THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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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.

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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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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.

ALL SORTS.

'Tis the last roast of summer.

A trade scenter—The drummer.

The death rate—an undertaker's bill.

A tie game—popping the question.

A waist of time—an old maid's.

A Chinese want—Celestial music.

The heated spell—h-e-a-t-e-d.

False hair does not antedate false pride.

Maid of all work—the hotel corridor sweeper.

The question of the hour—What time o' day is it?

Spitting on the hands doesn't dig the potatoes.

A supposititious case—The prima donna's jewel-case.

Should a mustard plaster be classed among drawing materials?

A justice's pantaloons can hardly be called breeches of the peace.

The emigration of bank cashiers to Canada looks like an ex owed us.

A screaming farce—The performance of an amateur opera singer.

The Czar of Russia may be Warsaw off than if he had staid at home.

It is the successful trapeze performer who generally reaches the climb-acts.

The last rows of summer—Those taken on the lake just before leaving for town.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie" and a half of it is an "if." Put this on "file" if you would a "lief."

In China Foo Chow means "Happy City."—*Detroit Free Press.* Who thought it meant something good to eat.—*Chicago Sun.* Well, something good to eat makes a happy city.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well," but in this enlightened century men are able to carry on the same business very successfully on top of the ground.

A Complicated Case.

A curious case is before the Tribunal in Paris. A gentleman was getting down from an omnibus in a crowded thoroughfare, when he missed his footing, nearly fell backward, and, to recover his balance, caught hold of another passenger. The latter, taken by surprise, also found himself in danger of falling, and, in his turn, caught hold of a woman with an infant in her arms, the upshot being that all four rolled together into the road. A heavy goods van was coming along behind which, had it not been for the prompt action of the omnibus conductor, who seized the horse's head, would have run over some of the prostrate forms. As it was, the gentleman who was the original cause of the accident escapen with a few trifling bruises; the other male passenger falling on him was not hurt at all, and the infant was equally fortunate; but its mother had her arm broken, and sustained other severe injuries. Which of the two gentleman should pay damages is the question,—the one who caught hold of her or the one who caused him to do so by catching hold of him.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Foot Rot in Sheep.

Foot rot is of two kinds, common foot rot, and contagious foot rot, the latter being much more difficult to cure and requiring longer treatment. Mr. Steward in his Manual gives the following mixture as a dressing to be used after paring and washing with carbolic soap and water:

Oxide of Copper	4 ozs.
Arsenic	1 oz.
Acetic Acid	3 ozs.
Honey	8 ozs.

To be applied by dipping tow or lint in the mixture and binding it around the tender parts, especially between the digits.

Another remedy is an ointment made of finely powdered blue vitrol one pound; verdigris, one half pound; linseed oil, one pint, and pine tar, one quart. This will dry on the foot and will not be as easily washed by the wet grass. In a recent number of the *American Agriculturist*, Dr. Thurber gives a method of treating sheep, which is quite popular in France, both for preventing the spread of foot rot and curing mild cases. Shallow tanks or trays are placed at the doors of the sheep barn, and the animals as they go out and in, bathe their feet in a liquid made by slacking quick lime in water. The tanks are ten feet long, and have slats nailed on the bottoms to prevent the sheep from slipping and falling all over into the caustic solution. The depth should be only enough to well cover the hoofs. Foot rot is much more common on damp soils where the shell of the hoof grows faster than it wears off. Paring must always be attended to in such localities.

Feed Growing Chicks Well.

In midsummer young chickens are growing more rapidly than at any other period in the year. They love the warm weather, if they are of the larger varieties, especially; and if they have roaming room they cannot well be overfed, because they find such a variety of insect and green food in the course of their daily journeys around the farm or country place.

Their condition is quite different from that of adult or maturely-grown fowls. These may be overfed easily, and will put on fat eternally, to their discomfiture and detriment. But the young stock, in good thrift, convert what they eat into flesh, bone and muscle, and continue to thrive during the heated season upon all they will ordinarily pack away in their craws, particularly if allowed a variety of good provender.

Don't stint them, therefore, in feeding, but give them all they will eat up clean. Thus they will grow in stature and keep generally in good health. It is a mistake to underfeed the growing chickens. They require more solid food from the time they are three to six or seven months of age, in proportion, than at any time before or afterward in their lives. This fact is worth observing and remembering by all who aim to have the "best birds" in the succeeding fall and winter, annually.—*Poultry Yard.*

Sow Now for Spring Flowers.

While our gardens present a much greater variety than did those of a half century ago, there are some plants in which the old-time gardeners excelled. We do not see such beds of Pansies, or of Rocket Larkspurs, as were then the pride of the gardeners. Success with Pansies is mainly due to sowing the seed in autumn. If the seed is sown in spring, by the time the plants begin to bloom hot weather comes, and the flowers become fewer and smaller. In order to have the flowers in spring, sow the seeds early this month. Make a spot of rich soil fine, and level the surface by pressing it with a board. Sow the seeds, sift a little soil over them, and press down firmly with the board. When the plants are an inch high, transplant them to the place they are to flower. The plants are quite hardy, and all the winter protection they need is a little brush to keep the snow from pressing too heavily upon them. The Rocket Larkspurs are, unlike the tall ones, annuals. A bed of them is as showy as one of Hyacinths. Sow in a well enriched bed this autumn, but leave them to flower where they were sown. The bed may be covered with brush during the winter, and if the plants are too much crowded in any part of the bed next spring, thin them by cutting out the surplus. They do not transplant satisfactorily.

Autumn Care of Meadow Land.

Meadows should not be closely grazed at any time, and especially not in the fall. They need to have fertilizing materials added to instead of taken from the soil. Young animals are much more injurious than mature ones, while full grown stock that are being fattened, and are fed rich grain rations, may by their droppings add materially to the fertility of the soil. Young growing stock withhold a large share of the potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen of the food to build up their bodies, leaving the manure comparatively poor. On the other hand mature fattening animals need very little of these three chief elements of soil fertility. Aside from the loss of plant-food, the close feeding of stock on meadow land does mechanical damage. If the soil is soft, the feet of the animals injure it, and the close grazing pulls much of the grass up by the roots. Meadows, like winter grains, are injured by freezing and thawing, and the plants need to be in a vigorous condition in late fall, with a good growth of after-math for protection from the frosts, winds, etc. Well-rotted manure applied to the meadows as a top-dressing, will strengthen the plants and insure a fine crop the next season. This application is best when made soon after the hay is removed. Later in the season much of the soluable material is washed out of the soil by the fall rains. Quick acting manures should be used in the growing season, otherwise loss is sustained. Take good care of the meadows, for they suffer greatly if abused. They are easily and often injured by animals in late autumn.—*American Agriculturist.*

Buckwheat as a Farm Crop.

The albuminoids are less in buckwheat than in wheat; in fact, not much more than half as abundant, while there is a greater amount of starch and fat. Buckwheat is, therefore, shown by analysis to be more fattening and less strengthening than wheat. It makes an excellent feed for pigs and poultry. Many persons believe that buckwheat is not healthful, and causes skin eruptions. Several other members of the buckwheat family produce powerful vegetable principles, and this plant may possess one such, though it is probably not harmful.

New York and Pennsylvania produce sixty-eight per cent of the twelve million bushels of buckwheat now grown in the United States. Only twenty per cent is grown outside of New England and the Middle States. The great fertile prairies and the vast South with its warm climate, are not favorable for the growth of this crop. Buckwheat does well in the hilly regions, where the soil is light and thin. It, in short, flourishes at higher altitudes, with a lower temperature, and under a greater rainfall than other grains.

One great merit of buckwheat is its availability as a second crop, thus replacing another that has been destroyed by frost, drouth, insects, or otherwise. It is also valuable as a weed exterminator. The infested land may be tilled until mid-summer and sowed with buckwheat, which by growing rapidly smothers the weeds. Another use is that of a green manure. It grows well on moderately poor land, and makes a large growth of straw, which rots quickly when plowed under, thus adding much vegetable matter to the soil.

Raising Early Lambs for the Butcher.

So far as my experience goes, there is no more trouble in raising an early lamb than a late one. In fact, our earliest lambs are almost invariably our best lambs. I would rather have lambs come in January and February than in April and May, and if I could have them earlier, I should prefer it.

Merino ewes will take the ram earlier in autumn than the English breeds of mutton sheep. For this reason, if for no other, in raising early lambs for the butcher, I should select common Merino ewes, or at any rate ewes having more or less Merino blood in them. There are other reasons why I should select such ewes. There are more of them in the country, and they can be obtained cheap. They are healthy, hardy, thoroughly acclimated, and will stand rougher treatment than the English mutton sheep. They are smaller, eat less, and occupy less room in winter quarters. They will bear crowding better than the large English sheep—or rather, they suffer less, for it is a mistake to keep any sheep in too close quarters. Common Merino ewes, like Jersey cows, when well-fed, give rich milk, and if you want early, fat lambs for the butcher, the mothers, no matter what breed you may select, must have plenty of nutritious food.

I do not say that common Merino ewe, are, in themselves, the best for raising early lambs. They are not. I have had grade ewes, the offspring of a mixed Merino ewes and a Cotswold ram, that would produce larger lambs, give more milk, and the lambs would fatten more rapidly, and mature earlier. But it is not always easy to find such ewes for sale. Those that you find in market are apt to be culls. The butcher, if he has a chance, gets the best lambs. A good plan is to go to some large market and buy a car load of sheep, or three or four times as many as you want. Bring them home, and pick out the best ewes, and then sell the other ewes and wethers to the butchers.—*American Agriculturist.*

When young men desire to enter college, they are obliged to pass an examination in grammar, algebra, geography, etc. Those elementary studies are not taught in colleges. The private or public school fits the student for college. In like manner, young men should be constrained to pass an examination in plowing, hoeing, sowing seeds, etc., before entering agricultural colleges. The farm should be to them the public or private school. Why should farmers' sons spend their time in learning in agricultural colleges what they can as well learn at home?

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty and in autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

Beware how you let words pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time.

Wealth legitimately acquired is valuable and it is only valuable when thus acquired.

Love thy wife and cherish her as long as thou livest. Flattery is better than roughness and will make her contented and diligent.

Be not ashamed of thy virtues. Honor is a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.

When we find we are not liked we assert that we are not understood, when probably the dislike we have excited proceeds from our being too fully understood.

A man's time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produces more of what is useful to life, than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds and brambles.

We may read, and read, and read again, and still find something new, something to please, and something to instruct.

The careful reader of a good newspaper can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.

A sordid love of money is certainly a very senseless thing, for the mind much occupied with it is blind to everything else.

It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge: that which we feel here as beauty, we shall one day know as truth.

The Jews of Roumania.

There is once more a crisis in the position of the Jews of Roumania. The effects of the malevolent ingenuity of the authorities are likely far to exceed in ultimate effect the Russian outrages of two years ago, which aroused the indignation of civilized Europe and excited the generous sympathy of England. The Jews of Roumania, are, it is true, not maltreated by misguided peasants. But thousands of them have been deprived of their livelihood by a crafty legislative trick, and have no resource but to become wanderers on the face of the earth. Once more western Jews have to face the problem how to assist these victims of persecution. Already the tide of emigration has begun to flow through Germany. The desired destination of the emigrants is America, but they cannot fulfil the conditions of the immigration laws of the United States, and they find their advance stayed. The experience at Brody in 1882 are likely to be repeated, not in Galicia, but nearer Berlin. The wretched wanderers can neither advance nor retire. The condition of their having obtained emigration passports is that they shall not return to Roumania. Germany and Austria can not and will not retain them. Whither are they to go, and what is to be their fate? Prince Bismarck has given several proofs that he insists upon the Berlin treaty being observed by the contracting powers. Is there any just reason why he should not give a timely hint to Roumania that she must loyally observe to the letter the explicit provisions embodied in the forty-fourth clause of the treaty? Germany has much influence in Roumania. King Charles is a Hohenzollern Roumanian statesmen look to Germany to protect their country from Muscovite designs. The crown prince has shown his abhorrence of the persecution of the Jews. Here are elements which might be judiciously dealt with at once. Every moment is precious. Thousands of Roumanian Jews are being reduced to the condition of beggars. They cannot stay in Roumania and will wander through Austria and Germany, depending in their dire distress upon the charitable assistance of their brethern-in-faith.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

THE SOLEMNITY OF AUTUMN.

By Rev. James Hastie, Cornwall.

The beauty of autumn, the bounty of autumn, the beneficence of autumn, these topics have often been descanted upon, and worthily so; but there is a kindred theme too often overlooked, viz.: The Solemnity of Autumn.

Pre-eminently, autumn is a solom season. Autumn's beauty is the beauty of death. Autumn's plenty can be had only at the price of dissolution. The gorgeous hues of the maple and beech are but the pictorial form of the lament "Ichabod," "the glory (of summer) is departed." From field, and forest, and fruit trees come the solemn reminder: "We all do fade as a leaf." "In the midst of life we are in death."

The change that comes over the face of nature between June and October is not greater than the change that comes over man between youth and old age. In both cases, trials play an important part in the transformation. Sun and wind, and biting frosts have much to do in beautifying the variegated leaf and fruit. And is not character ripened and beautified by providential trials? Happy those whose autumn of life is more conspicuous for the beauty of ripeness than for the deformity of decay; whose character glows with love and meekness and goodness, with faith and hope and charity; who are more humble, more pure, more Christlike as the winter of the graves draws near. But, happily, the solemnity of autumn is not a gloomy solemnity, but a gladsome. It contains the promise and potency of coming seasons. The fruit it matures as it passes away is embryonic fruit, and contains in germ springs and summers and autumns yet to be. And has not the Christian the best of ground to be gladsome and hopeful in the autumn of life? "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Yes, precisely so. "As the sowing to the harvest." "Glory, honor, immortality, eternal life"—this fruitage hereafter can only spring from Christ the crucified, believed in here and lived out in daily life. "As is the earthy such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." "He that has ears to hear let him hear" to profit this present preacher on its timely topic: "The Solemnity of Autumn."—*Presbyterian.*

SAVED BY THE ENGINEER.

A Thrilling Experience.

The westbound express of the Northern Pacific due at Helena at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, met with a severe accident on the Yellowstone, about twenty-two miles from Miles City. We got the following particulars from I. S. G. Van Wart, of Helena, who was a passenger on the train. He says the train was running along under a steep mountain close to the Yellowstone River, about 2 o'clock Saturday morning, with thirteen coaches, express, baggage, emigrant, mail and Palman cars, when the fireman discovered a huge pile of rock moving down the mountain about thirty yards ahead, and cried out to the engineer: "See them come—jump for your life!" at the same time jumping himself and lighting safely on the side next the river. In a moment the engineer instead of jumping to save his own life, thought of a hundred passengers whose lives were in his hands,

REVERSED THE ENGINE.

And put on the air breaks, but still the heavy train moved on apparently to utter destruction against the huge pile of rocks that had piled up on the track a few feet ahead. The collision came, and the locomotive was forced high upon the rocks, the tender telescoped into the first express car for about half its length. A huge rock, estimated by Chief Engineer Anderson, who was aboard the train, to weight fifty tons, jumped the track in front of the engine, carrying away the head-light and smoke stack, and landing so close on the other side that a part of it had to be cut away to allow the train to pass, which took forty men twelve hours at hard work. It was a great mercy that the rock came down in front instead of striking the train in the middle, when a loss of life by drowning in the river would have occurred that would have been appalling to relate. It was a mercy, too, that a brave engineer was in charge of the train, who was daring enough to ply the brakes before he considered his own safety. It appears that the mountain was over a

COAL MINE THAT WAS ON FIRE,

and that the combustion loosened the rocks on the side of the hill. The passengers, who had felt the concussion, being assured that it was only a forward car off the track went back to bed and slept till morning, in the presence of what came very near being one of the most dreadful accidents ever known in the history of railway smash-ups. The conductor had to walk eight miles to a telegraph station before he could call assistance. He summoned wrecking trains from the east and west, and both came with a large force of men, who worked bravely to clear the track and take back the wreck, so that the train, which was about fifteen hours behind time, could move on. Fortunately no one was injured, and amid congratulations next morning among the passengers upon their deliverance from a dreadful fate they did not forget stout hearted Engineer Gleason, whom they complimented by a series of resolutions and a handsome purse, which they forwarded to headquarters, with the signature and thanks of every passenger on the train. Engineer Gleason, was the recipient of a gold watch on a former occasion, when by his presence of mind and brave action he saved the lives of another train load of passengers. It is by such brave deeds that men become heros upon a more exalted field than that of battle.

A Nevada Fish Story.

It is asserted on the authority of persons who have recently visited Marlette Lake that the prodigious increase of trout in its waters has overstocked the lake. At times they can be seen massing themselves in the small streams which are tributary to the lake, and on these occasions they have been crowded out on the grass growing on the borders of the stream. Thousands could be thrown out with a pitchfork. A piece of bark thrown into the lake will cause a dozen or more of trout to leap for it. The coyotes have caught the knack of fishing and sit by the shore watching for leaves to fall into the water. The instant the leaf touches the water the fish rise, and like a flash the coyote bounds into the thick of the fish, and is certain to bring out one or two in his mouth. The coyotes are shot whenever any of the lumbermen see them, but by stealing up in the underbrush they manage to escape observation.

Wasn't that funny? A Louisville bank cashier who was supposed to have embezzled $3,000 called for an examination of his books and proved that the bank was $6.75 ahead of him. The officials took off their hats and offered to raise his salary, but he got mad and walked off on his ear.

COUNT ZOWASKI.

One of Old Bony's Soldiers—He is Nearly One Hundred Years Old.

Our sanctum was visited yesterday by a no less personage than a genuine Polish Count, nearly a century old. He was a bright, fresh man of about five feet four inches in height with a keen clear eye, and all his faculties seemed to be as bright as if he was only sixty years of age. He speaks broken English but understands every word said to him. His long flowing almost tanny locks and white beard give him an elfish appearance. He is hale and hearty, straight of limb, firm of muscle, and very strong of his age. He gave us the following account of himself, which we know will be perused with interest by every reader of the *Guide*:

"I am 93 years old, and my body and mind are still vigorous. I was born in Warsaw in 1791, and took my title from my father, Count Zowaski. When I was born my country, Poland, was free, but I inherited the love of freedom and the hatred of kings. I felt my blood tingle at the relation of battle scenes when I was a mere boy, and when I was 14 I determined to be a soldier. Napoleon (the count, by the way, always calls him 'Bony,') was already startling Europe with his campaigns. I heard of him, I admired him and when I was 15 I asked my father to let me join the army. My father said: 'I will give you a horse, a sword, a lance, and money. Go and report yourself.' Overjoyed by the free consent of my parents, I went and reported myself to Prince Poniatowski, who knew my parents by reputation. Here my hopes fell again. He told me that he was not able to make me a member of the French army. My request must be forwarded through several hands to Bonaparte himself. I waited the reply impatiently for weeks. At last it came. I was too young, it said, to enter active service, but they would take me into the military school in Paris. So I went, and I was there in 1810, when Bonaparte was making war with Black Arabia, and in 1811, while he was whipping Egypt. When he came back from Egypt and he entered Paris I joined the army. I was made captain of the One Hundred and First Light Artillery. He remained in Paris only five days, and started on the memorable march to Moscow. I was twenty one years old then.

Do I remember that campaign distinctly? I should say I did. I shall remember the retreat from Moscow as long as I remember anything. On our way to the city we had marched every day forty-eight miles, but it took us longer going back. While the army was dwindling from 500,000 to 100,000 men my youth and great powers of endurance enabled me to hold my own; but

I SUFFERED HORRIBLY FROM THE COLD

and from the dreadful fare we were obliged to put up with. Everything around us was poisoned. Napoleon's enemies had made their last great effort to crush him. We were ordered not to touch any meat which we might find on the way. We devoured our horses. We could not complain when Bonaparte himself and his officers joined with us. On our way back we went through Warsaw, and I had chance to see my native place once more.

"Then came Austerlitz; I was in that, too. I remember that. It was a terrible time. There was a twenty-five mile field. No houses. Full of soldiers, full of cannon; Russian, Prussian, Turk, troops from Saxony and Wurtemberg, all fighting at once. Napoleon said, 'I will conquer all!' In fifteen days it was over. And the appearance of the battlefield was something which no one who saw it could forget. After that there was no more fighting. Everybody was killed. Then we met Wellington at Waterloo. Bonaparte is a much slandered man. They don't know him here. Some know too much, some don't enough; hardly anybody knows it right. Everybody was against Bonaparte. They did not treat him fair. They were not fair with him, but he made the whole of Europe tremble. Ah, he was a great soldier!"

"But Waterloo was a misfortune. Napoleon's wife took hold of his hand before the battle and said, 'O my dear husband, I advised you in 1815 to go on. But go no further. You have already conquered the whole of Europe.' He kissed his wife and said, 'My dear wife, there is no other man beside me. First Christ. I am second. If I live to be 60 I will conquer the whole world!"

"Well, after Napoleon's defeat I had to enlist under other leaders. But I kept in war all the time. I was active in the Polish war for independence in 1831, and warmly espoused Kossuth, I and my family. Then I fell under the hand of the Austrian rulers. They would have transported me to Siberia, but I got out of their way. My father and two brothers died in Siberia in 1835. I tell you that is a bad place. It is next to the devil. They worked in the silver mines—down, away down, where it was always dark. No one can live there long if they are not iron.

I WAS GLAD WHEN THE CZAR WAS BLOWN UP.

I wish they'd blow them all up. O, they'd have been right glad to have got hold of me. But I was away from them, safe. I took up arms for Hungary, and presently found myself a prisoner of war in Turkey in Asia. My property at Warsaw had been confiscated. The upshot of it all was that I was banished. I came to this country in 1851, and in the company was Carl Schurz.

"I brought my famous white war horse along with me. I found he was famous for they knew him. I went to West Point and gave instructions there for a while. Then I moved to Reading, Penn., and when the war of the rebellion broke out I offered my services. I was seventy years old then. I fought with Sigel as captain of a Pennsylvania battery. The most serious loss of that war was the loss of my horse, who was shot under me. I complained about it to General Grant. 'Ah,' said General Grant, 'I know your horse well. It was a great loss. You will sign your name on a book and we will give you land in place of your horse.' I scorned the land and would not sign. What land could replace my brave companion of the bloody battlefields of Europe?"

"When the war was over they called me a hero. I went to San Francisco and was made captain of the police. Then everybody used to say 'the old hero!' It is pleasant to hear that when one is old and the wars are over for him. Old! But my grandfather was 115 years old before he died, and I am but 93 the 4th of last July. But I could not be under the rules and regulations to do everything just so in my police office. I gave it up. The newspapers said that the 'old hero' had better stay; but I had made up my mind. Since then I have tramped about a good deal. All the way newspapers speak of me as I go along, and everybody is kind when they find out who I am. I have walked nearly all the way from Kingston and am on my way to Toronto where I shall call on my fellow-countryman, Col. Gzowski. The old hero started out of our office with a hearty "God bless you" on his lips to some gentlemen present who had relieved his necessities.—*Port Hope Guide.*

The cream of a joke would be lost upon a milkman—he wouldn't know what it was.

Effects of Temperature.

The effects of temperature on men do not depend so much on the mean for the day, month, or year, as on the extremes, as when the days are hot and the nights comparatively cool the energy of the system becomes partially restored, so that a residence near the sea, or in the vicinity of high mountains, in hot climates is, other things being equal, less enervating than in the plains, as the night air is generally cooler. It is commonly believed that hot climates are necessarily injurious to Europeans, by causing frequent liver derangements and diseases, dysentery, cholera, and fevers. This, however, is, to a certain extent, a mistake, as the recent medical statistical returns of our army in India show that in the new barracks, with more careful supervision as regards diet and clothing, the sickness and death rates are much reduced. Planters and others, who ride about a good deal, as a rule keep in fairly good health; but the children of the Europeans certainly degenerate, and after two or three generations die out, unless they intermarry with natives and make frequent visits to colder climates. This fact shows that hot climates, probably by interfering with the due performance of the various processes concerned in the formation and destruction of the bodily tissues, eventually sap the foundations of life among Europeans; but how far this result has been caused by bad habits as regards food, exercise, and self-indulgence I cannot say. Rapid changes of temperature in this country are often very injurious to the young, and old, causing diarrhœa and derangements of the liver when great heat occurs, and inflammatory diseases of the lungs, colds, etc., when the air becomes suddenly colder, even in summer.—*Nature.*

The Mouse-Eating Spider.

About three years ago I succeeded in getting a live specimen at last, or rather three of them, all together, in a nice box fronted with wire netting. I bought them from a native, who sells cigars and walking sticks on the market wharf in Bahia, a town on the coast of Brazil.

For some time after they commenced their voyage they ate nothing, though I put flies and cockroaches into their cage. Then I offered them bits of fresh-killed raw beef which they seemed to suck; and then, as if this had whetted its appetite, to my great disgust one killed the other two and sucked them till only the dry shells were left of them, bloating itself visibly in the process.

When it began to get cold I filled up the box with hay, under which it retired and went to sleep, and in that condition was forwarded by rail from Southampton to the Zoological Gardens in London, where I next saw it in a splendid glass cage, labelled with a latin name several inches in length, and composed expressly for it.

They call it the "mouse-eating" spider, because it seemed to prefer the bodies of young mice to anything else. At first it used to drain them of blood as vigorously as it had served its late companions, but after a bit it got to know there were more in the larder, and that it could have as many as it wanted, so it would cut out the top of the head with its sharp nippers, suck the brains and leave the rest.

Hurt his Good Name.

"Yer mout offer me er $100 ter vote fur yer in de convention an' it wouldn't hab no fluence wid me," said an old negro in reply to a candidate who had asked for his support.

"Oh, I wouldn't offer you money," rejoined the candidate. "I believe in conducting a campaign fairly and squarely. Corruption in office-seeking has cast a dark shadow over our institutions. I wouldn't think of offering you $100. I haven't that amount of money, anyway."

"Yer ain't? Well den dar ain't no use talkin' ter me. How much is yer got, nohow?"

"I've got $5."

"Uh, hum. no use talkin' ter me. I ain't gwine ter sell myself ter no white man."

"Of course not."

"Yeah, whut yer gwine ter do wid dat 5?"

"I'll make good use of it."

"Yeah, lemme hab it. Dem folks thinks dat I'se dun sold out. I 'clare to goodness, white man, it hurts er pusson's good name to be seen er talkin' ter yer."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

SOME SMILES.

"Heigh-ho!" said Mrs. Spriggins, "I see that poor old Mr. Wilkins has died intestate, I allus said high living would ruin his innards."

A little fellow with a tall, stalwart wife was asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "O, I don't mind that," he said cheerfully; "but since Sarah's grown near sighted I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma who was something of a skeptic. "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time to get in somewhere?"

Two sides to a question.—"Say, Smith, are you coming down town to-night?" "No." "Why not?" "Well, my hired girl left this morning, and Mary will be lonesome by herself." "My hired girl left this morning, too, and that's why I'm coming down. I'd be awful lonesome with Maggie."

The Mouth of the Congo.

Unlike most other great rivers, the Congo has no delta. It discharges into the sea by a single, unbroken estuary, seven and a half miles across, in which a sounding line of two hundred fathoms does not everywhere touch bottom, and a current runs of five to seven knots an hour. This enormous volume exceeds that of every other known stream except the Amazon. A conservative estimate of the amount of water discharged by it is 2,000,000 cubic feet per second. The Mississippi, when at flood height, carries down no more than 1,500,000 cubic feet and sinks in the dry season to 228,000. Moreover the Congo never runs low. It swells and sinks, as the rainy and dry seasons succeed each other, but within a relatively narrow range of oscillation.

The Oldest Author.

Rev. W. K. Gleig, of England, was one of the warmest friends of the second duke of Wellington, recently deceased. Mr. Gleig is almost an octogenarian, and is the oldest living author who still wields a pen. "He was present at the battle of New Orleans in 1815," says Labouchere in *Truth*, "and saw Gen. Pakenham killed and some of the picked regiments of the British army defeated by Gen. Andrew Jackson and a few American backwoodsmen. Mr. Gleig, who subsequently took orders and became chaplain general, wrote a spirited description in his 'Subaltern' of the engagement at New Orleans, and, having started as an author in 1815, has quite lately contributed an article to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His mind and memory are still entirely unshaken. He was a great favorite with the Iron Duke."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

In Camp at Aldershot.

My friends, stationed at the camp, received me with the frank, generous hospitality of the English officer, and their kind and friendly treatment soon makes me feel thoroughly at home among them, free to come and go as I please, and to make my acquaintance with Tommy Atkins at my leisure. All branches of the service are represented here—engineers, artillery, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and all the varied types of character in the army are to be met with, from the little drummer boy born in the service to the hardened non-commissioned officer of a dozen campaigns. Magnificent types of the soldier these latter, as they pass through the streets with ringing stride, straight as arrows, neat as soap and water, pipe-clay and brush, can make them, proud of their position and of their profession, and often exercising folly as much authority over the men under them as the best of officers.

A canteen where the soldier can purchase at moderate rates many of the little luxuries of life, libraries, reading, smoking, and recreation rooms, are attached to the large barracks at Aldershot. Here theatrical performances, often of considerable merit, are frequently given by the men, and the soldiers can always rely upon the generous support of their officers in their amusements. The theatre or music hall at the Royal Artillery Barracks is generally well attended almost any evening, and a good "song and dance" man enjoys a good mean degree of popularity among his comrades.

But it is the innate love that all Englishmen bear for athletic sports that "Tommy" comes out in his full glory, and his officers do not disdain to meet him on equal grounds at cricket, foot-ball, and other out-door games. Different branches of the service frequently meet in friendly rivalry, and many a match is played on the grounds of the officer's club between teams of various regiments or corps, selected from among the officers and men, irrespective of their military rank. It is not an unusual sight to see a game among the officers "umpired" by some veteran non-commissioned officers, skilled in all the intricacies of the national game of cricket.

The most interesting of the purely martial sports—if I can use the word in reference to what forms part of the drill of the cavalry and mounted artillery—are the exciting contests of sabre *versus* sabre, or sabre *versus* lance, and the like, when some rival "rough-riders" are pitted against one another. One can easily imagine how the tournaments of old appeared, to see these active fellows, mounted on their fine horses, which seem to sympathize with and enter into the spirit of their riders, as clad in stout leather tunics, their heads protected with strong wire masks, they charge down on one another, cutting, thrusting, and parrying, retreating and pursuing. Hard knocks are given and received with apparent good-humor, though I doubt not that long habits of discipline restrain many an honest fellow's temper when his blood is up. It is rough but manly worker, and one does not wonder, on seeing what training they go through that the British horsemen are renowned for their courage and dexterity. Another sport in which the nerve and coolness that go so far toward making a good cavalier are displayed to great advantage is tent-pegging, introduced, I believe into the British Army by the native cavalrymen of the Indian service. The player, armed with a light bamboo lance, puts his horse at full gallop over the course, and strikes with his lance head a tent peg protruding a few inches out of the ground, into which one end has been firmly driven. See how firmly yet lightly the soldier sits his horse, body bent forward, lance couched, thundering forward at the top of his horse's speed. Lower down on his charger's neck, a tighter clasp of the legs, nearer and nearer—the exact moment must be rightly chosen—a slight turn of the wrist of the practiced bridle hand—now I crash I—and he swings back upright into the saddle, waving the light lance triumphantly above his head, with the splintered piece of wood transfixed on its iron point.—R. F. Zogbaum, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

The Italian Peasant.

Life beneath an Italian sky is popularly imagined to be a pleasant form of existence. Such, however, does not appear to be invariably the case. The account given by Mr. Beauclerk, in a report to the foreign office on the agricultural condition of Italy, of peasant life in Piedmont is not of a glowing character. Day-laborers who possess nothing are, he states, the majority of the inhabitants; they amount in Piedmont to one-fifth of the rural population. The landlords are habitually absentees, taking no interest whatever in their tenants, in return for which they have excluded almost every man of means from the list of councillors at the communal elections. The townspeople deride and despise country folk, and are looked upon by them as proud and selfish. In Novara the farm-laborer is said "to contend with every species of privation from the cradle to the grave." His infancy is passed in the care of strangers or rolling in the mud; at 7 years old he receives a few months per year of elementary schooling, and passes the remainder in tending goats; at 10 he already gains some small wages; at 12 he sleeps away from home, and is regularly employed; and at 15 he undertakes the hardest farm-work. The men rise in summer at 2 a.m., in winter at 4 a.m., awakened by beating a stick on an empty box in the former season they work from twelve to fifteen hours per day. When ill the hospital receives them; when old and unfit for work they are forsaken and uncared for; yet the peasants seldom take to begging, even when deprived of all resources. Girls take part in field work at the age of 14 or 15. At night they catch frogs and fish in the marshes. At 30 they are matured women, old at 40, decrepit at 60, with bent backs and bronzed faces. Many families lead a nomadic life. Every Michaelmas their household goods, worth perhaps a total of £6, are packed on a bullock cart, and a new home or situation is sought. In the hill regions many of the villages are notable for their excessive filth. Throughout the plains masters and workmen live together for years without the change of a syllable of good will. In every hamlet class distinctions are complete down the entire gamut of the social scale. Laborers usually have many children, "and," says the report of the Italian government commission that has been recently inquiring into their condition, "indeed they have nothing else."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Origin of a Petticoat.

It was about the same date (1855 56) that our gracious queen set the fashion of wearing a scarlet under petticoat, an idea obtained from the milkmaids at Balmoral. It is said that the late Prince Consort, in admiring the effect of the red petticoats in the landscape, suggested that her majesty should adopt one also. This sealed the fate of white petticoats in England. They had been worn, previously to that, both in summer and winter, and, of course, in order to make sufficient warmth, several had to be put on, thus adding to the weight to be carried at the waist. Since the introduction of the scarlet skirt the fashion of the colored petticoat has been maintained, and the useful skirt lined with leather has also been introduced for walking in the country in muddy weather.

A Curiosity of the Electrical Exhibition.

Among the curiosities in operation at the exhibition of electrical inventions in Philadelphia is a magnetic table.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

One square, 24 lines nonpariel, 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, OCT. 3, 1884.

The Selkirk *Herald* of the 19th ult., state that immense smelting works are about being established in the vicinity of Lake Winnipeg, as large quantities of iron ore were found on Big Island. The name of the Company is the "International Iron Company." The President and Directors of the Company, with Mr. York, an essayist and expert of Minneapolis, visited Big Island, and proceeded to make a thorough investigation, and found that there was evidently any quantity of iron ore. An abundance of yellow ochre was also found. The object of the visit having been accomplished, the party expressed themselves perfectly satisfied, and intimated that their Company would very likely take steps to have operations commenced on Big Island at once. The smelting works to be built on either the east or west side of the Red River in the neighborhood of Selkirk.

THE OTTAWA EXHIBITION.

The Dominion and Ontario Provincial Exhibition held in Ottawa this year was a great success. The entries were in excess of any previous year of its exhibit in Ottawa, so also the number of visitors to the exhibition grounds notwithstanding the unpropitiousness of the weather. Argenteuil was ably represented in the persons of Fish & Ireland, and of John Hay. The latter took the following prizes: For brood mare with foal by her side—1st prize, $25, yearling filly or gelding, 1st prize $8. Ayrshires—Class 12—Bull, 3 years old and upwards 2nd prize, $25. Sec. 4, Bull, 2 years old, 2nd prize $25. Fish & Ireland took three first prizes and a Silver Medal and we notice that their exhibit was one of the special features of the fair judging from the following which we clip from the *Free Press*:

"OUR NATIONAL FOODS,"

Messrs. Fish & Ireland, manufacturers and patentees, Lachute mills, have an excellent display in the main building. Their 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. "Our national foods" are highly valuable and should be used in every family. The diastase and nitrogenous constituents, of which they contain a full proportion, are very 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. A high medical authority has testified to the efficacy and strength-giving qualities of these foods, having tested and fully proved them. Besides this, a host of other testimonials have been voluntarily sent to the manufacturers each one full of laudation of the foods as having been the means of restoring the appetites, supporting and building up the system when all other foods are rejected by the partaker. The enterprise of the firm is well deserving of all encouragement and support from the public.

Mr. J. Farrel received first prize for tidy crochet cotton; second prize for fancy wool knitting; and honorable mention for embroidery on silk.

The members of the Ogdensburg encampment of Oddfellows, who, on invitation visited the Capital yesterday to "do" the exhibition, expressed themselves as being very well pleased with their reception and entertainment. At the grounds they performed their drill in the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General and suite and a vast concourse of people. Subsequently in the Crystal Palace, His Excellency conversed with a few of the members and learned with much interest of their drill tactics. In the evening the Oddfellows had dinner at the Russell after which they went to the City Hall and formed into procession. After performing several evolutions they started for the train headed by the 43rd Battalion band. Opposite the Russell House they rent the air with boisterous cheers for the host, the citizens of Ottawa, and especially the members of the local committee in whose charge they were placed in. They returned home by special train on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa railway at 10 p. m., highly delighted with their short stay in the Capital.

TEMPERANCE IN TERREBONNE.

We are glad to hear that the R. C. Clergy assisted by other zealous workers in the temperance cause are doing a great and most benificent work in the County of Terrebonne. They are going from house to house throughout the whole parishes visiting the people and holding public meetings in favour of temperance, and in one Parish, that of St Agathe, it is stated all have signed the temperance pledge, except eight persons.

THAT DYNAMITE.

The large quantity of Dynamite stored on the Chatham road near Lachute is unquestionably a dangerous article. The fact of the owners having to send it out of the way somewhere proves this. The law in the matter prescribes the distances at which it must be stored from a house and we understand that the law is violated in this case. We also understand that the people in the neighborhood where it is stored are in terror of their lives while it has been stated that if anything should happen from the quantity of Dynamite stored there, every house in Lachute would be shaken to its foundation. It is a matter of great importance to the people here that this thing should be investigated at once and the danger removed.

MONTREAL APPLE TRADE.—It has been noted the apple trade this year is very unfavorable to Western shippers, who have hardly been able to realize first cost in this market. Exporters are indifferent about taking hold and make low bids, the advices being unsatisfactory. Receipts here have increased and the market is weak and lower, sales of choice fall varieties having been made at $1.75, which is the top price obtainable. Latest advices from England reported a good demand for not fruit while green varieties were neglected.

COUNTY SHOW.

Tuesday, the day chosen for the County Agricultural Show, was all that could be desired, being clear and warm like a summer's day, although Saturday and Sunday the rain came down in torrents, converting our streets and roads into mud and slush, making locomotion anything but pleasant—nevertheless the the exhibition was well attended, thousands being on the grounds during the day.

The Exhibition on the whole was a long way in advance of any previous ones that we have attended. The display of fancy work was very good indeed. There were two cases of wax, shell and flower work that particularly attracted the attention of visitors. The first by Mrs. Wm. McCullock, of Isle eau chats. The second by Mrs. Duncan McGregor, of River Rouge, composed of feathers so artistically colored and blended together into flowers of different kinds, as to particularly call forth the admiration of the beholder. There was a large display of fancy needle work in embroidery, quilts, woollen shawls, cushions, table mats, pincushions, fancy flower work, carpets, blankets &c., showing conclusively that the ladies of Argenteuil are well versed in the fine arts as they are also in making first class bread and buns. Happy the young man that gets one of the young ladies of Argenteuil for a wife.

Miss Staniforth, of Lachute, exhibited a magnificent cushion chair, the seat and back tastefully worked in flowers. It was much admired and took a first prize, as well as honorable mention. Indeed it deserved a gold medal.

Mr. Alex. McCallum, blacksmith, of Lachute, exhibited two beautiful hand made steel hammers, one a chipping hammer the other a riviting hammer, both finely polished, were very much admired. Mr. McCallum is a tasty and first-class workman, and these hammers were well deserving of a prize.

APPLES AND GRAPES.

In the fruit line there was a large display of very fine fruit, proving that Argenteuil can produce as fine apples, grapes &c. as any part of the Province of Quebec or Eastern Ontario if the farmers would only give a little more attention to the raising of fruit. Mr. Summerby shows some very good sized St. Lawrences, Maltranche, Fameuse, Strawberry, Non Such, Come Dance, Lost Name, Warren Crab, Magnumbonum and Cranberries. Mr. Thomas Burwash, of St. Andrews, exhibits some fine apples and grapes. Mr. Charles Albright, River Rouge, a large collection of very good apples and grapes—his collection consisted of St. Lawrence, White Astrican, Peach Apple, Fall Pippin, Fameuse (red), English Russet, St. Lawrence (stripped), Kiswick's Codlin, Fameuse (stripped), Rusticoat, Siberian Crab, Dartmouth and Montreal beauty; Elizabeth Grapes.

Mr. John Hay, of Chatham, shows also in apples the Alexander, one of which measured round 13 inches, St. Lawrence, Fameuse, Dutches, Pippin, Mountain St. Lawrence; and in grapes the Concord. Mr. James B. Cushing, also had a good exhibit of Alexander, Dutches Wealthy, St. Lawrence, Fameuse, Golden Russet, Pomme Grise, Late Winter—three kinds of Crab apples, and three kinds of Grapes. Thos. Marshall, of Dalesville, also exhibited an apple called the Emperor Alexander—very fine fruit indeed.

YARN.

Mr. Wm. McCullock, of Isle-eau-chats, exhibited a good sample of stocking yarn. There was also a good display of stockings, socks and mittens.

CLOTHS.

Hamelin & Ayer, of Lachute, showed a fine lot of Tweeds and Flannels, for which they were awarded the first prize. Mr. Robert Morrison, of Brownsburg also exhibited a good sample of Etoffe for which he got the second prize. There was also a very good exhibit by farmers of home made cloth and flannels, but we did not learn the names of the owners.

HARNESS.

Mr. George Simpson, of St. Andrews, exhibited two sets of Harness (double) and single) very fine, which took a prize.

BUTTER AND CHEESE

The display of butter was large, 30 tubs being on exhibition, the quality of which was reckoned by the judges superior to any on exhibition at Montreal. Ten cheeses were also exhibited, the judges being put to their wits end to decide which of them should the prizes of first and second be given.

ROOTS.

There being no prizes given for root crops, consequently the display was very small.

HORSES.

Quite a fine lot of horses and colts were on exhibition, but want of time and space prevents us from particularising, we must let the prize list speak for us. The noble offer of the President of the Society in offering three prizes for the three best colts gotten by his horse, met with general approbation and thanks of exhibitors. Other gentlemen gave handsome prizes which were thankfully received.

HORNED CATTLE

The display of horned cattle was very good indeed, and was a decided improvement on former years in the quality of the breed. There were several very fine looking bulls and milch cows, some of which took first prizes. The displays of calves were equally good. We noticed two young heifers that would make prime beef.

SHEEP.

In this department there was a large exhibit of fine sheep. Mr. Malcolm Smith, of Beech Ridge, showed a Leicester ram of one shear, which took the first prize at Lachute show this week. At the Huntingdon show this ram was awarded the first prize, at Chateauguay, first prize, at Montreal third prize. Thomas Morin, of Jerusalem, took second prize, and also at Montreal exhibition. Mr. Andrew Todd, of Lachute road, took first prize for another description of sheep.

PIGS.

The exhibit of pigs was not so large as we have seen at former shows, although the quality was very fair. The sow exhibited by Mr. Thomas Morin, of Jerusalem, took second prize at Montreal exhibition, but here he took first.

FOWLES.

The display of Geese was very good, one cage of white geese, and two others containing English geese, were very good. The Ducks also were first class. In hens the display was very fine, and much admired, particularly the Plymouth rocks, brown Leghorns, golden Pleasant, Poland Pleasant, dark Brahma chickens. There was also a good exhibit of Turkeys.

CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Dudderidge & Mitchell's exhibit of Carriages, Buckboards, Carts and Wagons, was large and very fine, and attracted a good deal of attention. These vehicles are well made handsomely got up, durable and remarkably cheap, as the label on each showed the price of it. There should have been prizes for this description of work, but as none were provided, the only thing the Directors could do was to make honorable mention of them in their report.

IMPLEMENTS &C.

Messrs. McOuat & McRae made a big display of coal and wood stoves, farmers boilers, school desks, a new kind of churn, simple and handy, will do a churning in fifteen minutes—a child can operate it. Also fifty different kinds of plough points to suit all kinds of ploughs, camp ovens for shanties, circular saw arbours, sinks, land rollers, drill harrows, chilled king plough, the celebrated Grey treshing machine. The greater part of this display is of their own manufacture. They inform us that their display would have been double if there had been a proper building to have placed their goods in the day before exhibition, and if we wish our exhibitions to grow, buildings ought to be erected at once.

Mr. Alex. Larmonth also made a good display of Agricultural implements—consisting of Old's two horses thresher, Frost & Woods ploughs, iron cultivator, horse hay fork, which took first prize at Montreal exhibition, Honey's improved fanning mill, do., McKenzie's fanning mill, Masson's seeder, Frost and Wood's buckeye mower, horse hay rake, Union churn, honey extractor and beehives.

A lot of gamblers collected on the show grounds and commenced their nefarious practices of relieving the young men of their spare cash—when Mr. David Raitt, head constable, came along and drove the party on the grounds. One of them had a Johny jump up which he removed to between Mr. G. L. Meikle's store and Mr. Roderigue's Hotel, and there again began operations. Mr. Raitt deserves the thanks of the community for putting a stop to the doings of these lazy rogues.

