't do a bit of good, so dry your and help me to think what is to be done."

Essie raised her pretty head from her sister's lap, and looked into her sister's face with a miserable attempt at a grateful smile; but the effort was a failure. The small under lip quivered piteously, the blue eyes brimmed over, and the girl hid her face again with a little choking cry.

"Oh, it is cruel—cruel. And what has Frank done?"

"Nothing, child," said the elder sister serenely—"nothing, at least, but sent a most blundering ambassador on a most delicate embassy. Any one with the slightest knowledge of papa's character might have known that in such circumstances he would do precisely what he has done."

"But Sir George De Walden could know nothing of papa's character."

"And therefore Sir George De Walden should never have been allowed to interfere. No; if Frank had had one grain of common sense, he would have come straight back, told the whole deplorable story to you and me, and left us to break it gradually to papa; instead of which he sends the stiff-backed old uncle to make all manner of haughtily offensive concessions and awkward attempts at bribery."

"May!"

"Well, he did, my dear; there is no mistake about that! And I am quite sure papa made himself equally disagreeable; so they parted with a mutually bad impression. You know the temper papa came home in, and I have no doubt Sir George was quite as unpleasant when he arrived at De Walden Court—not that that matters, for I am sure any punishment he gets will serve Mr. Frank quite right."

"May!" Essie cried indignantly; and her eyes sparkled angrily through the tears, her cheeks flushed with her passionate protest. "You are as bad as—as all the rest. I thought you liked poor Frank; but you too speak against him; and just now—when——"

"When you mean to give him up," May finished, with a mischievous smile; but, though she smiled, her eyes were full of tenderest sympathy, and the slender jewelled fingers touched the dark ruffled locks as gently as a mother's could have done. "Is that it, Essie? Do you mean to give Frank up?"

She lifted the pretty face, and awaited the answer with some little anxiety; but she was quite satisfied with it when it came.

"Never!" Essie said, in a low steadfast tone; and her look was as her voice. "Papa gave me to Frank, and he cannot take me back. We cannot defy him: we may have to wait a long time, or Frank may grow tired and give me up; but I shall never care for any one else. I will be Frank's wife or—or an old maid!"

If the words were childish, the spirit was womanly and true. May stooped to kiss her little sister, laughing that she might not cry, for she detested any display of sentiment.

"Bravo! Essie, I see you in my mind's eye, with two cats, a plethoric poodle, and a couple of parrots. A charming old scandalmonger you will make in a couple of decades, my dear."

Essie turned away and walked to the window, impatient of a levity that jarred on her own strained pain. The poor child had been cruelly roused from her dream of bliss, driven out from her fool's paradise relentlessly, and the world held for her to-day no possibility of happiness and hope. As she stood blankly staring out into the sunshine, she could still see her father's face, blanched with such anger as he had never before shown in her presence—could still hear the harsh strident tones in which he peremptorily forbade her to think of Frank De Walden again.

"He has deceived us both, whether wilfully or not, and must abide the consequences of such deceit," he said sternly. "I will smooth no sucking barrister's path with my money, and my daughter shall be no stepping stone to success; and so I told the pompous old ass who seemed to think even an offshoot of the De Waldens a —— to which we had hardly the right to aspire, and spoke of the paltry hundreds he proposed to settle on his nephew as though they were the revenues of a Rothschild or a Coutts."

Heartstruck and dazed with pain, shivering under her father's anger, and shocked at the coarseness of his speech, Essie would still have made some feeble loyal attempt to plead the cause of her love and champion her absent lover; but May checked her with an imploring look. The wiser and cooler girl saw how much ruffled vanity and wounded pride had to do with his unjust explosion, and knew that further argument would only exasperate her father beyond all bounds. So she interposed, directing his attention with delicate tact to Essie's snow-white face and dark dilating eyes.

"You are frightening her to death," she said, in a reproachful whisper; and Mr. Verner, who really idolised his younger daughter, followed the direction of her eyes with quick alarm, though he said with little perceptible softening of his gruff tones:—

"Girls always faint over such matters. I don't fancy it does them much harm. But take her away, May, and, when she has cried her eyes out, make the poor little fool understand that I will have my way in this."

And May had obeyed him, so far at least as the taking of her sister was concerned—anything else was an after-consideration; just then she had to soothe the girl's hysterical fears and prevent the speaking of imprudent words on either side.

Long after Essie had sobbed herself to sleep and regained her lost happiness in dreamland, Miss Verner sat alone in the great drawing-room, for her father had angrily betaken himself to his club, and would not return until late, pondering a thousand plans for setting the crooked things straight.

"They must be patient—that is all," she decided hopefully. "Papa can never resist Essie long, and he is very fond of Frank. Moreover, I must enlist Croxford on their side."

A little dimpling smile that was not due to maiden consciousness played round May's red lips as the last thought flashed through her busy brain. She was an affectionate and dutiful daughter; but she was too clever a girl not to have taken her father's mental and moral gauge pretty well by this time; and she knew that her own aristocratic suitor would be her sister's best ally.

So she dispatched an imperative little note to Lord Croxford, bidding him come to her early on the following day, and then, with a pleasant sense of duty fulfilled and every precaution taken, had retired to rest in a tolerably hopeful frame of mind.

She awoke in the morning with this hope unchecked, and it rose higher still when, at the breakfast table, her father not only asked with anxious solicitude after Essie, who did not appear, but spoke with something like toleration of the absent Frank, though his indignation against Sir George blazed as fiercely as ever.

"As though the arrogant old ruffian should not be ashamed to show his face after the dirty trick he played his nephew!" he said, chipping as fiercely at his egg as though it represented the head of the offending Baronet; and May bent her head over the tall coffee-pot to hide a little triumphant smile, as she answers demurely—

"It was certainly hard on poor Frank."

"Hard!" Mr. Verner echoed the word with a derisive sniff. "It was the most outrageous—the most disgraceful! And then to ask him down to the Court and coolly spring the mine upon him! If the lad had an ounce of spirit, he would never have broken bread under the old traitor's roof. He would have come straight back to me, and——"

"And you would have given him a different answer from that you gave his uncle?" May suggested audaciously.

Her father frowned, and pushed his cup away.

"I did not say that," he growled; "but at least he should have tried me. But I suppose it's the old story—pride and poverty always go together."

"'It is never too late to mend,'" May suggested, with nervous cheerfulness as she came forward to pin the flower in her father's coat, and looked coaxingly into her father's face. Things had gone almost too well with her as yet; the stern man had been almost too easily managed. She began to be afraid.

And simultaneously with the fear the first repulse came. Her father almost pushed her away, and his frown grew very terrible as he said between his teeth—

"It is too late, I tell you. Do not nurse, or let Essie nurse, any delusion of that kind. No daughter of mine shall marry in to Sir George De Walden's family, as I think he understands."

He went out then with a very determined look; and May's eyes followed him rather blankly for a second or so. But she was not easily depressed; and, when she had recalled the concessions he had made in even so short a time, she could not believe that on this one vital point her father would be obdurate still.

"Wait till Croxford talks to him, till Essie grows a little pale and thin!" she cried, with a laugh; and the idea so amused her that she had been able to play with her sister's fears.

But when Essie turned away, with that blank look of misery on her white pathetic face, the elder girl's warm heart was touched; she threw one arm around the slim shoulders, and said in hearty comforting fashion—

"You foolish child! Do you think I would laugh at you, or say one word against dear old Frank, if I were not sure that all would soon be well? Of course I would be crying my eyes out for company's sake. But just for one day's misery I cannot spoil my looks. Besides, Croxford is coming this afternoon. Come, Essie; you cannot really think that papa will refuse you anything your heart is set upon!"

Essie looked up wistfully, shaking her dark head, but smiling through her tears. She had an intense admiration for her elder sister's courage and bright wit, an unquestioning reliance on her word; but here she had so much at stake that she hardly dared to hope.

"But Frank," she whispered sadly—"Frank must know all now. May, why does he not write?"

May Verner laughed, a sweet little silvery peal that was like a cordial draught to the pale and frightened Essie, and shook her sister in the immensity of her amused contempt.

"Write!" she echoed, lifting her fine hazel eyes in emphatic appeal to the ceiling. "A pretty sort of lover he would be to plead his cause on paper! He will come."

"Come!" Essie repeated vaguely; and the shy sweet pink tints stole back into the soft cheeks; the blue eyes lost their strained pathetic look.

"Of course he will, as fast as an express-train and a hansom cab can bring him! Oh, Essie, what a baby you are! You ought to have a nurse still—not a lover."

Essie answered her sister only with a grateful kiss. A great burden had been lifted from her heart, but it was still too full for words. She was so young; it was so natural to hope, to believe in her strong clever sister, to trust the father whose pet and plaything she had always been.

"Now, run out and play, child, for there is Croxford in the hall, and I must talk business with him," May said, in her good natured peremptory tones.

And Essie was only too glad to obey her, only too thankful to escape into the grounds, where she might wander at peace through the winding shrubberies, under the shadow of the elms and chestnut-trees, or down the little path beside the sparkling river, and dream of all the happy hours that she and Frank had spent amid these familiar scenes.

An hour ago it would have been torture to look upon places so associated with the lover she had thought forever lost, and it was painful still, though May's words echoed cheeringly in her ears, and her heart throbbed high with hope. All might—nay, all must be well with them again; but the contrast between the solitary stroll and the last ramble she had taken with Frank, when, without a doubt or fear to hamper their imagination, they had boldly sketched out a future full of bliss, was inevitably present in her mind. Hope would have seemed an impertinent intruder when felicity seemed sure—and she clung to that hope with a tremulous passion now.

She seated herself upon the mossy bank, leaning her dark head against the stem of a tall tree, and giving herself up to memory and thought. She shed a few gentle tears from time to time; but, on the whole, she was not unhappy. She trusted her sister so implicitly, and May had been so sure that Frank would come.

And somehow the minutes and hours flitted by; she did not know how long the lovers had been *tete a tete*, how long she herself had been dreaming in the sunlight, when she was roused by the sound of a step on the crisp sun-dried moss, and the hurried utterance of her name. A shadow came between her and the sunshine; and, looking up, she saw—Frank De Walden.

"Essie!" It was all he said; but the one word was eloquent enough; the shining eager eyes said all the rest.

Essie did not even attempt to answer him—only rose to her feet with a little glad and grateful cry, ran straight into her lover's outstretched arms, and hid her happy face upon her lover's breast. And for a little space, while the birds twittered gayly in the thick-leaved trees above them, and the river rippled musically at their feet, the young people clung together and were utterly content.

Then Essie drew shyly back; but Frank still held her fast.

"So you did not give me up?" he asked, eyeing the sweet flushed face with jealous fondness.

Essie looked up with a sweet reproachful glance; but the reproach changed to anxiety, for Frank looked pale and haggard, and almost old, she thought; and her heart smote her as she gazed at him.

"You are not well, dear," she said, slipping her little hand within his arm and pressing it gently in her alarm; but he answered at once—

"Quite well, my darling. You and May have cured me, for May sent me to you."

"You were ill then?" she persisted.

"Ill of suspense and misery," he answered gaily. "Nay, I will confess to such prosaic ills as fatigue and hunger, for I did not sleep all night and came without my breakfast this morning."

"Then come in to luncheon now," cried May's bright voice behind them, "for Lord Croxford and I are tired of each other's company and are most decidedly hungry by now."

CHHPTER VII.

Despite the uncertainty of their position and the cruel disappointment one of them had sustained, the four young people enjoyed a merry meal in a thoroughly unconventional fashion. Lord Croxford did not perhaps contribute very largely to the success of the entertainment, being a young man of few words; but he was thoroughly kind-hearted, and by no means a fool, and suited May much better than a more masterful nature would have done. Moreover, he admired his bright betrothed in such a whole-hearted fashion that he almost seemed to shine with a reflected lustre when seated by her side.

"Does he not look absurdly happy?" Essie whispered, glancing at the tall young fellow whose fair Saxon face was radiant with delight, and whose short-sighted blue eyes beamed through their gold-rimmed glasses with such proprietorial pride.

Frank followed the direction of her eyes and smiled; but the smile was soon followed by a sigh.

"He is so sure of May," he said, not bitterly, but with a painful thrill in the low tone—so low that it reached only Essie's sympathetic ear. As the best answer she could think of at the moment, she thrust her little warm, soft hand into his, and whispered shyly—

"Not more sure than you are of me."

How could Frank be miserable after that assurance—how continue to doubt and fear when Essie so evidently thought that all their trials were past? Common sense had but a poor chance in that atmosphere of youth and happiness, even though Lord Croxford, who for a young politician was considered particularly sound on all questions of political economy, and May, who prided herself on being practical above all things, presided on the occasion.

Presently, however, Frank vigorously shook off the enervating sense of contented well being that had replaced his late harassed pain, and roused himself for the work that lay before him.

"With Essie and May both on my side, I ought to win the battle," he said, his gray eyes brightening with the old hopeful look; "but the first thing now is to see Mr. Verner."

Essie grew a little pale, remembering her father's over-night declarations of what he would do and say, should young De Walden venture to intrude into his presence. She bit her lip nervously and shot one piteous glance at May; but her sister returned it with a confident smile.

"The sooner the better, Frank, and fortunately it can be very soon, for I see papa just entering the avenue."

Frank was anything but a coward; nevertheless his heart beat a little faster, and he twisted his moustache nervously, while Essie looking like a guilty little ghost, pressed closely to his side.

"Courage, my children," May cried gaily, her spirits seeming to rise with the occasion, though in truth she was as nervous as any one there. "Papa's bark is terrible, that I admit; but I do not think he ever really bites. Besides, we are four to one, all resolute and strong—ours should be an easy victory. Hark, he is at the door!"

"Tell him Frank is here, May—tell him, please; meet him in the hall, dear, and prepare him!" poor little Essie cried, with whitening lips, as her eager self-torturing fancy conjured up cruelly vivid scenes of dissension, in which her lover and her father played the principal parts.

May hesitated—not from any selfish fear—she would have undertaken the most difficult and unpleasant task possible to save her timid little sister an added pang; but she was by no means sure sure that it would be wise or politic for her to interfere just now.

"Shall I," she cried, with a rapid appeal to the waiting trio—"or shall Lord Croxford, or——"

"Or shall I myself?" Frank interrupted, with a rapidly rising color and proudly brightening eyes. "May, you are the kindest of girls; but I think, if I am ashamed to face Mr. Verner, I have no right in his house."

An emphatic and apparently involuntary "Hear, hear!", from Lord Croxford gave point and emphasis to the speech; and, with a frankly-spoken "I think you are quite right," May Verner drew back to let the young man pass, and crossed quickly over to Essie's side.

"Come, Essie." She threw her arm round the little trembling figure and smiled into the white frightened face. "It is just one wrench, like having a tooth out, you know, and then everything will be right. It is not Frank papa quarrels with—only Sir George; and you do not want to marry him."

But Essie did not smile; she was staring with an agonised intensity of gaze across the room at the door which opened just as her lover reached it, and showed her father on the other side.

For one second the two men stood face to face, so close that they could have touched one another; then Mr. Verner drew back a step or two, with a harsh and dreadful cry—

"You—and here? Heaven help us all!"

All eyes had naturally been turned upon the newcomer's face, all ears had been strained to catch the first words he should utter, and none doubted that these would be angry, even insulting perhaps; but there was no anger in the cry that rang out with such painful incongruity—rather a great horror and dread, that were emphasised by the haggard sharpened face and dazed-looking eyes.

"Mr. Verner," Frank cried, drawing up his tall figure, and speaking rapidly in an impulse of bewildered indignation, "I have no right here perhaps; but once you made me welcome; you gave me Essie, and—and she and I——"

The poor young fellow broke down with flushed face and eyes that sparkled uneasily for even he could no longer mistake the strained terror of that unwavering gaze for mere anger at his intrusion.

"Papa, what is it?" May cried quickly; and the tones of his daughter's clear vibrating voice seemed to rouse Mr. Verner. He came quickly into the room, closing the door carefully behind him; and, as he stood in the fuller light, they saw more clearly the deadly pallor of his ordinarily ruddy face. He had grown, May thought, older by ten years since the morning. It was to her and not to Frank, that his first words were spoken.

"Take Esther away," he said peremptorily; and, though his words were stern, it seemed to the girl that his voice thrilled with an intense pity.

Perhaps Essie thought so too, or perhaps love gave the timid girl courage, for she took her place by her lover's side, and, though her face grew red and white with painful rapidity, her pretty voice hardly faltered as she said—

"Please do not send me away, papa, because I could not go. Whatever you say to Frank you must say to me. I am just as bad as he, for I love him and I cannot give him up!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OUR HYMNOLOGY.

The Churches Waiting For a New Hymn Writer.

"We are at low ebb tide in the art of hymn making," said the editor of one of the leading religious reviews recently, "and have been for many years. And the worst of it is there does not seem to be any indications of the tide setting the other way. The fire of the few writers of sacred songs that we have left is burning dimly, and there are no new lights appearing to take their places. Probably Bishop Cleveland Coxe is at the head of living American hymn writers. He has four hymns in the Methodist Hymnal, of which one or two are quite popular, as for instance the one beginning 'In the silent midnight watches.' In melody and in poetry, as well as in number, his works excel those of any living hymn writer. Bryant has eight in the hymnal, three of which were written expressly for it. 'Nearer my God to Thee,' one of the best and most popular hymns, was written by Sarah F. Adams, a Unitarian lady of Massachusetts. Bryant, too, was a Unitarian, and it is a rather curious fact that many of the best hymns in use in the evangelical churches were written by persons of that faith.

"The Rev. Ray Palmer of Newark, writes no more, as he is very aged; but a number of his hymns are popular, and several of them will live. 'My soul looks up to Thee' is perhaps the best known of his works. The Rev. William Hunter, recently deceased, wrote a great number of beautiful hymns in his younger days. He was in latter years editor of the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate*. 'My Heavenly home is bright and fair,' and 'Who shall forbid our chastened woe,' are by him, and are destined to stay. We have one hymn from N. P. Willis, which he wrote by request, that is popular, 'The perfect world by Adam trod,' and we have one by George P. Morris. Phoebe Cary wrote one beautiful hymn, beginning, 'One sweetly solemn thought,' though we have none from her sister Alice. Dr. Muhlenberg, formerly Chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, this city, and author of 'I would not live alway,' wrote 'King of Kings, and wilt Thou deign,' and other vigorous hymns that are popular and will remain so. Robert Hustings, a musician of this city who died in 1872, wrote the great Methodist revival hymn, 'Delay not, Delay not, Oh, Sinner, draw near,' as well as other hymns remarkable for their grace and easy metric flow. R. A. West, of Brooklyn, is the author of the very popular hymn, 'Oh, let us tune our loftiest song.'

"We use one of the songs in Tennyson's poem, 'The Princess,' beginning 'Late, Late, So Late, as a hymn, and likewise one or two culled from Whittier's and Longfellow's poems.

"The fact is that we are still principally dependent for our hymns upon the writers of the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century. Prior to the time of Watts the hymns were, for the most part, the veriest doggerel. But Watts awakened the slumbering soul of sacred song, and we soon had Doddridge, Cowper, and Newton, to say nothing of Heber, with his immortal 'Greenland's Icy Mountains,' and 'Brightest and best of the Sons of the Morning.' The well-known 'Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,' is Doddridge. Following the Watts era came the Wesleyan, of which the style may be characterized as the Watts style set on fire. Charles Wesley is, of course, the central figure of this epoch, with his 'Just as I am without one plea,' 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and many other masterpieces of hymnal poetry. John Wesley translated, at this time, many hymns from the German, some of which still firmly hold their ground. Of the three great hymns of this era, however, Charles Wesley wrote the two above named, and the third, though perhaps the first in rank, 'Rock of Ages,' was by Toplady, who had caught the Wesleyan fire.

Of the modern English hymn writers two, Faber and Cardinal Newman, are Protestant converts to Catholicism. Faber is best known by his hymn beginning, 'There is a wideness in God's mercy,' and Newman by 'Lead, Kindly Light.' Dr. Raffles, a Presbyterian clergyman of London, who died about ten years ago, wrote a number of hymns that have found a permanent place in the hymnals. There was a Welsh school of hymn writers that cannot be overlooked. William Williams was of this group, and also Thomas Olivers. Their songs had a flavor of the wild mountain chant which caught the imagination with their weirdness. Olivers wrote the remarkable 'God of Abraham Praise,' which was set to Gregorian music and had a run of several years in the cathedrals. 'Oh, Thou God of my salvation' was also written by him. Nearly all the Welsh hymns have great power and vivacity.

"But the day of hymn writing seems to be over, as far as may be judged from present appearances. We get barrels of so-called sacred songs sent to us, but 95 per cent. of it is twaddle, and of the scant 5 per cent. that gets into print next to none will survive five years. The few passable good hymns that we get now-a-days come to us through the Sunday schools. 'Fannie Crosbie' has written a number of songs of this class which have been promoted to the hymn book. I don't know that there is any special cause for this dearth of hymnal inspiration, any more than there is cause for the occasional intervals that occur in the production of a high order of poetry or of fiction. I do not think that a falling off of religious zeal has anything to do with it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Costly Manœuvre.

A story is related of a recent occurence, the characters in which were an oldish lady of fortune, a middle-aged gentleman, and the lady's maid, young and pretty. The gentleman was pressing his suit warmly and called every evening. But once, when arriving to pay his customary devoirs, the door was opened by the pretty maid, and she received ardent vicarious attentions from the visitor. The elder lady, however, was on the stairs, and observing "that little manœuvre," calmly observed, "Annette, how often must I tell you that I insist upon you receiving your friends in the kitchen?" That ended it.

On the horse car: Mrs. A.—"So you don't go out of town this summer." Mrs. B.—"Tell you the truth, we shall stay at home this season. But how did you find it out?" Mrs. A.—"I walked past your house yesterday and I noticed that all the blinds were closed and the front door boarded up."

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

ALL SORTS.

The heated term—"You are a liar."

An inn-dependent—The hotel waiter.

The unit rule—Every man for himself.

A grave mistake—Burying a live man.

Appropriate dessert for dudes—Sillybubs.

A seer sucker—The bogus weather prophet.

Poverty develops genius, prosperity utilizes fools.

Churches have their naves, as well as other things.

To the man hoeing his own row the world hoes a living.

"Time is money," said the needy man when he spouted his watch.

A Del Norte lawyer says the term duces tecum means where you take 'em with three deuces.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." It is the hand of the hired girl.

The cheaper the cigar the more persistently does the cheap smoker puff it in the faces of his fellow travellers.

Young Dudey, hearing of a gala day at Newport, said he would not summer at a place where there were not more "gals" than that.

"English cheese and lettuce must be eaten together." This is particularly rough on the lettuce, which is not a bad sort of a vegetable in its way.

"Yes," said the broken down merchant, "I think I have been too fond of drink, but I can't say that I'm pleased with this last beverage—Sheriff's ale."

A French chemist distils brandy from watermelon, and a Swede manufactures alcohol from reindeer moss. As Shakspeare says, there's "good in everything."

Fortunes in Dogs.

Among the $350,000 worth of dogs exhibited at the New York show, were some worthy of note. Two were $10,000 dogs. One is a deer-hound and the other pointer. Of course no one would pay $10 000 for either, but that's the value placed on each by their respective owners. There are several dogs supposed to be worth from $2,000 to $5,000. The $10,000 pointer (Meteor) took the prize for dogs of that breed. His competitor was an English dog (Beaufort), and the international rivalry over the two was almost as strong as at the walking match. The large English contingent present maintained that the English dog should get the prize, and the Americans held that the American dog was entitled to it. Many bets were made as to which would get it, and when the judge decided in favor of the American dog, about $5 000 changed hands.

Stay on the Farm

The disposition of so many young men to leave the farm and come to the city is not creditable to their intelligence. Every city in the country is overcrowded with this class of helpless young men. They grow up on the farms with no idea of the trials and temptations that beset their class in the big cities. They think they can live in the cities without the trial and drudgery they say is a part of farm life. There are many ways of living in a city, but there is but one honorable way, and that is surmounted with as many trials and hardships as earning one's living on the farm, and that is, to earn it honestly. A young man without a trade will find he has to work harder to make both ends meet in the city than on a farm.

The young man who thinks the world owes him a living and that the obligation will be cancelled in the cities, makes a mistake that is often learned too late. There is no more room for idlers in the city than on the farm. The criminal class receives some of its most vicious recruits from young men who thought they were too smart to be farmers, come to the city, found they had made a mistake, dropped into bad company, and will end their lives on the scaffold or in the penitentiary.

No, young man, you are not too smart for the farm. The smartest man that ever lived hadn't sense enough to reach perfection in farming. Be independent. While there is always something to do on a well-regulated farm, if you have a leisure moment, use it in study or selling the many kinds of goods you will find that are especially made for your benefit. You can always find something to do if you want to work. If you don't, we have no time to reason with you.

Sensational Journalism.

The supply of scandals in the newspapers has increased perceptibly since the "war of rates" began, the idea seeming to be that cheap journalism to be successful, must also be nasty. Not only is the country scoured for vile private scandals, which would never otherwise extend beyond the narrow limits of the towns and villages in which they occur, but the newspapers themselves are engaging in the detective business, and in a larger and more thorough way performing the function which formerly belonged exclusively to the police courts. So soon as a scandal comes to light anywhere nowadays many of even the great metropolitan dailies let loose a horde of reporters on its trail. They investigate it in all its ramifications, interview all the parties to it, secure statements from both sides, and publish the whole nauseating story to the world, omitting no filthy detail which can be obtained. The most conspicuous portions of our leading morning journals in all our large cities are given up to this kind of news, and the search for it becomes more eager each day. There is scarcely a newspaper in any city between here and San Francisco which is not made unfit for family reading by the presence of this kind of matter.

An Economical Irish Car-Driver.—A gentleman, overhearing a car driver asking an exorbitant fare of an unsuspecting foreigner, expostulated with him on his audacious misstatement of the tariff, concluding with the words, "I wonder you haven't more regard for the truth." "Och, indeed, thin, I've a great dale more regard for the truth than to be dthragging her out on every palthry occasion," was the reply.

The universal success of the Triangle Dyes is attracting notice throughout the country. They are without question the most remarkable dyes, and have given abundant evidence of their reliability in all shades. 10c.

People who are notsuited with hard coal can easily be suited with soft.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

The dude wears a full suit on the hottest day. The other kind of a puppy only pants.

"Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Billous attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

From England's

Distant shores comes additonal testimony as to the wonderful merit of the only sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. "Offices of the Chemist and Druggist, 42 Cannon St., London, Eng. A friend travelling in the States and Canada used Putnam's Corn Extractor, and within a few days the corns vanished and I now ask you to send me a few bottles. S Brett." After refering the letter to our English Agent, we received intimation that Mr. Brett had ordered three dozen for distribution among his friends. See that you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

It does seem as if the only rights the white man are willing to concede the red men, are funeral rites.

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Nothing can equal Polson's Nerviline as a remedy for internal, local, or external pains. It is the strongest, therefore the best. Nerviline penetrates at once to the source of disease, and affords immediate relief. C. B. Allison, & Co., druggists, Picton, speaking of Nerviline, state: "Our customers speak of it in the highest terms." Nerviline nerve pain cure will always command the praise of all who use it. Nerviline is an honest remedy. Always sure, and prompt to relieve, and therefore is the best remedy to keep in the house. Buy a simple bottle, which costs but ten cents, and be convinced that Nerviline is the best pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

And here is a Boston Sunday-school boy who, when asked to stand up and "say his verse," did it thus: "Be not overcome of evil, but *come it over evil* with good."

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents

A.P 187

Thos. Galloway & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

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The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

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For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co, St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co, Chicago; Leve & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N, Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.60 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid, on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000 providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar Institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

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The New Williams

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run

Silent and Rapid movement,

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It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

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THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, AUG. 8, 1884. NO. 49

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

The above paper is printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., 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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NOTICE!

The undersigned having had several years' experience as an auctioneer in Montreal and elsewhere, would now inform the people of Argenteuil that he is prepared to take charge of auction sales, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.
J. PATENAUDE.

A. J. PERIARD
Has removed his Tailoring Establishment from Cleland's Block to his new residence opposite Bedard's Carriage Manufactory, Main Street, Lachute.
Work done in first-class style.

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DR. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON-DENTIST,
Will be at ST. ANDREWS from the 9th to the 14th, and at LACHUTE on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month.

A Ghost in Possession.

The house 562 South Warren street, in Trenton, N. Y., is plain and quiet in appearance, and is in a quiet neighborhood. It was inhabited until recently by Mrs. David Warner and her family. There never was anything remarkable about the place or the people until a few days ago, when Mrs. Warner, on going into a bed room on the upper floor which she had put in order some hours before, found the bedclothes tumbled about. She made the bed again, and a short time afterward found it again disturbed and the furniture in the room also disordered.

When this had been repeated several times Mrs. Warner's vexation gave place to amazement, and she told her neighbours about it. They promptly decided that some ghostly agency was at work. Mrs. Warner scoffed at the idea, but the neighbours went on to evolve the spirit of a long dead old gentleman which had a grievance about the present occupancy of the house it had tenanted when a mortal, and was bent on driving Mrs. Warner away. The manifestations subsided after a day or two, and Mrs. Warner triumphed over her neighbours until recently. Shortly after noon she sent her seven-year old boy to the haunted room for her slipper. In a few minutes he came running down stairs shrieking, "Oh, mother, save me!" and apparently nearly beside himself with fright. He had found the bed which he had watched his mother make up in the morning thrown into worse disorder than ever before.

Mrs. Warner summoned the daughter of the old man whose ghost was alleged to be making all the fuss, and together they made an investigation. They found the wash-stand tipped over. Before upsetting it the ghost kindly removed from it the bowl and pitcher, so that no crockery was broken. The ladies left the room, but returning later they found the articles on the floor changed in position and a towel laid neatly across the pitcher. A committee of Spiritualists sat in the haunted room in a circle, with Mrs. Warner and the ghost's daughter in the evening. Several hundred people watched the house from the outside. About 10 o'clock a great white figure was seen walking across the roof of the house and disappearing somewhere in the next building. Ladies fainted, children screamed, and great excitement prevailed until Mrs. Anderson, who lives next door, was heard scolding her young son for wetting a broom and spoiling a sheet.

The spiritualists communicated with the ghost, and learned a good many things. They told Mrs. Warner that the ghost was sent to warn her to be careful or she would fall down stairs upon her baby and kill it. The ghost also told them that there was trouble over the title of the house, and that he would keep on mussing up the bedroom until Mrs. Warner moved away. That lady took her family to a relative's for the rest of the night, and next day she vacated the house.

Now the place is dark and deserted, and there has been no disturbance inside or crowd outside. People in the neighborhood shrug their shoulders when asked about the ghost, and remark that there is one small boy in Mrs. Warner's family, and several more in the neighborhood.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

AGRICULTURAL.

Science and Farming.

The greatest obstacle in the way of man's improvement and the most difficult to overcome, has been ignorance. Placed here at the beginning with no experience, and totally without knowledge of the laws which governed nature in the growth, perfection and decay of vegetable and animal life—in fact, totally ignorant of the laws which govern his own existence, he was like a man in the dark; he groped about, stumbling and falling many times before he learned the roads that were safe and practicable. To-day, even with all our advancement, the "don't know" of our farmers alone, costs the country much more than would support all the educational institutions in existence. Knowledge adds so much to the power and efficiency of its possessor, and elevates him so much, that ignorance is always jealous and suspicious of it, and of its possessor, and for this reason there is always a prejudice in the common mind against so-called science, and especially is this the case among farmers. Not very long since, to call a man a scientific farmer, was at once to make him the butt of all the jokes of the neighborhood, and to set all eyes watching, in hopes he might make some failure. This is a grave mistake, for there is no one more dependent for success upon science and scientific practices, than the tiller of the soil.

Nature has certain fixed and immutable laws that regulate and control all her operations, as well as the growth and development of the tiniest seed into the living plant, and this to its full maturity and the production again of its seed, as of the creation and movements of the planetary system. Would the farmer achieve the greatest success, he must work in unison with, not antagonistic to these laws. The study and investigation of these laws as they relate to agriculture, and the application of the knowledge so obtained to its practical operations, is science, and that is all there is of scientific farming. We can see anything in this that should frighten or antagonize the farmer; but, on the contrary, it is the greatest incentive for him to become a student of the science of agriculture, and of all science that in any way relates to it.

For the sake of convenience, we talk about the science of chemistry, botany, etc.; but these are only names of different branches of science, and these are each and all useful to the farmer in many ways, in which they enable him to better know Nature's laws. For instance, chemistry seeks to know the cause of things by tearing down or pulling apart; if a field fails to produce a satisfactory crop of wheat, chemistry would take the soil and pull it apart by analysis, to ascertain what it contains; it takes the wheat plant, and pulling leaf, stem and grain apart, it ascertains of what each is composed. In other words, it asks the wheat what it needs and must have in order to produce the best crops. It asks the soil what it has in its storehouse and within the reach of the growing plant, which it will contribute to its use, and by comparing their answers, it is enabled to tell the farmers what the wheat plant must have, what the soil will contribute, and what he must supply, in order to grow crops that shall be remunerative. We follow these instructions and carefully watch results, and when the results corroborate the teachings of chemistry, we call an agricultural fact, and carefully record it, and records of all these facts form our text books, and are the admitted laws of science. Through our imperfect knowledge and methods, we sometimes mistake these teachings, and guess at the results, and call a fact established, and in our haste proclaim it as scientific principle, when it is only guess-work, thus bringing ridicule and dispute upon science, when the error is chargeable only to our ignorance, as, for instance, the theory once universally taught that the earth was the stationary centre of the universe. Increasing knowledge showed this not to be true, neither was it scientific, but only a blunder of ignorance. Science is knowledge; the correct interpretation of Nature's laws; and, of course, it is always true, reasonable, fixed, immutable. It is only our ignorance that causes us to mistake its teachings, or which prevent us from correctly translating its language.

The same power, based on the same scientific principle, was hidden in the union of heat and water, since the foundation of the universe; but man went on in ignorance unassisted by this mighty power, until Watt complied with the scientific law which enabled him to apply and control this power in the construction of the steam engine. The same laws govern the development and improvement of plants and animals, have always existed, and yet it is only very recently that man has understood and taken advantage of them, and we already see wonderful results. Surely any one so dependent on Nature's laws for his complete success as the farmer, cannot afford to be ignorant of them, and the more perfectly he understands and complies with them, the greater will be his success.

We may call it gumption, shrewdness, luck, or by any other name, the success of the successful farmer is attained by a compliance with the scientific principles of agriculture, and by this means only, and the better these are understood, and the more closely they are followed, the greater will be his success. Then we say, that if these can be more quickly and perfectly learned from the text books than from long and costly experience, by all means study the books. Science and farming go well together, and we cannot well have too much of true science in our farming.

Growing the Egg-Plant.

The egg-plant is among the most desirable of our garden products, and should be found in every garden. The first week in June is the safest time to set out the plants from the hot-bed, and even they should be protected at night by covering with old newspapers, with clods on the corners; for it must be remembered that it is a very sensitive plant, and the least frost or even chilling nights will check its growth, from which it will take two or three weeks to recover. The plant requires a very rich soil; it should be firmly and rather deeply set in the ground and should be mulched with well rotted manure. A row of these plants should receive as much, or really more attention than a row of celery. They should be watered daily with strong manure water for two or three weeks, and in very dry times the earth should be carefully drawn from the plants, plentifully watered, and then be returned again, hilling up slightly. The potato beetle is very fond of the leaves, preferring them to those of the potato; but as this pest has nearly disappeared, there is not much danger to be apprehended from it, though it is well to look out for it. The roots of the egg-plant take up very little room, making the necessity of strong manuring all-important. A row of from six to twelve plants is all sufficient for a family.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Thinning Fruit.

Dr. Jabez Fisher, of Northern Massachusetts, tells Mr. Atkinson, editor of the *Farm Journal*, that the operation of thinning fruit should be commenced when the fruits are from one-half inch to an inch in diameter. Begin by removing so as to leave, 1st, no two specimens growing from the same spur, and no two so near together as they will be likely to touch each other when full grown, leaving, in all cases, the best one of a cluster; 2d, no specimen that is deformed or is so injured in any way that it will be sure to become deformed as it grows; 3rd, no one that shows injury by any insect; and 4th, no one that is materially smaller than the average of the remainder. Doctor Fisher has been remarkably successful. He has practiced thinning fruit for many years. But will this pay? To answer this question, it is first to be considered what it costs. Suppose a Beurre d'Anjou pear tree, the spherical head of which measures from twelve to thirteen feet in diameter and occupies say 1,000 cubic feet of space, to a set crop of 4,000 pears. If all were left to mature, they would measure, possibly, fifteen bushels, that might sell for $2 per bushel, or $30. If now the crop be thinned to one half its number, the product would be likely to measure eleven bushels that would be worth fully twice the price of the others, or $44. If the crop should comprise but 1,500 specimens, giving about ten cubic inches of space to each, the product would still be ten bushels, full worth $5, or $50 for the whole.

The Increase of Population.

"Is the increase of population to be dreaded?" is a question that, in one form or another, has engaged the attention of many. All discussion of the subject has been based on the assumption that the world's capacity for the production of human food is limited by the possibilities of agriculture. For writers on political economy have taken no account of fish as food, or, if they have considered fish at all, it has been upon the assumption that the supply of fish food is relatively insignificant, and must always remain so. But within a score of years the progress made in the artificial propagation of fish has revealed possibilities of food supply that are practically illimitable. Vast areas of fresh water, hitherto unproductive, can by means of fish culture be made to yield an abundance of the very best of human food. And inland fisheries, prosecuted for ages, can by pisciculture be made a hundredfold more productive. Then, when the inland waters shall have been taxed to their utmost in the production of fish, there remains the ocean, boundless, illimitable, inexhaustible. The artificial propagation of fish is not confined to fresh water. It has been proved that the waters of the sea can be artificially restocked with fish as well as the waters of inland lakes and streams. For several years past a steamer in the service of the United States Government has been engaged in the artificial propagation of salt water fish and in their distribution in the depths of the seas frequented by the fishing vessels of New England. The most gratifying results have followed the work, and the successful propagation of deep sea fish is no longer to be regarded as a matter of doubt or experiment. Recent writers upon fish culture have shown that an acre of water can be more productive of food than an acre of land. Now when we further consider that more than three quarters of our globe is covered by water, it becomes evident, that in ignoring the possibilities of the fish supply, the philosophers who have feared ultimate famine for humanity have left out of their reckoning an element whose importance can hardly be overestimated. We venture to say that considering the possibilities of fish production, in addition to the resources of agriculture, no one need fear that the coming generations will be in any immediate danger of starvation.

A MODERN MAZEPPA.

The Terrible Ride of a Young Lothario on a Bronco.

M. Boussand, a wealthy cattle owner whose herds range in the unorganized territory of North-Western Nebraska, has just returned from the annual "round up" in that region and relates a tale of the plains that is, in some respects, a counterpart of the orthodox Mazeppa. When Boussand reached his ranch about the middle of June, he found his cowboys nursing a young man, whom they had rescued from the back of a bronco. When discovered, the modern Mazeppa was lashed to the horse, entirely naked and unconscious. The animal was about broken down, as if from long running, and was easily lassoed by the cowboys, who cut the thongs and released the strange captive. This happened about two weeks before Boussand's arrival, and during all that time the stranger had lain in a stupor. A few days before Boussand started on his return journey to Omaha, having a little medical knowledge, he succeeded in restoring the patient to consciousness, and his recovery was rapid.

When able to talk he said his name was Henry Burbank; that he was an Englishman, thirty-four years of age. About three years ago at Falmouth, England, he formed a partnership with a friend, Thomas Wilson, some years his senior, and with him came to America to embark in the cattle business. They cast about for a while and finally settled in Northwestern Nebraska, where the range was unlimited and herders few and far apart. They built a comfortable ranch by a little stream, where Wilson's young wife reigned as housekeeper, attended by two or three female domestics. Burbank, who was a handsome young fellow, found it agreeable, while Wilson was absent about the range, to make love to the latter's wife. This continued for some months, until in the latter part of May one of the cowboys, who had a grievance against Burbank, reported the fact to the woman's husband, whose jealousy had already been aroused.

That night Burbank was captured while asleep in bed by Wilson and three of his men and bound before he had a chance to make any resistance. Wilson had him stripped of every bit of clothing and bound on the back of a wild bronco, which was started off by a vigorous lashing. Before morning Burbank became unconscious and was therefore unable to tell about his terrible trip. He thinks that the outrage was committed on the night of May 27th, and he was rescued on the morning of June 3rd, which would make seven days he had been travelling about the plains on the horse's back without food or drink, and exposed to the sun and wind. Wilson's ranch is about two hundred miles from the spot where Burbank was found, and it is hardly probable that the bronco took a direct course, and therefore must have covered many more miles in his wild journey.

When fully restored to health, Burbank proposes to make a visit of retaliation on Wilson, and in this he will be backed by Boussand's men and those of the Ogallala Land & Cattle Company, whose ranch is near Boussand's.

A gang of Italian laborers near Saratoga were recently cut down ten cents a day. Instead of striking, they cut an inch off their shovel blades at night. The boss asked what it meant, and one of the men replied, "Not so much pay, not so much dirt lift; all right, job last the more long. Italian no fool like Irishman; he no strike."

Comfort for Can't-Get-Aways.

You can walk so comfortably in the parks, and have your choice of seats, as there will be no disagreeable crowd, and no dust from carriages.

You can study geography, and improve yourself so much, by engaging all your travelling friends to write to you to tell you what they are seeing, and you can follow them—on the map.

You will feel so much more comfortable watching over your own premises, instead of leaving them to servants, who will have in followers, and perhaps set the house on fire.

You will avoid those long, cold, dull evenings in the country, and especially by the seaside, when you are tired out, can't get a book, and are ashamed to have a fire, and you can spend them in the comfort of your own house.

You can fetch up such a deal of reading which you have never had time to manage during the season, and besides, can resolutely set yourself to Spencer, Tyndall and other really instructive writers.

You can see a great deal of your poor and unpresentable relations, and ask them to tea, and advise them as to the bringing up of their children, and otherwise discharge the duties of consanguinity.

And you cannot think how much more you will enjoy a country holiday in 1885 if you omit taking one in 1884; besides that, when your friends return to town, you will have so much more leisure to listen to all their narratives of travel, having none to bore them with in return.

Men Ignorant of Fire.

I do not know of any but a single record where natives of a newly discovered country did not know the use of fire: that one case was on Island Fanua Loa, or Bodwitch's Island, discovered on the 29th of January, 1841, by W. H. Hudson, of the United States South Sea Surveying and Exploring Expedition.

Capt. Hudson relates: "The natives were at first very shy of the boats; but the Hawaiians who were in them soon induced them to approach, and to enter into trade, and finally enticed them alongside the ships. On coming near they began a song or chant, holding up their paddles and mats, and shouting 'kafilou tamatau.' They resembled the natives of Oatafu, or Duke of York's Island, wore the same kind of mats, eyeshades and ornaments, and some were tatooed in the same manner. Some, however, were tatooed in a different style, being ornamented with a variety of arrows on the forehead and cheeks. They were all finely formed and manly in appearance, with pleasing countenances that expressed good nature.

"They were eager enough for trade, and soon disposed of all they had to exchange; few presents were made them, but all the inducements failed to entice them on board. They appeared cheerful, laughing heartily at anything that struck them as ridiculous.

"The population of the island is estimated to be about six hundred souls, most of whom dwell in the town.

"There was no signs of places for cooking, nor any appearance of fire, and it is believed that all their provisions are eaten raw. What strengthened this opinion was the alarm the natives felt when they saw the sparks emanating from the flint and steel, and the emission of smoke from the mouths of those who were smoking cigars."

The writer of this article was on board the Peacock, and can vouch for the verity of Capt. Hudson's account of our interviews with the natives, and also that they eat their entire food without cooking, but also had the greatest dread of fire in any form. We saw no traces of charcoal or ashes in their village or town, and we fully understood them as to their food and how it was taken. It consisted entirely of cocoanuts and pandanus fruits; fish, echini, and other products of the sea; the few birds mostly seen there, were not regarded as food, and even if they were, could not have been easily obtained or relied on for supplies, the population being large in proportion to the island's size.

A Cheap Beehive.

E. L. Conger of Maple Creek has a couple of swarms of bees which came into his possession under peculiar circumstances. About two years ago, late in the fall, a swarm came to his place, taking refuge between the siding and wall of a little addition to his house, going in through a knot hole in the siding. Coming so late in the season they were unable to lay up enough honey to keep them, and they all died during the winter. Last week Monday, about noon, another large swarm came in exactly the same way, and a few hours later another and larger swarm followed suit, all going in though the same knot hole and making themselves at home in the space between the walls and the studding. The last swarm would comprise about a half bushel. They are now busily at work preparing to settle down for a permanent residence. The instinct of bees is remarkable, but this is one of the strangest cases we have heard of for a long time.

A Little Girl's Scheme to Build a Church.

Hattie Snell is a 13-year-old girl living in St. Johnsville, N. Y. The Episcopal society was attempting to raise money to build a new church, and Hattie took a great interest in the project. She conceived the plan of obtaining aid from the statesmen at Washington, and she wrote letters to everybody whose names appear in the Congressional directory, asking each to contribute a few bricks. Her plan was so novel and her letters were written in such childish ingenuousness that the responses were large. Among the contributors were President Arthur, and all the members of the Cabinet, Gen. Sheridan, Vice-President Edmunds, Speaker Carlisle, many of the Senators, and a large number of Congressmen. Now she proposes to sell the autographs which accompanied the contributions, and will be able thereby to more than duplicate the sum she received.

Fish-Eating Plants.

Prof. Baird, of the National Museum, has received from England a specimen of an aquatic fish-eating plant, known as the great bladderwort, which has been discovered to be peculiarly destructive to young fish. The plant is large, has no roots, but floats free in the water, and its leaves bear small bladders which entrap the fish fry. Twelve or fifteen species of the plant are found within the limits of the United States, and it abounds in the Fish Commission carp ponds in Washington, where it has been introduced at considerable labor and expense, having been heretofore regarded as excellent fish food. Prof. Baird will warn carpiculturists to destroy the plant wherever found, as he believes that millions of fry must be annually caught in the little bladder traps.

The exercise of careful ignorance is safer than the promptings of reckless genius. However, where there is very little genius of any kind, the country is comparatively safe.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Dr. Vigouroux recommends a glass of lemonade, taken as hot as possible every hour or half hour, as not only an easy and agreeable but a most efficient cure for diarrhea.

Prof. Miall says there are to be found associated with seams of coal, and especially with the underlying shale, the flattened impressions of creatures which once had life, though at first strenuously doubted.

A well-deserved honor has been conferred on M. Cailletet, one of the two physicists who liquefied the last of the gases. He has been nominated a "Membre libre" by the Academy of Sciences, Paris, in place of the late M. du Moncel.

To preserve wood from decay and render it fairly fire-proof, a solution of lime, salt, and wood ashes may be applied. Enough of lampblack or yellow ochre may be added to impart color if desired. For light fences or small wooden structures it ought to do very well.

New iron works will soon be opened at Kobe, Japan, by a native capitalist, who has engaged several hundred men trained at the Alabama Iron Works and elsewhere in Tokio. It is also stated that as the iron yielded by the ore of the Shimonida mine has proved itself to be of a very fine quality it will be employed hereafter for the armor of Japanese war vessels, according to instructions issued by the Naval Department.

A German statistician says that there are 3,985 paper mills in the world, and that of the 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper turned out annually half is used for printing, 600,000,000 pounds being required for newspapers alone, the consumption of which has risen by 200,000,000 pounds in the last decade. He alleges that on an average an Englishman uses annually 11½ pounds of paper, an American 10½, a German 8, a Frenchman 7½, an Italian or an Austrian 3½, a Spaniard 1½, a Russian 1½, and a Mexican 1.

An official report from Col. Majendie, Col. Ford, and Capt. Cundill, British inspectors of explosives, states that within the past year the dynamite trade in Great Britain had grown considerably, four new factories for explosives having been erected; that the number of license storage magazines had increased from 320 to 329; and that the total number of registered premises for explosives in the United Kingdom was 19,386. During 1883 there were 179 explosions, causing the death of 89 and the injury of 109 persons.

Prof. O. C. Marsh finds that the skulls of the pterodactyls of the Middle Chalk, West Kansas, differ from those of other known pterosauria in the absence of teeth and of anterior nasal apertures distinct from the antorbital openings; in the presence of the elongated occipital crest, and, lastly, on the whole jaws, which appear to have been covered with a horny sheath, as in recent birds. All these cretaceous reptiles belong to the genus Pteranodon. Some of the species were of enormous size, with a spread of wings of about 25 feet.

If, says M. Montigny in *L'Electricite*, we cast a rapid glance over the progress that has been made in electricity in less than half a century, we shall see that after presenting itself suddenly under an entirely new form in the Volta pile, after manifesting its surprising action upon magnets and currents at a moment when the science of the phenomena engendered by the pile seemed to some to be exhausted, electricity is again presenting itself under a new light in induction apparatus wherein it is excited by the most surprising means.

The physical comfort of a man who, of his own accord, is industrious, the *Builder and Woodworker* says, is in every way a matter which has an actual money value. Those who are disinclined to keep steadily at work should be allowed no pretense of an excuse of unsuitable surroundings. The inference it adds is plain: Do justice to your workmen, and, as a rule, they will do justice to you; at any rate, any injustice done them will surely, sooner or later, be returned with interest.

It is not unlikely that the diamond field of Bingera, New South Wales, will equal in richness the famous Kimberley district of South Africa. At Bingera within the last few months hundreds of diamonds have been discovered, and the size and number of the gems are said to increase with the depth of the diggings. A very formidable obstacle to the development of the locality has been removed by the discovery of abundance of water for diamond washing and other purposes at no greater depth than 50 or 60 feet from the surface.

A 3-year-old gorilla which died lately at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, was imported from the Gaboon district, West Africa, and was the first living specimen of this ape ever brought to France. He was surly and solitary in his habits, barely tolerating any of the other apes near him. His intelligence was far below that of the orang-outang or the chimpanzee. He had full command of his well-developed hands. His physiognomy, says Milne-Edwards, was very peculiar, his eyes being very mobile, and crowned with large superciliary ridges, the nose flat, and the nostrils wide.

Dr. W. Alexeyeff, of the Russian Chemical and Physical Society, has published a memoir on the specific heat of solutions. After a searching investigation of those solutions which are accompanied by a lowering of temperature he believes that this phenomenon takes place in those liquids which have not a chemical affinity, and that these liquids are true solutions. On the other hand, in those cases where a rise of temperature occurs, he believes that the dissolved liquids enters into chemical combination with the dissolving one.

Paper bottles are made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. This is the recipe for the stock: Ten parts of rags, 40 of straw, and 50 of brown wood pulp are thoroughly incorporated. The paper is impregnated or coated on both sides with 60 parts of defibrinated fresh blood, 35 parts of lime powder, and 5 parts of sulphate of alumina. After drying, 10 or 12 rolled leaves are coated again, placed over each other, and then laid in heated moulds where pressure, acting on the albumen of the blood and the lime, produces a strong and intimate combination. Bottles are formed of two pieces joined together.

When in England Cetywayo and his attendant Zulus are reported to have sought and found relief from coughs and colds in this remedy: About 18 ounces of good onions, after the peels were removed, were slightly incised and boiled for three-quarters of an hour in 35 ounces of water, with 13½ ounces of moist sugar, and 2½ ounces of honey. The liquid was then strained and bottled for use. One tablespoonful was taken when the attack of coughing was severe, and half a tablespoonful at intervals afterward until the distressing symptoms disappeared. This treatment of cold has a familiar old New-England sound.

A western college refused to establish a department of wood-carving, for fear it would acquire a reputation for turning out "block" heads.

DISCOVERED BY A DREAM.

How a Terrible Murder was Unearthed.

In 1861 a young man stopped at an inn in the little town of Argentiere, near the foot of the Cevennes Mountains in France. The first night while sleeping there he dreamed a dream that made a strong impression on him.

"I thought I had arrived in the same town," so he related, "but in the middle of the evening; that I had put up at the same inn, and gone out immediately in order to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. Presently, I reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no great difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several wide gaps in it. I approached an old well that stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner, and looking down into it, beheld, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and wide gashes. There were six."

At this moment he awoke with his hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing his forehead. He sprang from his bed, dressed himself, and, as it was yet early, sought an appetite for his breakfast by a morning walk. He went accordingly into the street and strolled along. The farther he went the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to his view. He hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring him to the cottage; and this was really the case. In all its exterior appearances it corresponded with what he had seen in his dream. He entered the garden and went directly to the spot where he had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed; there was none. He looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, and even went round the cottage, which seemed to be inhabited; but nowhere could he find any signs of a well. He then hastened back to the inn in a state of excitement hard to describe. He went to the landlord, and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on the by-road.

Said he: "It is inhabited by an old man and his wife, who have the character of being very unsocial. They scarcely ever leave the house, see anybody, and nobody goes to see them. Of late, their very existence appears to have been forgotten, and I believe that you are the first who for years, has turned your steps to the lonely spot."

Hastening to the nearest magistrate, he related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly. "It is very strange," said the officer. "I will place two of the police at your command; you can then go once more to the hovel, and search every part of it."

He allowed but a very few minutes to elapse before he was on his way, accompanied by two officers. The old man received them somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion when they told him they wished to search the house.

"Very well: as fast and as soon as you please," was the reply.

"Have you a well here?"

"No, sir; we are obliged to get our water from a spring about a quarter of a mile distant."

They searched the house, but discovered nothing of any consequence. They however, resolved to inspect the garden. By this time a number of persons had collected together outside, having been drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two policemen. They were asked if they knew anything of a well in those parts. They replied they did not; the idea seemed to perplex them. At length an old woman came forward, leaning on a crutch.

"A well?" said she. "Is it a well you are looking for? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember as if it were yesterday; how I used to throw stones into it just to hear the splash of the water."

"Do you remember where that well used to be?" asked the gentleman.

"As near as I can recollect," replied the woman, "it is on the very spot where you now stand."

He suddenly started as if he had trodden upon a serpent. They at once commenced digging up the ground. At about twenty inches deep they came to a layer of bricks, which, being broken up, revealed some rotten boards. These were easily removed, when they beheld the mouth of the well.

"I was quite certain that this was the spot," said the old woman. "What fools they were to stop it up, and then have to travel so far for water!"

A sounding-line, furnished with hooks, was now let down into the well—the crowd hard pressing around them, breathlessly bending over the black and fetid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This was repeated several times without any result. At length, penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught in something of considerable weight, and after much time and effort they succeeded raising it. It was an old chest. The sides and lids were decayed, and it needed no blacksmith to open it. Within it they found what they were sure they would find, and which filled the spectators with horror—the remains of a human body!

The police officers now rushed into the house and secured the old man. As to his wife she at first could not be found. But, after a fatiguing search, she was discovered beneath a pile of wood, being much bruised by the heavy logs above her. By this time nearly the whole population of the town had collected around the spot.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities and separately examined. The man persisted in his denial most obstinately; but his wife at once confessed that she and her husband, a very long time ago, had murdered a pedlar who possessed a large sum of money. He had passed the night at their house, and they, taking advantage of the heavy sleep that encompassed him, had strangled him, after which they placed his body in a chest. The chest was thrown into the well, and the well stopped up. Terrified by the deposition of his wife, the old man at length made a similar confession; and six weeks after the guilty couple expired on the scaffold.

"Glorious" War.

Joaquin Miller is a terrifying iconoclast. He says in the Philadelphia *Press* that the ancient saying that it is sweet to die for one's country is a pagan lie. His first point is that it is not sweet to die at all. His next, that from personal observation on a dozen battle fields he knows that dying soldiers think and talk of wife, mother and babes, not of country, in the hour of death. But is not the grasping at the grass and other objects, showing that the last desire is to cling to this earth, but a manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation, which overpowers the noblest sentiments? Sometimes soldiers, Miller says, with their last breath, will curse the rulers and men that brought them to such a barbarous, dog-like death. The great epic yet to be written is one that will amply depict the horrible, ghastly, beastly barbarism of war.

"Rise with the sun! How in thunder kin I rise with the sun, mother, when it doesn't sleep with me?"

Clarence Three Stairs is the name of an Indian who lives in Philadelphia. Irreverent small boys call him the "Third Flat."

Origin of Some Curious Sayings.

"Not worth a rap." The want of small money in Ireland had grown to such a height in 1721-2 that counterfeit coins called *raps* were in common use, made of such bad metal that what passed for a halfpenny was not worth a farthing. Hence the cant phrase, "Not worth a rap." The name, in all probability, is derived from rappen, a small Swiss coin, value about half a farthing.

"Walk your chalks." A very simple explanation of this expression may be given. English ale-house frequenters, when they have been drinking long enough to make a boast of being sober, and to dispute a point with each other, will chalk a long line on the ground and then endeavor one after the other to walk upon it without swerving, to [illegible]. Those who succeed are adjudged to be sober—i. e., to have "walked their chalks."

"Cooking your goose." According to Notes and Queries "cooking your goose" is thus explained: "The King of Sweden's Goose—The King of Sweden, coming to a town of his enemy's, with very little company, his enemy, to alight his forces, did hang out a goose for him to shoote; but perceiving before night that these few soldiers had invaded and set their chiefe houlds on fire, they demanded of him what his intent was. To whom he replied: 'To roast your goose!'"

"Scot-free." Scot, according to Cowel (Law Dictionary), signifies a certain custom or tollage. The right of voting in the boroughs in England was formerly in those who paid *scot* and *lot*. "Scot-free," therefore, is free from such custom or tollage.

"Strain at a gnat." The Moorish soldier when he drinks unfolds the end of his turban and places it over the mouth of his bota, drinking through the muslin to strain out the gnats, whose larvæ swarm in the water of that country.

"I'll go through fire and water to serve you." The Bishops of Rochester possessed the manor of Southfleet, in Kent, before the conquest, and, as not unusual in ancient times, had a power of trying and executing felons. The jurisdiction extended not only to acts of felony done in the village, but also over criminals apprehended in another country. An instance of this kind in the year 1200 is mentioned by T. Blount in his "Ancient Tenures." It was of two women who had stolen some clothes in Croindene (supposed to be Croydon), and the men of that place, having pursued them to Southfleet, they were imprisoned and tried by the Lord Henry de Cobham, and other discreet men of the country, who adjudged them to undergo the fire ordeal, or examination of the hot iron. By this foolish test one of them was exculpated and the other condemned. The two chief species of trial by ordeal were those of fire and water. Both these modes might be performed by deputy; but the principal was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporeal pain for hire, or, perhaps, for friendship. "This" says Blackstone, "is still expressed in that common form of speech of going through fire and water to serve another." Hale tells us "In the time of King John, the purgation per ignem et aquam, or the trial by ordeal continued; but it ended with this king."

"By Hook or by Crook." The destruction by the fire of London in 1666, during which some 13,800 houses, etc., were burnt down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and the sites occupied by buildings previous to the fire. When the rubbish was removed disputes arose among persons as to the position and extent of their property, which promised not only interminable lawsuits, but created the serious evil of delaying the building of the city until these disputes were settled. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land surveyors of that day, and in order to escape from the evils which delay must occasion, the decision of these two arbitrators were to be final and binding. The surveyors appointed were named Mr. Hook and Mr. Crook. Hence arose the saying above quoted.

"He's a brick." Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar saying. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the King over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though only nominally King of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the King led his guest out upon the plain where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said:

"There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—10,000 men, and every man a brick!"

"Q. in a corner." This is an expression denoting something not noticed at first, but seen afterwards; something partially hidden, as it were, in an out-of-the-way place or corner. In French law "queue" is the thong by which seals are fastened to legal documents. The seals are fastened in the corner of the document.

British Export Trade.

The exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures during the first five months of this year are valued at £96,971,999, an increase of £40,036 on the returns last year. A falling off of £1,204,245 in the exports of iron and metals is the only unfavorable feature of the export trade worthy of notice, either a considerable increase or a slight falling off being shown. The most remarkable change has occurred in the import trade, the total value of our imports having declined £10,597,173. The figures for the first five months of last year were £180,555,412, and this year they are £169,958,239. This remarkable decline is entirely owing to the decreasing imports of food, the value being £12,000,000 less than last year. It cannot be supposed that the nation eats less, but the natural inference is that the country has contributed more towards the food supply during the past five months than it did in the corresponding period of last year. We should never neglect to buy our food in the cheapest market, although when that market happens to be America, we may regret that our manufactures are not taken in payment for our food; but it is none the less pleasing to believe that our farmers are competing successfully to supply the home market with food. The agricultural interest has suffered from the encroachment of foreign competitors, but the nation at large is benefited by supplies of food at cheaper rates than those at which it could be produced at home. With an improvement in the agricultural industry will come an increased home demand for iron.—*London Iron Trade Exchange.*

Plantation Philosophy.

Da passon what doan' talk nothin' but slang, doan' think nothin' but slang.

Folks sometimes growls 'bout de very source o' dar fortune. De farmer often complains o' de heat.

Sudden plesures is always de keenes'. Dar ain't no apple so sweet as de one we accident'ly fin's in de grass.

All de eddication in de worl' won't make some men wise. All de co'n in de crib won't atten de stump-suckin' hoss.

An advertiser in Vanity offers "a dream for sale at £5." Here is a good chance for some horse fancier to buy a night mare cheap.

The popular opera in Utah is "The Chimes of Mormon day."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion; solid nonpareil measure.

One square, 24 lines nonpareil, per year	$15 00
One quarter column, per year	25 00
One-third column, per year	30 00
One-half column, per year	45 00
Three-fourths of a column, per year	60 00
One column, per year	80 00
Professional Cards, if not more than six lines, per year	4 00

A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements. Transitory advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUG. 8, 1884.

THE BOUNDARY.

The dispute respecting the North-western boundary of Ontario seems to be in a fair way to settlement, and we therefore wish to present to our readers so clear a statement of the case that we may be done with it once for all.

The North-western boundary of Ontario and Northern boundary of Quebec never have been established. The question respecting that side of Ontario has very often been in "question." For very many years it was an open quarrel with the Hudson Bay Company, who controled all the Northwest. This quarrel was transferred to the Dominion with the purchase of the Northwest, and again transferred to Manitoba with the *Eastern* extension of her boundaries to the *Western* boundary of Ontario. With all these three parties the contention has been that the "highth of land" was the boundary, which Ontario claimed, a boundary vastly farther to the West. Several attempts were made to reach a settlement. First of all the Dominion Government offered to refer the case to the "Judicial Committee," but Ontario refused. Next Mr. McKenzie the Premier of Canada and Mr. Mowat arranged an arbitration the two principal men being Sir Francis Hincks and Hon. W. McDougall. The case being referred to these men a very careful investigation was made and thus arrived at their conclusions:—

1st—That the South-western corner of Ontario was at the "North western angle of the Lake of the woods.

2nd—That the North-eastern boundary was where a line running due North from the Ottawa struck the shore of Hudson Bay, that is, at the Southern point of St. James Bay.

3rd—These two points being established, what is the boundary between the Province of Ontario and the, then, North-west? Evidently argued these gentlemen, "a straight line drawn from one point to the other;" but here a third party arrives on the scene with a proposition, like this: This line you declare to be the exact line is imaginary. It will cost an immense sum of money to survey it, and to establish landmarks. It will always be a cause for strife, particularly in the administration of justice. Now, this country is little use except for its timber and possibly for its minerals, why not make the English river running into the Lake of the Woods and the Albany running into St. James Bay the boundary; it will overcome all these difficulties and establish a boundary, and one always to be known.

This proposition made by the Survayor General was at once acted upon and submitted as more practical than the "Judicial" boundary.

Ontario acting in good faith passed a bill, at the same time as it appointed the Arbitrator, accepting the award whatever it might be as binding. Not so with Mr. McKenzie's Government. They left the award in abeyance until after the general elections of 1878 when, it was said, they intended to pass the necessary measure; but the best laid plans of mice and men often get disarranged, so with Mr. McKenzie's; the people placed Sir John McDonald in power. For some reason he has declined to ratify the award but has offered almost every year to refer the matter either to the Supreme Court here, or to the Council at home. These offers have been as persistently refused by Mr. Mowat, until the riots of last summer showed to him that he was likely to get up a little civil war and then he accepted Sir John's offer, with the result so far as known.

1st—That the finding of the Arbitrators in their award 1st and 2nd are correct, and binding.

2nd—There is no Judicial boundary.

This is as far as it is known the decision of the Privy Council, but it is generally thought it will recommend the Imperial Government to pass an Act making the boundary at the English and Albany Rivers.

Thus the dispute ends as it might have ended ten years ago if the advice of Sir John and his offer had been accepted by Ontario.

One other fact seems to follow.—That the Northern boundary of Quebec will be removed to a line running East from the point where Ontario's boundary touches St. James Bay. This will materially enlarge this Province, although it may not add much to its resources except in timber. This country and the North-east Territories never have been explored and consequently is unknown except from reports of forristers and trappers.

A Remarkabe Record.

The most remarkable cure of Scrofula on record is that of the Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiarton whose case of Scrofulous Abscess baffled the skill of seventeen Surgeons for twenty-three years. He was perfectly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

LACHUTE, Que., April 8, 1884.

For more than two years I was afflicted with a pain in my side and could not lie upon it; it seemed as though there was something caked or solid in it. Being urged to try GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR I did so, and was cured by less than half a bottle of it. I have also found it an excellent remedy for Asthma, which has troubled me for three years.

CHARLES BRADFORD.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

In 1860, Gordon was ordered to China, and assisted at the taking of Pekin and the sacking and burning of the summer Palace. This work did not seem to be much to his taste. But he crushed the rebellion and rescued China from the grasp of the ruthless spoiler. His own estimate was that he had saved the lives of 100,000 human beings. He then left China without taking one penny of reward. He returned home to England, and retired to his work at Gravesend, where he laboured at the construction of the Thames defences. Here he passed six of the happiest years of his life in active work, in deep seclusion from the world of wealth and fashion; his house was school, hospital, and almshouse—he lived entirely for others. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were welcome, and never did supplicant knocked vainly at his door. Gutter children were his special care. These he clothed and the boys he trained for a life at sea. His evening classes were his delight and he read and taught his children with the same ardor with which he had led the Chinese troops into battle. For the boys he found suitable places on board vessels, and he never lost sight of his *proteges*. A large map of the world, stuck over with pins, showed him at a glance where he had last heard from one of these rescued waifs. "God bless the kernel," was chalked upon many a wall in Gravesend. To them he was the good Samaritan, pouring in oil and wine; and they reverenced him and gave him a love which he valued more than royal gifts. In 1873, he was transfered from Gravesend to the Danube, and thence to the Soudan. He succeeded *Sir* Samuel Baker, in these distant territories in Egypt in 1873. The Khedive Ismails offered him ten thousand pounds a year, but he would only accept two thousand pounds, as he knew the money would have to be extracted from the wretched fellaheen. His principal work was to conquer the insurgent slave dealers who had taken possession of the country and enslaved the inhabitants. The lands south of Khartoum had long been occupied by European traders who dealt in ivory, and had thus "opened up the country." In the course of time the struggle against the slave hunters had developed into a war, and the Khedive began to fear that their power would grow until his own position at Cairo might become endangered. Colonel Gordon soon saw why he had been selected for the office of governor, for in writing home, he says "I will do what I was professedly sent to do, viz: put down the slave-trade". "*I will do it,* for I value my life as naught, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace." He found he had a hard task to ameliorate the condition of the wretched inhabitants. But the spirit of unselfishness and sublime charity runs through all his work. When at Khartoum he was presented with an address, and in return was expected to make a speech. His speech was as follows: "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." The people were delighted, for a level balance was to them an unknown boon. And he held it level all through his long and glorious reign, which lasted with one small break from February, 1874, until August, 1879. Apart from the difficulties of serving the Khedive, Gordon longed for rest. The long marches, the terrible climate, the perpetual anxieties, had all told upon him, he had had three years of desperate labor, had ridden some 8,500 miles. The following quotation describes Gen. Gordon's resignation:—"I am neither a Napoleon nor a Colbert," was his reply to some one who spoke to him in praise of his beneficent rule in the Soudan; "I do not profess either to have been a great ruler or a great financier; but I can say—*I have cut off the slave dealers in their strong holds*, and I made the people love me." When he sailed for England he was surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd of friends who bade him farewell at Cairo.