There was one pleasing feature about this show, every body seemed happy and best of all no drunkenness. It was the most orderly and best conducted exhibition we have witnessed for many a year, and which is highly creditable to the people of Argenteuil, and we trust it will ever be so.

The show ground was much admired by exhibitors, who regretted that there were not proper buildings erected thereon for the better accommodation of exhibitors. The want of stalls for cattle and sheep &c. were much required to protect them from the heat as well as in wet weather, and a building for fine goods, fruits &c. where suitable displays might be made of articles on exhibition. If these buildings were erected here and in St. Andrews and a charge made for admission of, say twenty-five or thirty cents, in a few years the income from this source would soon pay for the buildings and keep them in a good state of repair. These buildings too could be rented occasionally for other purposes, which would be another source of revenue. Let the Society then take action in the matter as soon as possible.

At the close of the exhibition, the Secretary, Mr. Gavin J. Walker, read in a clear loud voice the prize list to the people assembled in front of Victoria Hall to hear it, from the upper window of that building.

THE DINNER.

After all was over the Directors and invited guests repaired to the Hotel of Mr. James Curry, where a dinner got up in good style awaited them. The Secretary read a letter of apology from the Hon. Mr. Abbott M. P. for Argenteuil, who was unexpectedly called to England, and regretted his inability to be present. Wm. Owens, Esq., M.P.P. for Argenteuil, was present, but as the time was late, it was deemed expedient to dispense with speeches, and therefore none were made, and thus ended one of the most successful and happy meetings ever held by the Society.

Below is the list of the prizes.

LIST OF PRIZES *awarded at the annual Exhibition of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil held 30th September, 1884.*

HORSES.

Judges.—Robert Ness, Howick; John Henderson, Petite Cote; John Hamilton, Grand Freniere.

MARES & FOAL (Draught).

David McOuat, Jr. 1st, William Law 2nd, John Jackson 3rd, Peter Cruise 4th, Joseph Staniforth 5th, Archd. Graham 6th.

MARES & FOAL (Saddle)

John Boa 1st, John Hay 2nd, Robert Simpson 3rd, Alexr. McGibbon (B) 4th.

STUDS 3 YEARS.

James Wilson 1st, Alexr. Cameron 2nd.

STUDS 2 YEARS.

Henry Griffith 1st, Harvey Mathews 2nd, William Pollock 3rd.

HORSE COLTS 1 YEAR.

William Davidson 1st, Wm. Hume, (Hill) 2nd, Walter McOuat, Lachute, 3rd.

FILLIES 3 YEARS.

John Jackson 1st, Frederick H. Hooper 2nd, Robert Morin 3rd.

FILLIES 2 YEARS.

Thomas Morrison 1st, Alexr. McFarlane 2nd, James Bradley 3rd, William McFarlane 4th.

FILLIES 1 YEAR.

John Hay 1st, Henry Todd 2nd, David McFarlane 3rd.

FOALS.

James McGregor 1st, William Davidson 2nd, George Hyde 3rd.

CARRIAGE HORSES.

John L. Hutchins 1st, John Hay 2nd, Robert Jones 3rd, John McGregor 4th.

Mr. Hay's Prize on Foals from his Horse.

David McOuat, Jr. 1st, William Law 2nd, John Jackson 3rd.

HORNED CATTLE.

JUDGES.—*James Drummond, Thomas Irving, Thmas Brown, Petite Cote Montreal.*

GRADE—AGED BULLS.

John Rogers 1st, William Rogers 2nd, William Armstrong 3rd, John Nicolson 4th.

BULLS, (2 years.)

Peter Gordon 1st, Wm. Bain 2nd, Henry McRae 3rd, James Leishman 4th.

BULLS (1 year.)

James Bradley 1st, Robert Woods 2nd, John Smith, (T. G.) 3rd, George Hyde 4th.

BULL CALVES.

Walter McOuat, Lachute, 1st, Joseph McKimmie 2nd.

HEIFER CALVES.

Alexr. Murray 1st, David Morin 2nd, Thomas Barron 3rd.

MILCH COWS.

John Hay 1st, Nelson Albright, R. R., 2nd, James McOuat, R. R., 3rd, Thomas Stewart 4th, James McOuat, (B) 5th, Walter McOuat, Lachute, 6th, James Berry 7th, Peter Gordon 8th.

HEIFERS (2 years.)

Nelson Albright, R. R., 1st, James McOuat, R. R., 2nd, James C. McOuat 3rd, Thomas Morin 4th, Peter Gordon 5th.

HEIFERS (1 year.)

James McOuat, R. R., 1st, Walter McOuat Lachute, 2nd, George Hyde 3rd, David Morin 4th, James C. McOuat 5th.

AYRSHIRE—AGED BULLS.

John Hay 1st, George Fraser 2nd, Robert Wood 3rd, Robert Todd 4th.

BULLS (2 years.)

Alexr. McFarlane 1st, Alexr. Murray 2nd, David Morin 3rd.

BULLS (1 year.)

Peter Gordon 1st, Robert Todd 2nd, John Hay 3rd.

HEIFER CALVES.

John Hay 1st, Robert Todd 2nd, Robert Woods 3rd.

MILCH COWS.

John Hay 1st, George Frazer 2nd, Robert Wood 3rd, William Buchan 4th.

HEIFERS (2 years.)

Robert Woods 1st, Robert Todd 2nd, John Hay 3rd, Nelson Albright, (Bay) 4th, George Fraser 5th.

HEIFERS (1 year.)

John Hay 1st, Robert Wood 2nd, George Frazer 3rd, Joseph Staniforth 4th.

SHORT HORN.

(*Only one exhibit in this class.*)

AGED BULL

David Morin 1st.

Mr. James McOuat, of River Rouge, was awarded the prize given by the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, for the best thorough Bred Bull of any Dairy Breed.

SHEEP.

JUDGES.—*Duncan McCole, Cote St. Joseph; Peter McMartin, St. Andrews; Patrick Connors, Little Rideau.*

AGED RAMS.

Robert Todd 1st, William Drew 2nd, John Hay 3rd, Mal. & Wm. Smith 4th, William Hume 5th.

RAMS (1 shear.)

Mal. & Wm Smith 1st, Thomas Morin 2nd Arch. Boa 3rd, John McGregor, R. R. 4th Archibald LeRoy 5th.

RAM LAMBS.

Robert Woods 1st, John Hay 2nd, Robert Todd 3rd, William Davidson 4th, James McOuat R. R. 5th.

OLD EWES.

Mal. & Wm. Smith 1st, William Drew 2nd, William Hume (Hill) 3rd, Henry McRae 4th, John Gordon, R. R. 5th, Peter Gordon 6th.

EWES, (Shear.)

Andrew Wood 1st, William Hume, (Hill) 2nd, John Shaw 3rd, William Drew 4th, Henry McRae 5th, Robert Woods 6th.

EWE LAMBS.

Mal. & Wm. Smith 1st, Robert Todd 2nd, John Hay 3rd, Nelson Albright, (Bay) 4th, George Fraser 5th, Robert Woods 5th, Thomas Morin 6th.

SWINE.

Same Judges as on Sheep.

BOARS.

Mal. & Wm. Smith 1st, William Hume, Hill, 2nd, Robert Woods 3rd, William Summerby 4th.

SOWS.

Thomas Morin 1st, Mal. & Wm. Smith 2nd, William Hume, Hill, 3rd, William Summerby 4th.

POULTRY.

JUDGES.—*William McAdam, St. Canute; Alexr. Arnold Lakefield; James Fish, Lachute.*

ENGLISH GEESE.

George Fraser 1st, David Morin 2nd.

CANADIAN GEESE.

Mrs. Duncan McGregor 1st, George Hyde 2nd.

TURKEYS.

Revrd. Mr. Knowles, 1st, Cage Unticketed 2nd.

DUCKS.

Joseph Staniforth 1st, Andrew Todd, 2nd.

BRAMAR.

Thomas Morin 1st, John McGregor, R. R. 2nd.

LEGHORN.

Thomas Morin 1st, John McGregor, R. R. 2nd.

HOUDEN.

John Hay 1st.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Rev. Mr. Knowles 1st, Joseph Staniforth 2nd.

SPANISH.

John Doig 1st, John McGregor, R. R. 2nd.

There were quite a number of young Poultry exhibited and also a pair of Poland Pheasants which were considered very fine, also a lot of vegetables, Roots and seed corn which are also considered by the Judges worthy of Notice.

HARNESS.

(*Only one exhibited.*)

George Simpson 1st.

BREAD & BUNS.

(*Same Judges as on Poultry.*)

BREAD.

Andrew McFarlane 1st, John McMartin 2nd, Thomas Morrison 3rd.

BUNS.

John McMartin 1st, Robert Boa 2nd, Andrew Wood 3rd.

FRUIT.

(*Same Judges as on Bread & Buns*)

Charles Albright 1st, William Summerby 2nd, James B. Cushing 3rd, John Hay 4th.

Some apples exhibited by Mr. John Hammond of Milleisle considered worthy of mention.

BUTTER.

JUDGES.—*Thomas Ross, Little Rideau; John Johnston, Montreal; George Graham.*

Nelson Albright (Bay) 1st George Fraser 2nd, Robert Boa 3rd, Peter Gordon 4th, David McFarlane 5th, William Hume, (Hill) 6th, James C. McOuat 7th, James Drew 8th, Robert Todd 9th, Andrew Walker 10th.

CHEESE.

(*Same Judges as on Butter.*)

George W. Boad 1st, Alfred Ouetre 2nd, Nelson Albright, R. R. 3rd, James C. McOuat 4th, John Doig 5th, Walter McOuat, Lachute 6th.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURERS.

JUDGES.—*Thomas Barron, Lachute; James B. Cushing Chatham; Alexr. Pridham, Grenville.*

ETOFFE.

James Leishman 1st, Ewan Cameron 2nd, Louise Fournier 3rd, Andrew Walker 4th.

DRESSED CLOTH.

Robert Todd 1st, James Taylor 2nd, James Gordon 3rd, Andrew Todd 4th.

Best collection of Cloth, Tweeds, &c. exhibited and made by Manufacturers in the County.

Hamlin & Ayr 1st, Robert Morrison 2nd.

PLAIN FLANNEL.

Andrew Todd 1st, Richard Mair 2nd, Andrew Walker 3rd.

FANCY FLANNEL.

Andrew McFarlane 1st, David Black 2nd, Robert Todd 3rd, Joseph McKimmie 4th.

BLANKETS.

Thomas Burwash 1st, Andrew Todd 2nd, James Bradley 3rd, William Buchan 4th.

WOOLEN SHAWLS.

Andrew Walker 1st, Richard Mair 2nd, David Morin 3rd.

KNITTED WORK.

George Morrison 1st, William McUlloch 2nd, Thomas Todd 3rd, Robt. Morrison 4th.

1 lot of stocking yarn exhibited by Mr. Wm. McUlloch of Isle-eau-chats considered very fine and prize recommended.

CARPETS.

Andrew Walker 1st, George Fraser, 2nd.

QUILTS & COVERINGS—KNITTED.

John McGilvary 1st, Thomas Morrison 2nd.

WOVEN.

Malcolm & Wm. Smith 1st, Mrs. Duncan McGregor 2nd.

PATCHED.

Ewan Cameron 1st, James Wilson 2nd.

A Quilt exhibited by Miss. C. L. Patterson considered worthy of Honorable Mention, and a down Comforter exhibited by same person recommended for a Prize.

FANCY WORK ARTIFICIAL.

Mrs. Duncan McGregor 1st, William McUlloch 2nd.

CROCHET.

William Drew 1st, Archibald Boa 2nd,

NEEDLE.

Joseph Staniforth 1st, John Shaw 2nd.

Mr. Alexr. McAllam of Lachute exhibited two steel riveting Hammers of his own make, which the Judges considered worthy of special and Honorable mention. They being very fine specimens and showing excellent workmanship.

The Annual Ploughing Match of the Society will be held on the farm of Robert Crosier, Esq., Jerusalem settlement, Lachute, on the 23rd of October, instant. Special prizes are offered by William Owens, Esq., M. P. P., Alfred Centre, Esq., and Charles Albright Esq., Mr. Alexr. Larmouth, of Lachute, is also giving a steel moulded Plow, to the party ploughing the Best ploughed ridge on the field.

McOuat & McRae's prize to the winner of the most prizes will be given out that day.

A SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has had forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar and terrible distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are shrunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give them rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweet-ish to the taste. Often times there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes close, or nearly so although the disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of a thousand have not cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White (Limited), 17, Farringdon road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary-street, Peterborough,
November 24th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydvil.

To Mr. A. J. White

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicine possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "One of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. Bowker.

To A. J. White, Esq.

Spanish Town,
Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 24, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation, prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours ever gratefully,
(Signed) Carey B. Berry,
A. J. White, Esq. Baptist Missionary.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did, I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

Cure for Chilblains.

Bathe the feet for ten or fifteen minutes in water as hot as can be borne; then apply Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and a cure is certain. Yellow Oil cures Rhumatism, Neuralgia, Deafness, Lameness, and Pain generally; and internally cures Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Asthma, and many painful affections.

THE LYNAM CASE.

This morning a laboring man walked up to Mr. Alfred Perry and remarked, "You do not know me, but I know you. Here is a dollar toward the expenses of the Lynam case." Mr. Perry looked at the man in astonishment. "Are you a laboring man, and offer me a dollar?" "I am, and I do," said the man. "Then I shall not take your dollar. I am much obliged for your sympathy, but your wife and family will need the dollar, and I can get enough of money from others who can better afford to pay it." This was what Mr. Perry remarked to the man, and he says that as he shook hands with him he valued his encouragement and proffered aid more than if he had been a millionaire who proffered him fifty dollars.

—Milkweed pods make a lovely bouquet, and will keep well all winter; open them sufficiently to show the seeds and delicate, silky wings.

—When in the city I saw a pretty way of fastening a bouquet or group of grasses to the wall. A band of wide velvet was fastened across the stems by brass-headed tacks on each side. The stems were long and hung below the band.

The searching of English steamers by the French causes much indignation at Hong Kong.

The Viceroy of canton has been ordered to issue a proclamation urging resistance to the French.

Governor St. John has issued his address accepting the candidacy for the U. S. presidency as the prohibition candidate.

A theological council is in session at Baltimore, considering the condition of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

The *Journal des Debats* thinks England's course in Egypt and China will compel France to accept dependence on Germany.

It is proposed to endow a chair of political economy in Queen's University in commemoration of the 40th anniversary of Sir John Macdonald's entry into public life.

Mrs. Mary Walton produced an invention for the deadening of the noise on the elevated railways, for which she received $10,000 and a royalty for ever. Mrs. Walton was the happy possessor in youth of a sensible father who thought it worth while to give his daughters a solid education. He was asked at one time why he spent so much money in educating his girls, and replied: "My boys turned out to be girls, and I am going to give them as good an education, that they may turn out to be as good as boys."—*Guardian.*

DEATH.

MORRISON.—On the 22nd Sept., the beloved wife of Mr. Henry Morrison, of the Glen, in the 31 year of her age.

SCARBOROUGH.—William Scarborough of St. Philippe, died September the 17, 1884.

TO THE MEMORIAL OF WILLIE SCARBOROUGH.

Fairwell friends his gone and left you,
And yet he might have wished to stay;
But death has called him home to God
And broke earth's fondest ties.

His parents dear, they long will miss
Their son they loved so well;
And wait the coming of his feet
Some joyous news to tell.

But Oh! alas, that cannot be
For he has reached that shore,
And found his sister and brother
Where parting is no more.

FOR NEURALGIA, apply the Pain Eradicator thoroughly to the back part of the head, extending the rubbing from ear to ear; snuff the clear Pain Eradicator into the nostrils, or put two or three drops on the palm of the hand and inhale it for some minutes, and apply it to what is called the open or joint of the head, and take internally as directed. If there be much weakness and irritation of the Nerves use also *Graham's Rapid Diarrhœa Cure* internally. It is a valuable remedy in Neuralgia and all Rheumatic troubles. Price 50 cents a bottle. If there be feverishness with it, use the *Pearl-pent* and regulate the bowels with Graham's Pills.

OUR JOSHUA COMPETITION.

The person sending the first correct answer to the following problem before Nov. 1st, will receive a Fine OIL PAINTING size 21 x 36 in heavy 5 inch gilt frame: the two persons sending the next correct answers prizes of fine OIL PAINTINGS 18 x 24, heavily framed, and 10 prizes of $1 five to those who send in the five last correct or nearest correct answers. In all 13 rewards which will *positively* be given. No fraud about *this*. Each competitor must enclose with their answer twenty-five cents, for which they will receive a copy of "OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER," the latest humorous work published, of 183 pages, and which, aside from the prize, is full value for the money. Remember every one receive the book who sends an answer.

QUESTION.—Multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compass'd Jericho, and add to the product the number of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Hannah's sons, substract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, substract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliah, substract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divided by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, and substract the number of persons saved in the ark.

The names of those sending correct answers as well as the successful competitors will be published in the N. B. Reporter, copies of which will also be sent to competitors.

Address—
HERMAN H. PITTS,
Manager "N.B. Reporter."
P.O. Box 299. Fredericton, N.B.

A PLUM THAT BEATS JACK HORNER'S.—Mr. W. M. Kerr, of this city, on Saturday received from Mr. M. B. Atkinson, of Victoria, B. C. a magnificent Victoria Plum, measuring 8 x 6¼ inches. The plum is described by the grower as by no means an unusual or special specimen, but quite a common exhibit as to size, there being several much larger on the tree. The plum was picked and sent Sept. 11th.—*Witness.*

WINNIPEG.—A large quantity of wheat is ready for exportation. The Canadian Pacific Railway will have one thousand cars to haul grain to Port Arthur before the close of Navigation. Mr. Ogilvie offered 87 cents for the wheat grown on the Canadian Pacific Railway experimental farm.

The steamer Boston City, for Boston, brings 210 Holstein cattle, some costing upwards of $1,700 before shipment.

I gather all kinds of grasses which have large heads, and some wild plants with good-sized seed pods, and hang them away in a dark place to dry. It is important that the grasses should be hung heads downward, and I usually hang all in that way. It is surprising how many pretty things one can find for winter bouquets when one commences collecting.

—Last winter I put up a large bunch of wheat in a dark corner of my sitting-room, and it made a bright spot there all winter. I colored the wheat a bright yellow by dipping it in Diamond Dye. Grasses may be made any color by using different shades of this same kind of dye, but they generally look better left their natural color.

Governor Stanford, of California, has a vineyard covering 3,000 acres.

LACE DEPARTMENT!

A large assortment of Beaded Lace, for fall wear, to select from.
Beaded Dress Fronts, from $1.75 to $15, with sleeves to match.
White Beaded Dress Fronts.
White Beaded Lace.
White Beaded Net.
Colored Beaded Lace.
Oriental Laces.
A Large variety of White, Cream and Tinted Oriental Lace to select from.
Silk Oriental Lace in Black and Cream.
A large variety of patterns.
Ecru Laces, received within the last few days a large lot of Ecru Lace of good quality, which we are clearing out at 8c per yard.
Black Spanish Net, all Silk. Our stock of Black Spanish Net is now complete.
Black Spanish Net, splendid patterns, from $1.75 to $5 per yard.
Cream Spanish Net for $1.15.
Spanish Steamer Lace for Scarfs, Cream and Black all Silk, from 57c to $2.25.
Black Spanish Scarfs, Silk, from $1.35 to $17, Hand run.
Black Spanish Fichus Silk, from $1.35 to $15 50. Hand run.

S. CARSLEY.

WOOL YARNS.
WOOL YARNS.
AND
LOW PRICES.
LOW PRICES.
Before purchasing your WINTER SUPPLY of WOOL YARNS, go down to Notre Dame street, and see the prices at
S. CARSLEY'S.

Best Desiratum Fingerings
At the lowest prices.
S. CARSLEY'S
Cannot be procured elsewhere.

Best Merino Fingerings
At the lowest prices.
S. CARSLEY'S

Best Berlin Fingerings
At the lowest prices.
S. CARSLEY'S.

Best Andalusian Wool
At the lowest prices.
S CARSLEY'S

Best Merino Wool
At the lowest prices.
S. CARSLEY'S.

S. CARSLEY'S
Our new street numbers are
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775 and 1777.
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

The best place in
MONTREAL,
TO BUY
Dry Goods
AND
CARPETS,
IS AT
Leggat & Hamilton's,
1883 & 1885 Notre Dame Street.

HORSE LOST.

LOST from pasture, Goods Corner, Gore, on 18th Sept, a black mare white spot on forehead; finder, or he who will give good information will be well rewarded
Leave word or address "WATCHMAN" Office, Lachute.

Vital Questions!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural childlike refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly "*Some form of Hops!!!*"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Cheap Teas & Sugars.—C. T. Wales & Co.
Wool Yarns.—N. Carsley.
Surgical Operation.—A. J. White.
Vital Questions.—H. P. Hubbard.
Dry Goods.—Leggat & Hamilton.
Drunkeness.—Golden Specific Co.
Horse Lost.—Wm. Sare.

LOCAL.

MUSIC.

LESSONS given by the undersigned either on the ORGAN or PIANO.
1-4 M. E. MEIKLE.

A Long Time.

Fifteen years suffering from the tortures of Dyspepsia is indeed a long time. A. Barns, blacksmith, of Cobourg, was thus afflicted, but it only required four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters to completely cure him.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of C. T. Wales & Co., St. Andrews. They are selling sugar and tea remarkably cheap. Give them a call.

In Dixies Land.

J. Kennedy, dealer in drugs, &c., Dixie, Ontario, recommends Hagyard's Pectorial Balsam to his customers, it having cured his wife of a bad cough. It is the safest and surest remedy for all Throat and Lung troubles, such as Asthma, Bronchits, Whooping Cough and most pectoral complains,

A grand concert of "Ye Olde Folkes" is to come off on Thursday evening next in Victoria Hall, the proceeds of which is to be applied to liquidate the debt incurred in building sheds in rear of Methodist Church. The programme is a very fine one; and from the style in which the performance is to be carried out, will no doubt attract a large crowd, the performers appearing in costume of "ye olden times."

A Good Cosmetic.

The best cosmetics are good soap and water, to obtain purity of the skin; while for boils, blotches, obstinate humors and impurities of the blood, Burdock Blood Bitters is the best of all purifiers.

An Open Letter.

Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.
Dear Sirs.—I can honestly recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as the best reliever of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy. I remain, respectfully yours,
JOHN TAYLOR,
190 Parliament St., Toronto.

Dr. Stewart, the oculist and aurist, well known in Ottawa of late years as an occasional visitor, and formerly a resident of the city, died in Belleville last Thursday. Dr. Stewart was known as a clever and skilful practitioner.

Blood Relations.

The best blood relations consist of a perfect circulation of healthy, vital fluid—pure blood and proper circulation may be established in the system by the use of that grand blood purifier, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Last week a lady arrived at Kingston from Montreal, by the Grand Trunk. In the restaurant at the depot she left a valise which contained between $3,000 and $4,000. The lady telegraphed from Toronto for it and was rejoiced on being notified that it was safe. It was forwarded to her.

Costiveness is the cause of the intolerable "bad breath" of multitudes. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters remove the cause and prevent the evil, and cost only 25 cents.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is the best remedy known for stiff joints.

An old lady, 85 years of age, residing near Hanover, has just completed a quilt containing 4,000 peices, each piece being about the size of a cent.

The history of Downs' Elixir is identified with the history of New England for the last fifty years. It cures coughs and colds.

Ex Rev. Leonard Gaetz, once of London, is now running a general store in Calgary.

NATIONAL PILLS purifies the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

There are three chandeliers in the Whitehouse that cost $5,000 a piece.

DESTROY THE WORMS or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms.

Mr. Goldsmith of Mrs. Langtry notoriety, has sailed, with his stable of fast horses for England.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Itching Piles, Ringworm, Eruptions, and all skin diseases, use Dr. J. Low's Sulphur Soap.

Bennett had the ice cream served in cups and saucers made of ice at his Newport grand ball.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other Medicine.

ROBBERY.—On Friday last Mr. James McConnell, son of Andrew McConnell, Esq., left his vest with a gold watch in it, hung on a nail in an out-building, while he went down to the river, where there were men quarrying stones for the foundation of a new building his father is putting up on the West side of the river. One of the men at work on the building told him before he left he had better lock the door and take the key, but young Mr. McConnell thought there was no danger and left it open, and on his return found his watch gone, and a man of the name of Eli Brunnet who was engaged on the building gone also, whom he at once suspected of taking his watch. He went to Mr. Barron, who sent him to Mr. David Raitt, Constable, who at once started in pursuit. They learned that the thief had taken the railway, intending to take the cars at St. Herm as for Montreal. Mr. Raitt and young McConnell, when they had gone as far as Mr. Blacks, took a short cut through the fields and arrived at St. Hermas a half an hour earlier than they would have had they kept the road where they found the thief trying to sell the watch for $4.00. Mr. Raitt took the watch from him, and took him to St. Scholastique and lodged him in Jail. He was completely nonplussed when he saw young McConnell and Raitt entering the Hotel. Mr. Raitt for an old man is a smart and energetic detective, and a terror to evil doers. The alacrity he displayed in this case secured Mr. McConnell his watch again; for if the cars had arrived at St. Hermas, before they did the thief would have escaped them and the watch lost forever to Mr. McConnell.

SHREWSBURY.

The people of Wentworth, as well as the Gore, assembled in large numbers to pay the last tribute of respect to one of their most highly appreciated number, on the 24th Sept., at St. John's Church, where the funeral of the late Mrs. Henry Morrison took place. This was the largest funeral ever seen in this part, proving how much the people feel they have lost by the death so early in life of this highly respected woman.

IMPROVED VEHICLE SEAT.

On paying a visit to the carriage department, we find Lariviere's improved vehicle seat, an important feature. It is specially adapted for two seated vehicles, and is claimed as the best invention of the kind in the world. It is suitable for T carts, Surrey wagons, dog carts, delivery wagons, etc. A few of the advantages of this seat are that half of the front seat slides back and turns in to admit passage to rear seat, and at the same time the fall or curtain is automatically lifted out of the way, the driver remains seated when the other half of seat is opened. The outer edge or end of the seat remains stationary, the complete appearance of the seat is preserved. No wearing, no rattling, or getting out of order. Dresses are not soiled by rubbing against hind wheel, as in the old style of getting into back seat. No more hind steps to mar the appearance and increase the weight of carriage, entrance by the front being most convenient and safe. It is so simple in its movement that a child can open it, and may be said to be the only perfect seat to enter by the front. A dog-cart sleigh was awarded a diploma, and an exhibit also received the bronze medal. The design was sold to Col Ora P. Patten, Montreal.—*Free Press.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Renfrew, 27th Sept., 1884.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—Lachute turns up now and again; we had a flying visit from Messrs. Simpson and Chisholm on Tuesday, both looking as if advancing years had not made much inroad. You were also represented at the Agricultural Exhibition by Mr. O'Brien, late of Lachute, who took first prize for carriage poney and well he might for "Coon" is a little beauty, "handsome as a picture" is the general verdict, a fine traveller and gentle as a lamb—what a pity that these fine Canadian horses are becoming so scarce.

I was very much pleased with some features of the exhibition. The grounds and buildings were open from Monday morning, the greater part of the first day being occupied in placing the exhibits; and in the evening the place was lighted up, as also the street leading to the grounds. In the centre and four wings of the main building were displayed grain, roots and other vegetables, dairy products, fruits, flowers, cabinetware, stoves, harness, &c., &c., two cases of jewellery and silver placed in the centre formed quite an attraction.

A fine organ under the manipulation of a Renfrew lady, and assisted by a selected choir entertained the visitors during the evening; at several intervals the grand old piper who left a leg at the relief of Lucknow nearly set my country men daft; but for the crowd there certain would have been a few reels. On the second floor the walls and centre of a large room were literally covered with the handiwork of the ladies; home made cloths, rugs, shawls, cushions, crochet work, embroidery, machine and hand sewing, painting, feather work, but you could not expect one of "the male persuasion" to describe such a bewildering array of quality and beauty, many articles would have graced a provincial exhibition—altogether this was in this department the best local show I have seen; and splendidly managed. *All articles remained on exhibition until after 4 P.M., on Thursday.* So that it was really an exhibition and not a scramble for prizes. There were many very fine horses, in fact the farm teams around here are exceptionally good. In horned cattle they are a long way behind Argenteuil, I saw no thoroughbred Ayreshires. One poney Durham bull got first prize. Sheep very fair, of pigs there were two small Birkshires and two Suffolks. Poultry not much. Hay rakes, mowers and reapers were well represented—a combined reaper and cord binder by Patterson Bros., was kept in motion by a portable engine. The butter was very good, but you could cast them completely in the shade. Of cheese, all I noticed was factory made, the farmers here patronize the factory largely. Spring wheat was very fine. Fall not much grown here. Peas very good, also oats. But such as Swede Turnips, Mangolds and Potatoes I never saw for size and general good appearance. They do not seem to have made much advance in fruit culture. There was a very large show of apples but only a few good samples except in crabs of which there was a good turn out. Grapes very few and of very poor quality. Plums nothing extra. Of course the obiquitous mammoth squash was on hand slightly under the size of a potash kettle. Of garden products proper there were very little; indeed from what I have seen the luxuries of the garden do not seem to be much appreciated in this region. One pleasing feature of the two days was the absence of drunkenness. Although this village is not by any means remarkable for temperance generally, there was very little sign of intoxication on those days notwithstanding the great number of visitors and proximity of so many railway navvies—perhaps, the gentleman with the blue coat and brass buttons who carries a baton had something to do with it.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

39th PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION OTTAWA.

In times of elections each candidate takes great trouble to conciliate "the horney handed sons of toil" while he tells what he will do for them if they will only help him to the great object of his ambition a seat in parliament, $1000 per year and perquisites.

I am not a candidate for honors and your readers are largely interested in the advancement of agriculture, so I write free from the charge of personal advantage.

The proverb "Knowledge is power" is as applicable to the farmer as to the follower of any other vocation, knowledge is also wealth and he who first comprehends this truth; he who understands and applies the principles chemistry to the cultivation of the soil; he who comprehends the advantage to be derived from properly applied mechanics will soon outstrip all competitors in the race for power and wealth. To learn therefore what is the best mode of cultivation, the best crop to raise, the best manure to use, together with endless questions always arising to a painstaking, practical, progressive farmer is as it should be the prime object of every man who wishes to receive the largest return for judicious outlay.

Fortunately, every day places the means of acquiring this knowledge nearer. The press teems with theories, observations, and practical experience, but who is to tell which is theory written in the garret of some seven story tenement in New York by some one who never saw the greenfields on the Hudson, and which is the proved theory of some man who has risen with the sun, planted the seed and watched its unfolding and developing?

To guard against this evil some means should be found, what better could be suggested than the meeting of exhibitors, seers, buyers and sellers in the agricultural show grounds, when an innocent rivalry is created among neighbours, not only those following agricultural pursuits but those also who manufacture supplies the farmers needs. The good effect of these local reunions was so apparent it soon developed into Provincial proportions, when different parts of the province were brought into contact and competition always tending to smooth off the ragged edges of prejudice, jelousy and ignorance and cultivating a feeling of sympathy and fellowship. Here the guard was found for the uncontrollable evil of reckless or unscrupulous writers. Here men compared notes, discovered why others succeeded where they failed, lent a helping hand to some forlorn brother and all took courage and returned home ready to use the parts of knowledge so easily and pleasantly acquired.

On the 22nd the 39th Provincial Exhibition of Ontario, opened at Ottawa. The weather was most auspicious the whole week, raining only one night. The attendance was very large, and on Thursday reached the unprecedented number of 18,000 people. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Toronto press, the exhibitors from the West, were very numerous, the displays magnificent and the success most gratifying. In every department the sign of advancement and prosperity were most apparent, except in the one of Poultry where the display was fine in quality, but very short in quantity.

In the departments supplied from the farm, manufacture of woollen goods, carpets, flannels, hosiery, matting and quilts the progress was very marked. The dairy was as usual full and of a quality to tempt the soul of a confirmed dispeptic, butter, fresh and pure, cheese old and rich, great and small. In this room was also a fine display of the product of the maple tree, and the busy bee.

To speak of the gorgeousness of the display of live stock in all its variations: cattle fat and lean, large and small, pure breeds and grade cattle for stock and cattle for beef, and cattle for milk, horses fast and slow, horses for ornament and horses for use, big pigs and little pigs, sheep for fine wool and sheep for lots of wool were to fill your paper and then to say the half was not told.

Turning from what the farmers exhibited to their neighbours the horticulturalists, the display was rich and varied, particularly in the line of fruits.

While in that of use to both labor and saving machines, the show was as ever expected from these pushing business men complete in every department, to name any were to be invidious. If any one went away unsatisfied from this department it was from a feeling of amazement and bewilderment. Here the ingenuity of man has displayed itself in a most useful manner. Look at the advance made in the rememberance of most of us in cutting grain, 1st the hook, 2nd the cradle, 3rd the reaper with a man to bundle, 4th self rake reaper, 5th the reaper and binder combination. If there ain't a machine made to reap, thrash, grind, bake and eat all at once, shure we must go back on the development theory.

In conclusion, while we accord all honor to the promoters and conductors of the show, we are bound to say that in two things at least, there was an entire want of management. The vast concourse of people who go to these shows, go to see, and for that reason every effort should be made to have the arrangement of articles so that they can be compared with each other. In every exhibition I have attended this fault has been most conspicuous, and in connection with this, is a habit, which certainly should be prohibited, of covering cattle and horses during the hours of the show. It is utterly impossible for all the people to see the animals in the line, where they are for perhaps half an hour out of five or six days, and if they are seen at all, it must be in their stalls, and yet this chance is practically interdicted by the blankets, while in the case of the horses it is quite interdicted by the blankets last and a closed door first. These doors are all in two, an upper and a lower. The lower might be closed, but the upper should be opened, and all blankets removed.

CRINGING CRISS.

PROTESTANT TEACHERS' MEETING.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—I beg to call your attention and that of your readers to the approaching meeting of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers which opens at Cowansville, County Missisquoi, on Wednesday, the 8th October next, and which will continue in session the three following days. I assume that it is not necessary for me to enlarge upon the importance of these gatherings. They are really an educational congress composed of the teaching body of this Province together with all others connected with educational work or who take an interest in its progress, at which subjects largely and intimately affecting the best interests of the Province are discussed. I cannot too strongly urge upon elementary school teachers as well as school commissioners and trustees the desirability of their attending this meeting. It is likely that a large number of leading educationalists as well from this Province as elsewhere will be present to take part in the discussions and in consequence the meeting promises to be an unusually interesting one. Let me ask you Mr. Editor, to be kind enough, in the number of your paper which issue before the 8th, to invite the public generally to attend.

Railway and other companies offer reduced travelling rates; and certificates of membership can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Dr. J. W. Kelly, High School, Montreal.

Very truly yours,
W. W. LYNCH,
Pres.

JERRY AND O'DONOHOE.

Sheriff Merrick, of L'Original, was in the city yesterday. During the visit of the Sheriff to Toronto, from whence he had just come, he was the constant companion of Senator Donohoe. They walked together, talked together, dined together, and it was even said they slept together. In short it was a modern case of David and Jonathan. When the sheriff departed for his lonely L'Original, he was attended to the station by the senator, who, with tears in his eyes, warmly embraced his friend and presented him with a handsome briar pipe as a memento of the visit. Jerry was suffused with gratitude at this token of affection, and was heard to murmur as the train moved off: "When you come down, John, I'll give you the best coil in the goal."—*Ottawa Free Press.*

KEEPING GRAPES.

E. P. Roe, the noted horticultural novelist, contributes the following to Secretary Garfield's excellent portfolio in the last report of the Michigan Horticultural Society: I keep Catawba, Isabella, Diana and Iona grapes by picking them in a clear day, using grape scissors, so as not to handle much, removing all imperfect berries, and putting in clean, dry, earthen jars, in layers a bunch deep. I fill the jar in this way, and then place a double sheet of paper over the top layer, and put on the lid. I next paste strong unbleached muslin entirely over the lid, completely covering the opening, so that no air can enter. When this covering has fully dried and hardened, the jars are buried on a dry knoll, sufficiently deep to be beyond the action of frost, a stake being placed over each jar to locate it.

Two Virginia woodchoppers killed a rattlesnake with a quid of tobacco. One held its head with a forked stick close to the ground, keeping its body constrained with his foot while his comrade forced the tobacco into the mouth of the snake. They then released it. It instantly became convulsive, and died in a short time.

A remarkable assemblage gathered at Broadway New York Tabernacle Sunday afternoon, when the funeral services of Jerry McAuley, exconvict and founder of Water Street and Cremorne missions, took place. Wealthy ladies and gentlemen patrons of McAuley since his reformation, mixed with thieves, pick-pockets and depraved women. The church was crowded, and more than one thousand persons stood outside.

Fanny Elsler is dying at Vienna.

ONE of the most remarkable telegraphic feats on record, it is said, was the recent delivery of a message from Melbourne, Australia, to London in twenty-three minutes. It went by land and sea, over 13,308 miles of wire.

CYCLONIA is the name given to an Indians baby, and it is no misnomer. She was born during the frightful cyclone in Jamaica two years ago, which swept away villages and forests. The house in which the mother lay was demolished—all except the four walls and ceiling of the room in which she was.

A Mississippi farmer has 160 acres planted in peppermint.

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.*

HEARSES.

AN UNDERTAKER going out of business wishes a qualified person to purchase his plant and start in the same line, either at Lachute, L'Orignal or Vankleek Hill.

One large and one small HEARSE, purposely built for country roads, almost new, in perfect order, recently painted and richly decorated. Horse nets, two sets of plumes, &c.

Easy terms and moderate interest provided payment be secured by first-class security.

Address M. L. F.,
Post Office Box, 146,
3-tf. Hull, P. Que.

TO LET.

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

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1283, 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.

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.

49-1m.

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 300 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.

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. Success certain to successful agents. Address our nearest house 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. n251

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, Coals, 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. 38

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,
Biliousness, 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
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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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 correspondents. First come, first served. Other things being equal. References required. Full particulars given on receipt of stamp for 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.

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, Maine.

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 speciality in SILVER WATCHES worth $15.00 will be sold for $12.00, and all other goods in proportion. These goods, which are advertised by W.M. 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 Restorer.

A SURE CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, &

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
16-1-y. 157 Tonge St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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, Collars—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 needles to the article. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Thread.

Skilled 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 those using.

CREELMAN BROS.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

HAMILTON & CO.,
Lachute Woollen Mills,
Agents for the County of Prescott and Argenteuil.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable 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 open before the workers. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER II, CONTINUED.

"Well, I don't know anyone who has a better right to know than Spence Tucker's wife," said another with a coarse laugh. The laugh was echoed by the others. Mrs. Tucker saw the pit into which she had deliberately walked, but did not flinch.

"Is there any one to serve here?" she asked, turning her clear eyes full upon the bystanders.

"You'd better ask the sheriff. He was the last one to serve here. He served an attachment," replied the inevitable humorist of all Californian assemblages.

"Is he here?" asked Mrs. Tucker, disregarding the renewed laughter which followed this subtle witticism.

The loungers at the door made way for one of their party, who was half dragged, half pushed into the shop. "Here he is," said half a dozen eager voices, in the fond belief that his presence might impart additional humor to the situation. He cast a depreciating glance at Mrs. Tucker and said: "It's so, madam! This yer place *is* attached; but if there's anything you're wanting, why, I reckon, boys"—he turned half appealingly to the crowd—" we could oblige a lady." There was a vague sound of angry opposition and remonstrance from the back door of the shop, but the majority, partly overcome by Mrs. Tucker's beauty, assented. "Only,' continued the officer explanatorily, "ez these yer goods are in the hands of the creditors, they ought to be represented by an equivalent in money. If you're expecting they should be charged——"

"But I wish to pay for them," interrupted Mrs. Tucker with a slight flush of indignation. "I have the money."

"Oh, I bet you have!" screamed a voice, as, overturning all opposition, the malcontent at the back door, in the shape of an infuriated woman, forced her way into the shop. "I'll bet you have the money. Look at her, boys. Look at the wife of a thief with the stolen money in diamonds in her ears and rings on her fingers. *She's* got money if we've got none. *She* can pay for what she fancies, if we haven't a cent to redeem the beds that's stole from under us. Oh, yes, buy it all, Mrs. Spencer Tucker! buy the whole shop, Mrs. Spencer Tucker! do you hear? And if you ain't satisfied then buy my clothes, my wedding ring, the only things your husband hasn't stolen."

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Tucker coldly, turning towards the door. But with a flying leap across the counter her relentless adversary stood between her and retreat.

"You don't understand! Perhaps you don't understand that your husband not only stole the hard labor of these men, but even the little money they brought here and trusted to his thieving hands. Perhaps you don't know that he stole my husband's hard earnings, mortgaged them very goods you want to buy; and he is to day a convicted thief, a forger, and a runaway coward. Perhaps, if you can't understand me, you can read the newspaper. Look!" She exultingly opened and pointed to the displayed head lines. "Look! there are the very words. 'Forgery, Swindle, Embezzlement!' Do you see? And perhaps you can't understand this. Look! Shameful flight. Abandons his wife. Runs off with a Notorious——"

"Easy old gal, easy now. D——n it! Will you dry up? I say. *Stop!*"

It was too late! The Sheriff had dashed the paper from the woman's hand, but not until Mrs. Tucker had read a single line, a line such as she had sometimes turned from with weary scorn in her careless perusal of the daily shameful chronicle of domestic infelicity. Then she had wondered if there could be any such men and women: and now! The crowd fell back before her; even the virago was silenced as she looked at her face. The humorist's face was as white, but not as immobile, as he gasped: "Christ!—if I don't believe she knew nothin' of it!"

For a moment the full force of such a supposition, with all its poignancy, its dramatic intensity, and its pathos, possessed the crowd. In the momentary clairvoyance of enthusiasm they caught a glimpse of the truth, and by one of the strange reactions of human passion they only waited for a word of appeal or explanation from her lips to throw themselves at her feet. Had she simply told her story they would have believed her; had she cried, fainted, or gone into hysterics, they would have pitied her. She did neither. Perhaps she thought of neither—or indeed of anything that was then before her eyes. She walked erect to the door and turned on the threshold. "I mean what I say," she said calmly. "I don't understand you. But whatever just claim you have upon my husband will be paid by me—or by his lawyer, Captain Poindexter."

She had lost the sympathy but not the respect of her hearers. They made way for her with sullen deference as she passed out on the platform. But her adversary, profiting by the last opportunity, burst into an ironical laugh.

"Capt. Poindexter, is it? Well, perhaps he's safe to pay your bill—but as for your husband's——"

"That's another matter," interrupted a familiar voice with the greatest cheerfulness—"that's what you were going to say, wasn't it? Ha! ha! Well, Mrs. Patterson," continued Poindexter, stepping from his buggy, "you never spoke a truer word in your life. One moment, Mrs. Tucker. Let me send your back in the buggy. Don't mind me. I can get a fresh horse of the sheriff. I'm quite at home here. I say, Patterson, step a few paces this way, will you? A little further from your wife, please. That'll do. You've got a claim of $5,000 against the property, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that woman just driving away is your one solitary chance of getting a cent of it. If your wife insults her again—that chance is gone. And if you do——"

"Well?"

"As sure as there is a God in Israel and a Supreme Court of the state of California, I'll kill you in your tracks! * * * Stay!"

Patterson turned. The irrepressible look of humorous tolerance of all human frailty had suffused Poindexter's black eyes with mischievous moisture. "If you think it quite safe to confide to your wife in this prospect of her improvement by widowhood—fire away!"

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Patterson did not inform his wife of the lawyer's personal threat to himself. But he managed, after Poindexter had left, to make her conscious that Mrs. Tucker might be a power to be placated and feared. "You've shot off your mouth at her," he said, argumentatively "and whether you've hit the mark or not you've had your say. If you think its worth a possible $5,000 and interest to keep on, heave ahead. If you rather have the chance of getting the rest in cash, you'll let up on her." "You don't suppose," returned Mrs. Patterson contemptuously, "that she's got anything but what that man of hers—Poindexter—let's her have?" "The Sheriff says," retorted Patterson surlily, "that she's notified him that she claims the rench as a gift from her husband three years ago—and she's in possession now, and was so when the execution was out. It don't make no matter," he added, with gloomy philosophy, "whose got a full hand as long as we ain't got the cards to chip in. I wouldn't have minded it," he continued meditatively, "if Spencer Tucker had dropped a hint to us afore he put out." "And I suppose," said Mrs. Patterson angrily, "you'd have put out too?" "I reckon," said Mrs. Patterson simply.

Twice or thrice during the evening he referred, more or less directly, to this lack of confidence shown by his late debtor and employer, and seemed to feel it more keenly than the loss of property. He confided his sentiments quite openly to the Sheriff in possession, over the whiskey and euchre with which these gentlemen avoided the difficulties of their delicate relations. He brooded over it as he handed the keys of the shop to the Sheriff when they parted for the night, and was still thinking of it when the house was closed, everybody gone to bed, and he was fetching a fresh jug of water from the well. The moon was at times obscured by flying clouds—the *avant couriers* of the regular evening shower. He was stooping over the well, when he sprang suddenly to his feet again. Who's there?" he demanded sharply.

"Hush!" said a voice, so low and faint it might have been a whisper of the wind in the palisades of the corral. But, indistinct as it was, it was the voice of the man he was thinking of as far away, and it sent a thrill of alternate awe and pleasure through his pulses.

He glanced quickly around. The moon was hidden by a passing cloud, and only the faint outlines of the house he had just quitted were visible. "Is that you, Spence?" he said, tremulously.

"Yes," replied the voice, and a figure dimly emerged from the corner of the corral.

"Lay low, lay low—for God's sake," said Patterson, hurriedly throwing himself upon the apparition. "The Sheriff and his *posse* are in there."

"But I must speak to you a moment," said the figure.

"Wait," said Patterson, glancing toward the building. Its blank shutterless windows revealed no inner light—a profound silence encompassed it. "Come quick," he whispered. Letting his grasp slip down to the unresisting hand of the stranger, he half dragged, half led him, brushing against the wall, into the open door of the deserted barroom he had just quitted, locked the inner door, poured a glass of whiskey from a decanter, gave it to him, and then watched him drain it at a single draught. The moon came out, and, falling through the bare windows full upon the stranger's face, revealed the artistic but slightly dishevelled curls and moustache of the fugitive, Spencer Tucker.

Whatever may have been the real influence of this unfortunate man upon his fellows, it seemed to find expression in a singular unanimity of criticism. Patterson looked at him with a half-dismal, half welcome smile. "Well, you are a h—ll of a fellow, ain't you?"

Spencer Tucker passed his hand through his hair and lifted it from his forehead, with a gesture at once emotional and theatrical. "I am a man with a price on me!" he said bitterly. "Give me up to the Sheriff, and you'll get five thousand dollars. Help me, and you'll get nothing. That's my d—d luck, and yours too, I suppose."

"I reckon you'll right there," said Patterson gloomily. "But I thought you got clean away. Went off on a ship——"

"Went off in a boat to a ship," interrupted Tucker savagely; "went off to a ship, that had all my things on board—everything. The cursed boat capsized in a squall just off the heads. The ship, d—n her, sailed away, the men thinking I was drowned, likely, and that they'd make a good thing of my goods—I reckon."

"But the girl, Ines, who was with you, didn't she make a row?"

"*Quien sabe*," returned Tucker, with a reckless laugh. "Well, I hung on like grim death to that boat's keel until one of these Chinese fishermen, in a 'dug out,' hauled me in opposite Sancelito. I chartered him and his dug out to bring me down here."

"Why here?" asked Patterson with a certain ostentatious caution that ill concealed pensive satisfaction.

"You may well ask," returned Tucker, with equal ostentation of bitterness, as he slightly waved his companion away. "But I reckoned that I could trust a white man that I'd been kind to, and wouldn't go back on me. No, no, let me go! Hand me over to the Sheriff!"

Patterson had suddenly grasped both the hands of the picturesque scamp before him, with an affection that for an instant almost shamed the man who had ruined him. But Tucker's egotism whispered that his affection was only a recognition of his own superiority, and felt flattered. He was beginning to believe that he was really the injured party.

"What I have and what I have *had* is yours, Spence," returned Patterson, with a sad and simple directness that made any further discussion a gratuitous insult. "I only wanted to know what you reckoned to do here."

"I want to get over across the coast range to Monterey," said Tucker. "Once there, one of those coasting schooners will bring me down to Acapulco, where the ship will put in."

Patterson remained silent for a moment. "There is a mustang in the coral you can take—leastways, I shan't know that its gone—until to-morrow afternoon. In an hour from now," he added, looking from the window, "these clouds will settle down to business. It will rain; there will be light enough for you to find your way over the mountain, but not enough for any one to know you. If you can't push through to-night, you can lie over on the Posada on the summit. Them Greasers that keep it won't know you, and if they did they wont go back on you. And if they did go back on you nobody would believe them. It's mighty curious," he added with gloomy philosophy, "but I reckon its the reason why Providence allows this kind of cattle to live among white men and others made in His image. Take a piece of pie, won't you?" he continued, abandoning this abstract reflection and producing half a flat pumpkin pie from the bar. Spencer Tucker grasped the pie with one hand and his friend's fingers with the other, and for a few moments was silent from the hurried deglutition of viand and sentiment. "You're a white man, Patterson, anyway," he resumed. "I'll take your horse, and put it down in our account, at your own figure. As soon as this cursed thing is blown over, I'll be back and see you, though, you bet. I don't desert my friends, however rough things go with me."

"I see you don't," returned Patterson, with an unconscious and serious simplicity that had the effect of the most exquisite irony. "I was only just saying to the Sheriff that if there was anything I could have done for you, you wouldn't have cut away without letting me know." Tucker glanced uneasily at Patterson, who continued. "Ye ain't wanting anything else? Then observing that his former friend and patron was roughly but newly clothed, and betrayed no trace of his last escapade, he added, "I see you've got a fresh harness."

"That d——d Chinaman bought me these at the landing; they're not much in style or fit," he continued, trying to get a moonlight view of himself in the mirror behind the bar, "but that don't matter here." He filled another glass of spirits, jauntily settled himself back in his chair, and added, "I don't suppose there are any girls around anyway."

"Capt your wife; she was down here this afternoon," said Patterson meditatively.

Mr. Tucker paused with the pie in his hand. "Ah, yes!" He essayed a reckless laugh, but that evident simulation failed before Patterson's melancholy. With an assumption of falling in with his friend's manner, rather than from any personal anxiety, he continued.

"Well?"

"That man Poindexter was down here with her. Put her in the *Asciendo* to hold possession before the news came out."

"Impossible!" said Tucker, rising hastily. "It don't belong—that is——" he hesitated.

"Yer thinking the creditors 'll get it, mebbe," returned Patterson, gazing at the floor. "Not as long as she's in it, too, sir! Whether its really hers, or she's only keeping house for Poindexter, she's a fixture, you bet. They're a team when they pull together, they are!"

The smile slowly faded from Tucker's face, that now looked quite rigid in the moonlight. He put down his glass and walked to the window as Patterson gloomily continued. "But that's nothing to you. You've got ahead of 'em both, and had your revenge by going off with the gal. That's what I said all along. When folks—specially women folks—wondered how you could leave a woman like your wife, and go off with a scallywag like that gal, I allers said they'd find out there was a reason. And when your wife came flaunting down here with Poindexter before she'd quite got rid of you, I reckon they begin to see the whole little game. No, sir! I knew it wasn't on account of the gal! Why, when you came here to night, and told me quite natural like and easy how she went off in the ship, and then calmly ate your pie and drank your whiskey after it, I knew you didn't care for her. There's my hand, Spence; you're a trump, even if you are a little looney, eh? Why, what's up?"

Shallow and selfish as Tucker was, Patterson's words seemed like a revelation that shocked him as profoundly as it might have shocked a nobler nature. The simple vanity and selfishness that made him unable to conceive any higher reason for his wife's loyalty than his own personal popularity and success, now that he no longer possessed that *eclat*, made him equally capable of the lowest suspicions. He was a dishonored fugitive, broken in fortune and reputation—why should she not desert him? He had been unfaithful to her from wildness, from caprice, from the effect of those fascinating qualities; it seemed to him natural that she should be disloyal from more deliberate motives, and he hugged himself with that belief. Yet there was enough doubt, enough of haunting suspicion that he had lost or alienated a powerful affection to make him thoroughly miserable. He returned his friend's grasp convulsively and buried his face upon his shoulder. But he was not above feeling a certain exaltation in the effect of his misery upon the dog-like, unreasoning affection of Patterson, nor could he entirely refrain from a slightly posing his affliction before that sympathetic but melancholy man. Suddenly he raised his head, drew back, and thrust his hand into his bosom with a theatrical gesture.

"What's to keep me from killing Poindexter in his tracks?" he said wildly.

"Nothin' but *his* shooting first," returned Patterson, with dismal practicality. "He's mighty quick, like all them army men. It's about even, I reckon, that he don't get *me* first," he added in an ominous voice.

"No!" returned Tucker, grasping his hand again. "This is not your affair, Patterson; leave him to me when I come back."

"If he ever gets the drop on me, I reckon he won't wait, continued Patterson lugubriously. "He seems to object to my passin' criticism on your wife, as if she was a queen or an angel."

The blood came to Spencer's cheek, and he turned uneasily to the window. "It's dark enough now for a start," he said hurriedly, "and if I could get across the mountain without being over at the summit, it would be a day gained."

Patterson arose without a word, filled a flask of spirit, handed it to his friend, and silently led the way through the slowly falling rain and the now settled darkness. The mustang was quickly secured and saddled; a heavy poncho afforded Tucker a disguise as well as a protection from the rain. With a few hurried disconnected words, and an abstracted air, he once more shook his friend's hand and issued cautiously from the corral. When out of earshot from the house, he put spurs to the mustang and dashed into a gallop.

To intercept the mountain road he was obliged to traverse part of the highway his wife had to walk that afternoon, and to pass within a mile of the *casa* where she was. Long before he reached that point his eyes were straining the darkness in that direction for some indication of the house which was to him familiar. Becoming now accustomed to the even obscurity, less trying to the vision than the alternate light and shadow of cloud or the full glare of moonlight, he fancied he could distinguish its low walls over the monotonous level. One of those impulses which had so often taken the place of resolution in his character, suddenly possessed him to diverge from his course and approach the house. Why, he could not have explained. It was not from any feeling of jealousy suspicion or contemplated revenge—that had passed with the presence of Patterson; it was not from any vague lingering sentiment for the woman he had wronged—he would have shrunk from meeting her at that moment. But it was full of these and more possibilities by which he might or might not be guided, and was at least a movement toward some vague end, and a distraction from certain thoughts he dared not entertain and could not entirely dismiss. Inconceivable and inexplicable to human reason, it might have been acceptable to the Divine omniscience for its predestined result.

He left the road at a point where the marsh encroached upon the meadow, familiar to him already as near the spot where he had debarked from the Chinaman's boat the day before. He remembered that the walls of the *hacienda* were distinctly visible from the *tules* where he had hidden all day, and he now knew that the figures he had observed near the building, which had deterred his first attempts at landing, must have been his wife and his friends. He knew that a long tongue of the slough filled by the rising tide followed the marsh, and lay between him and the *hacienda*. The sinking of his horse's hoofs in the spongy soil determined its proximity, and he made a *detour* to the right to avoid it. In doing so a light suddenly rose above the distant horizon ahead of him, trembling faintly, and then burned with a steady lustre. It was a light at the *hacienda*. Guiding his horse half abstractedly in this direction, his progress was presently checked by the splashing of the animal's hoofs in the water. But the turf was firm, and a salt drop that had spattered to his lips told him that it was only the encroaching of the tide in the meadow. With his eyes on the light, he again urged his horse forward. The rain lulled, the clouds began to break, the landscape alternately lightened and grew dark; the outlines of the crumbling *hacienda* walls that enshrined the light grew more visible. A strange and dreamy resemblance to the long blue brass plain before his wife's paternal house, as seen by him during his evening rides to courtship, pressed itself upon him. He remembered, too, that she used to put a light in the window to indicate her presence. Following this retrospect, the moon came boldly out, sparkled upon the overflow of silver at his feet, seemed to show the dark, opaque meadow beyond for a moment, and then disappeared. It was dark now, but the lesser earthly star still shone before him as a guide, and pushing towards it, he passed into the all-embracing shadow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Chinese War and Tea.

The war in China has visibly affected the tea market. Recently 30,000 chests of black tea, including Foo Chow, Among, and Formosa, were sold here at an advance of three cents per pound. In London the prices of tea have gone up five cents. From the island of Formosa this country receives annually 250,000 chests of tea, and if the French, who have already seized Keelung, an important tea exporting point, should close up Tamsui, brokers say there will be a big advance in the price of black teas. About 50,000 packages of teas annually have usually come to this country from Foo Chow.—*Albany Express.*

Life's Burdens.

A large part of life's burdens are self-imposed and wholly needless. Fears of calamities which never happen, a doleful habit of looking at the worst, a suspicious disposition, a jealous turn of mind—these are the tyrants that load us with burdens heavy to bear and needless to carry. If we should honestly examine the various burdens of our lives, we would be surprised to find how many of them are of this character. Not only may we drop them if we will, but justice to others demands that we should. A man or woman habitually unhappy is essentially selfish, and is always a thorn in the community. There are enough inherent trials in life which must be borne, without manufacturing artificial and needless ones; and the more thoroughly we rid ourselves of the latter, the more energy and spirit we can bring to bear upon the former.

The Duke of Wellington's Experiment.

In a ground-floor room in one of the large public buildings of London a man sat writing at a table covered with papers. He was a short, strongly built figure, with a prominent nose, and a face hard and massive as a granite statue, wearing the set look peculiar to men who have surmounted great difficulties and confronted great perils. Few, indeed, had had more practice in both than this man, for he was no other than the Duke of Wellington, and his crowning victory at Waterloo was still but a few years old.

There was the tinkle of a bell outside, and then a murmur of voices in the anteroom; but the Duke never raised his head from his writing, even when his secretary entered and said:

"If it please your Grace, that man with the bullet-proof breastplate has called again, and wishes very much to see your Grace for a moment."

The Duke's face darkened, as well it might, for the man in question was the most pertinacious bore whom he had ever encountered. The bullet-proof cuirass was his own invention, and he never lost a chance of declaring that the safety of the whole British army depended upon its instant adoption of this "unparalleled discovery," which he carried about with him, and exhibited at all times and in all places.

Had this been all, he would soon have been disposed of; but unluckily, he had contrived to interest in his invention one or two of the Duke's personal friends, and to get from them letters of recommendation which even Wellington could not easily disregard. Something must clearly be done, however; for although the fellow had hitherto been kept at bay, he was evidently determined to give the Duke no peace till the matter had been fully gone into.

For a moment Wellington looked so grim that the secretary began to hope for the order which he would gladly have obeyed, viz., to kick the inventor into the street forthwith. But the next instant the iron face cleared again, and over it played the very ghost of a smile, like a gleam of winter sunshine upon a precipice.

"Show him in," said he, briefly.

The observant secretary noted both the tone and the smile that accompanied it; and he inwardly decided that it would have been better for that inventor if he had *not* insisted on seeing the Duke.

In came the great discoverer—a tall, slouching, shabby, slightly red nosed man, with a would-be jaunty air, which gave way a little, however, before the "Iron Duke's" penetrating glance.

"I am glad to think that your Grace appreciates the merits of my invention," said he, in a patronizing tone. "They are, indeed, too important to be undervalued by any great commander. Your Grace cannot fail to remember the havoc made by your gallant troops at Waterloo among the French cuirassiers; whose breastplates were not bullet-proof; whereas, if——"

"Have you got the thing with you?" interrupted Wellington.

The inventor unwrapped a very showy looking cuirass of polished steel, and was just beginning a long lecture upon its merits when the Duke cut him short by asking,

"Are you quite sure it is bullet-proof?"

"Quite sure, your Grace."

"Put it on, then, and go and stand in that corner."

The other wonderingly obeyed.

"Mr. Temple," shouted Wellington to his secretary, "tell the sentry outside to load with ball-cartridge, and come in here to test this cuirass. Quick, now!"

But quick though the secretary was, the inventor was quicker still. The moment he realized that he had been set up there on purpose to be fired at, and to be shot dead on the spot if his cuirass turned out to be *not* bullet proof after all, he leaped headlong through the open window with a yell worthy of a Blackfoot Indian, and darting like a rocket across the courtyard, vanished through the outer gateway; nor did the Duke of Wellington, from that day forth, ever see or hear of him again.—DAVID KER, in EDITOR'S DRAWER, *Harper's Magazine for October.*

The Social Kite.

Though not described by Audubon, the social kite deserves a word. You, in your affable way, start a topic, novel and interesting. Scarcely have you flashed your gems ere your kite pounces on it, tears it from you, and proceeds to discuss it for the benefit of the company. You are good natured, and let him have his way. Presently Jones, on the other side of the table, smiling pleasantly, begins the recital of some interesting incident which happened down town in the morning. Jones is not a talkative man, and this is the one little morsel by which he hopes to shine at dinner. The kite lets him get as far as the second sentence, and swoops down as before. Having plucked each feather from this second prey (clumsily, too, rending and tearing it, and not at all in the neat manner in which you or Jones would have done it), he relapses into temporary silence, watching with eager eye for his next victim, ready with beak and claw for the first idea that flies. If, happy, you attempt to continue your story, there follows the most disagreeable duet, the kite usually getting the better of it by dogged pertinacity and ill-breeding, and leaving you somewhat nettled for so small a matter. The kite is by no means a rare bird. He is hardy, with a hide of phenomenal thickness. Though solitary as regards other kites, he dearly loves the society of men; for, left to himself, there is no one to interrupt or front whom to filch ideas. Whenever chance two kites meet a spirited contest ensues, the louder mouthed and more ill-bred (there are degrees in kites) carrying the day, and the rest of the company wishing them at Jericho. There is probably no more disagreeable social nuisance, in a small way, unless it be the man who allows you to finish, and then laboriously explains your remarks to the company. Both forms of ill-breeding are common enough. The latter arises from stupidity, and both proceed on the childish assumption that the speaker knows more than yourself of the matter which you are discussing, coupled, in many cases, with a sneaking desire to filch your ideas. Doubtless, like him who steals your purse, he often steals trash; but it is your trash, and you feel entitled to it—"a poor thing, but mine own;" and it is hard to view this social robber with equanimity.—*Boston Gazette.*

An Unknown Monster.

For the last seven or eight years different stories have been told concerning a dreadful monster that inhabited a body of water known as Crater Lake, situated about fifty-five miles west of North Linkville. John Shallock, with others, has just seen the monster. Mr. Shallock says it looked to be as large as a man's body, and was swimming with about two or three feet out of water, and going at a rapid rate, as fast as a man could row a skiff, leaving a similar wave behind it. Its face, or head, looked white, and, although it was a long way off, they could plainly see that it was of an immense size. Several shots were fired at it, but it was so far off that they could not see where their bullets struck the water. Charles Moore says the bluffs around the lake are from 1,500 to 3,000 feet above the water, and almost perpendicular.—*Klamath, Ore., Star.*

Good Language.

Young people should acquire the habit of correct speaking and writing, and abandon as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you put this off the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its use the unfortunate victim will most probably be doomed to talk slang for life. You have merely to use the language which you read, instead of the slang which you hear, to form a taste in agreement with the best prosaists and poets in the country.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the spring housecleaning. Oh! yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It positively regulates and purifies the system. Large bottle 25 cents.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

How General Scott's Life was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveller of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old-time stage drivers is met with nowadays, and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving (he formerely ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo), is hale and hearty and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara river, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow deck was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand-still before the pale lookers-on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and robust constitution the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up, could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night, and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before; listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages, and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned, and I am now well and good for twenty more years, wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.

A War Between the Army and the Missionaries.

Here in Ahmedabad we from time to time hear of episodes in a comedy which is being played by the Salvation army and the missionaries. When Maj. Tucker with his "army" came up to Ahmedabad, the missionaries received them with open arms as brothers and fellow workers in the good cause, and lent Maj. Tucker their schoolroom to lecture and hold meetings in; and I believe once or twice, when Maj. Tucker preached in the open air, Mr. Beatty translated into Gujarati for him. Things went on thus until the hot weather came, when the missionaries, as is their annual custom, betook themselves to the hills—this year to Pinto's hotel, Matheran. Maj. Tucker, however, stayed in Ahmedabad, spending many of his days under the shade of a tree by the roadside, talking to such as would hear. However, in some mischievous moment, he seems to have remembered that the missionaries had a little community of converts occupying the village of Shahawadi, about three miles south of Ahmedabad, which community was their particular pride and care. Maj. Tucker seems to have thought that these Christians must be in special need of salvation, for he proceeded to invade the village with tambourines, tamtams, banners, etc., and, after a little, succeeded in converting a large portion of the village, including the patel, to the "mukhtiani."

The news reached Mr. Beatty at Matheran that someone was poaching on his preserves, and he hastened to rescue his flock. In a state of holy anger and pious grief he reached Shadhawadi, and encountered Maj. Tucker in full possession—banners, tambourines, tam-tams, and all. Mr. Beatty proceeded to expostulate, whereupon Maj. Tucker went down on his knees and prayed audibly for the salvation of Beatty's soul. Soon after the dispute in the village took a practical turn, and the missionary converts would not permit the Salvationists to draw water. Hence a petition to the collector, who had to go down and make enquiries. He found that there were only two wells in the village. One was public property, and was usually used for watering cattle, but was then dry. The other well, on which the village depended for drinking water, was private property, belonging to a native Christian who was not a Salvationist, and who now, in a truly Christian spirit, refused to let the Salvationists draw water from his well. The recriminations on both sides were rather amusing. One old Salvationist lady exclaimed with much warmth: "Oh, I have drawn water from that well all my life. Why should you break my pots if I go there now? You're not Christians!" To this a old man retorted: "Why do you disturb us and frighten our buffaloes by marching through the village with your tam-tams and your banners and your horrid noise?" Maj. Tucker is now poaching on the missionary preserves at Anand and Borsad. The quarrel seems a very pretty one as it stands. We can only hope that the police will not have to interfere.—*The Times of India.*

Mr. Winks—"Jane, have you fed the dog this morning?"

Mrs. Winks—"No; he doesn't need anything."

"Why, I have not given him any meat since yesterday morning; have you?"

"No, but one of Maria's fellers called last night."

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a victim, "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 bottle 25 cents.

A Town Where Neither Coal nor Wood Is Wanted.

Not a pound of wood or coal is consumed at Creighton, twenty miles from Pittsburgh, where the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company have their plant. Glass factory and residences are heated and lighted by natural gas. Gas was struck at 1,200 feet in a five inch bore. A torrent of what the owners describe as "pure nitrogen gas" burst out with a force of 250 pounds to the square inch, and after three years is flowing with as much energy as ever. The visitor sees no coal, no wood, no cinders, no ashes, no smoke. In the furnaces is a lurid, steady heat regulated by clock work. No grimy stoker sweats his life away at furnace doors, but instead a calm person with a stained glass shield invites you to look at the glass through the open furnace doors, where glares a heat sufficient to deter a modern Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Overhead gas burners are ablaze in broad day, because it is not worth while to take time to turn the burners off and on, as there is plenty of gas and to spare. In the residences a thumb screw regulates the temperature to absolute perfection.

Facts About the Cholera

Remarkable revelations are reported at a recent meeting of the medical committee at Marseilles. Experience has shown that the cholera will rage during two consecutive years in the same place, it has been ascertained that cholera made its appearance at Marseilles last year, a case followed by death having occurred at the hospital in a room containing numerous other patients. The disease made a good many victims. The mayor, who was immediately advised of the fact, proceeded to the hospital. Energetic measures were taken to prevent further contagion, and in order to avoid a panic in the town, the mayor solicited and secured the silence of all persons aware of the facts. The chief surgeon, two house surgeons, a warder, and two Sisters of Mercy took an oath to divulge nothing, which oath was strictly kept till the whole proceeding was made known to the medical committee.

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.

"Called back"—The man that forgot to pay his check.

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, fifty 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 case 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*

"How will you have your hair cut?" may not be slang, but it is certainly a barberism.

Home Testimony.

Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received, and give proof of the great value of Polson's NERVILINE as a pain remedy. Try it.

ATHOL, Feb. 20.—We hereby certify that we have used Nerviline in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramps in the stomach, also for headache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy. LUKE COLE. ELISHA COLE, J. P.

The man who discovers the North Pole can knock plenty of persimmons with it.

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acher? Why, of course, by using PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

The girl with bangs generally makes a noise in the world—at least it annoys a good many to look upon her.

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.

Sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," is the best grindstone we know of to brighten one's ideas.

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 25 Druggists 50 cents

A. P 196.

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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.

Italian Passions.

Love, jealousy, and vengeance continue to affect certain classes of society to a degree disproportionate to their actual importance. Tales of love have an invincible attraction for our lower classes, and there is a whole literature of tales of vengeance. Jealousy takes the same important place, and it has become the subject of legislation. A man who does not know to avenge an affront, to obtain justice for himself, and demand life for life, is unmanly in the popular estimation especially in Southern and Central Italy. A woman would refuse to smile upon a man who allowed himself to be insulted with impunity. This mode of feeling which manifests itself in the higher classes in the frequency of duels, is in the lower orders the principal cause of crime and violence. It is confirmed by the national quickness of temperament, and by the little respect for law which dates from earlier times, when legal justice was full of abuses. For this reason a naturally humane and gentle people takes an unfavorable place in the statistics of crime, in which violent offenses occupy an exceptional place. As, however, the Italians have not adopted destructive societies so, also, they could not possibly be guilty of the *dragonnades* nor of the excesses of the Convention and of the Commune. And we constantly encounter instances of kindness and humanity, especially in the lower classes, which called for our admiration. From their special qualities the people may be said to be capable of all good as well as of all evil. And among their prevailing sentiments, in addition to those which have already indicated, the highest place is taken by what is termed humanity. The lower classes are not only peculiarly sensible of the bonds of kindred, but they display in their family relations, and even in those with strangers, a devotion and love which puts those classes to shame, which might do likewise at small personal inconvenience. The reserved and defensive spirit which characterizes the modern civilization of many countries is unknown in Italian life. The joys and sorrows of life are readily shared with relations, friends, and neighbors. He who has more than one loaf is ready to give to the neighbor who is destitute, knowing that he shall be relieved in a like necessity. Insensibility to the sufferings of others, a want of compassion or heartlessness, as it is called, is an unpardonable sin in Italy, while much is forgiven to the compassionate. There is no country where the plea for forgiveness to the Magdalen is more readily accepted. This same people, if their honor or that of their wives is concerned, or even if their passions are aroused by argument or contradiction, will stain some friendly dwelling with blood without incurring the censure of the multitude. It is this morbid condition of public opinion which produces the evil; no can it be cured by legislation, but it must be traced back to its source. On the day when the striker is regarded as an ordinary criminal the number of crimes committed in Italy will be materially diminished, since deliberate offenses, committed from motives of self-interest, are comparatively few. The first effect of an act of violence is commonly to ruin the position and future of the delinquent who has preferred the satisfaction of his dominant passion to any other consideration.

Fifty Hereford and Short Horn bulls and 300 high grade bulls have been added to the herds of Douglas County, Colorado, this summer.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VIII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1884. NO 6.

AGRICULTURAL:

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Cut the corn stalks low—just above the ground.

Prepare to plant a bed of hyacinths, tulips, etc. It will delight you next spring.

Recently sixteen carloads of Texas mares and stallions were shipped from New Orleans for Constantinople.

From different parts of Colorado come reports that the grazing is better than it has before been in a dozen years.

Texas live stock papers say that never in the history of the country has there been so severe a drouth. Stock is already suffering greatly.

Seeds of hardy perennials may now be sown. Save the seeds of the gladioli. They are easily raised from seed, and will bloom in three years—sometimes in two.

You may transplant trees or shrubs just as soon as the leaves begin to change color. It is the best time, because the roots will have a longer time to become settled in the ground.

Now is the time to paint the house, the out-houses, and fences. A little varnish or zinc paint added to the lead, will prevent the paint from rubbing off like white-wash in a few years.

Those keeping large flocks of poultry will find an advantage in separating the cocks from the hens and keeping each by themselves until mid-winter.

In France, eggs are sorted and sized by passing them through a ring. The average size ones must enter a ring four centimeters in diameter; the small ones must enter a ring three centimeters.

One of the detractions from clematis culture is a disease which has eluded all remedies. An Illinois florist however finds that pyrethrum powder put about the collar of the plant is a remedy.

A Colorado wool-grower says: "What sheepmen need most is unity of action. Without it they can not obtain railroad rates for mutton or wool." The same remark applies to growers of stock of other kinds.

The Denver *Live Stock Record* says that four carloads of unbroken Colorado horses will be shipped in a few days for Europe. They are all half Norman, of good size and style, and will be placed on the London market.

No good farmer will be long without platform scales to weigh stock or products that he proposes to market. The use of these scales will pay better interest on their cost than will that of many other implements on the farm.

Salt in their food when cooked, for poultry is a very proper seasoning, but salt given in its raw state is deleterious, if much of it is eaten by fowls. We do not recommend its use in any form save mixed with their mash of scalded meal and boiled vegetables.

The idea that apples dry up the flow of milk arises from turning cows into orchards to pick up the fallen fruit. They get a very uneven supply, and after heavy winds undoubtedly get too many. A few fed daily will increase the flow, and the amount fed may also gradually be increased with benefit.

There is a great advantage in subsoil plowing for wheat. The colder and poorer subsoil is not turned up for a seed bed, nor do the wheat roots penetrate it deeply in the Fall. But next spring and summer this loosened subsoil is a reservoir for water, giving it out as most needed to perfect the head and grain.

At Deer Trail, Colo., a bunch of wethers averaging 111 pounds lately sold for $3.33 each. A short time before they had clipped eight pounds of wool each, which at 15 cents per pound will bring the income from each sheep up to $4 53. Yet 'tis said that sheepmen of the West are discouraged by their prospects.

Much has been said in regard to the hardiness of the beautiful Japanese maples, and many conflicting experiences are reported. The following from W. Falconer in the *Gardener's Monthly* refers to their hardiness and cultivation in New England: "Shelter, both in summer and winter, has much to do with their successful cultivation. They will thrive on sandy or loamy soils. Most of the finer and more delicately covered varieties are generally increased be grafting, and any of them by layering. I have raised excellent plants from layers left till the second year before disconnecting them from the parent."

Horse Notes.

Well authenticated reports from all sections of the country indicate that the supply of good carriage horses is not equal to the demand, and prices on this class of animals are likely to rule higher for some time to come than they have averaged during the past few years. Speaking of this state of affairs, "Observer," in the *National Live Stock Journal*, remarks that "there is a scarcity in the market of well bred, high-priced carriage horses; they have doubled in value within the last few years. The man who can supply this demand with a highly-formed, powerful breed, possessing the inestimable qualities of speed and endurance for drawing loads, and endowed with a kind, pleasant disposition, with good spirits, and the absence of all irritability, will quadruple the value of the breed, and furnish the community with a safe and agreeable family servant.

"Beautiful form, superlative action and a kind disposition are what constitute the value of family horses. It costs no more to raise a high priced horse than it does a low priced mongrel. The difference in their relative value is more than the cost of production. The more good qualities concentrated in one family, the higher will rise the market price of the produce of that family. If we can succeed in breeding docility into our steeds, a good, kind, fearless disposition and the absence of all vices that horse flesh is heir to, the family could ride after such a model disposition without risk of life or limb."

Look to the Fodder.

It is just the time now for all owners of cattle to look well to the fodder. Dry, hard, indigestible feed promotes what is known as murrain, red water, mad itch, and other diseases which prevail in the fall. When the feed is poor, then is the time to make use of some of the cheap linseed cake meal; or of linseed alone, which is nutritive and healthfully laxative. But the prevalent bad water is the worst of all, loaded as it is with decaying matter and foul with filth. The first thought of the stockman should be to secure a supply of pure water; with this, cattle will worry through a good deal of poor food; but dry, hard feed without water is more than any animal can stand.

Isn't it just a bit cruel to make a horse work seven hours in the hot sun, dry wind, and dust, without water? The stomach of the horse is small. Why not water, say five times a day? No hart comes of it, and the horse will be refreshed and work better. This matter of watering horses should receive considerable attention just at this season—when the horses are being worked in the horse powers of thrashing machines or are pulling the plow through the dry, hard ground.

Wheat After Corn.

The practice of sowing wheat after corn, is for the Northern farmer, a striking feature in Southern farm management, and might, in some instances, be adopted also in northern sections to good advantage.

Early in September, when the corn has come to maturity, three or four rows, at intervals of about 60 feet, are cut down. The open spaces are then thoroughly harrowed and sown to wheat with the drill. Afterwards the corn is all cut and placed in shocks on these seeded strips, when the rest of the field is ready for harrow and drill. If the soil is hard or baked, the harrow is often weighted down with a short piece of timber or a small log, for the purpose of making a smooth and mellow seed bed.

The advantages of this method in a mild climate are obvious. The labor of preparing the field for the drill is reduced to a minimum. Late weeds are destroyed, and a stop is put to the production of seed by them. The only disadvantageous circumstance connected it is that it may put off the seeding to a rather late season; but I am told by some very successful Southern farmers that the yield of wheat in corn land, after a favorable Fall, generally exceeds that on stubble, which, was turned with plow and harrow.

There are many localities in New York State and elsewhere with lands full of weed growth, where the corn crop matures early enough to make the adoption of the above practice feasible. But rye, more particularly, should always be grown after corn and potatoes. Save the labor of plowing, and make your land free from weeds.

Jersey Cows for the Farm.

Now the farmer's opportunity appears. The recent sales of Jersey cattle have shown that good animals are sold and can be procured at reasonable farmers' prices. It is not to be supposed that Jersey cows will go a-begging for a good many years yet; for, all told, there is about one cow only for 300 farmers if all the country were equally divided and every farmer who keeps cows for butter should have either pure Jersey cows or good half bred ones. For the latter, of course the farmer needs to have a good Jersey bull and to breed his best cows to it. The produce in most cases will be equal to that of the pure bred cows, and in saying this, a breeder or farmer who understands something about breeding stock will realize that the very highest character for excellence is given to the breed. The Jerseys have made their reputation, not only for having among them the largest butter producers of any breed, for weight, and feed consumed, but for being on the average, the best of cows for the production of butter for farmers and dairymen. And the farmers are fast finding this out, for the Jersey colors and form are visible in thousands of fields, where the half bred cattle, scarcely to be distinguished from the pure bred, may be seen in every part of the country, North, South, East and West. It is to be hoped that the breeders who have hitherto led the crowd in holding their cattle at high prices will not selfishly sacrifice their bull calves, lest the stock may become too common, but offer them to farmers at such prices as they can well afford to pay, and which will amply remunerate the breeders for their expenditure.

Many farmers have already supplied themselves with pure bred stock for making butter, and having the skill to handle the butter as it deserves, are doing a good business in selling their products at double the ordinary market prices.

Proving Greatness.

In your own estimation, at least, you are of some importance in the world. Be it so; only do not attempt to prove your greatness by treating any of your fellows as nobodies. Let the world frown on them, or ignore them, if it will. It is a selfish, proud old world; not always just, seldom merciful; spoiled and peevish and irritable. Shall that be a model for you—you in whom so many sweet influences centre, in whose life all Christian graces and loving charities should meet? If you would know your duty to your humblest brother, learn of Him who became as nothing for our sakes. Behold him welcoming, helping, saving the lowly and despised ones, whose paths in life crossed his; listen to Him calling humble fisher folk from drawing their nets beside the shore to be his vicegerents in the earth; hear him commanding these Galilean fishermen to ply their calling, seeking the souls of men, through all the turbid waters of the world's wide seas down to the end of time; watch Him as he founds a Church in which the noblest and the commonest may meet on an equality, both poor in spirit and humbled with their sense of sin, both rich in their Saviour's unbounded, undivided grace. In olden days, when a king's message must be carried with secrecy and despatch, he sometimes trusted not to royal couriers, whose great state would betray their rank, and perchance defeat the object of their errand. Rather he chose some dear friend in his confidence, and dressed him up plainly, and sent him forth unattended. Well might the petty spirits, who insulted the king's messenger because he seemed to be a humble man such as they were wont to meet with insolence, tremble when they learn his true rank and power. So you, when you treat your fellow man with scorn or slight, pause and think. Perhaps he is not the humble soul he seems; he may be the great King's messenger travelling homeward. Perchance—such things may be—while you are delaying at the heavenly palace gate showing your paltry stock of goodnesses, pleading for admittance, he may pass unchallenged through. From the low place you are most glad to occupy, you will, it may be, see him standing high beside the throne. For in heaven many of the last on earth shall be first, and of the first now a few shall be last.

The Ham was too Costly.

A well known hard card player of the city felt up against the well-developed faro game in Chicago during the recent races in that city, and during an unusually fierce and sanguinary argument with the tiger quit loser about $1,600, which amount represented every cent he owned in the world. As he rose to leave the gilded arena, speculating the while on the condition of the walking between Chicago and Pittsburg, the dealer remarked, in a very cheerful manner, "Hold on a minute; we're going to have a little lunch of cold ham, etc., in a few minutes. Won't you join us?" "Join you, be ——," roared the victim of the combat, as he turned on his heel with an air of disdain and quit the place; "do you think I can eat $1,600 worth of sham?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

It is stated that some enterprising Yankees have adopted the Piute dish of grasshopper soup, as a delicacy. It ought to make a good spring entree.

"Do birds think?" asks a writer, in opening an article. If they do, we should like to know what a canary bird thinks of a woman who stands up in a chair and talks baby talk through the brass wires of the cage.

A TRAGIC TALE OF THE SEA.

The Story of the Yacht Mignonette.

AS MUCH RELISH AS ORDINARY FOOD.

Edwin Stephens and Edmund Brooks, the mate and seaman of the ill-fated yacht Mignonette, reached Southampton at 12:30 o'clock. Stephens was met at Northam by his mother and brother-in-law, Mr. Fisher, and appeared quite prostrate.

Brooks furnishes the following interesting account of his experiences:

The Mignonette proved a capital sea boat. Prior to July 5, the day she was lost, the wind had been hard and shifty, but she rode out the gale admirably. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day Capt. Dudley called the watch—myself and Mr. Stephens—the boy Parker sharing the watch with the skipper. Parker had gone down to wet the tea of which we were all to partake when we hove to. He had just come up, when Mr. Stephens called, "Look out!" and I saw a tremendous sea, reaching, I should think, quite half way up to our masthead, coming down upon us. The Captain and Parker had held on to the main boom to leeward, and the mainsail being furled had broken the force of the sea upon them. Mr. Stephens held on by the tiller ropes. When the sea had passed, Stephens almost directly said, "Oh, my God, her sides are stove in!" The Captain ordered the boat out. I helped get the boat out. In fact, I was able nearly to throw her out myself. We got in—Stephens, I, and Parker—and called out several times to the Captain to come on board, and he presently did so, the Mignonette sinking in about five minutes after she was struck. We then found our boat had been stove in on the port side, and she leaked a lot; but I stopped it as well as I could with a piece of waist I found on the bottom boards, and this kept the water out till the morning, when Capt. Dudley made it more secure. Parker took the shipwreck very kindly, his expectation after we were in the boat being that

WE SHOULD SOON SEE LAND;

but of course the rest of us knew better than that. He was a nice, steady, and good boy—as good a boy, in fact, as I ever sailed with in my life. I regularly took to him, and tried to teach him all I knew myself.

We did not open our first tin of turnips till three days after the wreck, having eaten nothing at all in the meantime. We knew the tins contained only turnips, for I had acted as a sort of cook on board the Mignonette. On the fifth day out I was steering, and saw a turtle swimming almost to windward of us; in fact, we had almost passed it when I saw it. Its head was some distance out of the water, and I pointed it out to the others. I and the Captain pulled the boat's head to sea, and Mr. Stephens got hold of the creature by the fins and turned it over. I let go the fore oar, and although it was a pretty good sized fish, it came on board as light as a fly. We all now felt as if we were sure to be saved. This feeling was strong up to the time poor little Parker was killed, but after then my heart was cold. Capt. Dudley killed the turtle, but as the weather was so rough, we lost the blood through the salt water coming on board. But for this we should have had quite a quart or more, which would have lasted us several days. The water got into the chronometer box, in which we were getting the blood. The turtle lasted us till the twelfth day. We ate everything, skin and all, throwing the shell overboard. If we saw a little bit of the turtle fat lying about that had been left, we picked it up and ate it.

Parker, the boy, had several times expressed a desire to drink the sea water, and I and the other two strongly warned him against such a course, saying that if he did so it would kill him, but his reply always was,

"I MUST DRINK SOMETHING."

I told him he should not if I saw him. One morning—I think we must then have been fifteen or sixteen days out, but I can't remember exactly—about 5 o'clock, Dickey told me he had drank the bailer, which would hold quite a quart, empty, and half full again. I told he was a very silly young fellow, and he again replied that he must drink something. He had been gradually getting weaker, and was, in fact, the weakest of us all. The salt water put his insides out of order, and he suffered very much from diarrhœa, being at times in an agony of pain from this cause, and we all thought he would die. He appeared at times to be delirious; he would lie in the bottom of the boat and try to sleep, and if he went off, when he woke up he would say he wanted a ship. To get on board a ship was all I every heard him express a wish to do. I said to him several times: "Cheer up, Dickey, it will all come right," and the Captain and Stephens did all they could in the same way.

We had several times spoken between the three of us about casting lots as to who should be killed, and Parker had heard of this, but I and Mr. Stephens would not hear of it, and said that if we were to die we would all die together. Excepting Parker, Mr. Stephens suffered more than any of us. He was seized with pains internally, and his legs were so much swollen that he could hardly move. One night he was so bad that I thought he was going to die, and took hold of his hand, and we prayed together to the Almighty to save us.

July 20, when Parker's life was taken, was a very fine day. Excepting a little piece of the skin of the turtle, with a little drop of water we had caught in a storm which had passed over our heads,

WE HAD HAD NOTHING FOR EIGHT DAYS

Dick was lying in the bottom of the boat, groaning with pain; but he had never said anything to lead us to suppose that his life was a burden to him. I believe that the Captain and Stephens had spoken about it in the night, though nothing had been said to me either directly or indirectly of any intention to kill the boy, and Mr. Stephens, I believe, would never have consented to it. I had been at the helm three or four hours, and was lying in the bows of the boat; and Stephens made signs to me which I understood to mean that the Captain intended to take the boy's life, as he was dying. I believe he was dying, and if he had not been killed, I have not the slightest doubt we should all have died. I did not see the deed done, I had my oil-skin coat over my head trying to get to sleep, and I was not aware when it was to happen. All I heard was the Captain say to Mr. Stephens, "Hold his feet," and uncovered my head, and then saw the boy was dead. I fainted away for a minute or two, and when I came to I saw the Captain and Mr. Stephens drinking the blood which was running from his neck. I said, "Give me a drop," but it was very nearly all gone, but what I had was quite congealed. I felt quite strong after that—in fact we all made use of the expression that we were quite different men. I went aft and steered for two or three hours. I don't know exactly how long. Capt. Dudley and Stephens cut off the boy's clothes, and threw them overboard. It was a horrible sight and no mistake.

I and the Captain fed on the body, and so did Mr. Stephens occasionally, but he had very little. We lived on it for four days, and we ate a good deal—I should think quite half the body—before we were picked up, and I can say that we partook of it with

He murmured: "What, me, sir?"

I put the penknife in his throat and he was dead instantly.

The Captain, who was much upset by the recital, further stated how they drank the blood of the poor boy, and lived upon his flesh for the next four days. On the twenty-fourth day, when they had almost given up all hope, Brooks called out, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, "Sail, oh!" In an hour and a half the Montezuma was alongside, and they were lifted on to the deck. The remains of the lad Parker were buried by the Captain of the rescuing vessel.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE PACIFIC.

The Inhuman Traffic Carried on in the South Sea Islands by Englishmen.

For some years past attention has been from time to time directed to the fact that there is carried on in the Western Pacific by British ships, under the protection of British men-of-war, what is in effect a slave trade accompanied by many of the horrors which have made the African infamous. Assertions to that effect have, indeed, been decried as sensational or denied as false. The report of Mr. Romilly, commissioner in the Western Pacific, and the accounts which have been received of several trials for murder and kidnapping held at Brisbane, have brought this question most prominently before the public. The following notes of his personal experience have been furnished by an old master mariner who has during the last three years, made a number of voyages between Queensland and the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, and other groups in that quarter as master or mate of vessels engaged in the labor trade:

For the benefit of those who are wholly unacquainted with the traffic, let me explain the manner of it from the beginning. About two thousand pounds are required—and very often people club to raise it, and buy an old sailing vessel, generally a schooner, that is no longer fit to carry a heavy cargo. When a craft of that kind has been found she is fitted up for the trade. She then is surveyed by the Government surveyor, and on his favorable report the vessel is granted a license to carry so many "boys" as the native men are called, and so many Marys, as the women are called, she then ships a white crew, which she is by law compelled to do, and then having taken on board a Government agent, makes her way into the seas lying west of New Guinea, stopping at one of the nearest islands where it is known that boats' crews can be obtained. Having got these helpers on board the vessel then goes on to cruise among the islands. In many islands it is customary to light a fire as the ship approaches as a signal that the islanders want to trade. Two boats then go to the shore, rowed by the natives I have described, and carrying a white man, who is known as a "recruiter," one of these boats has on board the "trade," as we call the goods by which purchases are effected, and this boat goes ashore; while the second boat, which is called the "cover" boat, keeps a short distance outside the surf, in order to cover the retreat of the trading boat if it becomes necessary. When the first boat approaches the shore the bargain is conducted in the following manner. There is generally a head man on the beach, with several assistants belonging to him. They keep the "boys" and the Marys in the background while the head man makes the bargain. Only one boy is bought and sold at a time. The head man who gets into the "trade" boats, tells the recruiter how much he wants for the boy, and they in the usual way try to make the best bargain they can, and on their agreeing upon the price, the "trade" is taken from the trade chest and placed into the head-man's hands exactly at the same moment that the boy is passed into the boat. In order to make the thing legal, the man or woman is taken on board before the Government agent and captain, and the question asked, through an interpreter, whether they would like to go to Queensland and work for three years. The interpreter knows exactly what the buyers would like him to say and he says it, and it is duly entered on the ship's log or the Government agent's official book. The islanders are thus bought, often without knowing what has happened and are carried off.