Mr. Thomas Skinner, editor and proprietor of the London, England, *Canadian Gazette*, administers to the Toronto *Globe*, one of the nicest and gentlemanly castigations that journal has received for many a day. The *Globe* accused the *Gazette* of being under the control of the High Commissioner. This the *Gazette* flatly denies. And adds "I am not a Canadian, have never been in Canada, and know little or nothing of your sharp party distinctions. I am simply striving to represent Canada as a whole to Europe, and it matters nothing to me from what party is your High Commissioner or your Finance Minister. I am the co-worker with, not the servant of either man or party, whether in or from Canada, and I am never likely to be anything else." And concludes with the following wholesome advice—"I cannot but think, that you and many others in Canada, would be happier and more useful if you gave up less to party and more to your country."

THE PHILADELPHIA BOARD OF HEALTH has published a small phamphlet on the cholera, in which many practical suggestions are given to cleanse dwellings and to guard against the disease. The following sensible rules are appended to the report.

Observe strict cleanliness in your person and clothing.

Change your undergarments daily.

Be regular in your habits of life, meals, exercise and sleep.

Dress comfortably for the season, and avoid the night air as much as possible.

Avoid the use of Alcoholic drinks.

Live temperately; avoid all excess in eating crude, raw and indigestible food, especially cabbage, salad, cucumbers and unripe fruits.

A greater safety will be secured by boiling all water used for drinking purposes.

Partake of well cooked beef and mutton, rice well boiled, and avoid pastry and laxative fruit.

Take your meals at regular seasons.

Avoid bodily fatigue and mental exhaustion. By excitement or violent exercise you increase the susceptibility of the system to disease.

A Cure for Cholera.

Procure from your druggist one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and take as directed. It cures all Summer Complaints.

THE EGYPTIAN CONFERENCE.

The Egyptian Conference has turned out to be a fizzle. The delegates were unanimous in their views respecting the prospective changes in Egypt and the necessity of a fresh loan, but England and France differed irreconcileably respecting the charges and receipts. France refused to assent to any diminuation of dividends payable under the law of liquidation. England was unable to accept any plan which did not provide for the necessary charges of administration. The French plan would have entailed financial confusion in Egypt. Mr. Gladstone in laying the matter before the House of Commons said "he hoped that the idea that the Government had ever proposed to constitute an International Control similar to the dual Control might be dismissed. The Government was unable to consider any plan incompatible with the just and moderate, though firm, government of Egypt. The Conference had adjourned indefinitely. The Government had no proposals to submit to the House. The Anglo-French agreement had ceased to be in force, and England's responsibilities in Egypt had been greatly increased."

Toward the close of the Egyptian Conference the French Ambassador asked that the vote be taken. Earl Granville declared whatever vote was recorded, England in rejecting the French proposals resumed entire liberty of action. Count Von Munster then intimated that Germany would remain passive, and the Austrian and Russian representatives adopted the same attitude. M. Waddington proposed that the Conference adjourn until October, but Earl Granville refused, claiming that he had the right to call the Conference whenever the emergencies of the situation required.

THE ASYLUM SIGHT VIEWERS.

Doctors Workman and Buck accompanied by Mr. Hollis, Secct. of Committee, and Mr. Drysdale, came to Lachute on Wednesday by the morning train, and after a careful examination of Mr. Drennan's farm, Dr. Bucke expressed himself to Mr. Drennan as favorably impressed with the site, and said he did not wonder that the majority of the site Committee were in favor of it. The gentlemen got Mr. Morrow to drive them to St. Andrews to view Mr. Field's property, and returned to Montreal in the evening. What the report these Medical gentlemen may make to the Montreal Committee will be ascertained in a few days, and also where the Asylum will be located. But we think a better one than the Drennan farm is not to be found, taking all things into consideration.

On their return to Montreal a *Herald* reporter saw Dr. Workman in the evening and learned from him that they had a very pleasant trip, although the inspection had occupied 14 hours and they had driven some 30 miles, besides a considerable railroad journey. The party viewed two sites at Lachute, and then drove over to St. Andrews and then up towards Carillon. Dr. Workman said that he had seldom seen more beautiful scenery and that he was glad that he had come down from Toronto, if for nothing else. The first site they had merely looked at from the train, a farm of eighty acres situated at the Sault. The drainage of this farm, he thought, would be excellent. At Lachute the party first examined the McOuat farm of 250 acres, situated three miles northeast of the town. Dr. Workman said that there was plenty of water about this farm, and that it ran down towards the North river, a very fine stream indeed. Drennan's farm was next inspected. This piece of property has an area of 160 acres and lies in a northwesterly direction from Lachute. It runs down to West river, a branch of North river. After seeing these farms the party drove over to St. Andrews a distance of seven miles, and inspected a farm of 375 acres occupied by Mr. Fields, an American gentleman. This piece of land was formerly the property of Hon. Mr. Abbott, and was, Dr. Workman said a magnificent farm, commanding an unequalled view, and having on it a splendid mansion containing twenty-three windows, a place of itself fit for an asylum. This he said, would make a capital asylum for inebriates. The next place visited was the Bellevue farm, on the road to Carrilon, some three miles from St Andrew's, and up the Ottawa River. It contained 140 acres, and was a beautiful site. Dr. Workman said that there was some awful climbing up steep hills covered with boulders, and he wondered how Dr. Bucke managed it so well, considering his wooden leg. At Lachute he noticed many sandhills, but thought the place a remarkably pretty one. In reply to a question put by the reporter Dr. Workman said that the running of the trains was satisfactory enough, but that the trouble would be that the distance from the city would make it awkward for the visiting governors.

On Thursday the party were to visit St. Lamberts and inspect Perrault's farm and a couple of others lying just above it, and afterwards will make a report to the committee.

MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

Lachute, Aug. 4th.

Present Mayor Dunbar; Councillors Dudderidge, Shepherd, Fish and Smith. Council met at 10 A. M.

Minutes of last meeting read and adopted.

The Mayor stated that the Road Inspector on the Lachute road complained about the bad condition of the McAllister bridge, and that he had ordered the said Inspector to have the said bridge repaired.

Mr. J. Martin and Mr. Henry Drysdale appeared before the Council complaining about certain lots of theirs being brought in to the support of the McLusky bridge, stating that these lots were already bound to support other bridges. After hearing their complaint coun. Dudderidge moved, seconded by coun. Fish, that the said complaint be received and that this council give notice that at its next session the council will take up the matter and amend the report and processverbal of Thos. Morrison and amendments made thereto so as to exclude the said lots from the support to said bridge.

The Valuation Roll of the municipality for the present year was carefully gone through, and considerable alterations were made thereto.

It will be seen by the following that the taxable property in the municipality of St Jerusalem d'Argenteuil in 1881 when the assessment was made amounted to $368,092. The unassessable $22,180. The assessment made this year is $400,788 untaxable $22,455. The increase in valuation of property within the three years being $32,684, but the Council having made considerable alterations in this year's valuation would make it considerably less.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The fame of the Swiss Alps is so great that the word Switzerland has become almost a synonym for grand, majestic and beautiful mountain scenery; and yet we must remember that all of Switzerland is not devoted to snow-capped mountains and seas of ice, but that the northern portion of the country, comprising a large share of its territorial extent, has no high mountains, but is occupied by broad plains, low hills and fertile valleys, with thriving cities and villages and densely populated rural districts. The government is Republican in form, the twenty-two cantons, with a population of about three millions, being united under a constitution. Although we frequently hear of the "President of the Swiss Republic," there is really no such office or officer in existence; no chief executive being elected by the people, but the so called "President" being simply chosen by the legislative body to preside over its deliberations. On a war footing, its army, in spite of the small population, numbers over 200,000 men, while Swiss soldiers have for centuries been found in the armies of almost every nation in Europe, they being among the few faithful mercenaries known to history.

Zurich, where we left our readers in our last letter, is one of the most flourishing of the Swiss cities, its manufactures of silk and cotton are especially important. The lake at the foot of which it is located, is twenty-five miles long, and from the city many beautiful views may be obtained, while from the Uetliberg, 1,455 feet above the lake and about five miles from the city, a more extended prospect is gained.

Leaving Zurich, we pass the little lake Zug, only nine miles in length by three in breadth, and shortly after reach Lucerne, a walled town; situated at the western extremity of Lake Lucerne, whose outlet, the Reuss river, a clear, dark stream, flows through the city. Two of the four bridges which span the river are very old and quaint, the roof of the one nearest the lake being decorated with more than 150 pictures, illustrating the lives of the patron saints of the place, while the other is ornamented in the same manner with the "Dance of Death;" representing the grim messenger as present in every employment and pleasure of life. The great attraction of the town, however, is the "Lion of Lucerne." This monument, which represents a lion pierced by a spear and dying with its paw upon the Bourbon shield, was designed by Thorwaldsen, in memory of nearly 800 officers and men of the Swiss guard, who fell in defending the Tuileries at Paris, in 1792, and is cut into the solid rock of the mountain a short distance from the lake. It is one of the grandest and most impressive works of the kind which ever came from the chisel of the sculptor; and as a memorial to the fidelity and courage of the Swiss soldier in foreign lands, as well as for its artistic merits, it is justly pointed to with pride by the citizens of the city.

Lake Lucerne, or the "Lake of the Four Forest Cantons," as it is sometimes called, is by far the most beautiful of all the lakes in Switzerland. Deeply set among the green slopes of the mountains, with their snowy peaks rising high in the distance, dotted here and there with cultivated patches and picturesque chalets, it is a gem of indescribable loveliness. It has no islands of importance, but this deficiency is more than compensated for by the extreme irregularity of its shore line, its arms reaching out and clasping the bases of the mountains in every direction. From Lucerne, at the western extremity, to Fluelen, at the eastern extremity, is a most delightful sail of about three hours. Many points on the lake, as well as throughout this entire region, are associated with that hero of Swiss legend, William Tell; and although the modern historian may pronounce Tell a myth, these associations are dear to every Swiss heart and are cherished with a tenderness and pride which speaks volumes for their love of country. We pass a massive rock rising from the lake, bearing an inscription in honor of "Frederick Schiller, the Bard of Tell." A little farther on a small chapel marks the spot where Tell is said to have leaped from Gessler's boat. Two miles from Fluelen is Altorf, where Tell performed his terrible feat of archery, statues of himself and son marking the supposed location of the fearful test. Returning from Fluelen, we land at Vitznau, at the foot of the Rigi, and take the railway to the summit.

The Rigi is not a single peak, but is an irregular shaped mountain whose base is washed on three sides by the waters of lake Lucerne. Although a mere dwarf, compared with some of the giants of the Alps, (its hight being only about 6,000 feet) its location is such as to give from its summit what is probably the finest view in Switzerland. On ascending the mountain we found, although it was late in June, a snow storm in progress at the top, with about four inches of snow already fallen, and the fog so thick as to render it impossible to see more than a dozen yard in any direction. In fact the Rigi is celebrated almost as much for its fogs as for the view obtained in good weather, and many are the disappointed tourists who make the ascent and return in despair. One of the unlucky ones, years ago, left on the visitors' book the following bit of inspiration:

"Whoever saw the sun on Rigi set?
Whoever saw it rise?
The man that says he saw them both,
Upon my soul he lies.
Three misty days and miserable nights,
Upon this mountain we passed,
Nor saw the sun, nor moon, nor stars;
But misty mis-ry."

We hoped for better days, however, and after twenty-four hours of not patient, but very impatient waiting, the clouds lifted, the mists rolled away and we were rewarded by seeing one of the most magnificent panoramas ever spread out to the eye of man. On the north, just at the foot of the mountain, lies lake Zug, bordered by low hills, with a broad plain beyond stretching away toward the Black Forest in the distance. Eastward the low peaks of the Rigi are seen, with an occasional glimpse of lakes Lowerz and Lucerne, with a back-ground of forest, mountain and valley. Farther south another part of the 'Forest Sea' is visible, with the precipitous peaks of the Bernese Alps, the peerless Jungfrau, the mighty Finsteraarhorn, the Wetterhorn and many of less note, holding high their mantles of dazzling white, many miles away. The city of Lucerne and another portion of the lake appears in the west, and just south of the city rise the storm crowned head of Mount Pilatus, where the legends say the spirit of Pontius Pilate, in despair at having permitted the death of Christ, took refuge. The western horizon is bounded by the dark blue of the Jura range, and wherever the eye turns it is captivated by new and apparently greater attractions. Three hundred miles of mountain, plain, forest and valley, with thirteen lakes, are included within the range of vision.

A sunrise from the Rigi is regarded as one of the most wonderful spectacles in nature; and at half past three o'clock the next morning, the doubtful melody of an Alpine horn was heard through the halls of the hotel, a warning to the sleepers that "now was the time and this the place" to see an Alpine sunrise. In a few moments the guests, a motley throng, were assembled on the highest point of the mountain, a few rods from the hotel. The moon has gone down, the stars have faded and far away to the northeast, over the mountains of St. Gall come "the streaks of the morning light." Now a beam kisses the silvered top of the mountain far to the south. Another and another icy crest is lighted up, the golden orb begins to appear above the horizon, the rays descend to the valleys below and on the memory of all is stamped, never to be effaced, the beautiful picture of a sunrise on the Rigi.

We descend the railway, which by the way, is a cog wheel affair, similar to the Mount Washington line, having in some places a grade of one in four, and at Vitznau again take the steamer for Alpnach, where carriages are in waiting for the journey over the Brunig Pass to Brienz. The road over the Brunig is a marvel of engineering skill and many times the rocks seem to effectually bar all further progress; but by winding about the mountains, along the edge of precipices and beneath overhanging rocks, amid wild and lovely scenery, with constantly changing views as we ascend and descend the pass. Lake Brienz is at last reached and we transfer once more to a steamer, and cross the lake to Giessbach, where we stop a few hours to see the waterfall of the same name. The little stream which forms the Giessbach Falls, makes a total descent of nearly 1,200 feet to the lake; but the "fall" is simply a series of cascades, varying in hight from ten to one hundred feet. At night the principal cascades are illuminated with different colored Bengal lights, and the 'illumination of the Giessbach' is the principal attraction of the mammoth hotel located there. Our opinion of Swiss water-falls was not improving however, and we took the next boat for the foot of the lake, from which a ride of ten minutes by rail brought us to Interlaken.

As its name implies, Interlaken is *between the lakes* of Brienz and Thun; and as it is not only a delightful spot itself, but also a convenient rendezvous for excursions into the Bernese Oberland, it is a very popular place for tourists. About twelve miles distant and easily reached by carriage, is Grindelwald, near which place are the Grindelwald glaciers, flowing down from the Bernese Alps. We visited the "upper glacier" and were much interested in it. The vast frozen flood, crowded down the gorge in the mountain by the immense weight of ice and snow above, crumbles and melts as it reaches the valley and drops its burden of rocks and other debris into the terminal "moraine." From the base flows a small stream, almost as white as milk, which, after winding about among the mountains finally reaches the Lake Brienz. At one point a grotto has been cut directly into the face of the glacier, and one may enter for nearly 250 feet this vast ice house of nature. The ice, which, in small fragments appears as clear as crystal, here, owing to its great thickness, is a most lovely blue, and the light transmitted through it throws a ghastly pallor which is almost alarming over the faces of visitors. On either side of the glacier, facing outward, rises a mighty wall of rock, thousands of feet in hight, reminding one of the lofty cliffs of Yosemite; but on the other side of the valley the mountain slopes gently back, covered with small farms and dotted with hundreds of cottages. On our return from Grindelwald, we made a detour of a few miles to Lauterbrunnen, to see the far famed Staubbach waterfall. The opportunities for a waterfall at this point are certainly ample; the cliff being nearly 1,000 feet in hight; but the supply of moisture is so extremely small that we at once suggested the advisability of sending a man to the top with a bucket of water with strict orders to throw it all over at once. It was hardly satisfactory, but amid the grand and majestic scenery by which we were surrounded, it was impossible to criticise severely and with the feeling that it had been a day spent well, we returned to Interlaken.

A short ride by rail to lake Thun, steamer down the lake and rail again for 19 miles brought us at an early hour the next day to Berne, the capital of the Swiss confederacy. It has a population of about 45,000, but possess little of interest to the tourist. The bear, the heraldic emblem of the city, is seen everywhere, carved in wood, cast in iron and even stamped on the pats of butter at the hotels. The tower clock, which rivals in the ingenuity of its figures the Strasburg clock, has bears for puppets, and a small den of live bears is kept at the public expense. Fountains are numerous throughout the city, (as in fact in nearly all the Swiss cities,) and many of the designs are both quaint and curious; one, the "Kindlifresser," being surmounted by a figure in the act of devouring a kicking, struggling baby, and having in its pockets an abundant supply for future lunches of the same sort. Berne is also noted for its manufactures of music boxes, cuckoo clocks, etc., and has in its cathedral one of the finest organs in the world.

Twenty miles south of Berne is Fribourg, with another celebrated organ and forty miles farther on we reach Lausanne, where, at the Hotel Gibbon, in the garden of which the great historian wrote his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, we stop to re-arrange the outline of our Italian tour.

CHAS. L. NOBLE.

The Cheapest and best Reapers in the market are to be had at

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

REAPERS
4 KINDS,

MOWERS
3 KINDS,

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These machines are selected from the best makes in the Dominion, and take the lead wherever they have been introduced.

As our business demands our full attention we do not intend to go out canvassing. But will give our customers the benefit of the usual commission paid agents, which enables us to sell at prices which defy competition. Call and see the different machines. REPAIRS a specialty.

Lachute, May 4th, 1884.

McOUAT & McRAE.

11y

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—Mrs. Vanderbilt's last bonnet cost $150.

—Mr. Blaine's fortune does not exceed $300,000.

—Mr. P. T. Barnum has just celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday.

—The crop prospects of Ontario are considered to be generally very good, and promise an abundant harvest.

—Three hundred British troops have been ordered from Aden to reinforce the Egyptian garrison at Zeilah.

—The total expense of the Greely relief expedition is estimated at $700,000. The original estimate was $500,000.

—New York cats wear silver collars with tiny bells. This makes quite an addition to the concerts.

—Mr. Sanford Fleming will, it is said, be the Canadian delegate at the autumn session of the Prime Meridian conference to be held in Washington.

—It has been decided to establish military pigeon stations at all British army centres both at home and abroad. Officers have been sent to France and Germany to study the system of employing pigeons. It is estimated that 30,000 pigeons will be required.

—At a conservative convention held at Napanee on Saturday, Mr. George T. Blackstock, barrister, of Toronto, was nominated as the candidate of the party at the coming election rendered necessary by the death of Mr. Roe, M. P. P.

—Mr. Gladstone said on Saturday that the government had never proposed to constitute international control in Egypt, and that the failure of the conference had greatly increased England's responsibility.

—Only two British statesmen have been longer in public life than Sir John Macdonald, who has now occupied a seat in Parliament continuously for forty-one years, and none has served longer in office than the Canadian Statesman.

THE TOOMBS OF THE PROPHETS.—On an appeal of the Jews in Jerusalem the Sulton has annulled the sale of that part of the Mount of Olives which contains the graves of the prophets Haggai, Zachariah and Malachi. The purchasers were members of a Russian priesthood. The burial place of the Prophets has been secured to the Jews in perpetuity.

—The Ontario Reform Association have arranged for a demonstration to the Hon. Mr. Mowat on the 16th September. All the Reform Associations in the Province are invited to send delegates. A proposition to pesent Mr. Mowat with a purse of money was discountenanced.

—Lieut.-Col. Oswald, of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, has received official notification from the Ottawa government that a sum of $2,000 has been granted to supplement the prize-list, and free transports will be afforded our Canadian artillery who may desire to attend the artillery competition at Quebec.

—Duke Charles of Bavaria, the oculist, has opened an eye infirmary at Tegernsee, where patients will be received in the new and comfortable building. Indigent patients will be treated gratis on presentation of a proper medical or municipal recommendation. It is not every prince who makes himself so useful.

—Lord Rupertswood, of Victoria, is reported to be richer than W. H. Vanderbilt. He is worth more than $200,000,000, and his wealth is rapidly increasing. He inherited a large estate from his father, including millions of cattle and sheep in Australia. His residence at Meborne is said to be the most magnificent in the world. It cost $4,000,000.

—A young lady in the neighborhood of Stratford got married last week, and seven former admirers, with a view of showing their undeminished esteem for her, and that they were not utterly heart broken, went to a luxurant berry patch on Sunday and each picked a pailful of berries and presented them to the blushing bride. The husband thought it was a malicious attempt to ruin him in the purchase of sugar.

—Notwithstanding high winds and a rough sea many Italians, on the recent anniversary of Garibaldi's death, crossed to Caprera and laid wreaths of flowers upon his tomb. On the square on the Marina a band played Garibaldi's hymn before the hero's bust. Many persons visited the death chamber, and sympathetic telegrams from all parts of the world were received by the family.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$0 50
Butter beans, "	1 00
Cabbage, per doz	0 50
Cauliflower, "	1 20
Carrots, per bunch	0 13
Onions, " "	0 05
Cucumbers per doz	0 25
Eggs " dozen	0 16
Butter, 15 to 18cts. per lb.	
Cheese, per lb.	0 15
Section Honey, 1½ lb.	0 25
Spring Chickens 25cts. to 30cts. per pair	
Fowls from 40cts. to 50cts. " "	
Pork " $8 to $8.50 per hundred,	
Flour, per 100 lbs	$2 90
Oatmeal, " "	2 75
Oats, per bushel	0 55
Wheat, "	1 25
Hay per ton,	8 00

WANTED

A TEACHER to teach in No. 1 School Morin: one with a first class Deploma preferred. Apply to,

Wm. BURNS,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Morin Flats.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned Mayor of St. Andrews, Que., will be received up to noon of 25th August, for the erection of *two stone piers* under the Bridge over the North River at St. Andrews, according to the plan and specification, which may be seen on application to the undersigned at St. Andrews, Que.

Parties tendering will please give the names of their securities.

The Municipal Council do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

GEORGE SIMPSON,
Mayor.

St. Andrews, 4th Aug., 1884.

Farmers, Threshers,
AND ALL
USING MACHINERY,
SHOULD USE THE CELEBRATED
LARDINE MACHINE OIL,
IT DOES NOT
GUM OR CLOG
LIKE
SEAL OIL,

and contains no substance injurious to any kind of Machinery.

ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

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49-tm.

SPRING STOCK.

WE have now received our NEW SPRING STOCK of MILLINERY in all the new styles. Also Montreal Trimmed Hats and Bonnets on hand. New stock of MANTLE AND DRESS TRIMMINGS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c.

JACKETS & DOLMANS made to order.

J. & A. LOWE
EAST END, LACHUTE.

Lachute Marble Works,

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES in American Marble and Scotch and Canadian Granite. Parties wanting work done in my line will find it to their advantage to call and see samples. Good work, moderate prices. Lettering done on standing monuments and headstones.

GEORGE L. MOIR,
Proprietor.

Lachute, April 25, 1884.

In the Matter of F. Nanbert, St. Philippe.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

A lot of land forming portion of No. 10 in the 3rd range of the township of Chatham, and situated in the village of St. Philippe, d'Argenteuil, consisting of one half arpent, with *fine large store well fitted up; dwelling house, hangard and out-houses* erected thereon.

This property is well and favourably known and has long been occupied as a general store. It is situated immediately opposite the Parish Church, and is undoubtedly the best site in the district for business purposes.

Apply to
JOHN FULTON,
Trustee.
214 St. James St. Montreal,

48-2m.

St. Andrews Advetisements

ALWAYS BUSY
AT THE
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
ST. ANDREWS.
WHY?

Because at WALE'S you find the best assortment and the prices are right.

C. T. WALES & Co.
ST. ANDREWS.

C. T. Wales & Co., are agents for the "Adams & Westlake" Oil Stoves.

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,
ST. ANDREWS, P. Q.

Carpenters, Joiners and Undertakers. Coffins and Caskets always on hand—cheaper than anywhere else in the Dominion.

KING BURKE & Co's
GREAT AMERICAN
ALLIED SHOWS
MUSEUM
—AND—
Trained Animal Exposition.

Embodying the Greatest Variety of Attractive Recreation of any American Combination on the road,

WILL EXHIBIT AT
LACHUTE, Wed., Aug. 20th,

AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVOCATION OF
SKILLED ARENIC TALENT

Associated with an Attractive Display of LIVING AND NATURAL WONDERS, and an Exhibition of the Most WONDERFULLY EDUCATED ANIMALS in existence. Acceptably Presenting a CANVAS ENTERTAINMENT OF FRESH FEATURES in a New and Pleasing Form.

Amphitheatrical Entertainment
Will include among its Host of Attractions,

Mr. F. ASHTOM,
In his Extraordinary Pedestal and Ladder Novelties.

ALBION BROTHERS.
Three in Number. The WORLD-FAMED ACROBATIC WONDERS. Conceded by all candid contestants to have no peers in the profession.

=LAVELY=
"THE IRON-JAWED WOMAN." Celebrated throughout the Old World and New as being the Strongest Woman Living. Lifting with Her Teeth alone Huge Weights that would baffle the strongest man, and successfully Pulling against Teams of Two and even Four Horses.

AHNETTA!
THE MYSTERIOUS HINDOO SNAKE CHARMER. Playing with and coiling about her person Hundreds of Pounds of Monstrous Living Serpents.

Miss IDA SHOWERS.
In Her Beautiful and Difficult Act on the FLYING WIRE

ANDY SHOWERS' SCHOOL OF
Educated Dogs and Monkeys
The Children's Delight.

The CLENN Sisters,
Mid-air Phenomenous, in their beautiful High Rope Specialties.

4 FUNNY CLOWNS. 4

CHAS. CARLO'S
WONDERFUL TROUPE OF TRAINED
Andalusion Stallions and Pigmy Ponies.

OUR MUSEUM DEPARTMENT
Will be found to be replete wiuh the Strangest Living Marvels and Mechanical Wonders, including

1000 Rare Animate and Inanimate Curiosities.

The Happy Family,
Consisting of a large number of foreign and domestic animals living in harmony together.

Prof. MORRIS' Silver Cornet Band will parade just previous to the Afternoon Exhibition, in their Beautiful Chariot, through the principal Streets.

—REMEMBER—
One Ticket Admits to Both Pavilions,
ADMISSION 25 & 35cts.
Doors Open at 1 & 7 p.m

49-2m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Wanted.—Wm. Burns.
Notice to Contractors.—George Simpson.
King Burke & Co.—Allied Show.
Farmers Threshers.—McCall Bros. & Co.
Money Lost.—Miss Carpenter.

LOCAL.

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.
R. G. MEIKLE.
Lachute, April 30th, 1884. 35-tf

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

Watchmaker and Photographer,
Main Street, Lachute.

Now is the time for bargains in Reapers. Call and see the celebrated Massey Harvester, New Canadian Reaper, Sawyer Reaper, Low Down Binder, at Victoria Foundry.

MONEY LOST.

On Wednesday, the 30th July, a purse containing twenty-two dollars, and some small change, between the Rev. Mr. Forlong's and Mr. G. L. Meikle's store. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at Rev. W. Forlong's.
Lachute, Aug. 7th, 1884. 49-tf

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the toilet.

Mr. Campbell of Lachute Flour Mills is now manufacturing this year's crop of Barley and the grain is of a far better quality than last season's. The farmers say they are going to have an extra crop of all kinds of grain and other produce.

A CRYING EVIL.—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

STATUTES.—We acknowledge the receipt of copies of the Dominion and Province of Quebec Statutes from the Queen's printers.

NATIONAL PILLS is the favorite purgative and anti-billious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

The farmers are still busy cutting down and getting in their hay. The late rain somewhat interfered with their operations, but the weather bids favourable for them now. The wheat and barley harvest will be ready as soon as they get through with the hay.

WORMS often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system.

The Novelty Show of the Period.

As will be seen by the advertisement in another column King, Burk & Co.'s Great American Allied Shows, Museum and Trained Animal Exposition is to be exhibited here on Wednesday August 20th inst. That this show is the best canvas exhibition on the road, there seems to be no dissenting voice, and we know of no other which seems to have excited such universal commendation. The Utica *Herald* tells us "that it makes no gew-gaw display on the streets, but gives the best entertainment under canvas that ever visited Utica." and the papers generally, West and South endorse the assertion.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for the small price of 25 cents, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.

The Band of the 11th Battalion on Wednesday evening, assembled in the beautiful grove in front of the residence of Thos. Barron, Esq., and discoursed sweet music for a couple of hours to the delight of the citizens of Lachute. The grove was light up by Chinese lanterns, seats being arranged all round. At the close Mr. Barron entertained the members of the Band to supper. Our Lachute Band, for we cannot help calling it so, are winning laurels for themselves. They have lost their Bandmaster Mr. Young, who has left for the States, but we understand the Band have secured the services of another from Montreal who is to be here one day in each week to give them instruction.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is very healing and soothing, and does wonders when applied to old sores.

The rain of Thursday of last week was much heavier in Ottawa than here. The streets being completely deluged. It rained here pretty heavy for a while on Monday but we trust will not prove injurious to the ripening grain. The potatoe crop will be a good one. The cabbage worm is very destructive, and every means used to destroy it proves futile.

A St. Ann's Victory.

Mr. John Morrison, well known in St. Ann's N. S., had serious Kidney Complaint that bordered on dropsy. After hope had nearly fled, he was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

—The Ontario London *Free Press* says all the fall wheat is in, and a great number are threshing out and marketing it. The yield has been fully up to every ones expectation, from 25 to 30 bushels per acre being the general run. It has been housed in excellent condition, and is reckoned one of the best samples ever grown.

From Kingston.

N. C. Polson & Co., druggists, write that Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry has long been the best remedy for Summer Complaints in the market.

ASSESSMENT REVISION.—On Monday last the whole time of the Municipal Council of this parish, was taken up from 10 o'clock in the morning to 6 in the evening, in revising the Assessment. The reductions made on some of the lots assessed were strangly out of all keeping—either the Assessors were incompetent for the duty they undertook or the Council were disposed to favor the complainants. Quite a number of lots belonging to Mr. R. G. Meikle assessed at $30 and $35 were reduced on the motion of Coun. Dudderidge to $5 per lot. The lots belonging to Messrs. Burroughs, Barron and Ireland, also went under the quill pruning, and considerable reductions made. So long as these gentlemen succeed in having their property within the limits of what is called the village of Lachute assessed as farm lots, although laid out in town lots—so long will they oppose incorporation. Now we contend the Assessors done right in valuing these lots at their true market value, and the Council did an act of injustice in reducing the assessment—these lots not being used for any purpose is no reason why the assessment should be reduced upon them. If these reductions had been made in favor of the poor labouring classes there would be a show of justice about it, but none of that class of the rate-payers made application for a reduction of their assessments. Is the reduction then made to please a few wealthy persons who are ever and anon retarding progress, just also to the outside public who, except in one or two cases, did not apply for a reduction of the assessed value of their lots? Fair play, and justice to all is our motto.

Woman's Weakness.

Much of the weary weakness peculiar to females is caused by irregularities that could be promptly remedied with that Excellent regulating Tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

—The arbitrators in the case of the Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway and Micheal Foran, gave their decision on Tuesday, awarding $399 to Foran for the land required by the company. This is the sum offered by the company and refused by Foran, who wanted to be paid $2,500.

Can Deafness be Cured.

Mr. John Clark, of Mildridge, Ont., declares it can, and that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the remedy that cured him. It is also a specific for all inflammation and pain.

EXCURSION.—A grand excursion from the city of Ottawa to Montreal, on Monday next, the 11th Aug. under the auspices of the East End Methodist Church, will take place. We are assured it will be one of the largest and best that has ever past over the C. P. R. line. The object for which the excursion is got up is a praise worthy one, and should be encouraged. We trust that our Lachute friends will lend their aid and join this excursion on the arrival of the train here. The fare to Montreal and return is $1.75cts. but if any wish to go to Ottawa, they can do so for that amount as the ticket is issued from Ottawa to Montreal and return. The Committee assures us that they tried to get a greater reduction for the principal stations along the line but could not succeed. Two dollars was the lowest the Company would issue tickets for. To induce parties then to join the excursion, they agreed to throw off twenty-five cents, and make it for the round trip $1.75. Tickets to be had of Mr. Henry Giles, or at this office.

PRESENTATION.—A well merited compliment was paid to Major JOHN STEWART, by the men of the Ottawa Field Battery, at the close of the Brigade camp recently held at Brockville. Major STEWART has been in command of this fine Battery since 1872, and is so beloved by the men serving under him, that at the breaking up of the camp the men presented him with a very beautiful silver filter pitcher, and goblets, having guns engraved on each. The monogram on the pitcher is of gold, with the letters O. F. B. The engraving was done by Mr. Geo. Cox, of Ottawa, one of the best engravers in the Dominion, and bore the following inscription on the pitcher.—"Presented to MAJOR JOHN STEWART as a slight mark of esteem in which he is held by those who have had the honor of serving in Ottawa Field Battery, under his command during the Brigade Camp of 1884 at Brockville." We heartily congratulate Major STEWART on this appreciation of his services to his country, and on the love borne to him by the men under his command, and hope he will long live to quaff many a goblet of Adam's pure ale out of his rich tankard.

Concert given by the W. C. T. Union in Victoria Hall, Lachute, Tuesday Evening the 5th Aug, '84.

The first piece on the programme was the Hymn "Work for the night is coming," the audience standing and singing. Afterwards prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Knowles, which was followed by a few remarks from the chairman, Mr. Barron, in which he praised the work of the W.C.T.U., and hoped that ere long we would have the Scott Act in force in the County, following the example of Arthabaska, the first County in the Province of Quebec to pass the Act, and by a majority of over twelve hundred votes. The next piece was a selection by the Band "Ring the bells of Heaven," followed by a Recitation by Miss Maud Leggo, which was very nicely done. Miss Ella Meikle then favored the audience with a beautiful Piano Solo "La Balladine," which called for an *encore*. Mr. Hutton sang "A Warrior Bold." Mr. T. J. Barron followed with a Violin Solo "a selection of Hymns," and for an *encore* repeated part. The last piece on the first part was a selection of Scotch airs by the Band. During the intermission a collection to defray expenses was taken up.

The Band opened the second part by playing "The Alpine Polka." Rev. Mr. Mackie then made a few remarks on "Temperance," and was followed by a Piano Duett "Silver Echoes," by Mrs. G. Christie and Miss Edith Howard, which was beautifully rendered. Miss Murphy recited "Edinburgh after Flodden," very prettily. Miss Talley sang "Ye merry Birds," *by Gumbert*, in the singing of this song Miss Talley displayed a remarkably sweet and well trained voice, and was heartily *encored*, in response to the *encore* she sang "That Traitor Love," which was rendered in the same way as her first piece. Then followed a very pretty Piano Solo by Miss Maggie Barron. A very pleasant evening was brought to a close by a few remarks from the Rev. Mr. Knowles, who thanked all for their assistance. The Band then played the National Anthem. Great praise is due to the promoters of the Concert for the very efficient manner in which everything was conducted, and we hope that it will not be long before we have a repetition of such a pleasant evening.

"CRITIC."

"They are queer Folk at Shows."

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

Yes and there are queer folk in Argenteuil just the same as elsewhere. What with the indiscriminate sale of Agricultural implements and surrounding a man's residence with a grave-yard the county appears to be going to the dogs. The peculiar condition of the Lachute cemetery is such an old affair that Argenteuilers have become accustomed to it and doubtless consider it quite orthodox; visitors also have ceased to be edified by its unique appearance. For the sake of the sublime and beautiful please do not allow vandal hands to desecrate its venerable delapidation. Your correspondent Argus appears to be much exercised about other people's business, perhaps his nasal organ is admirably sharp. Experience has demonstrated that, as a rule, any one succeeds by confining himself to his legitimate occupation; but that is his affair—so that the public are generally better served by a distribution and classification of business or what may be called a division of labor; but that again is their affair: and purchasers will doubtless buy where it suits them even, although it should touch the sensibility of the man with a hundred eyes. It is cheering however to find in this cold world, and especially in a hard and money hunting age, some philantrophic hearts whose years for the wellbeing of their fellow men—such for instance as the poor "well to do farmer" who must be groaning under the weight of "the multiplied interests on his hands." Do try to cultivate in your county such a spirit of self abnegation you know not to what grand results it may lead. Advancement of the temperance cause increase in number and efficiency of schools, churches and all means for the amelioration of your people. By the way I have not noticed in your columns that any general movement has been made in the matter of temperance—are you not aware that a general campaign is in progress throughout the country for the "Scott Act"—you of course had the "Dunkin Act" and it failed; but why? for lack of earnestness and energy on the part of its friends. However the present law is a good improvement and has provisions which renders its enforcement much easier. Wake up or you will be left behind—What! Lachute behind, with its advantageous position, its beautiful scenery, its vast water power, its Railway facilities and its enterprising public men—yes, but there is such a thing as lack of moral power, or, it may be in some cases, lack of will to use it. A vigorous canvass is now in progress here in a Scott Act and from all parts of the county reports are most encouraging, much more so than the most sanguine expected.

The village is nearly deserted to-day, a mammoth picnic being in progress at a small hamlet called Dacre, about 18 miles up the Bonechere, on the shore of Constant Lake. Boat races, foot races and other athletic games with all the usual concomitants. The Arnprior Silver Cornet Band, and Marrier's string band from Ottawa have gone up to make melody in the forest. The great feature however is a deer hunt on the lake, the animal to be brought ashore alive—all work and no play does not suit the folk here. The old man however could not spare me to go and see the fun.

Although the hay crop here has been a failure, the other crops in all this region look splendidly. We have had rain frequently for some time, and warm weather; but very little extreme heat. The farmers are smiling again.

Yours truly,
neither "a farming implement man" nor a farmer but only an
OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

DEATH.

JOHNSON.—at Chatham, on Friday morning, June the 28th, Robert Johnson, aged 48.

Dearest husband you are now called away,
And left us here all alone;
But we hope to meet you on the other [shore,
Where parting is no more.

Grenville.

There was a storm of wind and hail past over this part yesterday, doing much harm to grain and ruining many gardens entirely, and even throwing down new frame barns.

Crops in general look well. Business in general appears brisk. There is quite a large store on the Grenville and Desalisbury Colonization road, at Cook's Lake, and a Boot & Shoe Factory and Shingle Factory.

There were burglars who went into a farmer's house by the name of Steel, and took some gold and bills from the till of their drawers while they were in the field making hay—Moneyed men like Mr. Steel should procure a good safe for to keep his gold safe.

July 31st, 1884.

"HOLY JOE."

The Record of a Sea Captain who Never Lost a Ship and who Saved Souls.

Capt. Joseph E. Dutton, the senior Captain in the service of the Allan line of steamers died in the hospital at Montreal recently. He was about 56 years of age. During his service as Commodore of the fine vessels of the Allan fleet he crossed the Atlantic over 400 times, and could boast that he never lost or stranded a ship. While his record as a skilful sailor was unimpeachable, he was almost as well known for his ability and earnestness as a Christian evangelist, and during his long service at sea he made it a part of his duty to conduct religious services on his ships.

"The sailors called him 'Holy Joe,'" said the Rev. H. A. Cook, the pastor of the Seamen's Bethel, "and I think he rather liked the title.

A passenger who crossed with him, when Capt. Dutton commanded the Prussian, says: "On the first Sunday out we heard the ship's bell calling to prayers, and naturally supposed that, as usual, the Sunday morning service would be of the stereotyped character—the reading of the morning prayer of the Episcopal Church. We found, however, the saloon crowded with an eager congregation, and the Captain, officiating at the organ, led the way in the singing, for he possesses a fine voice and knows how to use it. This done, the usual prayers and passages of Scripture were read and then followed a short sermon of an interesting nature. This was not the only surprise, however. Capt. Dutton announced that in the afternoon a Bible class would be held in the steerage, and that in the evening a prayer meeting in the forecastle would take place. Mindful of the fact, however, that persons of diverse faiths were on board, the announcement was also made that a priest on board would conduct a service for those of the Catholic faith. In the afternoon the organ found its way into the steerage, where 800 people were crowded, and the deck above was equally thronged by those who could find neither sitting nor standing room. On the second Sunday we were at anchor near Quebec, and Capt. Dutton preached a sermon from the words: 'So He bringeth them into the desired haven.' The voyage was over, but there were many on board the Prussian then who testify that it was too short; an unusual experience, indeed, even in the best of ships."

A common cold should not be neglected Downs' Elixir will cure it.

Canadian News.

Montreal's subscription list for the entertainment of the British Association amounts to $8,771.

Sir David Macpherson has purchased the residence on Metcalfe street, Ottawa, lately occupied by Judge Gwin.

The Richard Owen, from Cardiff for St. John's, has been sunk by collision in mid-ocean, four of the crew perishing.

Customs receipts of the port of Montreal for July were $857,546, an increase of $87,756 over the corresponding month of 1883.

It is now said that, after all, there is some doubt whether a dog show will be held in connection with the Dominion Exhibition in Montreal next month.

—There is a rumour in ecclesiastical circles that the various Roman Catholic bishops of Canada are about being summoned to Rome.

The English artillery team which is to take part in the competition in Canada will consist of four officers and 21 men under the command of Lieut.-Col. Ray.

Telegraphic reports show little damage to have been done to the crops by rains in Ontario; the barley harvest promises well but hops in some districts are not as good as expected.

—The St. John *Freeman*, one of the oldest journals in New Brunswick conducted for many years by Hon. Mr Anglin, has suspended publication, alleging want of patronage as the cause.

The sawmills of Messrs. McLaren & Son, East Templeton have shut down for the season owing to the scarcity of sawlogs, and the water in the Ottawa being so low.

Rev. Father Francois Deleage, who, for the past thirty five years has been a missionary on the Gatineau, at the Desert and in the Hudson's Bay district among the Indians is dead.

A man named Osborne, who murdered his son-in-law at East Templeton, Que., some months ago, has been arrested at his son-in-law's residence, and taken to Aylmer. An effort will be made to bail him.

The crops along the Kingston & Pembroke Railway line are very fine. Hay is far better than was expected a short time ago. Grain, except barley, is good. Potatoes are a fine crop. Some fall grain is being harvested.

A young woman named Haines, while out picking berries in the marsh, in Moulton, the other day, was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake, and died a few hours afterwards, in spite of every attention. The woman was about seventeen years old and highly respected.—*Woodstock Times.*

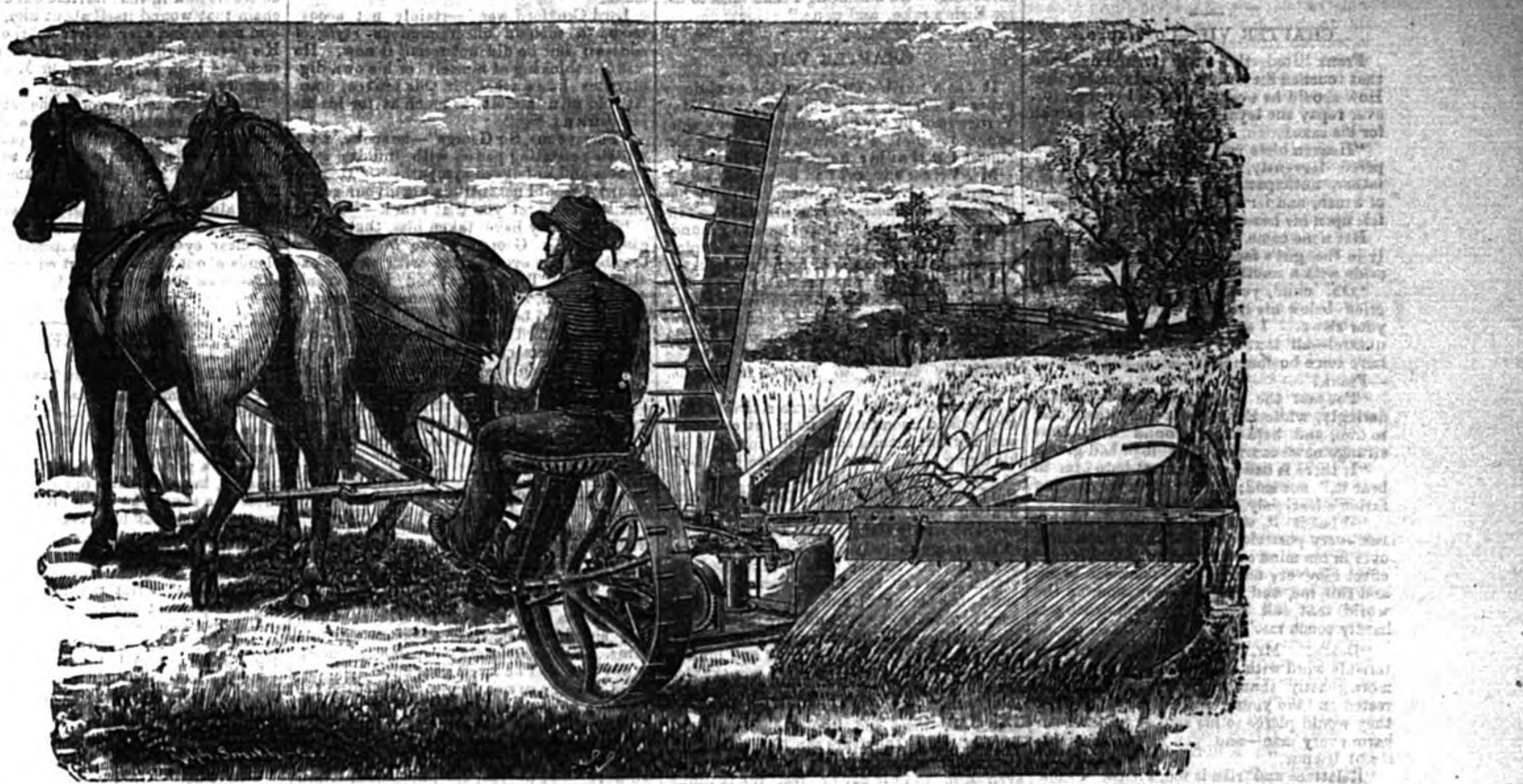
HAMILTON, August 4.—The Knights of Labour held a demonstration here to-day, the procession being fully a mile long and occupying over twenty minutes in passing a given point. One feature was the marching of a body of young women, cotton and shoe operatives. A number rode in cabs and several bands were in line. Waggons with trades-people at work on them attracted a good deal of attention, especially one in which a carpenter in shirt cuffs was shingling a miniature house. Thousands of people lined the streets and cheered as the girls marched past. The procession traversed the principal streets finally dispersing to the Crystal Palace grounds.

—The crop reports from the Northwest continue favorable, and nowhere is the outlook more cheering than in the districts west of Moosejaw, where the Canadian Pacific experimental farms have been established. Mr. Ogilvie writing from the Northwest says:—"We were much struck with the result of the experiments on the farms established by the Canadian Pacific Railway at intervals west of Moosejaw. They beat everything I expected to see. With one or two exceptions, the crops are magnificent. I saw as pretty grain on the farm at Gleichen as I ever expect to see again. The root crop is simply excellent. Out of a couple of hills they took half a gallon of potatoes."—*Montreal Gazette.*

United States News.

—The Annual Faith Convention for the quickening of spiritual life held by Dr. Cullis, of Boston, for many years at Old Orchard, Me., will this season be held in the White Mountains at Intervale, near North Conway, N. H. It will begin on the 20th and continue until the 28th of August. The new camp ground is called Intervale Park. Accommodation in hotels and boarding houses may be obtained from $1.25 a day or people may bring their own tents. All Christians are invited, and those who propose to attend should write at once to Dr. Cullis to secure accommodation. The convention is under the charge of a committee of twenty-four well known ministers and laymen, representing all denominations.

FROST & WOOD'S DAISY REAPER!



THIS unique Machine is a *model of neatness and simplicity, lightness and strength.* It is, as will be seen from the skeleton cut, a single wheel self-raking reaper, cutting five feet wide, and weighing but 700 pounds. *The main wheel is large, insuring smooth running and easy draft on rough or soft land,* and, being on a line with the small grain wheel, gives a *centre cut*, and enables it to turn and back as easily as a cart. Both ends of the Cutter Bar *can be raised or lowered at the same instant*, by one lever, operated by the driver with ease while the machine is in motion; and by a *second lever* the guards can be *tilted* up or down to suit every variety of surface or condition of crop, no matter how fallen or tangled. This insures *clean cutting* every time.

The *tripping devices* are exceedingly simple and easily understood, while the operator can regulate the size of bundles to suit the grain.

Several hundreds of them have been at work through the trying harvest of 1883 with the most marvelous success, and we therefore offer it to the public as a thoroughly tested machine, that we can fully warrant. The common remark made on first witnessing it at work was, *"Well, she is a Daisy!"* We hope that it will always be found like its floral namesake—the simplest and daintiest flower of the field.

Call and see sample.

ALEX. LARMONTH, *Foundry Street, Lachute.*

St. Marys Carriage Manufacturing Co

(INCORPORATED.)

Capital $48,000.

A Division of Surplus Stock will take place on
OCTOBER 22, 1884.

SUBSCRIBE NOW,
SHARES FOR SALE $2.00 EACH.

This is the best investment in the Country
Send for prospectus and full particulars to.
JAS. THOMPSON, President. H. A. L. WHITE, Sec'y-Treas.
St. Marys, Ont.
AGENTS WANTED BIG COMMISSION.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1293, as per cadastral plan, on Main st., with double tenement house, shop and outbuildings.

The above corner lot is one of the best business stands in the village, being in close proximity to the new mills being erected by Messrs. Campbell & McKenzie. Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

BANKRUPT STOCK.

IN ORDER to clear out the balance of Bankrupt Stock purchased at Auction a few days ago, special inducements will be offered for the next 30 days.

A good stock of SCYTHES to select from at 20 per cent. off on regular prices.

GRIND STONES,
SCYTHE STONES,
HORSE POKES &c., at special prices.

A large stock of BOOTS & SHOES at from 10 to 50 per cent. off on regular prices.

A fine brown SUGAR of 15lbs for $100.

Now is your chance—make hay while the sun shines. All goods marked in plain figures, and every man served alike.

H. ROBERT.
St. Philippe, July 8th, 1884.

OUR

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE

And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

A few of the many articles that can be made on our Family Machine are Undershirts, Drawers, Mitts, Hosiery, Gloves, Caps, Cuffs, Tidies—all these can be made any size.

OUR RIBBER IS PERFECTION.

Makes the Pearl Rib-Stitch one-and-one, one-and-two, one-and-three, etc., perfect in elasticity, beautiful in appearance, more durable and perfect than Hand Knitting.

Our Machines make the only perfect seamless full fashioned

HOSIERY IN THE WORLD.

With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Blind girls can knit and finish one dozen pairs of Socks in one day; and $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 can be easily made in one day.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Testimonials from the Blind.

CREELMAN BROS.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
HAMLIN & AYER,
Lachute Woolen Mills.
Agents for the Counties of Prescott and Argenteuil.

SPECIAL NOTICE

OUR STOCK of Parlor, Dining-room, Library and Chamber Furniture is unsurpassed by any in the Dominion, and our Parlor Suites, covered in the various new styles of the latest designs of covering and trimmings, varying in price from $50, $75, $100, $150, $200, $250, $300 and $350, according to style of frame and covering. Our new style of Cluster Set at $150 is selling faster than we can produce them since we reduced the price from $275 to $150. Our Chamber Suites from $25, $30, $35, $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80, $90, $110, and up to $450 are also acknowledged the best value, quality considered. Our stock of Baby Carriages from $12, $14, $16, $18, $20, $24, $28, $30 and up to $40 and $45, rattan, with moveable buggy top of rattan, upholstered with crimson satin, and all iron work nickel-plated, warranted the best and finest-finished in present use, marked in plain figures, subject to a discount of 5 per cent. for cash, and no goods sold at one price at our oldest (acknowledged by all the most reliable) house in the city without a full guarantee of being as represented. A call at our old numbers, 7, 9 and 11 Notre Dame street West, corner of McGill street, will ensure to all the best value, by leaving their orders at OWEN McGARVEY & SON'S

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

LACHUTE FLOUR MILLS.

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Frank lifted the small trembling hand that touched his arm reverently to his lips. How should he ever be grateful enough for, ever repay the loyal love that dared so much for his sake?

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" he whispered fervently, and then turned to her father, anticipating some terrible explosion of wrath, and fervently hoping that it would fall upon his head alone.

But none came. Mr. Verner stared blankly in the girl's face, then turned his head aside with a smothered groan.

"Oh, child, you break my heart!" he cried below his breath. "Go, Essie with your sister. I am not angry; I shall not quarrel—all that folly is forgotten; but I have some business with—some bad news for—Frank!"

"For me!" the young man broke in wonderingly, while Essie crept only the closer to him, and held her ground with that strange new courage that love had given.

"If there is bad news, I must help him to bear it," she said; and her soft eyes met her father's fearlessly.

"What is it, sir?" Frank asked, having run every possible and impossible calamity over in his mind and found none that could effect him very nearly. "No bank can break and ruin me, and I'm so nearly alone in the world that, all being well here, death can hardly touch me."

"Death!" Mr. Verner echoed the always terrible word with an emphasis that made it more ghastly than ever; his bloodshot eyes rested on the young man's face, as though they would pierce to his soul. "Death can harm every man—and you have—relatives, if not friends."

"Relatives and friends too, I hope," Frank broke in warmly; "but they are all well at De Walden Court."

"All!" the other repeated, with the same strange tone and look.

"Yes, all. At least, I left them so this morning." He paused, and grew very pale, suddenly recalling Anita de Walden's sorrowfully spoken words—"The shadow comes nearer and nearer, and it means harm to those I love, or to me."

Had that wild, dreamy terror been prophetic? Had harm come in any strange and terrible shape to the graceful girl wife or her gray haired lord? His heart throbbed with an unselfish dread as he said hurriedly—

"Oh, what is it? You speak of them, I know. Is my uncle—is Lady de Walden ill?"

There followed a brief pause—then Mr. Verner asked sternly—

"Is there no one else at de Walden Court?"

"The lad—little Georgie? Yes; but surely it is not he who——"

"Is dead! It is."

Frank stared at the speaker almost incredulously. It was so impossible to associate the grim and terrible idea of sudden death with the bright faced noble little lad who had trotted beside him through the De Walden meadows twenty-four short hours ago. He could still feel about his own the warm close clasp of the fat baby fingers, could hear the merry prattle of the baby-voice, and meet the frank glance of the baby eyes that were as clearly blue as the summer heavens. Something rose in his throat with the recalled remembrance, and almost choked him, while tears of which he was all unconscious rose thickly in his eyes.

"Little Georgie! Oh, it is horrible—it seems impossible!" he cried at last, while Essie cried softly at his side, partly in pity for the little lad who was but a name to her, partly in sympathy with her lover's pain.

"Horrible indeed!" Mr. Verner said with a strong shudder. "More horrible than death in its natural shape can ever be, for the child was murdered!"

Essie echoed the word with a shrill scream and May herself, trembling violently and very pale, drew instinctively nearer to her sister's side.

But Essie did not see her, or feel the touch of her cold hand; she had eyes and thoughts only for Frank, who seemed literally stunned by what he had heard, and stood staring stupidly before him. Lord Croxford was the only person sufficiently master of himself to take in the full terror of the situation, and venture a question now.

"Sir George de Walden's son is killed, you say?" he asked, turning his gold rimmed glasses keenly on Mr. Verner's face, and speaking in the slow sensible tones that seemed to introduce a reasonable element into the phantasmal horrors of some hideous dream. "Well, that's very terrible, of course! But, pardon me, why use so shocking a word as 'murder' here?"

May flashed one passionately grateful glance at the lover who was so little wont to shine with an independent lustre, and wondered what oratorical outburst could equal in effect that plain and pregnant speech.

But Mr. Verner, wiping the great drops of a mortal terror from his wrinkled forehead, shook his gray head despairingly as he answered the young man—

"Unfortunately, that is the only word to use. The poor child was found by his unfortunate mother this morning, strangled, and quite dead, with the little sash the nurse had tied on not an hour before tightly knotted round his throat."

A dead silence followed; even Lord Croxford drew back, turning faint and giddy, and May felt the room whirl round so wildly that she caught at the nearest table for support; but Essie clung to her lover still, though the face that grew paler and prouder every instant grew also more indistinct to her strained vision, and when he spoke his voice sounded faint and far away.

Yet it was clear and even stern; and he stood like a rock before the man who he knew accused him in his heart.

"And do they suspect—do they accuse any one of this foul crime?"

Mr. Verner held the chair before him with a tighter grip, and looked away from the proud agony of those keen eyes.

"They say that—that the child was last seen in your charge, that he stood in your way, and—and——"

"That I murdered him!" Frank finished almost calmly, as, exhausted by the terrible scene through which he had passed, the old man dropped heavily into a chair drawn up against the table and bowed his livid face on his outstretched arms. "Thank you, Mr. Verner; I know the worst now, and I can act!"

"Oh, Frank, poor Frank!" May cried between her passionate sobs. "What madness is this! What will you do?"

"Go back to De Walden Court and meet my accusers face to face!" Frank cried, his gray eyes flashing with a dangerous fire, his clear cut features seeming to harden with every word. "I harm that innocent baby! I——"

He paused abruptly and tried to loose the little fingers that had clasped with such piteous passion on his own. Essie had not fainted; she had simply lost the power of speech or movement. She could only cling to the man whom fate seemed wresting from her, and try to speak to him with the dumb agony of her eyes.

"Essie, my darling," he cried brokenly—for her pain was the hardest of all to bear—"let me go, Essie! Be brave for my sake, and help me now."

The white lips stirred, but no sound came from them; the eyes questioned, implored, protested an undying love and trust; and Frank could still take comfort from them.

"Take her, May," he said, with an appealing look; and May drew her sister away—"take her and keep her for me. I must go at once to De Walden Court."

"And I will go with you," said Lord Croxford quietly. It was his way of showing his unshaken faith in his friend, and he did it in his usual prosaic fashion; but to Frank and May Verner that way seemed the essence of chivalry, the one thing that could give them a gleam of comfort now.

"Yes, go, dear," the girl cried, with such eager grateful passion in her sweet voice and shining eyes as set the young man's pulses throbbing. "Go and bring Frank back to us, for Essie's sake, and mine."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a terrible story that the next day's paper set forth, a terrible story that May Verner read by her unconscious sister's side; and, reading it, the brave and loving girl almost felt that her heart might break.

Mr. Verner's report had been substantially correct. Lady de Walden, following her husband's instructions, had instituted an instant search through the extensive grounds of De Walden Court. The servants, exploring in all directions, had found no trace of the missing child; but presently there had been heard scream upon scream issuing from the direction of the shrubbery, and all crowding there had found the unhappy mother clasping the murdered baby in her arms and frantically calling to Heaven to give her back her child.

They were stolid, unimpressionable folk who looked upon that scene of utter agony; but not one among them will forget it till his dying day. The baby figure had been so full of life and health an hour back, all rigid and dreadful now, the golden hair floating back from the blackened swollen face and wildly staring eyes, the girl mother in the tragic majesty of an agony that drove her really mad. They tried to take the little victim from her, for the burden was far beyond her strength; but she struck their hands fiercely away, and staggered back through the brilliant morning sunshine that gleamed on her bare golden head and blazing eyes and on the pitifully altered face that lay upon her breast.

"My lady, my lady, cry for Heaven's sake!" her maid had implored, kneeling at her feet, while the tears ran like rain down her own honest ruddy face; but Anita did not even seem to hear her or feel the scalding drops that fell upon her white hands.

She had placed poor little Georgie on her own bed, and sat beside him, never moving her hot eyes from the poor little face that the women could not look upon without a fresh burst of choking tears. She would not suffer any one to touch the child until Sir George came home. There was something appalling in the utter calm with which she kept her waiting watch; and by-and-by the women crept one by one away and left her alone with her dead.

And presently Sir George came in, his face gray with pain, the veins on his forehead swelling and standing out like knotted whip cord, his breath coming in great gasping sobs. He brushed past the pale and frightened servants who clustered together on the stairs and about the bed room door, and, going straight to the bed, gathered the pale little figure to his breast in a very agony of rage and pain.

"My boy, my Georgie!" he cried, his voice hoarse with agony, his strong frame shaken with the sobs that seemed to rend his massive chest. "My little murdered child!"

Even this did not move Anita. She heeded him apparently no more than she had heeded the servants as they came and went, the only difference being that she suffered him to touch the child. Her eyes still blazed with the same fierce lustre, her hands were still locked in a rigid clasp.

And for once Sir George had no thought, no word, no look, for her. She suffered, of course she did! Was not his very heart riven, his very soul on fire with a wild craving for revenge on the coward whose ruthless hands had taken that sweet child life?

Presently his voice rang out, a shrill harsh note that it had never known before mingling with its deeper tones and giving a strange passionate intensity to his words.

"And this is his work, his vengeance—the coward, the——"

"Whose work?"—the frozen calm was broken through at last. Anita sprang to her feet, and something, a realizing horror, a comprehension that had not been in them yet, seemed to leap suddenly into her shining eyes; her rigid lips unclosed, her breath came thick and fast.

"Whose work—oh, George, whose work?"

Sir George's gray face and tear reddened eyes were slowly raised.

"Who but the one man had cause to hate our darling—my nephew Frank de Walden."

"No, no!" Anita's hands were raised and passionately clasped above her head; her voice rose in a shrill scream that echoed through all the house of mourning like the cry of a lost spirit, and brought the servants pouring in pell mell. "Not he—not Frank! Oh, Heaven, no! He would not harm my darling! No; it was——"

She broke down there, with a strange, gurgling cry, flung out both arms, and fell forward upon her face. When they raised her, face, dress, and hands were deluged with blood. She had broken a large vessel on the lungs, and even the least experienced person there knew that her life was draining away.

And in truth she never recovered consciousness, never spoke again. The agony of a long lifetime had been condensed in to those few hours, and mind and body had alike broken down under the unnatural strain.

She lay for some hours, looking like some lovely monumental figure in her perfect pallor and perfect calm, slowly breathing her life away; and, before the evening shadows fell, Sir George was doubly bereaved. The mother and child so cruelly parted here had met again on the immortal shore.

The two young men had gone straight from Mr. Verner's house to the railway station; but only one of them had been suffered to reach De Walden Court, for Frank was arrested as he entered the train, and the man who had him in charge was naturally anxious to place a prisoner so important in immediate safe-keeping.

Lord Croxford grew very pale, and manifested an unexpectedly pugnacious disposition when he saw the significant gleam of steel in the detective's hand; but Frank restrained him with an imploring glance, and could only gnaw his blonde moustache, and feel savagely miserable and helpless.

"It must have come sooner or later," Frank said, as they parted. He was wonderfully calm and self possessed, though his eyes gleamed with a feverish brightness, and his handsome face was very pale. "But I wish—I wish I had seen Sir George. You will go to him, Croxford, and say how I grieve for my little cousin, for him, for——" He paused suddenly, with a blank face; then added slowly—"But how if he thinks me guilty?"

"Then he is a fool for his pains," Lord Croxford broke in, with all the roughness of genuine feeling. "You guilty, Frank! I would as soon believe in my own guilt."

Frank answered only by a grateful look; and the other went on hastily—

"Of course, I will act as your deputy, and bring my report to-morrow. Keep up your spirits, old fellow. These mad mistakes can never last long, you know; and—and Heaven bless you, and good-bye!"

And, with a warm hand clasp, the good hearted young Viscount hurried away, horribly ashamed of the tears that dimmed his glasses and were an honor to his manhood, if he had had but the sense to see it.

It was late when he arrived at De Walden Court; but only the faintest glimmer of light broke through the massive ivy-grown frontage of the great house. The vast entrance hall was all in shadow, and the kindly messenger, already sufficiently depressed felt his heart sink lower and lower as he stood in that gloomy ante-chamber, awaiting Sir George's permission to come in.

It was hard to get and long in coming, and only obtained at last by a desperate use of Frank de Walden's name. Lord Croxford winced to see how even the man who took his message and ushered him finally into Sir George's presence stared and colored angrily at the sound.

The great library, in which the stricken man sat, was as dark as all the rest of the house. Croxford could not see the bent shaking figure that raised itself from the great arm chair at his entrance, nor the fierce swollen eyes that turned angrily to his till his attention was drawn in that direction by the sound of a harsh querulous voice.

"Well, sir, you have thrust yourself upon my misery. What excuse have you to make?"

Lord Croxford was certainly not accustomed to such an unceremonious style of address; but he did not resent it now. He was not thinking of himself or his own dignity; his heart ached for this broken, desolate old man almost as much as for his injured friend.

"Forgive me, Sir George"—he spoke, after a little hesitating pause, with infinite gentleness and unfeigned sympathy. "Heaven knows I would not intrude upon your grief; but I come to tell you that Frank——"

"That they have taken him, that he is caught!" Sir George broke in, his voice trembling, his eyes ablaze with savage exultation. "Tell me that and I will thank and bless you, sir, as you were never thanked and blessed before."

Lord Croxford was silent. Not all his pity for the misery maddened man before him could keep the angry blood from his face, the angry sparkle from his eyes as he listened to that cruelly unjust speech, but, by a mighty effort, he did keep back all angry words; and his silence wrought the other to frenzy.

"Is that your news? Is Frank de Walden in safe custody?" he broke out violently striking his hand with cruel force upon the massive table; and his blood shot eyes shone with a cruel fire.

"Yes, that last injustice has been done the man you wrong so foully!" Lord Croxford answered, with a sort of bitter calm. "Frank has been arrested for a crime which it is simply monstrous to associate with his name. He is absolutely incapable of cruelty to any one, and he loved your child."

Sir George gave a cry that was like the roar of a wild beast in fiercest pain.

"Loved!" he echoed savagely, "the child who robbed him of his heritage, who stood between him and his promised wife! No; we were mad to trust the innocent creature in his power! We might have known what his resignation meant."

"You might have known your nephew," Lord Croxford said, with a restrained passion that was full of dignity. "I have known him as man and boy; and I know as surely as I know that the sun shines in the heaven, and you and I both live and breathe, that, whatever the evidence against him, Frank is innocent."

Even Sir George seemed momentarily impressed by the passionate conviction of the young man's speech. He stared stupidly into the shadows, then broke in with a harsh discordant laugh.

"Whatever the evidence!" he cried with a terribly mockery. "Your faith may be strong indeed if it survive that test! Do you know, sir, that your friend took the child out for a walk, a walk from which neither of them returned, for he went straight to London, and the boy—oh, Heaven, my little helpless Georgie!—was only brought home dead!"

His head sank forward upon his folded arms; even the anger died out of his voice, which became a mere wail of agony. For the second time that day Lord Croxford felt the tears rush blindingly to his eyes. He drew a little nearer to the stricken man, his kind heart aching with the burden of a painful pity. He felt so powerless to help or heal in the presence of this tragic woe. His faith in Frank was utterly unshaken; but the plain fierce words had shown him more clearly than ever the deadly peril in in which his friend stood.

"Forgive me, Sir George," he said almost tenderly—and his voice, gentle as it was, was broken, and thrilled with the nervous agitation that possessed him—"for worlds I would not say one word to irritate or anger you; but, for truth's sake, I must answer you still. I do not know, I cannot guess, how the terrible chain that links Frank's name with this most hideous crime got itself forged; but I know that it is a chain of falsehood, that it can and shall be broken."

"Break it then!" the old man answered savagely. "You are a good friend and a strong advocate, sir; but I think you and your client will both find that chain is strong enough to hang him!"

Implacable hate gleamed in the swollen eyes, and sounded in the roughened voice. Lord Croxford felt that it was useless, for the present at least, to contend with one who was deaf alike to reason and appeal, though he felt, with added pang, how terrible this man's full conviction of his nephew's guilt would influence the public mind. He sighed involuntarily as he decided this; and the sound attracted Sir George's attention. He eyed the young man keenly, and, for the first time, made some faint attempt to speak with reasonable courtesy.

"I do not blame you, sir. Thinking as you do, you are right to stand by your friend in such a time as this. But when you know, as I know now, his shameful guilt——"

"Say rather when you know how great a wrong you have done him, you will be glad that he had a friend," Lord Croxford said hurriedly. "That day will come, Sir George; but we shall never see the one of which you speak. Till then, good-bye." He moved towards the door, then came back again, and spoke with a resolute effort. "One question more. I must tell all that has passed between us to Frank, and, Heaven knows, it will be a bitter task! I would gladly find one gleam of hope to give him. Does the poor mother, does Lady de Walden share your conviction of his guilt?"

Sir George stared, as though he hardly understood him at first; then the blood rushed hotly over the gray face, and the eyes emitted one vivid flash as he cried, with a cruel laugh—

"Yes, you can take some comfort to your friend—can tell him his cruel vengeance is complete—Lady de Walden is dead!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Frank!"—"My darling!"

It was a very worn and haggard face that bowed itself over Essie Verner's dark head. Confinement and watching and anxiety had stolen the healthy bronze from the clear skin and traced some sharp lines on the smooth brow—nay, even drawn some gleaming silver threads through the close crispness of the brown-gold curls; but the eyes were still clear and steadfast, and the lips kept their brave sweet smile.

That smile, though she met it morning after morning when she and her sister paid their daily visits to the prisoner, fully committed for trial as Frank was now, was always a little more than May's nerves could stand; it always sent her to the grim uncurtained window that looked out upon the square paved prison-yard—there to rage fiercely and impotently against the cruel folly of a world that could mistake Frank de Walden for a murderer.

"And yet they will convict him!" the girl would cry from time to time, as the black and bitter waters of an utter despair surged over her struggling soul. "There are only those who know and love to trust him still, and it rests with the others to condemn."

It was strange to see the transformation wrought in the character of the sisters by this time of cruel trial. It was bright brave May, hitherto the guide and leader in all things, who broke down utterly now, who lost faith in the justice of man and the mercy of Heaven, who was hysterical and miserably weak in the presence of her morbid fears—gentle, timid, Essie who took up the burden laid upon her, and bore it bravely and patiently, who cheered her lover, father, and sister in the moments of darkest despondency, and tried to chase their growing terrors with the light of her own serene faith.

"Frank is innocent!" she would say, her blue eyes lighting with the fire that gave her worn young face a strangely spiritual look. "We know that; and we know that the truth and justice must prevail at last."

Whereat Mr. Verner would eye his favorite child with sorrowful amazement, and groan aloud in bitterness of heart. He no longer controverted the innocence, though his reason told him that the evidence brought forward in the case was overwhelmingly strong; some instinct stronger than reason waged war with it and bore it down. He could not think Frank de Walden a murderer—the cruel destroyer of an innocent helpless child.

But though he believed him guiltless, he believed also that he must die. There seemed no feeble link in that terrible circumstantial chain that wound itself about him, dragging him nearer and ever nearer to the scaffold. His death might be a judicial murder, but such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's memory, and might be again.

The doubts and terrors, the ague-fits of horror and remorse that broke down the stern strong man, making him prematurely old and feeble, seized from time to time on Croxford and May, paralysing the efforts of the true friend and loving sister, and making them almost shun the man they were powerless to save; but they never touched Essie: her clear eyes seemed to pierce the dark clouds about them and rest with tranquil assurance on the light beyond.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUNSTROKE.

Its Symptons and its Treatment.

It is very important that everyone should be able to make out a case of sunstroke when it occurs and not mistake it for drunkenness or apoplexy.

When a person is "dead drunk" his countenance, breathing and pulse are very like those of a sunstroke case. Besides, the person sunstruck may have taken a glass of beer or a small amount of alcohol in some form just before the attack. His breath would, by its odor, be apt to cause what might be a fatal mistake. But the heat of the body ought to prevent any such error. In drunkenness, pure and simple, the heat of the body is never above ninety-eight and a half degrees, often a little less. In sunstroke it is always increased, sometimes from 106 to 108 degrees, or even more. Confinement in the close and vitiated air of a cell at the station house, or transportation a mile or more in an open waggon exposed to the direct rays of the sun, may not kill the intoxicated person, but would probably—nay, almost certainly—have that effect on the unfortunate victim of sunstroke.

In apoplexy, which has a superficial resemblance to one form of sun stroke, the skin is never hot and excessively dry, but is often cold and moist; the pulse in apoplexy is slow, sometimes intermittent, generally very full; in sunstroke it is quick and sharp; in apoplexy there is paralysis on one side of the face and body; in sunstroke there is no difference between the two sides; the breathing in apoplexy is slow, snoring, and often interrupted or irregular; in sunstroke it is rapid and noisy, but not snoring; in sunstroke both pupils of the eye are contracted and the eyes look red and congested; in apoplexy one or both pupils are widely dilated, the eyes often turned upward and toward one side; the whites of the eyes are not reddened, at least not early in the attack. These distinctions are so plain that a mistake ought not to be made.

The prevention of sunstroke is of very great importance, in view of the high rate of mortality of its victims and the serious after effects in those who recover from the immediate symptoms. A consideration of the conditions which favor its occurrence gives the key to its prevention. Avoidance of extraordinary muscular effort, so far as possible, is first to be kept in mind. A rise of five degrees of temperature above its natural limit of 98 1 2 degrees has been observed in a man who ran a foot race, although the atmospheric heat was but 61 degrees and he was perspiring freely at the time. Water should be drunk freely to supply the loss from the blood by way of the skin, lungs and kidneys. This is fully as important as avoidance of excessive exercise. Excesses of all kinds should be carefully guarded against. Everything that depresses the nervous system predisposing to sunstroke, excesses and loss of sleep, particularly, should be kept clear of during the heated term. Places where the air is close, damp or vitiated by overcrowding or by reason of unhealthful exhalations, should be carefully shunned. The skin should be kept clean and in good working order by frequent bathing. The clothing should be light of texture and pervious to moisture. It should not hinder the free movements of the chest in breathing or constrict the neck. The food should be mostly of vegetable substances, in order to throw as little extra work upon the kidneys as possible. This is especially worthy of the attention of every one who has Bright's disease or any disturbance of the functions of the kidneys.

The treatment of the attack is sufficiently simple. No time should be lost in removing the sufferer to a cool, shady, airy place. The outside clothing should be removed. When practicable all the coverings of the body should be taken off. The whole surface should be drenched with cool water. Ice is not necessary; any water which is cooler than the body will do. In fact, water at from 60 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit is more speedy in its refrigerating action than if it is ice cold. The amount of heat removed by the change into vapor is many times greater than the amount used up in raising the same quantity from the freezing to the boiling point. Evaporation from the surface should be promoted by fanning or exposure to a natural current of air. If the pulse becomes very feeble, irregular, or more frequent than 120 per minute, stimulants should be given, such as ammonia or alcohol, if the patient can swallow, or ether, coffee or brandy, by injection under the skin. If convulsions occur early they are not so dangerous as when they come on after several hours, when they denote impending death. They may be controlled by giving chloroform carefully by inhalation. Of course ether, chloroform or other powerful remedies should be given only by or under the direction of a competent physician. The treatment of the after-effects of sunstroke may require removal to a more temperate climate, or the application of remedies which should be intrusted only to those who have made a study of such matters.

"THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S."

But a Massachusetts Crank Deeds Him Only a Piece of It.

A curious document has been recorded in the Worcester County Registry of Deeds in Worcester, Mass. It is a deed of one-half acre of land in Ashburnham, Mass., with buildings. It states that "I, Charles Hastings, of Ashburnham, gentleman, in consideration of the love and good will of the Lord Jesus and one cent found on the premises of His, the rightful owner of all lands, as recorded in the first book of laws, the Bible, fiftieth psalm of King David, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, and 23rd and 24th verses, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, do hereby give, grant and convey unto the Lord Jesus, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, a portion of the late Col. Joseph Jewett's land," etc. This instrument goes to say that "The said property is given in trust, reserving, however, the right to occupy and improve, make repairs, pay taxes, insurance policies, etc., in fact, retain it under my control as agent, and making all proper reservations for myself and others during my natural life, the two southwest chambers and one of the store-rooms below to be kept for historical rooms for relics of various kinds, and not to be let, such as belonged to Susan W. Hastings and others; that nothing is to be sold, neither real nor personal property, forever, but kept in trust for a memorial by those who have full faith in the blessed Lord Jesus, and to continue by His approbation forever to occupy according to His will." This instrument was duly "signed, sealed and delivered" in the presence of three witnesses, acknowledged before a Justice of the Peace in in Ashburnham, and accompanied by the legal fees for its recording.

There are three wicks to the lamp of man's life—brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs and presently the fluids cease to supply the other centres of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold and darkness.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of self.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune has denied it.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

Prefer knowledge to wealth; for the one is transitory, the other perpetual.

Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

Happiness consists not in possessing much but in being content with what we possess.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man; when you get it red hot it looses its temper.

God bless our women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

Unselfish people are always polite, because good manners are only the absence of selfishness.

Gold can buy nearly everything in this world except that which a man wants most—happiness.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

Any man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

When you fume and fret at the petty ills of life remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while petty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Memory is a net. One may find it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

True modesty is beautiful, but it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind, and at the same time, gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as if the short spring days were an eternity.

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.

The sea drowns both ship and sailor, like a grain of dust, and we call it fate; but let him learn to swim, let him trim his bark, and the water which drowned him will be cloven by it, and will carry it like its own foam—a plume and a power.

Rumor is a pipe, blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures; and of so easy and so plain a stop that the blunt monster, with uncounted heads—the still discordant wavering multitude—can play upon it.

That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptation, can best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned.

How Industrious Italian Women Are.

How little we know of people unless we live with them. Our idea of Italian women, for instance, is that they spend their time like Turkish sultanas, sleeping and lounging listlessly in soft couches, their only occupation being love making or perchance learning how to sing a song. Never was there a greater mistake. Italian women, even in towns and in good circumstances, work harder than any other women I know. Not a stitch is done in the house that they do not do. They spin and make their own linen, rear their own silk worms, knit their own stockings and the stockings for the whole family, make their own dresses, hats, bonnets, cloaks, and superintend all the baking, cooking, and cleaning of the house, if they do not possibly do it themselves. They rarely go out except on Sundays, and holidays, and rarely receive visitors unless in the highest society, where one day a week is set aside for receiving. They are perfect slaves to their husbands, whose comforts they study from morning until night. I have heard much of Italian illicit love-making, but I have never seen it. It may exist, perhaps among the aristocracy, but in the middle and lower classes it is more imagination than reality. Bonny brides, even in high society, still maintain the custom of making their own wedding outfits. A young friend of mine, who has just married, has brought her husband four dozen of every article of body and house linen, all made and embroidered with her own hands, even the lace which trims the house linen being her own work. All the stockings, also, were knitted by herself. Nor is this the exception; it is the rule in Italy. Who, after this, shall say that the Italian women are idlers? No one, certainly, who has known and seen them as I have will ever say so; on the contrary, I would hold them up as models for all other women to imitate. Why, even in Rome, once the capital of the world, the women spend their time between their house and their church, varying these with an occasional walk on Sundays and great holidays, while everything in the house is done by themselves, servants being too expensive for most incomes nowadays.

Amending the Verdict.

The train was just entering Erin, Tenn., when we heard the sharp toot! toot! toot! of a whistle, and such passengers as looked from the windows saw an aged African with a bundle on his shoulder, straight ahead on the track. The whistle was blown and the bell rung, but he paid no attention, and all of a sudden the cow-catcher picked him up and flung him fifty feet to one side. A gang of men brought the body to the depot, and among the dozen of us who stopped off at the village a coroner's jury was selected. It seemed a plain enough case. The man came to his death by being struck by a locomotive on the L. & N. Road. Such was the verdict rendered, but no sooner was it announced than the Coroner observed:

"Gentlemen, return and amend your verdict. You haven't said anything about carelessness."

We returned to the room and amended by adding that the engineer was blameless in the case, and the Coroner received us with:—

"Very good, gentlemen, as far as it goes, but the man was probably deaf, and it would be as well to amend the verdict accordingly."

We went back and amended to make the victim as deaf as a hitching post, but we were not through yet.

"You haven't got the name of the county in your report, and you don't say whether it was a freight or a passenger train," observed the Coroner.

We returned to the room for another tussle, and were just congratulating ourselves on having everything ship shape, when the Coroner put his head into the doorway and called out:—

"Gentlemen, amend your verdict! The confounded nigger has come to life!"

And when we rushed out to the freight house he was sitting up on end and asking if anybody had seen his bundle.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said [illegible] "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Billious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and is a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

The Condition of Three Great Nations.

The expenses of the United States, with 56,000,000 people for 1883, were $265,408,137 and the income $398,287,000, leaving a surplus of $312,879,000 to be applied to the debt, notwithstanding $60,000,000 paid in pensions. The estimated revenue of Great Britain, with a population of 36,000,000 for the present year is £84,000,000 or $420,000,000. Deducting £8,000,000 or $40,000,000 placed in the sinking fund for payment on the debt, there is left for all expenses $380,000,000. How is it with France? She has a population of less than 38,000,000, hardly 2,000,000 larger than Great Britain, almost 20,000,000 less than the United States, and yet her national expenses last year were $605,000,000, well nigh twice those of Great Britain, and not far from three times as large as those of the United States, leaving her a deficit of 73,000,000 francs or $14,600,000 to be provided for by extra taxation.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Henry Labouchere wonders which is more deadly, the cholera or the doctors. Much can be said on both sides of the question.

Any kind of goods or fancy article can be dyed any color in a few minutes by Triangle Dyes. A child can use them with perfect success. All the popular colors. 10c.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A circus tumbler ought to live long. When one is turned over so often, it must take the sande of life a long time to run out.

"One must creep before he can walk," as the small boy said when he crawled under a circus tent.

Is Advice Cheap?

We think not, for if disinterested it has like every good thing, been dearly purchased. A fool may offer, but it requires a wise man to profit by it, and you, my reader, may offer or accept a little practical advice. Use or tell your friends to use only Putnam's Corn Extractor, for thousands have testified, after a practical test, that it is the only sure, safe and harmless remedy for corns in the world. Sold everywhere, by druggists and dealers in medicine, all over the country. Beware of substitutes.

It is said that glue is used in the cheaper grades of ice cream. That is ice cream "with a stick in it."

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents.

"It's swarm weather," remarked the man who was endeavoring to get away from the inhabitants of a bee-hive.

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

If you live in the city don't cry over spilt milk. Examine it closely and you may find it is not milk, after all.

Look Here.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will afford certain and speedy relief? If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps, headache, rheumatism, and all internal or external pains. J. B. Cartman, druggist, Morrisburgh, writes: "All the parties I supply speak very favorably of Nerviline, and always purchase a second lot." Polson's Nerviline is sold in sample bottles at 10 cents; large size 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere. Try a ten cent bottle.

A. P. 188

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

WANT Agents. Teamster's Friend. Send stamp for sample cuts free. 59 Mich St., Cleveland, Ohio.

WHEAT Martin $4, Finlay $1 50, Russian $2, Seneca $1 30, (60 lbs.) and list. Jas. Rennie, Toronto.

MARRIED Persons, or those about to marry, will be greatly benefited by sending 3 cents for sealed particulars of this advertisement. J. W. SOUTHWICK. Toronto, Canada.

SHORTHAND. LESSONS GIVEN BY mail in Isaac Pitman's system, by practical phonographer. Send for terms, an plan to FRANK YEIGH, 262 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

MEN WANTED.
Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $600 to $2000 per year Send stamp for particulars, JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME.
If you want your houses to be attractive, use
Ramsay's Improved Calsomine Colors
for tinting Walls.—Can be used without the aid of a Painter and do not rub off. Made in fifteen different tints. Apply to your local dealers for them.
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Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Leve & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal

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Price Low For Future Delivery.
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FOR SALE BY
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REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER AND MOUSTACHE PRODUCER. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address for $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

FOR SALE.
Roughcast Blacksmith Shop, Woodshop and Dwelling House, 1½ land, good garden, stable and woodshed. Failing health the cause for selling. Apply Box 79, Hepworth, Ont.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 21 x 118 feet; double stoop, with office 24 x 60, blacksmith's shop, 20 x 42; lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Ross' Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road; good locality, where a business from $8,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY, Belleville.

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The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box

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Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N
Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance $2.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance $3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.00 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid, on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $10.00, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships.
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from
QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL
Montreal, Aug. 2. | *Vancouver, Aug. 23
*Sarnia, Aug. 9. | Toronto, Aug. 30
Brooklyn, Aug. 16 | *Oregon, Sept. 6
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $36.75, Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
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H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS
is one of the hits. Not that a carriage top is anything new, but the great want of something more perfect than the heavy, expensive, inconvenient tops is supplied by the invention of the Conboy Adjustable Top, which has been altered and improved so that it has no longer a rival. The styles and grades now manufactured are the most popular, and are suited to all classes and tastes. Mr. Conboy is the Pioneer in this business. It has been [illegible] years since the commencement of the patronage and confidence of the trade and the public, by producing durable and convenient, and at the same time, elegant and stylish tops, that could be sold at exceedingly low prices. That this effort has been successful is abundantly proved by the thousands sold, and the numerous orders that are constantly pouring in. [illegible] Since moving to Toronto, Mr. Conboy is giving his whole attention to the improvement and manufacture of carriage tops, which, his increased facilities, his practical knowledge, and his immense personal experience, places him greatly in advance of all competitors.
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THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
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Unrivalled in material, construction and finish. Perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND HILL TRUCKS.
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☞ SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.
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THE NEW WILLIAMS

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the
Sewing Machine of the Period.
It is Light and Easy to run.
Silent and Rapid in movement
Plain and Simple to Learn.
It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.
It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all old fashioned machines everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and be convinced that it is the best.
THE WILLIAMS MFG CO.
1733 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, AUG. 15, 1884. NO. 50

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

The above paper is printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by SIMPSON & KERR.

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

Announcements or Notices of a personal or business nature, in the Editorial, Local or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent insertion.

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We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Correspondents must invariably send us, confidentially, their name and address, but not necessarily for publication.

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Advocate, has his residence and office in Lachute, P. Q.

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NOTICE!
The undersigned having had several years' experience as an auctioneer in Montreal and elsewhere, would now inform the people of Argenteuil that he is prepared to take charge of auction sales, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.
J. PATENAUDE.

A. J. PERIARD
Has removed his Tailoring Establishment from Cleland's Block to his new residence opposite Bedard's Carriage Manufactory, Main Street, Lachute.
☞ Work done in first-class style.

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ADVOCATE, Etc.,
AYLMER AND OTTAWA.
Will attend Courts of the Counties of Argenteuil, Ottawa and Pontiac.
Please address correspondence to Aylmer.

DR. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be at ST. ANDREWS from the 9th to the 14th, and at LACHUTE on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month.

The English Universities.

The universities are not now the last refuge of conservative thought; they are the very foci of all the energies that work for change. The long resistance to the advancing tide has only added to its momentum, and so to the sweep and speed of its action. The church has lost or is losing control of the universities, and the danger is that religion may do the same. The fight for the freedom of the universities was a fight against the freedom of the church, but for the authority of religion, and it is the duty of those who prevailed to see that the end of the tyranny does not also become the death of the authority. The nation has entered the universities and asserted its rights there in a marvellous way. Education is another thing than it was, harder, higher, taxes more severely the skill of the teacher and the strength and mind of the student. Honors become every year more difficult to win, competitors multiply, schools and subjects increase. There may be, there is, much room for reform. The teacher has too little freedom, is becoming too much the mere coach, that most helpless of intelligent beings, the drudge of the examiner, working to pass, not to educate his pupils. The student may be forced to grind too much at text books, and may know too little of the inspiration that comes to students who study under a man who is master of his subject, and teaches it as a master and not as a coach. There may be great waste of energy, too many men teaching one subject, and there may be too few subjects for the number of available teachers on the one hand and students on the other. But whatever the faults of the present system, one thing is certain, it is worked with zeal, with energy, with consummate skill and success. No man who knows what the universities were and what they are can doubt that the recent changes have all tended to make education, if not better, yet more real, requiring on all sides a sterner discipline, more arduous and actual work. Education reformers may regret that the changes adhered too much to old and not too fruitful lines, but they at least must rejoice that academic rewards now mainly depend on academic honors and attainments.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Brother's Return for Value Received.

Fifteen years ago Henry M. Crane was one of Schenectady's most prominent men. In the course of time he met with reverses, and his extensive fortune of perhaps a quarter of a million dollars was swept away and he was left almost penniless. Mr. Crane went to Arizona and engaged in business, but was, we believe unsuccessful. Recently he secured a position as porter of the Pacific Hotel, San Francisco. A few weeks ago, while thus employed, Mr. Crane received the gratifying intelligence that he could draw on a San Francisco banker for $50,000, which sum had been placed to his credit by his brother Jonathan Crane. It seems that his brother had been loaned $10,000 by Henry many years ago, when the latter was in prosperity, and the brother having recently "struck luck," paid back the sum, together with compound interest for all those years.

An ingenious Southerner has conceived the idea of opening an hotel for suicides. He acts upon the American idea of the largest liberty for the largest hallucinations.

AGRICULTURAL.

At the New Jersey Experiment Station dried corn fodder was tested with ensilage, and the following conclusions were reached: 1. Green-fodder corn dried in shocks was preserved as well as that in a silo. 2. Dried fodder-corn cut and crushed was eaten with as little waste as silage. 3. In three cases out of four the quantity of milk was not increased by silage. The quantity of food given was in each case the same, as shown by analyses; 18 per cent. of dry matter was lost in preserving green fodder-corn; the loss was the same whether the corn was packed in a silo or shocked for drying.

Many persons fancy that because they live on small farms, it is less important as to what class of stock they keep. In reality, the very reverse is true. The limited area from which the feed is to come makes it a matter of prime importance that the animals kept are of that class that will give the very best results in proportion to the food consumed. Indeed the chances are on the whole in their favor of having a better class of stock all around than the large land owner. In the first place it is much easier to commence well on a small scale, and in the second, a limited number of animals can be better cared for than a large number, other things being equal. The facilities for feeding are usually in favor of the smaller number, while the individuality of animals is most likely to be lost sight of where the number is large. While it is true that in a small herd there may be more proportionate outlay in procuring suitable males where one is kept for home use, in many instances this need not be done, as a considerable number now in very many neighborhoods have suitable animals, the service of which may be secured if need be. In some instances males may be thus selected adapted to the special requirements of the different females. Men who have but one beast should be most anxious to have it of the very best of its kind.

The Short-Horns in England as Seen by a Frenchman.

In matters relating to cattle breeds of renown, I have lately met with nothing which has interested and instructed me more than the report of an accomplished expert, a French gentleman, named Grollier, who, writing recently of the most widely known and locally celebrated herds of Short-horn in England, has given the results of his observations in late issues of the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique.*

The first stable inspected was that of Mrs. McIntosh, at Havering Park, near Pomfret. All the country dwellings of these English farmers are kept in a remarkable neat condition; but the neat cattle are badly kept and deprived of all hand care. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that during the Winter they run at full liberty in paddocks, lying down in wet straw and manure. On one or two sides of the paddocks there are sheds for the protection of the animals in bad weather, and here they are fed with cut fodder, which is distributed in the feeding toughs. Water is also freely furnished, and the cattle drink at their pleasure. There are, besides, stables with stalls for the sick and for cows approaching the end of their term, and boxes for calves. Each bull in service is kept in a separate shed, with a paddock attached, where he runs at will.

Great was Mr. Grollier's astonishment to find that the most celebrated breeders, possessing the best of illustrious families of Short-horns, representatives of which sell at enormous prices, do not devote themselves exclusively to breeding the pure race. At Havering Park, at Audley End, at Harewoods, and in all other Short-horn stables, there were common and half-blood cows alongside of the pure-bred Short-horns. One may see Jersey and Angus cows, and even the French Cotentines, which have been bred to full-blooded Durham bulls. The conclusion from this fact is, that English breeders do not believe, in common with most Frenchmen, that a full-blooded bull which has served a common cow, will transmit to a full blood cow he is subsequently bred to, the scrub mark and *stigmates*—of the common cow, like the black nose, the markings of the coat and other characteristic peculiarities.

Mrs. McIntosh's Short horns were all of the best stock and strain, including representatives of the Princess and Oxford tribes; but it must be avowed that, with a few exceptions, the visitor did not find them what he expected to see. The English are accomplished dealers, who know how to set forth the merits of what they have to sell by carefully drawn and high-sounding advertisements, well calculated to take in the inexperienced. Their faith in the power of blood, and in the merit of certain tribes where near relationship exists, perhaps in excess, is no doubt justified by the reality. "But after what we have seen," says he, "we find exceptions to this. Certain bulls which were shown us appeared very inferior though they came of the noblest ancestry."

The above paraphrase gives M. Grollier's first impressions, which were confirmed by subsequent observations. In fact, his report abounds in statements of facts of interest enough to breeders to be further drawn upon.

Milk vs. Meat.

I received, the other day, a letter to the following effect, says Sir J. B. Lawes in the *Farmer and Chamber of Agriculture Journal*: "Please will you let me know the difference of the manure from one ton of linseed cake, passing through a bullock or a cow?" His correspondent then goes on to say that he sends milk to London for sale. There can be no doubt regarding the object of this question, which is evidently to find out whether the production of milk is more exhausting than the production of meat, and whether the general opinion on the subject —that the production of milk is more exhausting—is correct. His correspondent wants this opinion to be placed before him, not in a scientific formula, but in the more easily understood form of dollars and cents.

Says Dr. Lawes, "I will try and work out the answer required from my own farm results. I have a dairy of about 30 cows. For the last two months each cow has consumed daily a little over 100 pounds of food, consisting of cake, bran, hay, and straw chaff, and mangels. The dry weight of this food is 28 pounds, while the average daily product of milk is a little over 28 pounds, but if we call it 28 pounds it will very much facilitate our calculation, as we shall thus have one pound of dry food producing one pound of milk.

Milk contains about 13 per cent. of dry substance; 1,000 pounds of dry food will produce 130 pounds of dry milk. If I had fed oxen with the same food, I should have expected that the 1,000 pounds would have produced about 85 pounds of increase in live weight, containing 63 pounds of dry matter. The 130 pounds of dry milk will contain about seven pounds of nitrogen; the 63 pounds of dry animal will contain hardly one per cent. The 1,000 pounds of dry food will contain about 20 pounds of nitrogen, therefore the milk will abstract seven pounds—or about 35 per cent.—while the meat will take only five per cent.

In dealing with these figures, it appears to be the fairest way to show the loss of manure generally upon the whole of the food equally. If I were merely estimating the meat or milk produced by the foods, such a proceeding would be evidently unfair; or if I were estimating the separate manure value of the different foods, a different course would have to be pursued; but here we have to deal with a certain number of ingredients contained in a mixed diet—part home-grown, part purchased—and it is required to know what amount of these ingredients is abstracted by a dairy cow as compared with the amount abstracted by a fattening ox.

If we assume the manure value of one ton of linseed cake to be 60s. before feeding, it would be worth 57s. if fed by oxen, as against 38s. if fed by dairy cows; these figures representing the value of the ingredients removed in the milk and meat, though making no allowance for the waste or loss of manure.

If, instead of charging the loss of the manure upon the whole of the food consumed, we charge it upon the cake alone, it will require all the nitrogen in four pounds of cake to furnish the quantity contained in two gallons of milk. Under these circumstances, a cow receiving one-fourth cwt. of linseed cake per week, and yielding 14 gallons of milk, would reduce the manure value of a ton of linseed cake to a very few shillings. It is quite evident, therefore, that the popular idea of dairy farming, taking much more out of the land than grazing is fully borne out by the figures given, and unless the loss is compensated by imports in the form of foods or manures, pasture land will soon deteriorate.

HAREM LIFE.

How Women is Treated in Pharaoh's Land.

Gen. Loring throws as much light as circumstances permit, in his recent book on Egypt upon life in the harem. One can naturally see that from the peculiar manner in which marriages are made in Egypt there is little domestic life of the sort we understand.

"They amuse themselves in crunching melon seeds, eating candy, smoking cigarettes and showing their jewelry and fine toilets to their friends. Living a life of ease and indolence, they are never supposed to soil their hands with labor or rack their brains with thought. When they toil their sole occupation is to beautify themselves. when young they are well made; their extremeties are fine and their hands are soft, white and supple, and they might be likened to the budding flower which opens at the rays of the morning sun. Their complexions are white and their cheeks tinged with rose; their eyes are sometimes blue, but that is exceptional; they are generally black as jet, and when fully open are of almond form and full of sensibility and delicate sweetness.

"So binding is the law that no man shall see the face of a woman not his property, that, in case of a violation of its sanctity, it looks with favor on the the action of the injured husband should he solace his jealousy with the life of the intruder. It is not even permitted to recognize a woman outside of the harem.

"Society among the inmates of the harem means simply smoking cigarettes and pipes and the most trivial amusements. Instead of the sparkling conversation and pleasant music with which the sexes reciprocally entertain each other among Western people, horrible screamings, the monotonous noise of a drum and the clang of tambourines are are here the solace of woman in her hours of of ease. The boasted luxury of the palaces offers in its isolation no attraction to a refined nature."

Paganini, the Genius.

A young man who has imbibed the notion that he is a genius is apt to lose his balance. The flattery of friends makes him so vain that he imagines that he, at least, may attain without labor. He ignores mental discipline, because it involves hard study. He trusts to his genius to push him up, and sinks.

Scores of young men go to pieces at the beginning of the voyage, when they might have entered port with every sail drawing had they taken their departure from Carlyle's definition of genius: A capacity for infinite pains-taking.

All Europe hailed Paganini as a genius. During forty years he reigned the monarch of the violin, with no rival near his throne.

If any one was ever born a violinist, he was. As soon as he could hold the violin he began to play it. The worshippers in the churches of Genoa often looked towards the choir to see a child playing on a violin almost as large as himself.

His genius was phenomenal. It gave him capacity, and urged him to develop it by intense application. His precocity astonished those from whom he sought instruction; but they were amazed at the zeal and rapidity with which he worked at their lessons. He soon exhausted their ability to instruct, and so passed on from one teacher to another.

He went to Rolla, the great musician of Parma. The master was ill in bed, and Paganini waited in the ante-room. Some sheets of difficult music were lying on the table, alongside of a violin. The boy looked at the music, and began playing it.

"Who is the great master playing in my ante-room?" asked Rolla, raising himself to listen.

"A mere boy! impossible!" he exclaimed on being told that the player was a mere lad, who wished to become a pupil.

Result of a Practical Joke.

A paragraph in a Cleveland paper not long since told the sad story of a hoax practised by three women upon a friend. It seemed harmless to them. It proved almost fatal to the friend, and illustrates a fact that should not be forgotten, that frights may kill, or may craze the brain permanently. Such jokes are criminal, and deserve a serious penalty. The victim of this hoax—Mrs. Burns—had gone away for a short time, leaving her husband and little ones at home.

The husband went to work, and the three women thought it would be extremely funny to scare Mrs. Burns. The chairs and tables were upset, and everything was put "topsy-turvy." A figure was made and clothed in a suit of Burn's clothes, and was laid on the floor, its head tied with a white bandage, resting against the sewing-machine.

Then the women secreted themselves. Mrs. Burns, who is of a nervous temperament, came home and was struck speechless with horror at the scene. The poor woman, seeing the inanimate form, immediately supposed that her husband had committed suicide. Tottering to the house of a neighbor, she gasped out that her husband was dead, and fainted away.

A physician was called, but she went from one spasm into another. When she finally revived sufficiently to talk, it was found that her reason had left her. For days she hovered between life and death. Although she is now considered out of danger, the shock has left its impression upon her mind, and she may never fully recover.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

New London Fashion—A Valuable Estate—Women's Rights in China—An Aged Lady—&c., &c.

An Arizona man has sued a local paper because it announced that he was the father of a thieving boy a week old. The editor meant to say "thriving."

The latest fashionable affectation in London is to have negro minstrels, who have for years been confined to the variety shows of the metropolis, appear at select parties in Belgravia, where the banjo and the bones are more in favor than the violin and piano.

It is reported that a ruby found in Clay county, N. C., was sold by the finder for $15, then for $3,000, and, after being cut by a lapidary, for $18,000.

A Detroit telephone got out of order and the man who was sent to fix it up discovered that a hole had been punched in the instrument by somebody who had innocently thought he could hear better through it that way.

The boys of the Sacramento (Cal.) High School, believing their principal to have been harshly used by the Board of Education, which had dismissed him from his post, packed up their books and left the school in a body.

There is living near Coneville, Fla., a colored man named Romeo, who is wedded to a maid of his race called Juliet. This couple have twins whom they have named Romulus and Remus, and the family is conveyed to church on Sundays by a horse named Pontius Pilate.

A regulation is in force at the Hague by which every one in whose house an infectious disease exists is bound to hang up on the front door a notice to that effect, and to state the nature of the malady, so that any one whose business takes him to that house may risk the danger or not as he thinks fit.

The trustees of the Lick estate in San Francisco have paid $12 000 to Edmund Feil of Paris for a glass for the Lick observatory on Mount Hamilton, but of nineteen glasses produced all but two have proved defective, and it is not certain that these two will be any better. The glass is to be thirty-six inches in diameter.

L. J. Rose has sold his estate, probably the finest in California, for $750,000. The plantation is known as Sunny Slope, near Pasadena, and it contains more than 2,000 acres of well-watered land. The orange crop was sold on the trees by Mr. Rose this year for $16,000, and the vintage last year from 1,000 acres of vines was 1,809 tons of grapes.

A Powhatan (Ohio) woman gave a warm reception to railroad surveyors who attempted to lay out a line through her yard contrary to her wishes. The first surveyor escaped with his hat riddled with shot from her revolver, while the second man was driven into a mud pond at the point of the pistol, leaving all his tools, which she captured and still holds possession of.

The collections of the British Museum increase so fast that it has been found necessary to remove whole departments. Thus the entire natural history collection has been transferred to the South Kensington Museum, and soon the prints, drawings, and newspapers will be placed in a new building. Last year 36,000 volumes were added to the new library. The number of visitors was 100,000 more than in 1882, but the number of students is on the increase.

The descendants of Rebecca Nourse, who was hanged as a witch at Salem, Mass., on July 19, 1692, held an anniversary reunion at Danvers, a few days ago, at which about 200 of her representatives were present. Benjamin F. Nourse of Boston, presided, and arrangements were made for the erection of a monument to be dedicated a year hence. An interesting feature of the occasion was a letter from the poet Whittier expressing the opinion that, in the execution of Rebecca Nourse, the people of Salem hanged the best Christian woman among them.

Women have some pretty substantial rights in China. This appears by the recent decision of a court in Foochow. A man being convinced that his wife was unfaithful to him prepared to kill her—a remedy which the law sanctions. His unworthy spouse, however, was too quick for him, and, instead of allowing her husband to kill her, she killed him. This also was recognized by the court as one of the rights which belong to condemned wives, when they can exercise them; and, on the conclusion of the trial the woman was dismissed with a repremand for not having immediately informed the authorities of her husband's death, and thus made arrangements for his burial.

The lately published vital statistics for Ireland for 1883 give the population at 5,015,328, showing a falling off from 1882 of 82,525. The marriage rate, which was 15.3 per 1,000 in England and 14 in Scotland, was but 8 6 in Ireland, 0.5 below the mean rate in the previous decade. The birth was 2 0 below the mean rate, and was but 23 6, while in England and Scotland it was 33 2 and 32.5. The death rate, which was 17.4 in 1882, rose to 19.2 in 1883, while in England and Scotland it was 19.5 and 21. It should be remembered that owing to emigration 42.1 per cent. of the deaths in Ireland last year were persons of sixty and upward. The proportion in England was 25 per cent.

In a town in Normandy lives an aged lady named Marie Durant, much visited, who is believed to be 123 years and a few weeks old, but who, when asked, with true feminine instinct declares she does not know. For ninety-six years she has been a widow, and during her lifetime four kings have ruled, the stars of two emperors have risen and set, and three republics have been established. She lives exclusively on vegetable diet, but is always ready for a petit verre of cognac, and says she would have died but for frequent doses of it during a recent illness. Her skin is brown and wrinkled and all the flesh seemes to have disappeared from under it, though there are still small veins of color on her withered cheeks.

A reporter of a Denver paper, while travelling recently among the Rockies, found the snow on the tops of the ranges as red as if it had been sprinkled with red pepper. Upon digging down a few inches it appeared clean and white. He concluded that the red dust must have been meteoric iron, and in some way connected with the recent protracted sunsets. Prof. Van Diest of Denver disposes of this theory very briefly. "It could not have been meteoric iron," he said, "because iron would by its specific gravity have sunk beneath the surface of the snow, and, in addition to this, the color would not have been red, as it is described to have been, but it would have been more like ochre. I imagine that the red substance found upon the snow was the pollen of some flower which had been carried from a distance by the winds. This has been noticed before, travellers in the Arctic regions have spoken of seeing similar appearances upon the snow. Examinations have shown it to be vegetable and not material."

THE TORTURE OF QUARANTINE.

How the Italians Welcome Travellers from France—A Lady's Narrative of Her Experience.

On Monday we slept in Paris; and having the following evening paid our reckoning and packed ourselves and luggage off to the Lyons Railway Station, we prepared to depart by the seven o'clock night express. But lo! when taking our tickets to be stamped at the *guichet*, our attention was attracted to a notice in front of our eyes, which we were told had only that morning been issued, to the effect that all people travelling to Italy, *via* Modane, through France, would be subject to a five days' quarantine on the frontier. About nine o'clock next day we reached Modane, where we all alight, for the examination of our luggage by the Italian *douaniers*. And now begin our troubles. We have to show our tickets one by one to a jolly, good-looking man—a gentleman in plain clothes—who bars our passage beyond the platform. We are almost the first to approach. He takes our tickets, makes much pretence of examining them, and with a bland smile

COOLLY PRONOUNCES OUR DOOM,

"*Cinq jours de quarantine a Bardonnecche!*" We protest. We insist that we only left London on Monday, and slept but one night in a clean hotel in Paris; that we have no option but to push on, as "Monsieur" has an engagement at —— for Sunday; that we have travelled all night, and have no right to be thus detained. The man is inflexible, and declares that if we have only "*touches a Paris*" to Bardonnecchia we must go to be disinfected, for five days. At length some carriages are shunted up and we are told to enter a first-class compartment. The smell of carbolic powder greatly distresses our empty stomachs. At last we are off, and are at once in darkness, for we are in the Mount Cenis Tunnel. Arrived at the other end, whence our train has barely emerged, the doors are opened and we are ordered to dismount. "Where are the omnibuses?" I ask, in grim jest. Persons in uniform takes possession of us all—for there are "*pestiferes*" in other carriages—and we are marched in the full blaze of a mid-day sun on to the mountainside, retracing for about the space of twenty minutes the way we have just passed. There are many white tents dotted about the plain. These, we are given to understand, are for the soldiers, by whom we are guarded on every hand. At length we come to a standstill, and want to know what the next proceeding is to be. With shoulder shrugs we are told that there is nothing more to be said. Here we are, *enfin*, camped out, and must make the best of it. No sign of any refreshment, and no luggage. This last has gone to the railway station. "Will it be sent to us?" "In time, but it must first be purified." "But will our boxes be opened?" "Decidedly; your keys would be asked for by-and-bye, but not yet;

WE MUST HAVE PATIENCE."

"But surely we shall be present at the inspection and purification?" "That is not possible, since the luggage is at the station, and you are not allowed to leave these boundaries." Oh, horror! to have our boxes unpacked by these men; our pretty toilettes subjected to any process of fumigation they may choose to apply; ribbons discolored, Parisian flowers mauled, hats and bonnets spoiled. We were all gasping for a wash and some refreshment, and both seemed as far beyond our reach as did Turin itself. Besides which, say what they might, the manner of those who promised us the eventual transfer of our effects was far from reassuring; and when I pleaded for the prompt possession of my linen, of which I stood in pressing need—having not a single garment with me to change for the dusty, travel-stained clothes I wore—I received for sole reply, "Ca ne'est que pour cinq jours!" Qu'est-ce que cela fait? cinq jours!" I really began to think I must be a sybarite, and had asked for some extraordinary luxury. But here we were under a burning sun, with no kind of shelter; a gloomy-looking garret was in view, but men were intercepting us from its approach by a length of wire. Having nothing else to do, tired and utterly worn out, suffering from a horrible headache, and feeling deadly sick with the odor of disinfectants that poisoned the very air we breathed, I sat down on the parched grass and cried! This undignified proceeding secured me some attention. Job's comforters flocked round me with the reassuring phrase "It's only for five days." "For God's sake," said I, entreatingly to the medico, "conduct me to some shade for my head is splitting!" I rose and followed him, accompanied by all our party. We entered the caserne, and were shown the place where we might stay and sleep. Bare stone walls, filthy floor with black patches of grime upon its surface, no table, no chair, no bench, no straw. Here we are all to herd ourselves to-night in a concentrated essence of carbolic. Indignantly we protest, and are answered, "Mais c'est une belle piece; que voulez vous? Ca n'est que pour cinq jours!" In another similar apartment are three filthy sacks filled with dirty straw and two iron bedsteads. Whoever wants these luxuries, I suspect, will have a good price to pay. There are doorways but no doors. Our companions may be refugees from the plague-stricken towns; the riffraff that haunts our place of quarantine may murder and rob us in the night for aught we know. "You have your remedy," said the doctor, "you can return to France." "How soon?" we exclaim in a breath. "There is a train that returns to Modane at five o'clock." Five o'clock, and it was now only half past twelve. "We will go, then, but must leave this place at once." So the medico calls a soldier, writes on a piece of paper our permission to pass, and hands it to him, with an order to conduct us to the station at Bardonnecchia.—*London News.*

An Insect with Hot Feet.

Some of the insects have electric organs for defense. Gen. Davis, of the British army, who was a famous insect collector, once picked up a wheel bug in the West India Islands, and received a blow that paralyzed his arm for some time. As he shook the insect off he noticed where it had stood on his hand six red marks, the impression of its feet. Kirby and Spence also refer to this peculiarity of the insect, and other naturalists have received shocks from certain of the luminous beetles. In one case, that of Capt. Blakeney, life was almost destroyed. The gentleman took up an unknown caterpillar, and immediately received such a shock that his entire right side became paralyzed, and for a long time he was dangerously ill.

[illegible]ting a [illegible] Out of Bed.

Mamma (at foot of the stairs)—Come Bobby, dear, it's time little boys were out of bed. Breakfast is nearly ready.

Bobby—Yes'm-um m.

Big sister (a little later)—Bob-b-e-e, breakfast is on the table. Come right down this minute.

Bobby—Yes-yes-um-m.

Old Gentleman (a little later still)—Robert! I

Robert—Yes, sir!

In a Greek Family.

We alighted from our mules in front of the cafe and then ascended a dark wooden staircase to be introduced to our host and hostess. The latter was a stout busy woman, scantily clad, without shoes or stockings; she had on a white cotton skirt, while over this was a blue jacket, gauged behind and frilled at the edge. She had on a white head dress twisted in folds, and a streamer hanging down behind. Her name was Mrs. Sunday. She had large brown pencilled eyebrows, a sallow, almost swarthy, complexion, and a profile as Grecian as ever was seen on any vase. She greeted us with profusion, apologizing, as women will, for her *neglige* attire, and busied herself to prepare for our reception. * * * *

After a few minutes our host and a few friends dropped in. He was a regular islander, with his baggy trousers, his loose embroidered waistcoat, and his fez. He carried a gourd in his hand full of wine, some of which he spilt as a libation, just as if he were an ancient Greek who wished to propitiate Zeus. Then we all raised the gourd to our lips in turn, saying, "We have found you well," and other compliments, which flow like water in these parts. Our host expressed his delight at the honor we had done him by visiting his roof, and told us that a table should be spread for us later on, after which he would have the pleasure of questioning us about our wanderings. . . .

It was quite dark before the table was spread for our meal, and when served it was more curious than sumptuous; the water, in which a kid had been boiled with some rice in it, led the way as soup, and was followed by pickled cuttle fish, very hard and unpalatable, but a prized luxury in these islands, especially during Lent, so much so that it would pay the enterprise of pickling the many thousands we throw away in disgust to send out here. Then came the kid, a deliciously tender little thing, one of a litter of six, our host informed us. After the kid came the misithra, a standard dish in the Grecian Islands, made of curdled milk. I have tasted exactly the same in Corsica, under the name of broccio, and I always revel in it. There was a Turkish dish of rice and sour milk, called pilaff and yaourte, and which I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of; figs and almonds brought the repast to a close. The wine was rich and excessively sweet, such as, I presume, once was the nectar of the gods. The table was laid for four, ourselves, our host and his brother. Mrs. Sunday and her family waited upon us; occasionally she sat down respectfully in a corner, with a bone which she gnawed; but when all was cleared away, and the men began to smoke, she drew her chair up to the table, took occasional sips out of her husband's glass, and became talkative. Now all restraint was at an end, and questions about England and the far west occupied more time than I cared to devote to them. Every Greek adores the name of Mr. Gladstone, and I went up considerably in our host's estimation when I told him I had been at Oxford. "Then you are a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's?" To this novel way of looking at the question I deemed it wise to assent.

Railway Courtesies.

A singular case was tried before Mr. Baron Pollock and a special jury at Oxford, Eng., on July 5th, arising from the action of two ladies, who had been shopping in town, endeavoring to secure the whole of a railway compartment by spreading their purchases over the seats, so that it might appear that all were occupied. The guard having directed Capt. Preston and his wife, who were going by the same train, to take their seats in the compartment, the captain removed some of the parcels to obtain room for himself and lady. This was done, according to the evidence of an independent witness, in a perfectly cool manner; but the owner objected, especially to the removal of a large milliner's cardboard box, and there appears to have been some force used, as the defendant stated that her hand was cut by the string in her endeavor to prevent the removal by Capt. Preston. Leaving the carriage at Reading, the lady said she had been grossly insulted, and subsequently her husband wrote to the captain demanding an apology. This was very naturally refused, when a blow was inflicted on the plaintiff, but in the struggle which ensued the defendant's finger was broken. The action was for slander, libel, and assault. The judge held the words uttered by Mrs. de Windt were not slanderous, and that there was no publication of a libel in the letter sent to the plaintiff but the assault was regarded as proved, and the jury gave a verdict for Capt Preston, the plaintiff, awarding damages of £50. The fact that a railway passenger has only a legal right to the particular seat occupied, appears not to be recognized by many persons. Mrs. de Windt had not the slightest legal right to occupy the seats with her luggage, to the inconvenience of other passengers, nor to prevent their removal of it, if it annoyed them or occupied the space they desired to use. Luggage may be tolerated on the seats but it is only there on sufferance. Nevertheless, there are many persons who imagine that if they are the first occupants of a carriage, the can place their boxes, &c., where they please. It is a not uncommon practice for a lady to secure one corner seat for herself and to place a favorite box in the opposite one, thus monopolising two of the best and most comfortable places, and instances are not unknown of their regarding themselves as discourteously treated if their property is removed, and the seat occupied by a passenger. Of course there is neither legal nor moral defence of such selfish actions, and, as is instanced by the case under notice, the appeal to a husband to avenge the supposed wrong may end in his not even getting the better of the encounter, and having to pay a heavy sum in damages and costs.

Black vs. White.

A European who has travelled on foot four thousand miles down the African coast declares that in manliness and shrewdness, in intelligence, and honesty, and in the essentials of government, the black man is quite as good as the white. Boil down your idea of civilization as much as you please, and unless you make it consist of the mere use of pocket-handkerchiefs, you will find that these so called savages are as civilized as any Europeans. They are traders, and keen traders too. They have their own religion, their own laws, and their own patriarchal methods of life. All the best of them are Mohammedans. They administer justice in their own way, and show more hospitality to the stranger than does the ordinary foreigner. They have no petty newspapers, but they have what still serves the Spanard and the Portuguese, as a very effective substitute in the shape of their barber shops, which are the accepted news centres of the neighborhood. Every one goes to the barber shop to learn the news.

English as She is Spoken.

"Will you please pass the catsoup," said the new boarder.

"Sir!" exclaimed the landlady, with fire in her eye. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Excuse me, madam, I meant the catchup," and he pointed to the bottle.

"I catch on," said the landlady as she passed it.

A National Sport.

Just as an Italian carries his love for garlic with him wherever he goes, and a Chinaman is never to be met with without his pig-tail, so wherever a sufficient number of Englishmen are collected they will surely organize themselves into a cricket team. As soon as the British soldier had accomplished the "occupation" of Cyprus he began to play cricket there; on the plains of Candahar, with Ayoub Khan almost in sight, the officers of the different British regiments were industriously accepting challenges and playing off matches. In Zululand, in the intervals of tedious and pestilential marches, assegais were set up as wickets, and the English soldiers knocked sweet potatoes about with a knobkerry, which did duty as a bat, and more recently in Egypt while Sir Garnet Wolseley was slowly working his way to victory, the British marines were making long scores in the dust of Alexandria. The knapsack of every French soldier is said to contain a field-marshal's *baton*; but certainly "Tommy Atkins" never started on a march without a bat and ball and set of wickets on his back.

It has indeed become a hackneyed phrase that Englishmen take cricket with them wherever they go, yet few perhaps understand how completely it is true. In Africa, not only at Natal and George Town, Wynberg, Port Elizabeth, Sunday's River, and other spots in the south, but on the western coast at Cagos and elsewhere, and on the north in Algeria and in every part of Egypt the game is played. In Asia not only have matches been recorded from every part of India and Burmah, the China and Straits settlements, Japan, and Ceylon with its half-dozen clubs, but also from Aden in Arabia, and Zanzibar. In America, though base-ball holds the foremost place in popular esteem throughout the States, cricket is played regularly; while in Mexico and at Panama, as well as along all the southern continent, from Guiana to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Estancia Adela, round to Chili and Peru, up the Platte River, the astonished natives have seen the aliens amusing themselves after the fashion of the cold climates whence they came. In Europe it is needless to say how wide-spread the game is, where in all the strange nooks and corners where Englishmen have found a home it is systematically practiced. At Gibraltar and Malta, in Jamaica and on St. Helena, New Zealand and Nova Scotia, the Bermudas, Barbadoes, the Falkland Isles, and the Feejees—at all these places matches have been settled as well as the climate, the country, and the circumstances would allow.

Mr. Alfred Jingle's famous account of the cricket match in Ceylon, in which hot water had to be poured on the ground to make it possible to pitch the stumps, and where the field all dropped in their places asphyxiated, has always been received as a rather highly colored piece of reporting; but lightish blue jackets play at Acapulco with the temperature in the field at 145 degrees, and a match was reported from Upper India a year or two ago when, in the middle of the hottest month of one of the hottest seasons ever recorded, two elevens met and actually played out a game. "Not a living thing," the reporter wrote, "dared the heat, and yet each side scored over a hundred runs. The vultures even had taken refuge in the shade; but the British soldier ran the overthrows with all the energy he could have shown at Sandhurst on an English summer day." The ground, too, had its defects, for long-leg stood waist-deep in brushwood, while back-stop had a ravine behind him over which he had to scramble for every bye. But even this compares somewhat favorably with the Egyptian cricket ground described as "the acres of brown powder, within the centre an oblong patch of lime and sand, seven palm-trees being dotted about the field." Yet whatever the obstacle, the cricketer will have his game, and whether on the beach of Turk's Island or the shingle of Pernambuco throws all his energy into the work before him.

Indeed much of the foreign history of England might be written from its matches, for wherever a regiment or a man-of-war is stationed, there will cricket be played. Every nation in turn has wondered at the Englishman—the lethargic Hindoos to see the sahib, in whose hands are live and death, pursue a ball which any one of his hundred subordinates looking on would esteem it a favor to be allowed to fetch for him; and the pigtailed Chinaman and swarthy Malay to behold the "Tuan," otherwise so dignified and important a person, taking delight in running backward and forward with a heavy bat in his hands which a servant might just as well have carried. The bewildered Japanese as well as the astonished Peruvians have dubbed the game as "madness," just as in India a picnic is called "a lunatic's dinner," and a fancy ball a "fools' dance."

Yet in India the natives are ceasing to wonder, and are beginning to play themselves. At first they would have nothing to say to a game that tested the nerves and fatigued the limbs; but after a bit the more robust minds—not always the more robust bodies—caught the great truth that healthful exercise was one of the secrets of the Englishman's power, and one by one the swarthy players came on the field.

At Bareilly not long ago—where the keener air and more rugged country have bred a vigorous class—a school eleven of native lads beat the artillery team, and local journals now record regularly the prowess in the field of Hindoo and Mohammedan cricketers of Agra and Lucknow, Delhi and Lahore, Benares and Allahabad. Travelling, too, from India, eastward, we find in Burmah and Singapore, in China and Japan, the native joining in the amusements of the English communities; and whether at Rangoon or Amoy, Nagasaki or Yokohama, the heathen names have their place in every cricketing eleven. With the English language the English pastime has travelled round the world. Empty beer bottles, it has been said, have hitherto marked the advance and limits of British enterprise; but with greater truth it may be alleged that the presence or absence of cricket defines the area of British predominance and the extent of British influence. And it is surely a finer demarkation than the institutions which commonly evidence the boundaries of conquest or oppression, for instead of bringing with it extortion and cruelty and death, it forms a bond of fellowship between the natives and the aliens, and is a never-failing source of health and strength.

Plantation Philosophy.

Smiles ain' no sign o' a good disserposishun. De red apple ain' allus de sweetes'.

Good sense doan' hanker arter fine cloze. De stalk ain' nigh so bright arter de co'n is ripe.

De abidin place o' good sense doan' b'ar no sartin mark. De rabbit doan' allus hide in de talles grass.

De man carried away wid hate is like de man carried away wid love. It is mighty seldom dat he's tempered wid good sense.

I hab never knowed er wise man to spread hisself. De rake kivers mo' groun' den de grubbin' hoe, but it doan' go down nigh so deep.

Rev. John Wesley a Mason.

Rev. D. W. Ball, of Transfer, Mercer Co., has some interesting relics of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. They consist of a Royal Arch Masonic apron, receipts of lodge dues paid by Wesley to the lodge of which he was a member, extending over a period of some fifteen years, and a number of books from Wesley's private library, containing his autograph. The Masonic apron is 153 years old. These relics were purchased by Rev. Mr. Ball's grandfather at the public auction of Wesley's personal effects after his death.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

A writer whose manuscripts are covered with blots of ink can be called a fluent writer.

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THE WATCHMAN
AND
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LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUG. 15, 1884.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

The wheat crop of the United States is now fairly on the market. The winter wheat is 400,000,000 bushels for 1884 against 300,000,000 in 1883, being 100,000,000 bushels of an increase. The intrinsic value of this year's over last year's crop of wheat in the United States is even greater owing to its being plump, heavy and clear so that its nutrient value is about double that of last year's. The bread value of this year's crop is estimated at 29,405,000,000 pounds, while last year's gave a bread value of only 15,675,000,000 pounds. The spring wheat however is not so good as last year, so their total wheat crop will only reach about 520,000,000 bushels of both kinds. In Canada the wheat crop of the Northwest is 7,000,000 bushels and of Ontario 30,000,000 of bushels or an increase of about 15,000,000 of bushels over last year. Canadian wheat is about two per cent, richer in gluten than the American, wheat, so that we should have good, cheap, healthy bread for the next year to come. The question of *how to get* the most nutriment from this wheat into our systems which are constantly running down under the strain and worry of life cares is of great importance. It is one that demands all the light of the scientific progress of the times. It is a notorious fact that the bread of to-day is so deficient in nitrogen, gluten and phosphates that bone and muscle are weak compared with what they were when people eat bread made of coarser flour in the home made way. The greatest part of the superfine flour of to-day is deficient in these vital elements, and were it not for eating other food which contains them, the human family would soon be an imbecile race and constantly under the care of the surgeon and dentist.

To give some authorities, Prof. Dr. Johnston says "fine white flour contains less nutritive matter than whole wheat meal." Prof. Wm. Carter Hughs, an able writer in Michigan, confirms Prof. Johnston's statement by Analysis; so do Bousignault, the German chemist, and Leigbig. Prof. Hughs says "But such is the controlling influence of custom that the researches of science and an extensive experience are almost in vain, in getting the people to adopt the household bread made of whole wheat meal." Dr. Richardson, of London, England, says "a white loaf is only half a loaf as it is 40 per cent deficient in nutriment."

Prof. Rathy, who is strongly opposed to Graham flour says "the outer woody bran is not useful but pernicious."

Prof. Graham, (Doctor Scientate) of London, England, says "the outer bran of the wheatberry is an irritant and the human stomach is not strong enough to digest it properly." Dr. Edward Smith says "the woody covering of the wheat is comparatively worthless as an article of food."

From the above we gather valuable information, and so another question arises what are we to eat? Fine white flour is deficient in nutriment, and Graham flour is condemned because it contains all the bran of the wheat, and should not be eaten by any one. The *Bread Reform League of England*, which has for its object the making of a bread that contains all the nutriment of the wheat without the injurious effects to the system produced by the Graham Flour. This League is supported in their work by such able physicians as Profs. Drs. Johnston, Carpenter, Huxley and Wilson besides the French Doctors, M. Mielon, Daubeny and Magendie. Their system is to take the wheat and subject it to a process of decortication and then grind up the whole wheat into flour, unbolted. This gives a pure whole wheat meal free from the outer bran and makes a sweet delicious bread which any person can live on, and soon be in a better physicial and mental condition than he ever could be on adict of fine white bread. The popularity of the Bread Reform League in England is increasing so rapidly that the desciples of Graham are fast dwindling away, while the patrons of the fine white loaf are reluctantly giving up their luxury to turn to one of greater value inasmuch as they value brain, muscle, bone and sinew more than fashion or custom. It is a notorious fact that the dental profession with its large manufacturing interests has sprung into existence only since the common use of fine white flour. Let the nations return to the more primitive mode of diet, and that profession must decay in proportion to the way teeth decay now from the constant use of food which is so deficient in bone producing elements. Not only in England is the Bread Reform League rapidly gaining influence, but in the United States and in Canada there are thousands crying out for a reform in diet, and hail with the greatest delight a food which contains all the elements required to supply the wastes of the body. How much of the great wheat crop of this year will be made into a dyspepsia or producing diet, into a teeth decaying diet, into neuralgic creating diet and into a physician's producing bill diet, is hard to say. What we have written is in the light of science and experience.

THE INSANE ASYLUM.

Last Friday's *Gazette* contains the Report of the Medical Site viewers. After speaking of the several places visited by them, none of them in their opinion were so suitable for the location of the Insane Asylum as the properties of Mr. Drennan, Lachute, and the Molson farm 75 acres. In regard to this farm they say "its chief disadvantage is one common to all the farms near Montreal, that is, its great length and narrowness." The report concludes with the following declaration: "Upon the whole (weighing well all the pros and cons) we are of opinion that this site (Molson's) possesses less disadvantages and greater advantages than any other submitted to us, and while not being by any means perfect as regards picturesqueness, elevation of land, and quality of road by which it must be approached from the city, that it is still a fair site for the proposed purpose and probably as good a one as can be obtained."

After a vote of thanks to the Doctors and a short discussion on the report, the meeting on motion of Mr. Perry was adjourned to meet again early in September to draft their final report to the general committee.

Now we would ask the Montreal gentlemen who compose this committee, if the Asylum is intended exclusively for the benefit of Montreal, and to be built and maintained by Montreal money—if so, then by all means locate it in Montreal. But if it is to be a Provincial institution, and to be supported by the Province at large; then in that case the interests of the whole Province should be taken into consideration, and a site chosen as central as possible for the accommodation of all. Selfish considerations should have no place in the choice of a site, and we trust the committee in whose hands it now is will rise above personal considerations, and do what they think is best for the good of the whole Province.

WYOMING CATTLE.

In our last we mentioned that application had been made by the cattle dealers of Wyoming to the Imperial Government to consent to admit into England through Canada the cattle from Wyoming and Montanna on a different footing from the cattle of the United States generally. The London *Canadian Gazette* of July the 31st thus refers to this application:

"The importance of the deputation which waited upon Lord Carlingford and Mr Dodson last Friday, to urge that permission should be given for the importation of store cattle from the western plains of America via Canada, has been fully recognised. Mr. Moreton Frewen and his friends spared no pains to impress upon the Privy Council the strength of their case, and benefits which would be conferred on all parties concerned by the granting of the facilities asked for. The discussion which has already taken place, however, shows clearly that Mr. Frewen's views are not universally shared by farmers in this country, and by other authorities elsewhere. Canadian interests are affected in more ways than one, and to a very great degree by the proposals, and we are certainly inclined to think that it would only be after the most careful consideration of all the issues involved that any official endorsement of Mr. Frewen's request would be given. It is stated this week, on good authority, that Lord Carlingford and Mr. Dodson find great difficulty in complying with the request; and, as we mentioned would probably be the case the obstacle in the way is the proviso in the Act of 1878 as to 'the laws of any foreign country.' The question, of course, arises whether the laws of the territory of Wyoming, which are simply the laws of the State and not of Congress, come within the meaning of the Act. It is not improbable that, in accordance with the views consistently held hitherto, a decision may be arrived at unfavorable to the views of the deputation."

This concession it granted would work against the interests of our own cattle dealers, and therefore should not be granted, for it would open the door to the whole cattle of trade of the United States, the inferior breeds being palmed off on the English purchaser as Canadian cattle. Our cattle hitherto have stood high in the English market, and that status must not be lost through the knavish cunning of the unscrupulous Yankee.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

This subject just now is attracting a good deal of attention in England. In London recently a meeting was held to discuss the subject when Mr W. H. Smith, M.P., moved, seconded by the Earl of Roseberry, "That the political relations between Great Britain and her colonies must inevitably lead to ultimate federation or disintegration. That in order to arrest the latter, and to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, some form of federation is indispensable." This resolution did not meet the views of the meeting, but adopted in its place the following on motion of Lord Wemyss. "That in order to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, some form of federation is essential." After some important discussion on the merits of the scheme, Mr Stanhope, M.P., proposed "That for the purpose of enlightening and instructing the people, within the limited kingdom and the colonies, as to the incalculable advantages which will accrue to the whole Empire from the adoption of such a system of organization, a society be formed of men of all parties, to advocate and support the principle of federation." This motion was seconded by Mr. Mowat, Premier of Ontario, and supported by Mr Gisborne of New Zealand. It was also decided that a provisional committee should be formed, with Mr. Forster at its head, for the purpose of settling all details connected with the establishment and organization of the society referred to in the second resolution, and reporting thereon at an adjourned conference to be held at a suitable period in the autumn. Copies of these resolutions were ordered to be forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the High Commissioner for Canada, the Agents-General for Australia and South African colonies and to the governors of such colonies as were not represented in England, with a request that they would bring them under the consideration of their respective governments.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for the small price of 25 cents, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

(From our own Correspondent)

The result of our deliberations at Lausanne was a slight change in our programme, we deciding to go on to Rome at once, by way of Geneva, Genoa and Pisa, and to leave Mt. Blanc, Milan, Venice and Florence until our return from the Eternal City. The city of Lausanne has little to detain the tourist, but the attractions of the lake near which it is located are too great to be passed by without notice. "Lake Leman wooes me with its crystal face," wrote Byron, and from the time of Cæsar until now, it has charmed all who have visited its shores. It is about 5[illegible] miles in length with an extreme width of only nine miles and a depth of [illegible] feet. Its waters are a most lovely blue color, differing from the other Swiss lakes, which have a greenish tinge. The cultivation of the vine is the principal agricultural interest of the people along its shores and its grapes and wines are famous and some of the vineyards along its northern boundaries are valued at not less than $[illegible] per acre. At the eastern end of the lake is the Castle of Chillon; whose stern walls, rising from the waters, were immortalized by the genius of Byron. The steamer from Lausanne lands us at Chillon and a walk of about a mile brings us to the castle which is built upon a rock in the lake and is reached by a drawbridge. After a few moments delay the attendant conducts us to the large dimly lighted dungeon, whose outer walls rise from below the water and whose inner wall is composed of the native rock. It is here we find

> "There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
> And in each pillar there is a ring,
> And in each there is a chain."