The trade is a paying one to all concerned, and there are some rough crews engaged in it. As a rule, the natives deal fairly, but the European traders who go among them try to cheat them, and they try to retaliate. The word "gammon" is in great use among them. For example, if you say anything to them that they do not care to believe they will say, "You gammon," and when they wish to ask you if you mean what you say, they will say, "You no gammon." They seem at some of the islands to have a great terror of vessels from the Fiji Islands for the reason that there has been a great deal of kidnapping going on by vessels from those islands, and it is hard to make them believe at times that you are of a Queensland vessel and not a Fiji man.

When the vessel has a full cargo, which it often takes her some months to collect, she starts off on her way home, going round first to drop her natives boat's crew at the island from which they were taken, which often means a long round and great delay. As to the treatment of the cargo during the voyage it differs of course according to the character of the crews, but I have often seen things which it would be impossible to relate with regard to decency. Cruelty is less common, as it is in the interest of the crew to land the "boys" (who are generally fed on yams, a most nutritious fruit) in good condition, but I have seen some cases of horrible barbarity.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Camphor Tree.

Camphor laurel, a native of China, Japan, Formosa, and Cochin China, the tree from which most of the camphor of commerce is obtained, has recently been introduced into California. It grows to considerable height, and is valuable for timber, the wood being light and durable, not liable to injure from insects, and much in favor for carpenter and cabinet work. Every part of the tree, and especially the flowers, smells strongly of camphor. With respect to the growing of the camphor tree in California it is said that it is easily propagated from seeds or cuttings, and especially well along the coast. A tree at Sacramento has attained a height of thirty feet.

Why the Needle Points to the Pole.

Pressing on to the scientific subjects, Prof. Wiggins was asked his theory regarding the reason why the magnetic needle always points towards the North Pole. The Professor said he believed it was caused by a perpetual current of electricity running over the earth's surface from east to west, for it was well known that a needle swung freely within a wire coil through which an electric current is sent will invariably place itself across the current. This would be greater towards the equator, where the earth's diameter is greatest, for in both oblate and prolate spheroids electricity collects at the extremities of the greatest diameter.

A codfish was purchased in the market at Ferres recently, and in its stomach was found a richly polished German pebble.

How to Determine the Distance of an Object on the Sea.

It is amusing to note how ignorant many ordinary seamen and nearly all sea travellers are of such matters as the distance of the sea horizon, the way in which a ship's place at sea is determined, and other such matters—which all seamen might be expected to understand, and most persons of decent education might be expected to have learned something about at school. Ask a sailor how far off a ship may be, which is hull down, and he will give you an opinion based entirely on his knowledge of the ship's probable size, and on the distinctness with which he sees her. This opinion is often pretty near the truth; but it may be preposterously wrong if his idea of the ship's real size is very incorrect, and is sometimes quite wrong even when he knows her size somewhat accurately.

Any notion that the distance may be very precisely inferred from the relative position of the sun and the horizon line seems not to enter the average sailor's head. During my last journey across the Atlantic we had several curious illustrations of this. For instance, on one occasion a steamer was passing at such a distance as to be nearly hull down. From her character it was known that the portion of her hull concealed was about 12 feet in height, while it was equally well known that the eye of an observer standing on the saloon passenger's deck on the City of Rome was about 30 feet above the water level. A sailor, asked (by way of experiment) how far off the steamer was, answered, "Six or seven miles." "But she is nearly hull down," some one said to him. "I didn't say she wasn't, as I knows on," was the quaint but stupid reply. Now, it might be supposed to be a generally known fact, that even as seen from the deck of one of the ordinary Atlantic steamers, the horizon is fully six miles away, the height of the eye being about 18 or 20 feet, and that for the concealed portion of the other ship's hull a distance of four or five miles more must be allowed; so that the man's mistake was a gross one. And several other cases of a similar kind occurred during my seven days' journey from Queenstown to New York.

The rules for determining the distance of objects at sea, when the height of the observer's eye and the height of the concealed part of the remote object above the sea level are both known, are exceedingly simple, and should be well known to all. Geometrically, the dip of the sea surface is eight inches for a mile, four times this for two miles, nine times this for three miles, and so forth; the amount being obtained by squaring the number of miles and taking so many times eight inches. But, in reality, we are concerned only with the optical depression, which is somewhat less, because the line of sight to the horizon is slightly curved (the concavity of the curve being turned downward). Instead of eight inches for a mile, the optical depression is about six inches at sea, where the real horizon can be observed. But, substituting six inches for eight, the rule is as above given.

Six inches being half a foot, we obtain the number of six inch lengths in the height of an observer's eye by doubling the number of feet in that height; the square root of this number of six inch lengths gives the number of miles in the distance of the sea horizon. Thus, suppose the eye of the observer 18 feet above the sea level; then we double 18, getting 36, the square root of which is 6; hence the horizon lies at a distance of six miles as seen from an elevation of 18 feet. For a height of 30 feet, which is about that of the eye of an observer on the best deck of the City of Rome, we double 30, getting 60, the square root of which is 7.7; hence, as seen from that deck the horizon lies at a distance of 7¾ miles. If the depth of the part of a distant ship's hull below the horizon is known, the distance of that ship *beyond the horizon* is obtained in the same way. Thus, suppose the depth of the part concealed to be 12 feet, then we take the square root of twice 12, or 24, giving 4.9, showing that that ship's distance beyond the horizon is 4.9.10 miles. Hence, if a ship is seen so far hull down, from the hull of the City of Rome, we infer that its distance is 4.3.5 miles beyond the distance of the horizon, which we have seen to be 7.9.10 miles—giving for that ship's distance 12.7.10 miles. And with like ease may all such cases be dealt with.

BUBBLES

Didn't Know his Business.

"What are you doing there?" demanded the grocer of the new clerk.

"I'm putting a little sand in the sugar. Ain't that right?"

"Right? Great Scott! No. You take a little of the sugar and put it in the sand."

Quick Work in Court.

"I grant an absolute divorce to both parties," said the Judge. "Call the next case."

"But the children, your Honor. What disposition shall be made of them?"

"Equal division. Let each party take half. Call the next——"

"But there are three of them, your Hon——"

"Can't help it. That's their look out, not mine. Call the next case."

Where the Libel Hurt.

A politician who had been nominated for office said to a lawyer, "I want you to bring suit against the editor of the *Daily Wanderer*. He has defamed my character outrageously."

"But, my dear man, what he has published won't lose you any votes."

"Of course it won't lose me any votes, but my wife complains that she isn't able to hire a servant girl."

An Investigation not Necessary.

Depositor—Have you looked into the affairs of the bank recently?

Director—No, but everything is all right I am sure.

Depositor—Why are you sure?

Director—Because the health of the cashier is very poor.

Depositor—What has that got to do with the matter?

Director—He is too feeble to stand the rigors of a Canadian winter.

A Woman's Disposition.

I think I have several times alluded to the several curious kind of thing woman is. I came across a French play which illustrates one phase of the female nature most amusingly. A young man has run away to escape a woman he has been flirting with. His smoking love to a fresh flame, when the deserted one hunts him up. After a few bitter reproaches she says:

"Henry, darling, I love you. You know it. I have never hidden it from you. Perhaps you have not returned it. But mine is no selfish love. Tell me that you love another and I will say no more. Tell me frankly you do not love me and I will leave you without a murmur."

"Well," said the youth frankly, "I do not love you."

Then she proceeds immediately to tear all his hair out and leaves him on the floor a battered wreck.

Thought He was an American.

Stranger—"Ticket to Montreal, Canada, please?"

Ticket Agent (whispering)—"Here it is; lay low."

Stranger—"What?"

"Ticket Agent—"There is a detective right behind you."

Stranger—"What do I care for detectives? I came here from Montreal on business and am merely returning home."

Ticket Agent—"Beg pardon; thought you were an American."

M. Poincaire (*Comptes Rendus*) contends that the attraction of the moon modifies the intensity of gravitation. Hence at the equator the clock is retarded by half a second yearly by the combined attraction of the sun and moon, and advanced a second at the poles.

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 nonpariel, 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 advertisments. 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, OCT. 10, 1884.

LACHUTE INDUSTRIES.

There is great force in the language used by Lord Lansdowne in his speech at the Ottawa Exhibition when he said:

"This is a country of wonderful developments and extraordinary transformations. The prairie gives place to the cornfield, the rough group of settlers' cabins becomes a village and the village a city with a rapidity inexplicable to us who are used to the more gradual movements of the Old World."

For three quarters of a century Lachute was known as a little village, and it was known only to a very few even as a village. There was no industry going on except some little concerns necessary for local wants, but what a change is seen during this fourth quarter of a century, commencing with the advent of the railway ten years ago. The rapid progress made the last few years in certain useful manufactures is worthy some special reference. The location here of Mr. Wilson's Paper Mills, gave a prominence at once to Lachute in the eyes of the outside world. The buildings which adorn the place, the employment they give to so many hands, the money they bring to be spent in our shops and the wide spread reputation of the fine manilla paper made in these mills all contribute to the welfare of Lachute. The paper made here is attracting the attention of distant countries as proved by an order recently received from a large firm in Dunedin, the capital of New Zealand. The business of paper making at Lachute has increased so rapidly that a new addition is now being made to the already extensive buildings so that the capacity will be nearly doubled, this being necessary to meet the demand for this paper. We understand that the business to and from these mills contributes some $5,000 a year to the C.P.R. for freights.

There is the new and novel industry started by Fish & Ireland in a small way at first but which has constantly increased so that extra machinery and buildings have been added every few months, and at the present time they are unable to fill all the orders that come in from all over the Dominion for their celebrated cereals. To show how much this industry is appreciated by people at a distance, we learn that they have an order from the Barbadoes, the most Easterly part of the West Indies. They have also received now or been awarded 4 silver medals 3 Bronze medals and 20 first prizes at the various great exhibitions where they have entered their products. They now use up about 100 bushels of grain a day, which requires 25 packing cases, 300 cartoons, 500 labels and 100 tin boxes per day besides bags and barrels. This industry has helped to make a cash market for the farmers' grain and contributes about $1,000 a year to the C.P.R. for freights.

The general and regular milling business carried on by Mr. Peter Campbell in the most energetic manner helps also to give a ready cash market to the farmers for their various grains they have to dispose of, and his contributions to the C.P.R. for freights is about $2,000 a year or more.

The Rope Manufacture of Mr. Bannerman is on the increase so rapidly that extensive new machinery has been added, and though the factory is constantly running sometimes day and night, yet they can scarcely keep up with orders coming in. This business contributes something like $2,500 a year to the C.P.R. for freights.

The Woollen Mills of Messrs. Hamelin & Ayers are also on the increase, and the large local trade done by this firm causes the employment of a great many hands, all of which adds very materially to the interests of the place.

The Bobbin Factory of Mr. Hambleton we understand is also thriving, and his shipments are increasing to the cotton and woollen mills in different parts of the country.

Messrs. McOuat & McRae's Foundry is also becoming widely known, and their shipments to a distance besides the large local demand for their articles of manufacture gives them all they can do. They have added very materially to the interests of Lachute.

The Saw Mills, Sash and Door Factories find a good sale for all they can do. These industries keep a large amount of money in circulation which causes the merchants and tradesmen to be busy. But Lachute Industries are by no means full. There is plenty of room for more. We wish here to counteract a statement which has gained currency because made by a man of some prominence, but of little experience in such things, who has said, "the water power of Lachute was nearly all utilized," we state to the contrary that the one quarter of it is not utilised. There is room for three more dams, one of which will give 20 feet head thus quadrupling the power of any dam now on the river, or more power than is used by all the mills and factories put together that are now in use on the river. There is room for an immense increase of factories, and as the country prospers, which it must do, even in greater proportions to any increase in the past. Lachute industries will multiply. We believe that Lachute is on the eve of a greater boom than any it has yet experienced. We are informed that negotiations are going on which are likely to result in several new industries being started here before long by people who are attracted by the water power. When a place gets a good start as Lachute has done it is sure to advance.

Our reputation in distant parts is good because of the excellency of the products manufactured here. It wants now a united effort on the part of all our citizens to make Lachute what it is designed to be "a city." If some continue to depreciate its water power, and others check the efforts in improvements which are absolutely necessary, and others fold their arms and do nothing, then the progress must depend upon new comers as it has done in the past; for it is a fact, that there is scarcely an industry of any importance now going on here but what has been started by people who have come from other parts of the country.

If our native born citizens cannot afford capital, or are not disposed to enter upon the manufacturing business, let them show a kindly interest in those who do, and let them do all in their power to build up the industries of the place in which they expect to live and thrive.

OUR EXHIBITION.

We had our quota of work in connection with our county exhibition last week, and in order to give our readers an idea of the effort we made to give them the prize list so soon, the whole of our staff was up and hard at work during the whole of Thursday night, and only got the paper printed at six o'clock on Friday morning in time for the mails. But these exhibitions mean work and hard work too. We consider it the best exhibition by far, that has ever been held in this county, and feel sure that of the 5,000 people present, the great majority of them must have been greatly disappointed owing to not being able to see the greater part of the exhibits in the room set apart for the purpose, as it was open for so short a time. We would here urge upon the Directors the importance of keeping the fair for two days, the same as is done in other places, such as in Ontario. They would certainly make twice as much money and afford the people and opportunity to see the magnificent display which they could appreciate and which would stimulate to greater exertions to make our exhibitions more attractive.

We said in our report of what came under our eye, that the soil of Argenteuil is well adapted to the raising of various kinds of fruit not now grown in the County—such as plums of the grafted kind, the same as grown in different parts of this Province and Eastern Ontario. We scarcely think they could raise the Peach or the Pare, at least not to profit, but these might be raised in favored localities even here. Then there is the strawberry, which is a good paying crop, could be largely cultivated, and a ready sale for them in Lachute, Montreal and Ottawa. Cauliflowers too could be advantageously cultivated. Then there might be a great trade done in the raising of live stock in horned cattle and sheep for the home and foreign markets, and Argenteuil is well adapted for this—especially for the raising of sheep. In manufactures, where water power is so plentiful, a large business might be done, and profitably too, on account of the easy access to all parts of Canada and the United States. If our people would only consider how easily they might grow rich, by using the means Providence has placed within their reach, they would surely not be slow in using them. Then again, they might immensly improve their breed of cattle, for it is as cheap to feed a good description of cattle, as poor ones, some say easier, which would command more than double the price of what our farmers get for their present stock—every annual exhibition they attend fully demonstrates this to them. Good beef cattle always command a ready sale either in the home or foreign markets. Sir John McDonald in his speech at the County of Carleton Agricultural Show held at Bell's Corners last week, said: —

"In the United States the agricultural papers have been of late calling attention to the fact that farmers have been devoting too much attention to the raising of wheat, and have been advising them to devote themselves more to mixed farming. This advice was not requisite in the older provinces of Canada, where the value of stock raising was becoming appreciated, but it would be well for the farmers of our Northwest to heed it well. He had been told by practical farmers that there was nothing so profitable as raising cattle. Canadian cattle are allowed to come into England, while not a head could be landed from the United States owing to the prevalence of foot and mouth disease in some parts of that country. It was a fortunate thing for Canada that she had a monopoly of this trade, for the live cattle were worth, on an average, three pounds a head more than dead ones. Great pressure had been brought to bear on the government by a large number of English capitalists, who had gone into stock-raising in Wyoming, to allow American cattle to pass through Canadian territory. He had very little sympathy with these English capitalists for they could have obtained equally good land in our own North West, and by settling there they could have secured all the advantages we now possess. He pointed out that owing to our being allowed to take our cattle into England alive we had two advantages, for we had not only the increased satisfaction of knowing that we were not unfairly competing with the people of the old country, who did not at all object to the live meat trade, though they did strenously object to the trade in dead meat. Great efforts had been made by these Englishmen in Wyoming to remove the embargo against American cattle passing through Canada, but the government steadfastly refused to heed their appeals for it would not be to our gain should the cot and mouth disease be brought to Canada, and thus cause us to lose the important trade we now enjoy. On account of this risk the government had steadfastly refused to remove the restrictions on the passage of American cattle through Canada notwithstanding the very great pressure that had been brought to bear on them. The Government were determined that the interests of the farmers should not be imperilled."

THE SNOW.—In the hurry of getting up the report for last week's paper, some inaccuracies occurred which we now correct, namely:—

BULLS (1 year.

James McOuat, (R.R.) 1st, Nelson Albright, (Bay,) 2nd,

BULL CALVES.

Peter Gordon 1st, Robert Tood 2nd, John Hay 3rd.

MARES and FOAL (saddle.)

James Bradly 3rd, in place of Robert Simpson.

OUR BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS.

Our grand old Laurentian mountains have again thrown off their summer dress which was so attractive all through the bright summer days. Perhaps in Canada there is not a more picturesque scenery to be found than Lachute and its vicinity. The smooth running river wending its way through the green meadows, amid the shady Elms and other lofty trees on either side, affording a cool retreat for the cattle and sheep, which no doubt enjoyed the luxury.

The boat sailing, or a row, which so many indulged in, was a pleasant and healthful recreation, an enjoyment secured without expense or trouble, more especially on the moonlight evenings when the sound of musical voices, joined with the instrumental echoed through hill and dale, their sweet notes vibrating through the stillness of the night, affording pleasure no doubt to the many listeners on the shore, inspiring them with fresh and pleasant reflections, and may hap with some reminiscence of long ago. But all this pleasant enjoyment is past, the beautiful spring so joyous and full of hope. The summer with its soft gentle breezes and long days of sunshine, are gone, and the harvest is now gathered home, and the frosty nights are upon us with bright sunny days, giving fresh beauty to the autumnal foliage of the woods, arrayed as they are now in their gorgeous apparel. How very little we poor short sighted mortals known of the natural laws which govern our universe! How the rapid transformation takes place on the trees and shrubs is a question not easily solved. True it is the action of the frost at night, and the warm bright sun during the day in part answers the question, but the different shades of color so beautifully varigated with such a variety and blending of rich and delicately tinted colors on the foliage of each one which crowd the mountain side, is past our comprehension. We may well exclaim with the sweet singer of Israel, "O Lord how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches: I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praises to my God while I have my being."

HARVEST HOME AT GRENVILLE P.Q.

On Wednesday, 1st Oct., the village was *en fete* from early morning till late at night, the young people especially being on the tip-toe of expectation of the enjoyment provided for them by their thoughtful and genial elders, who had spared no pains in decorating their church in a most effective manner, preparatory to the service held at 2 o'clock, which was largely attended. The Rev. Mr. Boyd and Rev. Mr. Phillips assisted; Mr. Rollett officiate; Mr. Phillips preaching an eloquent sermon suitable to the occasion. The church decorations consisted principally of fruits and vegetables chosen for their unusual size and beauty and arrayed most artistically on a carpet of moss extending the whole length of the aisle, the lamps being festooned with crab apples. The varied maple leaves provided a fitting frame for the texts expressive of fervent gratitude for so plenteous a harvest, and the result was extremely gratifying both to pastor and congregation.

In the evening a Tea Meeting and Concert were held in the Town Hall, both being well attended, and it is hoped the pecuniary results were all that could be wished. The long programme was good and varied, the performers one and all being most anxious to please their genial and appreciative audience. Where all was excellent it may seem invidious to choose one for special mention, but Miss Clara Cook certainly distinguished herself by her clever recitation of "The well of St. Keenes" and the admirably rendering of the serio comic song "Fairly Caught." The musical sketch "Mortgaging the Farm" was a great success and elicited an encore. Mr. Boyd's stump speech brought down shouts of applause, and Mr. Pridham followed suit by giving a humorous reading in his own happy style. The comic element was well provided by Mr. Hanniford, who gave unlimited delight to the juveniles and a good excuse for giving vent to their long repressed feelings by indulging them in singing "Can any one tell me where Nancy's gone!" which had to be repeated. Miss Heartley presided at the piano, and the performance closed by the whole company singing "God save the Queen" and parting in great good humor and content.

COM.

LACHUTE COUNCIL.

Lachute, Oct. 4th 1884.

Present Mayor Dunbar, Councillors Smith, Fish, Dudderidge and Shepherd.

The Secretary read the minutes of last meeting which were adopted.

The By-law authorizing the construction and maintenance of a drain or water course leading to and between the properties of Messrs. Lane and Rodrigue, West end, Lachute, part of which is to be boxed in with a width of two and a half feet by two and a half feet high.

And on motion of coun. Dudderidge, sec. by coun. Fish, the said By law was ordered to be promulgated.

The subject of Hills' bridge was brought up, and on motion of coun. Dudderidge, sec. by coun. Fish, it was ordered to be re-covered.

Coun. Fish brought before the notice of the Council the unsafe state of the West bridge—also that of Cruise's bridge.

Councillors Fish, Dudderidge, Shepherd and the Secretary visited the West River bridge, and after a thorough examination of the same, it was agreed that coun. Fish should have it repaired immediately. Also that the two side ditches leading to said bridge be opened out under the inspection of coun. Fish.

A petition was presented by Robert Crozier and son in regard to the Dunbar road, over which there has been so much contention. It was ordered that a special superintendent be appointed to examine the road, and that Mr. Geo. Morrison be the superintendent.

The Council then adjourned.

THE PILOTS FOR THE NILE.—Four of the pilots required for the Nile expedition have been examined and passed by the marine department, and will sail on Saturday. Their names are James Augustus McIver, of Prescott, John Archibald Williamson, of Grenville, Thomas Anson Cummings, of Grenville, and William Morgan Jones, of Ottawa. Their pay will be $150 per month. Captain Robinson, manager of the Northwest Transportation Company, and three others accustomed to the management of stern-wheel steamers are expected from Winnipeg in a few days.

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON AND HON. PETER MITCHELL.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* published a statement of an interview he had with Lord Hamilton, a Director of the Grand Trunk Railway, reflecting on the Government of Canada and in their support of the Canada Pacific Railway, which he considers unfair to the Grand Trunk. The Hon. Mr. Mitchell took exception to these strictures, and replied pretty tartly to his Lordship. But want of space prevents us from giving more than a couple of extracts from this letter of Mr. Mitchell. The first has reference to the statement that the loss of life from accidents on the Grand Trunk was less than upon any railway system of the same extent in the world; This Mr. Mitchell pronounces as simply absurd and goes on to say.—

"There has been greater loss of life from passenger train accidents on the Grand Trunk within the past twelve months than on the combined railways of the six New England States in five years, and I defy Mr. Joseph Hickson to indicate any line of railway on this continent, with mileage corresponding to the Grand Trunk, where the loss of life has been one half as great within the past year. I have given some attention to this matter, and should your Lordship desire it I will furnish the particulars to justify my statements."

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"Five years ago, before the Canadian Pacific Company had even signed the contract with the Government, the Secretary of the Grand Trunk Company, Mr. Renton, writing to a correspondent in Glasgow, openly denounced the promoters of the Canadian Pacific Company as a band of adventurers; and from that day to this, under one pretence or another, in season and out of season, it has done its utmost to defeat the objects and aims of Parliament and the Government in connection with an enterprise which the country stands pledged to carry forward. If the Grand Trunk wished to see the Canadian Pacific completed. My Lord, as you allege, why do its organs in the press assail the enterprise and the country which is to support it, in terms so vindictive and malignant? Why are leading officials of the Grand Trunk put up to lobby against the Government because of its friendship for the enterprise which Parliament subsidized? Why was the Hickson correspondence—so insulting to the Government and to the Parliament and people of Canada—entered upon only a few months ago? If, my Lord, the Grand Trunk desires to see the Canadian Pacific completed and established, it has chosen a strange way to display its friendship! I might even appeal to yourself, my Lord; I might refer to your newspaper contribution now under review; I might declare that here, in the very sentence in which you profess a friendship for the Canadian Pacific railway, are embodied charges as unfair as even Mr. Hickson could have penned and as rancorous as if they had proceeded from a malignant enemy rather than a professed friend. Take, as an example, my Lord, your allegation that "the "Canadian Pacific would have to be taken "over and operated by the Government!" Is this the language of friendship? It is not rather the expression of uncompromising and impertinent hostility? Was there any basis for it beyond the desire natural in a Grand Trunk director, the wish that is father to the thought? Perhaps, my Lord, your time in Canada might be spent to greater profit if, instead of assailing a Government supported by an overwhelming majority in Parliament, and Parliamentary action which has been endorsed by the people at the polls, you had given more attention to the affairs of the Grand Trunk itself, you might have seen reason to so far change your mind as to lead to the belief that of the two railways the Grand Trunk is by all odds the most likely to be "turned over and operated" by the boodholders, who practically own it. What is the position of your company to day? Your common stock is quoted at 10½; it is practically obliterated; while you have passed the dividends on both second and third preference stocks. You have a capital which is three-fourths water. Your road stands you at a nominal cost in capital account of about £32,000 stg. per mile, to compete with the Ontario and Quebec which cost about £6,400 per mile. What hope have your stockholders or your later classes of bondholders of getting dividends, when your road has to face competition with such odds against it? There is your debt to the people of Canada—$26,000,000—without interest. What do you propose to do about it? Does the Grand Trunk intend to repudiate this debt? You speak of something not being "tolerated in England." Would such wholesale repudiation be tolerated in England? If, my Lord, you had been present at the last session of the Canadian Parliament and had witnessed the desperate courses to which the agents of your company were driven to secure the passage of a measure on which, as it was openly alleged, the fate of the Grand Trunk was suspended; if you had witnessed the indignation with which every member of Parliament regarded the trick to steal legislation favorable to your company—a trick and a deception which in my place in Parliament I found it neccessary to expose and denounce—you might have come to the conclusion that the safeguarding of the honor and true interests of your company was quite as extensive and important an undertaking as you would care to assume, and that attacks and insinuations against a company and an enterprise enjoying the confidence of Parliament, managed by honorable and experienced men and having vast resources, are as unwise as they are unpopular and uncalled for."

The *Globe's* correspondent again interviews Lord Hamilton in regard to Mr. Mitchell's letter. His Lordship say:—"Mr. Mitchell seems to think I sought the interview for the purpose of eulogizing the Grand Trunk Railway. On the contrary it was not at my request that the interview took place, and though I commenced by stating that I was only an individual member of the Grand Trunk Board and not its official mouthpiece, I added that I saw no objection, either in the capacity of a director or as a member of Parliament, to giving my views about an undertaking which has been and must continue to be such an important factor in the development of the Dominion and its resources. I gave you the impressions I had gathered as to the physical condition of the line from a trip over a large portion of its system, and my opinions as to its future from the general knowledge I possess of its management and history during the last eight years. It is quite possible there are people who differ from my views and from the conclusions at which I have arrived, but I see no reason to modify anything I expressed, and I certainly have no intention, during my brief visit to this country, to enter upon a newspaper correspondence with any individual whatever his position. I adhere to my views, while Mr. Mitchell is perfectly at liberty to ventilate those of a diametrically opposite nature. Time will one day show which of us is correct." Mr. Mitchell, in a second letter, replies to these remarks of Lord Hamilton, giving his Lordship some pretty hard knocks. We make three extracts from this letter:—

"That the report published in the *Globe* was accurate was evident from the fact that he has not sought the correction of a single word, and standing uncorrected is itself evidence that it was his own and not the *Globe's*. And to render assurance doubly sure, we now have his Lordship's assertion that "he has no reason to modify anything "he has expressed." This expression of his opinion—his own in all respects and dictated if not carefully written out, by himself—his Lordship must have published with the object of influencing public opinion in Canada or elsewhere. He sent out with this object, supported by his name and position, certain statements of fact, the correctness of which I have challenged. If he had authority or evidence in support of the statements to which he lent his name, he should have produced it. If he had no authority and no proof, he should have withdrawn the injurious statements which he was unable to support. His Lordship has done neither, preferring to shelter himself behind the thinnest kind of a pretext. In a "conversation," addressed by him to the Ottawa correspondent of the *Globe*, he states that "such a letter as that which had been "addressed to him by Mr. Mitchell was something unheard of in the Old Country, but "he presumed the rules of etiquette in "such cases would be complied with by "his taking no further notice of it." The "rules of etiquette" which govern his Lordship's action appear to be exceedingly elastic. They would seem to cover the most impertinent allusions which could possibly have been made to the Government of this country; they could cover a violent attack upon the policy and acts of the people of the country; and they were all sufficient to embrace sweeping and slanderous charges against the conductors of a Canadian enterprise, which the Grand Trunk railway and its directors and management have the assurance to treat as a "rival" to be crushed—an enterprise which Canadian money, Canadian courage and Canadian skill are carrying forward to an immediate and successful consummation. If the "rules of etiquette" in the "old country," amply justify His Lordship, a comparative stranger travelling in Canada, in assailing the Government, the people, the investments and the enterprises of our country, they should be sufficient to justify me, a Canadian, in defending vital interests thus wantonly assailed in correcting mis-statements put forth in ignorance or for an ulterior purpose, and in demanding that their author shall make good his reckless allegations and his more than reckless insinuations."

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"While I confess to some disappointment at his Lordship's present reticence, I will not pretend to be blind to the cause of it. His Lordship has probably just discovered that the weight of a noble name adds nothing to an argument which must rest for success upon the facts and the evidence. His Lordship had one advantage and of that he has availed himself. If his statements in reference to the Grand Trunk, the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway were accepted as gospel truth, without challenge, something would be gained to Grand Trunk interests; while if those statements were criticized and their accuracy successfully impeached he could retire under cover of "rules of etiquette" which in this connection should be named only to be despised. As no "rules of etiquette" can justify the false coloring which his Lordship has permitted himself, unconsciously, I trust, to give to certain features of Grand Trunk management and other railway matters, so no "rules of etiquette," English or Canadian, shall prevent me from holding his Lordship, in all courtesy, responsible for the publication of statements authorized by his Lordship. Depend upon it, sir, that no man with the spirit of a Canadian will consent that statements so one-sided, so opposite to the patriotic sentiment of the country, and so well calculated to destroy public faith in the most beneficial enterprise that is likely to be consummated in our day, will accept his Lordship's statements without a protest. I have chosen to give public expression to the mental protest of my countrymen, and I am cheered by the knowledge that this protest has not been in vain. In his Lordship's refusal to make good his statements the people of Canada have all the evidence they need of the entire break down of a case which, I have no doubt, his Lordship supposed would be accepted, because endorsed by a noble name and dictated from the convenient shelter of Rideau Hall. But honored as is the name of Hamilton, sacred as are the walls of the Vice-Regal abode, I have yet to learn that either the one or the other is sufficiently potential to silence the voice of public protest against unfounded statements and unfair accusations, as well as against that species of un-English warfare which will neither sustain nor retract statements calculated to damage our country and our countrymen."

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"If his Lordship will condescent to be influenced by the advice of an humble Canadian he will abandon forever the puffery of Grand Trunk management which harmonizes so badly with the railway massacres and the impoverished investments which no amount of puffing can cure. Instead of attacking the Government, Parliament and people of Canada for constructing what the Grand Trunk management chooses to regard as a "rival" system, his Lordship should tell the people of England of the heroic efforts which this Parliament and people are making to develope a magnificent territory, nearly as large as the whole of Europe or the whole of the United States, and which can only be developed by means of the Canadian Pacific Railway and its branches and allied roads. He might also tell the people of England that in this vast territory, which Grand Trunk agents here and in England have vilified to the last degree, but which contains more fertile prarie land than is to be found in any other country in the world, there are FREE prarie farms (Government homesteads) for several millions of English families, while the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Colonization Societies offer farms at merely nominal prices. Instead of warring upon the interests and institutions of Canada; instead of predicting the downfall of this or that great enterprise with which the well being of this country is bound up, why not lend the influence of his name and wealth and position to compel the Grand Trunk management to forego assaults which are destructive of Canadian interests, including Grand Trunk interests themselves? Why not aid us in Canada to provide homes in our fertile North-West for millions of landless Englishmen? Why not help us to muzzle those Grand Trunk influences in England and Canada which have so persistently cried down the country on which the Grand Trunk is relying for support and Grand Trunk investors for their dividends? This would be a work worthy of his station and would do more in the end to enchance the earnings of the Grand Trunk than the selfish, grasping, monopolistic policy of the past and present could hope to accomplish."

LAWYERS ATTENTION!

Attorney General Miller, of Manitoba, was elected by Varennes to the Manitoba Legislature. Varennes is not in Manitoba but in Ontario according to the award given in the boundary dispute.

Is Mr. Miller a member of the Manitoba or Ontario Legislature?

—The news comes to us from Cario, that Colonel Stewart and party were inveigled from the stranded steamer in the Nile, under the plea that they were but a short distance from Mersmie, which could easily be reached on foot, and when but a short distance from the steamer they were attacked and murdered by a number of men who were in ambush waiting for them. Those remaining on the steamer were subsequently murdered.

M. Herbin French Consul at Khartoum, was killed at the same time as Col. Stewart and party were massacred.

—Dongola is now garrisoned by 600 British and 1,000 Egyptian Soldiers.

—The French cabinet wants another 10,000,000 francs for Tonquin and China.

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US?

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of stick slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S Metcalfe, 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many grosses.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommend them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland:—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicines than any other kind.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it.

Jos. Balkwill, A.P.S., Kingsbridge:—The public seem to appreciate their great value.

A. Armstead, Market Street, Dalton in-Furness:—It is needless for me to say that your valuable medicines have great sale in this district—greater than any other I know of, ving great satisfaction.

Robt. Laine, Melksham:—I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.

Frlockheim, Arbroath, Forfarshire, Sept. 23, 1882.

Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recommending Mother Seigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the famed Syrup and Pills. Most patent medicines die out with me, but Mother Seigel has had a steady sale ever since I commenced, and is still in great demand as when I first began to sell the medicine. The cures which have come under my notice are chiefly those of liver complaint and general debility.

A certain minister in my neighbourhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigel's Pills are the only pills which suit his complaint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Seigel's Pills do not leave a bad after-effect. I have much pleasure in commending again to sufferers humanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are no sham. If this letter is of any service you can publish it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) William S Glass, Chemist.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine with utmost slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. Webb,
Chemist, Calne.

Mr. White:

FOR NEURALGIA, apply the Pain Eradicator thoroughly to the back part of the head, extending the rubbing from ear to ear; snuff the clear Pain Eradicator into the nostrils, or put two or three drops on the palm of the hand and inhale it for some minutes, and apply it to what is called the open or joint the head, and take internally as directed. If there be much weakness and irritation of the Nerves use also *Dr. Graham's Royal Nervine Cordial Tonic Remedy* internally. It is a valuable remedy in Neuralgia and all Rheumatic troubles. Price 50 cents a bottle. If there be feverishness with it, use the *Pectoral* and regulate the bowels with Graham's Pills.

Cure for Chilblains.

Bathe the feet for ten or fifteen minutes in water as hot as can be borne; then apply Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and a cure is certain. Yellow Oil cures Rhumatism, Neuralgia Deafness, Lameness, and Pain generally; and internally cures Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Asthma, and many painful affections.

THE MANITOBA RAILWAYS.

The statement that the Dominion Government have granted 6,400 acres of land per mile to aid in the construction of the Manitoba South-Western and the Manitoba North-Western railways will be pleasant news to the people of Manitoba. The construction of these lines is very necessary to the prosperity of the whole North-West, and will be especially of great benefit to Winnipeg. The South-Western runs from Winnipeg in a south-westerly direction to a point midway between the 99th and 100th parallels. It then goes directly west at a distance of some ten miles from the boundary and parallel with it, nearly to the 104th parallel. There is also a projected branch from a point to the eastward of the 103rd parallel to Regina. The whole length of the South-Western, including this branch, would be upwards of 550 miles. Of this 51 miles, from Winnipeg to Maryland, is now running. The south-Western will run through the Turtle Mountain district, and also run through a great deal of land on the Souris River, and will be a most valuable feeder to the Canadian Pacific. The Manitoba and North-Western Railway is to extend from Portage La Prairie to Prince Arthur, on the North Saskatchewan River, a distance of some 500 miles. Of this the line from Portage La Prairie to Minnedosa, 78 miles in length, is completed and running. This railway will pass through an admirable country and open up to settlement a vast tract of valuable land. There cannot be a doubt that with such a land subsidy as 6,400 acres a mile that sufficient money to build the line can be easily obtained in England, where the North-West is now in high favor.—*Herald.*

—The American Ornithologists have decided that the sparrow is a pest and should be exterminated.

WANTED a resident Agent in every Village, Town and City of the Dominion, also, a few Travellers to sell our new GAS MACHINES, for making AIR GAS 50 per cent. cheaper than coal gas, equally as GOOD. NO FIRE or Power required. Made in all sizes from 15 BURNERS to 1,000, for PRIVATE HOUSES, STORES, HOTELS, Factories, Mills, Streets, Mines, etc., address:

THE CANADIAN AIR GAS MACHINE MFG. CO
115 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

SCHOLASTIC MUNICIPALITY
OF THE
Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS who may be indebted in any sum or sums of money for the support of the Schools of the above Municipality at this date, are requested to make payment of the same to the undersigned on or before the twenty-first day of November, 1884, otherwise Legal Proceedings will be instituted against them.

By order
GAVIN J. WALKER.
Sec.-Treasurer Mun. St. Jerusalem d'Argent.
Lachute, Oct. 6th, 1884. 6-tin.

Vital Questions!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"*Some form of Hops!!!*"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu!!!*"

Ask the same physicians

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy, !!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scorfula.

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail" Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with other equally valuable.

Hop Bitters such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is unrivaled in its operations that no disease of ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH.

SOMMERBY.—At Beech Ridge, on the 8th inst., Mrs. William Summerby, of a daughter.

18lbs. SUGAR
FOR
$1.00
AT THE
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
ST. ANDREWS.
C. T. WALES & Co.

ARE devoting special attention to their TEA DEPARTMENT.—New crop Japans in half Chests and Caddies, to be sold at a small advance on cost.—6lbs. fine Japan for $1.00.

18lbs. Coarse grained Muscovada for $1.00.

Large assortments of FALL GOODS opened out at unprecedented low prices at the "PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,"—St. Andrews.

J. & A. LOWE

BEG to inform the public they have received their new stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

also a new stock of good Mantle Cloaths and Velveteens for Suites; Ulsters, Dolmans, Mantles, Fur-trimmings &c.

Lachute, 18th Sept., 1884.

W. A. WEIR,
(Of the firm of Quinn & Weir,)

COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ATTORNEY, COMMISSIONER &c.

181 St. James Street, Montreal.

Attention given to all Civil and Criminal matters. 4-1y

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

STOVES FOR COAL OR WOOD.

A large stock of first class HALL COAL STOVES,
ALSO
COOK STOVES of every Description on HAND.

PLOWS.

The celebrated No. 8 STEEL MOULD PLOW has no equal.

THRESHING MILLS, GREYS PATENT the best in the Market.

McOUAT & McRAE.

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,

ST. ANDREWS, P.Q.

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

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.

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

Watchmaker and Photographer,
Main Street, Lachute.

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Air Gas Co.—Gagnon & Frere
Public Notice.—G. J. Walker
New Mantle Cloths —S. Carsley's.

LOCAL.

MUSIC.

LESSONS given by the undersigned either on the ORGAN or PIANO.
1-4 M. E. MEIKLE.

A Long Time.

Fifteen years suffering from the tortures of Dyspepsia is indeed a long time. A. Burns, blacksmith, of Cobourg, was thus afflicted, but it only required four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters to completely cure him.

We have to thank Mr. A. Mitchell, of the firm of Dudderidge & Mitchell, for a present of very fine celery.

In Dixies Land.

J. Kennedy, dealer in drugs, &c., Dixie, Ontario, recommends Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam to his customers, it having cured his wife of a bad cough. It is the safest and surest remedy for all Throat and Lung troubles, such as Asthma, Bronchits, Whooping Cough and most pectoral complains.

PERSONAL.—The Rev. E. Robson, who left Lachute about five years ago for New Westminster, B. C., was recently removed to Nanaimo. Before leaving New Westminster he was entertained at a free congregational social, and presented with an affectionate address and a purse of $175. The Blue Ribbon Club (Temperance) also gave him a social, a highly eulogistic address, and a valuable present of silverware. The W. C. T. U. had previously honored Mr. Robson with a beautiful writing case. These tokens of respect and appreciation of the Rev. Gentleman's service in New Westminster is creditable to the doners, and we are sure his many friends in Lachute and elsewhere will be rejoiced thereat.

A Good Cosmetic.

The best cosmetics are good soap and water. to obtain purity of the skin; while for boils, blotches, obstinate humors and impurities of the blood, Burdock Blood Bitters is the best of all purifiers.

The state of the streets in Lachute just now is most disgraceful—every step over the slice mouth in mud and slush. We venture to say there is not another town or village in the Province in such a deplorable condition: and we would ask how long are they going to be allowed to remain in this condition? Is the property owners whose business it is to drain the sides of the streets to carry off the surface water that accumulates from the rain that falls upon them, going to allow them to remain in the state they now are, until they are frozen hard enough to bear pedestrians and the numerous teams that pass over them? It looks very much like it. There is no place in the Province requires incorporation so much as Lachute, and until it is incorporated, we must bear the odium of being called "Muddy Lachute," and want of enterprise in its inhabitants.

An Open Letter.

Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.
Dear Sirs—I can honestly recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as the best reliever of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy. I remain, respectfully yours,
JOHN TAYLOR,
190 Parliament St., Toronto.

LAWLESSNESS IN LACHUTE.—Such is the heading of an article appearing in the Montreal *Gazette* of Wednesday last. It seems a person signing himself "William Smith, a British Emigrant," has made application to the Police authorities of Montreal for a policeman to be sent to Lachute to protect him from the small boys, whom he fears will attack his house on Hallowe'en night, as they did so last year, and he fears they will do so this. Now we have made some inquiries into this matter, and we find that the young lads of Lachute, the same as in other places, are in the habit of paying their neighbours a friendly visit on this festal night for apples &c., and they in course paid Mr. Smith a visit. They knocked at the door, Mr. Smith opened it, and when he saw the boys he asked his wife to hand him the axe, and made a rush at them with it, one of the boys who had a stick in his hand hit him over the head, and they all made good their escape. If Mr. Smith had treated the boys civily they would have went away quietly and no harm would have been done, and saved Mr. Smith from exposing himself to the ridicule of the people of Lachute.

Blood Relations.

The best blood relations consist of a perfect circulation of healthy, vital fluid—pure blood and proper circulation may be established in the system by the use of that grand blood purifier, Burdock Blood Bitters.

CORRECTION.—It was Miss Mary Jane Farrell, Centerville, instead of Mr. J. Farrell, as published in our last, who obtained at the Ottawa Exhibition the first prize on Tidy Crochet Cotton; second prize on Fancy Wool Knitting; also honorable mention on Embroidery on Silk.

Costiveness is the cause of the intolerable "bad breath" of multitudes. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters remove the cause and prevent the evil, and cost only 25 cents.

Over a thousand signatures to the Scott Act petition have been stolen from the sheriff's office of Northumberland and Durham.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is the best remedy known for stiff joints.

—The Windsor Hotel Kingston, was burned down on the morning of the 6th inst. The cause of the fire was the explosion of gas in the Kitchen, situated in rear of the Hotel. All the inmates were rescued mostly in their night clothes but losing all their property.

The history of Downs' Elixir is identified with the history of New England for the last fifty years. It cures coughs and colds.

—PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.—Lieut Governor Robitaille has appointed Thursday the 6th of November next, as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING to return thanks to the Almighty for the favors which He has been pleased to grant to the inhabitants of this Province.

MORE CANADIANS FOR THE NILE.—It is understood that Mr. Lambert, of Ottawa, has been engaged to procure eight captains of small steam crafts, to go to the Nile in connection with the relief of Gordon. They will be despatched on Saturday from Quebec.

NATIONAL PILLS purifies the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

—Ottawa City is to be lit by electric light by the Royal Electric Company of Montreal. There will be 165 lights for 250 days in the year, the lights not being used moonlight nights for $13,000.

DESTROY THE WORMS or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Itching Piles, Ringworm Eruptions, and all skin diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

The government is to make a free grant to the Manitoba Southwestern and Manitoba & Northwestern railways of the lands formerly granted to them at a dollar an acre.

DR. LOWS WORM SYRUP will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other Medicine.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co.,
6-1y. 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Much has been written regarding proper and remunerative employment for women, silk culture, poultry raising, trades of various kinds, which no doubt are very profitable. But there are many ladies who have no opportunity to raise silk worms or follow any employment of that kind. To that class I wish to open what to me was entirely a new field, some three months ago. An uncle of mine from Albany, N.Y., was at our house visiting and we were talking of plated ware which he was engaged in manufacturing, and to gratify my curiosity he made a plating machine and replated our knives, forks, spoons and castor. It only cost $4 and it done the work perfectly. Some of our neighbors saw what we had plated, wanted me to do some plating for them. I have since then worked 22 days and have cleared during that time $95.45. At almost every house I got from $2 to $3 worth of plating to do, and such work is most all profit. This work is as nice for ladies as it is for gentlemen as it is all indoor work and any one can do it.