The column to which Bonnivard is said to have been chained has, like the rest, deep indentations worn in the rock around it and the massive ring to which his chain was attached is still seen. It is a gloomy spot. Among the rooms exhibited to visitors is one with a huge rock upon which the condemned prisoners passed their last night. Adjoining this is the execution room which formerly had an opening into the lake by which the bodies of the victims could be easily disposed of. In one of the upper rooms is a wooden pillar to which prisoners were suspended and tortured by applying fire to the soles of their feet. Another contains a deep well or opening leading down to the depths of the lake, through which prisoners were sometimes induced to try to escape, only to drown themselves in the blue waters below. Larger rooms are fitted up for reception halls, council chambers, etc., and the entire building (which is now used as an arsenal,) is an excellent specimen of the castles of the early times in which it was built, it having being originally erected more than 1,000 years ago, but strongly fortified by Peter of Savoy in the thirteenth century. It arouses no present memories however, and we are not unwilling to leave its damp, noisome dungeons and its forbidding council chambers, with their foul and bloody history, and go out again into the broad light of the summer sun and the civilization of the nineteenth century. It is not true that Byron's "Prisoner" was the Bonnivard who was so long imprisoned here and in fact we believe Byron himself speaks of his poem as "a fable;" but in spite of this, as we go out over the drawbridge we find ourself repeating, almost involuntarily those familiar lines:

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar—for twas trod
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard. Let none those marks efface;
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Geneva, at the opposite end of the lake, is a flourishing city of over 60,000 inhabitants and is reached by rail from Lausanne in about two hours. It is the largest and most prosperous city of Switzerland and although possessing little of interest in itself, is associated with many distinguished names in history. Calvin, Rousseau, Madame de Steal, Sismondi, d'Aubigne and many others resided here. On Champel Hill, Micheal Servetus, a Spanish physician was burned at the stake by Calvin's order, for having dared to write a treatise on the Trinity, in which he differed from the bigoted reformer. The city is a favorite resort for Americans and in fact is quite cosmopolitan in its character, almost all nations being represented on its streets.

Early one moring we take train from Geneva by the Mt. Cenis route into Italy. We pass through a mountainous region, abounding in lovely views and wild scenery and after riding 125 miles reach Modane, on the Italian frontier. Just beyond Modane we enter the Mount Cenis tunnel, which was completed fourteen years ago after thirteen years of work, at a cost of 15,000,000. It is eight miles in length, 19 feet high, 26 feet wide and about 4,000 feet above the sea and 5,50[illegible] feet below the summit of the mountain. Our train occupied just 27 minutes in passing through its gloomy depths. Beyond the great tunnel, the wild, barren mountains tower high above the narrow valley down which we speed, and numerous spurs of the range necessitate dozens of smaller tunnels. We reach Turin late in the afternoon and after a few hours spent in this modern Italian city, which was the capital of Italy from 1859 to 1865, we go on to Genoa, where we pass the night. Genoa, "La Superba," is familiar to every American shool boy as the home of Columbus. It was an important city under the Romans, a strong commercial republic in the middle ages and has now a population of 17[illegible]. It is built on the seaward slope of the hills, facing the harbor and from some points of observation its marble palaces and superb location seem to merit its title of "The Proud;" but seen from within, its narrow streets and crooked and devious ways are rather disappointing. Being willing to accept Mark Twain's statement that there are many school boys in America who can write better than even "so great Christopher Colombo," we do not hunt up the autograph of the famous navigator, which is to be seen at the Palazzo del Municipio, near the centre of the city. The churches of Genoa are of no especial interest to the passing traveller, the cathedral, with its facade of black and white marble being the most striking, and San Annunziata the church of the Capuchins, noted for its gorgeous interior decorations. Only a few of the streets are of even tolerable width, and many can be passed through only on foot; in some cases the walls almost meeting far above the heads of the passengers. But like many of the cities of Italy, whose ancient glories have faded, Genoa is making rapid strides toward recovering a portion at least of its former greatness. From Genoa to Pisa the road lies for nearly 1[illegible]0 miles along the shores of the Mediterranean, and the delightful views of land and sea are only interrupted by the innumerable tunnels. We pass numerous and valuable marble quarries and finally reach the city, the fame of whose "leaning tower," is world wide. In the north west corner of Pisa is a "group of buildings without parallel." The Cathedral, the Campanile, or Bell Tower, usually known as the leaning tower, the Baptistery and the Campo Santo, are all located here. The Cathedral, built in the eleventh century, is of white marble with most elaborate ornamentation in black and colors. Its interior still contains the bronze chandelier whose motion suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. In the rear of cathedral, although nearly opposite the door by which entrance is usually made, is the famous leaning tower, from whose summit the bells of the Cathedral are sounded. This tower is 179 feet in height and inclines nearly 14 feet from the perpendicular. This being much less than half its diameter, its stability is not affected in the least. The cause of the inclination has been much discussed, but no satisfactory explanation has ever been given. The fact that leaning towers are found in other parts of Italy and that this has stood for over 700 years without reaching a dangerous point would seem to indicate something more than accidental results; while the spongy nature of the ground, which has thrown many of the lines of the Cathedral 'out of plumb,' together with the fact that the upper stories of the tower have the columns on the lower side somewhat lengthened, as if to remedy the inequality caused by the inclination would favor the theory that the settlement had occurred after the building of the tower had been commenced. Whatever the cause it is a wonderful structure and as we ascended its winding stairs and looked out over its inclined walls, we felt again the pleasure which comes from the realization of boyish anticipations. The Baptistery is situated directly opposite the façade of the Cathedral, and is a circular marble building of great architectural beauty. The pulpit, by Nicolo Pisano, 1260, is most elaborately carved and its reliefs, representing the nativity, the adoration, the crucifixion, etc., have been the subject of admiration for over six centuries. The echo of the Baptistery is one of the most marvelously beautiful in the world, its circular form and dome shaped roof repeating the sounds with a peculiar sweetness. North of the Cathedral and Baptistery is the Campo Santo, an enclosed corridor containing on its inner walls many quaint frescoes of the early schools. In the eyes of the faithful this is peculiarly "holy ground;" as when the Crusaders finally abandoned Palestine in 1[illegible] they brought with them over fifty ship loads of earth from Mt. Calvary for this cemetery. Within the enclosure are monuments to many noted men of Pisa, as well as several Greek and Roman sarcophagi. Among the frescoes, the "Triumph of Death," of the fourteenth century, is of especial interest as showing the crude ideas of those early ages. At the base, the bodies of the dead lie in heaps, including kings and queens, princes and popes, the lowly and the proud; while their souls, represented by nude infants, issue from their mouths or bodies. Above is a horde of demons, grotesque and hideous forms, who seize the greater number of the souls and hurry them away to a furnace which appears on the summit of a hill in the distance. Angels to "are hovering near," and occasionally select one, who is borne away to eternal bliss. Some are claimed by both angels and demons and the struggles are represented in a manner, certainly not calculated to impress the modern beholder with the solemnity of the subject.

From Pisa, the railway lies for a long distance along the old Roman road built by Scaurus more than 1[illegible] years before Christ. We pass many places famous in history and after 220 miles of travel reach the Eternal City.

CHAS. L. NOBLE.

An experience of a quarter of a century shows that in the range of application to human ills GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR has no equal. It is emphatically a household necessity, and no one having once tried it will willingly be without it.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—The British force in Egypt now numbers 8,000 and it will be raised to 10,000.

—The Cape of Good Hope authorities have annexed the Walfisch Bay district.

—Gallabat has fallen into the hands of the rebels. The inhabitants of Gedarif have been ordered to return on Kassala.

—Russia is negotiating with Persia for the session of Sarakhs, a town on the northern Afghanistan frontier.

—The first passenger trains on the O. & Q. Railway between Montreal and Toronto passed by here on Monday morning.

—The crops along the line of the Northern & Northwestern Railway from Toronto northward are reported in excellent condition.

—The U. S. Agricultural agent in London reports fine weather for harvesting throughout Europe and an improvement in the English wheat prospects.

—France has informed China that Kelung will be returned when the indemnity is settled on, but that should China resume operations on the Tonquin frontier, war will be declared.

—Lady Macdonald is with a fishing party on the Upper Nepisignet, N. B. Within an hour of her reaching camp she landed a fine salmon.

—A consignment of shingles to a Norwegian house is the latest item figuring in Canadian exports. They are going forward in a Norwegian sailing vessel.

—Generals Wolseley and Newdegate have issued a new system of infantry tactics. Critics say it will revolutionize the English infantry tactics. The scheme is spoken of as being feasible.

—A British regiment *en route* to Assouan landed at Edneh as the Steamer conveying them is disabled. Another has gone for assistance. Colonel Kitchener was received with great enthusiasm along the route from Dongala to Debbeh.

—Arthur Elliott, Liberal member of Parliament, has written a letter to the *Scotsman* maintaining that the reform of the House of Commons is more important than a reform of the Lords. He says the worst fifty Lords are not worse than the worst fifty members of the Commons.

—The *Republique Francaise*, commenting upon the extension of the chain of English fortresses from Aden to Perim, says Great Britian takes practical possession of the highway of the East in violation of her treaties. It claims it has information from reliable sources that the Italian Government has not permitted the English operations to pass unnoticed. The Cabinets at Rome and Paris must take means to warn England of the existence of treaties.

—The Albany *Journal* says: "The left hindfoot of a graveyard rabbit, which has a potent influence among Southern negroes, has been presented to Governor Cleveland as a talisman in the campaign. The rabbit from which the foot was taken was shot on the grave of Jesse James. The foot was superbly mounted and engraved in solid silver as a watch charm by jewellers in Eufaula, Ala., and bears the inscription: 'To our next President—a talisman of victory.' A history of the rabbit foot and its traditions was prepared and forwarded from Eufaula, Ala., with the foot to Governor Cleveland, who in a letter has acknowledged its receipt, with thanks and the expression, 'I am ready to confess that such a thing with such a history ought to accomplish great results.'"

—On Sunday, a few minutes after 2 p. m., in the vicinity of New York, a shock of an earthquake was felt lasting for ten seconds. It extended over a district from Maine to Philadelphia and from Cleveland to the ocean, the centre being apparently in the vicinity of New York. The terror striken people rushing from their houses into the streets, supposing they were going to fall on them. As the shock was not repeated confidence became restored and they returned to their dwellings. The great towers of Brooklyn Bridge oscillated visibly, while the bridge rocked as if struck by a hurricane. At the iron steamboat pier the motion was so violent that the ticket takers rushed from their offices. Large crowds at Central Park were thrown into a state of violent excitement by the shaking and strange rumbling in the ground. The animals in the managerie were frightened. There was a panic at the large hotels at the Island, the guests making a general rush for the open air. No damage of any kind is reported.

PITTSBURGH, Penn., July 23.—The National Convention of the Prohibition Home Protection party began its sessions here to-day in Lafayette Hall. The place of meeting was crowded an hour and a half before the hour of calling the Convention to order. The hall is tastily decorated with banners, flags and mottoes, and evergreens, growing plants and flowers grace the stages. An address of welcome was delivered by C. L. Rose, of Pittsburgh. After the customary words of welcome were spoken, Mr. Rose said that neither of the old parties could meet the demands of the age and the day. This was, he said, the only political party that offered to the women of the Nation equal rights with the men in managing the affairs of the Government. The prohibition harvest could not be gathered without the co-operation of the women. If asked, "What is the influence of women in public places?" the answer was "Lucy Hayes."

When the State of Illinois was called, Mr. Geo. C. Christian, of that State, came to the platform to nominate ex-Governor St. John. He said that the name which he would present to the convention was above any other name in its power to gather together and concentrate the forces of the Prohibition movement. It was a name known in every household in the land. He was a man whose record specially committed him to the consideration of the Convention. He was a gentleman who had seen war; who had lived on the bloody plains of the far West; who was the father of actual practical constitutional prohibition. He was a man whose whole soul and energies were entirely devoted to the cause. He might not be able now to contribute very largely in a material way, but he could give to the cause the influence of moral force and moral heroism which no other man now named or to be named could ever hope to give it. Not only that but he was a brother-in-law of the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Miss Frances E. Willard, [Cheers.] In behalf of the Illinois delegation, he had the honor to present for the office of President that distinguished patriot, that magnificent leader, that whole souled leader, who had devoted his life to constitutional prohibition, and who was known as the Hon. John P. St. John. [Loud cheers and enthusiastic demonstrations.]

Miss Frances E. Willard seconded the nomination of Governor St. John. She spoke of having known him as "a little man; a barefoot boy, with feet of tan." She had seen him go out into the world, unfriended, unguided, making his way toward the West, crossing the Big Muddy with but a dollar in his pocket; getting to Pike's Peak and across the Rockies and Sierras. She had seen him, when other men were asleep, studying Blackstone and Coke, and when the war broke out he did not wait to be drafted, but voluntarily bared his breast to the enemy then who was the friend to-day. [Cheers.] She saw him next elevated to the position of Governor of a great free State and the idol of his party there.

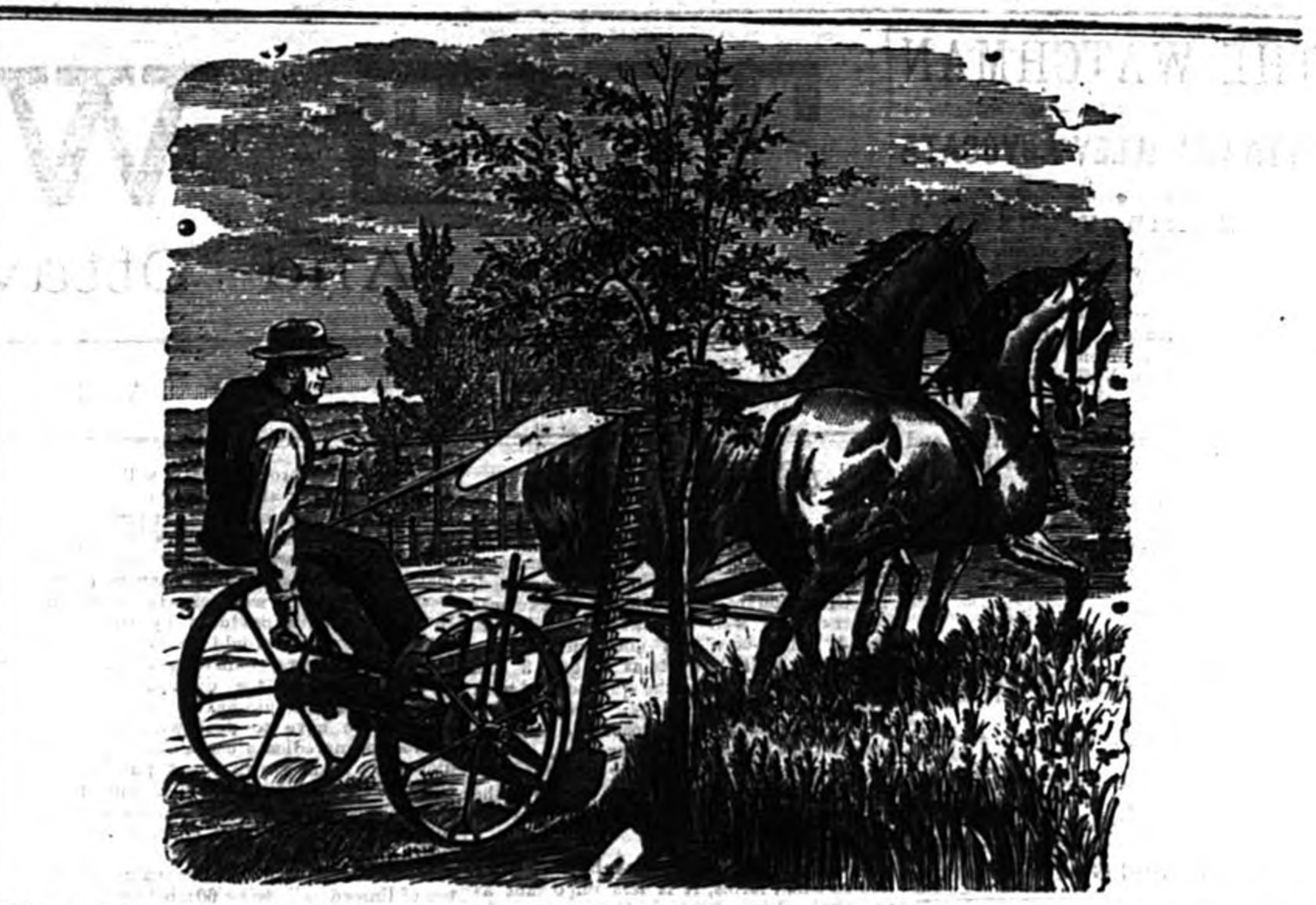
AFTERNOON SESSION.

As usual singing and prayer opened the afternoon session. Despatches from various bodies of Prohibitionists throughout the country were read. Most of them advised the nomination of St. John, and prophesied victory. The form of calling the roll of States was then proceeded with. When concluded, the Secretary announced that 602 votes had been cast, all of which were for St. John.

The announcement that St. John was unanimously chosen by 602 votes was the signal for uproarious excitement. Portraits of St. John were flourished on the platform. Hats, fans, handkerchiefs, and canes were waved. Everybody cheered and cheered again. Then the vast audience joined in singing "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," with the words of a temperance song, concluding with the Doxology. Most of the delegates sang reverently standing, and the lines were punctuated with shouts of "Amen!"

Chairman Dickey then made the formal announcement that John P. St. John was regularly nominated. He requested the delegates to inflate their lungs and give a cheer that would almost raise the roof. The Convention did it with a will.

A committee was appointed to notify Mr. St. John of his nomination. Mrs. Woodbridge, the Secretary, informed the Convention that she had saved it that trouble by telegraphing him at Rochester of his unanimous nomination before it had been made.



The Cheapest and best Reapers in the market are to be had at

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

REAPERS 4 KINDS, | MOWERS 3 KINDS, | RAKES 5 KINDS,

These machines are selected from the best makes in the Dominion, and take the lead wherever they have been introduced.

As our business demands our full attention we do not intend to go out canvassing. But will give our customers the benefit of the usual commission paid agents, which enables us to sell at prices which defy competition. Call and see the different machines. REPAIRS a specialty.

Lachute, May 4th, 1884.

McOUAT & McRAE.

11y

—The Bible Christian Church authorities in England have accepted the proposals of the branch in Canada regarding the funds of the society in regard to the Methodist Union scheme.

—The New York *Times* publishes a story that not only was cannibalism resorted to to sustain life by the members of the Greely party, but that some of the victims were actually shot by their famishing comrades.

—A novel scheme of assisting emigrants has been started in Germany by a society composed wholly of noblemen. The society proposes to send indigent members of noble German families to Chilli, where they will have all the advantage of a fertile soil and favourable climate, and the prospect of exchanging their lordless titles for the hands of the fair senoritas of that country.

A young man faultlessly dressed and followed by his valet goes through the streets of London playing a barrel organ. He is Lord Somerset, and he takes this method of raising money for the London poor.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

THE September number is, as usual, filled with good things. The contents are highly interesting, edifying and entertaining, and the illustrations are numerous and handsomely executed. "Religious Associations of Edinburgh," "Sketches of Germantown, Pa," "The Kingdom of Roumania," etc., are most interesting articles and profusely illustrated. "Wall Street Defalcations" is by the editor, T De Witt Talmage, D.D., who has also a sermon in the Home Pulpit, "Esther the Mediatrix." The new serials, "How it all came Round" and "Clare Linton's Friend," are continued, and there are sketches, essays, etc. by favorite authors. The poems are by Dean Plumptre (beautifully illustrated) and others, and besides the Editorial Comments, Religious notes and News, Personal Obituaries, etc., there is a large miscellany affording delightful reading. Price 25 cents a number, $2.50 a year, postpaid. MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

MARRAGE.

BAMPTON—POLLOCK.—On the thirteenth of August instant, at St Simeon's Church Lachute, by the Rev. R. Wyndham Brown, George Edwin Bampton, of the Quebec Bar, to Anna Louise Pollock, third daughter of Thomas Pollock, Postmaster, Hill Head, Argenteuil.

S CARSLEY'S

BABY LINEN and LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENTS.

Ladie's Skirts at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S.

Ladie's Chemises at all prices At S. CARSLEYS.

Ladies' Drawers at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S.

Ladies' Slip Waists at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S.

Ladies Night Dresses at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S

Ladies' Embroidered Skirts at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S

Ladies' Embroidered Dressing Jackets at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S.

Children's Underwear at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S.

Baby's Robes at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S

Baby's Cloaks at all prices At S. CARSLEY'S.

A few more Sateen Dresses for Children to be sold at half price At S. CARSLEY'S.

S. CARSLEY.

MILLINERY SHOW ROOM.

We are now selling the

FINEST MANILLA HATS!

FINEST MANILLA HATS!

FINEST MANILLA HATS!

Choice New Shapes

AT HALF PRICE

We are now selling the finest selected French Chip Hats and Bonnets, all this season's goods,

AT HALF PRICE.

We are now selling the best English Straw Hats and Bonnets, fine choice goods in Black, White and all the new shades of color

AT HALF PRICE.

A cheap line in Children's Straw Boating Hats

AT 25c.

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775 and 1777.
NOTRE DAME STREET.
MONTREAL.

THE EXHIBITION.

We are glad to learn that at a conference between a number of our most enterprising cattle breeders and a sub-committee of the permanent exhibition committee, which took place on Thursday last, the difficulty which had prevailed as to the time of the entrance of the cattle to the exhibition grounds was amicably arranged the cattle will come upon the grounds on the Friday morning, the first day of the exhibition; but in consideration of this the committee have agreed that those who desire to do so may remove their animals at midday on the following Friday. This arrangement, which keeps faith with the public as to the opening of the exhibition in all its departments on Friday, the 5th September, will, we are sure, be satisfactory to all parties. The sub-committee was composed of Messrs. Massue, Browning and White, and the cattle dealers were represented at the conference by Messrs. Drummond, Brown, Irvine, Alloway, Whitfield and Raeburn, Messrs. Rodden and Dawes were unable to attend. We trust that at another exhibition the committee will be able to meet to the fullest extent the wishes of the cattle breeders, by making Monday the day for entering the cattle, thus avoiding their being kept on the grounds over the Sunday, and we have reason to believe that this is the intention of the committee as to the policy at future exhibitions.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Arnica & Oil Liniment is very healing and soothing, and does wonders when applied to old sores.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$0 5[illegible]
Butter bears, "	1 0[illegible]
Cabbage, per doz	0 5[illegible]
Cauliflower, "	0 [illegible]
Carrots, two bunches	0 05
Onions, per "	0 05
Cucumbers per doz	0 18
Eggs " dozen	0 18
Butter, 17 to 1[illegible]cts. per lb.	
Cheese, per lb	0 10
Section Honey, 1½ lb	0 25
Spring Chickens [illegible]cts. to [illegible]cts. per pair	
Fowls from [illegible]cts. to [illegible]cts. " "	
Pork " $[illegible] to $8 per hundred.	
Flour, per 100 lbs $[illegible] to $[illegible]	
Oatmeal	2 75
Oats, per bushel	0 50
Wheat, "	1 2[illegible]
Hay per ton	$6 to $7

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned Mayor of St. Andrews, Que., will be received up to noon of 25th August, for the erection of *two stone piers* under the Bridge over the North River at St. Andrews, according to the plan and specification, which may be seen on application to the undersigned at St. Andrews, Que.

Parties tendering will please give the names of their securities.

The Municipal Council do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

GEORGE SIMPSON,
Mayor.

St. Andrews, 4th Aug., 1884.

Farmers, Threshers,

AND ALL

USING MACHINERY,

SHOULD USE THE CELEBRATED

LARDINE MACHINE OIL.

IT DOES NOT

GUM OR CLOG

LIKE

SEAL OIL,

and contains no substance injurious to any kind of Machinery.

ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

FOR SALE IN

LACHUTE,

By the Leading Merchants.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY

McCall Bros. & Co.
Toronto.

49-4m.

SPRING STOCK.

WE have now received our NEW SPRING STOCK of MILLINERY in all the new styles. Also Montreal Trimmed Hats and Bonnets on hand. New stock of MANTLE AND DRESS TRIMMINGS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c.

JACKETS & DOLMANS made to order.

J. & A. LOWE

EAST END, LACHUTE.

49-4m.

St. Andrews Advertisements

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,

ST. ANDREWS, P. Q.

Carpenters, Joiners and Undertakers. Coffins and Caskets always on hand—cheaper than anywhere else in the Dominion.

KING BURKE & Co's

GREAT AMERICAN

ALLIED SHOWS

MUSEUM

AND

Trained Animal Exposition.

Embodying the Greatest Variety of Attractive Recreation of any American Combination on the road,

WILL EXHIBIT AT

LACHUTE, Wed., Aug. 20th,

AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVOCATION OF

SKILLED ARENIC TALENT

Associated with an Attractive Display of LIVING AND NATURAL WONDERS, and an Exhibition of the Most WONDERFULLY EDUCATED ANIMALS in existence. Acceptably Presenting a CANVAS ENTERTAINMENT OF FRESH FEATURES in a New and Pleasing Form.

Amphitheatrical Entertainment

Will include among its Host of Attractions

Mr. F. ASHTOM,

In his Extraordinary Pedestal and Ladder Novelties.

ALBION BROTHERS.

Three in Number. The WORLD-FAMED ACROBATIC WONDERS. Conceded by all candid contestants to have no peers in the profession.

LAVELY

"THE IRON-JAWED WOMAN." Celebrated throughout the Old World and New as being the Strongest Woman Living. Lifting with Her Teeth alone Huge Weights that would baffle the strongest man, and successfully Pulling against Teams of Two and even Four Horses.

AHNETTA!

THE MYSTERIOUS HINDOO SNAKE CHARMER. Playing with and coiling about her person Hundreds of Pounds of Monstrous Living Serpents.

Miss IDA SHOWERS

In Her Beautiful and Difficult Act on the FLYING WIRE

ANDY SHOWERS' SCHOOL OF

Educated Dogs and Monkeys

The Children's Delight.

The GLENN Sisters,

Mid-air Phenomenons, in their beautiful High Rope Specialities.

4 FUNNY CLOWNS. 4

CHAS. CARLO'S

WONDERFUL TROUPE OF TRAINED

Andalusion Stallions and Pigmy Ponies.

OUR MUSEUM DEPARTMENT

Will be found to be replete with the Strangest Living Marvels and Mechanical Wonders, including

1000 Rare Animate and Inanimate Curiosities.

The Happy Family,

Consisting of a large number of foreign and domestic animals living in harmony together.

Prof. MORRIS' Silver Cornet Band will parade just previous to the Afternoon Exhibition, in their Beautiful Chariot, through the principal Streets.

—REMEMBER—

One Ticket Admits to Both Pavilions,

ADMISSION 25 & 35cts.

Doors Open at 1 & 7 p.m

49-2m.

Lachute Marble Works.

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES in American Marble and Scotch and Canadian Granite. Parties wanting work done in my line will find it to their advantage to call and see samples. Good work, moderate prices. Lettering done on standing monuments and headstones.

GEORGE L. MOIR,
Proprietor.

Lachute, April 26, 1884.

WANTED

A TEACHER to teach in No. 1 School Morin, one with a first-class Deploma preferred. Apply to,

Wm. BURNS,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Morin Flats.

19-4m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Caledonians.—Thos Barron.
Baby Linen.—S Carley.
Cyclopædia.—Malcolm McNaughton.
Valuable Bill of Fare. F. C. Ireland.

LOCAL.

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.
R. G. MEIKLE.
Lachute, April 8 th, 1884. 35-tf

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

Watchmaker and Photographer,
Main Street, Lachute.

Now is the time for bargains in Reapers. Call and see the celebrated Massey Harvester, New Canadian Reaper, Sawyer Reaper, Low Down Binder, at Victoria Foundry.

MONEY LOST.

On Wednesday, the 30th July, a purse containing twenty-two dollars, and some small change, between the Rev. Mr. Forlong's and Mr. G. L. Meikle's store. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at Rev. W. Forlong's.
Lachute, Aug. 7th, 1884. 49-tf

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the toilet.

Mr. MALCOLM McNAUGHTON, of Dalesville, is the agent for the sale of the CANADIAN HOUSE, FARM AND BUSINESS CYCLOPÆDIA. A treatise of useful and entertaining knowledge on the arts of making home happy, and an aid in self-education; the laws of etiquette and good society; home amusements; out door sports, and other interesting matter of social and educational value. It is a work that commends itself to every one, and should have a large sale in this county.

WORMS often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system.

CALEDONIANS.

A special meeting of the "Lachute Caledonian Society" will be held in Victoria Hall, on Saturday evening next, the 16th instant, at 8 o'clock. A full meeting is requested.
THOMAS BARRON,
President.

On Saturday night some miscreants broke into the sugar house of Mr. John Wood of St. Canute, and wantonly destroyed his sap cans and other contents of the house. A good look-out will be kept in the future and the miscreants if caught will be severly punished.

A CRYING EVIL.—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS PICNIC.—The Sunday Schools of this church meeting in the Centre Church and Olivet Hall, will picnic on Thursday, the 21st instant, in the grove just below the paper mill, where there is plenty of shade, a clear cool spring of water and a large field for games.

NATIONAL PILLS is the favorite purgative and anti-billious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

The British Vice-Consul sent a protest to Admiral Lespes against the French occupation of Kelung, pointing out that it was protected under treaty with England.

Strong Adjectives.

"It sells immensely, in fact it has the largest sale of any patent medicine in Summer," says J. F Smith, druggist, Dunville, of Fowler's Wild Strawberry. The great remedy for Summer Complaints.

A large train of excursionists from Ottawa passed down to Montreal on Monday. We understand another went by the Atlantic Railway also from Ottawa to Montreal; besides a large party by boat to Grenville, leaving few behind to celebrate the civic holiday in the metropolis of Canada.

Husband and Wife.

Mr. James More and wife, well known in Leamington, were both chronic sufferers from dyspepsia that the best medical aid failed to relieve. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured both husband and wife.

"GOSSIP"—is the name of a new weekly paper about to be started in Montreal. It is to be Edited by Mrs. Dobbin, who is also the proprietor, and who has had an extensive journalistic experience in connection with the *Spectator*, the *Star* and other well known journals in Canada and the United States. The new publication will be anxiously looked for.

Warning.

The most suddenly fatal diseases of Summer and Fall are the various forms of Bowel Complaints which Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will promptly remedy.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC RIFFLE ASSOCIATION.—The prize meeting of this association commenced on Tuesday at the range, Point St Charles. The condition of the ranges was good, and the following Battalions took part in the contest. A team of the 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec, 53rd Battalion of Sherbrook, 54th Battalion of Richmond, 11th Battalion of Argenteuil, 40th Battalion of Hemmingford, 85th Battalion, Huntington Boarderers, 86th Battalion, Nicolet. The matches to continue for three days. We trust the 11th Battalion will return home crowned with laurels.

A Valuable Find.

Mr. Isac Brown, of Bothwell, declares that he found one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters worth $50 to him. It cured him of Salt Rheum from which he had suffered years after other treatment had failed to relieve.

CHILD KILLED AND EATEN BY A BEAR.—Our Shrewsbury correspondent sends us an account of a melancholy affair which occurred in the parish of St. Marguerite. A Frenchman of the name of on leaving home in the morning a few days ago, he told his wife to send him his noon dinner, as he was going to a distant part of the farm to work. After waiting until three o'clock in the afternoon, he shouldered his gun and started for home, and in a piece of woods of about eleven acres between where he was working and his home, he saw a large bear busily engaged in eating something, but the bear did not see or hear of the man's approach. The Frenchman's gun had two balls in it which he fired into bruin killing him instantly. He then approached and made an examination when he found to his horror and grief that it was his own little daughter of about 12 years of age that the bear had killed and eaten there being nothing left whereby he could recognize her but the hand which had hold of the expected dinner. The afflicted family have the sympathy of their neighbours in their sad bereavement.

The Fruits of Folly.

Eating green apples, cucumbers and unripe fruits generally, may be so termed. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all Summer Complaints.

NEW OATS.—Mr. Peter Campbell has just received a quantity of oats of this year's growth—the grain is plump and of good quality—the yield being above an average. In fact all the grain of this year's growth will be largely in excess of last year and of a much better quality.

A common cold should not be neglected Downs' Elixir will cure it.

A VALUABLE BILL OF FARE.

The June number of the Canada Medical Record, Edited by Dr. F. W. Campbell says:—"Messrs Fish & Ireland offer us the following valuable bill of fare:

Desicated Wheat, (Hulled and Rolled)
Rolled Oats, (Oat Meal.)
Desicated Rye (Hulled and Rolled)
Patent Prepared Pea Flour (For Soup, Brose, &c. Superior Family Groats (Pure and Fresh.)
Patent Prepared Barley (Prue and Fresh.)

These Foods afford not only nutritious and delicate diet but also assist in laying the foundation of a strong muscular development as well as brain and nervous vitality. The cereals are treated in the light of all the scientific progress of the times. They contain a full proportion of diastase and the nitrogenous constituents so essential to the health and vigorous growth of the body in the earlier stages of life and for the reconstruction of systems 'run down' with dyspepsia and other affections of the digestive organs. We have tried several of these foods and have no hesitation in recommending all the preparations of this house as worthy the confidence and endorsement of our readers."

WEDDING BELLS.

On Wednesday morning G. E. Bampton, Esq., Advocate, of Lachute, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, to Miss Anna Louise, third daughter of Thos. Pollock, Sr., Esq., Postmaster of Hill Head. The ceremony took place in St. Simeon's Church, which was filled to its fullest capacity with the elite of Lachute, the Pastor Rev. R. W. Brown performing the marriage ceremony. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers suitable for the occasion. The bride was attired in a brown silk travelling costume with hat and plume to match—she looked charmingly lovely. Her sister, Miss. Maggie Pollock being the bridesmaid, and Mr. Wm. Burroughs groomsman. The ceremony was closed by the singing of the Bridal Hymn, by the choir Mrs. Brown presiding at the organ. As the bridal party were leaving the alter two young girls, Miss Edith Howard and Miss Beatrice Hambleton, stepped forward with baskets of flowers which they strewed in the aisle emblematic of the wish that the happy pair's pathway through life might be strewen with the flowers of love which might bloom in perennial bliss, amid life's joys and sorrows. The bridal party left, after partaking of breakfast at the bride's father's by the noon train for Quebec, where they intend spending their honeymoon. They have our hearty good wishes for their future happiness and prosperity. Quite a large number assembled at the station to see them off.

NO ENGLISHMAN NEED APPLY.—Quite a stormy debate took place in the Montreal City Council on Monday last, on motion of Alderman Jeannotte, that every policeman should be required to read and speak both languages. Alderman J. C. Wilson objected, and said that the motion struck at the right of the British subject. Many of the men who joined the police force were from the Irish Constabulary or English or Scotch. The effect of the passage of the motion would be to render it impossible to engage such men. The French learned English easily, but the poor Englishman would be handicapped. In the whole city there were not more than 20,000 who could not speak English, and he could hardly see the use of passing such a motion. He hoped it had not come to that, and trusted that they would still have the power to place Englishmen in any position in the city. It was not fair nor just to take such an advantage of a majority. The other English speaking members of the Council were equally out-spoken, but no remonstrance on their part availed. The French had the whip in their own hands and they used it by passing the motion. Thus virtually saying "no Englishman" need apply for any situation on constabulary force.

Joseph Hinton, of the township of Nepean, near Ottawa, died on Wednesday morning. Mr. Hinton was one of the old pioneers of this district, and died at the ripe age of 86 years.

Not Bad.

It is so agreeable that even an infant will take it. For coughs, colds, hoareness, croup, asthma and bronchitis, Hayard's Pectoral Balsam is reliable for young or old.

St. Andrews.

OUR EXCURSION AUG. 6th.

A moonlight excursion down the Ottawa by moonlight. The attraction alone was sufficient to ensure success, while the object served to enhance the pleasure and profit of the trip.

At 8 o'clock the Str. Princess leaves Point Fortune with a good number on her deck. At Carillon a very large and impatient crowd hastened to embark, and as they near the St. Andrews wharf the steamer appears already filled with excursionists.—Off we start mid cheers and expressions of delight. The weather most propitious; the full moon slowly rising above the treetops, a crowd on board who have left life and care behind, all augured a pleasant evening. "When youth and pleasure meet let joy be unconfined," is certainly the motto adopted by every one this evening. In a short time friendly greetings are exchanged on all sides, new acquiantances are made and every person is brimful of mirth and contentment. We are speedily decending the river; the view on either side is truly enchanting. Here an unbroken stretch of forest even to the water's edge; there cultivated lands with their cottages and out-door buildings and behind all grand old Regaud Mountain, in front, the mountains of the Lake. Soon strains of music from below are heard and many are dancing, quadrills, waltzes, polkas etc., follow in quick succession. Up and down, in and around glide the happy dancers smiling and blushing, their eyes glistening with pride and joy. The older folks look on; perhaps the heart is not any older to-night; but some have assumed the matron's veil bring to their daughter's brow the wreath of youth; and others feel that they are less agile to-night than are their sons—a day was theirs. Thus passes the time with some. Above, couples are sitting out on deck preferring the quiet of this spot to the gay scene within—quite a few have sought the hurricane deck, and all forgetful of the rest, whisper and smile the hours away. When nearly opposite Hudson the boat turns and reassends. Home is repeated, and then we find that time can fly. As much more remains. On with the dance! Freer and happier rings out the laughter of the merry voices within; while without many a group stand entranced by the grandeur of the view. Lightly floating cloudlets sweep across the heavens, the moon in full orbed glory rolls in queenly majesty through the dark blue depths. Her steady beams light up the distant shores and tip with crown of silver every wavelet, leaving beautiful that which was so and making so that which was not. From within the music, the sound of flying feet and the hum of glee and joy come sweetly to the ear. Fastly, too fastly, our boat speeds her return. Swift and bright and gay flows the river to-night, bordered and crowned by unwonted beauty, and so to-night the stream of life,—but it has no return.

Everything comes to an end and pleasure sooner than all else. St. Andrews is in sight —fast fall the regrets, the sighs as the thought of parting after an evening so replete with joy, shall the smiles and bliss of to night ward off the heartache of to-morrow? To morrow—but here we are at St. Andrews, our party are leaving, accompanied by the hearty congratulations of the whole excursion; in return they receive our deepest thanks, for to them, especially Carillon, was due the success. With a good night and *Au Revoir* we wish them safe home and turn to our sweet village again more than satisfied with the evening's pleasure. Long shall it be remembered and well may we say. To recall it shall be joy in after days.

Carillon.

Harvesting in some places is already commenced and next week will see every one at work. The weather is all that could be desired and splendid crops is the unanimous expression of our farmers. The yellowing fields everywhere seen are a gladsome guarantee of full barns this fall.

The work on the Dam is still in satisfactory progression. The laying of the new foundation is about to begin, as this is a most important step, additional precautions are taken. The remaining portions will be more practicable and of less labour.

The fish seem to have deserted the river, and our anglers are disconsolate. Those whom the past have made famous catches, now return with a number greatly less in quantity and size. The cause attributed to this is the Dam, the fish it is claimed being unable to ascend and returning down the river.

The heat during the past few days has been most oppressive, but the evenings are delicious, and after a warm day a walk to the Dam by moonlight is a most agreeable promenade, and affords one of the grandest of sights, standing on the pier and gazing down on the seething water that rushes and dashes along with incalculable force, the spectator is awe stricken and overpowered. Above, so dark, so tranquil, it glides softly down, plunges over with terrific impetuosity, writhes and struggles and thunders below in hughe heaving masses of wild frothing foam.

Then the walk down the wall affords a pleasure to the young and the old, the sedate and the gay. Many a couple can be seen slowly strolling along with none but the stones to listen, while the stars wink knowingly overhead. On one side the water is a perfect mirror picturing in its unruffled bosom the scene around. On the other the streams runs on free and unconfined, now murmuring and uneasy; now noisy and angry; anon serene; then sudden swells. Ah me! the course of true love never did run smooth.

The late moonlight excursion was well patronized and greatly enjoyed by our Carillon friends. Honor to whom honor is due, they deserve great praise.

To the Rev. Mr. Knowles we are indebted for a present of very fine ripe tomatoes and cauliflowers. These vegetables were grown in his own garden, and a good evidence of his being as good a gardener as he is a preacher.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to ask a few questions through the medium of your valuable paper: What is the reason that there are, as a rule, more drunken men reeling round our West End streets on Sunday, than on any other day of the week? Are there not some rules laid down in their "License" when they shall sell "Liqnor," and when they shall not? If I am not mistaken Saloons and Bar-Rooms are supposed to close at an early hour on Saturday night and not re open till Monday morning. This rule, however, does not hold good in Lachute as the back door seems to be always open to all comers on Sunday. Why not let them in by the front door when they send them out stupidly drunk as an evidence of where they had been?

Last Sunday evening I saw on passing one of these drinking places the bar-room lit up and the proprietor and others in the act of drinking. I would like to ask where is our Council? Or is there any at all? when this evil is permitted.

By giving these facts publicity you will confer a favor on an "OBSERVER."

Lachute, Aug. 14th, 1884.

Lachute 13th August, 1884.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—Please correct a most unaccountable error that got into your paper last week in reference to my opinion respecting the incorporation of Lachute—*My desire for the last ten years has been to have Lachute incorporated as a town* and I am still of the opinion, that the true interests of every one living within the arrondissement of what is called the Village of Lacuhte lie in that direction—you have incorrectly represented me as adverse to the incorporation of Lachute—I AM NOT.

Yours &c.
CHAS. S. BURROUGHS.

We are obliged to lay over until next week the account of St. Simeon's Sabbath School picnic.

We are thankful to our friends who send us accounts of picnics etc., but would feel obliged if they would send them in early in the week. It would greatly facilitate us especially when they are lengthy. in getting ready for Thursday evening's work.

AN UNKNOWN BOY HERO.—A boy whose name is unknown to the conductor, saved the Credit Valley train from destruction in the recent washout near Elora. He made signals and the engineer stopped the train just on the edge of the hole. The conductor gave the lad $4, and the little fellow was so overjoyed that he suddenly went off with his prize, and as nobody knew him the railway people cannot say to whom they are indebted for $20,000 or 30,000 worth of property and a number of valuable lives.

Rumours from the Soudan.

LONDON, August 4.—The Mudir of Dongola has again assured the government of his loyalty, and asked for assistance. He offers to reconquer the Soudan if seven hundred men are sent. Advices from Assouan state that the Bishareens stormed Berber on June 8th. Severe fighting ensued and many casualities happened on both sides. The rebels have built a wall against Gen. Gordon, whose steamer captured several of their boats laden with provisions. According to latest advices El Mahdi is now fighting the negro tribes around Geb El Gadir, who refused to join him. It is asserted that he has despatched a force to Khartoum to take Gordon alive or dead. He has ordered the wells between Korosko and Berber to be filled up. The Sultan of Zanzibar has invited Gordon to come to Zanzibar.

A HOP-GROWERS' PIC-NIC.

The Hop-Growers' Association of Central New York, held its annual picnic at Fish creek, on Oneida, lake, on Saturday of last week. Over ten thousand people were present from the hop-growing districts of Otsego, Madison, Oneida, Oswego, and Schoharie counties. An address was made by Congressman George W. Ray, of Chenango county. He estimated the number of acres devoted to hop-culture in Central New York at over twenty-one thousand, and the average product at over twelve million pounds, selling for about $11,000,000. It was reported that the crop of the present season is about a third short of an average.—*Prairie Farmer.*

FROST & WOOD'S DAISY REAPER!

THIS unique Machine is a *model of neatness and simplicity, lightness and strength.* It is, as will be seen from the skeleton cut, a single wheel self-raking reaper, cutting five feet wide, and weighing but 700 pounds. *The main wheel is large, insuring smooth running and easy draft* on rough or soft land, and, being on a line with the small grain wheel, gives a *centre cut,* and enables it to turn and back as easily as a cart. Both ends of the Cutter Bar *can be raised or lowered at the same instant,* by one lever, operated by the driver with ease while the machine is in motion; and by a *second lever* the guards can be *tilted* up or down to suit every variety of surface or condition of crop, no matter how fallen or tangled. This insures *clean cutting* every time.

The *tripping devices* are exceedingly simple and easily understood, while the operator can regulate the size of bundles to suit the grain.

Several hundreds of them have been at work through the trying harvest of 1883 with the most marvelous success, and we therefore offer it to the public as a thoroughly tested machine, that we can fully warrant. The common remark made on first witnessing it at work was, *"Well, she is a Daisy!"* We hope that it will always be found like its floral namesake—the simplest and daintiest flower of the field.

Call and see sample.

ALEX. LARMONTH, *Foundry Street, Lachute.*

ALWAYS BUSY

AT THE
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
ST. ANDREWS.

WHY?

Because at WALE'S you find the best assortment and the prices are right.

C. T. WALES & Co.
ST. ANDREWS.

C. T. Wales & Co., are agents for the "Adams & Westlake" Oil Stoves.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1293, as per cadastral plan, on Main St., with double tenement house, shop and outbuildings.

The above corner lot is one of the best business stands in the village, being in close proximity to the new mills being erected by Messrs. Campbell & McKenzie. Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

BANKRUPT STOCK.

IN ORDER to clear out the balance of Bankrupt Stock purchased at Auction a few days ago, special inducements will be offered for the next 30 days.

A good stock of SCYTHES to select from at 20 per cent. off on regular prices.

GRIND STONES,
SCYTHE STONES,
HORSE POKES &c., at special prices.

A large stock of BOOTS & SHOES at from 10 to 50 per cent. off on regular prices.

A fine brown SUGAR of 15lbs. for $100.

Now is your chance—make hay while the sun shines. All goods marked in plain figures, and every man served alike.

H. ROBERT.
St. Philippe, July 8th, 1884.

OUR FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE

And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

A few of the many articles that can be made on our Family Machine are Undershirts, Drawers, Mitts, Hosiery, Gloves, Caps, Cuffs, Tidies—all these can be made any size.

OUR RIBBER IS PERFECTION.

Makes the Pearl Rib-Stitch one-and-one, one-and-two, one-and-three, etc., perfect in elasticity, beautiful in appearance, more durable and perfect than Hand Knitting.

Our Machines make the only perfect seamless full fashioned

HOSIERY IN THE WORLD.

With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Blind girls can knit and finish one dozen pairs of Socks in one day; and $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 can be easily made in one day.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Testimonials from the Blind.

CREELMAN BROS.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
HAMLIN & AYER,
Lachute Woolen Mills.
Agents for the Counties of Prescott and Argenteuil.

SPECIALNOTICE

OUR STOCK of Parlor, Dining-room, Library and Chamber Furniture is unsurpassed by any in the Dominion, and our Parlor Suites, covered in the various new styles of the latest designs of coverings and trimmings, varying in prices from $50, $75, $100, $150, $200, $250, $300 and $350, according to style of frame and covering. Our new style of Cluster Set at $150 is selling faster than we can produce them since we reduced the price from $275 to $150. Our Chamber Suites from $25, $30, $35, $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $90, $110, and up to $450 are also acknowledged the best value, quality considered. Our stock of Baby Carriages from $12, $14, $16, $18, $20, $24, $28, $30 and up to $40 and $45, rattan, with moveable buggy top of rattan, upholstered with crimson satin, and all iron work nickel-plated, warranted the best and finest-finished in present use, marked in plain figures, subject to a discount of 5 per cent. for cash, and no goods sold at one price at our oldest (acknowledged by all the most reliable) house in the city without a full guarantee of being as represented. A call at our old numbers, 7, 9 and 11 Notre Dame street West, corner of McGill street, will ensure to all the best value, by leaving their orders at OWEN McGARVEY & SON'S.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

LACHUTE FLOUR MILLS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR

Strong Bakers Flour Guaranteed	$2.90
Manitoba Bread Flour..........	2.70
Lower Grade Flour..........	2.25

ALSO

OATMEAL,
BUCK WHEAT FLOUR,
CORN MEAL

And feed of all kinds at reduced rates,

Call and see before buying elsewhere.

P. CAMPBELL,
Lachute Mills, Mar. 5th 1884. n25ly

Wanted

From 3,000 to 5,000 GOOD ASH LOGS, Apply to Campbell & Co.,
NEW STEAM SAW-MILL,
LACHUTE.

Lachute Hotel.

THE Undersigned begs to inform his numerous friends and the general public that he has leased the above Hotel situated on the South side and immediately opposite

THE LACHUTE STATION.
COMMERCIAL MEN
AND THE
Travelling Public
will find the above Hotel superior to anything in Lachute.

THE TABLE
will be found to be supplied with all the
Delicacies of the Season
First Class Sample and Show Rooms
GOOD STABLING AND SHEDS.

Having had ten years experience in
HOTEL KEEPING
in the United States, he hopes to give every satisfaction to his patrons.

JAMES CURRY,
35 Proprietor

NOTICE

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith & Horse Farrier, in returning thanks to the people of Argenteuil for past favors is now prepared to attend all troubles in Horses and Cattle and Castrating Colts, as he is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it.

W. ARMSTRONG,
Farrier.
Lachute, Mar. 26th, 1884. 11-tf

Spring Circular.

THE undersigned having made arrangements for the disposal of the entire stock in trade of the firm of

L. CUSHING, & SON

offer the same to the public at unprecedented low prices for

CASH OR PRODUCE

at marked rates. The stock is complete comprising many articles not usually found in country stores, including Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Iron, Stoves, Salt, Flour, Furniture, Ploughs, Sawed Lumber; Pine, Spruce, Tamrack, Hemlock & Hardwood, Cedar Posts for wire fencing, &c. &c., &c. Parties desirous of obtaining bargains are invited to call early and get their choice, as the whole will be sold below cost prices.

The Public are informed that the business will be continued by the undersigned in the

OLD STAND,

where a full assortment of goods required for a country business, will be constantly kept on hand and which will be sold for

CASH OR PRODUCE

only, and at cash prices. They solicit a share of patronage.

J. B. CUSHING, & Co.
Cushing, P. Q., March 18.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice. Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

ORIENTAL Fruit Laxative

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

Indigestion,	Constipation,
Sluggishness of the Intestines,	
Billiousness,	Disordered Stomach,
Low Spirits,	Habitual Costiveness,
Torpid Liver,	Headache,
Melancholy,	Cerebal Congestion,
Indisposition,	Sallow Complexion,
Internal Fever.	

and all irregularities arising from an obstructed condition of the system.

Prepared by the
Medical Specialities Manufacturing Co
ST. ANDREWS, QUE.
Sold Everywhere.

$66 a week at home. $5 00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland Maine

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.

USE DOWNS' ELIXIR FOR COUGHS & COLDS

FOR SALE.

One Gold Watch and Chain worth $175.00, will be sold for $125.00, as the party is leaving town and wants the money.
n2 ly 71 St. Joseph St., Montreal.

Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT of WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA.
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

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THE undersigned begs to call attention to the superior quality of his BREAD. Fresh every day. ROLLS, BUNS, &c., &c., delivered by obliging Drivers. Orders left at the Store will be promptly attended to. Cakes of all kinds, Pastry, Crackers, Candies, always fresh and choice assortment. Figs (new), Nuts, Dates, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Grapes, &c., &c.

J. HOPE,
Baker and Confectioner,
Market Square

GOLD for the workingclass. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co. Portland Main.

FOR SALE.

$1,000.00 worth of the best English fine gold earrings and brooches will be sold at 25 per cent less wholesale price. These goods are warranted the best of old stock. Nothing flashy; but genuine goods. Those who want such goods had better call before they are all gone.
n2 ly 71 St. Joseph St., Montreal.

FOR SALE.

A special line of SILVER WATCHES worth $15.00 will be sold for $12.00, and all other goods in proportion. These goods, which are advertised by WM. MURRAY, will be guaranteed as the best of quality and as represented. Remember the place,
71 Saint Joseph Street,
n1 ly MONTREAL.

READER READER

Are You Sick?

Or have you a *FRIEND* afflicted with any disease? Investigate

COMPOUND OXYGEN
Nature's Life Renewer.

A SURE CURE
FOR
CONSUMPTION.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia Rheumatism, Scrofula, and

All Chronic Diseases

and cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Debility, Sterility, &c. Send for circular on a postal card, and earn of this WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC treatment. Office and Home treatment, as may be desired, and charges moderate. Address,
COMPOUND OXYGEN DISPENSARY,
10-1-y. 147 THROOP ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

J. W. HUTTON.

PRACTICAL BUILDER, BRICKLAYER & PLASTERER, is now prepared to Execute all kinds of work as Building, Bricklaying & Plastering. Parties requiring work of a first class order, and at moderate charges would do well to communicate with him.

Boiler and Oven Building a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed—Estimates Given.

Address J. W. HUTTON,
Care of J. HOPE, Lachute

REFERENCES.—Dr. Bell, Montreal General Hospital, Mr. [illegible], St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, J. W. Aird, Baker, 63 St. Joseph St., Montreal; F. C. Ireland, Esq., Lachute Mills, J. Miller, Esq., L'Original, Ont.

TAPE WORM.

An Eminent German Scientist has recently discovered from a root extract, an absolute specific for Tape Worm.

It is pleasant to take and is not disagreeable to the patient, but is peculiarly sickening and stupefying to the Tape Worm, which loosens its hold of its victim and passes away in a natural and easy manner, entirely whole, with HEAD, and while still alive.

One physician has used this specific in over 400 cases, without a single failure to void worm entire. Success guaranteed. No pay required until removed with head. Send stamp for circular and terms. HEY WOOD & CO.
19 Park Place New York.

NEW STORE IN BROWNSBURG.

THE undersigned begs to inform his friends and the public that he has opened a new store in Brownsburg, around the corner to the West from the old stand. New Store and New Goods, at reasonable prices. Consisting of Groceries, Dry Goods and some Farming Impliments. Come and examine goods and prices.

S. B. HUTCHINS,
Brownsburg, P. Q.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from the first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine.

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The last of the magisterial examinations was over now, and so far as it lay in the power of the inferior tribunal to pass judgment, Frank was found guilty. It had been impossible indeed to come to any other decision in the circumstances, for the evidence was overwhelmingly strong. The nurse, finding it impossible to retract the story first told, swore with every appearance of sincerity—and she honestly believed that in the spirit, if not the letter, she spoke the absolute truth—that she had relinquished her charge into Mr. de Walden's hands, that they two had gone out together, that Mr. de Walden had never returned, while the child was found murdered in the shrubbery, strangled by the sash she had tied around his waist.

The woman broke down in a tempest of hysterical tears when she spoke the last words, and a thrill of indignant sympathy ran through the crowded court. But the sensation she produced was as nothing compared with that which thrilled all hearts when Sir George de Walden stepped heavily into the witness-box, and, clutching at the chair-back, as though to steady himself, began in hoarse vibrating tones to tell his tale.

He dwelt on on every circumstance that could connect his nephew with the crime with a sort of malignant intensity. By sheer force of will he seemed to bear it upon his hearers his own conviction of his nephew's guilt. Men and women who had doubted before felt their doubts borne away upon the strong current of that deliberate yet passionate speech: eyes that had rested almost compassionately on the worn, proud, young face turned from it with loathing then. Even the good looks, the air of trained and graceful strength that would have told in the prisoner's favor in any other circumstances, seemed an argument against him with the women listeners now, for all remembered that that young strength had been pitted against the weakness of a child. But of all the fierce feeling wakening against him Frank knew nothing; he hardly listened to the words, his eyes rested with such pitying earnestness on the old man's altered face. Sir George de Walden, when he saw him last, had borne his sixty odd years with so gallant a grace that few strangers would have thought him more than fifty. Now the upright figure was bowed, the gray head white as snow; the eyes red-rimmed and sunken far back into their sockets, seemed the only signs of life in a dead face, and they betokened only pain and hate.

While giving his evidence Sir George stared straight before him, as though measuring the weight of every word he spoke upon the magisterial mind; but, just as he left the box, he glanced over in his nephews direction, met fully the passionate pleading glance of the pitiful gray eyes, and drew back as though the other had offered to touch him.

"I call on you all to witness," he cried, with a fiery outburst as unexpected as it was irrepressible, "that but one man had an interest in my child's death, and I say that that man killed him!"

Of course the tumult caused by these words was immediate repressed, and the witness reminded that he must offer evidence only; but the witness was gone, and there remained only the impression left by his words. People whispered to each other that the prisoner grew deadly white, and that, for the first time that day, the muscles twitched with a sort of nervous distress; but he lifted his head almost immediately and glanced round the court, not defiantly, but with quiet steadfast pride.

Since then he had seen nothing of his uncle, though he had heard indirectly that he still pursued him with an unrelenting hate, still believed firmly in his guilt; but it was a subject that he could discuss only with his solicitor, for Lord Croxford, on whom that one interview had made a cruelly strong impression, evidently shirked it, and when Essie and May were with him other matters filled his thoughts.

He welcomed the girls with eager gladness now; the time in which they would be free to visit him was growing pitifully short. His trial was fixed for the tenth of October—ten days from the present time, and after that—He never dared carry his thoughts much beyond that time; he should either be free, saved by a miracle from the net that had enmeshed him, or——

He lifted the pale brave little face between his hands and gazed upon it with a fondly critical gaze, noting the violet tinge beneath the steadfast eyes, the fine lines about the sweet sensitive mouth.

"Still brave and hopeful, Essie?" he asked, in a half whisper; and Essie answered aloud—

"Not only hopeful but sure. No, do not shake your head, dear; I have not one doubt. Heaven knows your innocence, and Heaven will prove it in time."

There was all the calmness of assured conviction in her sweet unfaltering tones. She spoke as a person speaks from knowledge, not from faith. In spite of himself and his reason, Frank felt a faint thrill of hope, and May turned round from the window with a little sob.

"She always talks like that. She never seems to waver. The child is either inspired or mad! But I am neither. And, oh, Frank, my dear, dear boy, do not trust in your innocence, or in any miracle; but try to think of some one who would, or could, be demon enough to kill that poor little child!"

Frank laid his hand on the girl's graceful shoulder with a touch that was in itself a caress.

"Poor May!" he said gently. "You must not cry your pretty eyes out, or break your kind heart for me; that would be treating Croxford badly. By-the-way, where is that loyal friend to-day?"

"He was to have met us here," May answered, drying the eyes he apostrophised with vengeful little dabs, and speaking with all the petulance of pain. "But he is long past his time; perhaps he too has turned traitor and deserted us; nothing would surprise me now."

"I think that would," Frank said, with his gentle tired smile. "Hark, May! There is a commentary on your injustice; I hear his step and voice in the corridor."

Almost before the words had passed his lips, Lord Croxford was in the room, and at the first sight of his face May jumped up with a shrill little scream, and Essie clasped her hands on Frank de Walden's arm, as though supporting him against some sudden shock.

For the young Viscount was literally radiant, his fair skin was flushed, his gold glasses shone like lamps, his lips quivered with the vain effort to surpress a happy smile.

"Oh, Croxford, you have news—good news!" May cried with passionate eagerness. "Tell it quickly. We can bear any shock of joy."

"Yes, good news, and a visitor," Croxford answered, clasping his sweet-heart's hand, but looking at the prisoner's pale proud face. "Frank, dear old fellow, prepare yourself to see Sir George de Walden."

The name seemed to strike Frank like a blow; the blood rushed hotly to his face, then ran back, leaving it very pale, as his uncle's face, filled with malignant hatred, rose before him, his uncles harsh denunciatory tones rang once more in his ears.

"He could come on but one errand," Essie cried, her blue eyes radiant with that unshaken light of faith, but with something of the old sweet serenity vanished from her face. "Oh, Frank, you will see him, dear."

But Lord Croxford had not waited for the answer; he had gone back to the door, and now returned, leading in Sir George de Walden.

For one moment the young man stood proudly irresolute, for one moment the old man stood, with bent head and cruelly working face, before the nephew he had wronged and hated. It seemed as though neither knew how to break the eloquent silence. At last, touched with an intense and aching pity for the crushed and broken man, Frank spoke.

"What am I to say, sir? Heaven knows how I pity you and grieve for your grief; but you—you think me the cause?"

"No, no!" The grave gentle tones seemed to break the spell that lay upon the old man's lips. He caught Frank's hand and clasped it between his own trembling palms, and poured forth his words now with a fevered volubility. "No, I was mad to doubt you, Frank; and now at last I know——

"Know he is innocent!" Essie cried, raising her small head proudly. "We knew it always, sir."

"And I only to-day." Sir George paused and passed his handkerchief across the wrinkled forehead on which the great drops were gathering thick and fast, then turned to his nephew with a painfully forced smile. "Frank, if the tardy penitence I offer is worthless besides the faith of these true friends, I bring something that will make amends, something that will give you life and freedom and take the last stigma from your name."

"And that is——" May broke in breathlessly, for Frank was past all speech.

"The murderer's confession, sent to me by the priest and magistrate to whom he dictated it on his death-bed. He was—he was" Sir George paused again, seeming to gather all his strength to utter the words that tried him so sorely—"the man we all thought dead, my wife's discarded lover—Giuseppe Lani!"

CHAPTER X.

"Well," said Lord Croxford, puffing vigorously at his cigar, and beaming on his friend complacently, "now that all is well with you again, I do not mind confessing that I was horribly afraid; things looked awfully black for you this time last week, Frank."

Frank nodded.

"But you never lost faith in me," he said gratefully.

"In you? Well, no; I was not quite such an ass; but my faith in your lucky star was getting decidedly shaky. Certainly I never dreamed that your uncle would be the man to come forward and prove your innocence."

"My poor uncle! I really do not understand how the whole thing came about now. Do not stare, Croxford; I know of course that I am free, and that that fellow Lani was the murderer; but there my knowledge really ends."

"But the whole story has been printed in every newspaper in the kingdom," Lord Croxford persisted in much amazement. Frank winced, and turned away as he answered beneath his breath—

"I have not cared to read the papers lately."

"No, no, of course not," returned the good-natured young Viscount, with ready comprehension of the other's feelings and ready regret for his own blundering speech. "Look here, old fellow! Can you endure to hear the story? I will tell it as briefly as may be."

"Yes, tell me please," Frank answered eagerly; and, after a few preliminary puffs at his cigar, Croxford continued—

"You see this Italian was poor Lady de Walden's cousin, and appears to have looked upon her as his own special property, ever since she was a child; not that she gave him any encouragement, for she held him in extreme dread, but perhaps he thought to subjugate her by that very fear. They tell me she was very beautiful——"

"She was," Frank broke in with a low pained tone, "the loveliest girl I ever saw, and her beauty was of the purest, most angelic type."

"Well, poor soul, she ought to be an angel in Heaven now, for she died the death of a martyr here; but to go back to the days before her marriage. It seemed this Lani tried to force from her a promise to wait three years for him, and marry him on his return from the voyage on which he confidently hoped to make his fortune; and she——"

"Refused him and married my uncle. I heard that part of the story."

"Oh, have you! Well, having heard nothing of her terrible cousin for so long a time, I suppose poor Lady de Walden came to the comfortable conclusion that he was dead; and I do not think that Sir George ever troubled himself about the matter; but but it so happened that Lani returned to Port Rico on the very day that your uncle went back to England. The news that met the fiery-tempered desperado, whom success had rendered more arrogant and imperious than ever, drove him absolutely mad. Anita's refusal had counted for absolutely nothing in his thoughts, though he had fiercely resented it at the time. He had returned rich; he did not doubt that he should find her still at Port Rico, and could cajole or force her into marrying him at last. When he did find that she was already married, that she, her child and husband had escaped him but by a day, his rage was terrible to behold. He followed instantly to England, driven on, as he told the priest who shrived him, by a keen desire for revenge. All one day and night he hid about the park, hoping to catch sight of Lady de Walden; but she never left the house, though he saw you constantly with the poor little child by your side."

Frank's face grew very pale; and he turned his head abruptly away, recalling, with a keen pang, the little trotting figure by his side, and thinking of the lurking murderer so near at hand.

"He did not think at first of harming Georgie. But the next morning, rendered desperate by fatigue and baffled rage, he ventured nearer to the house. The little fellow, who was seated on the verandah waiting, as it seems, for you, caught sight of the lurking figure, and ran out to it with a glad greeting cry of 'Cousin Frank, cousin Frank!' Lani caught and held him in a grip of iron, and the poor baby soon discovered his mistake. He began to whimper as he looked into the hard cruel eyes of his captor, and then, and not till then,—or so he says—there came to the murderer the fiendish thought that he could best punish and torture the mother through the child."

"And he killed him!" Frank cried, lifting his ashen face and blazing eyes with a look of dazed horror—"killed the innocent trusting little creature that even a wild beast might have spared!"

"Such men are worse than wild beasts," Croxford answered sadly. His honest face was pale with sympathetic pain; but he hurried through the hard task he had set himself. "And his cruel vengeance did not end there. He waited in the shrubbery until Lady de Walden came, and then rose up like a demon before her, and, overwhelming the pale mother with fierce reproaches, flung the dead child at her feet."

"You know the rest, Frank," Lord Croxford went on, after a brief pause, broken by the other's choking sobs. "The shock turned the poor young mother's brain, broke her heart—and—killed her with merciful swiftness. Lani, with an audacity that seems almost incredible, went straight back to Port Rico, where he led for some weeks a life of reckless dissipation, and was finally killed in a drunken brawl, lingering, thank Heaven, just long enough to clear and save you."

Lord Croxford leaned back in his chair and resumed his cigar with a relieved sigh, watching his friend keenly the while through his half-closed eyes. A week's freedom had not served to restore Frank de Walden the nerve and strength of which the long imprisonment and longer strain of suspense had robbed him. He looked pale and harassed, and started at every unexpected sound in a way that would have seemed absurd to the hale athletic young fellow of a few months back.

"There is but one cure for him, complete change of scene and thought, and but one travelling companion who will serve to rouse him," the kindly young man decided within himself. "I will talk to Sir George to-morrow; he must see that Frank has been sacrificed long and cruelly enough, even to such a sorrow as his."

He carried out his intention; and, as Sir George had taken the strong capricious fancy of an invalid to May Verner's lover, much was decided at the conference between them, and Frank was not a little astonished by a summons to his uncle's presence.

He obeyed it with a sort of languid distaste—not that he harboured one bitter or resentful thought against the man who had done his best to hang him; but he shrank always and nervously from any painful scene, from any expression of remorse or regret, from any touching upon the unhealed, aching wound in his memory and thoughts.

It was an inexpressible relief and almost as much of a surprise to him to see May Verner's bright face behind the sick man's chair, to see the eager pleading smile with which his uncle held out one thin hand to greet him.

"At last, Frank!" he cried, trying to keep the faint touch of reproach out of his tone. "I thought you were never coming near me again."

Frank muttered some few words of apology in a dull mechanical fashion, and dropped listlessly into the nearest chair. He did not mean to be ungracious, and was dimly conscious of May's reproachful look; but even to please her he could not shake off that cruel apathy that lay so heavily upon him.

"Well, I cannot grumble," Sir George said, with a short, impatient sigh; "but I am glad you have come, for I want to speak to you—on business."

"On business?" Frank repeated, with a stupid stare. What business could have any interest for this desolate, stricken old man?

Sir George read the not unnatural thought, and slightly shook his snow-white head.

"I have still to set my house in order, Frank; but the business of which I spoke was yours. My dear boy, I have never spoken of the cruel wrong I did you."

"Do not!" Frank said with a sharp little wince and an imploring gesture. "I want to forget."

"And, to show that you forgive, will you—will you——" Sir George suddenly caught his nephew's hand and held it fast, then turned his head back, and said hurriedly to the watchful girl behind his chair—"May, tell him what I want."

May flushed a little, but answered instantly to Frank's appealing look.

"Sir George thinks, and we all agree, Frank, that you and Essie should get married at once."

It was a verbal thunderbolt. Frank rose at once, the red blood dyeing his pale face, the pained and listless look yielding to one of half rapturous, half shocked astonishment.

"At once—in all this——" He paused and glanced at Sir George, who promptly took the word from him.

"In all this misery? Yes; it is my wish—my earnest eager wish, Frank. You will not deny that pleasure to a man who has no other left in the world? Marry, and take your wife away, and let me see you happy and yourself again before I die."