To any of your readers that will send me a verse of poetry or prose, I will send them full directions for making and using a plating machine like mine that will plate gold, silver & nickle. I am making a large scrap book to exhibit at the fairs.

Please address, JOICE CASSEY,
Oberlin, Ohio.

SHREWSBERRY, GORE, Oct. 7th, 1884.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—The fame of Lachute Band and Glee Club is so widely spread that they need no eulogium from me. Their reputation is well deserved, and is the more remarkable as they are, I am told, very young. Perhaps you will allow me a little of your valuable space to thank them for the concert they gave at Lakefield, on the evening of the 3rd. inst. They came at the request of the Orange Lodge in Lakefield, and the object was to raise funds to pay a debt on the hall, or to finish it, I am not certain which. Let me here notice a mistake that those who invited the Band and Club fell into, and I do this in hope that it may prevent others who may wish the aid of the Band from making a similar one. The day was rainy and people feared that they would not come and neglected to prepare for them. So when they *did come*, everything had to be done, it is to be hoped that people will remember in future that when you good fellows of Lachute make a promise, you are bound to go through. Remember that, as one of the Band said of them. "We have lots of sand." Now gentlemen do not borrow trouble about weather. Do your part and get ready. Have tea ready for them when they come, instead of a few hours after. I am quite sure that if Lakefield again need their services everything will be ready let the weather be what it may. Everybody was delighted with the programme. The execution was perfect. During the second part Mr. Gosselin was called on the platform to give an address. With the exception of a graceful tribute to the Band and Glee Club, he did less than justice to himself as he had no notice. He quoted a parquinade that was current in Rome during the Conclave that elected Ferretti, better known as Pius 9th. As Mr. G. had forgotten one of the names I give it here. "If God elects we shall have Bianchi. If man elects we shall have Ferritti If the Devil elects we shall have Lambruschini." A well deserved vote of thanks coupled with the name of Mr. Anderson, who responded in well chosen and graceful words, concluded the affair. The concert ended, dancing began; but as I left then, I can say nothing of it. Not having the honor of the acquaintance of any of the accomplished performers I am not able to pay any compliments; to do so might perhaps, be invidious.

Yours respectfully, Q.

Bissetts Creek, 29th Sept., 1884.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—It is a long time since the employees of the C.P.R. have been in such deep mourning as at the present time.

On Saturday, the 27th inst., (just one week from the date of the sad accident reported by "Uncle Sandie" in your last issue,) another very sad accident occurred at Wahnipatae, 10 miles East of Sudbury junct., resulting in the death of Mr. Courtney McIntyre, one of the most popular and trusty Engine Drivers on this line, and son of Mr. W. H. McIntyre, Station Agent and Post-master of Rockliffe.

It appears that while his engine was standing at the station named, he had gone into the rear end of the train to see his daughter who was a passenger on the train, having instructed his fireman to proceed saying he would walk along on top of train and join him in a few minutes. When the next station (Stinson's) was reached it was ascertained he had not returned to the engine. The trainmen took a hand car and started back in search of their friend and to their grief found his body badly mangled on the track. He had fallen between the cars when returning from the passenger car to his engine.

His remains were conveyed to Ottawa by special train this morning where they will be buried this afternoon.

The deceased leaves a wife, three children and a host of friends to lament his sad death.

The engine drivers and firemen on this division are wearing mourning badges and have their engines draped in mourning out of respect for the deceased.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Dewar, of Ottawa, formerly of St. Andrews, Que., have been here for a few days past visiting some friends.

The traffic on this portion of the C.P.R. is quite brisk at present owing to the lumbermen forwarding their supplies to their various "shanties."

Yours &c., LACHUTER.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A LACHUTER.—At the recent fire in Kingston on the 6th inst., Mr. J. A. Stackhouse formerly of Lachute, but now travelling agent for the Canada Dental Company, of Ottawa, acted nobly at the Windsor Hotel fire where he was stopping at the time of the fire. He helped to get three women out, two of them by means of a ladder. In his fright down stairs a woman jumped upon his back and nearly threw him off his feet. He carried the half-crazed creature down the stairs out into the street. He lost considerable—his gold watch is gone, but he has $57 in the safe.

—Sir John Macdonald, Mr. George Stephen, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Mr Duncan McIntyre left New York for England by the Cunard steamer *Oregon* on the 8th inst. The *Gazette* says that the mission of Sir John just now to England is partly concerning public affairs, but mainly for the restoration of his health. His stomach is again troubling him, and it is for the purpose of building up his strength that he once again makes the voyage. He expects to return to Canada by the first of December, in time to permit the arrangements for the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his entrance into public life to be carried out. Mr. Stephen's mission is to make arrangements for the prosecution of branch lines of railway in the North-west next season, and the establishment of a line of steamers between British Columbia and China and Japan in connection with the Canada Pacific.

Her Majesty the Queen has forwarded for distribution among the Canadian libraries several copies of her last book, and the Princess Louise two very rare and valuable sets of illustrations used by the English Council on Education in their art schools.

The Canadian boatmen have reached Assouit and start for the front immediately.

NEW MANTLE CLOTHS At S. CARSLEY'S.
NEW ULSTER TWEEDS At S. CARLEY'S.
NEW CLOAKINGS At S. CARSLEY'S
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NEW FANCY DRESS MATERIALS, in every description and shades, to be sold at special prices.
At S. CARSLEY.

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NEW PLUSH VELVETEEN, silk-finish in all the leading shades, at low prices.
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We are now showing the largest and the best assortment of BROCADED SILK VELVET in Montreal.

S. CARSLEY,
MONTREAL.

S. CARSLEY

Our new street numbers are
1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775 and 1777.
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

MOBBING A CONTRACTOR.

TAMWORTH, Ont., Oct. 6.—This morning Messrs. Chisholm, McDonald and O'Brien's foreman here, notified about forty Italians whom they had with a large number of others employed upon the ballasting of the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Railway, that they would not be required on this job any longer, and for them to prepare to move to Calabogie Lake, on the K. & P. Railway, to work another ballasting contract there. Some of the Italians were not contented to go until they got their pay for work done here, and soon started up a very strong feeling in the minds of the men, who drove from their work a small gang yet continued at work in a gravel pit near here and attacked John O'Brien, a brother of O'Brien, of the above firm of contractors, and their representative here, demanding their pay at once or they would murder him. They followed him from the telegraph office, thence to Wheeler's hotel, thence back to the telegraph office, thence to Douglas' hotel, near which place some drew knives and others revolvers, threatening to take his life. They rushed him in their midst away to the bridge crossing the river. An alarm was made at once. The township council was in session in the village, and the reeve Leonard Wager, with a number of the council and those in attendance rushed with several of the villagers to the rescue of Mr. O'Brien. A lively encounter took place. The Italians fought desperately with knives, pistols and stones, the villagers with guns, pistols, old swords and clubs. O'Brien was rescued not much hurt but badly shook up. Four of the Italians were badly used up, two hurt with clubs and two with gunshot wounds, and several others slightly injured. James Smith did good service in getting O'Brien out from the circle of Italians crying for his blood, but did not get hurt.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—A lunatic named Eno escaped from the Longue Pointe Asylum, on Thursday, the 2nd inst.

—A new variety of hippopotamus has been discovered on a remote part of the river Nile. It is named and was hitherto unknown.

—The Glasgow Liberals have resolved to erect a statue to Gladstone.

—General Wolseley and Staff have arrived at Assouan. The health of the troops is good.

—The steamer *Thistle* succeeded in successfully passing the cataract Babelambak, beyond Sarras.

—The Duke of Manchester who has been exploring in Australia was attacked by natives and several of his party killed. He had a narrow escape himself.

—China has refused the offer of United States mediation on the terms proposed by France. Will fight first rather than accept them.

—A steamer took fire and broke loose from the dock at Kostroma, Russia, on the 1st inst. She floated down the stream and fired several oil vessels. The river became a mass of flame. A dozen persons perished.

—Lord Salisbury addressed 4,000 people in Glasgow on the 1st inst: He said the Government could have passed the franchise and redistribution bills last year had they wished.

—The New York Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution asking the President to endeavour to bring about a readjustment of the Franco-Chinese troubles.

The steamship Ocean King with the Canadian contingent for the Khartoum expedition on board has arrived at Alexandria.

FORGED NOTES.—Intelligence has been received that there are a number of five-dollar notes on the Commercial Bank of Newfoundland in circulation in Canada and the United States, dated the 1st of January, 1867. As the notes were stolen before being signed, the present signatures are forgeries.

—At the fair at Bull's Corners, Sir John Macdonald, and Lady Macdonald were introduced to a veteran 102 years old. There is another youth out in that region who is said to be a year older.

—The Nile is steadily rising, which will be of advantage to the expedition to Khartoum.

—Jules Valles, the Paris communist, has been warning Germany and France against calculating on England's weakness, and says that at the bidding of socialism whole German regiments would lay down their arms.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

For November will prove equal interest to the young and the old, the reader for amusement only, and the thinker—in fact, to all classes; for in it may be found something to interest all. The opening is a careful study, by the Rev. Geo. T. Rider, of the University system of education as illustrated in the English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. An article on "Hymns and Hymn Tunes," by D. E. Hervey, is both historical and critical. Dr Talmage has a trenchant expose of the imposture of Spiritualism, and in The Home Pulpit he preaches on the Christianized Vote. The Carter Family, Joseph Barnby, and John Francis Barnett, are treated in the Sacred Musicans series. A charming Southern story, entitled "Sophy," is contributed by Mrs. Adelaide L. Waldron; and there is a notable article, "Troubadours and Trouvères" with a portrait of Frédéric Mistral. The Rev. G. W. Nichols contributes a twelfth letter to The Collection Basket, this time treating of the remarkable changes in New York since his boyhood. The number is profusely and handsomely illustrated as usual. Price 25 cents a number, $2.50 a year. MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

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.*

HEARSES.

AN UNDERTAKER going out of business wishes a qualified person to purchase his plant and start in the same line, either at Lachute, L'Original or Vankleek Hill.

One large and one small HEARSE, purposely built for country roads, almost new, in perfect order, recently painted and richly decorated. Horse nets, two sets of plumes, &c.

Easy terms and moderate interest provided payment be secured by first-class security.

Address M. L. F.,
Post Office Box, 141,
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TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.
R. G. MEIKLE.
Lachute, April 8th, 1884. 35-tf

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 STONE,
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.

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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,
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MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY
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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 WHITE 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.

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. Anyone can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

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Strong Bakers Flour Guaranteed	$2.80
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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. n251y

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

Spring Circular.

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

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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, Tamarack, 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 before next 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-

The best place in MONTREAL.

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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.

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR
Indigestion, Constipation,
Sluggishness of the Intestines,
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Low Spirits, Habitual Costiveness,
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Melancholy, Cerebal Congestion,
Indisposition, Sallow Complexion,
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and all irregularities arising from an obstructed condition of the system.
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Sold Everywhere.

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WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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One Gold Watch and Chain worth $175.00, will be sold for $125 00, as the party is leaving town and wants the money
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ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
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J. HOPE,
Baker and Confectioner,
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GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cent 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 Maine.

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$1,000 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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or have you a FRIEND afflicted with any disease? Investigate
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Nature's Life-Renewer.
A SURE CURE
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Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, &
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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.

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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.

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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 $8.00, $4.00 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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Lachute Woollen Mills,
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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 BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER IV.

As Mrs. Tucker, erect, white and rigid, drove away from the *tienda*, it seemed to her to sink again into the monotonous plain, with all its horrible realities. Except that there was now a new and heart-breaking significance to the solitude and loneliness of the landscape, all that had passed might have been a dream. But as the blood came back to her cheek, and little by little her tingling consciousness returned, it seemed as if her life had been the dream, and this last scene the awakening reality. With eyes smarting with the moisture of shame, the scarlet blood at times dyeing her very neck, and temples, she muffled her lowered crest in her shawl and bent over the reins. Bit by bit she recalled, in Poindexter's mysterious caution and strange allusions, the corroboration of her husband's shame and her own disgrace. This was why she was brought hither—the deserted wife, the abandoned confederate! The mocking glitter of the concave vault above her scoured by the incessant wind, the cold stare of the shining pools beyond, the hard outlines of the coast range and the jarring accompaniment of her horse's hoofs and rattling buggy wheels alternately goaded and distracted her. She found herself repeating 'No! no! no!' with the dogged reiteration of fever. She scarcely knew when or how she reached the *hacienda*. She was only conscious that she entered the *patio*. The dusty solitude that had before filled her with unrest now came to her like balm. A benumbing peace seemed to fall from the crumbling walls—the peace of utter seclusion, isolation, oblivion, death! Nevertheless, an hour later, when the jingle of spurs and bridle were again heard in the road, she started to her feet with bent brows and a kindling eye, and confronted Capt. Poindexter in the corridor.

"I would not have intruded upon you so soon again," he said gravely, "but I thought I might perhaps spare you a repetition of the scene of this morning. Hear me out, please," he added, with a gentle, half deprecating gesture, as she lifted the beautiful scorn of her eyes to his. "I have just heard that your neighbor, Don Jose Santierra of Los Gatos, is on his way to this house. He once claimed this land and hated your husband, who bought of the rival claimant, whose grant was confirmed. I tell you this," he added, slightly flushing as Mrs. Tucker turned impatiently away, "only to show you that legally he has no rights, and you need not see him unless you choose. I could not stop his coming without perhaps doing you more harm than good; but when he does come, my presence under this roof as your legal counsel will enable you to refer him to me." He stopped. She was pacing the corridor with short, impatient steps, her arms dropped and her hands clasped rigidly before her. "Have I your permission to stay?"

She suddenly stopped in her walk, approached him rapidly, and, fixing her eyes on his, said:

"Do I know *all* now—everything?"

He could only reply that she had not yet told him what she had heard.

"Well," she said, scornfully," that my husband has been cruelly imposed upon—imposed upon by some wretched woman, who has made him sacrifice his property, his friends, his honor—everything but me."

"Everything but whom!" gasped Poindexter.

"But me!"

Poindexter gazed at the sky, the air, the deserted corridor, the stones of the *patio*, itself, and then at the inexplicable woman, before him. Then he said gravely, "I think you know everything."

"Then if my husband has left no all he could—this property," she went on rapidly twisting her handkerchief between her fingers, "I can do with it what I like, can't I?"

"You certainly can."

"Then sell it," she said with passionate vehemence. "Sell it—all! everything! And sell these." She darted into her bedroom, and returned with the diamond rings she had torn from her fingers and ears when she entered the house. "Sell them for anything they'll bring—only sell them at once."

"But for what?" asked Poindexter, with demure lips but twinkling eyes.

"To pay the debts that this—this—woman has led him into; to return the money she has stolen!" she went on rapidly, "to keep him from sharing her infamy! Can't you understand?"

"But, my dear madam," began Poindexter, "even if this could be done——"

"Don't tell me 'if it could'—it *must* be done. Do you think I could sleep under this roof, propped up by the timbers of that ruined *tienda*? Do you think I could wear those diamonds again, while that termagant shop woman can say that her money bought them? No. If you are my husband's friend, you will do this—for—for—his sake." She stopped, locked and interlocked her cold fingers before her, and said hesitatingly and mechanically, "You meant well, Captain Poindexter, in bringing me here, I know! You must not think that I blame you for it—or for the miserable result of it that you have just witnessed. But if I have gained anything by it, for God's sake let me reap it quickly, that I may give it to these people and go! I have a friend who can aid me to get to my husband or to my home in Kentucky, where Spencer will yet find me, I know. I want nothing more." She stopped again. With another woman the pause would have been one of tears. But she kept her head above the flood that filled her heart and the clear eyes fixed upon Poindexter, albeit pained, were undimmed.

"But this would require time," said Poindexter, with a smile of compassionate explanation; "you could not sell now, nobody would buy. Your are safe to hold this property while in actual possession, but you are not strong enough to guarantee it to another. There may still be litigation; your husband has other creditors than these people you have talked with. But while nobody could oust you—the wife who would have the sympathies of judge and jury—it might be a different case with anyone who derived title from you. Any purchaser would know that you could not sell, or, if you did, it would be at a ridiculous sacrifice."

She listened to him abstractedly, walked to the end of the corridor, returned, and without looking up, said:

"I suppose you know her?"

"I beg your pardon!"

"This woman. You have seen her!"

"Never to my knowledge."

"And you are his friend! That's strange." She raised her eyes to his. "Well," she continued impatiently, "who is she? and what is she? You know that surely?"

"I know no more of her than what I have said," said Poindexter. "She is a notorious woman."

The swift color came to Mrs. Tucker's face as if the epithet had been applied to herself. "I suppose," she said, in a dry voice, as if she were asking a business question, but with an eye that showed her rising anger—"I suppose there is some law by which creatures of this kind can be followed and brought to justice—some law that would keep innocent people from suffering for their crimes!"

"I am afraid," said Poindexter, "that arresting her would hardly help these people over in the *tienda*."

"I am not speaking of them," responded Mrs. Tucker, with a sudden sublime contempt for the people whose cause she had espoused; "I am talking of my husband."

Poindexter bit his lip. "You'd hardly think of bringing back the strongest witness against him," he said bluntly.

Mrs. Tucker dropped her eyes and was silent. A sudden shame suffused Poindexter's cheek; he felt as if he had struck that woman a blow. "I beg your pardon," he said hastily, "I am talking like a lawyer to a lawyer." He would have taken any other woman by the hand in the honest fulness of his apology, but something restrained him here. He only looked down gently on her lowered lashes, and repeated his question. If he should remain during the coming interview with Don Jose. "I must beg you to determine quickly," he added, "I already hear him entering the gate."

"Stay," said Mrs. Tucker, as the ringing of spurs and clatter of hoofs came from the corral. "One moment." She looked up suddenly and said, "How long had he known her?" But before he could reply there was a step in the doorway, and the figure of Don Jose Santierra emerged from the archway.

He was a man slightly past middle age, fair and well shaven, wearing a black broadcloth serape, the deeply embroidered opening of which formed a collar of silver rays around his neck, while a row of silver buttons, down the side seams of his riding trousers, and silver spurs completed his singular equipment. Mrs. Tucker's swift feminine glance took in these details as well as the deep salutation, more formal than the exuberant frontier politeness she was accustomed to, with which he greeted her. It was enough to arrest her first impulse to retreat. She hesitated and stopped as Poindexter stepped forward, partly interposing between them, acknowledging Don Jose's distant recognition of himself with an ironical accession of his usual humorous tolerance. The Spaniard did not seem to notice it, but remained gravely silent before Mrs. Tucker, gazing at her with an expression of intent and unconscious absorption.

"You are quite right, Don Jose," said Poindexter, with ironical concern, "it *is* Mrs. Tucker. Your eyes do not deceive you. She will be glad to do the honors of her house," he continued with a simulation of appealing to her, "unless you visit her on business, when I need not say I shall only too happy to attend you, as before."

Don Jose with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, allowed himself to become conscious of the lawyer's meaning. "It is not of business that I come to kiss the Senora's hand to-day," he replied, with a melancholy softness; "it is as a neighbor, to put myself at her disposition. Ah! what have we here for a lady!" he continued, raising his eyes in deprecation of the surroundings: "a house of nothing, a place of winds and dry bones, without refreshments, or satisfaction or delicacy. The Senora will not refuse to make us proud this day to send her of that which we have in our poor home at Los Gatos, to make her more complete. Of what shall it be? Let her make choice. Or if she would commemorate this day by accepting of our hospitality at Los Gatos, until she shall arrange herself the more to receive us here we shall have too much honor.,'

"The Senora would only find it the more difficult to return to this humble roof again after once leaving it for Don Jose's hospitality," said Poindexter with a demure glance at Mrs. Tucker. But the innuendo seemed to have equally unheeded by his fair client and the stranger. Raising her eyes with a certain timid dignity which Don Jose's presence seemed to have called out, she addressed herself to him

"You are very kind and considerate, Senor Santierra, and I thank you. I know that my husband"—she let the clear beauty of her translucent eyes rest full on both men—"would thank you too. But I shall not be here long enough to accept your kindness in this house or in your own. I have but one desire and object now. It is to dispose of this property—and indeed all I possess—to pay the debt of my husband. It is in your power perhaps, to help me. I am told that you wish to possess Los Cuervos," she went on, equally oblivious of the consciousness that appeared in Don Jose's face, and a humorous perplexity on the brow of Poindexter. "If you can arrange it with Mr. Poindexter, you will find me a liberal vender. That much you can do, and I know you will believe I shall be grateful. You can do no more, unless it be to say to your friends that Mrs. Belle Tucker remains here only for that purpose, and to carry out what she knows to be the wishes of her husband." She paused, bent her pretty crest, dropped a quaint curtsey to the superior age, the silvor broid, and the gentlemanly bearing of Don Jose, and with the passing sunshine of a smile disappeared from the corridor.

The two men remained silent for a moment, Don Jose gazing abstractedly at the door through which she had vanished, until Poindexter, with a return of his tolerant smile, said. "You have heard the views of Mrs. Tucker. You know the situation as well as she does."

"Ah, yes—possibly better."

Poindexter darted a quick glance at the grave, callow face of Don Jose, but detecting no unusual significance in his manner, continued, "As you see, she leaves this matter in my hands. Let us talk like business men. Have you any idea of purchasing this property?"

"Of purchasing—ah no."

Poindexter bent his brows, but quickly relaxed them with a smile of humorous forgiveness. "If you have any other idea, Don Jose, I ought to warn you, as Mrs. Tucker's lawyer, that she is in legal possession here, and that nothing but her own act can change that position."

"Ah—so."

Irritated at the shrug which accompanied this, Poindexter continued haughtily, "If I am to understand, you have nothing to say."

"To say—ah yes, possibly. But,"—he glanced toward the door of Mrs. Tucker's room—"not here." He stopped, appeared to recall himself, and with an apologetic smile, and a studied but graceful gesture of invitation, he motioned to the gateway, and said, "Will you ride?"

"What can the fellow be up to!" muttered Poindexter, as with an assenting nod he proceeded to remount his horse. "If he wasn't an old *hidalgo* I'd mistrust him. No matter. Here goes!"

The Don also remounted his half-broken mustang; they proceeded in solemn silence through the corral, and side by side emerged on the open plain. Poindexter glanced around; no other being was in sight. It was not until the lonely *hacienda* had also sunk behind them that Don Jose broke the silence.

"You say just now we shall speak as business men I say no, Don Marco; I will not. I shall speak—we shall speak—as gentlemen."

"Go on," said Poindexter, who was beginning to be amused.

"I say just now I will not purchase the *rancho* from the Senora. And why? Look you, Don Marco;" he reined in his horse, thrust his hand under his *serape*, and drew out a folded document: "This is why."

With a smile, Poindexter took the paper from his hand and opened it. But the smile faded from his lips as he read. With blazing eyes he spurred his horse beside the Spaniard almost unseating him, and said sternly, "What does this mean?"

"What does it mean!" repeated Don Jose, with equally flashing eyes, "I'll tell you. It means that your client, this man, Spencer Tucker, is a Judas—a traitor! It means that he gave Los Cuervos to his mistress a year ago, and she sold it to me—to me you hear—*me*, Jose Santerra, the day before she left! It means that the *coyote* of a Spencer, the thief who bought these lands of a thief, and gave them to a thief, has tricked you all. Look," he said, rising in his saddle, holding the paper like a *baton*, and defining with a sweep of his arm the whole level plain, "all these lands were once mine—they are mine again to-day. Do I want to purchase Los Cuervos? you ask, for you will speak of the business. Well, listen. I have purchased Los Cuervos, and here is the deed."

"But it has never been recorded," said Poindexter, with a carelessness he was far from feeling.

"Of a verity, no. Do you wish that I should record it?" asked Don Jose, with a return of his simple gravity.

Poindexter bit his lip. "You said we were to talk like gentleman," he returned. "Do you think you have come into possession of this alleged deed like a gentleman?"

Don Jose shrugged his shoulders. "I found it tossed in the lap of a harlot. I bought it for a song. Eh—what would you?"

"Would you sell it again for a song?" asked Poindexter.

"Ah! what is this?" said Don Jose, lifting his iron-gray brows; "but a moment ago we would sell everything for any money. Now we would buy. Is it so?"

"One moment, Don Jose," said Poindexter with a baleful light in his dark eyes, "Do I understand that you are the ally of Spencer Tucker and his mistress—that you intend to turn this doubly betrayed wife from the only roof she has to cover her?"

"Ah, I comprehend not. You heard her say she wished to go. Perhaps it may please me to distribute largess to these cattle yonder; I do not say no. More she does not ask. But you, Don Marco, of *whom* are you advocate? You abandon your client's mistress for the wife—is it so?"

"What I may do you will learn hereafter," said Poindexter, who had regained his composure, suddenly reining up his horse. "As our paths seem likely to diverge, they had better begin now. Good morning."

"Patience, my friend, patience! Ah, blessed St. Anthony, what these Americans are! Listen. For what you shall do, I do not inquire. The question is to me, what I"—he emphasized the pronoun by tapping himself on the breast—"I, Jose Santierra, will do. Well, I shall tell you. To-day—nothing. To morrow—nothing. For a week, for a month—nothing! After, we shall see."

Poindexter paused thoughtfully. "Will you give your word, Don Jose, that you will not press the claim for a month?"

"Truly, on one condition. Observe! I do not ask you for an equal promise—that you will not take this time to defend yourself." He shrugged his shoulders. "Not it is only this. You shall promise that during that time the Senora Tucker shall remain ignorant of this document."

Poindexter hesitated a moment. "I promise," he said at last.

"Good. Adois, Don Marco."

"Adois, Don Jose."

The Spaniard put spurs to his mustang and galloped off in the direction of Los Gatos. The lawyer remained for a moment gazing on his retreating but victorious figure. For the first time the old look of humorous toleration with which Mr. Poindexter was in the habit of regarding all human infirmity gave way to something like bitterness. "I might have guessed it," he said, with a slight rise of color. "He's an old fool; and she—well, perhaps it's all the better for her!" He glanced tenderly in the direction of *Los Cuervos*, and then turned his head toward the *embarvadero*.

As the afternoon wore on, a creaking, antiquated exoart arrived at Los Cuervos, bearing several articles of furniture, and some tasteful ornaments from Los Gatos, at the same time that a young Mexican girl mysteriously appeared in the kitchen, as a temporary assistant of the decrepit Conchs. These were, both clearly attributable to Don Jose, whose visit was not so remote, but that these delicate attentions might have been already projected before Mrs. Tucker had declined them, and she could not without marked discourtesy, reject them now.

She did not wish to seem discourteous; she would like to have been more civil to the old gentleman, who still retained the evidences of a picturesque and decorous past, and a repose so different from the life that was perplexing her. It fleeting that if he bought the estate these things would be ready for his hand and with a woman's instinct recognising their value in setting off the house to other purchasers' eyes, she took a pleasure in tastefully arranging them, and even found herself speculating how she might have enjoyed them herself had she been able to keep possession of the property. After all, it would not have been so lonely if refined and gentle neighbors, like this old man, would have sympathised with her; she had an instinctive feeling that, in their own hopeless decay and hereditary unfitness for this new civilization they would have been more tolerant of her husband's failure than his own kind. She could not believe that Don Jose really hated her husband for buying off the successful claimant, as there was no other legal title. Allowing herself to become interested in the guileless gossip of the new handmaiden—proud of her broken English—she was drawn into a sympathy with the grave simplicity of Don Jose's character—a relic of that true nobility which placed the descendant of the Castilians and this daughter of a free people on the same level.

In this way the second day of her occupancy of Los Cuervos closed, with dumb clouds along the gray horizon, and the paroxysms of hysterical wind growing fainter and fainter outside the walls; with the moon rising after nightfall, and losing itself in silent and mysterious confidences with drifting scud. She went to bed early, but awoke past midnight, hearing, as she thought, her own name called. The impression was so strong upon her that she rose, and, hastily enwrapping herself, went to the dark embrasures of the oven-shaped windows and looked out. The dwarfed oak beside the window was still drooping from a passed shower, but the level waste of marsh and meadow beyond seemed to advance and recede with the coming and going of the moon. Again she heard her name called, and this time in accents so strangely familiar that with a slight cry she ran into the corridor, crossed the *patio*, and reached the open gate. The darkness that had, even in this brief interval, again fallen upon the prospect she tried in vain to pierce with eye and voice. A blank silence followed. Then the veil was suddenly withdrawn, the vast plain, stretching from the mountain to the sea, shone as clearly as in the light of day; the moving current of the channel glittered like black pearls, the stagnant pools like molten lead; but not a sign of life nor motion broke the monotony of the broad expanse. She must have surely dreamed it. A chill wind drove her back to the house again; she entered her bedroom, and in half an hour she was in a peaceful sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Life in Uruguay.

Uruguay has a delightful climate, temperate and pleasant. The mercury does not rise above eighty-five degrees. The climate is salubrious and the people are subject to no disease in particular. There are thirty-four Americans in Uruguay. The natives are remarkable for their refinement and intelligence. They have a number of good schools and colleges. The revenue of the country is $4 000,000. Their exports amount to $1.200,000, and their imports $900,000. Twenty steamers a day enter and depart from the port at Montevideo. The people are engaged largely in manufacturing and cattle herding. Half a million dollars worth of cattle are killed each year for the hides. It is a strange thing, but the people there will not use mares in any way. The street railway company put them before the cars and the people resused to ride in the cars. Fine animals of this kind, which would sell here for $150, are sold there for $5 and killed for their hides. The natives are enterprising and progressive. Ten years ago they imported all their wheat; to-day they export 400,000 bushels of their own production. Uruguay is a beautiful, blooming country, and its scenery is a source of perpetual delights to a traveler within its bounds. I attended a wedding a few weeks ago; 240 guests were present and a finer appearing, better dressed assembly I have never seen in any country.

The Chinese Subject Race.

The Chinese are a composite nation. The Chinese proper form the basis of population in the eighteen provinces. The Tartars are the ruling race. They have held the imperial power for more than two hundred years. Tartar Garrisons distributed throughout the empire keep the great cities in order and dominate the provincial armies, which are chiefly composed of Chinese. Besides these leading elements there are the Mohammedans, who are found principally in the southern and western provinces. They are descendants of the first Arab invaders who found their way to China about the tenth century. They have not preserved the faith of Mohammed in a high degree of perfection and in externals of dress and manners they resemble the Chinese about them. The Mohammedans are always oppressed and discontented. The Chinese, though they have so long obeyed a Tartar emperor, are dissatisfied, and, as shown by their recent revolts, would willingly transfer their allegiance to rulers of their own or even of another race if they could do so with safety.

Who Struck Billy Patterson?

I did!

I am an old man now, and the sands of life are nearly run, and I cannot be far distant from that traveller whence no bourne returns, and I have decided to make a clean breast of the whole matter, especially as nothing further is to be gained by lying. Do you happen to have a quid pro quo about you? Thanks.

Yes, *I* struck Billy Patterson!

You see we were boys together, him and me. We went to the same district school in the back woods of Troy, N. Y., and we both loved the same girl; her name was Helen, too; no, it was Helen Jones, come to think of it. We swapped chewing-gum and pocket-knives, and played hookey at recess. I loved Bill like a brother. You know how brothers generally love each other. I was the very boy history tells about who gave his chum the brown side of a russet apple and said: "Bite bigger, Billy." I mean it sarcastic like. Billy didn't bite any bigger because he couldn't; he got away with the whole apple at the first mouthful.

Strange what large aches from little oak-horns grow. Billy and me quarreled. He said my skull wasn't any thicker than a sheet of brown paper; I told him it was as thick as his, and thicker too; he threw a paper wad that hit the master. Then he said I done it! Then I turned—even a worm will turn and I wasn't no worm—and yelled that his sister had red hair!

To my dying day I shall never forget the look he gave me! It was full of concentrated lie; he squinted and that made it worse. It hit me on the left shoulder, and thrilled my being, then it glanced off into my boots. (This is a figure of speech. I was barefoot.)

I struck him then in self-defense. It was a hard whack just behind the ear, and I rather guess Bill saw more stars than he had names for in his astronomy. I heard the master say in a voice of thunder:

"Who struck Billy Patterson?"

I held up my hand. The master told me to rise. I rose. Then, with the unblushing effrontery of youth and a glance of malignant triumph at the sniffling Billy, I answered in the language of history:

"I cannot tell a lie, sir; *I don't know.*"

This late confession is hastened by the article in a recent issue, which assumes that Billy Patterson was *baldha Pathan* a sun god of some ancient order. Billy might have looked like a sun-flower with his carroty top-knot, but he acted like a son of a gun and hadn't the first principles of even a heathen god. This is his true story that I'm telling now, so help me John Rogers, and the oldest inhabitants of Troy can vouch for it. I never knew what becomes of Billy.

How Fish are Spread.

In looking over the most recent faunal lists of this portion of the country, writes Dr. C. C. Abbott in his forthcoming "Rambles About Home," I find that much of our zoological literature is somewhat amusing. By a preconceived notion of what should be the geographical distribution of the fishes, and other animals as well, these "systematic" writers gravely assert that in such a river such a fish is found, but that it never wanders either to the eastward or westward. Perhaps originally this was true of our rivers, as the river itself determined the range of specific variation that has ultimately come about; but no river could retain all the species that originated in it. There are too many possible ways by which fish can be safely transported long distances for us to assert that none of them have operated in stocking a neighboring stream with species not native and to the manner born. There is undoubted evidence on record of whirlwinds gathering up immense numbers of minute fish and landing them miles away. These showers of fishes, frogs, and even salamanders, are not unknown, even if they are uncommon; and strange would it be if all such wind-transported species should fall upon dry ground, and never into the water. Fertilized eggs, too, can likewise be blown a long distance even over low ranges of hills which sometimes separate river valleys, and so give rise to a race of fishes that previously were unknown in the locality. Eggs, too, might readily adhere to the mud that often clings to the feet of wading birds, and would thus be gently replaced in a distant river, miles away from that in which they were deposited by the parent fish. The present extensive system of canals also has tended to mingle the ichthyic faunas of our various river systems. And when all these possible, probable and actual conditions are considered it need excite no wonder if in any one of our rivers or its tributaries we now find occasional individuals of unsuspected species.

Origin of Men of Genius.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Rabelino was the son of an apothecary; Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Moliere was the son of a tapestry maker. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a small farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer, son of a tallow-candler and soap boiler. Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper. Daniel De Foe was a hosier and the son of a butcher. Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester. Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Ferguson was a shepherd. Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot. Edmund Halley was the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer at Ashby-de-le-Zouch. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayrshire.

A Hero of the Rockies.

Long before Horace Greely had made himself famous Hank Monk was a hero among the heroes of the Pacific coast. He was, perhaps, the first man to use the short double-barrel shotgun, which Wells-Fargo's messengers made famous in their bloody battles with stage robbers. The facts are Hank Monk was such a reckless driver, that, while every one was proud of the honor of having once crossed the Sierras with him, no treasure messenger was willing to make a regular thing of it. For it was universally conceded that it was only a question of time when Hank Monk and his now famous "Tally-ho" stage, along with his six horses, would be tumbled from the heights into one of the innumerable gorges that lay yawning under his narrow span of road around the mountain peaks.

It was the ingenuity of Monk that introduced the short double-barrel shot gun. But he did not carry it under his cloak with cock lifted and finger on trigger. Nothing of that sort; his hands were too full of the ten or a dozen reins for that. He simply had the gun pointed down on the side of his leg, with the muzzle just peeping through the sole of his heavy boots. And no one was permitted to know of the presence of this arm at all. It was known that he carried his bowie knife down the back of his neck so as to be in easy reach when he pushed back his broad hat to get a good look at his enemy; but the now famous shot gun no one knew anything about; no, not even after he had twice been attacked and had thrice beaten off the robbers. I am told that the first time he used this weapon he stopped the stage, and was slowly handing down the treasure box to the leader, when, getting his leg in range, he emptied a load of buckshot into the robber's heart. A second shot into the crowd of surprised robbers and he dashed away with all his desperate speed down the mountain. And even then no one knew who fired the shots. The robbers believed it was all the work of the passengers inside the stage.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Odd Evangelists—A Parisian Scene—Irish Butter in India—English Dog Stealers. Etc., etc.

Two robbers took the hoarded hundred dollars belonging to an industrious Nebraska widow, and then a third scoundrel, turning the neighbor's sympathy and his own clerical address to account, collected enough to reimburse the loser and then disappeared.

Having lost the whole of both legs in the war, and subsequently living in poverty for twenty years on his pension, a Nashville man hit upon the idea of making a side-show curiosity of himself by attaching deceptive wax feet to his stumps and figuring as a freak of nature. He is now prosperous.

Sullivan, a London cigarette manufacturer, says that more ladies smoke in London than the world wots of. The cigarette is becoming popular with those who are not in the least afraid to ask for what they want. There is no special brand for them, but they prefer the one with the most delicate flavor.

A Wisconsin man of habitual profanity has been speechless since, as he writes out the account, he uttered some particularly blasphemous words while angered by a refractory horse. He thinks that he was smitten down as a punishment, and will never be able again to speak. Others believe that he fell in a drunken sleep, and dreamed so vividly that his brain was turned by it, his incapacity being imaginary.

The oddest of evangelists are two men and a girl, all negroes. They speak the dialect of the Southern plantation too richly to have been long at the North, and their garments are about as flabby and grotesque as any ever worn on the stage by imitation Africans. The men carry and play on fiddles, while the girl taps and shakes a tambourine, and all sing camp-meeting airs. They range themselves at the edge of the sidewalk, and with voices and instruments quickly call together a crowd. Then their exhorter delivers a brief but very animated harrangue, and a second hymn is sung, with interpolated hallelujahs and amens. The services last no more than ten minutes, and are followed by a collection, the girl passing her tambourine for coins.

Within a few months past markings have been seen on the surface of the planet Venus which even so cautious an astronomer as Prof. Young has declared give promise that we may be able to learn something concerning the poles, the mountains, the continents, and the seas of that distant world. M. Trouvelent has discovered what he regards as probably the snow-clad summits of mountains thrust up through the oldudy atmosphere in the neighborhood of its poles. The mountains, if they exist, must be of an amazing height, and it is doubted whether Trouvelot has correctly interpreted what he saw. Yet that he did see some peculiar feature of the planet—that he did get a glimpse, though an obscure one into this far-away world—the astronomers do not question.

A girl presented her nose to a surgeon for improvement. It was very conspicuous, and undeniably destructive of the beauty which her face would otherwise have possessed. She said that she had read about his straightening out and reforming a nose that was flattened and askew, and she wanted him to take a section out of her Roman feature, thus transforming it into a Grecian one. She had a pretty clear notion, too, as to how the operation could be performed; and he had to admit that her plan was entirely feasible—that her masculine beak could be altered into a feminine bill, with only a scar across it to mark the point where some of the superfluous material had been removed. But he did not feel justified in carving human faces for such a purpose, and had to decline the job. She vowed, however, that she would find a surgeon to do it if it cost five thousand dollars.

Excitement was caused lately in the Quartier Louis le Grand, Paris, by a raid made by the Commissioner of Police after bookmakers. The officer was about to seize the wallet and papers on the table of one of them, when the proprietor of the cafe shouted, "Traitors, assassins!" A crowd quickly gathered, and there were cries of "Put the police out." A waiter cried out, "The police are the robbers," and was promptly arrested. The proprietor again interfered and protested, so he was carried off too, and is in the more trouble for having been stopped in the act of throwing a tumbler at the Commissioner's head. The cafe is closed.

When the English dog-stealer decides on a rural trip he takes a horse and cart, the latter covered in behind the seat so as to form a locker, and invites a friend of his own kidney to accompany him. Having marked down his quarry, he drives slowly past the house; turns back again, and repasses. His hope is that the dog will run out into the road and bark. If nobody happens to be watching the cart is driven slowly off, and the dog follows it till some secluded spot is reached, when the confederate gets out and secures him; or else, if he is known to be savage, a noose is dropped over his head from behind, and he is hauled into the cart. The secret of a dog following the strange cart, it is added, is that the tires of the wheels are plentifully anointed with aniseed oil, or a bag saturated with that extract is let down by a cord to trail on the ground.

Irish butter seems to be the best. At the International Exhibition held this year at Calcutta, it was awarded a medal and diploma. The samples exhibited had voyaged from Ireland to India, and had withstood several months' exposure to tropical heat. The next in merit was a sample of American oleomargarine, but it was thrown out by the judges on learning its nature.

In Mount Morris, Mich., a family, believing its members to be bewitched by an old woman in the neighborhood, nicked the ears of all its pigs and cows to drive out the devils.

The Method of Climbing a Church Steeple.

A man, said a steeple climber to a reporter of the Boston *Globe*, cannot go up a steeple as he climbs a telegraph pole. In the first place he cannot reach around the spire, and, secondly, if the spire is shingled, a man in attempting to climb would undoubtedly meet with an accident, for the shingles, being usually decayed, would not hold the weight of his body. The way to reach the top of a steeple without the aid of a ladder or a staging would be to go inside the spire and climb to the highest point and then make an aperture. Out of this hole a piece of joist could be run, and a tackle rigged for a boatswain's chair. The man could then be hoisted on the outside up to the aperature; and from this point, by standing in the chair, he could place a trap around the spire, into which he could place the tackle, and by degrees reach the top. It is strange that in climbing a steeple there is an uncontrollable desire to look down, and I do not believe that the mere looking down causes one to fall. The awful stillness which prevails, the strangeness of the situation, and the fact that one is so near danger overpowers the brain and the man falls. Danger acts strangely upon a man. I remember in the war when the rebels were approaching and we were retreating, seeing wounded men arise from the ground and run as swiftly as an athlete. Sounds from the street comes very indistinct to a man on a steeple. When I have a steeple job I go into training. I abstain from using any intoxicants and tobacco, and I drink but little tea or coffee. I do this, not so much for myself as for others who may be at work for me in a dangerous place. I always want to have steady nerves and a strong arm so as to be ready to work quickly.

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 sugo bottles 50 cents

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juice of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitues.

All is not nickle plate that glitters.

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.

Are shrouds classed as kilt suits?

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.

"No," said an old lady, "I'm not one to talk agin my neighbors, or say anything behind their backs. Now, there is Mrs. Brown, she who lives over in the corner house. I may not like her very well, still there is no reason why I should run her down. But I do feel miserably sorry for poor Mr. Brown and the children."

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.

What is the difference between the proprietor of a cattle train and a sea captain? One ships his steers and the other steers his ship. Hence these steers.

What's the Use?

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

"I must congratulate you on your apparent success," remarked a gentleman to a young man who had just opened a writing school in the village. "Thanks," replied the teacher, "I hope to flourish here."

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

The credit system has its drawbacks in business, but in truly good newspapers it is highly approved. It is a wise paragraph that knows its own father.

A. P. 197.

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN BY WALLACE MASON, 362 Yonge St., Toronto.

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, On

GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR A FARMER RETiring and able to command from $12,000 to $20,000, large city estate, embracing about 20 houses, will bring such rental as will give good interest on investment and handsome return for necessary attention: property compact. W. HAMILTON, 241 Talbot street, London.

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.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 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 as Rose' 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

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT AS 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, $8; 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.

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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E E KNOTT'S Speculator's Mart. Adelaide St. East, Toronto. All kinds of real estate sold or exchanged on commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at lowest rates of interest. Application for money from farmers a specialty. Rents collected and estates managed in town or country. N.B.—Best of references on application.

The White Glycerine--The Sharon Bouquet — Palm Oil Bath Soap—Oatmeal Skin Soap, and The Baby's Own Soap.

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PURITY & EXCELLENCE.

Sold by all leading druggists.

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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 th Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Traction Farm Engine. 1 Able Triumph do. 1 G. O. 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 an boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Pony Planer.

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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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.

CURRENCY.

A Kansas woman and a bulldog and a club drove four cowboys a distance of two miles and then she lit up because she stuck a sliver in her foot.

It is estimated that $50,000,000 has been squandered in trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion. It's a good thing to keep a man home nights.

The horse of a Russian peasant is first in his estimation; then comes his cow; then his dog, and if he has anything left it is bestowed upon his wife and children.

A Duluth man who was jealous of his wife hid her bustle so as to keep her at home, and the paper speaks of it as "an outrage worthy of the dark ages."

A case has been found in Chicago where a woman was paying a pawnbroker $58 per year for the use of $25. That's about the average female idea of finance.

A druggist in a new town in Wyoming advertises a good opening for a doctor who knows how to read, write and spell. Any other sort will be given the cold shoulder.

New York's death rate comes close to a thousand a week, and they are wondering how long they can continue to spare a good sized city out of their population each week and keep smiling.

The woman who wants to look utterly flat and silly in the eyes of common-sense people has only to pin a sunflower to her left shoulder. It answers just as well as if she carried her tongue hanging out.

The doors in Japanese dwellings are made so small that a person must turn sideways and squeeze in. This is the reason why a Jap throws his wife out of the window when she gets on a spree.

"I'm a plumber!" answered a burglar who was discovered in a chamber in a house in Cincinnati at midnight, and the owner turned over in bed with the remark: "Oh, I was in hopes it was a burglar, and he might leave me something."

Cremation of an Indian Rajah.