Frank paced the little room with hasty uneven steps; his nerves tingled with the excitement of the thought, his blood ran wildly through his veins, the old listless apathy was dead, and in its place there had come a feverish unrest.

To win Essie, his true and loyal love, to bear her away with him, to forget for a while beneath bluer skies and in softer airs the misery that had almost turned his brain and broken the spring of life within him—this was a temptation indeed; and yet—and yet—— Would not the burial and the bridal services jar discordantly? Dare he be happy in presence of this fresh grief—these new-made graves?

Perhaps May, who knew and loved, and who was watching him intently, divined the morbid thought, for she whispered gently as he neared her chair—

"Remember, Frank, he is the truest mourner—and it is his wish!"

"And—Mr. Verner?"

May's whole face brightened, for these few words told her that the day was won.

"Papa will be overjoyed. He and Sir George and Croxford arranged it all between them last night."

"And Essie?"

May's gold-flecked lashes rested for a moment on her soft pink cheek, then lifted themselves bravely, as she said, with a frankly affectionate smile—

"Ask her, Frank. Even her sister must not answer such a question as that."

* * * * *

Frank did ask her, with all the eloquence at his command; and without any show of doubt or hesitation Essie placed her small hand in his, and agreed at once to his wish. It was no time for coyness or coquetry, when her lover's life almost seemed at stake, and there was no reason for delay when millinery preparations were unnecessary. So, one week later, Esther Verner and Frank de Walden were made one in the quietest fashion, and the great wish of Sir George de Walden's heart was fulfilled.

"I can die happy now!" he said to May, his great comfort and consoler, when the wedding was over, and the young pair had started on their honey-moon trip; and May only answered with her cheerily obstinate look—

"No; you have made them happy; you must live to see—who knows?—perhaps to share—their happiness now."

Sir George smiled affectionately at the girl and sadly at the prophecy; but, strange to say, the latter was fulfilled. He did live to welcome Frank back, restored to perfect health of mind and body, and, being nursed with tenderest devotion by the new mistress of De Walden Court, even seemed to take a fresh hold on life. Grand-nephew and grand-niece had climbed about his knees and taught him that life holds drops of sweetness to the very dregs, before the end came, and he looked his last on loving faces before they laid him to rest beside the young wife and little child of whom a cruel vengeance had robbed him.

THE END.

Brothers and Sisters.

It has become one of the standard features of humor to remark about young men being attentive to the sisters of some other fellow, and I have never been able to see it in the light of a compliment to the young man of either side. It is certainly no compliment to the young man who neglects his own sister for those of some other fellow, and it is none to the young man whose sisters receive the attention of such a man, for, in the nature of things, he is going to treat his wife as he treats his own sisters. While there may be sisters who are careless of their brothers and give them no encouragement to act toward them as gentlemen should, I am glad to say that they are exceptions and not the rule. There are no women in the world who appreciate more the attention of a young man than sisters do of brothers, and the average brother can, if he desires, be an absolute monarch over his sisters, and they never discover it. They make the most charming slaves in the world, and they never show the peculiar independence of the wife, be she as much as she may the vassal of her heart. The usages of society and humanity compel a man to show a certain subservient deference to his mother and wife, but the sister has no such claim. She is his sister, and even the common gallantry of the stronger to the weaker sex is denied her on the very ground of her relation to him. That is the argument at least, and society to a great extent recognizes it. Therefore, if a young man throws aside his alleged privileges and treats his sister as equal to his wife or mother, and superior to any other woman, she feels that he is the best fellow in the world and she is not going to give him second place anywhere. Young men, if you don't believe what I'm telling you, just try it once and learn the truth for yourself.

The Young Lady and the Twins.

A young lady was wheeling her married sister's twin babies along the street, and a close observer could have noticed her halt for a second, appear embarrassed, while a crimson blush mounted her cheeks. She saw, coming up the street, her old beau whom she had not seen for two years, as he had been away. Of course, the fellow naturally supposed his sweetheart had been married during his absence, so he began grinning as he drew near, tipped his hat and passed on, leaving her to explain himself on the fate he had escaped. It is useless to try to describe the feelings of the young lady.

AMERICAN FABLES.

HOW THE WOLF GOT LEFT.

A Fox who had been caught in a trap appealed to a passing Wolf to save his Life, and vowed that his Gratitude would never grow cold. The Wolf helped him out and was overwhelmed with Thanks as the Fox limped away. After a few days the Wolf wanted Assistance in securing one of a flock of fat sheep, and he called upon the Fox to go with him.

"Too dangerous," replied Reynard.

"Then help me to catch a goat."

"Too much running."

"You will at least render me assistance in digging out a couple of Hares for my Sunday dinner?" continued the Wolf.

"But I am a Friend of the Hares," answered Reynard.

"See here!" exclaimed the Wolf, "I rendered you a Great Service and counted on your Gratitude. Is this the way you repay me?"

"My Friend," said Reynard, as he scratched a flea off his shoulder, "there's a heap of difference between a Fox in a Trap and a Fox at liberty. Please go away—you make me tired."

MORAL:

The man who doesn't happen to meet you when he wants a favor continues your friend.

THE TIGER'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Tiger one day approached a Peasant near enough to call out that he wanted to be friends, and to invite the man to meet him half-way.

"Tigers have always eaten men, and men have always sought to kill tigers," he added, "but I can see no reason why it should be so."

"Nor I, either," answered the Peasant, and he advanced to the meeting.

They were yet several feet apart when the Tiger called out:

"Ha! why do you bring a gun with you?"

"And why are you licking your chops and working your claws?" shouted the Peasant.

The result was that the Tiger skulked back to the thicket and the Peasant to his field, each feeling renewed distrust.

MORAL:

In some cases Fear is a great safeguard against Friendship.

THE FOOLISH PEASANT.

A Peasant who was Being Pursued by a Wolf managed to Escape by Climbing a Tree. The panting Wolf looked up at him and called out:

"How contemptible in you to take advantage of my inability to climb trees! If there was any man about you would give me a fair show!"

"But you intended to Eat me!" Protested the man.

"Suppose I did. Wasn't I willing to give you the same chance? Come down and be a man!"

Thus appealed to the Peasant descended and the Wolf made short work of him.

MORAL:

When you get ahead of a faro bank put the money into real estate.

Storing Furs in Summer.

"When we put furs into storage for the season," said a furrier recently, "our first care is to beat them thoroughly with rattans to drive the dust out, and get rid of the moth eggs that may have been laid in them or been blown into them from the air. This done, they are hung on wire frames that distend them, and put into closets that are lined with tar paper. Moths cannot stand the strong odor of tar, and never live long under its influence. Every three or four weeks the furs are taken out of the closets and beaten with rattans; and so, in the course of a season, every article has to be handled at least a dozen times. In old times camphor was used; but it has been discovered that it had a tendency to detract from their color, and make them much lighter in hue. I suppose there is something in the dyes used for sable and other dark furs that camphor influences. Old women still use that drug, however; and when you see a sealskin sack or cloak or dolman that shows streaks of gray or a muddy yellow, you can be sure that it has been kept in camphor through the hot weather. The whole secret of keeping furs is to beat all the dust out of them and keep them in a close closet impregnated with the odor of tar. Another old preventive was pepper, either Cayenne or common black, but this has been abandoned; and some good housekeepers used to keep their furs in tobacco cuttings. I have seen moths flourish in tobacco; and, where I have seen insect powders used, they have sometimes injured the furs in some way, or have been totally useless in guarding them from their bitter foe."

"Another desideratum in storing furs is strict cleanliness. We wash all the closets every spring with water and common washing soda, and the latter serves to destroy any moth eggs that may have got into the place. Thus our closets are never invaded by the moths, but should we show carelessness for a single week the result would be disastrous. Muffs, collars, and other small articles we keep in boxes, packing with them sufficient tar paper to keep out the moth, and the shelves on which they stand are kept free from dust."

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

A rousing demonstration—Getting a growing boy out of bed.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

An able sea man—The astronomer.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick all the time with [illegible] Stomach [illegible], who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

Current humor—The farce of the electric girl.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Not a favorite with cow-boys—The short-horn.

The tongue of the female giraffe is seventeen inches long. The male giraffe feels that being denied the power of speech is a blessing and not a misfortune.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill-use of his abilities, the more dangerous will he be to the commonwealth.

$15.000.00.

"Truth" Bible Competition.

NO. ELEVEN.

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

A NEW PLAN.

For Persons Residing Anywhere in the World Outside the City of Toronto.

The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissable.

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Sets, Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers.

At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificent rewards. The questions—which are supplied by an eminent Presbyterian minister—are very difficult, but the rewards are valuable. Everything offered in previous competitions has been promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones the moment they are known. Full and complete lists of all those who gain rewards are given in TRUTH the week following the close of each competition. There will be no change, and no postponement in any way; everything will be carried out exactly as stated.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

1.—Where is GOLD first made mention of in the Bible?

2.—Where does it first state in the Bible that there was ONLY ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE SPEECH on the whole earth?

3.—Where is INN first referred to in the Bible? (By the word inn is meant a place of rest and refreshment commonly known now as an hotel.)

Every one competing must send one dollar with their answers, for six months' subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards, themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of one dollar they ever did. TRUTH is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get TRUTH for six months in any case for your one dollar, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach TRUTH office in time Don't delay.

Read the great list of

FIRST REWARDS.

1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co.	$1,100 00
3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada	250 00
4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set	100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch	100 00
6.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style	95 00
7 to 16.—Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	650 00
17 to 26.—Ten Gentlemen's beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	280 00
27 to 31.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	105 00
32 to 51.—Twenty Waterbury Watches	100 00
52 to 103.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopedia. An excellent work	156 00
104 to 200.—Ninety-seven Ladies' Beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches latest style patterns, splendid value	194 00
201 to 252.—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives	52 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. Then follows the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1. FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it; land on opposite side of road held at $1,000 per acre	$3,000 00
2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co.	550 00
3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co.	250 00
4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces	100 00
One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem-winding and Stem-Setting, h. c	100 00

1.—Where is the first reference in the Bible to the day being divided into hours?

2.—What is the superficial area in cubits or square feet of the largest bedstead mentioned in the Bible?

3.—What evidence have we that in Bible times women were often employed in the manufacture of bread and sweetmeats?

6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-Setting	95 00
7 to 12.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns	300 00
13 to 15.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	325 00
19 to 26.—Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	168 00
27 to 30.—Four quadruple-plated Silver plated Teapots, latest designs	50 00
31 to 41.—Eleven Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	231 00
42 to 59.—Eighteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches, American Movement	270 00
60 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary	156 00
112 to 359.—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs	494 00
360 to 503.—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives	145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the *middle correct answer* of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to a great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS

1.—Beginning with another of those fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co., which have been received with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions	$550 00
2.—Then follows another Bell Organ	250 00
3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate	100 00
4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	100 00
5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	95 00
6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine	65 00
7 to 11.—Five beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses	250 00
12 to 29.—Eighteen Solid Coin Silver Watches	450 00
30 to 41.—Twelve Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	340 00
42 to 57.—Sixteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches	240 00
58 to 71.—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches	72 00
72 to 209.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopedia	414 00
210 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches	204 00
312 to 401.—Ninety Solid Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives	90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the *last* correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open only till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, *where mailed*, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at TRUTH Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a *later* postmark than September 15th. All competing must send with their answers one dollar for six monts' subscription to TRUTH, which will will be sent to any desired address Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Someone will get those five acres of land—why not you! Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH, which alone is good value for the one dollar. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for six months, it is such a splendid, weekly (not monthly) magazine.

Special Club Offer to Yearly Subscribers.

If twenty-five persons join and send $50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of a solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopædia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course, each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainity of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the last, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money now. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact that clergymen are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. One dollar only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address S Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

Josh Billings Says!

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe. One trouble exists in the fact that old shoes wear out, and another that they cannot always be worn. Undoubtedly Josh must be a sufferer from corns, and has not yet heard of the great and only sure corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. This great remedy never fails to remove the worst corns—soft or hard—in a few days. No discomfort, no sore spots, but prompt and certain cure. Beware of flesh-eating and sore producing substitutes. Use Putnam's only. N. C Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

The stuttering tippler has a high-drawlhic pow-wower.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will, if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system In large bottles 50 cents.

The fall overcoat belongs to the clothes of the year.

Quack Advertisements

Are rapidly becoming a nuisance, and we think it behooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's Nerviline, would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief. Nerviline is sold by all druggists. Sample only 10 cents. Try it.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Billious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

Most any scheme is feasible with a lawyer.

A. P. 189.

WHEAT Bonnell $2.50, Rog re $1.75, Boyer $1.50, Volts $1.35 (60 lbs.) JAS. RENNIE, Toronto

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont.

FOR SALE.

Roughcast Blacksmith Shop, Woodshop and Dwelling House, ¼ land, good garden, stable and woodshed, Failing health the cause for selling. Apply Box 79, Hepworth, Ont.

MEN WANTED.

Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $600 to $2000 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

Steam Flour Mill.

Capacity 300 barrels daily. New roller process: cooperage with large supply of dry staves; also 500 cords of wood on property; saw mill adjoining flour mill; G.T.R. switch within ten feet of mill, situated in fine wheat country. Address Lock Box 11, Listowel.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 118 feet; double shop, with office 24 x 60; blacksmith's shop, 20 x 42; lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families: two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Ross' Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road, good locality, where a business from $5,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY Belleville.

The Ready Mixed Paints

MANUFACTURED BY

A. RAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL,

are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The American Mixed Paints are to a large extent ground with Silicate of Soda, and are dear at any price. Ask for Ramsay's, and see that you get them. Apply to your local dealers.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer, between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co. Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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SHEET METALS.
FIRE CLAY GOODS.
CHEMICALS AND OILS.
Orders to import solicited.

Copland & McLaren,

Wellington Street, Montreal. Wellington Chambers, Glasgow. 28 Paternoster Row, London.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use Sold by grocers through the Dominion Send for price to W. CLARK P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

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Importers of
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Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings,
Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting,
Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay,
Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay.
Manufacturers of
Bessemer Steel Sofa, Chair Rod & Springs

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Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto.

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts

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Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting, and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASN. Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.50 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $16,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Traction Farm Engine 1 Able Triumph Do. 1 C. Morrison do. 1 8 h. p. Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 35 h. p. Horozontal by Northy. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 20 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron Frame Tenoning machine. 1 Blind Slat Tenoner. 1 Buggy Plainer or jointer. 2 band saws. 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rools Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 62-inch Inserted Tooth-Saw, &c. &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

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THE MONTSERRAT

Lime Fruit Juice.

Cordial, most wholesome, delicious, and refreshing beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Calcutta Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & CO. Toronto.

Burton's All Healing

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The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Man or Beast Sold by all druggists.

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CARBOLIC ACID AND GLYCERINE

Is the best in the market.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

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DAVID TORRANCE & CO.
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GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

☞ SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

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Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased inferior wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to call special attention to the above TRADE MARK. The fact that our name and Trade Mark are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRADE
1847 Rogers Bros. A1.
MARK.

THE NEW WILLIAMS

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run.

Silent and Rapid in movement

Plain and Simple to learn!

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1733 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1884. NO. 51

THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

The above paper is printed and published EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by SIMPSON & KERR

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

Announcements or Notices of a personal or business nature, in the Editorial, Local or Correspondence columns, Twenty-five cents per line for the first insertion, and Twelve and a half cents for each subsequent insertion.

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

Special arrangements of an advantageous character made with merchants for the Year, Half-Year or Quarter.

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All communications intended for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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NOTARY PUBLIC, LACHUTE, Q.

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Provincial Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer.
Lachute, P. Q
No. 44 6m.

CHAS. S. BURROUGHS, Esq.,
Advocate, has his residence and office in Lachute, P. Q.

G. E. BAMPTON, B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE, &c.,
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Harry Abbott, B. Oct. 5

NOTICE!

The undersigned having had several years' experience as an auctioneer in Montreal and elsewhere, would now inform the people of Argenteuil that he is prepared to take charge of auction sales, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.
J. PATENAUDE.

A. J. PERIARD
Has removed his Tailoring Establishment from Cleland's Block to his new residence opposite Bedard's Carriage Manufactory, Main Street, Lachute.
☞ Work done in first-class style.

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(Late of Three Rivers.)
ADVOCATE, Etc.,
AYLMER AND OTTAWA.

Will attend Courts of the Counties of Argenteuil, Ottawa and Pontiac.
Please address correspondence to Aylmer.

DR. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be at ST. ANDREWS from the 9th to the 14th, and at LACHUTE on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month.

A THIEF IN A COFFIN.

Novel Plot to Rob a Cathedral.

The city of Mexico, the scene of many peculiar crimes, is just now agog over the performance of a thief, which is generally admitted to surpass anything on record. A few days ago several men went to the priest in charge of the Santa Cruz church in that city and asked permission to hold funeral services over the remains of a deceased friend at 4 o'clock the next morning. There was nothing unusual in the request, for many people in that country bury their dead early in the morning before mass, and the priest gave his permission, agreeing to be present. The men then said they would like to leave the corpse over night, and to this the clergyman also consented. Some time after dark the men appeared bearing a coffin, which they carried up the main aisle and deposited in front of the altar. They then withdrew, promising to be there early the next morning.

About midnight the sacristan was awakened by the barking of his dogs, and feeling that something was wrong he dressed hastily and stepped from his room into the chancel. A dim light was

BURNING NEAR THE ALTAR.

by means of which he could see a figure moving slowly on the other side of the chancel. Making up his mind that robbers were in the church he ran quickly to his room for a pistol, and then made a search of the church. No one was to be seen. On the altar he found everything safe, but when he came to examine the images of the saints he soon saw that the costly jewels with which they had been ornamented were gone. He then redoubled his efforts to find the thief, but after half an hour passed in searching every nook of the great edifice he was more mystified than ever, for he not only could not find the offender, but he could discover no place where he could have come in or gone out. Just before he determined to give the alarm he thought of the corpse lying down below the chancel rail in the shadow, and the idea came to him that perhaps there might be something wrong about it. Lighting a candle he stepped softly to the bier and peered into the face of

THE SUPPOSED DEAD MAN.

As he looked he noticed that the eyelids of the 'corpse' twitched nervously under the light, and at the same time his own eyes fell on some of the glittering jewels which lay beside the man in the coffin.

Overjoyed at finding the thief, the sacristan thrust his revolver into the face of the "corpse" and ordered him to get out. The cold steel on the man's forehead convinced him that the order must be obeyed, and a most extraordinary resurrection took place then and there. When the man had gained his feet, the sacristan, still covering him with his pistol, gathered up the jewels and then marched the culprit to the priest's house where he was turned over to the police. Several soldiers were then stationed in the church, and when the thief's confederates arrived in the morning they were taken into custody. At first they denied all knowledge of the conspiracy, but after a little one of them confessed and told the whole story. He said they intended to go through the form of a funeral ceremony and then carry their friend out to the cemetery, and after letting him out of the coffin, bury it and leave the country as speedily as possible. They will be severely punished.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm and Garden Work for August.

Act.

Think.

Consult.

Experiment.

Make repairs.

Carry a note book.

Watch the markets.

Manure the back fields!

Favor the seed-corn hills.

Keep up the flow of milk.

Make repairs in spare hours.

Superior work pays us the best.

Above all things avoid foul seed.

Gas lime should not be used fresh.

Idle land is the weeds' opportunity.

Fowls profit by a run in the stubble.

Wheat after oats is a faulty practice.

Whitewash will cleanse and sweeten.

August pigs make holiday small pork.

Do not let your insurance policy expire.

The damages by rats exceed those by fire.

Sow white turnip seed for fine white fodder.

Wash the horses feet and legs every night.

Success is largely a matter of small details.

Roll the ground before and not after seeding.

Good seed and good soil are a good beginning.

Farm animals well summered are half wintered.

Help out the dried up pastures with green fodder.

Thinning the root crops means more tons to the acre.

Clean, oil, and store all the implements no longer in use.

Get out the year's supply of muck while the beds are dry.

Build temporary pasture shelter in airy parts of the fields.

Weeds when they go to seed curse the land that grew them.

The general purpose animal is superior only in its versatility.

Let the bumble bee live and thus increase the yield of clover seed.

A drain to be a profitable investment must be a permanent improvement.

Fall fallowing cleans the land and brings it into fine condition for spring crops.

Neglected fence rows are like a leaden weight upon the neck of clean field culture.

A farmer's bank account may grow at the expense of his manure heap and grain crops.

A clean, cool, ventilated stable free from flies, is a suitable lodging for the tired work horse.

The possibilities of a farm are measured by the quantity and quality of brains which run it.

Amid all the toil of midsummer, do not forget to do a little careful work for the coming county fair.

Superior pork made from freshly fallen wormy apples is very cleansing to an insect infested orchard.

A root crop is very humble, but as a foundation for a judicious rotation it will support the symmetrical superstructure of profitable mixed farming.—*American Agriculturist.*

Getting Ready to Sow Winter Wheat.

If winter wheat is to be sown after early oats, peas, beans, early potatoes, or corn-fodder, the moment the crop is off the ground, stick in the plow, or gang, or cultivator. Do not wait for rain. The weeds and stubble will pump up more water from the soil than any ordinary rainfall at this season will be likely to furnish. If you plow, or in anywise work the land, it will not only destroy the weeds and check the rapid evaporation of water, but should we have a shower, the rain will penetrate deeper into the worked soil, and render it soft and mellow. We have evrything to gain and nothing to lose by promptness in plowing immediately after the previous crop has been harvested.

In four years out of five, the principal difficulty in sowing winter wheat in proper season is to get the soil moist enough to cause the wheat to germinate vigorously and evenly. We must recollect that the soil, even during a severe drouth, contains in the first two or three a great many thousand gallons of water per acre, and still more at a greater depth. This water is constantly rising towards the surface. Any growing plant pumps it up out of the soil, and evaporates it into the atmosphere. The amount of water thus evaporated is enormous. The bare soil evaporates water from the surface as long as there is any to evaporate, but the loss of water from a bare soil is nothing in comparison with the loss on land upon which plants are growing.

In the winter wheat section of Western New York we sow our wheat from the 1st to the 20th of September. It is ready to cut from the first week in July to the first of August, varying greatly in this respect according to the season. As we go South wheat is sown latter in the autumn, and is ready to harvest earlier in the summer.

Where the Hessian fly is troublesome, we have to avoid early sowing in the autumn. The fly lays its eggs in the young wheat plants in autumn, and late sowing is one of the remedies. On the other hand, when wheat is liable to injury from the Midge, we have to avoid late sowing. The Midge flies lay their eggs in the ears of wheat when it is in blossom, and an early crop of wheat is far more liable to injure than a late crop.

Fortunately neither the Hessian fly nor the Midge has done much damage of late years, and the tendency amoung our best wheat-growers is towards earlier sowing. After the first of September it is thought desirable to sow as soon as the soil can be got sufficiently moist and mellow. It is just here where promptness, good judgment and science are all requisite. Rain will help us, but it will help us still more if we go to work as though no rain were expected. As we said before, there is water enough in the soil, but it is not near enough to the surface to cause the seed to germinate. What we have to do is to bury all the weeds, stubble, and growing plants, and keep the surface soil fine by the frequent use of the cultivator, harrow, and the roller. We know this is easier said than done—but on our strong wheat land it is the general experience that much of our success will depend on our ability to get the wheat well started in the early autumn.

Methods of Preserving Eggs.

At a recent poultry show in Birmingham England, prizes were awarded for the best dozen of preserved eggs. They were sent in two months before the date of the show, a short time to test any preserving process thoroughly. The eggs were tested by being boiled both soft and hard (that is, for a minute and a half, and for ten minutes,) and then tasted by the judges. Those that gained the first prize had been simply packed in common salt. They had not lost sensibly by evaporation, had good consistent albumen, and were of the best flavor when boiled. Those that received the second prize were but slightly inferior to the best; and the process of preserving is thus described: Melt one part of white wax to two parts of spermaceti, boil and mix thoroughly; or two parts clarified suet to one of wax, and two of spermaceti. Take new laid eggs, rub with antiseptic salt or fine rice starch. Wrap each egg in fine tissue paper, putting the broad end downward; screw the paper tightly at the top, leaving an inch to hold it by. Dip each egg rapidly into the fat heated to 100 degrees. Withdraw, and leave to cool. Pack, broad end down ward, in dry, white sand or sawdust. The London Agricultural Gazette adds: The eggs so preserved were admirable, and probably, had the contest been for a longer time, would have stood first. But it is exceedingly useful to know that eggs may be preserved admirably for two months with no more trouble than putting them in common salt. The other plan was superior in one respect; on stripping off the waxed paper, the shell was as pure and clean as when first laid; in fact the eggs might have sold as being fresh, if not as newlaid.

About Good Eating.

When I say "good eating," I don't mean all these fancy dishes, with flub-dubs and French names, and grease and oil and richness and heaviness, but nice, wholesome, toothsome food, which goes straight to the right place and makes glad the pathway leading thereto. There are a great many people who never know what good eating is. They may have plenty of money with which to buy the raw material, but the women of the household don't know a good thing when they see it, and the result is a great deal of style and fine silver and table ware, and a mixture of stuff that would incite a rebellion in the stomach and palate of a wooden Indian. I have dined at the table of the rich and of the poor, (comfortable poor, I mean,) and I have learned that money cannot furnish taste. There must be exquisite delicacy in the preparation of even the coarsest food, for a little old grease, or a little too close contiguity to the cooking vessel, will ruin a dish of cabbage quite as readily as it will a diamond-back terrapin and the housewife who doesn't know these fine points does incalculable damage. She destroys the gastronomical sensibility of her immediate family, destroys the pleasure of her guest, and, worse than all, bequeaths her ignorance to her children to inflict generations yet unborn. There is a wonderful degree of comfort in good eating, and there is economy in it, too, for it doesn't cost any more to prepare a dollar's worth of meat and vegetables properly than it does improperly, and when the food is good ', they lick the platter clean," and the *bete noir* of "warmed over victuals" is driven from the house. The woman is the boss of the good eating department of a house, and many a man who was brought up right, has became a heretic, because the boss didn't know how to make his heart and his gizzard harmonize.

DANCING DERVISHES.

A Singular Sect in the Moorish Quarters of Algiers.

One evening during our stay in Algiers, we were informed that the dancing dervishes, or aissaoui, as they are called, were to give a performance. Accordingly that evening, having procured a guide, we proceeded to the place where the performance was to be given, driving through the narrow streets connecting the French with the Moorish quarter of the town, until they became so narrow and winding that it was impossible to go farther. Here we left the carriages in a small square, where four flat stones imbedded in the ground marked the spot where prisoners were formerly beheaded, and walked on through the narrow, dimly-lighted street, and on arriving at our destination were ushered into a large old Moorish house with its central open court, galleries, and communicating rooms. On two sides of this court, which was lighted by flickering candles, are benches for spectators, while before them about fifty Arabs in their picturesque costumes were sitting cross legged, smoking and drinking coffee. In the centre of the court was a large square carpet, upon which was a brazier of burning charcoal, and behind it was a lighted candle about three feet in height. Behind these candles six musicians were seated, in the centre of whom was the master of ceremonies or high priest of the order, an intelligent appearing Arab of perhaps 40 years of age. In the gallery immediately above us, partially concealed by screens of rugs or shawls were many Moorish women, and when the exercises became exciting one could occasionally catch a glimpse of a pretty face. At a given signal the music commenced. The instruments were immense tambourines, perhaps two and a half feet in diameter, which they tuned to the right musical pitch by occasionally heating them over the charcoal fire. The noise produced by these instruments was deafening and monotonous. They continued pounding steadily for perhaps twenty minutes with no result, when all at once a young man rushed into the centre of the circle with a scream and commenced to

DANCE AND GESTICULATE WILDLY.

He was immediately seized by the attendants, who divested him of his outer garments and orraments. He then, with a vacant, staring expression, began to dance wildly before the tall candle. It could hardly be called a dance, as his feet were stationary.

He simply threw his head and body backward and forward, all his muscles being completely relaxed, his head almost touching the flame of the candle as it swung forward. His face soon became red and he began to froth at the mouth. He was soon joined by two others. An attendant kept them in line, not allowing them to get too near the candle, and occasionally joining their hands. Soon a wild looking, emaciated old man sprang into the centre of the circle with a scream. After he had been divested of his outer garments he did not dance, but commenced pointing with wild screams, at different persons in the room. He then placed his heel in the centre of the burning charcoal until the smoke and odor of burning flesh filled the room. The performance was rendered more effective by his continual screams and by the unearthly noise of the tambourines. He then withdrew his foot, and a redhot shovel having been handed to him, he rapidly struck it with his open hand and then drew his finger slowly across it, producing, probably, a slight blister. A heavy sharp pointed instrument was then handed to him, which the old man placed against his abdomen and proceeded to pound against the other end with a heavy brick, which he broke into several fragments. He then, with apparently great effort, pretended to withdraw it, but as its withdrawal was not followed by blood, and as he immediately covered up the spot with his clothing, we concluded that the instrument did not penetrate the flesh at all. He then kissed the priest and ran into an adjoining apartment, where he placed his foot in water and afterward resumed his seat with the others.

Meanwhile the three dancers, who had continued bobbing wildly up and down, had fallen to the floor in an exhausted condition and had been assisted out of the room by the attendants. The performers, though some were wild and emaciated in appearance, did not show scars, and though those whose heads were not shaved showed irregular losses of hair, as though it might have been pulled out, still they all appeared to be in fair physical condition. At this time there was a temporary lull in the proceedings. The tambourines continued to beat monotonously, and the habitues of the place were evidently awaiting some new development.

An Arab who sat near me spoke to me in French, saying: "Watch that old man; he is the best performer of the party." The man in question was a fine looking old Arab richly dressed, wearing spectacles, who was

STROKING HIS LONG GRAY BEARD

and smiling serenely. Near him was another old man, watching the proceedings. The chief evidently did every thing in his power to excite him. At stated intervals the musicians would beat the tambourines fast and furiously. At such times the old man would sway backward and forward, and look wildly about, muttering to himself. He even, at one time, unbuttoned his outer garments, evidently preparing for his approaching fit. He would then subside again, and finally buttoned up his coat, and did not perform during the evening.

Soon, however, the other old man, without warning suddenly fell forward into the circle. He was raised by the attendants, who, as in the previous cases, took off his watch and outer garments.

He then commenced to repeat in a loud voice certain Arabic sentences. A tambourine was then passed about the audience, containing perhaps ten stones, varying in size from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and a rusty nail. One of these stones was then passed to the old man, who, holding it between his thumb and fore finger, placed it in his mouth and swallowed it. He then swallowed all the stones, finishing with the rusty nail. There was no opportunity for deception, as his arms were bare, and he invariably opened his mouth to show that it was empty. It is said that a member of the order has recently died from the effect of swallowing nails. After he had finished his performance he resumed his seat, adjusting his garments, receiving many congratulations from his friends. The music then became more furious and deafening, the uproar was increased by shrill screams of encouragement from the women above, and shortly three new men rushed into the circle—dancing and screaming. Three red-hot shovels were handed them, which they struck as the first performer had done, while one of the number took the red hot shovel between his teeth, and held it there until there was

A DISTINCT ODOR OF BURNING FLESH.

They then took the red coals from the brazier, chewed and swallowed them, while the black froth ran from their mouths. Two large portions of prickly cactus, covered with long, sharp needles, were then handed to them. These they seized furiously struggling for the largest portions, which they chewed and swallowed—meanwhile frothing and foaming from the mouth. Eight scorpions were then placed in a tambourine and passed about for the inspection of the audience, ugly crawling reptiles resembling small crabs. These were then given to the performers, who held them in their hands, not allowing them to fasten upon their fingers, however. Then at a given signal they ate the struggling reptiles, the disgusting crunching sound being very distinct—fighting as before for the largest, flavoring the morsel with charcoal and prickly cactus, meantime screaming and dancing. Our curiosity having been satisfied, we left, although the performance was supposed to continue throughout the night. We paid our fee to the Arab who had conducted us to the place, though our regular guide a pious old Arab, whose religious scruples would not allow him to visit such a place, to drink wine, to have but one wife, and who felt himself obliged to pray at least five times daily, sometimes to our inconvenience, said that the performers would get but a very small portion of the money which we had paid him.

The conclusion we arrived at concerning the performance: That the performers took care that they did not seriously injure themselves; that they were willing to dance, to swallow stones and disgusting objects, and endure a certain amount of pain, for the money which they received and the distinction which they enjoyed; that they really became very much excited by the furious music, and that some among them were doubtless insane, while others were simply actors.

This sect was founded about 200 years ago in Morrocco by a Sidi Mohammed Ben Aissa, who is said to have proved himself a saint by casting himself down from a high tower without injury. He and his followers, after having been banished from Morocco, went into the desert and there found themselves able to nourish themselves, upon sticks, stones, scorpions, etc., a talent which has been handed down to their descendants. The headquarters of the sect are in Morocco. There, during the religous festival of last winter, the disciples of this creed rushed wildly through the streets, seizing living sheep, tearing them limb from limb and eating the raw flesh. At that time Europeans were cautioned not to approach them. Their performances are said to be discountenanced by the more intelligent Arabs.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fighting Peccaries.

A peccary is in all respects a hog. He looks, smells, tastes like a hog, and is a hog, but for a thing of indomitable courage of the lower type, for a hater of quenchless fury, and for a fighter to the last throb of his heart he has no parallel in the animal kingdom. They never begin a war, but when one is assailed the entire drove rush to the attack as men rush when martial vigor urges them. Each bead-like eye is a fire spark; tusks are protruding, the echinated spine straightened, and woe to the wretch who falls into their path. Gored, bitten, torn, tramped upon, and eaten up, to the very last shread of his clothing—such is the fate of the man caught by a drove of angry peccaries. With the same fury they assault a wolf or attack a bull, and neither the wolf nor the bull can stand up against a charge of half a dozen peccaries. Both know this and flee in terror from the field.

What Makes a Home!

It is an excellent thing to have a well-kept house, finely appointed table; but after all, the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that be cold, and this ungracious, all the wealth of India cannot make the home pleasant and inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm if we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house-order neatness seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture; a simpler style of living and house-furnishing would set many a bonded slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comforts of all the household. There are cabin homes that have been and are remembered with pleasure, because of the beautiful, loving presence there; and stately homes without it are but dull and cheerless habitations.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Education in France—Skobeloff on the Eastern Question—The Spanish Navy—Bottling Tears—The Cholera Germ—&c., &c.

Since the organization of Mr. Spurgeon's Stockwell orphanage 924 fatherless children have been sheltered and cared for. The number of boys in residence last year was 237, and of girls 166. The distinctive feature of this orphanage is a system of cottage homes, each home containing its own family under the direction of its matron.

A portion of the tunnel being excavated in Glasgow for an underground railway recently fell in. The eighteen men who had been working were on the surface at the time having just taken their evening meal. The foreman who was to give orders for their return was late that day, else they would have been in the tunnel at the time of the accident.

From a bedroom in Windsor castle were recently stolen a valuable gold watch and a silver chain and medal. Suspicion fell upon two privates of the Coldstream guards, who had been mounted upon the terrace near the room. Nothing was found upon the men, but near the tower where they were stationed the watch was discovered concealed in the ivy.

At Wrenham, in Wales, a few weeks ago, one of the attendants at a menagerie, while cleaning out the cage of the lions, placed his right arm inside the bars, when one of the animals suddenly tore it off at the elbow. During the panic which ensured a number of persons were more or less seriously injured, a report having been started that the lion had escaped from its cage.

A revolution in the match-making industry may be expected. The Russian department of commerce and manufacturers has recently awarded a patent to the inventor of a means for so impregnating wood with a liquid that, when dried, it lights with slight friction and can be used several times over, thus securing, according to the inventor, an economy of at least 75 per cent.

In the early months of the present session of parliament sixty-five measures were introduced by the government. Thirteen of them have since been withdrawn, and only sixteen have as yet received royal assent. Five others have passed the house, including the franchise bill. Of the remaining thirty-one, twelve are in the committee stage and thirteeen still await a second reading.

During the recent heavy rainfall in Poland and Galicia whole districts were completely flooded, hundreds of families losing their homes. At one small trading town the value of the hay washed away was $60,000; at another it was $30,000, and in a third $10,000. No fewer than a hundred villages have been ruined. Old inhabitants say nothing equal to the devastation has occured since 1813.

Gibraltar having been included by Spain in the recent order to enforce quarantine on all English arrivals, the authorities at Gibraltar, by way of reprisals, have expelled from within the lines all Spaniards who did not possess annual licenses. The number thus expelled is variously estimated at from 4 000 to 6,000. They are principally laborers, and nearly all of them are in a destitute condition.

Politics in Roumania are in a state of considerable confusion. The conservatives have secured the support of students, and a part of their programme comprises a scheme for dethroning King Charles and placing in the vacant office the Duke of Edinburgh. A correspondent who disbelieved this story at first has had its truth confirmed to his satisfaction by overtures made by the conspirators to intimate friends of his.

Mr. John Sullivan, editor of the *Jersey Observer*, has received authority from her majesty to translate into the Norman language and to publish her work "More leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." In his letter signifying the royal pleasure to this effect, the queen's prive secretary says: "I think it will be a source of gratification to her maejsty to find an interest shown in the Channel islands in regard to her little work."

The Societe Hippique in Paris, which undertakes to look to the well-being of horses, has adopted among its reforms one to the effect that no carter shall be allowed to water his horse at the cab-stands, and as a substitute it has placed a number of buckets and sponges at the public houses in all the chief thoroughfares. The innkeepers consider this a wise measure, for they find that they can profitably entertain the teamsters while the horses are quenching their thirst.

The porte is preparing to take a bold step. It was announced that on the 4th of August it would place sentinels at the foreign post-offices in the capital to prevent letters from being posted. It has also sent a circular to its representatives at the European courts announcing its intention to get rid of the would capitulations which only give the right to the European embassies to receive and send letters by special couriers, and to discard every other kind kind of foreign interference.

Commercial enterprise has taken a new direction in Italy. The Milan Society for the Commercial exploration of Africa has organized a circumnavigation of Africa, with a view to affording the pupils of the high school of commerce an opportunity of becoming acquainted with likely markets for Italian products. The steamer will leave Genoa Sept. 1. to be absent four months, and the tourists are to be accompanied by a professor to lecture on the commercial geography of Africa.

In Brunswick the supreme court of the duchy is at present engaged with a case which commenced in 1604 before the then imperial court of Weltzar. It was carried on for half a century, and was then left in abeyance till a comparatively recent period. It involves a claim set up by the counts of Stolberg against the administrators of the ducal private domain for the restriction of the whole of the estates, forests, and mines in the county of Blankenberg (Hartz mountains), which are valued at nearly £1,000,000. The Duke of Brunswick is the real defendant.

The *Secolo*, newspaper of Milan, says that the cholera germ described by Dr. Koch was discovered by an Italian, Dr. Filippo Pacini as far back as thirty years ago. In a treatise by Pacini published in 1854 in the *Italian Medical Gazette*, and translated into French in the "Archives of Military Medicine of Brussels" in 1855, and into English in the "Report on the Cholera Epidemic of 1856, he described the cholera as being due to the action of "a very simple organism which I shall call a choleraic microbe." Dr. Pacini's treatise was published in 1865, 1866, 1871, and 1879.

The old custom of bottling tears is still continued in Persia. It must be very old, as it is alluded to in the Psalms of David. As the mourners are sitting around and weeping the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterwards squeezed into a bottles, and the tears per served as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every means have failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. The practice was once universal, as is evidenced by the tear-bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb.

The Spanish navy consisted in 1883 of five iron-clads, an iron-clad monitor, a floating battery, and 117 other vessels. The navy possesses 35 gun-boats for the defense of the islands of Cuba and Port Rico. According to the new proposals, the reorgination of the fleet ought to be completed in ten years, at the end of which time Spain would possess 12 iron-clads, 2 iron clad cruisers, 7 first-class cruisers, 9 second-class cruisers, 11 third-class cruisers, 32 torpedo boats, and 6 transports. A sum of 230,000,000 posetas (about $46,000,000), to be spent in ten years, is demanded from the government.

On the recent anniversary of the death of Gen. Skobeloff, a mass was performed in the Kazan cathedral, at St. Petersburg, at which however, very few persons attended. The *Novoe Vremya*, lamenting his forgetfulness of the illustrious dead, publishes a very remarkable letter of Skobeloff, written in 1881 to a Moscow journalist. In this letter Skobeloff says that it is necessary for Russia to approach the eastern question—namely, the annexation of the Bosphorus—by the help of the central Asian question. Russia's safety and greatness the general believed to be dependent on the developement of her commercial centres. Under the pressure of the Polish question a regular developement would be impossible, and only on the annexation of the Bosphorus would Russia be able repeat Kosciusko's "Finis Poloniæ." To resist the Austrain advance to Salonica Skobeloff advocated the alliance with England, who, as the price of her alliance, should be rewarded with the whole of central Asia, which for Russia, whose end and aim is the possession of the Bosphorus, could only be of temporary importance.

M. Levasseur recently read to the Academie des Sciences an interesting report upon the progress made in primary education throughout France during the last five years. The annual ordinary expenditure has increased during that period by 37 per cent, from £2,988 696 in 1877 to £4,690,402 in 1882, while the extraordinary expenditure provided for by the law in 1880 for equipping and endowing primary schools has been between eight and nine millions during the same period. The number of primary schools has increased during the five years from 71,547, to 75 635, the increase being chiefly in public and lay schools. The number of pupils in the public and free schools has risen from 4 716,935 in 1876-1877 to 5,341,211 in 1881-1882, and of this latter total 4,350,256 were students in the public schools. The progress in public education has been entirely confined to the lay schools, which have gained 584,968 students since 1878, while the public religious schools have lost 208,514. But in the free schools the reverse has happened, the religious ones having increased by 140,337 student, while the lay free schools have lost 44,667. The number of pupils in the infant schools has increased during the same period from 532,077 to 644,334.

In Summer, Remember

1. That infectious diseases generally are due to filth in some form—most of them directly to divers kinds of microscopic plants (bacteria) which gain entrance into the system through the lungs or the stomach. Invading the wonderful laboratories of life,—the infinitesimal cells,—they disorganize these just as the yeast-plants, multiplying to countless millions, disorganize every particle of the dough—or would do so, if not themselves killed by the heat of the oven.

2. Remember that the best preservative against them is high health, which either digests them in the stomach, or repels them from gaining a foothold, and eliminates them from the system.

3. Remember that the next best preservative against infectious diseases is a free and strong circulations of pure air through the house from cellar to attic. The danger is when large numbers of bacteria gain admittance. There is slight probability that a foothold will be gained by these invaders when their number is comparatively few.

4. Remember that in our cities and large towns the sewers, constantly receiving the excreta of the sick, are never free from infectious bacteria; that these readily pass up into dwellings through every open connecting pipe; that these pipes should be kept closed when not in use; and that they should in no case, enter a sleeping room, but only into a well-ventilated water-closet.

5. Remember that, in the country, wells are dangerous when they are within one hundred feet of a privy or cesspool.

6. Remember that while boiling may purify infected water, mere filtering never renders it safe.

7. That all water closets, cesspools, etc., should be frequently disinfected, copperas, (sulphate of iron) being a good and cheap disinfectant for the purpose.

8. That a deodorizer is not necessarily a disinfectant. We may kill a bad smell, and not kill the bacteria.

The Art of Tattooing.

Englishmen only tattoo flags, leaves or flowers. The French don't do much. A flag, laid on flat, or a liberty-cap, is about their best. It is in the Sandwich Islands that the best artists are found. The Kanakas use indigo and cinnibar, all vegetable matter. A shark's tooth or a fish-bone is used. They accomplish excellent results. The bone is set in a stick, and then the tension is put on the flesh with their feet, as they beat the picture in bit by bit. Snakes, fish, and alligators are their strong points. The Japanese and Chinese are experts after a fashion. They draw only Chinese or Japanese pictures, and generally put the name of the object under what they portray. Turks and Russians know absolutely nothing about it, though I've seen sailors of both nationalities who were tattooed.

The sailors are the nomads of the profession. They go from port to port, and some of them are so well known that they have customers awaiting their arrival in nearly every harbor they enter, Spanish or Italian cities for instance. There is always a floating population in those seaports, and "Jack" gathers in a good many pesetas and silver soudi. In the East Indian ports, especially Bombay, he is in great demand among the Lascars and light-colored Hindoos. The latter are very partial to vermillion—which is red oxide of mercury, and therefore makes the flesh very sore. Often the "subject" gets quite ill from its effects on the system. There are only two colors that can be worked into flesh—black and red. The black Indian ink turns blue? There is no blue ink. It is a mystery which science has never solved. The change in color is due to some action of the blood doubtless.

The man who walks round and round without an object is not less, but more fatigued than the one who walks with firm step the same distance to reach a given point. Thought is always busy, and when it moves only in a useless circle it is more wearisome, because more uninteresting, than when it marches with steady and elastic tread to the goal of knowledge.

Spearing Sword Fish.

One of the chief attractions at Block Island, R. I., is the fishing, which is simply fair for mackerel and bluefish, but almost or quite the best for sword fish. One steamer carried away sixty of these huge creatures Monday, and forty more the next morning. They weighed from 100 to 400 pounds each. Unless one can witness the capture of a whale, no fishing is more exciting than the pursuit of this formidable monster, and there is withal a spice of danger in the game which gives an added zest and throws into stronger relief the skill of the fisherman who battles with such uniform success against an adversary who is conquered by strategem rather than by strength. The method of capture is, in brief, as follows: On the end of the bowsprit of the vessel stands a strong, heavy iron bar, supporting another strong piece of iron in the form of a semi-circle, with the end of the bow or curve drawn toward the boat. From these ends, by a strong rope is suspended a common swing-board, on which sits the man with the harpoon, his feet resting on a small platform or "pulpit" nailed to the bowsprit. If he chooses to stand on this platform, he leans forward, and is rendered secure from falling by resting against the semi-circular iron, which curves backward just under his arms. A lookout stands at the masthead above, and when a fish is seen, the boat is sailed directly toward him until within reach of the harpooner, who throw his iron with all his strength. The throw, as a rule, is successful if made by a trained fisherman. The barb, when driven into the fish, is automatically detached from the handle of the harpoon, but is still held by a long rope. The wounded fish darts forward, and the line is "paid out" as fast as he requires it by one man, while the captain hastens to get his vessel away in another direction as rapidly as possible, for this is a case in which distance lends enchantment to the view especially those who know the strength of the sword with which the maddened fish is armed. When he has been given rope enough, the end of the line is attached to a small empty cask, which is thrown overboard to amuse the fish which is now becoming frantic with the pain, but slightly felt at first; while the fishermen increase their distance from him as rapidly as possible. Now the fish begins to struggle in earnest, in the hope of getting free from the barb and rope. He skims along the surface and a line of foam marks the course of the cask, which does not stop him but does soon greatly increase his pain, for he is harnessed to it by a sharp point of steel which is all the while tearing his flesh. He changes his direction again and again, but all in vain. Next he seeks the depths of the ocean, and all goes well until the end of the rope is reached and the remorseless cask is drawn under water. The buoyancy of the air now gives great resistance to the cask, and if, for a moment, the fish yields, he is drawn to the surface. The struggle continues, and he swallows water, and inhales, too; and in time, paradoxical as it may seem, he is drowned, really drowned, by the element to which he has been accustomed since his birth but in which he can live only by breathing air alone. When his struggles are over the cask becomes motionless, when he is hoisted on board. Woe to the boat that crosses his path during the death agony. He will sometimes dart against it with terrible force, driving his sword through heavy planks.

DEATH SOLVES A MYSTERY.

A Romantic Story.

In 1870 there came to Taunton, Mass., a man who described himself as Frank Charteris Brown, and who has since lived here. He had great intellectual ability, but ill-fortune seemed to follow him, and when he died recently the people were not surprised. The mystery which always seemed to surround him has been penetrated, through the papers which were left intrusted to Deputy Sheriff Thomas O. Falvey, from which the following particulars were gathered:

Brown was the youngest child of the late George Robertson, Esq. of Edinburgh, keeper of the records of Scotland, and nephew of the late Gen. Sir George Brown, G. C. B., K. H. He was educated at Rugby. Though intended for the ministry, he entered the army as a commissioned officer in the Thirteenth Light Dragoons in 1848. After serving two and one-half years he was transferred to the Life Guards, where he remained until 1855. In 1854 he was married privately to an English actress, for which his allowance was taken from him, but it was afterwards returned to him on condition of his selling out and coming to America. Since that time, September, 1855, he never saw any of his family. In 1864 his wife and daughter died in Paris, after having travelled nearly all over the world. Then he drifted back to England. He was sent by the Liberal party to Taunton, Eng., to run a small newspaper during the general election, and he says: "I was the direct means of Henry James, Q. C. (now the famous Sir Henry James, Gladstone's Attorney-General), getting into Parliament, a service which he has more than once substantially acknowledged." He came again to this country in August, 1869, worked a while for J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, afterward accompanied Jay Cooke's party at the opening of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad as the representative of the New York *Times*, and finally drifted to Boston destitute. He walked from there to this city, because it bore the same name as the place in England where he did so well, and here he married again. The story of his wanderings closes thus:

"If it was a disgrace that I married a good and virtuous lady when I might have done otherwise, then I am guilty. If poverty is a disgrace then I am doubly disgraced; and if loving and cherishing my second wife—poor, innocent, kind-hearted, loving girl as she is—is another disgrace, once more I plead guilty."

Mr. Falvey has explicit instructions to open negotiations with the trustees of the property in England, that justice may be done the widow, it being well known to Falvey that there is property forthcoming. Indeed through his endeavors Brown or Robertson has been allowed £5 a week for some time past.

A Strange Case of Blindness.

Three months ago Amos Bardon, of Barton, near Waverly, fell sick with fever. A week afterward he became totally blind. He was blind six weeks. Then he suddenly recovered his sight; but although during his blindness his general health improved and his mind was sound, with the return of his sight he lost all power of recognizing the different members of his family, his surroundings, and his friends. His wife he treated as if she were some person he had once known, and his actions indicated that his home seemed to be some place where he must have lived at some former time. His conduct was apparently governed by imaginary surroundings entirely foreign to the actual ones. He remained in this condition six weeks. Last Thursday he became enraged at Mrs. Barden, who, appearing to him as the unknown person referred to, did something contrary to his wishes. He left the house and was gone until Friday morning. No one knew where he had been. Shortly after his return he went out in the yard. He presently returned, much amazed and addressing his wife by name, exclaimed, "Why, I've got my sight back, but how did I come to be in the garden?" He said he had felt something give way in his head, and instantly what he supposed to be his sight returned. The six weeks previous were an entire blank to him, and it was with difficulty that he could be convinced that it was July instead of May. His physicians are unable to account for his strange case.

A Dakota clergyman, after a long period of intense inebriety, preached a sermon of corresponding deep contrition. Several passages of the remarkable discourse were devoted to vivid descriptions of delirium tremens.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion; solid nonpareil measure.

One square, 24 lines nonpareil, per year	$15 00
One quarter column, per year	25 00
One-third column, per year	30 00
One-half column, per year	45 00
Three-fourths of a column, per year	60 00
One column, per year	80 00
Professional Cards, if not more than six lines, per year	4 00

A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements. Transitory advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing.

THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1884.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

This subject just now is engrossing a good deal of attention in the minds of Statesmen and the Press. And there seems to be a general feeling in favor of it. But how it is to be accomplished is the all-important subject. The London *Times* in writing on this subject says:—

"The obstacles to union interposed by distance and extent of territory have vastly diminished, and are diminishing from day to day. Steamships and railways, postal organization and, above all, the electric telegraph, have brought the most distant provinces of our colonial empire at the present day into intimate connection with the Mother Country. Australians and Canadians are, in every real sense of the word, nearer to the centre of English social life and political activity than the country people of Scotland or Ireland, or even of England, a century and a half ago. Moreover, we must reckon with a new distribution of population and of power in the next, or the succeeding generation. France and Germany, if the present movement of population continues, will then have fallen back into the second rank as compared with Russia on the one side and the United States on the other, and if England is satisfied to remain a purely insular state, she, too, will have to recede before younger and stronger communities. But it will be her own fault if she breaks the ties which bind her daughter nations to her."

We think a federal union of all the British Colonies with the Mother Country might be brought about in this way: Let each of the Colonies have a propotionate representation in both Houses of the Imperial Parliament, on the same principle as our Dominion Parliament. The army and navy to be recruited from the united confederation. Even a scheme of this nature the United States might be induced to join. In that case the new confederation would become mistress of the world! For no confederation of European nations would be able to cope with such a powerful combination. It is a matter for serious contemplation, as there seems to be a growing feeling among the European nations against England and the English speaking peoples all over the world, fearful that the English language will become the universal language. And they have good reason to fear, for the English language is spoken now in every known part of the world. Wherever the English language is spoken liberty, as a matter of course, follows. Despotism and Barbarism have to give way before it. The only truly free people in Europe are the English speaking people. The other nations—Germany, Austria, Italy and France being only partially free; while Turkey and Russia are wholly despotic. Taking all these things into consideration, it is the common interest of the English speaking nations that some sort of a union should be framed by them for their mutual protection against the common foe. It is a matter for the serious contemplation of the leading statesmen of the United States, of the British Colonies and of England herself. Let there be delegates appointed in the several states and countries to meet in London, or Washington, and talk the matter over. Good might come out of it. It is worth trying.

We have read over with much pleasure the following tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Robert J. Simpson, addressed to Colonel Simpson of this place, the father of the deceased gentleman, from Mr. James W. Dunlap, at whose house the deceased spent his last moments. Seldom has it been our lot to read such a noble testimony to the worth of any man as here recorded in the writer's letter to the father of his deceased friend. It must be a source of infinite comfort and pleasure to the parents of the deceased to know that the training they had given their son in early life had brought forth such noble fruit—thus fulfilling the scripture adage of "Training up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom."

MODESTO, August 4th, 1884.

Incidents and Events in the Life and Character of our Friend and Brother, R. J. Simpson.

I think it was in the fall of 1877 or early in 1878 I first met our deceased brother, who in after years became a fast and tried friend, often sharing a place at our table and served by the hands of my own dear mother.

Robert J. Simpson was a man who made few pretensions and but little show in public circles, caring much more for the firm and tried friendship of a few, than for the gaudy show of the world generally. Touching the principles regarding true manhood, he stood first among all his companions, giving him strength of character, firmness of purpose, that is rarely found among the young men of to-day. When he made an obligation it was as sacred as his life considering not how he might best be benefited but rather what is my moral obligation, never resting till his word was cared for in its most sacred sense. We first met under the lofty pines and Red Woods of Mendocino county of this State, living in our cabins only a stone's throw apart giving us opportunity to mingle with each other around our camp fires, after the days work was over. Our evenings were spent in pleasant recreation, reading, speaking and having what music the violin could furnish, which most generally fell to the lot of Robert to render, which he always enjoyed.

The morning sun found each boy about his respective work. Vieing with each other who would boast of the best day's work. Our fare was of the simplest kind, having an abundance of vegetables, and wild game, and fresh fish out of the Pacific, when we could spare time to obtain them. Thus we lived quietly and happily together enjoying good health and God's purest and coldest water, gushing from those mountain sides, was our strongest and most temperate drink. We loved to take our dogs and guns, and go back, some miles from home where we could find the mountain grouse and the wild and timid deer which we brought back to camp in boyish triumph and were equally divided among the several homes. Robert was ever ready to remember all; counting a denial a pleasure rather than a sacrifice. Often when in our excursions in the woods we would meet with disappointment and the game would scent the wary hunter, and we be compelled to go to camp without meat and call our dry bread and bacon into requisition. On such occasions we would always hear Robert's voice raised in merriment; and words of cheer and courage fall from his lips, which would stir us to renewed exertions and with the morning dawn we would be up and away and with what glee he would join me, at the crack of my rifle and bear away our game to a place of safety, and with the setting sun wend our way back home and divide our spoils among those who in a measure were dependent on the fruit of our exertions. These were bright and joyous days and while we were in a measure deprived of schools and society and the graces of civilization, we were richly enjoying the few blessings God had given us within our reach.

Thus two and a half years passed away without any special change in our lives, when the heavy storms of winter washed away our shipping interests and left us at the mercy of want and idleness making it necessary for us to seek employment elsewhere. To do this and without any means was somewhat of a question, and was thoroughly discussed before put into execution. At last it was decided that we would seek the plains of the Sacrimento (with only four dollars in our pockets) three hundred and fifty miles away. A young man by the name of Farris, my brother George, Robert and myself constituted the party. We had three horses among four men, making it necessary for us to ride and tie which we easily managed, as we were inured to this kind of life. After ten or twelve days ride we reached the mighty river of the Sacrimento, where it was neccessary for us to ferry over our stock, to find employment, and not a dollar in cash to pay our passage, so that we applied to one of the largest fish canners on the river and went to work with the Chinamen canning fish, and at low wages, we managed to obtain enough cash to get over the river and two or three dollars in the crowd, and an open sea of grain before us. The world grew lighter and the fields richer and all nature seemed to smile, which added strength and courage to our weary minds. We were fortunate enough to get positions on the same threshing machine and by economy and close application, we managed to replenish our impoverished pockets, and by the Fall of the year we were in good circumstances, and part of us able to go back home, in much better condition.

Robert was taken sick during this time and was much reduced in health and pocket, but thanks to kind friends and physician, at Stockton, he was again restored to our group. He again went to work with the same energy and ambition that was characteristic of his nature and was soon perfectly restored in every respect. I think it was about 1880 we came to Modesto and here began our more active success, never losing sight of each other though we were at times for months separated. Robert farming, buying and selling wood and learning the carpenter's trade, while I became associated with my uncle in Merchandising, a business which I still follow. We were both being prospered, and all seemed to be going well for us, when unexpectedly Robert came home sick and threatened with brain fever, and after fifteen days of delirious pain and sickness he passed the dark river to the Golden City. On the 6th of July at one o'clock twelve minutes, he passed to that Country bourn from which no traveller returns. We followed his remains to the grave and buried him with all the honors that belonged to a tried and loved friend.

During the last months of his life he became persuaded of the value of the soul, and professed his sincere desire to become a member of the church militant, and lo! he has gone to the church triumphant.

In conclusion, let me say to his dear parents on the shores of Canada who are bowed in sorrow for the loss of their dear boy, that his life-work is done, and he has crossed the stream to the green pastures beyond. You may well be proud of your boy, and that his was a record, such as few attain, and that those principles which were grafted in his soul at the family hearth stone, clung to him through all the years of his being. When he felt that he must die, his first and last thought was, Mother and Home. God bless and care for you in the last days of your pilgrimage, and bring you all safely into the Kingdom, is the sincere prayer of your son's tried and loved friend.

JAS. W. DUNLAP.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS just now are getting into a muddled state, judging from the telegraphic reports that reach us daily. A Paris telegram of the 20th inst. says it is officially announced that Germany has annexed the entire territory between the Orange river and the twenty-fifth degree South. The German flag has been hoisted along the coast to Bersebe; the country annexed being equal in extent to the State of New York. The district adjacent to the English territory and feeling runs high. This territory includes the Walfisch Bay district, lately annexed by the Cape of Good Hope government, and the Great Namqua lands, over which England has exercised a certain amount of control. This together with the hauling down of the British flag in West Africa, it is thought will lead to serious complications between Germany and England. England, has been the first to penetrate into the interior of Africa and bring its vast fertility and resources before the world; and Germany and France are now anxious to have a slice off the loaf. Germany, considering that England just now has enough to do in Egypt and Ireland, has taken the opportune moment of seizing upon a portion of territory already under the jurisdiction of England in Africa, which may lead to a war, between the two nations. Should war unhappily break out between them Germany may find to her cost that she has a greater than France to contend with on the present occasion, as England will have all her colonies to back her in it.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

(*From our own Correspondent*)

> 'And this is Rome, that sat on her seven hills
> And from her throne of beauty ruled the world.'

He who writes of Rome, assumes a task which requires volumes instead of columns, and years instead of hours in its completion; but in spite of this, we hope to be able even in the brief limits of a letter, to give our readers some idea of the Eternal City.

Rome has had a wondrous history. From the time when the first fortress was built on the Palatine Hill by Romulus, more than two thousand six hundred years ago, on through the reigns of the kings, the stern rule of the republic, the glory of the Empire when its population was numbered by millions, its decline and fall, the centuries of ruin until during the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines the number of its inhabitants was reduced to only about 20,000, as well as during the later regeneration of the city, it presents a history without a parallel among the nations. The Rome of today has a population of about 300,000 and occupies only about one half (the northern portion) of the space enclosed by the Aurelian walls. As the capital of united Italy however, it is a prosperous city and promises good things for the future. The river Tiber, a muddy, sluggish stream, winds through the city in a southerly direction, dividing it in two unequal parts, by far the larger portion, including the Palatine, the Capitoline, the Esquiline, the Cœlian, the Aventine and the Quirinal hills being on the eastern side, with the Palace of the Vatican, St. Peters, the castle of St. Angelo and the Janiculum hill on the western bank. The principal street of modern Rome is the Corso, which extends from the Porta del Popolo on the north, in a southerly direction through the heart of the city to the foot of the Capitoline Hill. It is a well built street, lined with shops, hotels, etc., and on fine afternoons is gay with its exhibition of modern Roman life and fashion.

The great central point of interest in the city is the Roman Forum, located between the Capitoline Hill on the North and the Palatine Hill on the south and nearly in the centre of the ancient city. Its buildings were destroyed by Guiscard in the eleventh century and for four hundred years it was a waste and a receptacle for the rubbish of the city, until the entire space was filled to the depth of 24 feet and all knowledge of the location and names of the ancient buildings was lost. Since the fifteenth century however, excavations have been carried on at intervals, until the entire Forum as well as many of the adjoining buildings have been uncovered. This little parallelogram, less than a thousand feet in length and about four hundred feet wide possesses more of interest than any similar spot in Europe. At the northwestern end where on the slope of the Capitoline Hill now stands the palace of the Senator, the Tabularium or Hall of Records was formerly located. In front rise three white marble columns, marking the site of the temple of Vespasian. A little farther on, to the right, eight granite columns standing on a base sixteen feet high are all that remain of the magnificent temple of Saturn, built long before the Christian era. On the left is the massive arch of Septimius Severus, its fine proportion and imposing solidity almost frowning on the ruin around. Between the arch and the Tabularium stood the Temple of Concord and Senatorial Hall, where Cicero convened the Senate and with his terrible eloquence denounced the conspiracy of Cataline. Farther on the foundations of the Basilica Julia are seen, with the column of Phocas in front, the "nameless column with a buried base," mentioned by Byron. Beyond the basilica, three marble columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux are still standing and directly opposite are the ruins of the temple of Julius Cæsar Deified, built upon the spot where Antony delivered his memorable oration and where the Cæsar's body was burned. At different points through the forum the pavement of the Via Sacra, which descended from the Capitoline Hill and passed on beneath the arch of Titus to the southern gate of the city, still remain. Over the massive blocks of lava which form this "Sacred Way," have thundered the chariots of the Roman generals as their legions poured forth to conquer the world. Returning, along this route marched the victors in chains and bearing the rich spoils of their vanquished foes. All around are ruined temples and palaces, the relics of the ancient glories of this mighty city. Standing by the side of the excavation and looking out over the shattered fragments of the past, it seems the opened grave of a buried nation.

The Palatine Hill which adjoins the Forum on the south, was from the earliest history of the city, the home of the aristocracy. Here the Gracchi, Marius, Cicero, Marc Antony and many others had their residences and here were the palaces of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Vespasian and Septimius Severus. In the later years of the empire, the entire hill became covered with the palaces of the Cæsars, and the ruins, which have been uncovered within the past forty years, give unmistakable evidence of the magnificence of the original structure. A short distance southeast of the forum, the arch of Titus spans the Via Sacra, bearing on its inside walls, the famous *bas reliefs* representing Titus in a triumphal procession with the Jewish captives bearing the rich spoils of the temple at Jerusalem, among which may still be seen the golden candlesticks, the silver trumpets and the golden table. A little farther on rise the majestic ruins of the Coliseum. This wonderful structure, built by Vespasian and Titus early in the Christian era was the largest building of its kind ever erected and would accommodate nearly one hundred thousand spectators. The seats rose in receding tiers, so as to afford all a good view of the vast arena, in which men as well as beasts were "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The hight of the massive oblong pile was nearly 200 feet; and although it was for years used as a quarry, several of the comparatively modern palaces of Rome being built of material obtained here, it is still by far the most imposing ruin of the city. Its solidity gave rise to the familiar saying,

> "While stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls—the world."

The Capitoline Hill, at the northern end of the Forum and at the southern end of the Corso, is reached from the north by a long flight of steps ascending from the small piazza of Ara Cœli. The slope next the Forum is occupied by the Palace of the Senator. On the right, where the Temple of Jupiter formerly stood, is the Palace of the Conservators, containing a valuable collection of pictures and antique bronzes, among the latter what is supposed to be the Capitoline Wolf mentioned by Cicero. Just beyond this palace is the famous Tarpean Rock. Opposite the Palace of the Conservators, and facing it, is the Capitoline Museum, containing an extensive collection of sculptures, including the Dying Gladiator, the Faun of Praxiteles, which was the subject of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," the Venus of the Capital and many other celebrated works. The open space between the Museum and the Palace, contains the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, while on either side of the grand staircase are the statues of Castor and Pollux.

Among the churches of Rome, St. Peter's of course holds the first place. It stands on the west side of the Tiber, a short distance from the castle of St. Angelo, and on the site of the circus of Nero where many Christians were martyred and where St. Peter is said to have been buried after his crucifixion. The present building was commenced in 1506 by Pope Julius II but was not dedicated until more than a century later. The expense of the work was so great (the cost of the main building alone being estimated at fifty millions of dollars) that the Popes resorted to the sale of indulgences to raise funds; thus precipitating at least the opposition which led to the Reformation. The approach to St. Peter's is through a large open space with a vast semi-circular quadruple colonnade on either side containing hundreds of massive pillars. In the centre, surrounded by fountains, is the obelisk in Rome which has never been overthrown. The building itself is more than 600 feet in length and about 400 feet in width at the transept. The great gilded arch of the nave is supported by double pillars on each side and rises 150 feet above the pavement. The dome, 140 feet in diameter and 350 feet high on the inside, is supported by four massive piers in which are niches containing statues 26 feet high. Beneath the dome is the reputed tomb of St. Peter, covered by a bronze canopy 95 feet in hight, supported by four twisted bronze columns, the whole weighing 58 tons. All around are numerous chapels and tombs with many sepulchral monuments and memorial tablets. From the summit of the dome a fine view of the city can be obtained and those who wish can ascend to the ball at the foot of the cross, which rises 450 feet above the pavement below. In spite of its immense size there is an apparent lack of magnitude in St. Peter's which can only be accounted for by the fact that its surroundings and its entire plan are on so grand a scale that one's standards of measurement are of unusual proportions. As some writer says, "The angels in the Baptistery are enormous giants; the doves colossal birds of prey." Some idea of the vastness of St. Peter's may be obtained from the fact that its ground plan is twice as large as that of St. Paul's in London, while its cubic contents are three times as great as the latter edifice.