A case of cremation has occurred at Etretat under very remarkable circumstances. A rich Indian, the Rajah Abusabid Koonderao, with a suite of 12, came lately to the Hotel des Bains, scared from Nice by the cholera. He died of an anthrax, or carbuncle, rather suddenly. His friends asked that his body might be burned with Asiatic rites. The Mayor of Etretat, greatly embarrassed, telegraphed to Paris for instructions, and an authorization was given, but great pains were taken to prevent the public from seeing the unusual spectacle. At 2 in the morning the corpse was placed on a bier on the sands at the foot of one of the great white cliffs of Etretat, where it was set fire to, and continued burning to 6 in the morning. There were scarcely any spectators except the native friends of the deceased and some fishermen, who appeared greatly astonished at the unusual spectacle of which they were witnesses. The ashes, when the incineration was complete, were divided into three portions. One was thrown to the winds, another into the sea, and a third placed in a vase to be sent to relatives in India.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VIII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, OCT. 17, 1884. NO. 7

AGRICULTURAL.

Increasing the number of cattle does not necessarily imply decrease in the amount of grain grown, as very many suppose, but simply decrease in the number of bushels of the coarser grains sold. It means increase in the amount of grain grown, whenever common sense is exercised in the care of the cattle, but usually on a less acreage sown, which should be welcome tidings to the farmer, who very well knows that the main difference between the cost of labor expended upon a good crop and a poor one mainly consists in the handling.

In stock-raising it is of the utmost importance to make the most of the pasture-land and so to manage it as to get from it the largest possible returns. Many portions of pasture-land possessing a soil of undying fertility, are comparatively valueless from lack of drainage. We feel curious to get an approximate idea of the amount of land under pasturage in the Dominion that is thus in a manner lying waste. At some seasons the draining of these lands would be attended with much difficulty from their possessing a great excess of moisture; but not so during the months of September and October, when there is less of water on or near the surface than during any other months of the year. Draining should therefore, be pushed vigorously forward during these months, as no investment can be made that will so well repay the outlay. It is all very well to spend a few days at fairs, but it is usually a serious matter to spend weeks away at a season when a greater variety of labor can be done, to better advantage, than at any other. Prizes may be paid for at too dear a rate. If you can do nothing more, put in at least one main drain, which cannot fail from the result to stimulate to higher efforts.

Earthing up Celery.

Here is a way to earth up celery to blanch: First, the earth is worked up to it with the hands, the leaves being held close together with one hand; this is what is termed handling. Then it is allowed to grow for a week or ten days, when common brown wrapping paper is wrapped around the stalks and tied with twine, and the earth it worked up to within one inch of the top of the paper. In about a week or ten days it is wrapped and tied as before, and the earth is partially worked up to the top of the paper. In a short time it will be blanched sufficiently for use, which may be known by the blanched stalks growing out at the top of the paper. For crispness, tenderness, and fine flavor, I think celery grown in this way cannot be excelled. Certainly, it takes work to tie and wrap it, but I think all lovers of this excellent vegetable will feel repaid for the extra work when they have eaten it treated in this fashion.

Keep the Best.

The New York *Tribune* says that one capital error—because a waste of capital on the farm—is to keep poor horses and cows. A $50 horse is not worth one-fourth as much as one that is worth $100. It will eat as much and cost as much for harness, and will neither do as much work nor live so long. A $20 cow, that makes three pounds of butter in a week, costs as much for everything, labor and utensils included, as one worth $100 that makes 10 pounds a week. Another error is to work poor land. Many a man has broken his back and lost his heart on a poor farm which he has suffered to run down by bad management. He has spent his labor and capital over 100 acres, when, by confining himself to 25 or 30, he might have become happy and rich. The way to repair such a capital error is to begin with one field and get that into good condition, and let the rest lie, and so go on through the farm. One rich field will then make it easy to enrich another or two; and while the beginning is slow, it is downhill work, and as the end is nearly reached progress is fast and easy.....The worst of all capital errors is for the farmer to neglect his own improvement and education. A man who has $10 000 in a farm and stock, may easily have twice as much in himself and make his work pay 10 per cent. on his value. He is the greatest part of his capital and it is the greatest of all errors to misuse himself.

Ensilage.

When is the question of the value of ensilage to be determined? The battle still rages in Britain, and America, as to its comparative value, between the friends and opponents of this system of curing fodder. Experiments have been conducted by leading men on both sides of the Atlantic for years, and are we now, we ask, any nearer definiteness than we were long ago? Numerous improvements have been carried on tending to show that ensilage fodder is indispensable in dairying, while other experiments, made by parties equally able, go in quite the opposite direction. While we have every faith in the propriety of calling in the aid of science in farming and stock-raising, we at the same time should be very cautious in receiving the conclusions of science where these are contradictory or even not concurrent. The idea forces itself upon our minds that this question will be settled more by a certain class of farmers than by scientists and that it will resolve itself into a matter of dollars and cents, the degree of its value to be determined by those men who somehow have a wonderful tact in determining what pays and what does not. Men argued for years, some do yet, that fattening cattle does not pay, their figures regarding this matter seeming most conclusive, as they dwelt upon the comparative prices of grain and beef and the value of the labor involved. The answer that those engaged in the fattening business gave was, that they grew rich by the business—a very conclusive answer. If there is virtue in ensilage it will be discovered, and the value of it as a food adjunct may by and by be safely gauged by the number of silos erected and sustained throughout the land. If we may venture an opinion it is this, that its principal value will be found as an adjunct to other cured foods used in this country in the winter season, a less proportion being required than in Britain, on the principle that a less portion of turnips is beneficial. It seems clear to us that in this cold climate the food ration for man and beast should materially differ in winter and summer. Salads are in a manner indispensible in summer, in our climate, but who will say this of them in winter? However, where Mr. Henry Wood and Sir J. B. Lawes are not agreed, it is doubtless the part of wisdom for us to stand uncovered at a respectful distance and maintain a prudent silence. We may add that the system seems to be gaining ground in Britain. We notice that in the British papers machines designed for cutting ensilage are being advertised, while silos are becoming more and more numerous. —[Canadian Stock Raisers' Journal.

"Will you have your oysters scalloped?" asked the waiter at an Austin restaurant, of a green customer. "Have the oysters scalped? Has every thing in the restaurant got hair on it? Why don't you scalp the butter?"

A SAILOR'S GHOST STORY.

Pete the Swede and the Man who Haunted Him.

"I have never yet seen a ghost, but I think I have been taken for a ghost, and unless I am out of my reckoning there's a man, if he is still alive, who has been haunted by me these 30 years." So said an intelligent looking man who represented himself as the second mate of an East Indian clipper one day recently in the office of a South street chandler shop. There was much in the remark to excite curiosity, and the man who had undergone the strange experience referred to was begged to spin his yarn, which he readily consented to do.

"About thirty years ago—perhaps more," he began. "I was in London, where I landed a lad of 15 after my first voyage. It was the time of the gold fever out in Australia, but I wasn't anxious then to go to the diggings so I shipped on a bark of about 800 tons that was bound for Singapore. The skipper was the greatest tyrant I have ever sailed under, and his mate was nearly as bad as him. Both were Englishmen, I am sorry to say, because I'm English myself. The second mate was a decent enough fellow, I thought, but he didn't seem to be of much account on board. The skipper and the mate thrashed me every now and then, but I was a hardy youngster, and managed to stand it. The cheap whipping was a Spanish sailor we called Antone. He took the lickings quietly, but at times he looked mighty revengeful. There was a big, heavy-built sailor that we called Pete the Swede. Somehow neither the mate or captain ever tackled him. Early one afternoon, when we had got into the Straits of Malacca, and were, as we understood, within less than a day's sail of Singapore, Antone dropped a bucket of slush on the clean deck. The skipper and mate knocked him down and, springing upon him, and began to pound him. Suddenly the skipper sprang up and I saw blood spurting out of a gash in his side. He staggered forward on his knees, and, seizing his own knife, plunged it into Antone. The latter was then struggling with the mate. Several of the watch ran up and pulled the two apart. But there was a wound near the heart of the mate which had been made by the knife of Antone. The latter was stone dead, and the skipper and mate never spoke again. The mate did not live 10 minutes, while the skipper died within thirty minutes.

"The second mate was called on deck by one of the sailors, but he did not get up in time to see the stabbing. All hands, of course, debated as to what we should do. The second mate was entitled to take command, but he had little to say in the matter. Pete the Swede did all the ordering, and every one obeyed him. We had been running close to the wind, but Pete had the yards squared and we stood in toward the shore. We all went aft so that the man at the wheel could have his say in the council of war. The crew were divided, Pete and the majority wanted to scuttle the bark and to divide the money in the cabin, and to leave it to be supposed that the bark had been lost in a storm. The second mate agreed with Pete. The carpenter said that we ought to keep on our regular course until we fell in with a pilot and to report the killing of the skipper and mate. Pete said our story would never be believed. We would probably all be arrested, and perhaps hanged on the charge of mutiny. The carpenter had only the steward, cook, one able seaman, and myself to back him, while Pete and the second mate had eight men besides themselves on their side. We were rapidly getting in toward the shore, but we were leaving the track of other vessels and of the pilots. The carpenter protested against this, but Pete kept on just the same. Shortly afterwards soundings showed about 10 fathoms of water, and Pete ordered one of the anchors to be let go. The sails was simply clewed up, and no attempt was made to furl them. The matter was talked over again, but the carpenter's party still held out. Pete went into the cabin and burst open the locker where the money was kept. He said that there was several thousand pounds, and that we had only got to divide it up evenly. The carpenter called us that were backing him to one side and told us that we had better pretend to give in. I noticed at the time that Pete and some of his men were looking at us suspiciously.

"We agreed to the carpenter's proposal with the understanding that as soon as we got in to Singapore to report the matter to the proper authorities. Pete said that before we divided the money we had better lower the long boat and drop it astern. Weights were then made fast to the bodies of the three dead men and they were dropped overboard, and the deck where they did the killing was washed up. It was getting near dark, and Pete said that we could not very well scuttle the bark before morning, and proposed that we should break into the stores and get a drink or two. Then I felt myself suddenly seized from behind. I was overpowered and my hands tied. I looked around and saw that the carpenter and his other three backers were in the same fix. We were walked to the forward hatch, which was opened and were pushed down into the hold. Pete the Swede said as he put down the hatch over us: 'I don't want to kill you fellows, but I can't trust you; if we hit on a plan to night for saving you we'll give you a chance when we scuttle the bark.' Then we found ourselves in the dark. We knew that we were in a tight fix, but while there was life there was hope. We turned to and helped one another until we got our hands free. Then we sat down on the boxes of cargo and talked our case over. We could hear occasional yells, which showed us that the men had got at the whisky and were making the most of it. The steward said there was a good deal of it in the cabin, and he was afraid that the men wouldn't be apt to deal kindly with us while they were in liquor.

"The hold was filled with bales and boxes of cargo up to within a few feet of the forward end where a bulkhead of heavy boxes left a place where you could climb down into the fore peak. Here we supposed was where they would go to work to scuttle the bark. 'I wish I had my tools here,' said the carpenter. 'What good would they do you—would you scuttle the bark now?' asked the cook. 'No,' says the carpenter, 'but I could cut a hole through the planking here for one of us to crawl through, and swim aft to the boat. Then he could bring her around here, and we could all climb out into her and escape.' The cook seized the carpenter and said, 'I saw them putting in the cargo at London, and they stowed right down here about twenty carpenters' chests.' In just one second we five were groping around for that sort of cargo. In about two minutes the carpenter found a chest under some bales. We got this out and broke it open, and the carpenter felt for the tools he wanted. 'We must wait a bit,' said he 'they'll all be dead drunk in a little while, and no one will be on the lookout.' The shouts of Pete's gang soon stopped altogether. Then the carpenter slid down into the fore peak with his tools. He decided on a spot which he thought was a little above watermark and went to work. It took him some time to start a place for his saw to begin work. In the meantime we listened, ready to warn him in case any of Pete's gang came to the fore hatch. The carpenter's saw was music to us. Finally we saw a ray of what looked like light, although it was long after dark. We all climbed down into the fore peak, and the cook undressed, and, putting a knife in his teeth, got through the hole the carpenter had made and dropped into the water and swam away. It seemed an age while we listened for the sound of an oar. Frequently water would dash through the hole on to us, but we paid no attention to it. Finally the sound of an oar reached us, and the cook came round with the boat, into which we all got. He told us that he had cut the painter close to the boat. Then we rowed away. I'll never forget the black hull of that bark as it looked when we began to draw away from it.

"There was a little bread and water in the boat, but no compass, and no one knew the coast. We soon rested on our oars and drifted about. It was probably then a little before midnight. It was clear, but no moon was out. Toward morning the sea grew rough and we had to bail out the boat with our hats several times. As soon as day broke we began to look about for some passing vessel. The land seemed to lay about as it did the afternoon before, and we steered toward it. In a moment one of us noticed two poles sticking out of the water. We got nearer to them and could make out the fore and main royal masts of the bark. We could tell them by the gilt balls at the ends. The bark was scuttled and the hole we made had done done the business. 'They might have done it themselves,' said the carpenter. 'Not as long as the whisky lasted,' said the steward. We concluded that the men had remained in a drunken stupor until the ship in sinking, had heeled over to one side, and then water had filled the cabin, drowning every one there. We agreed that we did not intend to drown the fellows and our consciences did not trouble us. The carpenter might have cut the hole a little higher up, but we all thought he ought to be excused for his mistake. And we didn't mourn much for Pete and his gang. We got in close to the shore, but found no place where we thought it safe to land. So we rowed along keeping the land in sight, until it was nearly evening, when we found ourselves approaching the harbor of Singapore.

"A sailing vessel came along and we hailed her. The Captain agreed to take us in tow, and asked few questions. He may have taken us for a pleasure party which we were not. The vessel dropped anchor well in the harbor, but it was late at night before we reached the quay. We agreed to say nothing about the loss of the bark to any one until we had reported to the agent, whose name the steward knew. We were making inquiries along a street fronting on the water when the carpenter pointed out a public house on the corner a little way ahead and told me to ask the people there if they knew where our agent could be found. As I came up to the public house I mistook the window on the side street for the door. The latter was on the main street. But as the latter was open I looked in. At the bar stood a large man drinking. I looked at him closely and saw that it was Pete the Swede. He laid down his glass and glanced toward the window just outside of which I stood. When he saw me his eyes seemed to stick out of his head and his hair seemed to stand on end while he shook like a leaf. I stood looking at him. I was frightened out of my senses and I must have stood like a block of stone or a ghost. I didn't know whether to cry out or run. Pete looked at me for a few seconds and then backed slowly away, keeping his eyes on me till he reached the door. Then I heard steps as if some one was running. I waited for a moment and then went in to the public house and asked if any one knew where our agent stopped. No one there did. I went back to the carpenter and told him what I had seen. We concluded that the whole gang had escaped. We kept up our search until nearly morning before we could find the agent. We told our story, and he tried to have Pete and his gang arrested. All the vessels bound for Australia were searched during the next day, but we afterwards found that Pete and his fellows paid their passage on a ship bound for Europe, which sailed early in the morning after I had appeared to Pete the Swede. That made it seem as if the fellows had got away with the money in the cabin. The agent gave us our wages and shipped us on a bark bound to Melbourne, where we separated, all but the cook and I going to the diggings. We made up our minds that the fellows come to just before the bark sunk, and that they launched one of the other boats, thinking that the painter of the one lowered the day before had parted. They probably thought the bark had in swinging struck a rock, and that we were still in the fore hold when the bark went down. They couldn't have dreamed of our cutting our way out. They knew the coast better than we, so that accounted for their getting into Singapore before us.

"Pete must have taken me for a ghost as I stood in the dark just outside the window of the lighted taproom of the public house. Somehow the real facts about the loss of the vessel didn't get out. It was generally believed that she was wrecked. And I believe that Pete and the fellows of his gang took care afterwards to give a wide berth to Singapore, and I rarely said anything to strangers about the voyage that came so near winding up with the drowning of them. And I have no doubt, up to the present day, if he's alive, Pete the Swede once in a while sees just outside some public house window the ghost of a lad in whose death he believes he bore a hand in."

Wheat by Evolution.

Grant, a noted botanist, says wheat racks by origin as a degenerated and degraded lily. The primitive ancestor of the lily was a very simple plant, with a triple set of pollen-bearing staments, fertilized by insects. It thus acquired those bright colors and that beauty which rivaled "Solomon in all his glory." The development was through the alesma and marsh arrowgrass and innumerable forms, until it reached the perfect lily. The first downward step seems to have been self-fertilization taking the place of the insect aid. Afterwards the winds brought the varied fertilization pollen dust, and so came the rushes—plain little lilies, with dry, brownish flowers; then the wood rushes, something between the true rush and the grasses. The Eucaulon, a common American water plant, rushlike in character, bridged over the gap between the rushes and the grasses, and then step by step the changes in the part of the flower cultivated in our wheat plant. With the wood rush commenced the habit of storing gluten and starch along with the embryo, which has made the cereal so valuable for human food and raised our wheat, the descendant of the lily, the queen of the floral world, to the rank of the prince of grains, bearing its princely sway upon all the golden harvest fields of every civilized race and nation of the globe.

After half a dozen persons had died in a fine-looking dwelling house in Washington, an investigation was demanded, and it was found that the plumbing had been done without a single trap. The owner saved about $12 by leaving them out.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Interesting Items About Prominent People.

President Arthur is talked of for the presidency of Union College after his reign at Washington. He is a graduate of the institution, and if elected will still be President Arthur.

"I would sooner have the cordial support of the women in an audience than the men," says Mr. Robert Mantell, the actor; "first, because they lead the men, and secondly, because they are always able to catch the finer points of a play more quickly than the coarser part of the audience."

Mr. Myone, Foreign Minister of Japan, lives in a beautiful cottage in the neighborhood of Tokio. It is furnished partly in the European style. The hard woods used in the interior are highly polished. The coloring of the walls would please a French artist.

The celebrated English painter G. F. Watts, whose highly imaginative works are soon to be exhibited, was the first husband of Ellen Terry. He did not suit the charming actress, and she left him for an architect named Godwin. Her present husband is an actor named Charles Kelly, with whom, however, she does not live.

Mr. Hurbert Herkomer is building a mediæval tower at Loch, Bavaria, his birth-place. It will contain five rooms, and be used as a studio. Many of its decorative pieces will be of hammered iron, Mr. Herkomer, like Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, having a keen appreciation of the artistic possibilities of that metal, as well as a practical acquaintance with them.

Miss Cobbe thinks that the position of women is improving. Fifty years ago, one Ash-Wednesday, in England, she heard the principal of a young ladies' school tell her pupils, after giving them salt fish and roast mutton for dinner, that fasting was very meritorious, and that they were free to take meat or not, as they pleased, but that it was to be hoped that they would fast—it would be good for their souls and their figures.

Miss Anderson has been telling a London reporter that during her late tour of six weeks in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Birmingham, she met "audiences of a generous and enthusiastic character, and my efforts to please them were recognized most cordially. The Scotch people I found more eager and responsive than I had expected them to be; they are not cold people but equally warm-hearted and intellectual."

De Nittis, the Italian painter, who died recently in Paris, was told by King Humbert a few years ago that "Italian artists should work at Rome on Roman subjects." "Sire," he replied, "had I remained in Rome I surely should not enjoy the reputation I have. It is to Paris that I owe the pleasure of being claimed by Italians as a compatriot." This story is of a kind to be appreciated by American artists who have been successful abroad.

Frenchmen claim that the inventor of the steamboat was not Robert Fulton, but one of their own countrymen, Jouffroy. They raised a statue to his memory at Besancon on the 18th of August, in which he is represented as standing thoughtful, with one hand on his first steam engine. The Minister of Public Works, who unveiled the statute, coupled the names of Jouffroy and De Lesseps—the one the inventor of the steamboat, the other the enlarger of the sphere of its use.

William Earl Dodge, grandson of William E. Dodge, and a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge, & Co., who died recently at Riverdale, New York, in his twenty-sixth year, was a graduate of Princeton, and at his funeral Dr. McCosh said: "He was the most influential man in his class, and he was one of the few students with whom I conferred as to class matters. I had anticipated for him a long career of usefulness, and looked upon him as the one on whom his venerated grandfather's mantle had fallen."

Du Maurier's studio is described as lighted by two large mullioned windows. An Indian matting calo runs around its walls, and above this a sage green paper, adorned with mythic forms of fruit. The carved stone chimney-piece supports a reduction of the Venus of Milo, and a pedestal clock of ancient date ticks on a bracket. There is a semi-grand piano of oak and brass, at which the artist and many of his friends have often "attired themselves in song." The orange-tawny skin of his famous dog Chang, nearly eight feet long from tip to tip, hangs opposite. Du Maurier's lasting affection for that fine brave beast is well known.

The "King of Cyprus," as he entitled himself, has died in St. Petersburg. His name was Colonel Louis de Lusignan, and his descent was from the Crusaders and Lusignans of France. A soldier in the Russian army, he nevertheless preserved the hope of becoming King of Cyprus and Armenia, and advanced his claims with the persistency of a Henry V, as often as a crisis arose in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire. When Lord Beaconsfield attached Cyprus to the English Empire he issued a solemn protest, and demanded from Turkey a bonus of $100,000,000 for the surrender of his rights. He was an excellent specimen of the almost extinct species of royal pretenders.

The late Duke of Wellington, son of the Iron Duke, says that the famous words attributed to his father, "Up, Guards, and at them," were really uttered by Lord Saltoun, or rather that the latter's correct words were, 'Up, Guards, and give 'em.' The Iron Duke's horse, Copenhagen, came from Spain, and was ridden by the great soldier during all his Spanish campaigns. When the animal was buried in Strathfieldsaye Park, England, the old Duke, then very infirm and feeble, surprised his family and servants by appearing at the ceremony. He had one of his hoofs made into an inkstand.

The famous French chemist M. Chevreul, now ninety-nine years old, has told a friend "the secret of long living." "I have never been a pessimist," he says, "and I have cautiously kept myself from being too much of an optimist. Let us not trouble ourselves about tomorrow. Let us enjoy the present. I had a model of a wife, the mother of a most exemplary family. She has left me a posterity that I love, and by whom I am loved. Why, one of my little great-granddaughters—she is three years old—salutes the bust of her old great-grandfather every morning. I have always put in practice the adage, 'Seek and ye shall find.' I have sought and I have always found something, at the domestic fireside as well as in the laboratory."

Next to the Clergyman.

"Are you the Rev. Dr. B.?" a young man inquired of a citizen on the street.

"No, sir, but I am frequently taken for him. We resemble each other closely. I am a lawyer, and make a specialty of divorce cases. Has your object in finding the Rev. Dr. B. any connection with matrimony?"

"Well, yes," the young man blushingly acknowledged.

"H'm, I thought so. Just put that card where you won't lose it."

Optical Illusions.

Many of you know about *optical Illusions* and the curious mistakes which the eye sometimes makes concerning an object at which it is looking; but few of us know how frequently we ourselves are the victims of optical illusions of one sort or another. The fact is, we see nearly as much with our experience as we see with our eyes. We know an object to be of a certain form in one position, and of a certain color in one light; and we are too apt to fancy that we see it of that form and color in all positions and lights regardless of the fact that, seen from another stand point, the contour of it may appear entirely different, and that a different light may totally change the color of it. We all know that the actual color of clean boots is black, and a beginner in painting almost always paints them perfectly black, whereas the direct rays of the sun or of an artificial light may make them appear nearly white in parts, while if they be placed near some bright substance, such as a piece of orange-peel, or a crimson scarf, they will reflect the color of that object, and so become orange or red in parts and an expert painter would so represent them. We hear people speak of "the white of the eye," and beginners with the brush often give a very ghastly expression to their attempts at portraiture by painting the white of the eye pure white; whereas owing to the projection of the brows, the lids, and the lashes, it is often thrown into deep shade, and may be even darker than some of the flesh tints. Now, if their eyes were trained like those of a skilled artist, they would know the true color of all objects they beheld. But this is the very hardest thing an artist has to learn, namely, to know really what he does see.

In coloring almost everything depends upon the nature of the light. A white handkerchief is black in a dark room. An excellent aid to the study of color is to take a white card and with your paints try to match on it some tint in any oil-painting, chromo, or even colored fabric which you may have. Then cut a small hole in the card adjoining your tint, and place the card over the tint you have copied, so that you can see it through the hole, side by side with your own attempt. Then you will see at once how nearly you have matched the tint.

Carlo.

It is impossible that evils so gigantic as the gaming establishments at Monte Carlo should long outlive the chorus of reprobation they have aroused. I am reluctant that they should expire without having lifted a finger to aid in their subversal. Europe in the last century was studded with gambling resorts. Apart from the public gaming tables at Baden, Homburg, or elsewhere, there was scarcely a watering place, or a place of Summer resort like Grenoble or Aix, where a man burdened with loose cash might not find a congregation of gamblers and chevaliers d'industrie ready to ease him of it. Slowly public opinion has put down public gambling as immoral, and now Monte Carlo is a solitary representative of one of the most mischievous of human institutions. Gorged with the spoils of its predecessors, it stands a moral pesthouse. In the midst of the loveliest scenery Europe can boast, in the chief health resorts of the South, it remains a centre of contagion. Seventeen million francs it annually draws from its victims, which means, according to the calculations which cannot be disputed, that between £20 000,000 and £30,000,000 are annually won and lost at the tables. The difficulty seems to be how to get at the owner. If a princeling were to maintain in Europe—and close to such countries as Italy, France and Switzerland, practically Spain also—a physical pesthouse, a seat of disease whence smallpox or cholera spread to adjoining countries, he would find himself compelled to put his house in order. A collective remonstrance from the powers would, in such case, bring about an immense change. If not, the process described by an Eastern Prince as that he would employ to England if he went to war with it might be recommended, and an army of sappers and miners might be sent to tumble the entire Principality into the sea.

The Bantu Negro and His God.

I believe that much that is said about fetich-worship rests on no solid foundation; neither a kind of worship nor any serious service is addressed to the harmless toy we call a fetich, but only a mysterious good or evil spirit is fancied to dwell within it. A negro, as is his habit, is sitting and thinking about nothing. Casually he casts his eye upon a knotty limb of strange growth that may bear some indistinct resemblance to a human face. Amused at it, he takes a knife and makes an effort to help out Nature by scratching the nose, mouth and eyes into plainer prominence. At last the thing appears so curious that he concludes he will take it home and set it up before his hut. It becomes his "fetich," and grins to-day pleasantly, to-morrow with a ferocious air, at him. To heighten the effect, he paints it red around the eyes, or adorns it with bright ornaments. In some such way as this, I believe, we may explain the origin of the first images of the gods, new illustrations of which we may still observe to be brought before us from time to time. I do not regard the process as a religious one, but rather as an instance of the development of the first idea of art.

His Ride With a Lunatic.

William Bunn, an employee of the Pompey House, near the eastern extremity of Syracuse, hitched a horse to a carriage about 6 P. M. recently and started for a farm near the East Avenue Driving Park. At a street corner near the edge of the city a man sprang from behind a tree, jumped into the waggon, and, placing a revolver at Bunn's head, demanded the reins, which were handed to him. He lashed the horse into a run, still covering Bunn with the weapon, and threatening to shoot him if he stirred. The man guided the horse toward Thompson's Landing, on the Erie Canal, and thence drove to Messina Springs, which is four miles east of the city, making the distance in less than half an hour, the horse running all the way and the waggon thumping about fearfully.

From the man's actions and words, Bunn saw that he was insane. He asserted that he was pursued by a band from Buffalo Bill's gang of showmen, who were there recently, and who had demanded $10,000 of him and would kill him unless it was paid.

At Messina Springs he turned the horse toward the city, and again urged the terrified animal to a breakneck pace. At the corner of James and Lodi streets the lunatic sprang from the waggon, which passed over him. Still flourishing his revolver, he jumped up and disappeared down a side street.

Bunn drove into the city, and officers were sent out to search for the companion of his thrilling ride. They found him dragging himself about with a broken leg. He was recognized as William T. Denison of Syracuse, and was taken to a hospital. Denison is a hard drinker, and his insanity is due to alcohol.

English Members of the Cabinet.

In countries where the Minister of War is always a General, the Minister of Marine an Admiral, the Minister of Education a Professor, &c., the advent of every new Ministry is the signal for hasty, costly changes in all directions. Every Minister having, as he conceives, ample professional experience, comes to his work with his mind full of crotchets, and thinks he must signalize his term of office, however short, by abolishing something and setting up something else. In England a man of talent, who may have been rather presumptuous and flighty as an independant member, quickly gets sobered when he is set to learn the difficult work of managing a department about which he knows nothing. He must rely at first upon his permanent staff and this prevents him from attempting rash innovations; by and by, when he has acquired experience, whatever reforms he may see fit to propose will be mounted in a praiseworthy spirit, and are more likely on that account to be satisfactory and durable. It is certainly a pity that a Minister of proved abilities should be turned out of office just as his services are beginning to be appreciated; but under our English system the services of a statesman who goes into Opposition are not lost to the country, for he brings his experience to bear in controlling the work of his successor; besides which there is a departmental etiquette which binds a Minister under ordinary circumstances to carry on and complete good work commenced by his predecessor. Two or three little facts will shew how harmoniously both parties in the State combine to keep the mechanism of Government in good working order, despite their struggles for power. An incoming Minister is always received in his department by the outgoing chief, who put him in possession of all the facts about current business to be transacted. In acknowledgement of this the new Minister during the whole of his stay in office takes care that his predecessor shall be the first informed of all events connected with the department which may be made public. Thus, if important news arrived from abroad, a copy of the dispatch would be forwarded at once by the present Foreign Secretary to the former holder of the office—the idea of this being that the latter, as critic ex-officio of the Indian policy of the Government, has a claim to be supplied with ample and rapid information. These patriotic courtesies are not practised in any other country, and one may allude to them with pleasure as showing that—

"'For some true result of good
All parties work together.'"

But if they have so worked the result is largely due, as we have shown, to the Queen's wisdom in siding with neither party and in establishing relations of personal friendliness with most of her Ministers, so that no jealousies could arise among them. The late King of Bavaria used to make the lives of Ministers whom he disliked unbearable by questioning them about the affairs of their department until he had exposed their ignorance. This would be a resource always open to an ill-natured sovereign; and it must be remembered again that the personal influence which Mr. Gladstone has praised her Majesty for exerting in her correspondence with foreign rulers is an influence which need not have been given, as it constantly has been, to serve Ministers of either party who happened to want it. The Queen might have refused her good offices to get incompetent Ministers out of scrapes, and she would have had constitutional warranty for so doing since Ministers who are not loth to solicit her Majesty's assistance when they were in distress have sometimes not scrupled to cavil at letters written to help their opponents.—[Temple Bar.

The Height of Waves.

Many experiments have been made to measure the height of waves in all condition of weather. One authority goes as high as sixty four feet, and another as low as five feet, giving it as his reason that the penetrating power of wind cannot reach below that depth. Of this philosopher it may be presumed that he was a martyr to sea-sickness and that he must have contented himself with making his calculations in his study. On the other hand, a height of sixty-four feet is almost as absurd, though it is true that the earthquake wave has been known to rise to sixty feet; yet surveys of this kind are happily scarce, since when they occur they are not only in the habit of rasing whole towns upon the coast line where they break, but of carrying some of the vessels they may encounter at anchor in the neighborhood to the distance of a day's walk inland. Practical experience, however, will look with suspicion on most of the scientific theories touching the altitude and velocity of waves. Professor Airy's table couples speed with dimensions, and, as a sample of his calculations, it may be shown that the wave one hundred thousand feet in breadth will travel at the rate of 533,90 feet per second in water that is ten thousand feet deep. This is possible, but it is difficult to accept such conclusion as exact. At all events, there is nothing more deceptive than the height of waves. The tallest seas in the world run off Cape Horn, where whether the wind blows east or west, they have a holiday ground within a belt of eight or ten degrees that compass the globe without the intervention of a break of land. Any man who has run, say, before a strong westerly gale round the Horn will know the magnitude of the seas that fellow his ship. Viewed from the stern when the vessels sink in the trough, the oncoming sea that is about to underrun the ship and lift her soaring to the flying heavens will seem to heave its rushing summit to the height of the mizen-top; but when the summit is gained by the observer and the waves viewed from there, it will then be seen that these crests which from the deck looked a long way up will now appear to be a long way down. It is a common shore-going phrase that the sea ran "mountains high." The idea implied is not very generally accepted by sailors, though the term may be sometimes used by them for convenience. The truth is if waves were as tall as they are popularly supposed to be, no ship could by any possibility live in them. They are lofty to the fancy, because at sea they are usually surveyed from low freeboards. To a spectator on a steamer, with a six foot height of side an Atlantic or Pacific surge would necessarily appear as a mountain compared to the aspect it would take from the deck of an old line-of-battle ship, with a thirty-foot "dipper from one of those lofty, glazed and castellated structures which in former times took six months to jog soberly from the Thames to the Hooghly.—[London Telegraph.

Plantation Philosophy.

Er tired mind kain' hab er rested body,
No matter how healthy a tree looks, of de sap ain't right, de fruit ain't gwineter be good.

'Ligion sorter 'pens on sarcumstances. I doan b'lebe dat er hongry man ken sen' up ez putty er prayer es de man what hab had er good meal an' has er putty good idea what he's gwine ter git de naixt one.

De man what spen's his time in groanin' bout de wickedness o' dis hear worl' may cut or bigger figger at er camp meeting den de hustlin' sort o' feller, but he ain't gwineter raise nigh so much cotton. Er little sweat mixed with "Oh, Lawd, gie us so and so," helps de cause mightily.—[Arkansaw Traveller.

They Were Marked Down.

Old Moneybagge stood in front of his store the other morning, hanging a "reduced price" mark on several rolls of carpeting. Along comes Harris, and him to Moneybagge:

"Those ain't feathers"

"Well, who said they was?" retorted Moneybagge, with ungrammatical testiness.

"

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THE WATCHMAN
AND
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LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 17, 1884.

SIR JOHN'S MISSION.

Various reasons have been assigned as to Sir John's visit to England just now, by the Canadian Press. But whatever be the business that took him to England, he is wise enough to keep that to himself until he thinks fit to reveal it. In the meantime we give below an extract from the Ottawa *Free Press*, which may be as near the mark as any of the guesses of our contemporaries :—

"It may be true that Sir John will obtain distinguished medical advice when he reaches London, but it is not true that the object is the paramount aim of his journey. For days the various rumors have been taking shape, and as time goes on so does the certainty come that it is in connection with the Canadian Pacific railway. The story telegraphed from Montreal that he imperial authorities to give a guarantee to the road on the ground that it is an undertaking indispensable for military purposes, may be dismissed as untrue. There is, however, a statement current which commends itself to serious consideration as not only plausible but probable. Much stress has been laid from the earliest days of the Canadian Pacific's projection up to the present moment, upon its importance as the shortest route from the extreme Orient to England. It is admitted by the directors of the syndicate that their present object in visiting London is to raise the capital among other purposes for the establishment of fast steamers between British Columbia and Asia, in connection with the Canadian Pacific. Sir John Macdonald's presence is, by his superior standing, to obtain a concession or subsidy if possible, from the Imperial government for carrying mails from China and Japan via the Canadian Pacific steamers and railway across the British possessions and Atlantic ocean to Great Britain. The route is by far the shortest and the project is a patriotic one, which should commend itself to the Imperial authorities. The revenue would be considerable to the company, and would give their railway in the financial markets of the world a standing and importance it does not now possess. That the project will receive the opposition of the Peninsular & Oriental Steamship Company cannot be doubted, but there are considerations which ought to induce the Imperial government to countenance our road in a measure and not be content with one string to its bow.

"We are not among those who believe that military rather than commercial and colonization considerations should be paramount in their influence as the reasons for the construction of a railroad; but so long as Canada remains a part of the British Empire, the Canadian Pacific must be treated as an important military highway. The relations it bears to the military defence of Canada are, at a glance at its map will show, self-evident. In its entire length from ocean to ocean save in the event of an impossible war with the United States it is free from attack or interference by a foe. The protection of Great Britain's highway to India and the Orient to-day depends upon her successfully holding the suez canal. Should any military mishap occur there, she is thrown upon the old circuitous route around the cape of Good Hope. To China the Canadian transcontinental route offers the shortest and most expeditious means of transporting troops especially as transportation by a railway is infinitely faster than that by water. Let us assume that Great Britain had become involved in the present hostilities in China and the Canadian Pacific railroad and its fast steamers and transport on the Pacific had been in complete operation, the mother land could have placed a large mass of troops upon the ground in an incredibly short period of time, by using our route. To China and Australia, our route is much shorter than that via the Suez Canal, and much more expeditious. To Calcutta, the time of transportation would be practically the same and much less than by the Cape of Good Hope. The construction of the road and the establishment of commodious and fast steamers on the Pacific ocean then, opens a new line of military defence to the Empire which is little understood and appreciated by the British authorities. For these reasons, the Canadian Pacific ought to receive the small encouragement of an annual mail subsidy."

Another feaze is given as to the object of Sir John's visit; it is to bring about an arrangement by which the Australian mail contract will be handed over by the Imperial Government to Canada. Hitherto this service was performed by the United States Government, but the continuance of the service was contingent upon the payment by the United States of one-third of the annual Subsidy. Congress adjourned last session without making the appropriation for its continuance, and the Democratic house struck the clause out of the postal act, which enabled the postmaster-general to contract for the carriage of American mail by sea, whereby payment could have been made on account of the Australo-Chinese-Brasilian mail. The result has been that the postmaster-general of New South Wales has given the necessary three month's notice of discontinuance so far as that colony is concerned, and the contract terminates on its account next month. It is alledged that the British Government were very anxious to break down the San Francisco-Australis mail route, and this will give them an opportunity of doing so, and of transferring it to the Canadian Government.

As we predicted, at the beginning of the Franco-Chinese embroglio, the French would find it no easy matter to run through John Chineman's shop at race-horse speed. Admiral Courbet seems to have come to the end of his tether, as far as fighting is concerned, unless he receives large reinforcements, and even with these the Chinese can hold their own. In the last battle the Chinese fought nobly and were well commanded.

The Dynamite explosion at the Quebec Parliament buildings is involved in a good deal of mystery. No trace can be found leading to the guilty party. The Government have offered a reward of $4000 and the Contractor Mr. Charlebois has subsidized it by $500 more. It is thought that the aim of the miscreants was to injure the Contractor—not the Government. Be that as it may, if the guilty parties are found, and the Quebec police think they are on the track of them, we hope they will meet with punishment commensurate with the enormity of their crime.

Le Quotidien and *Le Journal de Quebec* attribute the resent attempt to destroy the Quebec Parliament Buildings to Fenians. The Government has instructed Judge Chanvean to investigate the matter.

THE SOUDAN.

The news from the Soudan country is very unreliable, scarcely two statements agreeing. One time it is reported that General Gordon had raised the siege of Khartoum and had even recaptured Berber after a day's bombardment, and returned to Khartoum in triumph; that there was no necessity of Lord Wolseley proceeding further, and that the troops would be ordered home. Then again we hear that the Egyptian soldiers under the command of General Gordon cannot be relied upon. The Khartoum correspondent of the London *Times* writes that the Egyptian troops in Khartoum were not of a kind to inspire confidence in those dependent upon their protection. "One Arab horseman," he says, "suffices to frighten 200 of our men, on one occasion eight rebels charged 200 of our men, armed with Remington rifles and dispersed them. The only men we are able to depend on are the negroes." Now the news comes to us that the Mudie of Dongola has ordered the mounted Irregulars to prepare to march to the front. The infantry to remain in the city for its protection in case of El Mahdi's forces attacking it. The troops are reluctant to advance, fearing that they will encounter serious fighting. It is clear then that no reliance can be placed in the Egyptian soldiers. Whatever fighting has to be done will have to be done by British soldiers.

The Canadian contingent have joined General Wolseley at Wady Halfa, when a general forward movement will be made. The rise or fall of the Nile being considered of little importance to the Canadians—being able to surmount all difficulties. The voyageurs have aroused great admiration for their skill and pluck. They traverse the rapids as if it were child's play. General Lord Wolseley says he is charmed with their achievements. Two of the relief steamers having safely passed the more dangerous cataracts. We will shortly be put in possession of important intelligence in regard to the result of General Wolseley's campaign.

Meanwhile Lord Northbrook and Nubar Pasha have been discussing with the Sheiks questions of provincial administration in Egypt. The Sheiks opposed the giving of authority to English police officers, except under orders from the Mudirs. The tension respecting the suspension of the Egyptian sinking fund is passing away.

ALBERTA.

This new Canadian Province is now knocking at the Dominion door for admission into the confederacy of Provinces. It asks for the withdrawl of the exercise of judicial authority by the Northwest Mounted Police in settled centers of population, the appointment of regular judges, the right of habeas corpus which is virtually suspended in the territory, and representation in the Dominion Parliament, which demands in all probability will be acceded to as they are but just and fair. The Calgary *Herald* gives the following glowing description of the resources of the Province :—

"The District of Alberta contains 104,700 square miles. Out of this area there are about 24,000 square miles covered with mountains. The balance is composed of agricultural and grazing lands and rivers. It is estimated that there are at least 45,000,000 acres of good agricultural lands in the district. The "chinook" winds temper the winters very greatly, and assist very much in rendering them pleasant. The "chinooks" come from the Pacific Ocean, laden with warm and moist air. In passing through the mountains they are robbed of their moisture, and come to us dry and warm. The thermometer rises rapidly as soon as a "chinook" appears and the snow as rapidly disappears if there happens to be any. During the present summer over 100,000 sheep have been driven into Alberta from Montana, one company alone bringing in a flock of 8,000 head, and several companies and private individuals intend going in to the industry next season, when it is expected that the drive will far exceed that of this year. The number of horses in Alberta is estimated at over 6,000 head, valued at $480,000. The leading ranchmen are doing much to improve the breed. They have imported a number of first class sires from the old country, including Percheron, Clydesdales, Thoroughbreds and Steeplechasers. At the close of last season the number of cattle in the district aggregated about 37,000 head, valued at $1,875,00. Since then about 12,000 head have been driven in from Montana by the different stockmen. Range cattle are neither sheltered nor in any way cared for during the winter."

WHAT'S UP?—J. Stephenson, General Manager, and Wainrights, Assistant Manager of the Grand Trunk said to be on business with the Government. Also Mr. Van Horne, of the C. P. R., and the Hon. Peter Mitchell, were in Ottawa on the 13th.

LIEVRES RIVER PHOSPHATE COMPANY.—A meeting of the shareholders of the Lievres River Land and Phosphate Co. (limited), was held at the office of the company, 41 St. François Xavier street, Tuesday afternoon. The following gentlemen were appointed directors: Robt. C. Adams, W. R. Elmenhorst, W.T. Costigan and Peter Lyall, of Montreal; Charles H. Trask, of New York, and A. F. Freeman, of Boston. At a subsequent meeting of the directors Robt. C. Adams was elected President, W. R. Elmenhorst Vice-President, Wm. T. Costigan Treasurer, J. Keith Recording Secretary. This company has acquired several valuable properties in the neighborhood of the Lievres River and has already commenced active mining operations. A party of gentlemen left Montreal on Wednesday to visit the mines.

KILLED ON THE TRACK.—On Tuesday morning a man named Daniel Forran, was killed on the C.P.R. track at the Mile End station. He was in charge of some cattle belonging to a Mr. Hoyt, which were in a freight train, and by some means or other got on the track. The Ottawa express train was approaching; the driver whistled and applied brakes, but the unfortunate man was knocked down and killed. Deceased received a terrible wound on the back of his head which must have been the cause of his death. Mr. Hamilton, agent at Mile End, saw deceased bounding into the air and falling to the ground. On deceased's person were found a silver watch and $113, which will be handed to those lawfully authorized to receive them. Deceased belonged to Renfrew and leaves a wife and two children.

The Democrats have carried West Virginia, and the Republicans Ohio, in Monday's election. Had Ohio gone Democrat the election of Cleveland to the Presidency would have been certain. If he carries New York he is still sure of the election—and it is pretty certain he will.

BOOK NOTICE.

OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER is the title of an amusing and entertaining little book by HERMAN H. PITTS, author of "Sketches by Brother Jonathan," "Rustic Rambles," &c. The story begins with the introduction of the hero at the tender age of thirteen into the *Sanctum sanctorum* of the Swamptown *Era*, by his mother, who informed the editor that Joshua was a good boy, very good, but he had pleaded so hard to be an editor, that she was constrained to hand him over to his tender mercies to see what he could do with him.

As Joshua made his enterance to the printing office in company with the foreman, the gentle breezes of August were wafting the smoke from a rather low chimney opposite through the open window, and nearly blinding the compositors. It had been an even question among them as to which kind of death would be preferable—to be suffocated with the smoke, or roasted to death with heat; the advent of the foreman closed the argument in favor of roasting, so Joshua was sent to close down the window.

Whether it was the effect of the tears in his eyes, caused by the smoke or his too great zeal to be useful, it is impossible to say, but in rushing to the window his foot caught the corner of a poster form, locked in a chase, which was standing against a post, knocking it down and distributing it promiscuously underneath several type-stands. In his anxiety to avoid stepping on any of the scattering type, he bounced backwards, striking against a galley of nonpareil advertising matter, and piesing about half a column of it.

Joshua gazed serenely on the destruction his zeal had caused, and ejaculated that immortal sentence, "Well, I am blessed."