Adjoining St. Peter's on the north is the Vatican Palace, which for centuries has been the residence of the Popes. It is an immense pile of buildings, containing twenty courts and over 11,000 rooms, halls and chapels. Within its walls are the Sistine Chapel, containing the world renowned frescoes of Michael Angelo; the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, the Picture Gallery and the Gallery of Sculptures, comprising one of the most extensive and valuable art collections in the world.

The only building of ancient Rome not now in ruins is the Pantheon, a circular structure located between the Corso and the Tiber. It was built by Agrippa, 27 years before Christ, and was consecrated as a christian church early in the seventh century. It is lighted only from a circular opening in the dome, which is the largest in the world, being 143 feet in diameter. Within the chapels are the tombs of many famous artists, as well as that of Victor Emanuel, the late king of Italy.

Next in interest to St. Peter's and taking precedence of it in ecclesiastical rank is the Church of St. John Lateran, located in the southeastern part of the city, near the walls. This is the church of the Pope as Bishop of Rome and here his coronation takes place. For a thousand years previous to the occupation of the Vatican the palace adjoining this church was the residence of the Popes. Near by in a small building is the Scala Santa, a flight of 28 marble steps, said to be those ascended by Christ when entering the Judgment Hall, in Jerusalem. They are enclosed and no one is permitted to pass up but on their knees. At the time of our visit several devotees were toiling wearily up the ascent. It was midway up these stairs that Luther, recalling the words, "the just shall live by faith," suddenly arose to his feet and descended.

South of the city, about a mile beyond the walls is the church of St. Paul, built on the traditionary burial place of the great apostle to the gentiles. The exterior is exceedingly plain, but nothing can surpass the magnificence and richness of the interior. On each side of the nave is a double row of columns of great beauty and the entire interior is decorated with fine marbles and mosaics. The canopy over the high altar is supported by columns of Oriental alabaster with pedestals of malachite, and the same costly ornamentation abounds throughout the building.

The catacombs of Rome are among the most interesting features of that wonderful city. They are not as is usually supposed directly under the city, but are scattered without the walls on all sides. These vast subterranean charnel houses were originally quarries but in later years were used as burial places. The passages are usually from seven to eight feet in hight and four or five feet wide, the chambers of the dead being in tiers at the sides. Many of them are now vacant, but others still contain their ghastly deposits, while here and there a grinning skull or some other fragment is all that remains of the skeleton. The catacombs of St. Calixtus on the Appian Way were visited by us and are of especial interest as containing the tombs of several of the early popes, as well as about 170,000 persons of more lowly rank.

Throughout the city are many places pointed out by tradition as connected with incidents in the lives of Peter and Paul. The Mamertine prison, built 640 years before Christ, near the Arch of Septimius Severus is well identified and was undoubtedly the scene of many tragedies related by historians. The pillar is still shown to which Peter and Paul were chained and also the spring which burst forth miraculously to enable Peter to baptise his jailors. The spring, however, is unfortunately mentioned by Plutarch as existing more than a century before. The prison consisted of two cells cut out of the solid rock, one above the other, with an opening at the top through which the condemned were let down. In the "Ghetto," or Jews' quarter, is pointed out the "hired house" occupied by Paul during the three years of his stay in Rome. It is now occupied by a bakery.

But the extent to which this letter has already grown compels us to pass on with scarcely a mention of the famous Trajan's Column; the ancient Theatre of Marcellus; the Temple of Vesta, near the bridge so bravely defended by Horatius; the Cloaca Maxima or great sewer, built nearly 2,500 years ago and still in perfect repair; the ancient aqueducts which crossed the plains about the city on series of arches miles in length; the modern fountains, which furnish an abundant supply of pure water; the ruins of the Baths of Caralla, which contained accommodations for over 1,600 bathers at a time; the ancient churches of Santa Maria Maggiore, Santa Croce, St. Cecilia and many others; the Borghese, the Barberini, the Rospigliosi and other palaces, with their almost invaluable art collections, as well as many places of minor importance.

As we wander about the streets of this city that once ruled the world, and view the ruins of its ancient magnificence, our admiration for the ability and power of those grand old Romans who once trod its streets increases, and our contempt for the degenerate race which now occupies this fair land develops in proportion. Whether it will ever regain its former magnitude or realize the hopes and traditions of its founders and prove an "Eternal City," we cannot tell. Its past belongs to history. Its future is with God.

CHAS. L. LT.

A writer in the *Home Journal* believe that the old courtship is passing away, and after asking what are to be the regulations of courtship during the transitional epoch, answers as follows: 'Nominally and theoretically, the men still do all the courting, but really and practically women are taking the matter in their own hands. Enough of the restraint of chivalry has remained to prevent them from openly proposing marriage to the object of their choice; but there are a thousand ways in which a lad of tact may woo and yet not transcend the bounds of etiquette. The present method is a hybrid between the one sided courting of nightly days and the custom which will prevail when women have their proper position in the perfected society of the future. In a word courtship is now evidently drifting womanward, by which we mean that the ladies will constantly take a more active part in it, until in the day when woman shall have her rights, the most important of which is marriage. It will be as common for women to offer their hands to men as it is for men to propose to women. O lucky pay for batchelors.

—King John of Abyssinia is a descendant of the Queen of Sheba, and otherwise nicely connected. He wants a white wife at the earliest opportunity. Here is a chance for a daughter of some of the United States millionaires who are more for a title than anything else.

The Cheapest and best Reapers in the market are to be had at

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

REAPERS
4 KINDS,

MOWERS
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5 KINDS,

These machines are selected from the best makes in the Dominion, and take the lead wherever they have been introduced.

As our business demands our full attention we do not intend to go out canvassing. But will give our customers the benefit of the usual commission paid agents, which enables us to sell at prices which defy competition. Call and see the different machines. REPAIRS a specialty.

McOUAT & McRAE.

Lachute, May 4th, 1884. 1 ly

EXTRAVAGANCE AND CRIME.

EXTRAVAGANCES account for the positive crimes, the forgeries, and the abscondings of the officers of the banks. The store on Broadway and the office on Wall Street swamped by the residence on Madison Square. The father's, the husband's craft capsized by carrying too much domestic sail. That is what springs that leak in the merchant's money-till. That is what cracks the pistols of suicides. That is what tears down Marine Banks. That is what stops insurance companies. That is what halts this nation again and again in its triumphal march of prosperity. Look at the one fact that it is a matter of solid statistics that in this country, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn—I will narrow it down—it is estimated that there are now over five thousand women whose apparel costs them over two thousand dollars a year each. Things have got to such a pass that when we cry over our sins in church, we wipe the tears away with a one hundred and fifty dollar pocket handkerchief! Here is a domestic tragedy in five acts.

Act the First—A home plain and beautiful. Enter newly-married pair. Enter contentment. Enter as much happiness as ever gets into one home.

Act the Second—Enter discontent. Enter desire for larger expenditure. Enter envy. Enter jealousy.

Act the Third—Enter the queenly dressmaker. Enter the French milliners. Enter all costly plate and all great extravagance.

Act the Fourth—Tip-top of society. Princes and Princesses of New York and Brooklyn floating in and out. Everything on a large and magnificent scale. Enter contempt for other people.

Act the Fifth and last—Enter the assignee. Enter the sheriff. Enter the creditors. Enter humiliation. Enter the wrath of God. Enter the contempt of society. Enter Death and Hell. Now, drop the silk curtain. The farce is ended and the lights are all out.

I called it a tragedy. That is a misnomer. It is a farce. DR. TALMAGE, *in Frank Leslie's* SUNDAY MAGAZINE *for September*.

The Ontario Crops.

TORONTO, August 8.—The report of the Bureau of Industries for August gives a cheering account of the wheat crop of the province. The fall wheat appears to have made steady improvement throughout the season and in localities where it was regarded as hardly worth saving in May, good harvests have been reaped. The moderately cold weather and occasional rain showers favored continuous growth and the grain is of an excellent character, being plump, hard and bright. In a few localities it was attacked by the midge and weevil, but the extent of injury by these pests is not appreciable on the aggregate crop. Reaping began in the southwestern counties of the Province about the middle of July, and by the 12th of August the bulk of the crop was cut and much of it safely housed. The harvest weather being very favourable the grain has been gathered in first-rate condition. Accounts of the spring wheat are equally good, excepting for the northern and north-eastern counties, where its growth was checked by the drouth of June, but even in these districts it promises a fair yield, while in the Lake Ontario, West Midland, Georgian Bay and Lake Huron counties it is reported to be better than for many years. It will be fully ripe about the middle of the month, and with a continuance of the present weather the quality will at least equal that of last year. The following table gives the area and production of the crops of this year and last year, the production of the present harvest being based on the estimates of 1,150 correspondents; For 1883, Fall wheat, 864,961 acres, 17,408,356 bushels; spring wheat, 720,632 acres, 13,224,341 bushels; total, 1,585,593 acres, 30,632,697 bushel. For 1884. Fall wheat, 1,091,467 acres, 11,597,839 bushels; spring wheat, 586,410 acres, 9,726,063 bushels; total, 1,677,877 acres, 21,323,902 bushels. The bad harvest of fall wheat last year and the comparatively good harvest of spring wheat account for the decreased area of the one crop and the increased area of the other this year.

The crop report of the Northern and North Western Railway shows just as favourably as the reports of the other companies. The only cereal which is at all below the average is oats, and even that is but little short. Wheat, barley, peas, potatoes and other produce will give an immense return. Fall wheat averages over 30 bushels, spring over 20, barley over 30 bushels to the acre while potatoes will average at least 100 bushels. Fruit, however, is a comparative failure. The main variety grown on this line being apples.

A lady in New York city has just finished a silk quilt composed of 14,000 pieces, each about the size of a 10 cent piece. The pieces are hexagonal, and there are on an average ten stitches on each of the six sides, which makes the total number of stitches 420,000. It has taken Mrs. Collins seven years to make this quilt, working on it during her spare hours. It has been valued by a dry goods house on Broadway at $500 to $600.

A Valuable Find.

Mr. Isac Brown, of Bothwell, declares that he found one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters worth $500 to him. It cured him of Salt Rheum from which he had suffered years after other treatment had failed to relieve.

Soudan tribes friendly to Egypt have been defeated by the Mahdi's lieutenant, who is marching towards Debbeh.

The U. S. Irish leaders have made a proposition that the party that will promise to admit Irish goods into the United States free of duty shall receive the support of the Irish vote in the presidental election.

The Arabs accompanying Col. Colville on the route from Wady Halfa to Dongola, have mutinied and he is in a critical position.

A Spanish war vessel is reported to have fired on a British gunboat off the Cuban coast.

France is reported to have reduced the indemnity demanded from China to 20,000 francs.

The fruit crop along the line of the Great Western Railway will be a partial failure this year.

Major Markham, who served in the Franklin search expedition, thinks mismanagement was the cause of the disasters to the Greely party.

The persons reported in Nova Scotia as extorting money from merchants suspected of smuggling, turn out to be genuine officials of the customs department, in the discharge of their duties.

QUEBEC, August 20.—Major Wilson, of A Battery, has received a commission in the Imperial Army and leaves at once for twelve months' active service in Egypt. He joins the Khartoum expedition for the relief of Gordon.

HALIFAX, N. S., August 19.—Latest despatches from Charlottetown give Dr. Jenkins, Liberal-Conservative, a majority of 42 votes, with three places to hear from. These places gave a Liberal-Conservative majority of 104 at the last general election, so that Dr. Jenkins election is assured by at least 100 majority. The election was one of the most exciting ever known on the Island, and over 10,000 votes were polled, the largest in the history of Queen's County. It is generally believed here that Provincial Secretary Fielding will be elected to-morrow.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is very healing and soothing, and does wonders when applied to old sores.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$0 50
Cabbage, per doz, 30 to 40c.	
Cauliflower, "	0 90
Carrots, two bunches	0 05
Onions, " "	0 05
Cucumbers per doz. 1 to 12c.	
Green Corn per doz	0 12
Eggs, " dozen	0 18
Butter, 17 to 18cts. per lb.	
Cheese, per lb	0 10
Section Honey, 1½ lb	0 25
Strained Honey, per lb	0 15
Spring Chickens 30cts. to 40cts. per pair	
Fowls from 40cts. to 50cts. " "	
Pork " $7.50 to $8 per hundred.	
Oats, per bushel	0 45
Flour, per 100 lbs $2.50 to $2.8 (Selling Price)	
Oatmeal, " "	2 75
Wheat, "	1 20
Hay per ton	$6 to $7

EARLY CLOSING!

EARLY CLOSING!

S. Carsley's Store closes each Saturday afternoon, at 1 o'clock, during the months of July and August.

EARLY CLOSING!

Will Ladies please do their shopping before 6 o'clock each evening, as S. Carsley's stores close at that time, both Summer and Winter.

S. CARSLEY.

UMBRELLAS
UMBRELLAS UMBRELLAS
UMBRELLAS
UMBRELLAS UMBRELLAS
UMBRELLAS

Ladies and gentlemen will do well to visit S. Carsley's Umbrella Manufactory before purchasing an Umbrella, as a good Umbrella is well worth taking care of and in a short time becomes a friend and a companion, and S. Carsley's is the place to get such an Umbrella. Hints as to folding Umbrellas and their general care given when required to each customer, as a carefully folded Umbrella will last as long again as one badly folded and cared for. S. Carsley has every variety and make of Umbrella in the trade from 25c. each to $25, from the humble but familiar Gingham to the rich Spitalfield's silk that wears as well as leather and even at the end of seven years merely looks greasy where it has borne the burden and heat (or rain) of the day, namely in the folds.

UMBRELLAS MADE TO ORDER!
UMBRELLAS RE-COVERED!
UMBRELLAS REPAIRED!
S. CARSLEY.

LARGE SHIPMENT!

Just received from the best makers a large shipment of new Colored Velveteen. Shades assorted as follows:—

New Grey, Myrtle Green,
Bordeaux, Olive, Bronze,
Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Prune.
New Brown Gold, Cardinal, Old Gold,
Drab, American Grey, Spanish Brown,
Ruby, Mid Olive, London Smoke

Etc., etc., to be sold at remarkably low rates.

S. CARSLEY,
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775 and 1777.
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

H. C. HOWARD, Notary has received from the Crown Lands Department, Plans and Books of Reference of the Parish of St. Andrews and Township of Chatham.

Clients can now obtain descriptions of lands at his office. Obviate preliminary search at Registry Office. 51-2in.

BUSINESS STAND FOR SALE.

THE SHOP and out-buildings with large lot of land, recently occupied by Messrs. A. G. McArthur & Co. in the West End, and belonging to the Estate of the late C. Airey.

Apply at once to
Mr. F. C. IRELAND,
Execu or.

St. Andrews Advetisements

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,
ST. ANDREWS, P. Q.
Carpenters, Joiners and Undertakers. Coffins and Caskets always on hand—cheaper than anywhere else in the Dominion.

SPRING STOCK.

WE have now received our NEW SPRING STOCK of MILLINERY in all the new styles Also Montreal Trimmed Hats and Bonnets on hand New stock of MANTLE AND DRESS TRIMMINGS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c.

JACKETS & DOLMANS made to order.

J. & A. LOWE
EAST END, LACHUTE.

Farmers, Threshers,
AND ALL
USING MACHINERY,
SHOULD USE THE CELEBRATED
LARDINE MACHINE OIL,
IT DOES NOT
GUM OR CLOG
LIKE
SEAL OIL,
and contains no substance injurious to any kind of Machinery.
ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.
FOR SALE IN
LACHUTE,
By the Leading Merchants.
MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY
McCall Bros. & Co.
Toronto.
49-4m.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned Mayor of St. Andrews, Que., will be received up to noon of 25th August, for the erection of *two stone piers* under the Bridge over the North River at St. Andrews, according to the plan and specification, which may be seen on application to the undersigned at St. Andrews, Que.

Parties tendering will please give the names of their securities.

The Municipal Council do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

GEORGE SIMPSON,
Mayor.

St. Andrews, 4th Aug., 1884.

WANTED

A TEACHER to teach in No. 1 School Morin, one with a first class Deploma preferred. Apply to,

Wm. BURNS,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Morin Flats.

49-4in.

Lachute Marble Works.

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES in American Marble and Scotch and Canadian Granite. Parties wanting work done in my line will find it to their advantage to call and see samples. Good work, moderate prices. Lettering done on standing monuments and headstones.

GEORGE L. MOIR,
Proprietor.

Lachute, April 25, 1884.

A VALUABLE BILL OF FARE.

The June number of the Canada Medical Record, Edited by Dr. F. W. Campbell says:—"Messrs Fish & Ireland offer us the following valuable bill of fare:

Desicated Wheat, (Hulled and Rolled)
Rolled Oats, (Oat Meal.)
Desicated Rye (Hulled and Rolled)
Patent Prepared Pea Flour (For Soup, Brose, &c. Superior Family Groats (Pure and Fresh.)
Patent Prepared Barley (Prue and Fresh.)

These Foods afford not only nutritious and delicate diet but also assist in laying the foundation of a strong muscular development as well as brain and nervous vitality. The cereals are treated in the light of all the scientific progress of the times. They contain a full proportion of diastase and the nitrogenous constituents so essential to the health and vigorous growth of the body in the earlier stages of life and for the reconstruction of systems 'run down' with dyspepsia and other affections of the digestive organs. We have tried several of these foods and have no hesitation in recommending all the preparations of this house as worthy the confidence and endorsement of our readers."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Business Stand for Sale.—F. C. Ireland.
Plans and Books of Reference.—H. C. Howard.
Umbrellas.—S. Carsley.

LOCAL.

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.
R. G. MEIKLE.
Lachute, April 3th, 1884. 35-tf

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

Watchmaker and Photographer,
Main Street, Lachute.

Now is the time for bargains in Reapers. Call and see the celebrated Massey Harvester, New Canadian Reaper, Sawyer Reaper, Low Down Binder, at Victoria Foundry.

MONEY LOST

On Wednesday, the 30th July, a purse containing twenty-two dollars, and some small change, between the Rev. Mr. Forlong's and Mr. G. L. Meikle's store. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at Rev. W. Forlong's.
Lachute, Aug. 7th, 1884. 49-tf

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the toilet.

Mr. MALCOLM McNAUGHTON, of Dalesville, is the agent for the sale of the CANADIAN HOUSE, FARM AND BUSINESS CYCLOPÆDIA. A treatise of useful and entertaining knowledge on the arts of making home happy, and an aid in self-education; the laws of etiquette and good society; home amusements; out door sports, and other interesting matter of social and educational value. It is a work that commends itself to every one, and should have a large sale in this county.

WORMS often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system.

VISITORS TO LACHUTE.—The employees of the Montreal *Herald*, not satisfied at having seen Lachute in damp weather last year, have this year again decided to visit our village in the hope of course with the aid of the weather prophet, of seeing Lachute to the best advantage. We hope they will be favored with a pleasant day, and have no hesitation that the inhabitants of our village will give them a hearty welcome. Their games etc. will take place in Mr. Barron's grove, and Mr. James Curry will cater to the wants of the excursionists.

A CRYING EVIL—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

BUSINESS STAND FOR SALE.—Attention is directed to the house and lot formerly occupied by A. G. McArthur & Co., as a butcher's shop. Application to be made to F. C. Ireland, Executor to the estate of the late C. Airey.

NATIONAL PILLS is the favorite purgative and anti-billious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

The united Methodist Sabbath Schools' picnic, held in the Grove next to the paper mill, came off yesterday—it was a grand affair, the children enjoying the sports etc., right heartily.

Strong Adjectives.

"It sells immensely, in fact it has the largest sale of any patent medicine in Summer," says J. F Smith, druggist, Dunville, of Fowler's Wild Strawberry. The great remedy for Summer Complaints.

We are sure the inhabitants of Lachute will be pleased to learn that the 11th Battalion Brass Band intend giving another of their inimitable concerts in Victoria Hall, on Friday evening, the 29th inst., and that we bespeak for them a full house on the occasion.

Husband and Wife.

Mr. James More and wife, well known in Leamington, were both chronic sufferers from dyspepsia that the best medical aid failed to relieve. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured both husband and wife.

King, Burke & Co's great American Allied Shows, Museum and trained animals exposition, took place here on Wednesday last, on the Agricultural grounds in rear of the Medical Hall. The tents were crowded at the afternoon and evening expositions; and all expressed themselves well satisfied with the performance; and should this company visit Lachute next year, they are sure to meet with a hearty welcome.

Warning.

The most suddenly fatal diseases of Summer and Fall are the various forms of Bowel Complaints which Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will promptly remedy.

Sir Leonard Tilley will leave England for Canada on the Parisian on the 25th inst.

Not Bad.

It is so agreeable that even an infant will take it. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, asthma and bronchitis, Hayard's Pectoral Balsam is reliable for young or old.

The past week has been unusually warm, the thermometer indicating about 90 degrees each day in the shade. In the sun it must have been from 110 to 115. Too hot for men to work out in it. The grain is ripening fast, and every prospect of the farmers being able to secure it in first class order—the yield will be more than an average crop according to the quantity sown.

An experience of a quarter of a century shows that in the range of application to human ills GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR has no equal. It is emphatically a household necessity, and no one having once tried it will willingly be without it.

The Ladies of the Lachute Methodist Church, intend giving a grand entertainment in Mr. Barron's grove, on Thursday the 28th inst.—admission free—refreshments served from half-past 4 o'clock. A collection will be taken up at the close to defray expenses.

The Fruits of Folly.

Eating green apples, cucumbers and unripe fruits generally, may be so termed. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all Summer Complaints.

A common cold should not be neglected Downs' Elixir will cure it.

ST. SCHOLASTIQUE, Q., August 19.—Zotique Anmais, merchant, of Greece's Point, Argenteuil County, arrested under simple suspicion of having on the night of 28th or 29th July last stolen the sum of $640 from Joseph Duchesne, grocer and hotelkeeper of Greece's Point, has just been honorably acquitted after five days trial. Messrs. Champagne and Ledue, lawyers for the accused, will immediately enter an action for damages against Jos. Duchesne for false arrest.

Wise Bits.

It is not what we earn, but what we save that makes us rich.

It is not what we intend, but what we do that makes us useful.

It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise.

More money and less credit will bring more happiness and less misery.

It is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes us strong.

It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle that makes us valiant.

The reefs on which mankind are wrecked are not confined to old ocean. Wall Street has some very deadly ones.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Tamworth, 13th Aug., 1884.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—Your old friend is wandering again, not mentally you know, although this region is not a terra incognita, your readers may be interested in a few notes from a traveller. The C. P. R. having arranged their time tables to suit connection with the Ontario and Quebec, ignoring as much as possible the Grand Trunk, we left Renfrew at 9.24 without knowing whether we should have to spend some hours at Brockville. However, although long behind time we found the G. T. R. train waiting for us. At Napanee the train on the Napanee Tamworth and Quebec Ry. was in readiness to bear us north. Napanee is a quiet old Town, substantial and comfortable looking, the country for some distance North is very good, fine old farms with substantial buildings, luxuriant crops, and the whole region dotted with *smart* little villages, the principal of which are Newburgh, Yarker and Tamworth—Newburgh is situated on the Napanee river and like Lachute luxuriates in a paper mill, there are two others at different points on the same river. Yarker is also situated on the Napanee river 13 miles from the town. It has a good waterpower, which supplies a large grist and saw-mill and wheel factory, agricultural works and some minor industries, the population is about 400.—15 miles further North is Tamworth, on a small stream, population 600. There is a Grist and Saw-mill, Foundry and the usual compliment of mechanics' shops. The village has rather an ancient appearance—mostly wood buildings, old ivy covered cottages with nice little gardens. Coming in contact with the people one would almost suppose himself in Yankyland. The nasal twang and the most approved "down east" slang rings in your ears at every corner, and all day. At the hotel we were served in a free and easy way by a "help" who seemed to consider we were under an obligation for the service. At the next table were assembled the "family" consisting of Grandpa, Papa, Mamma and the central figure "Bub" who absorbed the attention of all and sundry.

At Tamworth we found our mutual friend Mr. Chisholm, who has nearly 200 men at work ballasting, 140 of them being Italians, who live in tents, feed principally on bread and maccaroni, and do a fair share of hard work. This is a nice road even although only partially ballasted, the trains run smoothly, there are two trains a day each way. It is intended to extend 20 miles North to join the Ontario and Quebec Ry. at Tweed. The Northern part of the road for about eight miles runs through a rather rough country, not mountains; but a succession of small rocky hills and a great deal of hard gravelly land, and the remainder through a fine farming country.

Yours truly,
OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—The Quebec corporation have voted $250 towards the reception of the officers coming from England and different parts of the Dominion to take part in the competition of shifting ordnance and gunfiring in that city in September.

—Mr. Simard, Provincial Arbitrator, will be selected arbitrator for all the properties along the line of the Pontiac and Pacific not already arranged for. After the settlement of the Foran dispute it is more than probable that the owners of property along the line will accept the basis of valuation established and save legal expenses.

—The contractor for the Pontiac and Pacific Railway has commenced work on the Foran property and there is now every prospect that the line will shortly be running between the Quio and Aylmer.

—A letter from Gen. Gordon, dated Khartoum, July 20, says he is safe and that everything is tranquil. He intends to remain in Khartoum harrassing the rebels by steamers until the relief expedition arrives. Major Chermside telegraphs that 3,000 rebels have deserted Osman Digna.

—We are glad to learn that Hon. Judge McDougall, who has for some time been confined to his bed owing to a serious illness, is now able to be out.

—An influential deputation of the incorporated Chamber of Commerce, of London, Eng., waited on Sir Leonard Tilley, on Friday, and a long discussion took place on the tariff and other Canadian questions affecting trade. Sir Leonard was entertained in the evening by the members of the Chamber at the Adelphi hotel. Sir Leonard Tilley, it is understood, has made satisfactory arrangements with reference to the maturing Canadian loan. His health has greatly improved and has left by the steamer Parisian for home.

PEMBROKE, August 18.—An unfortunate Italian laborer, whose name is unknown, was murdered on Wednesday last, about five miles west of Pagamissing, on the Nipissing division of the C. P. R. The foreman, whose name is Caughlin, ordered the men, about forty in number, to do something which they did not relish, when they made an attack upon him, it is said, with knives in defense. He struck one of them on the head, killing him almost instantly. An investigation is to take place.

—Mr. Cannon, of Kingston, Ont., who lives on Princess street, has a crow of extraordinary wisdom. Last Sunday afternoon it flew from his place into Mr. Greenwood's rooms and lit on the keys of his piano. The music it produced amused him. It kept hopping up and down the key-board ten minutes before it was discovered. The other day it hid a thimble belonging to Mr. Cannon, and when it saw him searching for it, it flew into the yard and brought it in.

Almost all the passengers on the "Gijon" were wealthy people, who were making their usual summer trip to Cuba, some of them being very anxious to leave Spain on account of their dread of cholera. There were no passengers on the "Laxham." The number of Ladies on board the "Gijon" is said to have been between fifty and sixty. How many were saved is not accurately known.

Lieut. Greely does not think the North Pole can be reached. He is certain that there is an open polar sea, and believes men could live for years at Lady Franklin Bay if well provisioned.

The death rate from cholera at Marseilles and Toulon is again on the increase.

China's protest to the powers, after deploring France's refusal of mediation, threatens to resist as best she can, holding France responsible for the consequences.

Several places in Africa have been seized by the German commissioner, in one instance the British flag being removed an replaced by the German.

The Chinese plenipotentiaries who have been treating with the French representative at Shanghai have left without coming to a settlement and a declaration of war by the Empress is said to be likely.

Some of the Greely party survivors are to appear on the stage of a New York theatre.

Governor St. John opened the anti-Scott Act repeal campaign in Halton Tuesday night.

It is reported from Foo Choo that Chinese viceroys have been ordered to invade Tonquin.

Cleveland's letter accepting the democratic party's nomination to the presidency is published. So also is Hendrick's.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for the small price of 25 cents, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.

THE MAN FOR THE WORK.

Rev. William Taylor, the recently appointed Methodist Episcopal Bishop for Africa, at his farewell reception in Boston made this statement:—"It is reported that a most extraordinary discovery has recently been made in Africa in a tour from east to west. There have been found nations of people, hitherto unknow, who number 50,000,000, and live in houses built of stone, with gardens in the rear and properly laid out streets, who work in iron, copper and ivory, and are pretty well up in the industrial arts, many of them being well to do. This is a country never heard of before, and the Lord has furnished me a man. This man, William Richard Simmonds, was formerly an unbeliever, and addressed great audiences in Belfast and Dublin, but he became convinced of his error and joined the Salvation Army. He has for years been studying all about Africa, with a desire to go there on missionary work, and he has offered to go with me. Our plan is to strike for these people."

The French Reverse in Madagascar.

Despatches were received in Paris on Friday from Admiral Miot, which M. Ferry withheld from the Chamber. Admiral Miot declares that he cannot undertake offensive action and cannot even establish health camps on the heights beyond Tamatave unless reinforced. He has only fifteen hundred troops. The Hovas' earthworks at Farafette are mounted with howitzers and the troops armed with Remington rifles. Rumors are also flying about the Senate and Chamber of Deputies that the French flagship suffered severely during the bombardment of Kelung. It is reported also that the French were repulsed and failed to spike the guns.

France and China.

LONDON, August 16.—Earl Granville is urging China to concede the indemnity demanded by France, provided the French fleet shall immediately leave Kelung. It is considered doubtful whether Mr. Ferry would surrender on payment of the indemnity, as it is believed the real object had in view by France in making the claim was to secure permanent possession of the coal mines of Kelung. It was reported that in case France should refuse to surrender Kelung on payment of an indemnity, England has promised to interfere in support of China.

France Wants the Leeward Islands.

PARIS, August 17.—Deschanel, editor of the *Journal des Debats*, has commenced an agitation under the prompting of M. Ferry for the cession to France by England of the leeward islands in exchange for the French concessions on the coast of Newfoundland.

The Collision Tragedy.

Chicago, August 18.—There was no change up to Friday night in the condition of Rev. Mr. Collision, now lying at the Swedish Lutheran Hospital on Lincoln avenue. His brother, the Rev. R. K. Collision, of Dallas, Texas, said yesterday that Mrs. Collision would be buried in Keokuk, Iowa, the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rix. The eldest boy, Charles, a lad of 9 years, cried when his uncle told him his mamma was dead, but he did not realize the facts. The brother, Rev. R. K. Collision is certain that no thoughts of suicide promoted his brother to take the pistol from its resting place, simply a feeling of selfdefence. He also says that his brother was born in Birmingham, Eng., in 1843, came to America in 1869, was ordained in the Presbyterian church of Chicago in 1874, and has been pastor of the Fullerton Avenue church for the past five years. He sums up his brother's insanity as caused by overwork, unjust treatment, and an extraordinary sensitive nature. There were a thousand chances to one that his brother would die, and he hoped that God would never let that one come.

The Rev. Mr. Collision, Chicago, who killed his wife last Wednesday and then shot himself, died on Monday night.

DOUBT AND FAITH.—Mr Spurgeon tells of himself that one day he told his people that he had just come out of some doubts. One of the elders of his church said to him: "Mr. Spurgeon, why didn't you tell them that you had been swearing, that you had an awful time blaspheming?" "O, I couldn't tell such a thing." "If you had, would you have got up and told them?" "No, sir; I never could have told that on myself." "You might just as well. I would like to know if doubting is not just as dishonoring to God as blasphemy?" Mr. Spurgeon said he thought the elder was right. Yet people seem to think it a good deal of virtue to doubt, and they praise it and tell about their doubts. And it is doubts, doubts, all the time. If God says a thing, that is enough. When the Lord bids us to come we want to walk right out, and let the devil come and cast his insinuations and ask us, "How do you know that is true?" we want to say, "Christ says it;" that is enough. If that plank don't hold what will?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The following paragraphs we copy from the Montreal *Gazette*:—

Next November will be forty years since John Alexander Macdonald entered parliament, and he has been in continuous actual service ever since. For far more than half of that time has been a minister of the crown. He is a statesman every inch of him, and fit to be a prime minister of England. I think that a double movement should be inaugurated, one on the part of Canadians to do him honour, another to procure for him either a baronetcy or a peerage. He, at least, belonging to the good old school, would appreciate the latter.

And, by the way have you seen the last photo. of Sir John? The story thereof is this: When the Premier went down to Quebec last fall to welcome the arrival of Lord Lansdowne—I speak from knowledge, for I was there—the boys gazed upon the old chief's overcoat and pronounced it shabby and unequal to the occasion. So they put their heads together and bought him a splendid upper garment, in furs. When the parcel reached Ottawa the chief glanced thereat with one of his well known smiles, and what do you think he did? He wrapped himself therein and went straightway to Topley's to get photographed. And there he is in the picture—Sir John in his latest and best manner—with the stunning coat, stick balanced in his right hand and a look that says: "How do you like it, boys?" Get that photo, and give it the place of honour.

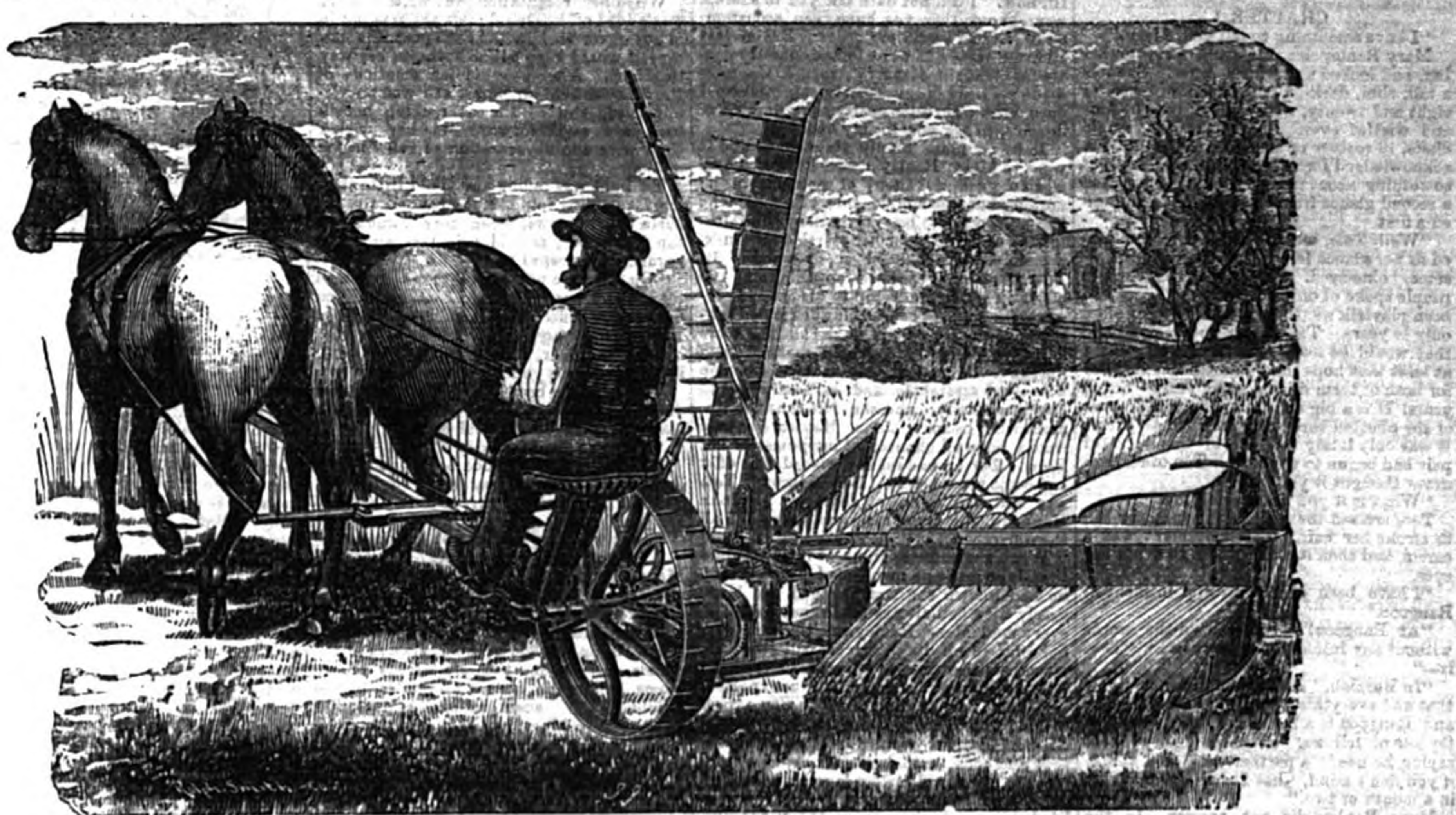
HANLAN BADLY BEATEN BY BEACH.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., August 16.—The race for the championship of the world and £500 a side took place between Hanlan and Beach on the Paramatta river to-day. Beach won by seven lengths. Beach who defeated Hanlan is an Australian by birth. Before he began rowing as a profession he was a ferryman. His first appearance as a prominent oarsman was on July 28th last year, when he was beaten by Trickett. In three subsequent occasions he defeated Trickett. He made some very fast time.

In the days of slavery, a master on his death bed having just dismissed his lawyer, called his old faithful servant, and said, "Well, Cuffee, you've been very good and faithful, and now I've done you a great honor; I've provided in my will that when you die you are to be buried along side of me."——Cuffee looked rather dubious, noting which, his master inquired if he was not pleased.——"Dunno" said Cuffee. "Great honor to be buried with white master. But sposen when de old feller come for massa, at the judgment he make mistake and cotch hold of me."

LONDON, August 16.—The award of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the boundary dispute between Ontario and Manitoba has been rendered. The boundaries settled for Ontario are practically the same as those set out in the award of the Canadian arbitrators. Her Majesty-in-council has been graciously pleased to issue an order approving the award and ordering obedience thereto.

FROST & WOOD'S DAISY REAPER!



THIS unique Machine is a *model of neatness and simplicity, lightness and strength.* It is, as will be seen from the skeleton cut, a single wheel self-raking reaper, cutting five feet wide, and weighing but 700 pounds. *The main wheel is large, insuring smooth running and easy draft* on rough or soft land, and, being on a line with the small grain wheel, gives a *centre cut*, and enables it to turn and back as easily as a cart. Both ends of the Cutter Bar *can be raised or lowered at the same instant*, by one lever, operated by the driver with ease while the machine is in motion; and by a *second lever* the guards can be *tilted* up or down to suit every variety of surface or condition of crop, no matter how fallen or tangled. This insures *clean cutting* every time.

The *tripping devices* are exceedingly simple and easily understood, while the operator can regulate the size of bundles to suit the grain.

Several hundreds of them have been at work through the trying harvest of 1883 with the most marvelous success, and we therefore offer it to the public as a thoroughly tested machine, that we can fully warrant. The common remark made on first witnessing it at work was, *"Well, she is a Daisy!"* We hope that it will always be found like its floral namesake—the simplest and daintiest flower of the field.

Call and see sample.

ALEX. LARMONTH, *Foundry Street, Lachute.*

ALWAYS BUSY
AT THE
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
ST. ANDREWS.
WHY?
Because at WALE'S you find the best assortment and the prices are right.
C. T. WALES & Co.
ST. ANDREWS.
C. T. Wales & Co., are agents for the "Adams & Westlake" Oil Stoves.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 293, as per cadastral plan, on Main st., with double tenement house, shop and outbuildings.
The above corner lot is one of the best business stands in the village, being in close proximity to the new mills being erected by Messrs. Campbell & McKenzie. Apply to
R. G. MEIKLE.

BANKRUPT STOCK.

IN ORDER to clear out the balance of Bankrupt Stock purchased at Auction a few days ago, special inducements will be offered for the next 30 days.

A good stock of SCYTHES to select from at 20 per cent. off on regular prices.

GRIND STONES,
SCYTHE STONES,
HORSE POKES &c., at special prices.

A large stock of BOOTS & SHOES at from 10 to 50 per cent. off on regular prices.

A fine brown SUGAR of 15lbs. for $100.

Now is your chance—make hay while the sun shines. All goods marked in plain figures, and every man served alike.

H. ROBERT.
St. Philippe, July 8th, 1884.

OUR FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE
And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

A few of the many articles that can be made on our Family Machine are Undershirts, Drawers, Mitts, Hosiery, Gloves, Caps, Cuffs, Tidies—all these can be made any size.

OUR RIBBER IS PERFECTION.

Makes the Pearl Rib-Stitch one-and-one, one-and-two, one-and-three, etc., perfect in elasticity, beautiful in appearance, more durable and perfect than Hand Knitting.

Our Machines make the only perfect seamless full fashioned

HOSIERY IN THE WORLD.

With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Blind girls can knit and finish one dozen pairs of Socks in one day: and $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 can be easily made in one day. Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Testimonials from the Blind.

CREELMAN BROS.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
HAMLIN & AYER,
Lachute Woolen Mills.
Agents for the Counties of Prescott and Argenteuil.

SPECIAL NOTICE

OUR STOCK of Parlor, Dining-room, Library and Chamber Furniture is unsurpassed by any in the Dominion, and our Parlor Suites, covered in the various new styles of the latest fabrics of covering and trimming, varying in price from $75, $75, $100, $150, $200, $250, $300 and $450, according to style of frame and covering. Our new style of Cluster Set at $150 is selling faster than we can produce them since we reduced the price from $275 to $150. Our Chamber Suites from $25, $30, $35, $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80, $90, $110, and up to $450 are also acknowledged the best value, quality considered. Our stock of Baby Carriages from $11, $14, $16, $18, $20, $24, $3, $30 and up to $40 and $45, rattan, with moveable buggy top of rattan, upholstered with crimson satin, and all iron work nickel-plated, warranted the best and finest-finished in present use, marked in plain figures, subject to a discount of 5 per cent. for cash, and no goods sold at one price at our oldest (acknowledged by all the most reliable) house in the city without a full guarantee of being as represented. A call at our numbers, 7, 9 and 11 Notre Dame street, West, corner of McGill street, will ensure to all the best value, by leaving their orders at OWEN McGARVEY & SON'S.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

LACHUTE FLOUR MILLS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR
Strong Bakers Flour Guaranteed $2.80
Manitoba Bread Flour........ 2.70
Lower Grade Flour.......... 2.25

ALSO
OATMEAL,
BUCK WHEAT FLOUR,
CORN MEAL

And feed of all kinds at reduced rates,
Call and see before buying elsewhere.

P. CAMPBELL,
Lachute Mills, Mar. 5th 1884. n25 1y

Wanted
From 3,000 to 5,000 GOOD ASH LOGS, Apply to
Campbell & Co.,
NEW STEAM SAW-MILL,
LACHUTE.

Lachute Hotel.

THE Undersigned begs to inform his numerous friends and the general public that he has leased the above Hotel situated on the South side and immediately opposite
THE LACHUTE STATION.
COMMERCIAL MEN
AND THE
Travelling Public
will find the above Hotel superior to anything in Lachute.
THE TABLE
will be found to be supplied with all the
Delicacies of the Season
First Class Sample and Show Rooms
GOOD STABLING AND SHEDS.
Having had ten years experience in
HOTEL KEEPING
in the United States, he hopes to give every satisfaction to his patrons.
JAMES CURRY,
35 Proprietor

NOTICE.

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith & Horse Farrier, in returning thanks to the people of Argenteuil for past favors is now prepared to attend all troubles in Horses and Cattle and Castrating Colts, as he is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it.
W. ARMSTRONG, Farrier.
Lachute, Mar. 26th, 1884. 11-tf

Spring Circular.

THE undersigned having made arrangements for the disposal of the entire stock in trade of the firm of
L. CUSHING, & SON
offer the same to the public at unprecedented low prices for
CASH OR PRODUCE
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BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

CHAPTER I.

"I have something to tell you, Mary."

Mary Ranley let her work fall into her lap, and looked up at the speaker. She was a tall, slim, dark-haired woman of seven or eight and twenty, with a plain, patient face and wistful eyes. She had not a single claim, in feature or coloring, to any of the acknowledged forms of prettiness, and yet something about her would have compelled a second glance from those who had obtained a first.

"Well, Tom, what is it?" Her face softened as her glance fell on Tom Danvers, handsome, blue-eyed, fair-haired Tom, whom people spoke of only to praise. They had been playfellows, these two, who were alike only in years. They were lovers now, and they would be husband and wife one day; at least that hope had beautified existence for both of them during seven years. Seven years! It is a big slice out of the best part of the allotted threescore and ten, although it was only lately that one of this faithful pair had begun to think so. The other had never thought it yet.

"What is it you have to tell me?"

Tom crossed the room, and bent over her to stroke her hair. The movement was a caress, and then it enabled him to avoid her eyes.

"I have been offered an appointment at Rangoon."

"At Rangoon!" She echoed the words without any intonation of surprise. "That is—"

"In Burmah. As if you did not know that and everything else, my little scholar; and Rangoon is a big place with openings for lots of fellows. Stephens has written, saying he needs a partner, and so I think, if you don't mind, that I shall go out there in a month or two."

Mary Ranley did not answer. In the pause that ensued she heard the purring of the cat on the hearth, and smelled the faint odor of the mignonette growing in the window box. She knew quite well that the linnets outside were piping to the roses and that Tom Danvers was waiting for her answer; but she also knew that her pulses were growing fainter and fainter, and that the weight of a long dreaded blow had fallen.

"Are you not getting on here?" she asked after a pause. "I thought you told me that your work was increasing; I thought you expected that we might marry in the Spring."

"It was all a mistake, due to my confounded hopefulness. I got a new case or two when Smithson was away for his holidays, but he holds the patients, and will go on holding them. The fact is, Mary, there is not scope here for two medical men, and I knew that, though I settled in the place when you wished it. But I have not made a hundred pounds in the past twelve months and you know that means failure."

"But I make a good deal by my teaching and I thought that, working together, we might get on."

"That is quite out of the question," he said, fretfully, turning away from the pleading, patient eyes. "I am not going to have my wife drudging all day long that we may not starve. I'll support her myself, or do without her."

The pale hands lying on the piece of needlework pressed each other a little, then the sweet voice spoke softly and firmly.

"I have been thinking often lately, Tom, that you would be wiser to do without me. You see we have known each other for so long that we have really grown to be more friends than lovers, and I am far older than you in reality, though not perhaps in years, and so I cannot help believing at times that our engagement has been a mistake."

"Oh, you do, do you?" wrathfully.

"You see it has lasted seven years now, and in seven years, you know, your science teaches that we change completely, and so I think, Tom, dear, that it would be far better if you planned your future without letting any thought of me hamper you. I am safe enough, you know; the high school pays me a comfortable salary, and I have grown accustomed to the routine of life with Mrs. Gillet, and so, dear, I can quite honestly offer to set you free." She was smiling at him bravely, and her eyes were very clear and bright, but she had an idea that her heart was weeping.

"You are tired of me, I suppose? You imagine that I am likely to to be a failure, and you women care only for success," he answered bitterly.

"I suppose the working ones of us know that success comes some time to the steady and patient," she said, the first hard tone sounding in her voice.

"And have I not been either?"

"Dear Tom, don't imagine that I wish to find fault or criticise; I love you far too well for that; there is no one in all the world as dear to me as you are. But do you not think yourself that our engagement has been too protracted to seem hopeful now? You don't feel it as I do; it seems to take all my strength away to see our life together always slipping further and further off."

"If I make things worse for you, of course that alters matters." His face had lost its smiling softness, his brow was stern and angry.

"You are my youth and my happiness, the end of my dreams," she said passionately; "the want of you will leave my whole future barren."

"Then why need you give me up?"

"Because I think you will be freer without me; because you are learning to dread me, and so the love is growing imperfect?"

"It was for your sake I thought of Rangoon," he said sullenly.

"Yes,—dear, and it is for your sake, Heaven knows, that I propose to give you up. I am a drag on you, and what you feel for me is far more friendship than love."

"If you think so I have nothing more to say." He rose to go, stiffly, and then the tender heart in her failed.

"Oh, Tom, if it were not best for you, do you think I would have spoken?"

She wanted him to tell her that it was not best for him; she wanted him to prove to her that all her doubts were needless, but she had hurt him, and at her relenting he hardened himself.

"If it is best for you, that is enough," he said, and took his hat and left her without looking her again.

When the door had closed behind him Mary Ranley sat five minutes motionless. The airy bubble she had spent seven years blowing was shattered by her own touch. She scarcely realized what had happened yet, but there was a numb aching at her heart, far worse than any keen, comprehending pang. Tom was gone, and Tom was the lover of her whole life; but—and in this capacity she would miss him far more—he had always been her pet and protegy. What would her motherly nature do now, without any one to plan for or protect?

Would he write to her, she wondered, or would she be left always without tidings? And when would he go? And would he be relieved that they had parted after the first edge of pain had worn off?

Six days passed without even an indirect word from him, and the morning's work was acquiring a maddening monotony, and the evening silence a despairing loneliness. Mary had few girl friends and no confidantes, and so her heart-ache missed the common alleviation of talking it over. If he never came or wrote, if she never heard of him again; there was no one in all the world to help or comfort her.

But he would not be cruel enough to treat her with silence forever; he would send her a message one day, and it would be one of peace and friendship. That faith grew in her day by day, battling with the growing despair: and then one day fact ranged itself on faith's side—a letter awaited her as she returned from the walk she had taken to escape from her thoughts.

But the letter was not from Tom; she saw that as she unfolded it. The writing was bigger, bolder, more legible. She read it all through before she reached the signature. When she had seen that she read the letter again. It was from John Hayward, the man she had always thought Mousie Graham's lover, and it contained an offer of marriage for herself.

"I have loved you always, Mary," he wrote, "and I have only refrained from telling you so because I had so little to offer till now. I did not dare ask you to share a worse home than you have been accustomed to, and so I held my peace. But at last I have attained to what I have honestly coveted so long; at last Armstrong & Co. have made me head of my department, and so I dare, after a devotion nearly as protracted as Jacob's, to ask you for my own."

It was a plain manly statement, and it went to Mary Ranley's sore heart. There was no gush, no agony of passion, in it; nothing but the simple tale of a man who had known her to be very patient and faithful. Yet his love for her startled her inexpressibly. She had never dreamed of it. There had never seemed anything but the merest good-comradeship in his attitude toward her—but of course his silence and self-restraint rendered his love all the more flattering, and John would make a good husband. Mary had an idea that the man who lived straightly and earnestly would love steadfastly, and she felt that the woman who became John Hayward's wife would have all chances of happiness in her favor. For an instant she wished this offer had come years before. Now, although Tom was not half so fine a character as John Hayward, she loved him, and that made all the difference.

When she came to think of it, it was odd that John made no mention of Tom. Surely he had known she was engaged to him; surely they had always made that patent to every one? Mary Ranley sat thinking over her offer in all its bearings, till the fire waned and her tea was ice cold.

John Hayward's offer was unexpected, but it was very fair and manly. She almost started to find she was considering it, that opposing counsel seemed to be arguing the pros and cons, with herself for judge and jury. On one side were love and ease and pleasure; on the other side was a barren life, holding only the memory of a disappointment. She was not a heroine, and teaching for her bread during a whole lifetime seemed sad and lonely enough.

But then, would not marriage with another than Tom seem almost sacrilege, after all they had planned together? Why their whole future had been mapped out with each other, and union with John Hayward would be but a dreary deception.

Her letter was written, hurriedly, at last, and when it was finished it was an acceptance. But she told John Hayward the truth. She had loved Tom Danvers honestly for years, but now that they had parted she did not think any memory of him would ever rise up between her and the husband she was prepared to accept and honor. She wrote this all quite calmly, but when it was finished she felt somehow as though she were twenty years older than she had been, and as if life had suddenly become quite humdrum and commonplace. Yet she had no thought of changing her mind. She rang the bell composedly for Bessie, the little maid-of-all-work, and gave her the letter with a hand that never faltered.

"This is your evening out, I think, Bessie. You may post this for me on your way through the village," she said, bethinking herself even of the little servant's affairs in that crisis of her life.

"Yes, Miss, surely," Bessie answered blushing, for she too had a lover, and these evenings out meant the joy of the whole week.

Somehow Miss Ranley felt that she wanted the letter out of her reach, and vacillation out of her power.

CHAPTER II.

"I have come to make things right. I can't do without you, Mary; you are my sheet-anchor; I have felt adrift since I lost you."

So Tom Danvers spoke, hurrying after her as she came home from afternoon school.

There was a drizzling rain falling, and the landscape was blurred, and the heavy clouds hung low, and the woman knew that the face she turned to her lover was pinched and white.

"I thought you had gone, Tom, it is so long since I heard of you."

"It is a week, and perhaps you did not ask about me. I never thought of going in any mad hurry like that. There is nothing decided even yet."

"Is there not? I thought—I had an idea there was," she answered, falteringly.

"Oh, no, Stephens only wrote to offer me the appointment, and I went to consult you about it when you took me up so shortly."

"I did not mean to hurt you," she protested, meekly.

"Well, perhaps some fellows don't mind being thrown over after seven years' waiting and just as there is a prospect of something definite at last."

"The prospect seemed very vague to me," smiling faintly.

"Oh, because you would not listen. Stephens offers me either three hundred as salary or a share in the proceeds, whichever I like, and he says the climate is good and living not very high, and I had almost persuaded myself, Mary, that we might go out together—married. But still, if you prefer me to grub on here, I shall do it, so as you continue to love me."

She had stopped, and they faced each other, and he saw now how pale she was.

"I would go with you to Rangoon if I could; it all seems so easy now, when it is too late," she answered with a break in her voice.

"And why is it too late?"

"Because I have promised to marry another man."

"You have? Well, certainly, you have not lost any time."

"I have not."

She could have laughed with the dreariest, most dismal mirth. She was so contemptible in her own eyes; all she had done looked so strange and uncalled for. Why, that very morning her senses had returned and she knew that a brave, strong-hearted, successful woman—for she was successful in her own way—has no right to throw herself on any man's charity just because he loves her and because her life-story has been mistold. If she had only waited to post her letter next day herself it would never have reached its destination. Now John Hayward had her promise.

There was no escaping from the position in which she had placed herself: there was no possibility of showing herself even excusable; she certainly had hastened with all speed from the old love to the new.

"I had thought you so different from that," Tom said with bewildered incredulity; "I thought you would have been faithful to me even if we had parted—for a while, at least."

"But I was weaker and meaner, you see. I wanted some one to keep me in idleness and buy me fine dresses and treat me well, and, when you could not do it, I closed with the offer of the first man who could." She seemed to take a certain bitter pleasure in her self-accusation now.

"Oh, Mary, I can't believe it. It's not possible! You who were always so high and far removed from the temptations that beset ordinary women!" he burst forth groaning.

"You overrated me; I overrated myself. You see now I am not worth taking to Rangoon, not worth loving or thinking about."

"But is it really true? Are you not torturing me with a cruel jest?"

"It is quite true; I have promised to be another man's wife, and I wrote him that no thought of you would ever stand between us," she answered, arraigning herself.

"Then you are a heartless woman, and I shall never forgive you!" he burst forth, pronouncing judgment on the spot, and then he rushed past her and out of her sight, while she continued her solitary way with laggard steps and a heart that lay in her bosom heavy as lead.

What can she do now? She has sown the wind, and the harvest of the whirlwind has been very swift and bitter. She has dallied with temptation, and her momentary unfaithfulness has cost her self-respect. But she will be true to herself at last; she will recall the promise that should never have been given. It will not matter as far as her happiness is concerned, but it will be the first step in the painful process of self-restoration.

When her recantation was written there was a load off her mind; but she was not in in any fever of impatience to post this letter—it would keep till she was on her way to school. After the hurried emotions of the last twenty-four hours she was physically tired, and so she sat rocking herself backward and forward in her wicker chair with a faint sensation of relief in the motion.

Twilight was fading and timid little stars were trembling into the sky beyond the uncurtained windows, when there came a soft tap to the door, and Mousie Graham's rosy roguish face peeped in.

"Oh, you are not busy—thank goodness for that! I was half afraid I might find you deep in the Differential Calculus, and I did so want a good long chat."

"Come in dear, I am so glad to see you; it is an age since you were here before."

"Grannie has been worse lately; weaker and more fretful, and so I felt I could not leave her without a special errand."

"But she is better to day."

"Oh yes, ever so much better, and then Aunt Lizzie came to pay her a little visit, so I left Grannie with her, and ran over to see you."

"That was very good of you my dear."

"Oh no, it was not; I came on business." Mousie laughed and flushed a little, then she drew a letter from her pocket. "This came addressed to me yesterday, but it is evidently meant for you. It is from that booby, John Hayward; he is always in the clouds, or among the cog-wheels of his looms, and so the result is a blunder." She unfolded the sheet as she spoke, and handed it to Mary, and this is what stood before the latter's astonished eyes:

Dear Miss Ranley.—In the pleasant excursion we had together last Summer I remember your mentioning a book on ferns that you desired to have, but could not get as you had forgotten the author's name. I have just come across a volume by Teakerstone, the opening chapter of which is on the Osmunda regalis. If you think this is the work in question I shall be happy to forward it to you. Sincerely yours,

John Hayward.

Mary Ranley was sure some complex machinerry in her head had got out of order, so loud and persistent was the whirring in her ears.

When she spoke at last her voice sounded faint and far away.

"Is your name Mary?"

"Of course it is, or rather Mary Ann, but everyone calls me Mousie except John Hayward. He thought Mousie no name for a girl, and so he always called me Mary—Miss Mary; it did sound so funny."

"Then, Miss Mary, I have an offer of marriage for you; it came to me, and, naturally enough, I took it to myself."

Mousie was so flurried that she did not notice her friend's perturbation.

"I fancied," she said, holding the letter in her hand, but not looking at it, "that he must have been writing to me and had mixed the covers. That is so like your very clever people! But how lucky the letter came to an engaged girl!"

"Well, I don't see the luck of it, for I wrote yesterday and accepted him."

"Oh, Mary! And Tom!"

"Tom and I had quarreled, and John's letter came at my worst moment, so I accepted him."

Poor Mousie's eyes grew dim.

"In that case, Mary, I suppose you had better keep the letter," she said, faltering, a little. "It was really sent to you, and, after all, I don't mind so very much."

"You are a generous little darling, but there is no necessity for your sacrifice even if Mr. Hayward would permit it. I wrote him my recantation this afternoon. There is the letter; you can send it to him with your own. He will be sure of its genuineness that way."

Then the two girls kissed and cried over each other, and after the exchange of divers confidences Mousie went away, carrying John's letter, still unread, in her hand.

After she had gone Mary took out her needlework, with an undefined feeling that chaos had come again, and that in the midst of it it was well to hold on to some commonplace, every-day employment.

By and by Bessie came in with the teatray, and as she flitted about the table Mary spoke with the feeling of desperation which makes us always want to lay a finger on our wound.

"You posted my letter last night, Bessie!"

Bessie paused, the picture of consternation.

"Oh, Miss, I'm afraid I forgot all about it."

"You forgot to take it out, I suppose!" speaking in a voice so high and eager that it scarcely sounded like her own.

"Oh, no Miss; I took it and put it in my water-proof pocket, but Peter met me before I reached the office and then I forgot, but I'll run out with it now in a minute."

"Bring it to me instead, please; I don't want it posted now."

Bessie never knew till this hour why Miss Ranley gave her five shillings instead of the scolding she expected, neither does John Hayward understand why letter number one never reached him.

Tom Danvers went to Rangoon, as he had said, in much disgust and despair. Mary's unfaithfulness had turned the sunlight into darkness for him, but through his pain a certain resolution to be and do something grew daily. He would forget her, he would never speak of her, and if men uttered her name he would turn aside, but he would do so well with his own life that one day she would know him the superior of the man she had married. So, in much wrath and scorn, he sailed away to succeed or fail as might be.

As for Mary, her life was all at the dead level of monotony now. There was always the morning's work, always the evening's enforced idleness, and periodically the long empty holidays in which her loneliness grew only more assertive.

She was growing old, she would soon be 30, and already there where white threads in the glossy smoothness of her hair.

But she was a good teacher, she was a success in the high school, and she clung to that poor triumph as her last source of happiness. It was she, the strong one, who would do a small work in a small groove all her life, and Tom who would grow to success and power. But she deserved that for her wrong estimate of both of them. And every one knew that he was doing well and that he had forgotten her. Why, it was only the other day that Mr. Wheelhouse had stopped her to tell her that he had just been asking Tom by letter why he was neglecting Mary Ranley.

"It was very good of you," she had said, going home with another shaft rankling in her sore heart.

It was dusk as she went wearily down the street. It was very still and empty, and she felt thankful for that and for the coming peace of her solitary parlor. But she stood for an instant on the doorstep to watch the trembling stars, before she rang the bell.

Bessie answered it with a beaming face. She was very fond of Miss Ramley, who had always been kind to her.

"There is a visitor for you in the parlor, miss."

"Oh, very well." Mary expected one of the pupil teachers who wanted a certificate; so she went up-stairs and put her out-door things away, and brushed her hair, and then came down to be the school-mistress at home. But it was not Jane Blakeney who rose at her entrance, but a tall, brown-bearded man, who looked into her face, and then held out his hands to her without a word.

"Tom!" she said with a little fluttering sigh; "Tom!"

"Yes, it is I. I came back as soon as ever I knew you were free."

"I have not deserved it."

"Perhaps not, but then, you see, I could not do without you. I need some one to scold and keep me right."

"Oh, no, Tom, never again: old things and old habits are all ended."

"And you threw the other follow over?"

"No, not that exactly; it was all a mistake—all my pride and his stupidity; but I have been well punished for everything. I never thought you would come back."

"I did not mean to come back, till I found there was no getting on without you."

And then Mary burst into tears, and stood sobbing against his shoulder:

"Oh, Tom, I have missed you so!" she said.

"Well, I am here now to take care of you; won't that be reversing the old order of things?" smiling at her fondly.

And so it came about that Mary Ranley, despite her dangerous hesitation between two stools, found a comfortable seat on one of them, after all.

A SHOTGUN MESSENGER.

The Exciting Adventures of a Wells, Fargo and Co. Messenger.

Eugene Blair, the "shotgun messenger" in the service of Wells, Fargo & Co., has just died of consumption in San Francisco. He was not yet 40 years of age, but he was one of the most experienced and daring messengers ever in the employ of the company. Blair's life was full of adventure and excitement, and it is probable that the strain upon him hastened the disease which terminated in his death. His duties called him rapidly from one point to another, all the way from California to Nebraska. "A shotgun messenger" is a trusted employe of the express company, who is sent to accompany a stage bearing big treasure boxes, or heavy remittances of currency. In the Territories it is all but impossible for the stage officials to prevent public information as to the approximate value of treasure and mail shipments. A large sum of money, or a well-filled treasure box, is reasonably certain to tempt somebody. The average driver is tempted when held up to make peace at any price. Blair never surrendered, and the result was that robbers who happened to run across him soon left the earth for good, or went limping away to a hospital or prison. He was a hair-trigger sort of a fellow. The word 'Halt!' or a volley from an ambush had no terrors for him. His gun was discharged instantly. He invariably rode outside with the driver, and carried a short double barrelled shotgun, loaded heavily with buckshot. Besides this weapon, which experience proved was very formidable, he wore in his belt two large revolvers. He depended upon his shotgun, however, in almost every emergency. If the robbers were numerous and he could locate them he would give them both barrels at once, which was usually about all they wanted.

A few years ago Wells, Fargo & Co. received notification that a large sum of money at Eureka, Nev., awaited transportation to Tybo, where it was wanted to pay off miners with. The stage road was lonely, and it had long been infested with robbers. Appreciating the risk of the undertaking, the company ordered Blair to Eureka, and sent another messenger, named James Brown, to accompany him. At the time the trip was to have been made there were in Eureka half a dozen ex-convicts who had just served out long sentences in the penitentiary for stage robbery, and they were particularly bitter against Blair for the part he had taken in securing their conviction. They learned of the intended shipment, and all but one of them proceeded down the road to the Willows station, intending to await the arrival of the stage at that point. The one who was left behind was to learn how many messengers accompanied the stage and let his companions know. The vehicle started from Eureka late in the afternoon, and arrived at the Willows station at about 9 p. m. The robber who had remained behind found that Blair had a companion, and, in accordance with this agreement, he rode rapidly to a mountain about ten miles out and built two good-sized fires to warn his associates of the coming of the two shotguns. When the robbers down the road saw the fires they immediately seized the station, binding and gagging the two men employed there, and then drew themselves up in a line and awaited the arrival of the coach. In about an hour it halted in front of the barn door, when a voice from the side of the road sang out:

"Eugene Blair, surrender!"

It was pitch dark, and, as no one was in sight, Blair jumped from the stage with his gun in his hand. Just then two shots were fired, and he answered one of them with one barrel of his gun, shooting where he had seen the flash. A moment later three men were upon him. He found it was impossible to use his gun, and, dropping it, he whirled one of the robbers around in front of the stage, where one of the side lights shone upon his back. The mark was a good one and at that instant Jimmy Brown, from his seat on the stage, discharged one barrel, hitting the rober between the hips. This man being out of the way, Brown and Blair assisted by the driver, soon had the others in custody, though not until most of them had been hit by one or more buckshot.

Another time, when Blair was guarding a treasure box in the western part of the State, he had some fun with the agents. It was evident that they were not expecting him, or else they were green hands at the business. They had made the most elaborate preparations, however, and apparently had no idea of failing in their enterprise, "They had selected a mighty mean place,' said Blair, "and if they had had the nerve they might have made us trouble. They had formed a sort of barricade on the edge of the road, which at that point ran along the side of the mountain. Back of them there was a slope of half a mile, rough with rocks and fallen timber. We were jogging along at a comfortable gait when I spied a movement back of the shrubbery on the side of the road, and seized my gun. 'Halt! Throw up your hands, there!' yelled two or three in chorus. I answered instantly with a volley from both barrels. We heard nothing more. The crash of the gun was terrific. When the smoke cleared away a little we saw those fellows going end down the mountain side. I never knew what became of them or how badly they were hurt. We found their guns, and took them away with us. That was about the quickest work I ever did."—*New York Sun.*

"Good Morning."

It is astonishing, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, how old this salutation is, and how it differs, says a contemporary, among various races. The Greeks wished a man to be of "a good cheer." The Romans trusted that their friends might that day find themselves in a state of health and safety. The reason explains itself. The Greek was "a gay dog" and happiness at any cost his ideal. Hence be of "good cheer"—make the most of the moment. The Roman, however, surrounded by the cares of a vast empire threatened now by one foe and again by another, used a more solemn greeting. "Health" was his first wish, because his idolized Rome was surrounded by foes. "Safety" was his second wish for at any moment the fateful end of all things might come. In China "good morning" almost grows comic. It means there, "have you eaten your rice, and is your stomach working well?" Fancy putting these phrases to an Englishman! Yet, after all, there is a good deal of wisdom in his salutation. A good appetite for breakfast, be it a bread-and butter meal or be it a repast on rice, means, as a rule, a good day, and, following a good day, a good night, and with a good night, pleasant sleep and renewed strength, for the morning again. A man whose stomach, too, is working well is a man whose temper is equable, and who will therefore, generally speaking, be happy and sunny-minded. Upon these considerations therefore, it would almost seem that pig-tailed John's "good morning" is the wisest of those named.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents

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SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Mr. N. B. Clark proposes, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, to employ, as a source of emergency power for ships of war, furnaces into which petroleum is sprayed along with superheated steam and hot air.

Dr. J. Otto, in an article published in the *Moniteur Scientifique*, maintains that the value of the therapeutic properties of vaseline has been greatly exaggerated, and says that exposure to the light and air is decidedly capable of turning it rancid, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding.

A letter has been received from Mr. A. C. Le Souef, of the Zoological Gardens, Melbourne, giving an account of the unusual occurrence of the production of two young ones from one egg laid by a black-necked swan. These twin cygnets were much smaller than a companion bird of the same age.

The population of the countries where the metrical system is legally obligatory numbers 241,973,011, where it is optional, 97,639,825, and where it is often used without its having legal value, 333,266,386. The figures are those of Mr. James Jackson, the Librarian of the Paris Geographical Society.

Basing his remarks on Dr. E. Rousseau's report of the autopsy performed on Cuvier, M. Herve gives the weight as 1,830 grammes, and the horizontal circumference as 60 45 centimetres. He denies that Cuvier had ever suffered from any malady which could affect the size or condition of the brain.

Phosphoric acid as it exists in the chief rocks of Bretagne is shown by M. G. Lechartier to be capable of direct assimilation by plants. If phosphoric acid has been extracted from rocks, &c., by ammonium exalate the solution must be evaporated down, the salt decomposed by heat, and the phosphoric acid separated from the ferruginous residue obtained.

The Lartigue balance railway, the locomotive for which is an electro dynamic apparatus, supplied with electricity from a fixed generator, is a simple, single rail, elevated arrangement from both sides of which the carriages are suspended. A few men can build several hundred yards a day. This railway has been very serviceable in Africa.

Postulating the total fluidity of the mass of the sun, M. P. Lamey has endeavored to show that, in virtue of the continuous cooling of the surface layer, the whole volume must be in constant circulation, and that the resulting circuit may be represented by a simple geometrical figure which has several points at a tangent with the surface of the solar globe.

A cement which resists damp and firmly attaches labels to iron and tin work consists of a paste of rye meal and a little solution of glue and water, to which as much Venetian turpentine is added as may be required. Ordinary flour paste, when well made, and some glycerine thoroughly incorporated with it, does very well for fixing printed labels on tinned sheet-iron boxes.

It is reported that MM. Preszac et Cie, of Paris, have introduced a salt which, placed in water, is partly dissolved without increase of temperature, and produces a liquid capable of generating with the aid of zinc and carbon an electric current. It is also said that this cell gives rise to no fumes or smell. The salt is partly melted in two parts of water, and the liquid can be used at once.

A Cholera Cure.

M. Claretie, in the Paris *Temps*, mentions a rather sensational case of recovery from Cholera during one of the earlier visits of the epidemic, due to the skill of Dr. Lorain, a well-known physician of the time. The patient had sunk into the last stage of collapse, and the hospital physicians had stopped the treatment as useless. Dr. Lorain, happening to enter the ward, determieed, after a hasty examination of the sufferer, to try an experiment with the object of restoring the circulation, which had practically ceased. He first performed the operation he contemplated on a rabbit, into whose crural vein he injected a certain quantity of warm water. He then repeated it on the dying man, into whose circulatory system he pumped 400 grammes—nearly a pint—of the same fluid. The heart began to beat at once, though so faintly as to be hardly perceptible. The operation was repeated with still happier effects. The pulse could now be felt at the wrist; the patient recovered his sensibility and his voice. In ten days he left the hospital perfectly well.

Big Doses.

The Southern negro does not take kindly to the pellets of the homeopathist. He believes in the largest doses of the old-school practice, and will toss off a tumblerful of castor-oil with a smack of the lips. Even a glass of salts and senna will be swallowed with gusto, while a bolus is taken without a moment's hesitation. An Englishman, who hunted in the Soudan says that nothing gives an African savage greater pleasure than a good dose of medicine. He found his medicine-chest more useful in making the negroes friendly than his revolver and breech-loading rifle.

But the medicine must be strong and rapid in its effects. For the savage is too impatient to wait several hours for the medicine to operate, and too much influenced by his sight and taste to be satisfied with a small dose. He is never so happy as when he has taken a good dose of croton-oil and colocynth, or four or five grains of tartar emetic.

Holloway's pills were as popular in the Soudan as in London; and the sportsman found that the more liberal he was with these powerful cathartics, the more willing were the negroes to serve him. Whenever he opened his medicine-chest, the natives respected him as a great "medicine man," the more he physicked them, the better they liked it. But willingly as they were to be doctored internally, not one of them would submit to an operation with the knife.

A Kiss Explained.

A kiss is a paroxysmal contact between the labial appendages attached to the superior and inferior maxillaries respectively of a man and woman or two women. The younger the parties are the more paroxysmal will be the paroxysm, and in case it be observed by the fond father of the paroxyzed young lady, there is also likely to be perigree between the paroxyzer's pedalic junction and the phalanged extremities of the metatarsus, and other bric-a-brac depending from the lower end of the old gentleman's right leg. The kiss itself is not the paroxysm. It is merely the vibrations of the superincumbent atmosphere resultant from the expulsion of sweetness from each of the pairs of lips engaged in creating it.—*Bloomington Mail.*

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A child in Leominister, Mass., placed in the garden a small piece of looking glass in an upright position, and for a week a sparrow has spent three hours each day capering in front of it. It will stand and peck away at its reflected self until it gets thoroughly excited, then run back and forth along the fence, then return to its attack, and continue it until it falls exhausted and apparently dead. On recovering it flies away, only to return at the same hour the next day and renew the contest.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I wil ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

Cremation is making great strides in France where the Prefect of the Seine mean to establish Siemens furnaces in several of the cemeteries in Paris, and proposes to cremate all persons whose remains are not claimed by their friends. If this experiment proves successful, the Government will probably introduce a general bill on cremation in the Chamber, and the Council of Health is now considering the different ways of detecting traces of poison.

Childhood's Memories

Come back laden with the joys and pleasures of that dream time of life when sweet anticipation garnished with brightest hues the future as it stretched out before us. Only the pleasures hoped for us entered the heart then. But as we grow older, to one and other comes the awakening. If you should be troubled, not in heart, but in feet, with corns, and they make life miserable, go to the nearest drug store and buy a bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor, the "sure safe, and painless corn cure," and you will be quickly relieved, and happiness will ever after brighten your path. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

Describing the cranial differences observable in men and women, M. Manouvier considers that while parietal is less developed in women the occipital is generally larger in them than in men.

The Mighty Dollar

Is long distanced by a 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the newest and best pain remedy. It cures colds, cramps, colic, pain in the head, sciatica pain in the chest; in fact it is equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of the great pain remedy, Nerviline. Sold by druggists. Large bottles only 25 cents. Try a sample bottle of Nerviline, only 10 cents. Take no substitute.

Chemistry begins to play havoc with the mother tongue. The latest compound announced from the laboratories is monochlorodibromoparadinitrobenzol. The discoverer's name is not given.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

It is stated in the *Cosmos les Mondes* that in the city of Utrecht, which is supplied with an exceedingly pure water, it has been found necessary to make use of tin service pipes coated externally with lead.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier At Druggists 50 cents

A.P 190.

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Steam Flour Mill.

Capacity 300 barrels daily. New roller process; cooperage with large supply of dry staves; also 500 cords of wood on property; Saw mill adjoining flour mill; G.T.R., switch within ten feet of mill; situated in fine wheat country. Address Lock Box 11, Listowel.

SEND And get a sample copy of TRUTH, free, the best 28-page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of rewards for answering Bible Problems. S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

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It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

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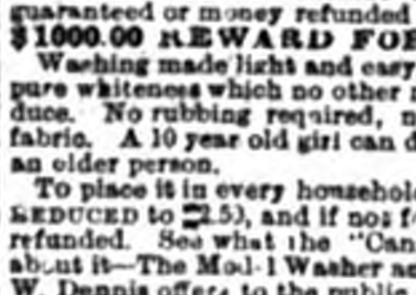

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THE WATCHMAN,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1884. NO. 52

THE WATCHMAN

—AND—

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

The above paper is printed and published **EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,** at Lachute, County of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, Can., by SIMPSON & KERR

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Will be at ST. ANDREWS from the 9th to the 14th, and at LACHUTE on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of every month.

St. Winifred's Well at Holywell.

That many of our countrymen look on prayers offered at special shrines as specially efficacious is evident from the number of devout Welsh Roman Catholics of the upper class, who, on the 27th of July, 1882, went on a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well at Holywell to offer prayers for the restoration to health of the infant son of the Duke of Norfolk. The pilgrimage was conducted by Very Rev. Canon Monaghan, and prayers were said at the chapel at Holywell, and also at St. Winifred's well itself. Of the many wells held in reverence by our ancestors, none probably has more fully sustained its old reputation than this, which has given its name to the town of Holywell. According to the legend its waters gushed up within the Church of St. Bueno, at the spot where the head of the holy St. Winifred rested, when, having been cut off by Prince Caradoc, it rolled on until it entered the consecrated building. This miraculous fountain, of course, became a noted place of pilgrimage. William the Conquerer, Henry II., Edward I., and James II, were among the sovereigns who came here to seek pardon for divers sins, and doughty warriors were oftimes to be seen standing for hours in the well, with only their heads above water, absorbed in fervant prayer and craving the intercession of St. Winifred. Of one brave knight it is recorded that in the earnestness of his devotion he forgot all prudence and stayed in the chilling water till he was paralyled. His last audible words were "Sancta Winifreda ora pro me," after which he never more. Cold as the water is, it never freezes, and the flow is always the same. It is said to be the most copious spring in Britain, yielding twenty one tons of water per minute. This well is the property of the Duke of Westminster, who, in 1876, granted to the corporation of Holywell a lease of the well for one thousand years at a rental of one sovereign per annum. A recent visitor to the well took note of some of the votive offerings which had been deposited by grateful patients, and which included thirty-nine crutches, six hand sticks, a pair of boots, and a hand-hearse.

How Fashions Change.

One day, it was in 1680, the Court was hunting at Fontainebleau; Mlle. Marie-Angelique de Scorial de Roussilla, Duchesse de Fontanges, was the queen of the fete, "a queen beautiful as an angel," says the Abbe de Choisy, "but stupid as a basket." She was then hardly nineteen, in all the freshness of her blonde beauty, in all the pride of her conquest over Louis XIV.'s heart. She was gaily joining in the hunt, when suddenly the wind blew off her hat, and tossed onto her shoulders her magnificent fair hair. What was she to do? She had no *coiffeure* at hand, so she bravely determined to help herself, and with the aid of a rich coloured ribbon she coiled her hair on the top of her head in a kind of loop, and so tied the ribbon that the two ends fell on her forehead. She now looked prettier than ever, and the king was enraptured with this native coiffure, which appeared all the more charming that it was original. The next day all the court ladies appeared with their hair tied on the top of their heads with ribbons! the *Fontanges* had come into fashion.

AGRICULTURAL.

Fall Fallowing.

It is singular a farming process should be so little understood and practised, that is so thoroughly efficient in ridding land of all pernicious weeds, and which so perfectly fits it for the production of a profitable spring crop, and especially is this true if the fall-fallowing succeeds the cutting of the grass on meadow land.

By fall-fallowing, I mean plowing in July or August, and from that time forth keeping the surface so well cultivated as to kill all weeds that vegetate, and to keep bringing fresh seeds within vegetation distance of the surface. This, with the warm weather and the "latter rains," causes nearly all weed seeds within four or five inches of the surface to grow, and destroys the product.

Few weeds ripen their seeds before the proper haying time, and after they are cut off and removed in the hay, very few will make sufficient growth to blossom and mature seeds before the middle or last of August; at or before which time the ground should be plowed, care being taken to see that every green thing is turned under and covered with soil. Even though a seed be sufficiently matured so that if the plant be cut and left to dry on the surface, it would germinate, by being covered together with the mass of succulent growth and the roots, the fermentation that takes place will destroy its vitality and cause it to decay with the rest.

In case of the summer fallow, we have to plow early and plow several times, besides the very many harrowings and cultivatings, taking the whole Summer and involving a loss of one crop and great labor; but with the fall-fallow, we first get our hay crop and then plow only once, and have no more labor with harrow and cultivator than in the same length of time with the summer-fallow. No process can be so perfectly destructive to perennial weeds; by cutting the hay early, the weeds are cut before maturity, and most growth of top up to that time only serves to exhaust the vitality of the roots; if then taken off, but feeble growth is afterwards made, and the subsequent plowing and continuous cultivation are sure destruction to all. Fall fallowing not only cleans the land, but it enriches it; by allowing the clover to attain full size, the largest root growth is secured, and in a short time after haying, if not pastured (and it should not be), in favorable seasons a large second growth is secured to be turned under and this is in the best possible condition for decaying and enriching the soil, and when plowed up in the Spring, it forms the best of all preparations for a paying crop of barley, oats or early potatoes.

It is surprising how prone men are to persist in the old-fogey, expensive, soil-exhausting system of summer-fallowing when a way so much quicker and better exists for cleaning the land.

Ants as Insect Destroyers.

Farmers or gardeners, in their contest with insects, have not as yet called to their aid, as they should, other insects and birds, the natural enemies of insect hordes, says the *Sun*. Too generally all insects are looked upon as enemies, although it is well known that many kinds of insects are very benificial in protecting fruits and grains from the ravages of other insects. The ants, although generally regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, have been found, by careful observation, to be useful in several ways. The canker-worms, which are a most destructive pest to orchards in some sections, are sometimes destroyed in large numbers by them. The editor of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says that ants are great destroyers of canker worms, and probably other worms or insects of the smaller varieties. He watched with great interest the work of a large colony of black ants which attacked the canker-worms on an elm tree in his grounds a few weeks ago, and was delighted with the nature and results of their labors. Two processions of the ants were moving on the trunk of the tree, one going up empty, the other coming down, each bringing with him a canker-worm, which he held fast in his mandibles, grasping the worm firmly in the centre of the body. Although the prey was nearly the size of the destroyer, the plucky little ant ran down the tree in a lively way, deposited its booty in its nest in the ground, and instantly returned for another slaughter. There were at one time as many as 40 coming down the tree, each bringing along his victim, and doing the work with apparent ease. Extending his observations, he noticed that the ants ran up the trunk and out on the limbs, thence onto the leaves of the tree where the filthy worm was at work and, seizing him with a strong grip at about the centre of the body, turned about with the squirming worm and retraced his steps. The worm was dead by the time the ant reached the ground. If this move of the ants is common they must prove valuable friends to farmers and fruit raisers, and should be protected in every way possible. We do not believe that the birds that prey upon worms will do the work in our orchards, which these ants were doing in an hour.

Sowing Orchard Grass.

Those farmers who desire to seed to Orchard Grass should prepare the land for the reception of the seed, which should be sown early in August. The land should be thoroughly well prepared, because this crop not only requires it, but well deserves it, remaining in the ground, as it does, for 20 or 30 years, or even more, when well treated by occasional top-dressings. The soil should be made fine by repeated harrowings. The seed is then sown and cross-sown, half each way, to get an even sowing, and the ground is then lightly brush-harrowed, and then rolled. The rolling is especially needed if the weather is dry. From two to three bushels of seed—about 33 pounds—are sown per acre. As the seed is rather costly, it is well to sow an acre or two first, cut this the next year when it is ripe, and save the seed. One acre will produce enough to sow 10 acres.

Timely Hints.

Plow for winter wheat at once.

Yes, it is bad policy this season to let the garden go to——grass!

We must not let cucumbers ripen if we would not ruin the crop from the vines which feed them.

It pays to pinch off the tips of Lima bean vines when they reach nearly to the tops of the poles. Pinch off the ends of melon vines. Move the vines of sweet potatoes so they will not take root.

There is room for a live young man in every neighborhood, who knows how to deal with the insect pests of the farm.

The Arab compels his horse to feed from the ground in order to maintain the curve of the backbone. This is the natural way of feeding, and is an argument for low mangers.

Sow Rutabagas——It does not pay to stake tomatoes——Prepare new strawberry beds and set the plants as soon as you choose. Raw bone flour is a good fertilizer; but the soil should be mellowed with old farm manure.

Cultivate between the raspberries. Now is the time to rid the land of weeds and suckers. Tie up the new canes to stakes securely set. Pinch off the main canes and laterals so as to induce a stocky growth. Do the same for blackberries.

Uncle Waldo is of the opinion that wire is a cheap material for fence, as it enables the farmer to use crooked posts, and also to set them at a larger distance apart than can be done when boards are used. But he is afraid to use or recommend barb wire to much extent, as there is great danger to stock, especially horses, from its use. Within the past three months two of the 12 members of the farmer's club to which he belongs have had horses injured on it.

Larger fields and cheaper fences, says Uncle Waldo, in the N. Y. *Tribune*. He affirms that at least one-half of the best plow and on every farm could be profitably thrown in one field and never pastured——There are thousands of farmers, he thinks, who have planted largely of hedge, who would be willing to lose the whole of it if they could burn it up; but the digging out of an old hedge involves nearly as much expense as making a new fence. He has had 32 years' experience with Osage Orange hedge, and finds it so troublesome to care for, that he would not allow a man to plant another on his farm if he would do it for nothing and care for it till it would turn stock.

One Explanation of the Horse-Shoe Superstition.

The principal gateway at Allahabad is thickly studded with horseshoes of every size and make. There are hundreds of them nailed all over the great gates, doubtless the offerings of many a wayfarer who has long since finished his earthly pilgrimage. We could not find out what was the exact idea connected with this custom—probably much the same notion of luck as we attach to finding a horseshoe, especially one with the old nails still in their places. It has been suggested, and apparently with some reason, that in ancient pagan times it may have been a recognized symbol in serpent worship, and hence may have arisen its common use against all manner of evil. The resemblance is obvious, more especially to that species of harmless snake which is rounded at both ends, so that head and tail are apparently just alike. The creature moves backward or forward at pleasure, hence the old belief that it actually had two heads, and was indestructible, as even when cut into two parts it was supposed that the divided heads would seek one another and reunite. It stands to reason that in a snake-worshiping community such a creature would be held in high reverence. Even in Scotland various snake like bracelets and ornaments have been found, which seems to favor this theory, and at a very early period both snakes and horseshoes seem to have been engraved as symbols on sacred stones. We hear of the latter having been sculptured, not only on the threshold of old London houses, but even on that of ancient churches in various parts of Great Britain. And in the present day we all know the idea of luck connected with finding one, and how constantly they are nailed up on houses, stables and ships as a charm against witchcraft—in Scotland, England and Wales, and especially in Cornwall where (not only on vans and omnibuses, but sometimes even on the grim gates of the old jails) we may find this curious trace of ancient superstitions.

A Squirrel Punished by Sparrows.

Parties coming up Main street at an early hour of a recent morning were somewhat surprised to see a large and apparently tame gray squirrel hasten across the street and enter the doorway to the store of Rice & Rich. It was also noticed that his squirrelship was closely followed by a flock of sparrows, the majority of whom took a position opposite the door, so as to cut off his retreat. Half a dozen birds remained on the wing, fluttering, some three feet from the sidewalk, and near to the entrance. The squirrel made frantic efforts to force an entrance, and as he did so the birds, who during the fight kept up an incessant chattering, charged upon him and brought him to bay. They eventually drove him from his position to the store of J. B. Spencer, and from there to the Boston store. Finding himself hard pressed, he beat a retreat, but the sparrows forced him from the sidewalk, and he sought an entrance to the store of J. B. Shaw. Here, also, he was foiled, and he broke for the other side of the street, closely followed by the entire flock of sparrows, who lost no opportunity to give him a clip and hasten his speed. He finally entered the Pierce block, and thus escaped further punishment.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

The Tomb of Rachel.

A correspondent of the Salt Lake *Tribune* from Palestine says of Rachel's tomb: Singularly enough this is one of the places in Palestine where the traditions of Jews, Moslems and Christians agree, and where the veneration of all is bestowed. Undoubtedly it is the spot where Rachel was overtaken by her last illness when she and Jacob was journeying southward from Bethel, and where Benjamin first opened his eyes to look upon this great world. The building is a modern, white, square structure, with a domed roof of coarse plaster, and the pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site has long since passed away; but the spot is faithfully cherished in the hearts of all.

The tomb lies at the point where the Bethlehem and Hebron roads unite. Bethlehem is in sight to the left, and only one mile distant. How near Rachel was to a good halting place when her life went out, and that of Israel's favorite son, after Joseph, was kindled!

The Bet Still Undecided.

Two well-meaning men, one from St. Louis and the other from St Paul, had an argument in the Sherman House on the pronunciation of the word depot.

"I say its 'dee-po!'" said the St. Paul man.

"And I say its 'day-po!'" answered the St. Louisian.

In the course of time they put up $5 apiece and agreed to leave it to a tall, fine-looking man on the other side of the rotunda,

Going up to him, the St. Paul disputant said: "My friend and I have a small bet on the pronounciation of the word 'dee-po.' I say it is 'dee-po,' and he says it is 'day-po.' Now, who is right?"

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "but I never heard the word before. How do you spell it, and what does it mean?"

The betting men looked at each other dubiously, and one said: "D-e-p-o-t, a railway station."

"Oh, yes, yes; excuse me. You mean 'deppo,' of course. Yes, yes, depp. It is pronounced 'deppo.'"

"Look here!" yelled the St. Paul man, "where do you come from?"

"Boston, sir."

"Well, there can't no Boston man settle a bet for me on the English language. Come on, let's interview Carter Harrison."

THE BASTINADO.

A Terrible Punishment Inflicted on Two Robbers—Graphic Description by An Eye-Witness.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 15.—The villages surrounding Constantinople are infested by robbers who have for some time carried on their trade almost with impunity. The police have recently made an effort and half a dozen of the thieves were captured. They were given a summary trial and the bastinado was inflicted upon two of them. The others were acquitted for want of evidence.

THE BASTINADO.

Mr. Hilaire Gay, a Genevan gentleman, has published a *brochure* in which he relates his experiences of torture in Egypt:—"The second time that I presented myself at the Prefecture," he writes, "I was compelled to witness, much against my will, the punishment of the bastinado inflicted on three unfortunate Arabs, and on several subsequent occasions I had to undergo a similar ordeal. I hesitate to describe these horrors, which to us Europeans recall the darkest days of mediæval times; but it being my duty as a faithful chronicler to set forth the most striking facts that come under my observation, I must ask my readers to overcome their repugnance and accompany me to the place of torture. His Excellency, Osman Bey, is seated on the divan of a large room of cold and sinister aspect, the floor covered with large slabs and lighted by high windows looking on the street. He wears the *strambouline*, or official costume, a black frock-coat with a straight collar, white waistcoat, black trousers and *tarbouche*. His face, of a light olive tint, is adorned with a scanty black beard and whiskers; the nose is strong, the lips are thick, the eyes dark and deep. Though rather stout, he is well formed and above middle height. When Osman Bey smiles his countenance becomes pleasing and amiable, but when the smile is absent his regard is cold and stern. Near him, before a little table covered with green baize, sits his secretary.

THE PREFECT.

"As I walk up the room a clock strikes the hour of two. The Prefect offers me his hand, and at his invitation I take a seat by his side. Then a negro, clad in a long white robe and wearing on his head an enormous yellow turban, brings me a little cup of coffee and a bundle of cigarettes. As I hand back my cup to this imposing servitor, three Arabs, escorted by two guards, are led before the Prefect. These unfortunates seem to belong to the poorest of the people; their feet are bare, their clothing is worn and ragged, their hands tremble convulsively, their eyes are haggard, and their faces twitch in apprehension as they listen in mournful silence to the words addressed to them by the Prefect. But they answer his questions with feverish vivacity, and after the exchange of a few words two of the prisoners are led from the room. Then five men enter. These are the torturers, and nothing more fell or hang-dog than their looks can be imagined. Four of them seize the Arab who is still standing before the Prefect, and the poor wretch, as he is cast on the ground, throws at him a glance eloquent with agony and fear, but the great man's countenance remains fixed and impassive, and he makes no sign of grace.

THE VICTIM.

"The victim was then placed on one of the slabs with his chest resting on the stone, in which position he was held by two of the executioners. Two others next raised his legs until his feet were in a horizontal position, a position in which they were retained by means of a cord fastened to either end of a stick. Each man held the stick with one hand while with the other he kept fast hold of one of the Arab's legs. In the grip of these four powerful and expert men it was impossible for him to move and almost impossible for him to writhe. On this the fifth torturer, who had taken no part in the preliminary proceedings, came forward, holding in his hand a sort of lash consisting of five strands of twisted gut or hide. The face of this man was singularly hideous and repulsive—the yellow and tawny skin, the low forehead, the round eyes, dull and fixed, the thick black eyebrows, the unbearded chin retreating from coarse, thick lips, the creased and furrowed cheeks, imparted to the countenance of the chief executioner an air of ferocious and bestial stupidity.

THE TORMENTOR.

"The tormentor raised his arm and struck with the regularity of a pendulum the upturned feet of his helpless victim. At the fourth stroke the Arab uttered a cry of pain, and at every fresh stroke the cry was repeated. But soon the cry became a scream, the flagellated flesh visibly shuddered, and the soles were seamed with red and livid streaks. Sitting silently on my cushion, chewing mechanically the tobacco of my extinguished cigarette, I could not help shivering with horror at the sight of so much suffering. I felt as if I were under the influence of some terrible nightmare. Osman Bey, his secretary, the five executioners, with their stern and sinister features, looking unmoved at so cruel a sight, seemed for a moment rather the creations of a disordered imagination than beings of flesh and blood; but the heavy thud of the strokes and the screams of the victim recalled me to the sad reality which I was so reluctantly witnessing. Then the punishment ceased, and the Arab, with ghastly face, and body shaken with a feverish trembling, had to incline himself respectfully before the man by whose order he had been so cruelly tormented. Helped by a guard, for his maimed and bleeding feet refused to support him, he was then led, still moaning with agony, from the torture chamber. The two other Arabs were afterwards punished in like manner. It was now past three o'clock, and his Excellency, putting on his usual pleasant smile, gave me his orders concerning the service of the police. I then saluted him and hurried away from the place where I had seen the practical application of a barbarous jurisprudence."

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

We note an advertisement of 490 cuspidors for sale in Washington. We haven't been reading the papers lately, but we infer that congress has adjourned.

An exchange says that a Cincinnati dairyman was recently drowned. It is supposed that the well-sweep broke and he was carried down into the well with the bucket.

It is said that Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty" was modeled after his mother. It will be noticed, by examining the pictures of the statue, that Mrs. Bartholdi used to hold the shingle in her left hand.

A plan for the federation of the Australian colonies, discussed for years, is at length taking definite shape. The movement for a protectorate of New Guinea, at first coldly received by some of the British authorities, is like to prove successful. It has, besides, tended to hasten the work of consolidating the Australian provinces. Victoria, Queensland and Tasmania have voted for confederation. National unity will come. There will be a vigorous and progressive Dominion in the South Pacific, characterized by free institutions and great commercial enterprise, owing its origin to the fostering care of Great Britain and maintaining the friendliest relations with the parent Empire.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Wounds given to honor never heal.

Never accuse others to excuse yourself.

He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.

Every great passion is but a prolonged hope.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Human government is imperfect because human nature is.

Fiction pleases the more in proportion as it resembles truth.

Innocence is like polished armour, it adorns and defends.

Who so keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble.

To succeed one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent.

Sincerity is the way to heaven. To think how to be sincere is the way of man.

There is no knife that cuts so sharply and with such poisoned blade as treachery.

As to trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns?

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves who are out of favor with all others.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

If you had the abilities of all the great men past and present, you could do nothing well, with out sincerely meaning it, and setting about it.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that they should become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

Verily, verily, travellers have seen many idols in many countries; but no human eyes have ever seen more daring, gross, and shocking images of the Divine nature than we creatures of the dust make in our own likenesses of our own bad passions.

Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to the judge it means that he should be just; to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the schoolboy that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker that his work shall be well done.

There is a "divine discontent" which lies at the root of all improvement, and without which we should stagnate. The indolence which craves nothing but quiet, the stupidity which sees nothing to hope or work for, and the vanity which is self-satisfied through its ignorance of better things are all foes to happiness and clogs upon progress.

An Old Enemy.

Macpheaton, an eminent cholera historian, says that the cholera is one of the most ancient diseases of which distinct descriptions exist, and there are few diseases respecting which such an interrupted chain of evidence has been preserved.

Sporadic, or spasmodic, cholera prevailed in the time of Hippocrates (B. C. 460), of which he gives a description, showing all the characteristics of the disease at the same time.

Avurveda, of Sucruta, in Sanscrit, describes a fatal disease called visuchika, embracing all of the striking symptoms of the cholera of the present day.

In A. D. 7, Celsus gives a full account of the disease at that time, as, also, Galen in A. D. 381; Alexander, of Trallas, 460; Paulus Ægureta, 760; Rhazes, of Bagdad, 900, Arisenna, in 1000, and we find a history of its prevalence down to the present date.

The birthplace of cholera is admitted by all cholera historians to be in the delta of the Ganges, spreading thence over the globe through the medium of the religious and commercial gatherings.

An Indian Fable.

An owl, puffed up with pride and vanity, was repeating his doleful cries at midnight, from the hollow of an old oak. "How is it," he said, "that silence prevails in these woods, unless it be to allow my melodious voice to be heard with effect? Surely the groves are charmed with my voice, and when I sing all nature listens." An echo repeated the words, "All nature listens." "The nightingale has usurped my rights," continued the owl; "his note is sweet, it is true, but mine is much more melodious." "Much more melodious," repeated the echo. Excited by the approval, the owl, at the rising of the sun, instead of going to sleep as usual, continued to join his horrible hooting with the matin songs of other birds. But they were disgusted by the sounds, and with one consent attacked the owl and drove him from their society, harassing him wherever he appeared, so that to escape from them he was glad to avoid the light and return to obscurity. Vain people fancy that their imaginary perfections are the cause of admiration in others, and mistake their self-flattery for the voice of fame.

Value of Money Earned.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor; but money that is inherited, or that in any way comes in without a just and fair equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings a month and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of solid work honestly done—stands a better chance to spend the rest of his life in affluence than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy regions between fair dealing and fraud.

Directions for Intelligent Lying.

1. Never tell an unnecessary lie.
2. Never tell a lie at all unless required by honor or the exigencies of society.
3. When you tell one, remember it and stick to it.
4. Tell it with perfect politeness and an air of conviction.
5. If your statement is questioned, say, as to those parts of it which are true, that you may be mistaken (you can prove them); pledge your word to the rest if it is a question of honor.

She Needed Rest.

Fair Patient—"Have you any idea what is the matter with me, doctor?"

"Doctor—"Why, I can diagnose your case, miss, with my eyes shut. There is nothing the matter with you except that you need rest.

Fair Patient—"Why, I have just come back from a whole month at the most popular health resorts."

Doctor—"Yes, as I said, you need rest."

"Clara, what makes you sit so close to George when he calls Saturday night? I hope you will not forget the proprieties, my child."

"Oh no, but ma, George is dreadfully deaf."

"Yes, I remember your father was troubled with the same complaint before we were married, but now I cannot go through his pockets in the morning without waking him up."

THE TURKS AND EGYPT.

Envious of England's Supremacy—Baron Hirsch and the New Railway.

The Turks have now very little to say about the conference. They were hoping for much wider issues than merely financial agreement in respect to Egypt's indebtedness; but seeing that neither France nor Germany would support the demand for the withdrawal of the British troops they care little as to what may be said or done, provided there be no further encroachments upon the sultan's rights. The hint thrown out as to the future neutralization of Egypt is not at all relished at Constantinople. The advisers of the sultan do not understand that if an arrangement of that nature could be really effected it would be the surest possible guarantee for the preservation of such rights as the sultan has been left by the course of British action in Egypt. To them it wears the aspect only of an independent Mussulman state, created at the expense of the Ottoman empire, which might eventually seek to become its rival. Turkey was quite prepared to send troops, if called upon to do so by the conference, both for the maintenance of order in Egypt proper and the subjugation of the Soudan. Mouktar Pasha was to have been intrusted with the command of ten thousand men, with a certain Hadji Achmet Pasha, who speaks Arabic well and has had much experience in dealing with Arabs, as his second in command.

The Turco-Servian railway junction may be looked upon as a settled thing, although it will doubtless be some time yet before a final iradeh on the subject is issued. What all Baron Calice's insistence at the porte and Prince Rudolph's recent visit to Constantinople failed to effect has been brought about, apparently, by a timely present of horseflesh to the sultan. His imperial majesty has a real passion for horses. He understands their management well, and is both a good hand at the reins and a bold rider. The delicate flattery conveyed in such a tribute to his favorite pursuit as the six superb horses sent by the Emperor Franz Josef could not be withstood by one whose generosity is likely to pass into a proverb, and as the most pleasing acknowledgement of the same in his power to make, the sultan decided to allow serious negotiations to commence with Baron Hirsch for the construction of the required length of railway. The Turkish railway king is expected here shortly to conduct the affair in person. He is sure to succeed, as no one knows so well how, when, and where to use the arguments that alone carry weight in Turkey as the wily baron, who has managed to have a huge railway system constructed in the name of the porte with other people's money, apparently for his sole benefit.

Not satisfied with what he has already made out of the affair, to the prejudice of the Ottoman treasury, the lessee of the Roumelian lines now comes forward with an offer which is no compliment to the acuteness of the Turks. The baron is ready to undertake the construction of the line at his own expense, and to work it, giving the Ottoman government, as his draft contract declares, a large share of the gross receipts. This sounds well, but a very cursory examination will show that the proposed bargain is all in favor of Baron Hirsch. The new line is to form a link in the general system, and as such is leased with the other sections to the constructor until such time as the share of the receipts carried to the credit of the porte shall have reached the amount expended upon it by Baron Hirsch. The Ottoman government is to receive 47½ per cent of the gross receipts upon the whole lines—so runs the proposed arrangement. It would seem, however, that before any division at all is made 7,000 francs per kilometer have to be handed over to the working company as cost of administration and working, etc. It may be safely predicted that for many years to come the books of the company will show little in the way of earnings beyond the 7,000 francs above referred to, and thus the new contract with Hirsch, if concluded, will tend to secure the possession of these railways to him for an indefinite period.

There is joy among the Armenian saraffs. His imperial majesty has ordered the grand vizier to make some arrangement for the payment of the havallehs. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be explained that a havalleh is a bill upon a provincial treasury. These bills are given when the treasure-chests of the department are dry, either in payment for goods purchased or as salaries to the army and navy. Usually they were discounted for cash at rates varying from 40 to 50 per cent. discount. Eventually they were paid in full, so that the traffic in havallehs was very profitable. Recently the grand vizier obtained a iradeh, putting a stop to all further encashment of these bills, and so they became a drug in the market. The holders, however, have been vigorously attacking the generosity of the sultan by petitions, and at last made a formidable demonstration at the palace, which in the time of Mahmoud would have sent their heads rolling in the dust. A deputation of some sixty persons drove in carriages to Yildiz, asking permission to lay a petition at the feet of their sovereign. After some parleying, three of their number were admitted to the presence of the chief chamberlain, and they placed in his hand a statement of their grievances for transmission to his majesty. The reader should understand that it is not the intention of the government to repudiate these papers, but merely to put a stop to the traffic which has benefited a few officials while enriching a lot of usurers at the expense of the army and navy. The idea is to obtain a proper account of this portion of the floating debt by compelling registration before settlement. —*Constantinople Cor. New York Herald.*

Hospitality Among the Arabs.

It is Sadi, the Persian poet of the thirteenth century A. D., who says, "To give peace to a single heart by a kindly act is worth more than a thousand head-bowings in prayer." As an illustration of the manner in which the Arab in need receives a gift with no feeling of degradation accompanying it, Mr. Poole related in a lecture recently that his uncle, Mr. Lane, spent once three weeks in one of those great tombs in the desert which form delightful retreats. There he hospitably entertained a young Arab who had run away from the army, and who was starving. He was a pleasant companion, who would recite the poems and romances of his race. When the time came for Mr. Lane to proceed on his way, he bade his guest farewell. "What will you do when I am gone?" he asked. "Who sent you?" was the simple reply. After they had parted, Mr. Lane expressed his astonishment to his servant that this fine young Arab had not thanked him. "He would not have insulted you by thanking you," answered the man. It is this which makes giving easy to the Arab, and robs receiving of its bitterness. The rich [man] is the steward of God's gifts towards those in need.

A good editor must always be in his write mind.—[Merchant Traveller. And have a pen-chant for work.—[South and West. And be ink-quisitive about affairs that concern the public.—[Gorham Mountaineer.

THE SEA SERPENT.

In Canadian Waters—Passed off the Gaspe Coast on the Way to Montreal.

The much vexed sea serpent question is at last brought home to Canadians by the appearance of one of these monsters off the Gaspe coast. The creature was seen from the steamship "Silkworth," of Sunderland, which arrived at Montreal recently from Pictou, N. S., with a cargo of coal consigned to Wm. Muir & Sons. A reporter visited the vessel at her berth in the new canal basin, and the chief officer, a gentleman of wide experience, very readily gave the particulars of the appearance of the monster. He stated that the point where the creature had been sighted was about midway between West Point, in Prince Edward Island, and Cape Gaspe, in the Province of Quebec. It was seen on Saturday morning between three and four o'clock. He was in charge of the deck for the middle watch and was pacing up and down the bridge when the lookout on the forecastle called out "There's a

QUEER LOOKING THING

on the starboard beam." He immediately looked in the direction indicated, and saw something about a quarter of a mile off. It was a remarkably clear moonlight night, and the sea was calm, and he could easily see what, in the momentary glance he took, looked like a sail. Without giving any particular attention to it, he thought it must be a vessel, but jokingly replied to the hail of the lookout that it was probably the sea serpent. He assured the reporter that previous to this, he looked upon sea serpent yarns as the sheerest nonsense. A second glance at the object, however, showed him that there was something remarkable about it, and this prompted him to take up the night glasses, and he brought them to bear upon it. The result was a perfect surprise to him, for there undeniably was the much doubted sea serpent. It rose

BETWEEN TWENTY AND THIRTY FEET

from the water at the least. It appeared to rise perpendicularly from the sea by a movement which resembled more the opening of a telescope than anything else he could name. As it appeared above the water its body seemed to expand as if inflated with the air, and the body tapered off from the surface of the water towards the head. At the water, as near as he could judge, the diameter of the body must have been between three and four feet. The whole appearance of the creature was that of a huge conger eel, the head, which was an enormous size, resembling that of this species of fish in every particular. The head was the most prominent part of the creature and principally attracted his attention. The body of the beast appeared to be

STRIPED LIKE A MACKEREL

with black and light colored bars running round the body mingling in black at the back and a silver gray at the belly. After looking at the creature through the glass sufficiently long to comprehend what it was, he ran aft to notify the captain and a couple of passengers they had aboard. By the time they had hurried into their clothes and got on deck, however, the serpent had disappeared. It appeared suddenly to sight the ship and sank beneath the water with the same steady telescopic movement with which it had elevated itself, although quicker. The part of the brute which appears particularly to have impressed itself upon his memory was the mouth, which much resembled that of a shark. About two feet below the head

TWO TREMENDOUS FINS

stuck out from the body, extending for several feet on either side. Fortunately the creature rose to the surface again and was seen by Captain Read and the passengers, or the serpent might have been set down as the fruit of the imaginations of himself, the lookout and the wheelman. As a matter of fact he remarked that even with so many reliable witnesses as to the genuiness of the serpent he would not have believed in it, had he not seen it with his own eyes. He had, he said, given the matter serious consideration since seeing the serpent, and he is now unable to account for his previous scepticism on the subject of sea serpents, as it is easy to suppose that sea eels are capable of attaining a gigantic size. The serpent on the second occasion of rising was about half a mile distant from the ship and well within the range of the night glass. It rose in the same quiet manner as before and was exposed to view altogether about three minutes. Before sinking below the surface it opened its mouth to its fullest extent, as if gulping in a supply of air, and closing its jaws gave vent to

A LOUD BELLOW

resembling both a dog's bark and the lowing of a cow. The noise was one of the most horrifying things imaginable, and involuntarily all on the deck of the "Silkworth" trembled when they heard it.

The lookout and the other members of the steamship's crew who saw the creature corroborate the chief officer's statement in every particular, and the affair is regularly entered in the log. The lookout states that he first saw it when its head had risen above the surface, and his attention was directed to it as the only object in sight.

Treatment of Criminals.

A somewhat remarkable account appears in the Paris *Temps* on the way in which persons convicted of murder are treated in some of the European states where capital punishment is either abolished or never enforced. In Belgium it appears that many murderers who are confined under life sentences, may be seen "going about unshackled or working at some easy occupation, like toy making, in cells that have been made to look homelike with pictures and other little things which the convict has bought out of his earnings. This is one way of punishing murderers, because the king is too tender-hearted to allow a capital sentence to take effect. The other side of the picture is shown in Italy, where conscientious scruples also prevent the executioner from doing his duty." Passamante, who tried to murder King Humbert in 1878, is confined to the Island of Elba. He is secured to the wall of an almost dark cell by a chain five feet in length, which is riveted to an iron ring around his ankle, and which does not allow him to take more than one step in any direction. His keepers are forbidden to speak to him or answer his questions. He has become imbecile. The most sensational French novelist never invented anything worse than this of the Bastile in its palmiest days.

A Curious Custom.

About 100 yards from Kilmainham Prison, Dublin, Ireland, is the ancient well of St. John, with which an old tradition is attached that water taken therefrom on the eve of the 24th of June possesses curative properties. This is firmly believed by many people, and quite 5,000 persons assembled at the well on that day recently, having made a pilgrimage there for that special purpose. It is regarded as essential that the water should be drawn before daylight on St. John's eve, and the pilgrims came provided with every class of vessel to bring away the precious fluid. The well is in a recess under a wall, and candles had to be used to light the people down the steps, the scene thus presented being of a weird character. The people dispersed about three in the morning.

Telegraph Wires.

There are now 500,000 miles of telegraphic wires in the United States; Great Britain uses 114,000 miles of lines; Germany has 140,000 miles, and more than 4,000 miles of underground cables; British India has 50,000 miles; France, 115,000; Belgium, 15,000; Spain, 25,000; Denmark, 65,000 and Norway 10,000, which are used chiefly in the management of her fisheries. The Emperor of China has allowed 1,270 miles to be built during the past year. Persia has 5,000 miles and Egypt 9,000. Russia has 130,000 in use. Australia has 16,000, and New Zealand 10,000. South America, with the exception of a trans-continental line from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres and a short line between Aspinwall and Panama, has no land lines.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements 10 cents per line insertion, and 3 cents per line each subsequent insertion; solid nonpareil measure.

One square, 24 lines nonpareil, per year	$15 00
One quarter column, per year	25 00
One-third column, per year	30 00
One-half column, per year	45 00
Three-fourths of a column, per year	60 00
One column, per year	80 00
Professional Cards, if not more than six lines, per year	4 00

A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements. Transitory advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing.

THE WATCHMAN

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1884.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

The Members of the British Scientific Association who paid a visit to the Rockies, by the C. P. R., express themselves as delighted with the country. The scenery at the Rockies, they say, is unsurpassed in the world. The fertility of the soil cannot be beat. Sir James Douglas, C.E., who owns large ranches on the River Plate, in South America, says:—"I am very much pleased with all I have seen, and it appears to me to be all that a man could desire in the shape of corn-growing or the raising of cattle. All you want now is plenty of good settlers." Mr. George Russell, of Plymouth, England, who has been a long resident in Australia, thinks that this country is admirably adapted for pastoral pursuits. From what he had seen of it, he thinks there is no better place in the world for sheep and cattle raising. Captain Bedford Pim, says:—"It is impossible to express the interest which one and all have taken in the journey. It caused the whole party sorrow, at leaving the picturesque Rockies, which will undoubtedly become the resort of many a tourist from the old country and other places, within a measurable distance of time." At Qu'Appelle the Capt. and party examined minutely the farm of Mr. Sykes, and was astonished at its excellence. "It has an extent of 20,000 acres. "The steam disking" he says, "was just perfect, and in a country where time is everything steam plowing and disking must soon become general." Of the experimental farms of the C.P.R. he thinks "there should be one at every station along the line of railway, and if only made large enough could be made a profitable investment for the C. P. R., while the comfort and confidence imparted to the new comer would be simply incalculable and would do away with a very large amount of the grumbling which now seems to prevail." The Capt. also expressed himself in favor of a line from Qu'Appelle extending to the Southward across the line of C. P. R. and to the Northward through Fort Qu'Appelle to Churchill on the Hudson's Bay. It the transhipment of wheat and produce from Churchill is made with care, he, as an old experienced Artic navigator, was convinced that it would be a safe and cheap, and certainly a shorter route to England than any other; and would not only be a benefit to the old country, but be of material advantage to the great North-West. To the question put to him by a reporter—would the Association's visit to Canada be the means of inducing immigrants to come to Canada? He replied. "There is no question about that, but he hoped the Dominion representatives in London will carefully make selections, for you don't want men and women here who will drift into the back slums of your great cities, but what you really want is thrifty, honest and industrious people with small capital to be spent in the country so soon as a little experience is gained. This kind of immigrants is exactly what Canada wants—it is no place for paupers. He was asked what he thought of Federal Union? He replied that he was very much astonished at the undoubted loyalty of the Canadians to England, the union, he said, "was of immense advantage to us. With unity we could 'whip creation,' but with disunion England would be the first sufferer. I believe that there is a grand and glorious future before the Canadian North West." And so think we.

In connection with this article we append the following important announcement made by Mr. Van Horne, Vice President and General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

"As soon as the road was finished the company intended to put on lines of steamers between China, Japan and elsewhere. They expected to do an immense business, because they could carry at less cost than any other transcontinental road. The trade of this country, he said, would be enormous, and it was quite probable the company would require the whole of Burrard Inlet. People did not seem to have any proper conception of the amount of room that would be needed at the terminus. At Winnipeg they had 21 miles of side track and 300 acres of ground for their works, and at Fort William and Port Arthur they had six miles of wharves; but far more than this would be required at the terminus. They did not propose to make such preparations as merely would meet the present requirements of trade, but they were looking forward to the contingencies of future development. It was most important that the question of final terminal should be settled without delay. There were people ready to invest their money whenever that question was fixed, and two or three capitalists had followed him to this province in the hope that a decision might be reached. The delay was not only keeping capital out of the country, but the C. P. R. would be finished in sixteen months, and they must begin the erection of wharves and terminal buildings."

WYOMING CATTLE.

A *Mail* correspondent had an interview with SIR JOHN MACDONALD upon this subject at River du Loup a few days ago. SIR JOHN said that the Wyoming scheme should be opposed *in toto*, as prejudicial to Canadian interests. He argues that the demand for cattle in England is, after all, limited, and that it would never do to assist, by the action of Canada, the stock raisers of another country to come into closer competition with our own farmers. He pointed out with pride and satisfaction the great progress that has been made in stock raising in the Dominion, and expressed his confidence that Canadian farmers will soon be in a position to supply all the wants of the United Kingdom in beef. Why then in such case should we be willing to let Wyoming ranchmen cross our territory in order to do the very trade we are in a position to do ourselves? Our first duty is to look after our stock raisers. Shippers and other carriers must recognize that the trade to be done is limited in extent, and that the granting of the application of the Wyoming stock raisers would defeat the very end the shippers and railway men have in view by making the trade practically valueless. Then, again, as sure as fate, if disease should break out in England among Wyoming cattle, stock raisers and others in England, who are powerful with the Government, would take advantage of the fact to insist upon Canada being scheduled out. Further, by giving Wyoming cattle transit across our territory we increase the danger of our own stock catching infection. Why should we run even the slightest risk by increasing the danger of contamination? For these and other reasons the Premier is diametrically and strongly opposed to any change of the present satisfactory condition of things.

THE FRANCO-CHINA WAR.

War if not already officially declared between France and China, in all probability will be before we go to press. Hostilities in the meantime have began and France has bumbarded Foo Choo, completely destroying the Arsenal and a portion of the City. On the afternoon of the 25th, the French iron-clads entered the mouth of the river to renew the engagement, when they met with a warm reception from the White Fort, which opened fire upon them with Krupp cannon, while the ships were three miles away. After several hours engagement the French were obliged to retire—the Chinese fire being too much for them. Before the war is over France may find the conquest of China no easy matter. She may find to her cost that China is better able to defend herself than she thought, and much better prepared to endure a protracted war than France is, and that she will find it a difficult matter to push her way through to Pekin there to dictate her own terms. The Chinese have a powerful fleet, almost equal to France, and it is said to be commanded by experienced officers, she has also a large army, part of which is well drilled and armed with Remington rifles, besides her war resources and her means of carrying on the war are unlimited. France on the other hand is not so well provided—she is far removed from her base of supplies, and to get these and carry on the war will cost a vast amount of money, and in the end, if she should happen to be victorious, she would come out of it so crippled, that she would be in a worse plight than at the close of the Franco-German war.

That our readers may the better understand the capabilities of the Chinese to wage war with France, we copy the following from an exchange paper:—

"China has three separate fleets. The Canton fleet comprises twelve gun boats of which, nine were made in England and are in charge of English officers. The Fukiang fleet is composed of six gun boats and a few transport vessels; these were made at Foo Choo under the supervision of Frenchmen. This fleet is in excellent order, and it is in charge of Chinamen. The Shanghai fleet is composed of nine gunboats, two frigates and several transport vessels. All these were made by the Chinamen themselves and are rather insignificant. Recently China has got from England eight ironclads, armed with guns of the largest calibre. The strongest and most effective part of the Chinese fleet is made up of thirteen small gunboats, named after the letters of the Greek Alphabet, from Alpha to Nu, of 1,350 tons displacement. They are built of steel, and are propelled by twin screws driven by compound engines of, together, 2,580 indicated horse power. They each carry two twenty-six ton ten-inch breechloading guns, mounted upon centre pivots, one forward and one aft. Each of these heavy guns commands a nearly all round fire. The charge of the gun is 180 pounds of powder, the weight of the projectile 400 pounds, and the penetrative power equal to piercing eighteen inches of solid, unpacked iron plate. They carry besides in each four forty-pounder breech loading guns, two nine-pounder breech loading guns, two Nordenfeldts and four Gatlings, and furthermore, two steam cutters fitted with spar torpedoes. The vessels are also armed with a formidable steel knife-edge spur or ram."

THE ALLEGED CANIBALISM.

The more one reads of the supposed canibalism on the part of the survivors of the Greely expedition, the more sickening the whole *exposé* appears; and we are led to believe that a great deal of the ghastly details have been got up for the purpose of creating a sensation which some of the American papers often indulge in. The New York *Times*, we believe, was the first to start the story, and how eagerly it was seized upon by others of the American press and enlarged upon, until quite a sensation was got up, and the poor survivors have had their feelings outraged by these vile sensationists making their future lives miserable. One would think the horrible memory of those scenes of suffering and death are heavy enough burdens for them to bear now in their weak and helpless condition without being tortured with such dreadful revelations as is alleged to have taken place among them. In many perilous positions men have had to resort to revolting diet to sustain life. Let these cormorants put themselves in their position, and would they have acted differently? We trow not. Our sympathies are with the Greely survivors. Their sufferings in the Artic regions ought to have exonerated them from all blame and any reference to the fact just now is nothing less than heartless cruelty.

An experience of a quarter of a century shows that in the range of application to human ills GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR has no equal. It is emphatically a household necessity, and no one having once tried it will willingly be without it.

FOO CHOO, August 26.—The French lost five men in the recent bombardment, including an American pilot, killed on the Volta. There has been a heavy bombardment of the Mingar forts by the French fleet since day break this morning. The forts are believed to have been silenced. No attack has been made on the Kinpai forts.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is very healing and soothing, and does wonders when applied to old sores.

A PLEASANT DAY.

"Herald" Employe's Picnic to Lachute.

We copy from the Montreal *Herald* the following account of their picnic here last Saturday:—

The third annual picnic and games of the employes of THE HERALD took place on Saturday at Lachute. The party, to the number of fully two hundred, left Dalhousie Square depot by special train at 9 a.m. and arrived at their destination some two hours later. The weather was delightfully cool and the country was looking its best. Upon arriving, the holiday seekers sought the recess of an adjacent grove, and made preparations for spending a pleasant day. The grove alluded to is admirably adapted for picnics, being near the village not too thickly wooded and situated near a level field, just the spot for races or games. The first thing attempted was the mid-day meal and fires were lighted at several points for the purpose of boiling water for coffee or tea. After satisfying the pangs of hunger the excursionists dispersed in various directions, some to the village, where dancing was being indulged in in Victoria Hall, others to quoits, while the Committee on Sports and Games began laying out the track for the various contests. A slight rain unfortunately began to fall about this time, causing some of the party to seek the shelter of the village, but this in no way dampened the ardor of the intending competitors. The sky, however, soon cleared up, and with the exception of a heavy shower later in the day was all that could be desired. The party, after spending a most enjoyable afternoon, left Lachute at 8 p.m., arriving in town about 10.30. During the day the village was thoroughly examined, the purposed insane asylum site visited, and Ald. J. C. Wilson's paper mill inspected.

THE RACES.

The races began promptly on time and proved most exciting. Messrs. Hannay and Whitney of THE HERALD, and Mr. Wallace of the *Gazette* acted as judges, and Mr. W. A. Ritchie as starter. The following were the results:—

1. Throwing Light Weight—1st prize, Russian leather wallet, presented by Mr. Geo. Horne; 2nd prize, stereopticon views, presented by Messrs. Hearn & Harrison; S. Read, 1st; James Quinn, 2nd.

2. Running Hop Step and Leap—1st prize, pocket knife presented by Mr. J. N. Genereux; 2nd prize, meerschaum pipe, presented by Mr. C. Buise, William White, 1st.

The second prize in the above event was disputed and will be jumped for on Monday.

3. Running Long Jump—1st prize, set Terra Cotta plaques, presented by Mr. G. W. Clarke; 2nd prize, box of cigars, presented by Mr. J. M. Fortier; Wm. White, 1st; Wm. Lafrance, 2nd.

4. Ladies' Race, (open)—1st prize, silver bracelet; 2nd prize, toilet case; Miss A. Cardinall, 1st; Miss Jessie Elder, 2nd.

5. 100 yards race (in heat)—1st prize, meerschaum pipe, presented by Mr. S. Hyman; 2nd prize, gold locket, presented by Mr. A. Murray; James Quinn 1st; J. Reddy 2nd.

6. Apprentices' race (half mile)—1st prize, cruet stand, presented by Messrs Savage & Lyman; 2nd prize, gold pencil case, presented by Hon. Peter Mitchell; M. McBrearty 1st; John Reddy 2nd.

7. Married men's race (100 yards)—1st prize, caddy tea, presented by Mr. Alex. McGibbon; 2nd prize, silk hat, presented by Messrs. Lorge & Co; J. N. Genereux 1st; Silas Read 2nd.

8. One mile race (open to employes HERALD Printing and Publishing Company)—1st prize, butter cooler, presented by Mr. Henry Hogan; 2nd prize, silver fruit knife, presented by Mr. Thos. J. Potter; John Reddy 1st, M. McBrearty 2nd.

9. Half mile race (open)—1st prize, silver cup, presented by Mr. J. Newton; 2nd prize, half a dozen silver knives, presented by Mr. W. H. Arnton; W. Swails 1st; Knox 2nd.

10. Quoin race—1st prize, silk umbrella, presented by Mr. S. Carsley; 2nd prize, box of cigars, presented by Mr. S. Davis; John Reddy 1st; M. McBrearty 2nd.

11. Journeymen's race (½ mile), open to newsroom—1st prize, composing stick, presented by Mr. W. H. Eaton; 2nd prize, napkin ring, presented by Mr. F. Williams; James Quinn, 1st; John Curley, 2nd.

12. Journeymen's race (½ mile), open to jobroom—Prize, knife and tweezers, presented by Dominion Type Foundry; Henry Cohn.

13. Heads of department's race, 100 yards—1st prize, cruet stand, presented by Mr. John Livingston; 2nd prize, 8 lbs. tea, presented by Mr. E. Pole; J. N. Genereux, 1st; James Hannay, 2nd.

14. Girls' race (under 14)—1st prize, set of water-colors; 2nd prize, photo album; Miss Louisa Read, 1st; Miss Emma Elliott, 2nd.

The following composed the committee: Messrs. C. Beattie, J. Curley, A. Morrell, H. L. Cohn, T. Lamothe and B. Dunlop; J. N. Genereux, treasurer; master of ceremonies, Mr. C. L. Dumoulin. The committee desire to tender additional thanks to the following gentlemen as also to those mentioned above: Messrs. Buntin, Boyd & Co., Messrs. Sparrow and Jacobs, HERALD P. and P. Company, Messrs. D. Rae, jr., P. St. John, J. H. Stewart, C. E. Whitney, P. Henry, T. Waddell, A. Bouthillier, and J. Racine.

That Cemetery Scheme Again.

DEAR MR. WATCHMAN.—

As a case so exactly parallel to ours and bearing out my former assertions in your columns, I cannot resist the temptation of requesting insertion of the enclosed, and would do so without comment further than to draw attention to the similarity of all such transactions in every part of the world, where one authority clashes with another in Madrid even to the supercession of the Royal prerogative by the Church which actually ignored the Royal decree to the detriment of the community at large:

The Burial Question at Madrid.—The Madrid correspondent of the *Journal des Debats* writes that the alarm caused by the appearance of cholera in the south of France has been intensified in the Spanish capital by the dangers arising from the condition of the cemeteries in that city. After the French occupation of Madrid at the begining of the century, two cemeteries were opened, one to the north and the other to the south of the city, but the coffins, instead of being buried in the earth, were placed inside walls built for the purpose of receiving them. In 1831, religious associations called *sacramentales* were formed for opening fresh cemeteries, where the coffins were also deposited in walls above ground, and these cemeteries are now nine in number, exclusive of one reserved entirely for Protestants. Many of these cemeteries which, when first opened were isolated from all buildings, are now surrounded by dwelling-houses, and for some time past the municipality has been anxious to open a large necropolis at some distance from the city. The ecclesiastical authorities, however, which derive large profits from the existing cemeteries, have opposed the scheme in the most uncompromising manner, and though the decree for closing the latter was signed a year ago by the King, it has not yet been put in force.

What concerns us, under similar circumstances, is the fearful risk we are subjected to, should Cholera, of which we fear so much at present, or other epidemic visit us with a seething graveyard in our very midst, pouring forth its pestilential exhalations far enough to strike even such as considered themselves at a safe distance when they thoughtlessly sold their land for so pernicious a purpose.

It is worthy of note that a few months ago our Village was so healthy that one of three medical gentlemen found it necessary "to seek for distant fields and pastures new" But as "coming events cast their shadows before" no sooner was this cemetery affair supposed to be an *fait accompli* than his place was filled by another in a full belief in the "good time coming" for his profession! I leave your readers to draw the inference, but verily the medico is wise in his generation.

I hope I have not trespassed too much upon your valuable space upon this *grave* subject, and am yours truly

A. MCINTOSH.

St. Andrews, Que., 25th August, 1884.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THE number for September opens with a timely and able article on "The Presidential Canvass of 1884," with nine illustrations, including portraits of the candidates, etc. Norton Rutherford has an interesting article, "Across the Pampas," with eight illustrations. Duyckinck's "New York After the Revolution" (nine illustrations). "Hunting an Empire's Ghost," by Alfred Trumble (illustrated); "The Scientific Schools of the United States," by E. J. Hallock, Ph. D. (twelve illustrations); and "Chamouni" by Frederick Daniel (illustrated), are noteworthy features of the number. The departments of Fiction, Sketches, Adventures, etc., contain contributions by H. Cleveland Ward, Annie Thomas, E. V. Hastings, etc. Etta W. Pierce continues her deeply interesting serial, "A Dark Deed." The poems are by Mrs. Dennison and others. There are also a large variety of short articles, anecdotes, paragraphs, etc; over 100 illustrations, and a beautiful colored frontispiece, "The Bitter with the Sweet." The 128 quarto pages of valuable and delightful reading are sold for 25 cents; yearly subscription $2.50, postpaid MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

A FATAL FALL.

ST. JOHN, N. B., August 22.—Rev. John Boyd, Presbyterian minister, of Bass River, was killed the night before last near that place. He was driving over Murphy's bridge when his horse took fright and backed over the bridge. Medical aid was summoned, but he expired in about two hours. The fall was about twenty feet. Mr. Boyd leaves a wife and two little ones. It was over this same bridge that Donald McKendry met his death in a similar manner a few years ago.

THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

Text of the Privy Council decision—The boundary as defined.

TORONTO, August 29.—The text of the decision of the Privy Council in the Ontario boundry dispute is published. After reciting the special case submitted for adjudication, the judges of the judicial committee recommend:—

"1. That legislation by the Dominion of Canada as well as by the Province of Ontario was necessary to give binding effect as against the Dominion and the Province to the award of the 3rd of August, 1878, and that as no such legislation has taken place, the award is not binding.

"2. That nevertheless, their lordships and so much of the boundary lines laid down by that award as relate to the territory now in dispute between the Province of Ontario and the Province of Manitoba to be substantially correct and in accordance with the conclusion which their lordships have drawn from the evidence laid before them.

"That upon the evidence their lordships find the true boundary between the western part of the Province of Ontario and the southeastern part of the Province of Manitoba to be so much of a line drawn to the Lake of the Woods, through the waters eastward of that and west of Long Lake which divide British North America from the territory of the United States, and thence through the Lake of the Woods to the most northwestern point of that lake as runs northward from the United States boundary and from the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods a line drawn due north until it strikes the middle line of the course of the river discharging the waters of the lake called Lac Seul or the Lonely Lake, whether above or below its confluence with the stream flowing from the Lake of the Woods towards Lake Winnipeg, and their lordships find the true boundary between the same two provinces to the north of Ontario and to the south of Manitoba, proceeding eastward from the point at which the below-mentioned line strikes the middle line of the course of the river last aforesaid to be along the middle line of the course of the same river (whether called by the name of the English River or as to the part below the confluence by the name of the River Winnipeg) up to Lac Seul or the Lonely Lake, and thence along the middle line of Lac Seul or the Lonely Lake to the head of that lake, and thence by a straight line to the nearest point of the middle line of the waters of Lake St. Joseph, and thence along that middle line until it reaches the foot or outlet of that lake, and thence along the middle line of the river by which the waters of Lake St. Joseph discharge themselves, until it reaches a line due north from a line drawn due north from the confluence of the Rivers Mississippi and Ohio which forms the boundary eastward of the Province of Manitoba.

"3. That without expressing an opinion as to the sufficiency or otherwise of concurrent legislation of the provinces of Ontario and Manitoba, and of the Dominion of Canada (if such legislation should take place), their lordships think it desirable and most expedient that an imperial act of parliament should be passed to make this decision binding and effectual.

Her Majesty having taken the said report into consideration, was pleased by and with her Privy Council to approve thereof and to order as is hereby ordered that the same be punctually observed, obeyed and carried into execution. Whereof the Governor-General of the Dominion, the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Ontario and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Manitoba, and all other persons whom it may concern, are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

The Tea and Foreign Trade.

"The tea trade will not be seriously affected by the war," said one of the largest importers in New York in an interview. "All the high priced, best grade teas have been shipped, so that their season is over. The best teas all come early in the season—during April, May and June. All these cargoes have been forwarded, and if they have not all arrived have nearly reached here. The cargoes of Chinese teas are generally shipped from Shanghai and Hong Hong. Hong Kong is a British port, and could not be blockaded in any event. I doubt very much if a blockade of Shanghai would be permitted by England and America, even if Franc desired it or if China could not prevent it. It is not at all certain that the Chinese navy will not be able to give France all she can do. Our private advices from there are to the effect that China has some of the very finest ironclads afloat of their size. The shipment of lower grade teas, being those which are the last to arrive on this side, may be delayed, and the probability is that the prices of all teas will go up. The war may not really affect our China trade, but it will doubtless be made a pretext to advance the prices of all merchandise imported from China."

"What other articles are brought from China by American vessels or to American ports?"

"Raw silk, petroleum, and gunnies, after tea, from the principal imports. Our exports consist of cotton, prints and flour for the most part. I don't believe either our import or export trade will suffer by the war. It is too soon to make any positive predictions, however."

A New York shipping merchant in the China trade said that from present appearances he thought the interference to trade between this country and China would be inconsiderable. The French would find it almost impossible to blocade some portions of the China coast, and the commerce of neutral powers might be rather benefited than otherwise.

The Garden of Eden.

Gan-Edan, an enclosed garden, from the Greek "gan" to protect or defend, and "oden" or eden, pleasure or delight—or Paradise, is supposed by some to have been situated in Persia; by others Armenia; and by others, Chaldea, on the north of the Persian Gulf near the present Bassorah, the Euphrates dividing there into four streams, in the manner mentioned in holy writ. Buckingham tells us that the people of Damascus believe implicitly that the site of Paradise was at El Mezey, near that city, now a favorite place of recreation of the Turks. The waters of the Tege and Barrady, which supply numerous fountains of Damascus, divide there into four streams, and these they suppose to be the four rivers of Moses. The inhabitants of Ceylon say that Paradise was placed in their country, and, according to the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, they still point out Adam's bridge and Abel's tomb. Sir Alexander Johnston informs us that they also point out as the tree which bore the forbidden fruit, the Divi Sadner, or *Taber montana alternifolia* of botanists. For confirmation of this tradition, they refer to the beauty of the fruit, and the fine scent of the flowers, both of which are most tempting. The shape of the fruit gives the idea of a piece having been bitten off; and the inhabitants say that it was excellent before Eve ate of it, though it is now poisonous. Many other fanciful opinions have been given respecting the site of Paradise, and a Swedish professor in the seventeenth century wrote a book to prove it was in Sweden.—*London*.

Human Flesh for Bait.

New York, August 23.—Commander Schley said yesterday that he was positively of the opinion that the flesh which was removed from the bodies of the Greely men was simply used for the purpose of catching shrimps.

A common cold should not be neglected Downs' Elixir will cure it.

THE DEATH ROLL.

LONDON, August 25.—Lord Odo Russell, the British Ambassador at Berlin, is dead.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 25.—Dr. John C. Waters died to-day at St. Vincent's Hospital. He was chief of the Fenian organization, having succeeded James Stephens as head centre.

The Cheapest and best Reapers in the market are to be had at

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

REAPERS
4 KINDS,

MOWERS
3 KINDS,

RAKES
5 KINDS,

These machines are selected from the best makes in the Dominion, and take the lead wherever they have been introduced.

As our business demands our full attention we do not intend to go out canvassing. But will give our customers the benefit of the usual commission paid agents, which enables us to sell at prices which defy competition. Call and see the different machines. REPAIRS a specialty.

Lachute, May 4th, 1884.

McOUAT & McRAE.

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EXTRAVAGANT INDULGENCES.