The foreman, an elderly gentleman, with an extensive spot of bald on his head, and a pair of weak eyes protected by old fashioned brass-rimmed spectacles, was over washing his hands at a stand in one corner of the room: Hearing the noise of the scattering type, he rushed in the direction of the window, and stumbled over a case of minion which was left on a chair while one of the hands was blowing out the dust from the boxes, upsetting the case and nearly breaking his neck.

Nothing abashed by the disturbance he had created, Joshua had made his way to the window without any further mishap other than overturning a kettle of paste, used for putting up posters, which began running over the floor in all directions. This, however, was of such small consequence that no attention was paid to it. After some difficulty he succeeded in putting down the window, breaking only one pane of glass with his elbow in the effort.

Without uttering a word the compositors, one by one, gently slid down from their high chairs, reached for their hats and coats, and silently filed out of the office, leaving the foreman still gazing at the pi on the floor and murmuring "Well! well!" in a dazed sort of a way. And glancing over our hero, from his boots upwards, said: "strange that one so young and innocent looking should be so destructive."

"Say, boss," said Joshua, "where have the other chaps gone to?"

"I suppose they have gone to drown their sorrow in the flowing bowl, or themselves in the river, but say, what in goodness name are you trying to do with that copy off the cases?"

"Goin' to wipe up this paste, in course! That ain't any good is it?"

"Well, I never! You just put that copy right back where you got it, and don't touch a thing until I tell you to. Now you move those feet of yours around most gently and work your way over in that dark corner, and you will find a pile of old papers, bring some of them here and we'll gather up this pi, and wipe up the paste. There is a consolation that the only thing there, is the newspaper press, and I doubt if you can knock that over."

Joshua went as he was bidden, and seeing a bunch of papers tacked together, and with a stick along the back, hanging on a nail in the rear of the press, he pulled them down, and lugged them over to the pile of pi on the floor, was just about to tear a number of them off the sticks, when the foreman glanced down at him.

"STOP!" he fairly yelled. "THAT IS OUR FILE! Great Scott! I never saw such a youngster as you in all my born days. If you keep on in this way you have started for another day, you will bust up the whole office. Go and hang those papers right up in the place you got them, and don't you lay your hands on them again. The papers you are to have are in a box in the corner."

With an injured look Joshua returned to the corner with the file, but as he had pulled out the nail holding them up, he had some trouble finding another. At last he spied one just over the wash-stand which had been used to hang the towel on, and he thereupon climed on the stand and essayed to hang the loop over the nail.

No sooner had Joshua got nicely balanced on it and ready to reach up with the papers, than it cared in and down he tumbled into a pail of dirty water, upsetting it and turning the wash-dish on his head, making a most unearthly clatter.

On hearing the racket, the foreman gave such a start that his spectacles flew off, and fell on the floor breaking the rim and one of the glasses. Hurriedly picking up the pieces, he rushed over to the corner exclaiming, "Hanged if he hasn't broken the old press after all! Dear me, dear me!"

The sight which showed up when he got around the type stand in line with the scene of carnage was so ludicrous that he had to stop and laugh, mad as he was. Joshua sat in the middle of a small lake of dirty water, pieces of the wash-stand on both sides of him, the basin in his lap, and grasping tightly the file in one hand, while with the other he was fishing a bar of "welcome" soap from between his vest and shirt, where it had fallen in his ignomenious decent.

"I'm glad it wasn't the old press anyway, as I have a kind of lingering horror of working the paper off on the hand press; but, my boy, as there seems to be a fatality about this morning, and as we have had sufficient excitement to last us for some time, suppose we close up shop and have some dinner."

Joshua extricated himself from his surroundings, and nothing loath, donned his coat and hat and departed for home, his ardor for the printing business, like his clothing, pretty well dampened.

The foregoing gives the reader a sample of what the book is.

LONDON, October 14.—The marriage of Miss Ida Theresa, daughter of Capt. Foote, U. S. Navy, to Lord Montague Paulet, son of the Marquis of Winchester, was celebrated to-day, Minister Lowell and a large and fashionable audience being present. Presents were numerous and costly. Queen Victoria sent an antique diamond bracelet and a gold breakfast service. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent a diamond necklace and an Indian shawl. The beauty of the American bride created a great sensation. Her entire trousseau was exclusively of American manufacture, and excited much admiration.

JEWS IN CANADA.

[From the London Canadian Gazette.]

Writing to the *Jewish Chronicle*, Mr. Samuel Montague, who, as our readers are aware, has recently been visiting the North American Continent, makes several references of Jewish matters in Canada. At Winnipeg he found that the Jewish residents seemed to be more observant as regards the Sabbath, and they have a synagogue which is well attended; also that many Russian Jews make a fair living in that city. There was no time to visit the colony two hundred miles further west, at a place called Moosomin, which Sir A. T. Galt settled in the early part of this year. At Winnipeg however, he saw some of the colonists, who were sanguine of success also many others who want to be settled on land. Going on to speak of Eastern Canada, he says:—"At Toronto there is a small congregation resisting innovations, and retaining our time-honored orthodox observances unimpaired. At Quebec the Jewish traders have mostly left the city, and the synagogue and school are closed. A very few families remain, who maintain a Russian refugee, M. Shochet. Montreal has two important congregations, Portuguese and German; but the synagogues are inadequate for the worshippers, and a new one appears to be necessary. A Reform Temple has been started, but it has attracted very few members. Many Russian Jews are doing well in this fine city."

The Birmingham Riot.

LONDON, October 14.—The morning papers contain columns of description of the scenes at the Birmingham riot last night. Referring to the affair editorially, the *Telegraph* says the people of Birmingham have disgraced themselves. They have repulsed their opponents by brutality, not by reason. Even the ordinary British spirit of fairness was wanting. The occurrence was simply shameful.

The *Daily News* says:—"Every one must regret the event. We are not surprised that such things should grow out of the existing state of affairs. Still we sincerely deplore the unseemingly exhibition of violence and cannot defend the people of Birmingham."

The *Standard* sneers with contempt at the idea that the riot at Birmingham has political significance. It declines to believe that it was more than a pre-arranged affair.

The *Times* records with regret such a serious and unwarrantable attempt to to abridge the right of meeting for public discussion, a right always held sacred in England. It considers the event a disgrace to English politics.

The damage to the Aston grounds in Birmingham from the attack of the Liberals upon the Conservatives, yesterday is heavy. The Conservatives propose to prosecute the Liberal leaders.

BIRMINGHAM, October 14.—At daylight the serious nature of the riot at Aston Grounds was revealed. There is a gap 8 feet wide in the wall where the mob rushed in towards the town hall, the skating rink and aquarium. The platform which the rioters twice demolished lies in the centre of the rink a wreck. All the chairs and doors were smashed to atoms. The hall looks as if it had been the scene of a dynamite explosion. The refreshment bars were looted and liquors drunk. The gas fittings were wrenched from the walls of the garden, and the flower beds destroyed.

Churchill to-day opened the charitable school bazaar. He was received with loud cheers, but some groans were heard.

He said he trusted his presence would produce no repetition of the vio lence of yesterday's organized gang. He deprecated that party to which John Bright belonged, which was infusing party spirit into national education.

THE QUEBEC EXPLOSION.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SUSPECTED PARTIES

QUEBEC, October 14.

There are new developments in this dynamite scare. In reference to the four suspected characters it turns out that they put up at a Mrs. Nolan's instead of a Mrs. Couture's, as before stated. The description of the men are as follows :—

No. 1—Stout, fair man, with an imperial moustache. He wore a hard hat and black coat, and was aged about 36 years.

No. 2—Was of medium height and was well dressed; his nose was slightly aquiline, and he was aged about 40 years.

No. 3—Was beardless, and was about 28 to 30 years of age.

No. 4—Was quite a young man of prepossessing appearance; dark complexioned and aged about 21. He wore a black suit, and hat to match.

The first individual arrived on Thursday, the 2nd of October, at 7 p. m. The only baggage they had was a carpet bag. The fourth man, or the one last described, arrive and joined the three former on the 8th of October at about 7 p. m. He brought with him a black leather bag, the one before mentioned as being so heavy. Their demeanor was very singular, without bordering on the sinister. They all occupied the same room, in which were two double beds, Mrs. Nolan, not understanding the English language could not make anything out of their conversations. The first three stangers seemed to have all their linen on their person, and they were necessitated to remain in their room while the boarding lady washed what linen they had taken off. They were in the habit of paying for each meal as they partook of it, and also of paying for their beds each morning. On Thurday last the youngest of the party left, taking with him the heavy valise before mentioned, and did not afterwards return. They all seemed to be well supplied with American money, which, it seems, they had some difficulty in getting exchanged to Canadian money to pay for their board. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Dion, guardian of the Quebec Central depot at Levi, stated that he had on Friday heard these individuals above mentioned speaking in reference to the intended explosion in front of the station, and that he at once communicated what he had heard to the police of Quebec and Levis.

Several visitors have of late been to our mines—many experienced miners among them—and they all say that the Des Lievres valley is destined to be the California of the Dominion.

Mr W. A. Alloh, is expected here to-morrow accompanied by an eminent Irish geologist who came out with the English scientists. They will visit the Emraid and Little Rapid phosphate mines.

Portugal is founding a new colony in in South Africa, and Austria is sending thither a noted explorer as consul general.

Of twenty millions handled by the American Board of Foreign Missions it is said that not one dollar has been misappropriated.

There has been a disastrous storm in Iceland, nearly eighty vessels being lost, besides many lives.

Hon. Mr. Masson has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, to take effect the 7th of November.

The Scott Act petition for the county of Lanark has been filed.

Sir William Dawson has been elected president and Montreal selected as the next place of meeting by the Protestant Teachers' association.

General Gordon has recaptured Berber, which will enable Col. Kitchener to communicate with him and may lead to the abandonment of the Khartoum expedition.

A grant of £10,000 per annum will shortly be asked for Prince Victor of Wales, which the radicals threaten to oppose.

Joseph Boudne has been called to the Senate for the Lauzon division in place of the late Senator Pozer.

Six men have been killed and fifteen injured by a train running into a washout near Bayfield, Minn.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—The nomination in Megantic for the Local House takes place on the 22nd of this month.

The writs for the County of Beauce are issued, the nomination is fixed for the 24th, and the voting for the 31st of this month.

TORONTO, October 13.—The Toronto Temperance Electoral Union decided to-night to start subscription lists to carry on the Scott Act contest in Toronto.

It is said that Jno. Page, Government Engineer, is preparing an estimate for the raising of the banks of the Welland canal two feet so as to allow large steamers on the upper lake to pass through the same without unloading part of their cargo at Port Colbourne.

—The Sun is rapidly winning its way into the hearts of the people. They say it is so cheery and good natured that it helps digestion.—*Ottawa Sun.*

The Scott Act was carried in Stanstead, Que., by 260 majority—also in West Simcoe by over 1,200 majority.

The Liberals of the City of Glasgow have resolved to erect a statue to Mr. Gladstone.

Seventy-nine fishing and trading boats, with their crews, were lost in a hurricane in Iceland, September 11th.

The heavy rains and floods, and the maintenance of cholera cordons and lazzarettos, are paralyzing trade throughout Spain. The working classes are suffering greatly.

With all the restrictive and proscriptive legislation Congress may see fit to father, it will not be the easiest thing in the world to wholly shut out the Chinese who want to come to the United States. They have been swarming down across the border from British Columbia, and all efforts to bar them out at that point have only met with partial success. It is human nature to wish to do what one is told we cannot do. There is a good deal of human nature in a Chinaman—likewise a good deal of ingenuity. The latest way they have taken of clambering over Uncle Sam's Chinese wall is to come via Cuba. There they become naturalized and procure passports for a small sum, and when they reach New York as Spanish citizens, despite their pigtails and almond eyes; our Government is helpless. The Chinese problem, as it regards our future relations with them, is by no means settled.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

—It is rumored that the visit of the Canadian Premier, Sir John Macdonald, to England will result in an arrangement whereby the West India Colonies will be admitted into the Dominion of Canada. In an interview Lord Derby stated that the home Government would acquiese in such a proposition.

The United States commissioner of public lands says in his official report that the time is near at hand when the country will have no public lands to invite settlement. Last year over 27,000,000 acres were disposed of.

MR. A. DESJARDINS, M. P. for Hochelaga, has been called to the Senate, in place of Hon. Mr. Masson, appointed Lt. Governor of Quebec.

A SONGWRITER'S SAD DEATH.—Matt O'Reardon, the popular song writer, died in the charity ward of the City Hospital, Louisville, Ky., on Monday night, of drink and dissipation. He was almost alone at the time, and has been there for a year an object of charity and pity. He has haunted the lowest saloons, playing the piano for beer, and part of the time he has been in the hospital recovering from debauches. It is said that he once paid court to a well known opera singer, and her refusal to marry him started him on his career of dissipation five years ago. His song, "My Dream of Love is O'er," was written to commemorate the disappointment. He proved unreliable in his professional engagements and gradually became almost lost to the stage, appearing occasionally of late years at concert halls, cheap variety shows and benefits only. He was born in Ireland and was about forty-five years of age. Among the beautiful songs he has written, which were sung in every clime are, "Gathering shells by the Sea Shore," "Only an Ivy Leaf," "Marriage Bells," and many others. Manager J. H. Whallen, of the Grand Theatre, had interested himself in the unfortunate man, and almost simultaneously with the receipt of the telephone message announcing his death Mr. Whallen also received a letter from the secretary of the actor's fund, New York, authorizing him to draw on the fund for money to supply the wants of O'Reardon, who died without the knowledge of the kind act on the part of his professional brethern.—*New York Herald Oct. 8th.*

Should Wolseley be successful in Egypt it will be a terrible set back to the old fogies and papers of England, that are specially devoted to military matters. While the French and Germans have laughed at the expedition, that portion of the English press controlled by military men, has been even more severe in its condemnation of the undertaking, and has done everything in its power to bring it into ridicule. As a soldier Wolseley is a man of revolutionary ideas. He has upset and abandoned the old system, and has adopted a system of his own. Therefore the old heads are wild with envy and green with jealousy. Should he come back victorious we shall probably hear the last of the grumbling.

BIRTH.

MCDOWELL.—At Lachute, on the 11th inst., the wife of the Rev. J. V. McDowell, B. A. of a son.

DEATH.

VAUX.—At Burlington, Ont., on the 29th Sept., Margaret Marshall, relict of the late Thos Vaux, of the House of Commons' staff, in the 76th year of her age.

S. CARSLEY'S—DRESS GOODS —DEPARTMENT—

The following Dress Goods can be bought at S. CARSLEY'S.

Colored French Cashmere,
Colored French Merinos,
New Serge (Produit de Roubaix).
Colored Cashmere (Broche).
Camels Hair Serge.
Ottoman Cloth (4ayer).
Scotch Homespun,
French Poplin (all wool).
American Suiting (Striped).
West of England Serge.
Paris Cloth (fine make).
Ladies' Cloth (new shades).
Flannel Suiting.
Limoux Homespun.
Spotted Flannel.
Silk and Wool Mixtures.
Winter Beiges.
Drap Foule.
Fancy Granite.
Plain Granite.
Cashmere Oude.
Satin Rees.
Queen's Cord.
Ladies' Cloth.
Serges.
&c, &c.

S. CARSLEY, MONTREAL

Ladi ties' Colored Jersey Cashmere Gloves. Ladies' Black Jersey Cashmere Gloves Lined, 65c pair.
S. CARSLEY'S.

Ladies Colored Jersey Thread Gloves. Heavily Lined, 25c pair.
S. CARSLEY'S.

Ladies' Colored Jersey Thread Gloves. Fancy Cuffs, 25c pair.
S. CARSLEY'S

GLOVE DEPARTMENT!
S. CARSELEY'S

Children's Colored Jersey Cashmere Gloves,
Children's Black Jersey Cashmere Gloves, fine quality, from 1 to 6.
S. CARSLEY'S

Children's Colored Jersey Cashmere Gloves.
Children's Black Jersey Cashmere Gloves, heavy make, from 1 to 6.
S. CARSLEY'S

Boys' Stout Gloves, from 20c to 25c pair.
Boys' fine Ringwood Gloves, all sizes.
S. CARSLEY'S.

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

Vital Questions!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"*Some form of Hops!!!*"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu!!!*"

Ask the same physicians

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy, !!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scorfula.

Erysipelas!

"Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, acid, in fact, almost all diseases frail" Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the know world.

☞ Non genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable.

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such as wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is unvaried in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

DANCING!

PROF. C. W. DURKEE, OF MONTREAL, will open a class for instruction in *dancing*, on the Evening of Nov. 13 h, 1884, in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute.

ALSO

In the TOWN HALL, at St. Andrews, on Wednesday Evening Nov. 12, 1884.

TERMS:—FOR THE COURSE 18 NIGHTS Ladies, $4 00, Gentlemen $8,00.

Hours of practice, from 7.45 to 11.

7—6in

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Municipality of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil.

To the Inhabitants of the Municipality of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by GAVIN J. WALKER, Secretary-Treasurer, that the list of Jurors, qualified to act as Grand and Petit Jurors in this Municipality, has been made out in duplicate and deposited in my office, and that the same will be submitted to the Municipal Council of this Municipality for approval, at a general session thereof to be held in the Council Room in the Court House, Lachute, in said Municipality, on MONDAY THE THIRD DAY OF THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER NEXT, at the HOUR of three of the clock in the afternoon.

Given at Lachute aforesaid, this fifteenth day of the month of October, eighteen hundred and eighty-four.

GAVIN J. WALKER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

7—2-in.

WANTED a resident Agent in every Village, Town and City of the Dominion, also, a few Travellers to sell our new GAS MACHINES, for making AIR GAS 50 per cent. cheaper than coal gas, equally as GOOD. No FIRE or Power required. Made in all sizes from 15 BURNERS to 1,000, for PRIVATE HOUSES, STORES, HOTELS, Factories, Mills, Street-, Mines, etc., address:

THE CANADIAN AIR GAS MACHINE MFG. CO
115 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

SCHOLASTIC MUNICIPALITY OF THE Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS who may be indebted in any sum or sums of money for the support of the Schools of the above Municipality at this date, are requested to make payment of the same to the undersigned on or before the twenty-first day of November, 1884, otherwise Legal Proceedings will be instituted against them.

By order
GAVIN J. WALKER.
Sec.-Treasurer Mun. St. Jerusalem d'Argent.
Lachute, Oct. 6th, 1884. 6-tfn.

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.

19-1m.

HEARSES.

AN UNDERTAKER going out of business wishes a qualified person to purchase his plant and start in the same line, either at Lachute, L'Orignal or Vankleek Hill.

One large and one small HEARSE, purposely built for country roads, a most new, in perfect order, recently painted and richly decorated. Horse nets, two sets of plumes, &c.

Easy terms and moderate interest provided payment be secured by first-class security.

Address M. L. F.,
Post Office Box, 141,
Hull, P. Que.

35-tf

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.

R. G. MEIKLE.

Lachute, April 3th, 1884. 35-tf

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.

18lbs. SUGAR
FOR
$1.00
AT THE
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
ST. ANDREWS.
C. T. WALES & Co.

A TEA DEPARTMENT.—New crop Japans in half Chests and Caddies, to be sold at a small advance on cost.—3lbs. fine Japan for $1 00.

18lbs. Coarse grained Muscovada for $1.00.

Large assortments of FALL GOODS opened out at unprecedented low prices at the PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,—St. Andrews.

J. & A. LOWE

BEG to inform the public they have received their new stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

also a new stock of good Mantle Cloaths and Velveteens for Suites; Ulsters, Dolmans, Mantles, Fur-trimmings &c.

Lachute, 18th Sept., 1884.

W. A. WEIR,
(Of the firm of Quinn & Weir,)

COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ATTORNEY, COMMISSIONER &c.

181 St. James Street, Montreal.

Attention given to all Civil and Criminal matters. 4-1y

LACHUTE FLOUR MILLS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR

Strong Bakers Flour Guaranteed	$2.80
Manitoba Bread Flour	2.30
Lower Grade Flour	2.15

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. n251y

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

STOVES FOR COAL OR WOOD.

A large stock of first class HALL COAL STOVES, ALSO COOK STOVES of every Description on HAND.

PLOWS.

The celebrated No. 8 STEEL MOULD PLOW has no equal.

THRESHING MILLS, GREYS PATENT the best in the Market.

McQUAT & McRAE.

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,

ST. ANDREWS, P. Q.

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

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.

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

Watchmaker and Photographer,
Main Street, Lachute.

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.

GRINDSTONE,
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.

TAPE WORM.

An Eminent German Scientist has recently discovered from a root extract, an *absolute specine* 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.

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Darling.—Prof. C. W. Durkee.
Public Notice.—G. J. Walker.
Dress Goods.—S. Ca'sley.
Olds' Patent Thresher.—A. Larmonth.
Lachute Fair.—R. G. Melkle.

LOCAL.

There's a little flower growing
In a mossy, shaded spot,
That is within the woodland,
'Tis the sweet forget-me-not.

These are words from a simple song, which, with seven others, comes to us for notice from the well known publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston. The titles and prices are here given.

The sweet Forget me-not, (30 cts.) by W. S. (Wilcox.
My Darling and I, (30 cts.) by H. Portet.
Lieut. Greely's Return March, (50 cts.) With portrait by R. Goerdeler.
Little Dove Polka Mazurka, (30 cts.) by Car Faust
Char t d'Amour Etude, (35 cts.) by H. Behrens
Fantine Galop, (50 cts.) by Launce Knight.
Melodie for Piano, (35 cts.) by Zoekwar.
Fragment from Nussknacker, (25 cts.) 4 hand piece by Reinecke.

LACHUTE FAIR!

THE ANNUAL FAIR will be held at LACHUTE, on THURSDAY, the 23rd Oct., 1884.

Lachute, Oct 13th, 1884.

Costiveness is the cause of the intolerable "bad breath" of multitudes. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters remove the cause and prevent the evil, and cost only 25 cents.

We are now experiencing fall weather. The leaves are falling off the trees fast. The wind blows cold, and over-coats are again in requisition.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is the best remedy known for stiff joints.

It is rumored that Wm. Owens, Esq., M. P. P. for Argenteuil, is about being called upon to take a portfolio in the Quebec ministry. He would unquestionably make a good administrator of any office he may be called on to fill.

The history of Downs' Elixir is identified with the history of New England for the last fifty years. It cures coughs and colds.

We would remind our readers that the County ploughing match this year comes off on the farm of Mr. Robert Crozier, Jerusalem, on the 23rd inst.

We are pleased to observe that Mr. Thomas Barron has ditched and rounded the street opposite his residence, making a good road of it. We trust his example will be followed by others. Our streets need this kind of improvement very much.

DESTROY THE WORMS or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms.

AMERICAN HUNTERS.—Already these robbers of our forests of deer and other game have made their appearance. Five of these gentry are gone up the Ottawa on a hunting expedition. They should not be allowed to slaughter and carry away by wholsale hundreds of our deer every year. If they are allowed to go on, soon, very soon we will have no game left in our woods, either of deer or anything else. These poachers on our preserves have pretty bountifully supplied the American Market every year for some time and, it is high time the Law was put in force against them.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Itching Piles, Ringworm Eruptions, and all skin diseases, use Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap.

Lieut. Col. Cotton of A Battery, Quebec, is of opinion that some other explosives than that of gunpowder was used in the attempt to blow up the Parliament Buildings, and that it was fired by means of a detonator timed by clock work—in other words an infernal machine; it is believed they must have been placed in position during Friday night.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other medicine.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.
5-1y.

A Successful Result.

Mr. Bloomer, of Hamilton, Ont., suffered for many years with a painful running sore upon one of his legs, which baffled all attempts to heal until he used Burdock Blood Bitters, which speedily worked a perfect cure.

The Manitoba captains for the Nile expedition, have gone to New York. They will sail from there by the Star Line.

No Matter.

No matter where pain, lameness or soreness exists, Hagyard's Yellow Oil taken or applied will give immediate relief, and a positive cure quickly follows its use.

P. Panet, barrister of Ottawa, son of Lieut. Col. Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia, has been sent to Paris, France, by parties in Montreal on professional business in connection with an important matter shortly to come up before the French Courts.

Prompt Measures.

Prompt means should be used to break up sudden cold—and cure coughs in their early stages. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam does this most speedily and effectually.

We are requested to state that the Methodist parsonage property will be sold by public auction on Thursday next, the 23rd inst., at two o'clock, P. M., on the ground

An Agreeable Surprise

Those who try Burdock Blood Bitters as a regulator of the bowels, or to purify the blood and aid digestion, regulate the liver and kidneys, or strengthen tired nature, are agreeably surprised at the prompt benefit derived.

We are informed that a concert is about to take place in Victoria Hall, Lachute, under the auspices of St. Simeon's Church. One of the principal attractions of the evening will be the "Lachute Industries," taking in every branch of trade now in process in Lachute. —See posters next week.

A Decided Hit.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil touches the right spot every time when applied for rheumatism, neuralgia, pain, soreness or lameness, and internally for colds, sore throat, etc., it is equally infallible.

Two American sportsmen were hunting last week in the Upper Ottawa district when one accidently shot the other in the leg, dangerously injuring him.

FOR CROUP.—Wet some cotton wool or flannel with the Pain Eradicator and apply to the throat and chest. Wet some sugar with it and mix with about as much butter, and take about the size of a hazel nut every fifteen minutes till the breathing becomes free, and occasional doses until well. Heat well the soles of the feet at the fire, or bathe them in warm water and apply the Pain Eradicator to them.

We have received a copy of the Montreal *Times*, recently started by Mr. James Stewart, late of the *Herald*. It is a neatly got up paper ably edited—its politics liberal. Mr. Stewart being so long and favorably known to the public we have no doubt his journal will have a wide circulation.

Mrs. Quinn, of this village, had a very valuable cow choked to death on Monday last.

YE OLDE FOLKES CONCERT of last Thursday evening was a financial success. This the supporters and patrons will be pleased to learn. Expenses $29.00, income $80.00, Net profit $59.00. Considering the few from outside of Lachute who attended, this profit is encouraging. The expenses were lessened very much by the liberality of several friends.

The performance was an unqualified success. Where all did so well it is unnecessary to criticise in detail. Still much of the success in rendering the performance is due to the Managing Committee. Mr. and Mrs. Francis directed the musical part, and Mistresses Wells and Leggo, the dress department. These were heartily and patiently supported by the entire company.

The company is sure of a hearty reception whenever and as soon as ever they choose to favor the Public with another such entertainment. We understand this hope will not be disappointed as the "company" are adding to the number and forming a "Lachute Choral Union."

There are only two regrets, one that the programme was too short. The other that the Refreshment Hall was not more liberally patronised. The tables were as good in their furnishings as the stage. We are glad to add that the audience was sent away delighted.

The "Odd Fellows" kindly lent their cosy hall for the supper, free. This was a kindness indeed. Messrs. Simpson & Kerr, gave $4.00 towards the advertising and Mr. Barron returns half the rental of the Hall.

P. S.—Mr. Knowles wishes here to acknowledge the hearty cooperation of all who have by their kindness enabled him to merit in full the financial object for which the concert was held, and to enjoy such pleasant interconrse.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

NATIONAL PILLS purifies the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

MR. CUTHBERT, M. P. for Berthier, has been appointed a Legislative Councillor of Quebec, in place of Hon. Mr. Masson. It may be stated that Mr. Masson was a member of both the Dominion Senate and the Legislative Council.

Numbers of men are leaving for the woods to work at the shanties during the approaching winter. The wages generally paid are: Hewers, $20 to $22 per month; markers, $22 to $24; liners, $25; broadaxemen, $34 to $40.

A Safe Investment.

Investing twenty-five cents for a bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best throat and lung healer known. Cures coughs, bronchitis, asthma and all pulmonary complaints.

ANTOINETTE, P. Q., Oct. 9th, 1884.

DEAR SIR.—I have a white Yorkshire sow pig two years old on the 10th October. She has raised three litters—34 pigs—and had her fourth on the 7th inst., of 10, making 44 all told in two days less than two years! Who can beat it?

Yours truly,
C. BOON.

NEWSPAPER CHANGES.—The *Gazette* of of Monday says:—"It is was reported yesterday that a syndicate, which includes amongst its members Messrs. Hugh Graham, George Wallace and P. D. Ross, have definitely arranged for the purchase of the Montreal *Herald*, and it is expected that the new management will assume control about the first of next month."

For Bakings of all kinds use only Fleischmann & Co.'s compressed yeast. Fresh every day. For sale by HUGH FRASER.

The Railway Question

Mr. Mackintosh has at last come to terms with the Canadian Pacific Railway and now although the latter company could have built the road on its own charter, still seeing that the Colonization Railway had located the best line and had priority of claim it was deemed prudent to come to an amicable arrangement, which it is said has now been consummated.

Rumor has it that Mr. Jas. MacLaren, our millionaire lumber king, is most anxious to have the road run on the west side of the DesLievres and has offered the right of way at a nominal figure, and also gives the bridge which he built about two years ago if the Company accede to his desires. This would be unfortunate for the miners who all own wharves via the east side of the river together with derricks, and hoisting machinery for unloading their barges. What the outcome will be is difficult to determine, but that the road will be in operation before the end of the year is decided upon.

A Pure Yeast. No Chemicals. Use only Fleischmann & Co.'s. For sale by HUGH FRASER.

The Winnipeg *Sun*, a liberal-independent newspaper, says:—The *Globe* is determined to identify itself prominently as one of the eastern papers to which the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie referred as showing a disposition to dilate too much on the unfavorable aspects of this country. This spirit is shown in the readiness with which it quoted articles appearing in Winnipeg newspapers referring to possible damage to the crops in consequence of the long spell of wet weather with which we were unfortunately visited. The *Sun* was one of the newspapers from which our contemporary was pleased to quote. Will it please take note of the fact that we have had fully ten days of beautiful autumn weather, entirely free from frost, that the crop is now almost all in stack, and that the damage is inconsequential. There is no doubt as to the success of the Manitoba harvest for 1884."

For Bakings of all kinds use only Fleischmann & Co's unrivalled compressed Yeast. For sale by HUGH FRASER.

ANOTHER BRANCH LINE.

In addition to the extension of the Manitoba Southwestern and of the Manitoba & Northwestern Railways next season, which the free grant of 6,400 acres of land per mile assures, an important branch line will be constructed from Medicine Hat to the coal mines on the Belly River. This gratifying information comes from London, where Sir Alex Galt, one of the principal promoters of the Northwestern Coal & Navigation Company now is, that company having decided on the immediate construction of 107 miles of railway from Medicine Hat at the crossing of the South Saskatchewan to its property at the Belly river, with Fort McLeod, some twenty-seven miles further west, as its objective point. The Dominion government has granted a subsidy of some 2,000 acres per mile to the company to aid in the building of the line, the company paying the cost of the land survey which will amount to about ten cents an acre. There is a double importance attaching to this new branch road. It will not only open up a fine agricultural district and place Fort McLeod, the centre of the grazing country, in direct rail connection with the Canadian Pacific, but by developing the coal deposits on the Belly River it will reduce the cost of fuel throughout the whole Northwest, and so promote the interests of settlers. The *Canadian Gazette* points out that the deposits underlying the coal districts which this railway will tap, have been ascertained to range from 4,500,000 to as much as 9,000,000 tons per square mile. The company has already supplied by water carriage several thousand tons to the Canadian Pacific railway at Medicine Hat, in addition to considerable quantities for immediate local consumption. The absence of land transport, however, greatly retards a development of the mines, commensurate with the requirements of the prairie settlements to the east and of the Pacific company. The lay of the seams is reported to be so favorable that the output will be limited only by the means of conveyance available. The company propose to finish the first section of the line to the mines by the coming spring, as there are no serious engineering difficulties to be encountered. —*Gazette*.

THE FIRST SAW MILL.

The first saw mill in England was erected by a Dutchman, near London in 1663, but the determined hostility of the hand sawyers to the new machinery caused the mill to be abandoned shortly after its completion. More than a century elapsed before another was erected, but in 1767, a London timber merchant named Houghton built one at Limehouse, which was driven by wind. The work was under the direction of James Stanfield, who was sent by Mr. Houghton to Holland to study the construction and management of sawing machinery. As soon as the mill was completed a mob assembled and destroyed it. The owner being indemnified by the government, and the principal rioters having been punished, a second mill was built and allowed to work without further molestation.—*Ex.*

A Hero's Wife.

The wife of Lieutenant Greely is described as follows: She possesses a face and figure of such remarkable beauty that they attract the attention and arouse the admiration of the most unconcerned. She is apparently about thirty years of age, tall and slender. Her complexion is dark, and her hair and large luminous eyes are as black as a raven's wing. On her regular and well-cut features are traces of care and sadness, caused by three years of uncertainty as to the fate of her husband. "My family," she said to a reporter, "gave up my husband as lost a long time ago, and tried to convince me that further hope was useless; but though I have worn mourning for several months past, I could never convince myself that I was in reality a widow. You see, my wifely instinct was correct, for my husband is returned to me safe and sound, and I hope never to leave his side again."

MISCELLEANOUS.

Six Russian army officers have been sentenced to death for nihilism.

The anti-clericals at Seneczilles, Belgium, have been riotously demonstrating.

Portland, Oregon, merchants threaten to boycott the Northern Pacific railway.

El Mahdi is gathering a force to invest Khartoum and starve the garrison.

The Turkish mail has been robbed by brigands near Ishmaid and £62,000 carried off.

The population of Ottawa has increased 3,000 in the past year.

Over 5,000 men are now working on the Quebec and Lake St. John railway.

The meridian conference at Washington has adopted Mr. Standford Fleming's system of universal time.

The Quebec explosions grow more mysterious. The president of the Irish National League has written a letter declaiming any connexion with the affair.

The Papal nuncio has been expelled from Brazil.

The Panama rebels captured a British tug and an armed steamer.

It is stated that America will send a delegate to the Congo conference and will support England.

General Delisle has advised the French government that reinforcements are absolutely necessary in Tonquin.

On Friday and Saturday last the French gained a great victory in Tonquin. The Chinese loss was very heavy.

Latest advices from the Soudan indicate that Col. Stewart may still be alive and well.

Not since 1840 has there been such interest taken in Ohio elections as in the present one.

Thieves on Saturday night robbed several farm houses in the vicinity of Brussels, Ont., tying up the occupants.

The occupation of the New Guinea coast by Great Britian was decided upon after consultation with Germany.

General Wolseley is collecting a large camel force and is thought to contemplate a march across the desert to Berber.

In a speech on Saturday Lord Salisbury severely attacked the proposed redistribution scheme, as given by the *Standard*.

The liberals at Birmingham, on the 13th broke up a meeting called by the conservatives to discuss the franchise question.

A lad of 17 has been arrested in connection with the Cleveland incendiaries and has made a confession.

Eight St. Lawrence River summer hotelkeepers have been fined at Watertown for illegal liquor selling.

The republicans have carried Ohio by a large majority, and the democrats have retained West Virginia.

The French chambers opened on the 14th the ministry introducing a large credit for the Tonquin campaign expenses.

A provincial convention of women's temperance unions was held yesterday in Toronto.

The first shipment of northwest grain, via the C. P. R. steamers, was received in Toronto on the 14th.

The Ottawa City Council have gone to Toronto as a delegation on the wards division question.

Mr. P. Lemay, librarian of the provincial parliament, is to be indemnified for the loss of his books in the late fire.

The excitement at Quebec in regard to the parliament house explosions has decreased. The police are looking for the four mysterious strangers.

The Catholic mission at Yokohama refuses to bury the late Belgian minister because he was a freemason.

The government reward for the detection of the Quebec dynamiters has been increased to $1,000.

England will participate in the Congo conference provided the business is confined to questions only affecting the Congo commerce.

Britain's supremacy in maritime matters has been recognized by the adoption of Greenwich by the prime meridian conference at Washington.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad offers a large commission to steamships on immigration fares which threatens to break up the immigration pool.

Queen Victoria wants the Prince of Wales to be enabled to participate in the conferences of European sovereigns.

Gladstone is reported to have made an alliance with the Irish party, by which they agree to support the franchise bill.

There was a panic in the Pittsburg oil market on the 14th inst., owing to the heavy output of new wells. The market fell from 66c to 61c.

If the British government will not accede to the requests of the Irish party they will abstain from voting on the franchise question.

Cyrus W. Field exhibits with pride a piece of the cable of 1858, which was the first cable laid across the Atlantic, but which failed after 393 messages had been transmitted through it.

An English firm has begun the manufacture of casks and barrels of steel. They are lighter than wood and of course more durable.

An old bachelor says that he received a basket of peaches that looked as though pretty girls had watched their growth and tinted them with their blushes.

The burning of the Third Presbyterian Church at Chicago is attributed to smokers in the organ loft.

The Scott Act is to be submitted in Quebec shortly.

A Roman Catholic bishop, at the head of a procession of his clergy and people, on the 14th inst., proceeded to Westminster Abbey, where they prayed for the conversion of England to the ancient faith.

PARIS, October 14.—The Chambers opened to-day. The Minister of War introduced a credit of 10,800,000 francs for the expenses of the operations in Tonquin for the last three months of the present year. The Minister also introduced a bill for the organization of a colonial army.

AN ALARMING DISEASE AFFLICTING A NUMEROUS CLASS.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system; and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous matter about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pains in the side and back? Is there a fulness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this insidious disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be perserved in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigle's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market-place, Pocklington, York,
October 2nd, 1884.

SIR.—Being a sufferer for many years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medecine I ever took, and should advise any one suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) R. Turner.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

St. Mary-street, Peterborough,
November 2 th, 1881.

SIR.—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

Hensingham, Whitehaven Oct. 16th, 1882.
Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir.—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
15 h August, 1883. John H. Lightfoot.

Dear Sir.—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and dec ared Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. Webb,
Mr. White. Chemist Calne.
September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir.—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "O deend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist,
To Mr. A. J. White. Merthyr Tydvil.
Preston, Sept. 21st, 1881.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, (Signed) W. Bowker.
To A. J. White, Esq.

—Messrs. Fawcett, the great stock raisers of Sackville, N. B., has arrived in Ottawa with twenty car loads of cattle for ranching purposes. Messrs. Fawcett are to deliver the cattle on contract with a company of English capitalists.

Two explosions, ascribed to dynamite, occurred at the new parliament buildings at Quebec on Saturday, doing damage, the amount of which is estimated as high as $25,000. The perpetrators are unknown and no reason can be ascribed for the crime.

The Quebec *Chronicle* is inclined to ascribe Saturday's explosion to the work of a lunatic, personal interest or private revenge. The *Telegraph* asserts it is to be the outcome of some discontented element about the government offices.

General Gordon is reported at Sensar fighting the rebels.

The Boers, it is reported, will withdraw their claims to Bechuanaland.

An Oshawa man has been awarded $580 damages for injuries received while being initiated into the mysteries of Oddfellowship.

The total revenue of the Dominion Government in the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1884, was $32,903,215, and the total expenditure $31,185,342, leaving a surplus of $1,716,873.

Judge Jette gave judgment on Monday morning in the Lynam case. The decision was a long and elaborate one, reviewing the case very thoroughly, and decided that a further examination of Mrs. Lynam must be made by Dr. Vallee, of Beauport Asylum, Dr. Bucke, of the London Lunatic Asylum, and Dr. Metcalfe, of the Kingston Asylum, are to be associated with Dr. Vallee in the examination to test the sanity of Mrs. Lynam at the expense of the province. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will agree as to the state of that unfortunate woman's mind.

LONDON, October 14.—The Amoy correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that the defeat of Admiral Lespes and the French fleet at Tamsui is confirmed. The Chinese by hiding in the brushwood suffered six hundred of the French forces to land and come within easy range before they appeared. The Chinese general Tso then led the attack in the rear of the French, who became panic stricken. The Chinese forces killed seventy men and captured one gun. They also beheaded twenty-two French corpses, but desisted from further mutilation upon the protest of the British consul. The Chinese lost two hundred killed and wounded. The fighting lasted five hours, at the end of which the French retired to their boats.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$1 40
Cabbage, per doz. 20 to 40c.	
Carrots, per bag 50 to 60c.	
Onions, per bushel $1 to $1.25.	
Turnips, per bag 30 to 40c.	
Eggs, per dozen	0 18
Butter, 20 to 22cts. per lb.	
Cheese per lb.	0 10
Honey, in Comb, per lb. 15 to 18c.	
Strained Honey, per lb.	0 15
Spring Chickens 40cts. to 60cts. per pair	
Fowls from 40cts. to 60cts.	
Partridge, per pair 30cts	
Pork " $7.50 to $8 per hundred.	
Oats, per bushel	0 40
Flour, per 100 lbs $3.00 to $3.50 (selling Price)	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	3 00
Wheat, " "	1 20
Hay per ton	$6 to $7

—Snow fell on the 10th throughout Derbyshire and Staffordshire, England.

Olds' Patent

TWO-HORSE POWER

AND

THRESHER

AND

WOOD SAWING MACHINES,

The sale of which is

YEARLY INCREASING

AND ARE NOW

THE MOST

POPULAR IN USE.

Frost & Wood's

Celebrated Plow

WROUGHT IRON BEAM,

STEEL MOULD BOARD

SPECIAL ATTENTION

IS CALLED

TO THE

No. 8 PLOW.

HONEY FANNING MILL,

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STOVES!

The Famous Royal Hall Stove,

THE ROYAL

HAS NO RIVAL,

BUT MANY IMITATIVES,

THOUSANDS IN USE,

AND EVERY POSSESSOR

HAPPY.

The ROYAL with OVEN has been a decided success. All Royal Ovens guaranteed to bake, boil and broil equally well at the same time.

ALEX. LARMONTH,
Foundry Street, Lachute.

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,
Biliousness, 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.
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The best place in
MONTREAL.
TO BUY
Dry Goods
AND
CARPETS,
IS AT
Leggat & Hamilton's,
1883 & 1885 Notre Dame Street.

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

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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., 115 Washington St
Chicago, Ill.

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 1884.

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,
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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. Greatness absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

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 speciall 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
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All Chronic Diseases
and cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Debility, Sterility, &c. Send for circulars 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 TREMONT ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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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Lachute Woolen Mills.
Agents for the Counties of Prescott and Argenteuil.

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 attention to his patrons.

JAMES CURRY,
55 Proprietor.

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 $21.25, $30, $35, $36, $38, $40, $50, $60, $70, $80, $90, $100, and up to $150 according to style of frame and covering. Our new style of Cluster Set at $150 is selling faster than ever as compared with since we reduced the price from $175 to $150. Our Chamber Suites from $25, $30, $35, $40, $45, $50, $60, $75, $80, $90, $110, and up to $150 are also acknowledged the best value, quality considered. Our stock of Hair Cloths, Carriages from $12, $14, $16, $18, $20, $25, $30, and up to $60 and $65, Rugs, with moveable bonny top of rattan, upholstered with prime moreen satin, and all iron extra picked plated, warranted the best and most polished in present use, marked in plain figures, subject to a 5 per cent. discount for cash. Send no goods and at the price at our oldest jacks are judged by all the most reliable houses in the trade with a full guarantee of being as represented. A call at our old number, 7, 9 and 11 Notre Dame street West, corner of McGill street, will assure to all the best value, by leaving their orders at GWYN MCGARVEY & SON'S

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 BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER V.

The two men kept their secret. Mr. Poindexter convinced Mrs. Tucker that the sale of *Los Cuervos* could not be effected i the notoriety of her husband's flight been fairly forgotten, and she was forced to accept her fate. The sale of her diamonds, which seemed to her to have realized a singularly extravagant sum, enabled her to quietly reinstate the Pattersons in the *tienda*, and to discharge in full her husband's liabilities to the *ranchero* and his humble retainers.

Meanwhile the winter rains had ceased. It seemed to her as if the clouds had suddenly one night struck their white tents and stolen away, leaving the unvanquished sun to mount the vacant sky the next morning alone, and possess it thenceforward unchallenged. One afternoon she thought the long and waste before her window had caught some tint of gayer color from the sunset; a week later she found it a blazing landscape of poppies, broken here and there by blue lagoons of lupine, by pools of daisies, by banks of dog roses, by broad outlying shores of dandelions that scattered their lavish gold to the foot of the hills, where the green billows of wild oats carried it on and upward to the darker crest of pines. For two months she was dazzled and bewildered with color. She had never before been face to face with this spendthrift Californian Flora, in her virgin wastefulness—her more than goddesslike prodigality. The teeming earth seemed to quicken and throb beneath her feet; the few circuits of a plough around the outlying *corral* were enough to call out a jungle growth of giant grain that almost hid the low walls of the *hacienda*. In this glorious fecundity of the earth, in this joyous renewal of life and color, in this opulent youth and freshness of soil and sky it alone remained—the dead and sterile Past—left in the midst of buoyant rejuvenescence and resurrection, like an empty churchyard skull upturned on the springing turf. Its bronzed *adobe* walls mocked the green vine that embraced them, the crumbling dust of its court yard remained ungerminating and unfruitful; to the thousand stirring voices without its dry lips alone remained mute, unresponsive, and unchanged.