MEN give so much sometimes for their indulgences, they have nothing for the cause of God and religion. Twenty-two million dollars expended in this country a year for religious purposes; but what are twenty-two millions expended for religion compared with the ninety-five millions expended on cigars and tobacco and the one thousand five hundred millions of dollars spent for rum, accursed rum! So a man who had a fortune of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or what amounted to that, in London, spent it all in indulgences, chiefly in gluttonies, and sent hither and yon for all the delicacies, and often had a meal that would cost one or two hundred dollars for himself. Then he was reduced to one guinea, with which he bought a rare bird, had it cooked in best style, ate it, took two hours for digestion, walked out to Westminster Bridge and jumped into the Thames. On a large scale what men are doing on a small scale. Let us take our stand against the extravagances of society. Do not pay for things that are frivolous when you may lack the necessities. Do not put one month's wages or salary into a trinket, just one trinket. Keep your credit good by seldom asking for any. Pay! Do not starve a whole year to afford one Belshazzar's carnival. Do not buy a coat of many colors and then in six months be out at the elbows. Flourish not, as some people I have known who took apartments at a fashionable hotel and had elegant drawing-rooms attached and then vanished in the night, not even leaving their compliments for the landlord. In the day of God's judgment we will not only have to give an account for the way we made our money, but for the way we spent it. We have got to leave all the things that surround us now. Alas! if any of you in the dying hour feel like the dying actress who asked that the casket of jewels be brought to her, and then turned them over with her pale hand, and said: "Alas! that I have to leave you so soon." Better in that hour have one treasure of heaven than the bridal trousseau of Marie Antoinette, or to have been seated with Caligula at a banquet which costs its thousands of dollars, or to have been carried to our last resting-place with senators and princes as pall-bearers. They that consecrate their wealth, their time, their all, to God, shall be held in everlasting rememberance, while I have the authority of the Bible for announcing that the name of the wicked shall rot.—DR. TALMAGE, *in Frank Leslie's* SUNDAY MAGAZINE *for September*.

NANAIMO AND ESQUIMALT RAILWAY.

The Victoria B. C., *Standard*, of the 7th instant, makes the following announcement:—"In conversation with Mr. R. Dunsmuir, M. P. P., yesterday, President of the Esquimalt-Nanaimo Railway Company, we learned that on or about the 20th January next the first cargo of rails for the line is expected to arrive from England, and it is anticipated that fully 20 miles of the road will be graded by that time and ready for laying the rails from Nanaimo towards Esquimalt. Whilst the construction of the line has been somewhat procrastinated it will be news to many to learn that the company mean business and that the fish plates and rivets will cement and fasten the iron bonds between Esquimalt and Nanaimo more firmly than ever."

INDIANS AND HUNTERS.

A Desperate Struggle—The Redskins Beaten Off.

Winnipeg, Man., August 22.—On the banks of the Red river, a mile below the city, Monday evening, four white men crossed the river to shoot. They were attacked by a party of Indians with knives and clubs. One of the whites raised his gun to fire, when an Indian rushed upon him and seized the gun. A terrible struggle ensued, during which the gun went off and its contents were lodged in the Indian's stomach. The fight then became general, the white men clubbing their guns, and the Indians using their knives freely. One of the latter overpowered the man whose gun had gone off, and with upraised knife was kneeling over him, when a white man felled the redskin to the ground with a blow from his gun. Finally the savages were forced to retire. The whites regained their boats and started for the city. A posse of police went after the Indians, and after scouring the woods all night found the dead body of the one who had been shot. The white men received some ugly wounds and one of them is in a dangerous condition.

DR. CHALMERS, a truly devout man, tells us that once, at a nobleman's house, he spent an evening with various friends, and talked over the question of the cause and cure of pauperism—a subject most suitable for conversation. An aged Highland chieftain among the company listened with great attention to the doctor, for Chalmers was master of the subject. Surely they had not spent the evening amiss: but in the night an unusual noise was heard, and a heavy groan. The chieftain was dying. In a few minutes he was dead, and Dr. Chalmers stood over him the picture of distress. "Alas," he cried, "had I known that my friend was within a few minutes of eternity I would have preached to you Christ Jesus and him crucified." With how much more reason may many Christians repent of their conversation!—*Spurgeon*.

FOR THE LADIES.

The little Princess Mercedes, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Spain, and called after his first wife, is much admired and talked about. She is said to be like her mother, Queen Christina. The Princess appears daily in public, and when her outriders are seen in the streets or public promenades every one stops to get a glimpse of the pretty little thing. Summer and winter she wears pure white, and even the small chair which is fixed upon the seat of her carriage is covered with white satin upholstery. Her equerry always rides beside the carriage door, and her governess, the Duchess of Medina de las Torres, is seated beside her on the left. Her nurse is an English woman.

A DRESSY WALKING COSTUME.

A rather dressy walking costume is made of fine silver grey mohair, embroidered in front with steel beads, and bordered by a bias band of steel grey moire. The skirt is flat in front, but very full in the back and mounted in large pleats falling straight down. The Louis XV. corsage of mohair is embroidered with steel beads in front, and open over a waistcoat of gray moire. The back terminates in coat-tails with reverse of moire, ornaments of steel bead embroidery being placed at the edge of the basques; the collar and parements are of grey moire. It will of course, be understood that the large pleats at the back, taking the place of puffed drapery, are fastened underneath and kept in place by tapes or elastic

LATEST HAT STYLES.

Black chip hat, with fancy edging of black and velvet and gold and chenille cord at edge. A band of fancy gold and black chenille braid encircles the crown. A panache of black ostrich tips at front with fancy gold ornamental dagger pin.

Bonnet of grey straw, trimmed with ribbon of a shade or two darker, and ornamented with clusters of small red flowers and foliage.

Round crown straw hat of light beige shade, bound at edge with velvet to match, and trimmed with bows of drab silk and satin mushrooms.

Straw hat of ecru shade, bound with garnet velvet and surrounded with a scarf of gauze of garnet silk and gold thread mixture. Ornament of fancy yellow grass and feathers, with loop bows of straw braid to match body of hat.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

Queen Olga, of Greece, I also saw at the Vienna Exhibition, as well as afterwards. I was in Athens, and she is one of the handsomest women I have ever seen, queen or otherwise. She is rather tall, most exquisitely built, with small hands and feet, thick dark hair, large brown eyes, with eyelashes that are simply wonderful, and with a pure, creamy complexion as rare as it is beautiful. She is very fond of horseback ridding and looks well in the saddle, but I love her best when with her children or with ladies. She is irresistibly lovely and charming then. It is but fair to say that she is adored by her husband and her people. She is fond of knitting lacework, such as is done in Turkey, and giving it to ladies who please her in any way.—*Olive Harper*.

A Valuable Find.

Mr. Isac Brown, of Bothwell, declares that he found one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters worth $50 to him. It cured him of Salt Rheum from which he had suffered years after other treatment had failed to relieve.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

If possible, get every one to take some part. If the experienced ones are brief, there will be time for all, and the timid ones will not feel that in offering a few simple words of prayer they are laying down a copper coin beside the golden contribution of another. No Christian can come with the purpose of being a mere spectator, without doing a wrong to the Church and to himself. That each one should give according as God hath prospered him, is the true rule for the prayer meeting no less than for the contribution box. Are you self-distrustful and shrinking? Do not think you must say some great thing; say some little thing you believe and feel. If you only knew how much it would cheer your pastor; how much it would lift the meeting out of its well-worn track! At least bring a verse of Scripture or of a hymn. Who knows but that the stripling with his smooth stone in the sling may fell some giant that was assailing another's soul and had not been vanquished by all the hosts of the Church? It is a deplorable spiritual waste that the voices of ladies are seldom heard in some prayer meetings. They who are the life of other social gatherings, why should they be silent in the social meetings of the Church? I cannot doubt that often, when in the midst of more extended utterances, the voice of a few short, even trembling sentences, the Lord who sits over against the treasury says tenderly that she "hath cast in more than they all."—*Advance*.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for the small price of 25 cents, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.

The Winnipeg *Sun* says of the Minister of Public Works, now in the Northwest:—"Sir Hector, the most painstaking and industrious of ministers, will be welcomed to the Northwest by all classes of the population. He is not coming here on a political crusade but on a tour of inspection, and his visit cannot fail to benefit both him and us."

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$0 57
Cabbage, per doz, 30 to 40c.	
Cauliflower, "	0 90
Carrots, two bunches	0 05
Onions, " "	0 05
Cucumbers per doz 1 to 12c.	
Green Corn per doz	0 11
Eggs, " dozen	0 16
Butter, 17 to 18cts. per lb.	
Cheese, per lb	0 10
Section Honey, 1½ lb	0 25
Strained Honey, per lb.	0 15
Spring Chickens 30cts. to 40cts. per pair	
Fowls from 40cts. to 50cts. " "	
Pork " $7.50 to $8 per hundred.	
Oats, per bushel	0 40
Flour, per 100 lbs $4.30 to $2.80 (Selling Price)	
Oatmeal, " "	2 60
Wheat, "	1 20
Hay per ton	$6 to $7

St. Andrews Advetisements

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,

ST. ANDREWS, P. Q.

Carpenters, Joiners and Undertakers. Coffins and Caskets always on hand—cheaper than anywhere else in the Dominion.

SPRING STOCK.

WE have now received our NEW SPRING STOCK of MILLINERY in all the new styles. Also Montreal Trimmed Hats and Bonnets on hand. New stock of MANTLE AND DRESS TRIMMINGS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c.

JACKETS & DOLMANS made to order.

J. & A. LOWE

EAST END, LACHUTE.

Farmers, Threshers,

AND ALL

USING MACHINERY

SHOULD USE THE CELEBRATED

LARDINE MACHINE OIL,

IT DOES NOT

GUM OR CLOG

LIKE

SEAL OIL,

and contains no substance injurious to any kind of Machinery.

ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

FOR SALE IN

LACHUTE,

By the Leading Merchants.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY

McCall Bros. & Co.

Toronto.

49-4m.

WANTED

A TEACHER to teach in No. 1 School Morin, one with a first class Deploma preferred. Apply to,

Wm. BURNS,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Morin Flats.

49-4m.

Lachute Marble Works.

MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES in American Marble and Scotch and Canadian Granite. Parties wanting work done in my line will find it to their advantage to call and see samples. Good work, moderate prices. Lettering done on standing monuments and headstones.

GEORGE L. MOIR,
Proprietor.

Lachute, April 25, 1884.

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.

R. G. MEIKLE.

Lachute, April 30th, 1884. 35-tf

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

Watchmaker and Photographer,

Main Street, Lachute.

H. C. HOWARD, Notary has received from the Crown Lands Department, Plans and Books of Reference of the Parish of St. Andrews and Township of Chatham.

Clients can now obtain descriptions of lands at his office. Obviate preliminary search at Registry Office. 51-2m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Fall Dress Goods—S. Carsley.

LOCAL.

Now is the time for bargains in Reapers. Call and see the celebrated Massey Harvester, New Canadian Reaper, Sawyer Reaper, Low Down Binder, at Victoria Foundry.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the toilet.

"Our Little Ones" for September is received, the contents noted, and will be eagerly devoured by the "Little Folks." The embellishments are good. Send for copy to the Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

WORMS often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system.

After the frost of Sunday night we have had changeable weather. It rained on Monday night, and on Tuesday the weather became warm again with occasional showers during the day.

A CRYING EVIL—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

Our Presbyterian friends held their annual Sabbath School Picnic on Mr. Drennan's farm this year. The day was fine, and the children and their friends enjoyed themselves to the full. The 11th Battallion Brass Band was in attendance.

The Fruits of Folly.

Eating green apples, cucumbers and unripe fruits generally, may be so termed. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all Summer Complaints.

Mr. John Livingston, editor-in-chief of the *Herald*, and family, paid us a friendly visit on Saturday. We also had a visit to our office from several of the *Herald* hands, and are pleased to learn that they returned home highly delighted with their visit to Lachute.

Strong Adjectives.

"It sells immensely, in fact it has the largest sale of any patent medicine in Summer," says J. F Smith, druggist, Dunville, of Fowler's Wild Strawberry. The great remedy for Summer Complaints.

Garden Social.—The garden social of the Ladies of the Methodist Church held in Mr. Barron's grove yesterday was a great success. The day was all that could be desired. The attendance large, and all seemed to enjoy themselves if we may judge from their happy faces.

Not Bad.

It is so agreeable that even an infant will take it. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, asthma and bronchitis, Hayard's Pectoral Balsam is reliable for young or old.

Piscatorial.—Miss Emma Christie, daughter of Dr. Thos. Christie, went out fishing in a boat on Monday morning last, and while trolling near Power's bridge, North river, caught a maskinonge which weighed 17¾ lbs., shortly after she hooked another big fellow which broke her line and got off. There has been some large fish taken out of the North river this season, and the supply seems exaustless, judging from the quantity fished out of it.

Husband and Wife.

Mr. James More and wife, well known in Leamington, were both chronic sufferers from dyspepsia that the best medical aid failed to relieve. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured both husband and wife.

Mr. Campbell, Lachute Mills, is now busy day and night manufacturing Flour for the farmers and find their wheat far superior to any he has manufactured for them for a number of years owing to the superior seed sold by him last spring.

Frost.—What a change was experienced here inside of forty-eight hours. The mercury fell from 90 in the shade on Friday, to freezing point on Sunday night, doing great damage to melons, cucumbers and tomatoes. The berometer kept rising all day Saturday, and we had one or two smart showers in the afternoon—the wind veering to the North-west, and continued to grow colder all day Sunday, compelling people to clothe themselves in warmer garments, and to seek the fire. On Monday morning our "devil" was ordered to put a fire in the stove the office being too cold for the men to work in their shirt-sleeves.

NATIONAL PILLS is the favorite purgative and anti-billious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

Incorporation.—We are glad to learn that there is a prospect at last of Lachute being incorporated. Those who have hitherto oppossed it, now see the necessity for it. The proposition, as we understand it, is to have Lachute incorporated as a town or city and divided into three wards, East, Centre and West, each ward having three representatives, the Mayor being elected by the people. This will necessitate the erection of a lock-up and the establishment of a small police force to look after the lawless. By judicious management the taxes need be increased but little, while the benefit of incorporation to the people of the town will be incalculable.

Warning.

The most suddenly fatal diseases of Summer and Fall are the various forms of Bowel Complaints which Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will promptly remedy.

Presentation.—Last Friday evening being the Twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. S. McKimmie's marriage day, a few friends met at his house. After a very sumptuous Tea, the Revd. Mr. Mackie, who married them, addressed the parties in an appropriate manner—presenting Mr. McKimmie with a very handsome Silver Watch, Albert Chain and Locket as a Testimonial of his faithful services in the First Presbyterian Church; also to Mrs. McKimmie a set of silver knives. Other friends presented Napkin rings and Spoons as a mark of respect and esteem. Mr. McKimmie made a suitable reply, expressing his surprise and appreciation of the kindness of his friends, and thanking all, both present and absent.

Great reduction in Flour at Lachute Flour Mills:

No. 1 Flour per hundred lbs	......	$2.80
Manitoba Bread Flour	" "	2.30
Oatmeal from (new oats)	" "	2.60
Buckwheat Flour	" "	2.25
Feed per hundred lbs, from $1.20 to $1.40.		

P. Campbell.

☞ Be sure and attend the Concert in Victoria Hall this evening of the 11th Battalion. We expect to see a large crowd.

Indian Braves for Egypt.—The notification that the British government required the services of fifty Indian river men for the Khartoum relief expedition was received with enthusiasm at Caughnawaga, and among the younger men of the tribe numbers expressed their desire to accept the government's offer.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—The Ashantees want their country annexed to the English possessions.

—Stanley urges Germany to recognize the Congo as an independent state.

—Seven thousand British troops sail for Egypt this week.

—Mrs. O'Sullivan, of Lorette, presented her husband with three children on Sunday.

—The cholera or some other equally fatal disease is cutting off the followers of the Mahdi at the rate of thirty per day.

—The French transport Areyron with troops for the East, has been wrecked at Cape Gardafui.

—I. D. Edgar, Reformer, was elected to the House of Commons by acclamation on Friday last.

—J. Campbell, of Mitchell made a run on his bycicle from Trenton to Kingston, a distance of sixty miles in six hours.

—The Northwest will have 6,000,000 bushels of wheat for export this year. Canada will have little or none to export.

—The banquet at the Windsor on Tuesday evening, given by the Montreal Medical profession in honor of the Canada Medical Association, proved a great success.

—Previous to Sir Leonard Tilley leaving England for Canada the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce entertained him to dinner at the Adelphia Hotel.

—The Royal Society of Canada will present an appropriate address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science early next week.

—Frost seems to have been very general in the New England States on Sunday night, considerable damage to the crops being reported.

—In the province of Cuneo, Italy, there have been sixty fatal cases of cholera. In Toulon the panic has revived and the return of fugitives has stopped.

—General Wolseley proceeds to Egypt immediately to assume commanded. The French consul at Khartoum has been ordered to remain there even if Gordon returns with the expedition.

—Mr. S. W. Wilson, formerly of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and late organist of Christ Church, Toronto, has been appointed organist of St. Andrew's Church, Perth.

—A bush fire broke out at Mississippi on Thursday of last week, and is said to be raging fiercely. It began near McLaren's mill, and but a short distance from where the last disastrous blaze was discovered.

—The Baptist convention of the Maritime Provinces are considering an overture from the Canada Baptist Union looking to closer relations between the two bodies.

—The Renfrew Sons of Temperance have at present in contemplation a mammoth demonstration picnic, to take place in September. Addresses by some of the most prominent orators of the province will be delivered.

—Mr. James Stewarts' new paper is to be called the Montreal *Times*. In politics it will be Liberal with sufficient independence to applaud a good policy, even if it be one enunciated and advocated by the Conservatives.

—The following members of the Royal Society have the honour to occupy the prominent positions of Vice-Presidents of sections of the British Association: Dr. Dawson, Dr. Sterry Hunt, Dr. Chauveau, Dr. Wilson, Mr. LeMoine and one or two others.

—The troubles in Zululand loom up again through the action of the Boers in cajoling Cetswayo's and Dirizula, and getting his sanction as a proclamation of a Dutch republic. The situation is really more threatening than ever since the Transvaal war.

—Mr. Mackenzie and party travelled by special train on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Port Arthur to Winnipeg, and from Winnipeg to the Rockies on Mr. Van Horne's private car. Mr. Mackenzie has telegraphed to the President of the Company his congratulations on the wonderful work accomplished.

—A brisk gale blew over the bay and lake on Saturday afternoon, capsizing several small craft and sail boats. The propeller Alma Munro picked up a capsized sail boat about five miles off Scarboro Heights. It bore the name Ada May. Nothing has been heard of its occupants.

—Ireland is reaping a considerable harvest from tourists, who have been frightened away from the continent by the cholera scare. The crops in Ireland are said to be superb, and more noblemen and other rich landlords are spending the autumn on their Irish estates than during many years past. This materially improves business of all kinds.

—The bitterness against the Jews in Russia is increasing. An outbreak occurred at Kutais owing to a report that the Jews had stolen a Christian child. The mob assaulted the Jewish quarters and made threats of a general massacre. The rioters only desisted when the child was found. Further outrages are feared.

—Admiral Courbet, commander of the French fleet bombarded Foo Choo on Saturday, destroying the arsenal and sinking seven Chinese gunboats. No surrender accepted by the French Admiral, the fight was simply a slaughter. Bismark, it is said, has offered his mediation between France and China, and will likely be accepted.

—On July 12th the Germans took possession of the Cameroon River, Upper Guinea, and adjoining country. This aroused great dissatisfaction among the English traders, who think England should have taken the river years ago. On the 25th the British consul held a meeting of the local kings and chiefs, who signed a treaty placing themselves and their dominons under British protection.

—Lord Melgund arrived in Ottawa on Saturday. His visit is caused by the decision of the imperial government to enlist the services of Canadian voyageurs in the Khartoum relief expedition. The great services rendered by the Canadian boatmen on the Red River expedition and their peculiar adaptiveness to the duties required on the Nile, has probably caused the British government to endeavour to obtain their services. An engagement has been entered into with Mr. J. T. Lambert a well known Ottawa lumber man, for securing the services of six hundred men, and they will leave for England immediately.

—Mr. B. Chamberlain, Queen's Printer, will leave for Washington in the course of a few days to investigate the system of the government printing there for the purpose of making a report on the subject. He will be accompanied by Mr. J. Blackburn of the London *Free Press*, and another gentleman, probably Mr. George E. Desbarats, of Montreal. Mr. Chamberlain has already been in correspondence with the printing bureau at Washington and parties in England, France and Germany, and has collected a great deal of useful information as to the matter in which the public printing of those countries is done.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The heart of a Greenland whale is three feet in diameter.

A Paris paper is authority for a story that a Franco-German alliance has been formed.

General Gordon is reported to have gained a victory over the Soudanese on the 11th inst.

The French in Tonquin are reported to have been attacked and defeated by a large Chinese force.

The Chinese forts at Foo Choo are reported to be still holding out against the attack of the French fleet.

Wolseley's appointment to the command of the Khartoum expedition is well received by the London newspapers.

The Northern Pacific offers to carry grain from Washington Territory to Liverpool or Glasgow for $15.60 a ton.

The loss of the French at the bombardment of Foo Choo is officially stated at six men killed and twenty-seven wounded.

The codfish over the speaker's chair in the State house in Boston was placed there in 1784.

They have found petroleum in Palermo so pure that it can be burned in lamps without artificial refining.

There is great joy in Maryland over the discovery of the dies of the seal of the State of 1658—Lord Baltimore's great seal.

A factory in Holyoke, Mass., makes 1,300,000 envelopes daily. One at Waterville, Me, makes 409 miles of yarn a minute.

During the first twenty-four weeks of the present year the eighteen chief English railroads earned almost exactly a million a week.

For the first time since the reign of James II, a Roman Catholic priest will sit in the House of Lords, in the person of Lord Petre.

Hoe, the inventor, hopes soon to give the public an invention in the way of a photographic press that will turn out 900,000 papers an hour.

By a new electric headlight for locomotives, thirty-three telegraph poles can be counted ahead of the engine on a dark night. Thirty-three poles cover about one mile.

A new zoologic curiosity in Baltimore is an Australian fish called the goby. It is said to climb or jump out of its aquarium and to crawl with great ease for several hours upon terra firma.

James Walkinson, of Delhi, who is a considerable of a scientist, recently committed suicide by a very ingenious method. He drank half a quart of fluid dynamite and then swallowed a seidlitz powder.

The Astors own certainly a sixteenth of the real estate of New York. And they are the very best of landlords. Their prices are moderate, and they never refuse any reasonable demand for repairs.

A West Somerset, England, jury is said to have returned the verdict. "Died by the hereditary visitation of God," in the case of a man who had broken his neck when drunk, and whose grandfather had met with a like mishap.

At Gloucester, N. J., a pear tree is still bearing fruit that was brought in a flower pot from England in 1697, by Captain Samuel Harrison and planted in his garden. Captain Harrison's father was put to death as one of the regicides, during the reign of Charles II.

Mr. Thomas Conroy is a hard working shoemaker in Tanner's Falls, Pa., who in fulfilment of a vow, for twenty-six years has refused to touch a fortune of £5,000 and accumulated interest awaiting him in Dublin, Ireland, until his relatives shall apologize for having erroneously accused him of sympathy with the Molly Maguire organization.

There is hardly ever a complete silence in our souls. God is whispering to us well nigh incessantly. Whenever the sounds of the world die out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear these whisperings of God. He is always whispering to us, only we do not always hear, because of the noise, hurry and distraction which life causes as it rushes on.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

FIRST IMPORTATION
—OF—
FALL DRESS GOODS.

Just received special line of—

NEW ALL-WOOL FRENCH SERGE SHADES assorted as follows:—

TEN SHADES OF GRENAT.
EIGHT SHADES OF OLIVE.
SEVEN SHADES OF NAVY.
SEVEN SHADES OF NEW-BROWN.
THREE SHADES OF MYRTLE GREEN.
SIX SHADES OF CLARET.
TWO SHADES OF PRUNE.
SIX SHADES OF BRONZE.
TWO SHADES OF PETUNIA.
TWO SHADES OF CARDINAL.
&c., &c., &c.,

This New All-Wool French Serge will be sold at 25c per yard.

S. CARSLEY.

CHEAP LOT!

Just received splendid lot of new CHECKED HOME SPUN, well assorted in shades, to be sold at 15c per yard, worth 20c.

S. CARSLEY.

CHEAP LOT!

Just received special lot of NEW GRANITE CLOTH, in all the leading shades, worth 15c, to be sold at 12½c per yard.

S. CARSLEY.

CHEAP LOT!

Just received beautiful line of new ALL-WOOL FOULE CLOTH SERGE, in all the most desirable shades for Ladies' Fall Costumes to be sold at extraordinary low rates.

S. CARSLEY.

More New Colored Cashmere.

S. CARSLEY
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775 and 1777.
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

About Pot-Pies.

Ed'r Prairie Farmer.—Pot-pies are always a great favorite with all, and especially with the children. As for the meats, of course nothing is better than good tender chicken; but veal and lamb, and even beef are very palatable when well cooked and properly seasoned. Cut the chicken up as for stewing or fricasse, and the lamb or veal in the same way. The crusts should be made thinner than for soda biscuit, and dropped from a spoon in round balls; they can be of light bread or biscuit dough. Grease the bottom of the steamer and place these balls on it, not too near each other, so they can have room to swell, and also admit among them the steam from the cooking meat below. Care is needed to prevent the liquor from getting too low, as it is to be nicely thickened and seasoned, and poured over the dish when served. First take out the meat and place it in the center of the platter, and put the dumplings or crust as a garnish around the outside. With the meat properly cooked and seasoned, and the crust as light as a puff, it is a dish that the most fastidious can hardly fail to enjoy

British Association.—A few of the members of the British Association of Science, including Messrs. Byron and Law, England; E. R Clark, Chicago, and J. H Panton, Winnipeg, arrived in Calgary last week and camped at Shagginappi Point, where they made a collection of leaf, clam and shell fossils. They left on Saturday for Laggan, where they will remain for a week. Returning east, they will explore Irvine Ravine at Medicine Hat, where Prof. Panton discovered some fine specimens of reptiles last year. We understand that this is only the advance guard, and that 150 members of the association are expected in a short time.—*Calgary Herald.*

The Wesley Family.—There are Wesleys living now of whom the world hears but little, but they are true to the family reputation. One of these is Rev. Charles Wesley, a clergyman of the Church of England, one of the two clerical sons of the late distinguished musical composer and organist, Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley. For some time, Rev. Charles Wesley, who is great-grandson of the poet of Methodism, has been acting as minister in a Lancashire parish, where the vicar was suspended and ultimately deprived of the living. Mr. Wesley's services as *locum tenens* were most acceptable to the parishioners, all of whom expected that the living would be given to him. The patron, however, gave it to another, and the people were sorely disappointed. One gentleman sent for Mr. Wesley, and told him how much they were disappointed; and on parting placed a small roll in Mr. Wesley's hand and a note. On opening the roll, he found it to contain in Bank of England notes £4,000 (value $20,000), and the note informed him that he was to purchase a living, and should there be with it an unfurnished parsonage, the kind donor promised $5,000 more to furnish the same. I have this fact privately from his aunt, Miss Wesley, with whom I spent an evening recently. The Wesley family is still watched over by Divine Providence.

FROST & WOOD'S DAISY REAPER!

THIS unique Machine is a *model of neatness and simplicity, lightness and strength.* It is, as will be seen from the skeleton cut, a single wheel self-raking reaper, cutting five feet wide, and weighing but 700 pounds. *The main wheel is large, insuring smooth running and easy draft* on rough or soft land, and, being on a line with the small grain wheel, gives a *centre cut*, and enables it to turn and back as easily as a cart. Both ends of the Cutter Bar *can be raised or lowered at the same instant*, by one lever, operated by the driver with ease while the machine is in motion; and by a *second lever* the guards can be *tilted* up or down to suit every variety of surface or condition of crop, no matter how fallen or tangled. This insures *clean cutting* every time.

The *tripping devices* are exceedingly simple and easily understood, while the operator can regulate the size of bundles to suit the grain.

Several hundreds of them have been at work through the trying harvest of 1883 with the most marvelous success, and we therefore offer it to the public as a thoroughly tested machine, that we can fully warrant. The common remark made on first witnessing it at work was, *"Well, she is a Daisy!"* We hope that it will always be found like its floral namesake—the simplest and daintiest flower of the field.

Call and see sample.

ALEX. LARMONTH, *Foundry Street, Lachute.*

ALWAYS BUSY
AT THE
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
ST. ANDREWS.

WHY?

Because at WALE'S you find the best assortment and the prices are right.

C. T. WALES & Co.
ST. ANDREWS.

C. T. Wales & Co., are agents for the "Adams & Westlake" Oil Stoves.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1293, as per cadastral plan, on Main St., with double tenement house, shop and outbuildings.

The above corner lot is one of the best business stands in the village, being in close proximity to the new mills being erected by Messrs. Campbell & McKenzie. Apply to

R. G. MEIKLE.

BANKRUPT STOCK.

IN ORDER to clear out the balance of Bankrupt Stock purchased at Auction a few days ago, special inducements will be offered for the next 30 days.

A good stock of SCYTHES to select from at 20 per cent. off on regular prices.

GRIND STONES,
SCYTHE STONES,
HORSE POKES &c., at special prices.

A large stock of BOOTS & SHOES at from 10 to 50 per cent. off on regular prices.

A fine brown SUGAR of 15lbs for $100.

Now is your chance—make hay while the sun shines. All goods marked in plain figures, and every man served alike.

H. ROBERT.
St. Philippe, July 8th, 1884.

OUR
FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE

And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

A few of the many articles that can be made on our Family Machine are Undershirts, Drawers, Mitts, Hosiery, Gloves, Caps, Cuffs, Tidies—all these can be made any size.

OUR RIBBER IS PERFECTION.

Makes the Pearl Rib-Stitch one-and-one, one-and-two, one-and-three, etc., perfect in elasticity, beautiful in appearance, more durable and perfect than Hand Knitting.

Our Machines make the only perfect seamless full fashioned

HOSIERY IN THE WORLD.

With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Blind girls can knit and finish one dozen pairs of Socks in one day; and $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 can be easily made in one day.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Testimonials from the Blind.

CREELMAN BROS.,
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HAMLIN & AYER,
Lachute Woolen Mills.

Agents for the Counties of Prescott and Argenteuil.

SPECIAL NOTICE

OUR STOCK of Parlor, Dining-room, Library and Chamber Furniture is unsurpassed by any in the Dominion, and our Parlor Suites, covered in the various new styles of the latest designs of coverings and trimmings, varying in price from $53, $75, $100, $150, $200, $25 $300 and $350, according to style of frame and covering. Our new style of Cluster Set at $150 is selling faster than we can produce them since we reduced the price from $275 to $150. Our Chamber Suites from $25, $30, $35, $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80, $90, $110, and up to $150 are also acknowledged the best value quality considered. Our stock of Baby Carriages from $12, $14, $16, $18, $20, $24, $ 5, $3 and up to $40 and $45, rattan, with moveable buggy top of rattan, upholstered with crimson satin, and all iron work nickel-plated, warranted the best and finest-finished in present use, marked in plain figures, subject to a discount of 5 per cent. for cash, and no goods sold at one price at our oldest (acknowledged by all the most reliable) house in the city without a full guarantee of being as represented. A call at our old numbers, 7, 9 and 11 Notre Dame street West, corner of McGill street, will ensure to all the best value, by leaving their orders at OWEN McGARVEY & SON'S

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price the fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland Maine.

LACHUTE FLOUR MILLS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR

Strong Bakers Flour Guaranteed	$2.80
Manitoba Bread Flour........	2.30
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ALSO

OATMEAL,
BUCK WHEAT FLOUR,
CORN MEAL

And feed of all kinds at reduced rates,

Call and see before buying elsewhere.

P. CAMPBELL,

Lachute Mills, Mar. 5th 1884. n25 1y

Wanted

From 3,000 to 5,000 GOOD ASH LOGS, Apply to
Campbell & Co.,
NEW STEAM SAW-MILL,
LACHUTE.

Lachute Hotel.

THE Undersigned begs to inform his numerous friends and the general public that he has leased the above Hotel situated on the South side and immediately opposite

THE LACHUTE STATION.
COMMERCIAL MEN
AND THE
Travelling Public

will find the above Hotel superior to anything in Lachute.

THE TABLE

will be found to be supplied with all the Delicacies of the Season.

First Class Sample and Show Rooms' GOOD STABLING AND SHEDS.

Having had ten years experience in

HOTEL KEEPING

in the United States, he hopes to give every satisfation to his patrons.

JAMES CURRY,
35 Proprietor

NOTICE.

WM. ARMSTRONG, Blacksmith & Horse Farrier, in returning thanks to the people of Argenteuil for past favors is now prepared to attend all troubles in Horses and Cattle and Castrating Colts, as he is a safe and experienced hand and is going to make a special business of it.

W. ARMSTRONG,
Farrier.

Lachute, Mar. 26th, 1884. 11-tf

Spring Circular.

THE undersigned having made arrangements for the disposal of the entire stock in trade of the firm of

L. CUSHING, & SON

offer the same to the public at unprecedented low prices for

CASH OR PRODUCE

at marked rates. The stock is complete comprising many articles not usually found in country stores, including Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Iron, Stoves, Salt, Flour, Furniture, Ploughs, Sawed Lumber (Pine, Spruce, Tamrack, Hemlock & Hardwood), Cedar Posts for wire fencing, &c., &c., &c. Parties desirous of obtaining bargains are invited to call early and get their choice, as the whole will be sold below cost prices.

The Public are informed that the business will be continued by the undersigned in the

OLD STAND,

where a full assortment of goods required for a country business, will be constantly kept on hand and which will be sold for

CASH OR PRODUCE

only, and at cash prices. They solicit a share of patronage.

J. B. CUSHING. & Co.

Cushing, P. Q., March 18. 26-

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

ORIENTAL Fruit Laxative

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

Indigestion,	Constipation,
Sluggishness of the Intestines,	
Billiousness,	Disordered Stomach,
Low Spirits,	Habitual Costiveness,
Torpid Liver,	Headache,
Melancholy,	Cerebal Congestion,
Indisposition,	Sallow Complexion,
Internal Fever,	

and all irregularities arising from an obstructed condition of the system.

Prepared by the
Medical Specialties Manufacturing Co
ST. ANDREWS, QUE.
Sold Everywhere.

$66 a week at home. $5 00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland Maine

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.

USE DOWNS' ELIXIR FOR COUGHS & COLDS

FOR SALE.

One Gold Watch and Chain worth $175.00, will be sold for $125 00, as the party is leaving town and wants the money.

n2 1y 71 St. Joseph st., Montreal.

Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT of WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

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Are hereby offered to at least one person in each town to act as our local agent and correspondent. First come, first served; other things being equal. References required. Full particulars given on receipt of return postage. Address at once, mentioning this paper.

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BREAD! BREAD!! BREAD!!

THE undersigned begs to call attention to the superior quality of his BREAD. Fresh every day. ROLLS, BUNS, &c., &c., delivered by obliging Drivers. Orders left at the Store will be promptly attended to. Cakes of all kinds, Pastry, Crackers, Candies, always fresh and choice assortment. Figs (new), Nuts, Dates, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Grapes, &c., &c.

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Baker and Confectioner,
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GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now Address STINSON & Co. Portland Main.

FOR SALE.

$1,000.00 worth of the best English fine gold earrings and brooches will be sold at 25 per cent less wholesale price. These goods are warranted the best of old stock. Nothing flashy; but genuine goods. Those who want such goods had better call before they are all gone.

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A special line of SILVER WATCHES worth $15.00 will be sold for $12.00, and all other goods in proportion. These goods, which are advertised by WM. MURRAY, will be guaranteed as the best of quality and as represented. Remember the place,

71 Saint Joseph Street,
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Are You Sick?

Or have you a FRIEND afflicted with any disease? Investigate

COMPOUND OXYGEN
Nature's Life-Renewer.

A SURE CURE
FOR
CONSUMPTION.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia Rheumatism, Scrofula, an

All Chronic Diseases

and cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Debility, Sterility, &c. Send for circular on a postal card, and learn of this WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC treatment. Office and Home treatment, as may be desired, and charges moderate. Address,

COMPOUND OXYGEN DISPENSARY
10-1-y. 147 Throop St., CHICAGO, ILL.

J. W. HUTTON,

PRACTICAL BUILDER, BRICKLAYER & PLASTERER, is now prepared to Execute all kinds of work as Building, Bricklaying & Plastering. Parties requiring work of a first-class order, and at moderate charges would do well to communicate with him.

Boiler and Oven Building a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed—Estimates Given

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Care of J. HOPE, Lachute

References.—Dr. Bell, Montreal General Hospital, Mr. Montgomery, St. Lawrence Hall Montreal, J. M. Aird, Baker, 63 St. Joseph St Montreal; F. C. Ireland, Esq., Lachute Mills J. Miller, Esq., L'Original, Ont.

TAPE WORM.

An Eminent German Scientist has recently discovered from a root extract, an *absolute specific* for Tape Worm.

It is pleasant to take and is not distressing to the patient, but is peculiarly sickening and stupefying to the Tape Worm, which loosens its hold of its victim and passes away in a natural and easy manner, entirely whole, with HEAD, and while still alive.

One physician has used this specific in over 400 cases, without a single failure to void worm entire. Success guaranteed. No pay required until removed with head. Send stamp for circular and terms HEYWOOD & CO.,

19 Park Place, New York.

NEW STORE IN BROWNSBURG.

THE undersigned begs to inform his friends and the public that he has opened a new store in Brownsburg, around the corner to the West from the old stand. New Store and New Goods, at reasonable prices. Consisting of Groceries, Dry Goods and some Farming Impliments. Come and examine goods and prices.

S. B. HUTCHINS,
Brownsburg, P. Q.

283m

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from the first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine.

A GREENROOM ROMANCE.

IN THREE SCENES.—SCENE I.

Mr. Percy Montmorency was seated in front of a looking-glass in his dressing-room at the Pantheon Theatre, habited in the costume of Charles Surface, with the perruquier in attendance. The name of "Montmorency" was merely a *nom de theatre* assumed by Harry Stanley when he adopted the somewhat singular resolution of "fretting and strutting his hour" on the boards of a metropolitan theatre; for Mr. Stanley was the only child of his father Colonel Stanley; and consequently heir to that gallant officer's estates in Yorkshire and elsewhere. For the rest, he was three-and-twenty, undeniably good-looking, and endowed with considerable abilities. Having completed the arrangement of the powdered wig, the perruquier withdrew a pace and contemplated the effect with well-simulated admiration. "Mr. Charles Mathews never looked the part better, sir."

The actor seemed to coincide in the opinion of his flattering attendant, for he rose, and surveyed himself in the glass with admiration, which he made no attempt to conceal.

"A good house, Jackson?"

"Capital, sir. But a little cold. They'll warm up when you go on, sir."

"Tell the call-boy I want him, Jackson."

Jackson withdrew; and Montmorency surrendered himself to a mental soliloquy, which assumed somewhat of this form: "I wonder what my father wishes to see me about? The same old story, I suppose—the folly and wickedness of the step I have taken. Well, of one thing, I am certain; I am much better off in my present position than wedded to that Barbadoes girl, Miss Anstruther, in spite of her money-bags, and whom I have never seen."

These reflections were put an end to by the entrance of the call-boy.

"If a gentleman giving the name of Colonel Stanley should call, show him in here."

"He is outside, sir," replied the boy.

"Show him in at once," whereupon there entered a small, wizen faced old gentleman, with snow-white hair, and supporting himself on a stick. Montmorency advanced, shook hands with a great show of cordiality, and placed a chair, on which Colonel Stanley slowly seated himself, gazing around the small apartment with an unfeigned expression of curiosity. "So this is a theatrical dressing-room. You are pretty snug."

The room certainly deserved the encomium of the old colonel. Painting in oils and water colors nearly covered the walls; fancy pipes and cigar-boxes and scent-bottles littered the tables; a case of champagne reposed in one corner, while in the other was a small pile of seltzer water.

The Colonel, after indulging in a sigh, proceeded: "I have called, Harry, before I return to Yorkshire, to make one more appeal to you to give up your present mode of life, settle down as a landed proprietor in your native county, and marry Miss Anstruther."

It was now the turn of the young man to sigh as he replied; "Impossible, my dear sir. I am already wedded—to the stage."

"That may be: but unions can easily be dissolved by a divorce, especially in these days."

"Not where the contracting parties are so attached to each other as I am to my profession. No, sir. If a man could take a wife on a lease, for seven, fourteen, or twenty one years, the case would be different. But the feeling that my lot in life was fixed—cut and dried so to speak—the matter won't bear a thought." The young man felt strongly inclined to indulge in a stage-walk, but the limited area of the apartment forbade such a physical relief. If the reader should consider the remarks of the actor somewhat flippant, it must be borne in mind that no one whose character did not fall under that definition would have acted as Harry Stanley had done.

The old man scowled as he resumed: "I wonder you can respect yourself, dizened out and painted like a mummer at a pantimime."

"I am of the same calling as the glory of England, Shakspere the actor"—

"And poet—you forgot that, sir—poet, sir," sharply retorted the colonel.

"I can assure you, sir, we have men of good family playing very small parts to-night. Trip took honours at Oxford, and Backbite is a Cambridge man."

"Pray, sir," replied the colonel, "if that be the case, why do you all sail under false colors? Why resign the honoured name of Stanley for the Frenchified one of Montmorency?"

The young man bowed as he responded: "Out of deference to the shallow scruples of the narrow-minded portion of society."

"Of which I constitute a member, eh?'

It was in a more conciliatory tone that his son took up the argument. "Pray, sir, let me ask you a question. Do poets and novelists never adopt a *nom de plume*? Did not Miss Evans style herself "George Eliot;" the late Governor-general of India, "Owen Meredith;" Mademoiselle de la Ramee, "Ouida;" Dickens, "Boz?"

"That'll do," interrupted the colonel. "Then one fine day you will be falling in love, as you call it, with one of these artful and painted sirens, and I shall find myself grandfather to a clown or a pantaloon! For, of course, you will bring up your offspring to *the* profession, as you call it, as if there were no other profession in the world."

His son and heir drew himself proudly up as he replied: "No, sir, I trust I shall never forget that I own the honoured name of Stanley."

The colonel remained silent for several moments ere he observed; "I shall never understand why you declined to even see Miss Anstruther."

"Because the very fact that the lady was labelled my future wife," replied the son, "would have caused me to detest her at first sight."

The old colonel rose from his seat. "I can see very plainly that I am wasting both your time and my own—I suppose you will have to do a little 'tumbling' presently?"

"I do not make my entrance till the third act. If you will go in front, you can have my box." Montmorency rang the bell as he spoke, and when the call-boy appeared, directed him to show his visitor into box A.

The actor was indulging in a sigh of relief, when a head appeared at the half-closed door, and a voice exclaimed; "May I come in?"

Montmorency bounded from his chair as he seized hold of the extended hand and drew the owner into the room. The new-comer was a young man of about the same age as the actor, and was habited in modern evening dress. Montmorency wrung the hand of his friend Vallance, and forced him into a seat. "Delighted to see you, Jack! Have a weed and a seltzer?"

In a few seconds the two young men were similarly occupied, and immersed in the consumption of a couple of choice Partagas.

The actor opened the ball. "You must have met an elderly party in the passage. That was the governor. He is very irate because I won't fall in love at the word of command, and marry Miss Anstruther, whom I have never seen.—By-the-bye, you have seen her. What is she like?"

"A lovely girl," replied Vallance. "I met her at a ball at Scarborough, soon after her arrival from the West Indies. Faith, Harry, you might do worse."

"And might do better; eh, Jack? But your ideas of beauty are so opposite to mine as I remember of old. Now, if you wish to see a perfect vision of loveliness, go in front and see Fonblanque, the Lady Teazle of to-night."

"You mean *Miss* Fonblanque, I presume?"

"Exactly. The prefix "Miss" is frequently omitted in theatrical parlance. She is bewitching."

Vallance shakes his head. "Have a care, Harry. It would be a pity if you allied yourself with some unknown adventuress, after refusing the rich Miss Anstruther."

"Well, to be candid, Jack, I am afraid of myself. If I did not constantly call to my mind the fact that I am a Stanley, I should speedily succumb to the charms of the divine Fonblanque, so there is some benefit arising from birth after all."

"And how long do you mean to pursue this mad freak of yours?" inquired Vallance.

"Till I hear on good authority that the troublesome Miss Anstruther is engaged, or married."

"And then?"

"Why, then I quit the mimic stage as suddenly as I entered upon it."

"Meanwhile?" ejaculated Vallance with an incredulous smile.

"Meanwhile," replied Montmorency, loftily, "I contribute to the 'gaiety of nations,' as Johnson said of Garrick; and therefore consider myself a far better member of society than a successful general who has killed so many hundreds of his fellow-mortals; or a lawyer, who has set whole families by the ears in order to fill his pockets; or a doctor, who, as Tobin says, spends the greater part of his time in writing death-warrants in Latin."

Vallance examined his finger nails for a few seconds, and after an embarrassing pause, said; "Harry, I am about to make a confession."

"I cannot promise you absolution, Jack."

Vallance proceeded: "On the memorable night when I first beheld Miss Anstruther at the ball at Scarborough, I fell over head and ears in love with her."

"You fell in love with her, did you," repeated Montmorency, in a tone of some annoyance. "You mean with her banking account. Remember, you are in the confession box."

"On my honour, no!" replied Vallance. "As you are aware, I could not afford to marry a penniless girl; but if I were as rich as Rothschild, and Miss Anstruther a pauper, I would marry her to-morrow, if she would have me—You do not seem to like the idea?"

"Humanity is a strange compound, Jack. It grates upon my senses of propriety that any else should step into my shoes and wed the woman intended for my wife, yet whom I have vowed never to marry."

"Why, what a dog in the manger, you are!"

"I would not mind so much if a stranger were to win the heiress; but to know her as your wife, Jack, for the remainder of my existence, to repent probably for my obstinacy—You are not in earnest, Jack?"

"Ah, but I am!" replied Vallance, inwardly murmuring: "May I be forgiven the lie."

After a brief mental struggle, Montmorency continued: Well, success attend you. You are a lucky fellow to walk off with such a prize; while I shall remain a humble stage player."

"Remember the peerless Fonblanque, Harry."

"Ah! you right. There is beauty, talent, wit, elegance, refinement, all enshrined in the admirable Lady Teazle of to-night. I shall no longer hold back. To-night I shall know my fate. You have applied the touch-stone."

The shrill voice of the call-boy now uttered the words "Charles Surface."

"There is my call. So adieu for the present. Go in front, and call for me at the end of the show; and we will have a steak at the Albion together, and drink to the speedy nuptials of my *bete noir*, Miss Anstruther."

"With whom?"

"Any one! I care not—no offence, Jack—so I am free."

Vallance proceeded straight to box A, and having tapped at the door, found himself face to face with Colonel Stanley, who eagerly exclaimed: "Well, Vallance has my plan succeded?"

"I fear not, sir."

"Give him a second dose the first opportunity. I never knew it to fail. If you want to make a man fall in love with a particular woman, tell him she is half engaged, and she will instantly go up twenty per cent. in his estimation. That is how I came to marry his mother. Directly my father told me that Fred Spencer was mad after her, and that she was half inclined to marry him, I rushed to the attack, stormed the fortress, and carried off the prize! *I* wasn't going to let that puppy march off with her. A fellow with not a tithe of my personal recommendations." Here the colonel paused, as he beheld the countenance of his auditor completely engrossed with the scene; for in the lovely Lady Teazle of the play Jack Vallance recognized the West Indian heiress, Emily Anstruther!

SCENE II.

Along one of the tortuous passages leading to the dressing room, a gentleman is conducting a lady, preceded by the dresser. They have evidently come from the audience part of the theatre, as they are both in modern evening dress. Presently the dresser pauses at a door, and after tapping, enters; and returns to invite the lady to invade the sacred precints of the dressing-room of Miss Fonblanque, the representative of Lady Teazle. After a few whispered words to her escort, the lady accepts the invitation, and in another moment is clasped in the embrace of the actress. "My dear Julia!"

"My darling Emily!"

Certainly, Lady Teazle fully deserved the rapturous praises of Montmorency. Her lovely dark eyes shone all the brighter from the contrast to the powdered wig; while her splendid figure was desplayed to the utmost advantage by means of her handsome brocaded dress.

"And as you recognised me under these tinsel robes, Julia?"

"Your voice is unmistakable; I should have known it anywhere, Emily. When do you intend to return to your own sphere?"

"First tell me, Julia, how you managed to penetrate these sacred precincts?"

"Oh! my husband, who knows everybody, said he could at once accomplish it, directly I told him [illegible] were my old school-fellow at Barbadoes.—Now answer me my question, there's a dear!"

"I *have* found my proper sphere; I am free, popular, and admired. Instead of one admirer, I have hundreds, and the number is increasing nightly. What can woman wish for more?"

"I'll tell you, Emily; a nice husband, and domesticbliss.'

The actress indulged in a scarcely audible sigh. "That might have been my lot. I mean the domestic bliss part of the affa'r, if I had not had it dinned into my ears from morning till night that there was only one road to happiness—a union with Mr. Stanley, whom I have never seen."

"You might have liked him very much."

"Impossible, my dear Julia. The very fact of a man being ticketed like a prize animal at a show, and then his being introduced to you as your certain and future husband, would be quite sufficient to make me detest him.—No, Julia; when *I* marry, I will myself make the selection, and he must be one who is ignorant that his intended is a rich heiress."

"That will not be a very easy matter to accomplish, Emily."

"Listen, Julia, and I'll tell you a secret. There is a young man acting in this company—a Mr. Percy Montmorency. He is all I could wish—handsome, clever, accomplished, and vastly agreeable."

"Then you have *made* your selection?"

'Not so, Julia. His profession renders our union impossible. He may be heir to a peerage; he may be a lawyer's clerk. There is the most delightful mystery as to our antecedents, we play actors! For instance, who would suppose that I was the rich West Indian heiress, who utilized her amateur theatrical talents, and adopted her present profession? And all in order to escape being pestered into an unwelcome and distasteful marriage. Heigh-ho! I wish I had never seen this captivating fellow.'

Mrs. Sydney sighed as she rejoined: "Ah, Emily, there is the danger of your present mode of life. Before you know where you are, finding yourself over head and ears in love with some handsome fellow, even of whose very name you are ignorant. As to the position in society of his progenitors, that is a point which would require the research of the Society of Antiquaries."

The actress looked solemnly in the face of her friend, and taking both her hands within her own, replied: "Julia, there is a fascination in the life of a successful actress, of which you can form no conception. There is the delight of selecting the costume you are to wear on the eventful evening. No trifle to a woman, as you will admit. Then there is the actual pleasure of wearing it, not for the sake of some half-dozen friends, whose envy in consequence is a poor reward, but the object of admiration to hundreds of spectators nightly! Then, instead of monotonous domesticity, executing crewel-work to the accompaniment of the snoring in an armchair of a bored husband, we have the nightly welcome from a thousand pair of hands, and the final call before the curtain amidst an avalanche of flowers! Your name on every tongue, your photo, in every print-shop in London, and your acts and deeds the subject of conversation at every dinner-table in the metropolis!"

Mrs. Sydney shook her head with a melancholy smile as the actress finished her oration. "I am still unconverted, Emily.'

"Quite right, Julia. If we were all actresses there would be no audiences!"

The inexorable call-boy here put a compulsory finish to the interview between the two friends, with the words "Lady Teazle."

SCENE III.

Montmorency was seated in the green-room at the conclusion of the play, engaged in that absent train of thought known as a brown study. The more he saw of the fascinating Fonblanque, the more he was captivated. Every hour spent in her society but served to rivet more closely the chain which bound him to her. Should he condescend and make her an offer of his hand, she would naturally be influenced by a profound sense of gratitude, when she discovered that she had married a man of fortune and a Stanley! Whereas, if he had married the rich Miss Anstruther, he would have had money bags perpetually thrown in his face. A silver-toned utterance fell on his ears. Looking up, he beheld the subject of his cogitations.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Montmorency, on your Charles Surface this evening. A double call before the curtain, and well deserved."

"You are pleased to flatter me. The plaudits of the house to-night render any praise on my part of your Lady Teazle unnecessary. I regret that I am fated to lose so charming a compatriot."

Was it fancy that Montmorency imagined he detected a paler tint on the cheek of the actress, as she replied: "You are not going to leave us?"

"I fear so."

"Wherefore?"

"You are the last person to whom I can confide the cause of my sudden departure,"

Lady Teazle cast down her lovely eyes for a brief space, and then, in a voice in which the smallest possible *tremolo* was perceptable, whispered: "Are you not happy here?"

"I fear, too much so," sighed Montmorency. "I have been living in a fool's paradise lately."

"How? In what way, Mr Montmorency?"

"I am in love.—You start. You do not believe in an actor, who is always simulating affection, ever falling under the influence of a real and veritable passion?"

"You wrong me; indeed, you do. The artistic nature is, and must be, more acutely sensitive than that possessed by ordinary mortals. Do I know the lady?"

"You see her every day—when you contemplate those charming features in the glass. Yes; it is *you*, Miss Fonblanque, whom I love, whom I adore!"

How can we describe the flood of sensations which agitated the bosom of the heiress, as she listened to the avowal of affection from the lips of the only man she ever loved! In low and trembling tones, she managed to reply: "Mr. Montmorency, you are not rehearsing a scene in some new comedy?"

"I never was more serious in my life."

By this time the pride of the Anstruthers had come to the assistance of the heiress. "I grieve very much that I cannot accept your offer. It is impossible."

"Impossible! Why?"

"That I cannot explain."

"We are both members of the same profession, and so far equal."

'Pardon me," said Lady Teazle "You know nothing of my antecedents, and"—

"And you know nothing of mine, you would say. Charming equality! Say, Miss Fonblanque, may I hope?"

It was now the turn of the actress to sigh. "It would be cruel to raise hopes which can never be realized."

Montmorency let fall the hand which in his ardour he had seized, and drew himself proudly up. "That is your fixed answer?"

"It is."

Montmorency once more took possession of her taper fingers, and raising them to his lips, uttered the word "Farewell!" and hastily left the green-room.

The dark melting eyes of the heiress gazed after his retreating figure, and large drops of moisture gathered in them. "I have half a mind to call him back," she mentally whispered.—"No! I must remember I am an Anstruther."

Sinking on a couch, Lady Teazle felt her brain going around: then presently raising her eyes, she beheld—Mr. Vallance.

"Have I not the honour of speaking to Miss Anstruther?"

"Since you recognise me, it would be affectation to deny my identity. Mr. Vallance may I ask you to preserve my secret?"

"From all save one individual—Mr. Montmorency. Surely you knew that in the Charles Surface of this evening you beheld your rejected lover, Mr. Stanley?"

A film came slowly over the eyes of Miss Anstruther. "You are not joking, Mr. Vallance?"

"The matter is too serious for jesting. But I will break a confidence. He loves you. He told me so half an hour ago."

The heiress could scarcely forbear a smile, as she reflected that her ears had drank in the soft confession only five minutes ago. "Mr. Vallance will you do me a favor? Will you ask Mr. Stanley to step here for a few minutes? But remember, you must on no account reveal my identity."

"You may rely on me, Miss Anstruther. I do not know what steps you mean to adopt; but there is no time to lose, for old Colonel Stanley is in front, and will, if he has recognised you, at once inform his son."

"That is my fear; so haste."

Almost before the actress could mature her plans the rejected one appeared before her. He was very grave, and bowed with an air of deep humility, as the actress thus addressed him: "Mr. Vallance and I are old acquaintances, so I commissioned him to ask you to return for a short time. I feel very anxious about our scenes in the *Hunchback* to-morrow. Would you mind running through the Modus and Helen scene. I mean the second one."

Montmorency bowed. "With pleasure."

It would have been a lesson for half the actresses on the stage, could they have beheld the manner in which the saucy coquette of the play coaxed her lover, lured him on, facinated him, and enveloped him in such a spell of witcheries, that no Modus that ever breathed could have been proof against her seductive wiles. The scene came to an unexpected termintion, for Montmorency suddenly caught her in his arms, and as he held her clasped tight to his breast, exclaimed in rapid and excited tones: "This is not acting! If it be, you are the greatest actress that ever trod the boards. You love me! I see it in your sparkling eye; I read it in your blushing cheek! Say, am I not right?"

Emily Anstruther remained perfectly passive in the arms of Harry Stanley, as she murmured "Yes."

The enraptured couple were so completely absorbed in reading love in each other's eyes that they had not observed the entrance of two gentlemen, Colonel Stanley and Mr. Vallance.

The old colonel was the first to speak. "Speak, girl! Is this a scene from a play?"

By this time the heiress had left the sweet anchorage of her lover's arms, and advancing to the old man, said: "Do you not recognise your godchild, Emily Anstruther?"

But surprise had taken away the power of speech from the colonel.

His son interposed. "I trust Miss Anstruther will acquit *me* of any guilty knowledge of this fact—will believe that *I* believed she was merely Miss Fonblanque the actress."

Emily Anstruther here cast down her eyes, while a deep blush mantled over her face and neck. "I am afraid *I* am not equally innocent; for Mr. Vallance informed me that I had refused my hated lover. But I have enough confidence in *his* love for me, to hope for his belief in my unselfish love for *him*."

"So you see, dad," exclaimed the younger Stanley, "Love not only rules the court, the camp, the grove, as the poet says, but does not disdain to flutter his wings in the green-room."

A CHINESE PHYSICIAN.

The Remarkable Methods and Theories of a Mongolian "Devil Destroyer."

Wong Choo Fan, a Chinese doctor, arrived in Philadelphia with the intention of making that city his home, and ministering after his own peculiar fashion to the ailments of his countrymen. He was disappointed to find the Chinese population so small and its health so good and will go to New York.

Wong Choo Fan is rather a diminutive specimen of the Mongolian race, being but five feet in height and rather delicately proportioned. The doctor or "devil destroyer," as he is known in the Flowery Kingdom, speaks very excellent English, and consented, when questioned, to explain a few of his many odd methods for conquering disease. "Every sickness," he said, "is caused by a Nong T'sao—a 'disease devil'—and it is the work of the doctor to find out where the devil is and drive him out. What you call fever—hot skin, dry lips, high pulse—is the work of a little imp with eight mouths, each mouth having a hot, scorching breath. The imp gets into the patient's stomach by flying down his throat and is usually in the air on a damp day like this. The little devil is as large as a grain of sand, but when he gets into the human body he grows to be about as large as a bean. He blows his hot breath into every vein of the victim and causes him great distress and thirst by drinking all the water in his stomach. The way to cure the patient is to poison the imp with a powder scraped from the inside of a tree which grows in the Province of Foo Chow."

The doctor exhibited some of the powder, which proved to be either quinine or cinchonidia

"Spasms or fits," continued the Mongolian disciple of Æsculapius, "come from the 'earth devil,' a creature that lives under the ground and sends a shock into the victim through his feet. You will find that nearly all persons when first taken with fits fall while walking, but after awhile, when the devil gets the victim weakened, the shock can be communicated from the earth, through the house and into the bed. It is very hard to cured them. I cured a man in Canton who had been subject to fits for fifteen years by rubbing the soles of his feet with fat stewed out of a frog's heart. Opium is a very valuable help in such cases when taken internally, because it makes the patient's feet itch and prevents the devils from gaining an entrance. A very small proportion of Chinamen die of consumption, because three hundred years ago it was discovered by T'sang Loo, a learned doctor, that people became afflicted with the disease by breathing through the mouth instead of the nose. There are millions and millions of imps flying in the air all the time—more in cold weather than in warm—and to your eyes they appear like specks of dust. They cannot get through the nose because the hairs catch them and they die, but they go into the mouth where there are no hairs, and find a resting place in the lungs. In a short time the lungs are dug out and coughed up. The only cure is to lay the patient on his back and beat him on the chest with a switch until the imps are frightened and fly out into the air again. Then the patient is starved for thirty-six hours and has his mouth sealed up. Very often he dies, but that is because all the imps were not driven out."

Comic Scraps.

Almost Stationery.—Sheep *pens.*

The Best Motive Power.—Gold.

Bun and "Buster."—Catch a dynamiter in possession of a cake of dynamite, and make him eat it.

A fellow screws his courage to the sticking place when he puts a postage stamp on a written proposal of marriage.

Question.—Does Mr. Gladstone expect England to work the traffic on the Suez Canal satisfactorily with a Ferry?

A Poser.—Molly—"Oh, what a dear, little boy!" Grandpapa—"That was *me* when I was *your* age, Molly!" Molly—"And who is it *now*, grandpapa?"

Job is always quoted as the personification of patience, but we wish it distinctly understood that Job never spent his week's vacation at the seashore where it rained six of the seven days.

A German scientist says that every cubic foot of air contains fifteen million insects, and a traveling man says that the country hotel beds he has been sleeping in must be built entirely of air.

Dealer—"Would you like to have a French clock?" Mrs. Mulcahy—"No, indade, I don't want none av yer Frinch clocks. Its a clock that I can understand when it stroiks that I want; so I do."

A Happy Thought.—Can anybody think why it is so very dangerous to indulge in "just forty winks" when taking a railway journey? Can it really be because the train *runs over sleepers?*

Shocking.—What is the difference, if you please, between a bachelor's face and a married man's face?—Well, you see, a bachelor's physiognomy is often the worse for wear, a married man's for wear and tear.

"Ah! Mr. Panier, have you been to any parties this last winter?" asked Glendolen de Smith of his friend. "No; but I have attended three balls." "Why, how delightful, weally! Where were they at?" "At the pawnbroker's," sadly sighed Mr. Panier.

Pleasant People.

We are sometimes surprised to find how many pleasant people there are sojourning upon this planet, and how ready they are to do and say pleasant things, and fill the world with "sweetness and light" for others. Sometimes when we least expect it, when it has seemed to us as if almost everybody was made upon the bias, so to speak, we suddenly happen upon one of these pleasant people, and the cobwebs are all swept out of our heaven and the whole complexion of things is changed. They make a dull day cheerful; they have something of the same effect in a room as an open fire or bouquet of flowers; or they are like the trill of a brook hidden in a still wood, or the unexpected whistle of a bird in early spring.

A Good Meal.

Charles Dickens used to say that he judged the quality of house-keeping by the condition of the castors on the table. If the mustard was freshly made, the vinegar cruet stainless, the silver brilliant, and the pepper-boxes perpendicular, he expected a good, clean, well-served meal, "with behavour to match." If, on the contrary, the castors were unclean, and out of order, he knew what he had to expect, and was seldom disappointed. It is, in truth, simple things that denote quality. The test of a good cook is not the cake she can make, nor the mysterious sausage she can concoct, nor the rich pudding she can produce. A good cook is known by her boiled potatoes, her mutton chop, her roasted joint. Such plain things require personal care and judgment, and are the basis of "a good meal."

"Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious attacks, as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and is also a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents."

LOCKED UP IN HER TRUNK.

The Strange Adventure of an Actress.

The Grau Opera Company performed "The Mascotte" at the Park Theatre, Newark, recently, and at the end of the play Miss Jennie Pierce heard smothered cries coming from one of the ladies' dressing-rooms. She called assistance, and, upon investigation, the sounds were found to proceed from a large trunk which stood upon the floor securely locked. It was pried open, and in it was found in an almost unconscious condition Miss Minnie Figman, who said she had fallen into it while she was preparing to put away her costume.

Miss Figman did not take a leading part in "The Mascotte" at the Park Theatre next evening, owing to nervousness, but she went on at times and sang in the chorus. At the end of the performance she received a reporter in the theatre office, and afterward accompanied him and others to the wardrobe-room. She is of medium height, with large blue eyes, a round and pretty face, and a plump form. Her dress of thin white stuff fitted her to perfection. Diamonds glittered in her ears, and her Gainsborough hat was as white as snow.

The wardrobe trunk which she had locked was, she said, being repaired in a trunk maker's shop, as the lock was ruined and the front was perforated with auger holes.

The trunk is 3 feet 6 inches in height and nearly 5 feet long. It is watertight, in order to protect the delicate dresses it contains when the singer is on the road. It was fastened by a new Excelsior spring lock, and the lock was so strong that P. H. Coyle, the gas engineer of the theatre, was ten minutes prying the lid off with a strong iron bar.

Miss Figman was unconscious when she was lifted out of the trunk. She was so nearly smothered that it was feared for a few minutes that she would not recover. Manager J. L. Gray hastily called a physician, who administered restoratives.

"I was putting some articles of my wardrobe into a corner of the trunk," Miss Figman explained, "and I suddenly tipped over and fell in headforemost. I was terribly frightened by the bump my head got on the bottom, but I squirmed around and raised my head. Just then I saw the heavy lid falling, and I gave a loud scream that was fortunately heard by Miss Pierce. The next instant the lid struck me on the head. I fell back unconscious, and the spring lock closed with a snap, so Miss Pierce said.

"They could not find the key of the trunk, and knowing that I must have air, Mr. Coyle bored auger holes in the trunk. I know nothing of what was done of my own knowledge, for I did not recover consciousness until they had carried me into the green room. Oh! how my fingers did tingle with pain when I came to. I felt as if thousands of needles were shooting through every pore. I must have been nearly asphyxiated, and I am sure that if Miss Pierce had not come to the room by good fortune just as I screamed, I would have been taken out of the trunk dead.

"I have been weak and nervous all day, startled at the least sound, but I feel better now, and I will go on the stage and sing tomorrow evening."

Recklessness of the British.

There is considerable recklessness in the character of the British people, and its effects are seen in early marriages, in trade and finance, at sea and land, in the mine and the factory. What are the oft-recurring commercial crisis but the rebounds of a reckless neglect of rules of prudence and wisdom! Whence the many accidents on the railways and the heavy losses at sea but the result of wanton negligence of danger? It is not only the owner of the mine that neglects opening proper shafts, but the miner himself, that will light his candle or pipe in the midst of fire-damp. It is not the ship-owner only that will send unworthy, overladen, and under-manned ships to see, but the captain and seamen, who will encounter any peril in order to shorten the passage by so many hours or days. If boldness be a virtue, recklessness is a vice; if bravely be commendable, rashness is a crime. In 1882, 15,350 deaths arose from violent causes in mines, from vehicles, from machinery, from weapons, from fal's, from burns, from explosions, from weather agencies, from drowning and suffocation, and from poison and other causes, many of them the simple result of recklessness. No other country exhibits such a catlogue of violent deaths. True, they have not the same quantity of mines, nor the same milage of railways, nor the same tonnage of shipping; yet the proportion of losses is greater here than anywhere. Now, the acquisition of wealth by gambling and recklessness is vicious and criminal. Wealth, says Weyland, is not acquired, as many persons supposed, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, fragality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. Neither does a paving stone for the matter of that.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Eno says he will reside in Canada permanently. Enos where he is well off.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents

There is nothing so tiresome as the dude except the talk about him.

A Single Trial

Is all that is needed to prove that Polson's NERVILINE is the most rapid and certain remedy in the world for pain. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nerviline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try a 10-cent sample bottle. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents. Avoid substitutes.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Volatic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

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