During this time Don Jose had become a frequent visitor at Los Cuervos, bringing with him at first his niece and sister in a stately precision of politeness that was not lost on the proud Blue Grass stranger. She returned their visit at Los Gatos, and there made the formal acquaintance of Don Jose's grandmother—a lady who still regarded the decrepit Concha as a giddy *muchacha*, and who herself glittered as with the phosphorescence of refined decay. Through this circumstance she learned that Don Jose was not yet fifty, and that his gravity of manner and sedateness was more the result of fastidious isolation and temperament than years. She could not tell why the information gave her a feeling of annoyance, but it caused her to regret the absence of Poindexter, and to wonder, also somewhat nervously, why he had lately avoided her presence. The thought that he might be doing so from a recollection of the insinuendoes of Mrs. Patterson caused a little tremor of indignation in her hot pulses. "As if——" but she did not finish the sentence even to herself, and her eyes filled with tears.

Yet she had thought of the husband who had so cruelly wronged her less feverishly, less impatiently than before. For she thought she loved him now the more deeply, because, although she was not reconciled to his absence, it seemed to keep alive the memory of what he had been before his one wild act separated them. She had never seen the reflection of another woman's eyes in his; the past contained no haunting recollection of waning or alienated affection; she could meet him again, and clasping her arms around him, awaken as with a troubled dream without reproach or explanation. Her strong belief in this made her patient; she no longer sought to know the particulars of his flight, and never dreamed that her passive submission to his absence was partly due to a fear that something in his actual presence at that moment would have destroyed that belief for ever.

For this reason the delicate reticence of the people at Los Gatos, and their seclusion from the world which knew of her husband's fault, had made her encourage the visits of Don Jose, until from the instinct already alluded to she one day summoned Poindexter to Los Cuervos, on the day that Don Jose usually called. But, to her surprise the two men met more or less awkwardly and coldly, and her tact as hostess was tried to the utmost to keep their evident antagonism from being too apparent. The effort to reconcile their mutual discontent, and some other feelings she did not quite understand, produced a nervous excitement which called the blood to her fair cheek and gave a dangerous brilliancy to her eyes—two circumstances not unnoticed nor unappreciated by her two guests. But instead of reuniting them, the prettier Mrs. Tucker became, the more distant and reserved grew the men, until Don Jose rose before his usual hour, and with more than usual ceremoniousness departed.

"Then my business does not seem to be with him!" said Poindexter, with quiet coolness, as Mrs. Tucker turned her somewhat mystified face toward him. "Or have you anything to say to me about him in private?"

"I am sure I don't know what you both mean," she returned with a slight tremor of voice. "I had no idea you were not on good terms. I thought you were! Its very awkward." Without coquetry and unconsciously she raised her blue eyes under her lids until the clear pupils coyly and softly hid themselves in the corners of the brown lashes, and added—"You have both been so kind to me."

"Perhaps that is the reason," said Poindexter, gravely. But Mrs. Tucker refused to accept the suggestion with equal gravity and began to laugh. The laugh, which was at first frank, spontaneous, and almost childlike, was becoming hysterical and nervous as she went on, until it was suddenly checked by Poindexter.

"I have had no difficulties with Don Jose Santierra," he said, somewhat coldly ignoring her hilarity; "but perhaps he is not inclined to be as polite to the friend of the husband as he is to the wife."

"Mr. Poindexter!" said Mrs. Tucker, quickly, her face becoming pale again.

"I beg your pardon," said Poindexter, flushing; "but——"

"You want to say," she interrupted coolly, "that you are not friends, I see. Is that the reason you have avoided this house?" she continued, gently.

"I thought I could be of more service to you elsewhere," he replied, evasively. "I have been lately following up a certain clue rather closely. I think I am on the track of a confidante of—of—that woman."

A quick shadow passed over Mrs. Tucker's face. "Indeed!" she said, coldly, "Then I am to believe that you prefer to spend your leisure moments in looking after that creature than in calling here?"

Poindexter was stupefied. Was this the woman who only four months ago was almost vindictively eager to pursue her husband's paramour? There could be but one answer to it—Don Jose. Four months ago he would have smiled compassionately at it from his cynical pre-eminence. Now he managed with difficulty to stifle the bitterness of his reply.

"If you do not wish the inquiry carried on," he began, "of course——"

"I! What does it matter to me?" she said coolly. "Do as you please."

Nevertheless, half an hour later, as he was leaving, she said, with a certain hesitating timidity, "Do not leave me so much alone here—and let that woman go."

This was not the only unlooked for sequel to her innocent desire to propitiate her only friends. Don Jose did not call again upon his usual day, but in his place came Dona Clara, his younger sister. When Mrs. Tucker had politely asked after the absent Don Jose, Dona Clara wound her swarthy arms around the fair American's waist and replied, "But why did you send for the abogado Poindexter when my brother called?"

"But Capt. Poindexter calls as one of my friends," said the amazed Mrs. Tucker. "He is a gentleman, and has been a soldier and an officer," she added with some warmth.

"Ah, yes, a soldier of the law—what you call an *oficial de policia*—a chief of *gendarmes*, my sister; but not a gentleman—a *camarero* to protect a lady."

Mrs. Tucker would have uttered a hasty reply, but the perfect and good natured simplicity of Dona Clara withheld her. Nevertheless she treated Don Jose with a certain reserve at their next meeting, until it brought the simple minded Castilian so dangerously near the point of demanding an explanation which implied too much that she was obliged to restore him temporarily to his old footing. Meantime she had a brilliant idea. She would write to Calhoun Weaver, whom she had avoided since that memorable day. She would say she wished to consult him. He would come to Los Cuervos. He might suggest something to lighten this weary waiting—at least, she would show them all that she had still old friends. Yet she did not dream of returning to her old Blue Grass home. Her parents had died since she left. She shrank from the thought of dragging her ruined life before the hopeful youth of her girlhood's companions.

Mr. Calhoun Weaver arrived promptly, ostentatiously, cracularly, and cordially—but a little coarsely. He had—did she remember?—expected this from the first. Spencer had lost his head through vanity, and had attempted too much. It required foresight and firmness as he himself—who had lately made successful "combinations" which she might perhaps have heard of—well knew. But Spencer had got the "big head." "As to that woman—a devilish handsome woman, too!—well, everybody knew that Spencer always had a weakness that way—and he would say—but if she didn't care to hear any more about her, well, perhaps she was right. That was the best way to take it." Sitting before her, prosperous, weak, egotistical, incompetent, unavailable, and yet filled with a vague kindliness of intent, Mrs. Tucker loathed him. A sickening perception of her own weakness in sending for him, a new and aching sense of her utter isolation and helplessness, seemed to paralyze her.

"Nat'rally you feel bad," he continued, with a large air of a profound student of human nature. "Nat'rally, nat'rally you're kept in an uncomfortable state, not knowing jist how you stand. There ain't but one thing to do. Jist rise up, quiet like, and get a divorce agin Spencer. Hold on! There ain't a Judge or jury in California that wouldn't give it to you right off the nail, without asking questions. Why you'll get it by default if you wanted to—you'll just have to walk over the course! And then, Belle"—he drew his chair nearer her—"when you've settled down again—well! —I don't mind renewing that offer I once made ye, before Spencer ever came round ye—I don't mind, Belle, I swear I don't! Honest Injia! I'm in earnest; there's my hand!"

Mrs. Tucker's reply has not been recorded Enough that half an hour later Mr. Weaver appeared in the courtyard with traces of tears on his foolish face, a broken falsetto voice, and other evidence of mental and moral disturbance. His cordiality and oracular predisposition remained sufficiently to enable him to suggest the magical words "Blue Grass" mysteriously to Concha with an indication of his hand to the erect figure of her pale mistress in the door way, who waved to him a silent but half-compassionate farewell.

At about this time a slight change in her manner was noticed by the few who saw her more frequently. Her apparently invincible girlishness of spirit had given way to a certain matronly seriousness. She applied herself to her household cares and the improvement of the *hacienda* with a new sense of duty and a settled earnestness, until by degrees she wrought into it not only her instinctive delicacy and taste, but part of her own individuality. Even the rude *rancheros* and tradesman who were permitted to enter the wall's in the exercise of their calling began to speak mysteriously of the beauty of this garden of the *almarjal*. She went out but seldom, and then accompanied by the one or the other of her female servants, in long drives on unfrequented roads. On Sundays she sometimes drove to the half ruined mission church of Santa Inez, and hid herself during mass in the dim monastic shadows of the choir. Gradually the poorer people whom she met in these journeys began to show an almost devotional reverence for her, stopping in the roads with uncovered heads for her to pass, or making way for her in the *tienda* or plaza of the wretched town with dumb courtesy. She began to feel a strange sense of widow-hood, that, while it at times brought tears to her eyes, was not without a certain tender solace. In the sympathy and simpleness of this impulse she went as far as to revive the mourning she had worn for her parents, but with such a fatal accenting of her beauty, and dangerous misinterpreting of her condition to eligible bachelors strange to the country, that she was obliged to put it off again. Her reserve and dignified manner caused others to mistake her nationality for that of the Santierras, and in "Dona Bella" the simple Mrs. Tucker was for a while forgotten. At times she even forgot it herself. Accustomed now almost entirely to the accents of another language and the features of another race she would sit for hours in the corridor, whose massive bronzed enclosure even her tasteful care could only make an embowered mausoleum of the past, or gaze abstractedly from the dark embrasures of her windows across the stretching *almarjal* to the shining lagoon beyond that terminated the estuary. She had a strange fondness for this tranquil mirror, which under the sun or stars always retained the passive reflex of the sky above and seemed to rest her weary eyes. She had objected to one of the plans proposed by Poindexter to redeem the land and deepen the water at the *embarcadero*, as it would have drained the lagoon, and the lawyer had postponed the improvement to gratify her fancy. So she kept it through the long summer unchanged save by the shadow of passing wings or the lazy flies of sleeping sea fowl.

On one of these afternoons she noticed a slowly moving carriage leave the high road and cross the *almarjal*, skirting the edge of the lagoon. If it contained visitors for Los Cuervos they had evidently taken a shorter cut without waiting to go on to the regular road which intersected the highway at right angles a mile further on. It was with some sense of annoyance and irritation that she watched the trespass, and finally saw the vehicle approach the house. A few moments later the servant informed her that Mr. Patterson would like to see her alone. When she entered the corridor, which in the dry season served as a reception hall, she was surprised to see that Mr. Patterson was not alone. Near him stood a well dressed handsome woman, gazing about her with good-humored admiration of Mrs. Tucker's taste and ingenuity.

"It don't look much like it did two years ago," said the stranger cheerfully. "You've improved it wonderfully."

Stiffening slightly, Mrs. Tucker turned inquiringly to Mr. Patterson. But that gentleman's usually profound melancholy appeared to be intensified by the hilarity of his companion. He only sighed deeply and rubbed his leg with the rim of his hat in gloomy abstraction.

"Well—go on, then," said the woman laughing and nudging him. "Go on—introduce me—can't you! Don't stand there like a tomb stone. You won't? Well, I'll introduce myself." She laughed again, and then, with an excellent imitation of Patterson's lugubrious accents, said: Mr. Spencer Tucker's wife that is—allow me to introduce you to Mr. Spencer Tucker's sweetheart that was! Hold on! I said *that was*. For, true as I stand here, ma'am—and I reckon it wouldn't stand here if it wasn't true—I haven't set eyes on him since the day he left you."

"Its the Gospel truth every word," said Patterson, stirred into a sudden activity by Mrs. Tucker's white and rigid face. "Its the frozen truth and I kin prove it. For I kin swear that when that there young woman was sailin' outer the Golden Gate Spencer Tucker was in my barroom; I can swear that I fed him, lickered him, give him a hoss, and set him on his road to Monterey that very night."

"Then where is he now?" said Mrs. Tucker, suddenly facing them.

They looked at each other and then looked at Mrs Tucker. Then both together replied slowly and in perfect unison. "That's —what— we—want — to—k now." They seemed so satisfied with this effort that they as deliberately repeated. "Yes—that's—what—we—want—to—know."

Between the shock of meeting the partner of her husband's guilt and the unexpected revelation to her inexperience, that in suggestion and appearance there was nothing beyond the recollection of that guilt that was really shocking in the woman—between the extravagant extremes of hope and fear suggested by their words, there was something so grotesquely absurd in the melodramatic chorus that she with difficulty suppressed a hysterical laugh.

"That's the way to take it," said the woman putting her own good-humored interpretation upon Mrs. Tucker's expression. "Now look here! I'll tell you all about it." She carefully selected the most comfortable chair, and sitting down, lightly crossed her hands in her lap. "Well, I left here on the 13th of last January on the ship Argo, calculating that your husband would join the ship just inside the heads. That was our arrangement, but if anything happened to prevent him, he was to join me in Acapulco. Well! He didn't come aboard, and we sailed without him. But it appears now he did attempt to join the ship, but his boat was capsized. There now—don't be alarmed—he wasn't drowned, as Patterson can swear to—to-cato *him!* not a hair of him was hurt —but *I*—I was bundled off to the end of the earth in Mexico, alone, without a cent to bless me. For, true as you live, that hound of a Captain, when he found, as he thought, that Spencer was nabbed, he just confiscated all his trunks and valuables and left me in the lurch. If I hadn't met a man down there that offered to marry me and brought me here I might have died there. I reckon. But I did, and here I am. I went down there as your husband's sweetheart; I've come back as the wife of an honest man, and I reckon it's about square!"

There was something so startlingly frank, so hopelessly self-satisfied, so contagiously good-humored in the woman's perfect moral unconsciousness that even if Mrs. Tucker had been less preoccupied her resentment would have abated. But her eyes were fixed on the gloomy face of Patterson, who was beginning to unlock the sepulchres of his memory and disinter his deeply buried thoughts.

"You kin bet your whole pile on what this Mrs. Capting Baxter—ez used to be French Inez of New Orleans—hez told ye. Ye can take everything—she's unloaded. And its only doin' the square thing to her to say she hain't done it outo' no cussedness, but just to satisfy herself, now she's a married woman and past such foolishness. But that ain't neither here nor there. The gist of the whole matter is that Spencer Tucker was at the *tienda* the day after she sailed and after his boat capsized." He then gave a detailed account of the interview, with the unnecessary but truthful minutiæ of his class, adding to the particulars already known that the following week he visited the Summit House and was surprised to find that Spencer had never been there, nor had he ever sailed from Monterey.

"But why was this not told me before?" said Mrs. Tucker, suddenly. "Why not at the time? Why," she demanded almost fiercely, turning from the one to the other, "has this been kept from me?"

"I'll tell ye why," said Patterson, sinking with crushed submission into a chair. "When I found he wasn't where he ought to be, I got to lookin' elsewhere. I knew the track of the hoss I lent him by a loose shoe, I examined, and found he had turned off the high road somewhere beyond the lagoon, jist as if he was makin' a bee line here."

"Well," said Mrs. Tucker, breathlessly.

"Well," said Patterson, with the resigned tone of an accustomed martyr, "mebbee I'm a God-forsaken idiot, but I reckon he *did* come yer. And mebbe I'm that much of a habitooal lunatic, but thinking so, I calkilated you'd know it without tellin'."

With their eyes fixed upon her, Mrs. Tucker felt the quick blood rush to her cheeks, although she knew not why. But they were apparently satisfied with her ignorance, for Patterson resumed, yet more gloomily:

"Then if he wasn't hidin' here beknownst to you, he must have changed his mind again and got away by the *embarcadero*. The only thing wantin' to prove that idea is to know how he got a boat, and what he did with the hoss. And that's one more idea, and ez that can't be proved," continued Patterson, sinking his voice still lower, "mebbee it's accordin' to God's laws."

Unsympathetic to her as the speaker had always been and still was, Mrs. Tucker felt a vague chill creep over her that seemed to be the result of his manner more than his words. "And that idea is?" she suggested with pale lips.

"It's this! First, I don't say it means much to anybody but me. I've heard of these warnings afore now, ez coming only to folks ez hear them for themselves alone, and I reckon I kin stand it, if it's the will of God. The idea is then—that—Spencer Tucker—*was drownded* in the boat—the idea is"—that it was no living man that kim to me that night, but a spirit that kem out of the darkness and went back into it! No eye saw him but mine—no ear heard him but mine. I reckon it were intended it should." He paused, and passed the flap of his hat across his eyes. "The pint, you'll say is agin it" he continued in the same tone of voice—"the whiskey is agin it —a few cuss words that dropped from him, accidental like, may have been agin it. All the same they might have been only the little signs and tokens that it was him."

But Mrs. Baxter's ready laugh somewhat rudely dispelled the infection of Patterson's gloom. "I reckon the only spirit was that which you and Spencer consumed," she said cheerfully. "I don't wonder you're a little mixed. Like as not you've misunderstood his plans." Patterson shook his head. "He'll turn up yet alive and kicking! Like as not then, Poindexter knows where he is all the time."

"Impossible! He would have told me," said Mrs. Tucker quickly.

Mrs. Baxter looked at Patterson without speaking. Patterson replied by a long lugubrious whistle.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Tucker drawing back with cold dignity.

"You don't?" returned Mrs. Baxter, "Bless your innocent heart! Why was he so keen to hunt me up at first, shadowing my friends and all that, and why has he dropped it now he knows I'm here, if he didn't know where Spencer was?"

"I can explain that" interrupted Mrs. Tucker hastily, with a blush of confusion. "That is—I——"

"Then mebbee you kin explain too," broke in Patterson with gloom significance, "why he has bought up most of Spencer's debts himself, and perhaps you're satisfied it isn't to hold the whip hand of him and keep him from coming back openly. Perhaps you know why he's movin' heaven and earth to make Don Jose Santierra sell the ranch, and why the Don don't see it at all."

"Don Jose sell Los Cuervos! Buy it, you mean!" said Mrs. Tucker. "I offered to sell it to him."

Patterson arose from the chair, looked despairingly around him, passed his hand sadly across his forehead, and said: "It is come! I knew it would. It's the warning! It's nothing betwixt jim jams and doddering idiocy. Here I'd hev been willin' to swear that Mrs. Baxter here told me she had sold this yer ranch nearly two years ago to Don Jose, and now you——"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Tucker in a voice that chilled them.

She was standing upright and rigid, as if stricken to stone. "I command you to tell me what this means!" she said, turning only her blazing eyes upon the woman.

Even the ready smile faded from Mrs. Baxter's lips as she replied hesitatingly and submissively: "I thought you knew already that Spencer had given this ranch to me. I sold it to Don Jose to get the money for us to go away with. It was Spencer's idea ——"

"You lie!" said Mrs. Tucker.

There was a dead silence. The wrathful blood that had quickly mounted to Mrs. Baxter's cheek, to Patterson's additional bewilderment faded as quickly. She did not lift her eyes again to Mrs. Tucker's, but slowly raising herself from her seat, said, "I wish to God I did lie; but it's true. And it's true that I never touched a cent of the money, but gave it all to him!" She laid her hand on Patterson's arm, and said, "Come! let us go," and led him a few steps toward the gateway. But here Patterson paused and again pressed his hand over his melancholy brow. The necessity of coherently and logically closing the conversation impressed itself upon his darkening mind. "Then you don't happen to have heard anything of Spencer?" he said, and vanished with Mrs. Baxter through the gate.

Left alone to herself, Mrs. Tucker raised her hands above her head with a little cry, interlocked her rigid fingers, and slowly brought her palms down upon her upturned face and eyes, pressing hard as if to crush out all light and sense of light before her. She stood thus for a moment motionless and silent, with the rising wind whispering without and flecking her white morning dress with gusty shadows from the arbor. Then with closed eyes, dropping her hands to her breast, still pressing hard, she slowly passed them down the shapely contours of her figure to the waist and with another cry cast them off as if she were stripping herself of some loathsome garment. Then she walked quickly to the gateway, locked out, returned to the corridor, unloosening and taking off her wedding-ring from her fingers as she walked. Here she paused, then, slowly and deliberately re-arranged the chairs and adjusted the gay colored rugs that draped them and quietly re-entered her chamber.

Two days afterward the sweating steed of Capt. Poindexter was turned loose in the corral, and a moment later the Captain entered the corridor. Handing a letter to the decrepit Concha who seemed to be utterly disorganized by its contents, and the few curt words with which it was delivered he gazed silently upon the vacant bower, still fresh and redolent with the delicacy and perfume of its graceful occupant until his dark eyes filled with unaccustomed moisture. But his reverie was interrupted by the sound of jingling spurs without, and the old humor struggled back into his eyes as Don Jose impetuously entered. The Spaniard started back, but instantly recovered himself.

"So I find you here. Ah!—it is well!" he said passionately, producing a letter from his bosom. "Look! Do you call this honor? Look how you keep your compact!"

Poindexter coolly took the letter. It contained a few words of gentle dignity from Mrs Tucker, informing Don Jose that she had only that instant learned of his just claims upon Los Cuervos, tendering him her gratitude for his delicate intentions, but pointing out with respectful firmness that he must know that a moment's further acceptance of his courtesy was impossible.

"She has gained this knowledge from no word of mine," said Poindexter, calmly. "Right or wrong, I have kept my promise to you. I have as much reason to accuse you of betraying my secret in this," he added, coldly, as he took another letter from his pocket and handed it to Don Jose.

It seemed briefer and colder, but was neither. It reminded Poindexter that as he had again deceived her, she must take the government of her affairs into her own hands henceforth. She abandoned all the furniture and improvements she had put in Los Cuervos to him to whom she now knew she was indebted for them. She could not thank him for what his habitual generosity impelled him to do for any woman, but she could forgive him for misunderstanding her like any other woman—perhaps she should say like a child. When he received this she would be already on her way to her old home in Kentucky, where she still hoped to be able by her own efforts to amass enough to discharge her obligations to him.

"She does not speak of her husband—this woman," said Don Jose, scanning Poindexter's face. "It is possible she rejoins him, eh?"

"Perhaps in one way she has never left him. Don Jose," said Poindexter significantly.

Don Jose's face flushed, but he returned carelessly, "And the *rancho*—naturally you will not buy it now?"

"On the contrary, I shall abide by my offer" said Poindexter quietly.

Don Jose eyed him narrowly, and then said, "Ah, we shall consider of it."

He did consider it, and accepted the offer. With the full control of the land, Capt. Poindexter's improvements, so indefinitely postponed, were actively pushed forward. The thick walls of the *hacienda* were the first to melt away before them: the low lines of corral were effaced, and the early breath of the summer trade winds swept uninterruptedly across the now leveled plain to the *embarcadero*, where a newer structure arose. A more vivid green alone marked the spot where the crumbling *adobe* walls of the *casa* had returned to the parent soil that gave it. The channel was deepened the lagoon was drained until one evening the magic mirror that had so long reflected the weary waiting of the Blue Grass Penelope lay dull, dead, lustreless—an opaque quagmire of noisome corruption and decay to be put away from the sight of man forever. On this spot the crows—the titular tenants of Los Cuervos—assembled in tumultuous congress, coming and going in mysterious clouds or laboring in thick and writhing masses, as if they were continuing the work of improvement begun by human agency. So well had they done their work that by the end of a week only a few scattered white objects remained glittering on the surface of the quickly drying soil. But they were the bones of the missing outcast Spencer Tucker!

* * * * *

The same spring a breath of war swept over a foul decaying quagmire of the winter land before which such passing deeds as these were blown as a vapor. It called men of all rank and condition to battle for a nation's life, and among the first to respond were those into whose boyish hands had been placed the nation's honor. It returned the epaulets to Poindexter's shoulders, with the addition of a double star, carried him triumphantly to the front, and left him at the end of a summer's day and a hard won fight sorely wounded at the door of a Blue Grass farmhouse. And the woman who sought him out and ministered to his wants said timidly as she left her hand in his, "I told you I should live to repay you."

[THE END.]

Newspapers Afloat.

On board the Hecla, one of the ships belonging to Capt. Edward Parry's expedition in search of the northwest passage, a paper was printed called the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*. The first number was dated the 1st of November, 1819, and its twenty-first and last the 20th March, 1820. The Great Britain steamer, which started for Australia on the 21st of August, 1852, may claim to have inaugurated the practice of publishing a newspaper on board ship, as a paper, entitled the *Great Britain Times*, was published every week during the voyage and distributed among the passengers. At the present time these seaborn broadsheets are a source of considerable amusement and go a long way to relieve the monotony of the passengers. At the present time these seaborn broadsheets are a source of considerable amusement and go a long way to relieve the monotony of the passage, as the passengers not only read but supply the articles. Burlesque telegrams, jokes made by the passengers, and all the news, whether social nautical, or personal, of the voyage, are published in their columns.

What are the North American Indians?

Dr. E. B. Taylor made some remarks before the American Association on North American races and civilization. In attempting to answer the question: "What are the North American Indians?" he stated that whenever he had been among the Indians the thought had always struck him that, if these people were dressed up as Asiatics, there would be little observable difference. Admitting this supposition the next question that arose would be: "How came they here?" To answer this question, Dr. Taylor warned his hearers that they must beware of taking for granted that the physical geography of this continent has not changed. The next question would be: "How it is that among tribes, physically so similar, there should be such a diversity in language as we find among the North American Indians?" For the solution of this question, we must look to the geologists to prove the antiquity of man. Dr. Taylor remarked that even if the North American Indians was the result of the migration of one stock to this continent, the remoteness of the time when that migration must have taken place, would fully account for the great diversity in speech. We are so accustomed to consider the patriarchal system the only natural one, that we do not look for any other, yet the matrimonial system which Sir George Gray found among the Australians is also prevalent among the Indians. This system is not so uncommon as may be supposed, and lingers in many curious customs. Thus among the Kaffirs of South Africa there is a custom by which a man is supposed to completely ignore the existence of his mother-in-law. If the two should meet in the street they turn away from each other. This custom, traces of which, Dr. Taylor thought, existed among the Spartans in historic times, points to a matriarchal system of society in which marriage is surreptitious and unrecognized. These speculation were strangely confirmed by the report during the past year of some Dutch residents in Sumatra. The inhabitants of that island still live in the matriarchal system. When a man and woman marry they do not set up housekeeping for themselves, but both stay in their mother's house. The father has no control whatever over his children, the head of the family being the maternal uncle. It would be considered a grave offense against his wife's family were a man to undertake to reprove or chastise his children. The curious state of affairs which exists in Sumatra is the key to customs, common to the Kaffirs of South Africa, to the hill-tribes of India, and the Indians of North America.

More than a "Spectre Bark" Roving the Sea.

The lumber-laden schooner Maggie M. Rivers which was abandoned waterlogged, near Cape Hatteras, on January 7, still outlives the raging Atlantic gales. A vessel arriving at Halifax last week reported passing this derelict on the 11th inst. in latitude 37 deg. 05 min. north, longitude 64 deg. 16 min. west, dismasted and covered with barnacles. After the crew left her she drifted 300 miles in an easterly direction right across the Gulf Stream current, then altered her course, travelling 120 miles due southeast; then for forty days moved to the northeast. In May she was heading for the Florida coast; in June she turned towards Savannah, and since then she has been twice reported drifting to the northeastward in the Gulf Stream current.

She is now probably about 250 miles southeast from New York, and having gotten by the aid of ocean currents fairly within the "anti-trade" winds, she will be speeded by combined wind and current agency into the great ship routes between America and Europe. She is not a "spectre bark," but an almost solid mass of lumber, and hence a grave menace to navigation, which may for years survive the disintegrating power of the waves unless someone blows her to pieces. The government would do a good service to commerce by dispatching a naval steamer to find and sink, or else to bring into port this seemingly indestructible rover of the deep.—[New York Herald.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing so cements and holds together in union all the parts of a society as faith or credit; which can never be kept up, unless men are under some force or necessity of honestly paying what they owe to one another.

What a vast deal of time and ease that man gains who is not troubled with the spirit of impertinent curiosity about others; who let his neighbor's thoughts and behavior alone, who confines his inspections to himself, and cares chiefly for his own duty and conscience.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money, and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligations.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subjected to change.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain; their birth, rank, title, and its appendages are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantages of it, they make their superiority set more easy.

Keenness in a man is not always to be taken as a sign of capacity, for it is generally observed the most in those who are selfish and over-reaching; and his keenness generally ends in that kind of penetration of other people's interests which will turn to benefit his own.

Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate to prefer the latter.

Ingleside Reflections

I have a morbid love of truth. It is wrong I know. Is it even false to use a microscope when all others employ a field glass.

There is a wide distinction between gossip and the intelligent discussion of character.

There is an element of the ridiculous in a man who is graceful at all times and in all places.

A child's questionings seriously answered supply the chief's basis for that child's education.

How I hate an Irish woman. She occupies the whole atmosphere. She breathes up all the air; and leaves one gasping, for lack of breath.

The one thing which most agitates the world is that dreadful question of expense.

We wish for God, for He completes time. We wish for love for that completes life.—[San Francisco Ingleside.

The Antiquity of Advertising

In all ages people seem to have needed a reminded of their wants and the advertisement enabled the busy or the lazy to supply them without extra trouble. We find no mention of the peripatetic advertisements which now greet our eyes on street corners, in various outre and ridiculous garbs, but perhaps they may have had their origin from antiquity and the peripatetic philosophers, who studied and discussed their learned theories while perpetually perambulating the walks of the gymnasium.—[Philadelphia Times.

Life in St. Petersburg.

People here all arm themselves for the winter. There can be no question as to its severity. Indeed, one would be inclined to imagine it were almost welcomed as a friend, for keen disappointment is expressed when the snow is tardy in falling. After the heavy rains which fall in the late autumn snow roads are almost a necessity of existence. If frost suddenly sets in before they are made it is under great difficulties that the country people bring supplies to the metropolis; the price of provisions rises in proportion, and distress ensues. Double windows are universal; they are an absolute necessity. For the admission of fresh air one pane in each window is left so that it may be opened at pleasure. The rest of the window is so thoroughly secured that not a breath of the keen air can enter. The process accomplished, the difference of the temperature within doors is sensibly perceptible, and heating by means of stoves may then be delayed for some time. The interior of a Russian house is not familiar to all, so, under favor of the Lares and Penates, we will enter the sacred domicile, first premising that a well kept house in St. Petersburg or Moscow is exceedingly comfortable. A tall portly *suisse* (house porter) admits you, when a footman ushers you up a mostly spacious, handsome staircase, often of marble, and after passing through the usual double doors you are introduced into an anteroom where you leave your inevitable garment—your fur cloak. The reception rooms are then entered, and these often seem interminable; eight or nine in number in the houses on the Palace or English Quays are not uncommon, generally opening into one another. The inlaid parquets of the rooms are often very beautiful—the floor polisher is an important institution in Russia; of course, some rooms are richly carpeted and do justice to the looms of Turkey and Persia. The silk or damask curtains, wall hangings, and coverings for the ottomans are superb. All is luxurious; vases of lapis-lazuli, porphyry, and malachite, pictures, and objects of art in general are in profusion. The Russians are very fond of promenading through their suites of apartments, and ample space is left for this purpose. The winter being so long, every conceivable means is used to shed around the charms of warmer climates; trellises, along which various creepers are trained, are introduced; pretty baskets of plants (tulips, hyacinths, and camellias in full bloom, while winter is still raging outside,) the constant warm temperature indoors being favorable to their cultivation. The Continental fashion of living in flats much prevails here. Sleeping rooms are not invariably numerous in proportion to the reception rooms; but this state of things naturally improves with the increase of civilization.—[Temple Bar.

The Festival of Snakes.

A celebrated Abruzzi painter is about to put in canvas the characteristic representation of a curious festival held at a little mountain church once a year. The pleasants walk in procession, carrying round their arms, waists, and necks, &c., all the snakes that they can find. Signor Michetti, the artist, has a quaint little villa on the shores of the Adriatic. He was lately visited by a friend to whom he showed all the curiosities of his villa, and then, opening a small door into which he entered for a moment he called out, "I have something still better to show you. Take these." The friend held out his arms, and, to his horror, five or six blacksnakes were put into them. With a cry of disgust he threw them on the ground. "How stupid you are," said Michetti. "You will make me lose all my models!" He then explained to his friend that he was making studies from life for his great picture. The curious festival which is to be the subject of the painting is believed by the peasants to preserve them from poison and sudden death and to bring them good fortune especially in love.—[Naples Letter to the London Daily News.

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.*

Death, the great overtaker, prepares the way for the undertaker.

Those who have Tried it Say

The best proof of the great power of Polson's Nerviline over every kind of pain is obtained by the use of a ten cent bottle. Nerviline requires no puffing; every bottle tells its own story. It cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies know to medical science. Nerviline is equally useful in external or internal pains. Try the great remedy. Ten cent bottle at any drug store. Large bottles only twenty-five cents.

Those three Kings could raise the deuce in Europe if they felt so disposed.

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.

Is it any wonder that "boards of aldermen should sometimes be wooden-headed?"

Have You Thought of It

For four thousand years or more the world groaned, suffered, and fumed about its corns, for there was no positive relief—no certain and painless cure until Dr. Scott Putnam gave to the world his great Corn Extractor. If there is suffering now it is a result of carelessness, for the remedy is at hand. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor. It is sure, painless, and prompt. Beware of substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Important.

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A.P. 198.

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THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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How to Judge a Horse.

An old horseman says if you want to buy a horse don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but his halter, and lead him around. If he has a corn, or is stiff, or has any other failing, you can see it. Let him go by himself a way, and if he staves right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him, too. Some horses show their weakness at tricks in that way when they don't in any other. But, be as smart as you can, you'll be caught sometimes. Even an expert gets stuck. A horse may look over-nice, and go a great pace, and yet have fits. There isn't a man could tell it till something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then all of a sudden he stops in the road. After a rest he starts again, but he soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick could move him. The weak points of a horse can be better discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly and quietly on his limbs without moving any of them, the foot flatly upon the ground with legs plump and naturally poised; or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is a precursor of disease. If the horse stands with his feet wide apart, or straddles with his hind legs, there is a weakness in the loins and the kidneys are disordered. Heavy pulling bends the knees. Bluish, milky cast eyes in horses indicate moon blindness or something else. A bad-tempered horse keeps his ears thrown back. A kicking horse is apt to have scarred legs. A stumbling horse has blemished knees. When the skin is rough and harsh, and does not move easily to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and digestion is bad. Never buy a horse whose breathing organs are at all impaired. Place your ear at the side of the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard it is an indication of trouble.

Careful.

Prof. Renger, on feeding his monkeys, in Paraguay, with eggs, observed that at first they smashed them and thus wasted much of their contents; but they soon learned to hit one end against some hard body and pick off the bits with their paws, and if they cut themselves once with any sharp tool, they would either not touch it again or handle it with the greatest caution. Lumps of sugar were given them wrapped up in paper, and sometimes a live wasp was put in to try them, so that in hastily opening the paper they got stung; but after this had once occurred they always held the packet to their ears to detect any movement.

Certain trifling flaws sit as disgracefully on a character of elegance as a ragged button on a court dress.

The New York *Mail and Express* says that the Brooklyn bridge now earns about $8,000 a day, but it costs nearly $3,000 a day to pay interest on its bonds and the expenses of operation. However, five years hence, when the rapid transit of Brooklyn is thoroughly established the bridge may pay its own way.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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AGRICULTURAL:

Management of Sheep in October.

The first part of the season, over nearly the whole country, was so wet as to produce a large growth of grasses, and pastures were everywhere flush. Still, in some places, it was observed that sheep did not lay on flesh as fast as when the growth of grass was more moderate, it was too watery and contained less substance. But September has been dry over a large extent of country, and pastures have become short. This will, in many sections, keep the condition of sheep lower than will be desirable for fall sales, and thinner than they should be for the most profitable winter feeding.

We do not believe that any feeder can afford to let his sheep get thin because his pasture is short—that is the policy of the man who remarked that he "always made his hay hold out whether his cattle did or not!" When an animal is not thriving all profit at once ceases, and loss begins.

The question then arises, what shall the sheep-feeder do to keep up a steady growth on young sheep, steady gain on fattening sheep, and a full, healthy condition in breeding sheep, when drought cuts off the supply of grass? If the Ensilage system has been fully entered upon, then succulent clover and other grasses preserved in silo may be given to excellent effect; but this system is only yet on trial by the "one in a thousand," and won't apply to the general sheep feeder. For breeding sheep one-half pound of wheat bran, fed in troughs in pasture, will probably make up the deficiency. A little extra food goes a long way in keeping up condition. For 8 months lambs and young growing sheep, a half pound of bran with one to two gills of corn, or one-half pound of oil meal, will keep them thriving. For fattening sheep to be sold in late fall or early winter, one pound of corn and a half pound of oil meal; this, with half pasture, will push them forward favorably.

These specific rations are not intended to be considered as adapted to all cases. The feeder's eye must take in the situation of each flock, and adapt the ration to each particular case. But we have seen the quantities named produce excellent results with the different classes of sheep mentioned.

There is another method which we have adopted on several occasions when pasture was cut off by drought. We took early cut and nicely cured clover and timothy hay, cut into very fine chaff in a power cutter, then moistened this chaff so that ground feed would adhere to it, and mixed the bran, oil meal, &c, with it. This mixture was placed in the troughs, and the sheep ate it all down. The cut hay was about twice the bulk of the ground feed. We found that the whole was more completely digested when cut hay was added.

This plan could only be followed by those who use a cutter, and then it does not add very materially to the labour. When oats are cheap, there is no better food for sheep on pasture.

The rule of profit must always be to full feed growing and fattening sheep. This brings them to maturity and market at the earliest period and commands the best profit. If sheep are allowed to stand still, without gain or growth, then the food eaten is utterly wasted. We have always found a little grain in the fall to pay even with fair pasture, because the fattening sheep can digest a little concentrated food besides all the grass they will eat; and this concentrated nutriment will all go to gain or profit. Every feeder should look carefully to his sheep and see that they have enough regardless of drought.—[Canadian Breeder.

Look after the Weeds.

One of the most thoughtless and unwise things a farmer can do, and yet a practice so common that a farmer's garden has become a synonym for a weed nursery, is to let weeds take possession of every place made vacant by the removal of any crop. This practice not only exhausts the fertility of the soil, but fills it so full of noxious seeds as to greatly multiply the labour of keeping a clean garden the following season. It is a very sensible practice to so arrange the various plants that those maturing together, at different times, shall be grouped, so that as they mature and are removed, the vacant ground shall all come in one plot, gradually enlarging, as others mature and are removed. When so placed, a boy, horse and cultivator can go over the ground in a very short time, and, by repeating the operation at intervals of one or two weeks, the ground can be kept entirely clean. See to it now that all weeds grown in and about the garden are carefully cut or pulled, and all, root or branch, placed in a pile and burned. The seeds are so fully matured that it is not safe to place them even in a compost heap, and it is better to sacrifice what little manurial value they contain than to scatter the seeds. By cutting or pulling them when damp, but few seeds will shell out, and by putting an armful of dry straw or brush at the bottom of the pile and leaving them till mid-day, they can be easily burned. Every day you now neglect this little "chore," the more weeds you will have to contend with next summer. Go for them at once!

General Rules for Breeding Light Horses.

Mr. H. Pratt, of Gawsworth, Co. Cork, one of the most successful breeders of light horses in Ireland, lays down the following rules for the breeding of hunters and saddle horses:

"1. Determine exactly what it is you really require to produce, and having done so never lose sight of it.

"2 Procure a young mother that has arrived at maturity and is healthy, roomy, well-shaped, round, large-sized, with good temper and good action, and remember the better bred the mare is that possesses those qualities the more valuable she will be,

"3. The dam, as a general rule, has more direct influence on her offspring as regards health and size than the sire has.

"4. The offspring bred from greatly dissimilar parents in either size or character should never be used for breeding purposes; their offspring will certainly prove to be mongrels of nondescript character. That the parents should be as similar as possible is a rule the neglect of which has led to more disappointment than almost any other rule I know of.

"5. A pure thoroughbred sire that has got good ones should be selected, and I do not believe a really good weight-carrying hunter will ever be bred from anything but a thoroughbred horse.

"6 The sire has more direct influence on the head, heart, tendons, and nerves of the foal than the mare, consequently nothing but blood horses will produce stout and fast hunters.

"7 Breeding too early is quite incompatible with hardiness of constitution and lasting qualities. Hence I believe the mare should be at least four years old before she is put to the horse."

How to Save Corn Fodder.

Prof. Sanborn, of Missouri, says the complaint that stock will not eat corn fodder well, or over one-fourth to one third of it, arises from our method, or lack of method, of securing it. Most of our corn is allowed to stand as it grew, and to have its nutrition washed out of it, and then it is fed where it grew to cattle roving through the field. The bleached stuff is little liked and little eaten. A few cut it and put it into large shocks, but not until after the corn is dead ripe. It should be cut while the stalks are yet quite green, the corn being in the latter stages of the dough state, or before the corn is too hard to crush easily in the fingers, and before it is dry throughout. It should be put into shocks made from four hills in place of the old 16 hills square, and bound round the top by rye straw, twine, or a green corn stalk. It is well to bend the tassel down, binding the tops under, thus turning the rain. In the course of two to four weeks, depending upon the weather, the small shocks may easily be husked out, and the corn cribbed. The band will not have to be removed or the shock taken down in husking. After husking, the hills of corn, around which the shock is made, as fast as the shock is wanted, may be cut, and the fodder of the shock may be quickly and easily, by one man, passed to the waggon for stacking, the band around the shock always remaining on. Thus treated, it will be tender, more palatable, and more nutritious, and when fed with clover, cotton seed meal, or middlings, will be nearly all eaten. It will also be handled from the start at less expense per acre than by the system of 16 hills square shocks.

AMERICAN FABLES.

A number of Sharks once Gathered in Convention to Discuss the Question: "Shall a Sailor be Eaten Head or Feet First." As they were about Equally Divided in the Discussion a Wrangle soon Resulted, and from angry Words they began to Battle with each other, and many hard Knocks were given and Received. A Whale finally made his Appearance and Commanded the Row to cease, and when order had been Restored, he said:

"Why Fight over how a Sailor should be Eaten when none of you have Sighted a Ship for the last six months?"

MORAL:

Steal your Melons before you draw lots for the Biggest.

THE JUG AND THE JAR.

A Jug and a Jar which found themselves on a shelf together began to plume themselves on their Merits.

"I cost thirty-eight cents," observed the Jug.

"And my owner walked ten miles to secure me," replied the Jar.

"I hold two gallons of water."

"And I am nearly always filled with milk."

"My master takes me to the hay-field and gives me the shadiest spot."

"And the women carry me in their arms up and down the cellar stairs."

They were still disputing when the Peasant's wife entered the room and said to herself:

"My husband having brought home a new tin pail, I can now throw the old Jug and Jar out of the back door."

MORAL:

Our merits are best known to ourselves; our faults to the world.

A QUEER QUARTETTE.

An Elephant was standing in all his majesty under the shade of a Banyan tree when a Hare, a Frog and a Sloth Approached him in Company, and the Hare Announced that they Desired to journey across the country with him in search of wisdom.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the old Colossal as he flapped his ears around, "that's too good. The Idea of such Insignificant Nonentities as you are thinking you can Teach me Wisdom. Well, well, but that's worth Bottling up."

The Hare stuck to her point so Persistently, however, that the elephant finally decided to humor the trio, and a start was made. They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile when the Sloth asked for a slower pace. The Elephant sneered at this, but in the next ten minutes discovered that had he stuck to his swinging pace he would have run into a Band of Hunters crossing the Trail.

When the journey had lasted an hour the Hare suddenly called for a Halt, declaring that the notes of the Birds in the Branches above Betokened Strangers in the Forest.

"And what of it?" sneered the Elephant, but next moment the Hare pointed out several Natives stealing away from a Pitfall they had Constructed in the Path. A hundred feet further and the Colossus would have been Trapped.

The Quartette had scarcely circled the Dangerous place and struck the path again before the Frog began to Croak.

"And what's up now?" asked the Elephant.

"There is going to be a terrible storm. I, being a Swimmer, will remain here. The Sloth, being a climber, is safe in a tree. The Hare, being a Swift Runner, can distance the Flood. As for you, Sir Colossus, with all your size and strength, you must at once hurry to the Hills to save your Life."

"Poor, Silly Fools!" exclaimed the Elephant, as he looked down upon them in Contempt, "When such as you teach me wisdom I shall expect to see Hen's Feathers growing on the backs of Wolves."

Nevertheless the storm broke and raged fiercely for hours. Next day, when the Frog, the Sloth and the Hare met again, it was Beside the Dead Body of the Elephant, and the Hare answered:

MORAL:

"Many a great Statesman, feeling secure in place and power, has been humbled to the dust by degrading words of wisdom from a back county."

The Loss of the "Wasp."

When the British gunboat was lost with all save six on board she was bound for Lough Foyle to take the Sheriff and bailiffs to Inishahull to evict the inhabitants. The total rental of this spook in the ocean is £18. It is a small island on the seaboard of Donegal, and it is well known as the scene of the wreck of the Iris some few years back when the hardy islanders, at great risk of life and limb, succeeded in rescuing the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamer. The extreme length of the islet is three miles and the breadth one and a half miles. It is distant from the mainland about nine miles, and of all the desolate spooks of land it is the most uninviting. Sixteen families with the lighthouse keeper make up the entire population. There is no arable land, and the surface of the ground is formed of rocks. Some of the tenants have never paid any rent, and others are from ten to fifteen years in arrears. A precarious livelihood is earned at fishing during the summer months, but, owing to the stormy and dangerous nature of the coast in the winter, the islanders go to the mainland until the spring, as there is no fuel to be obtained on the islet. There is only one landing place, and it requires skill and care to run into it in safety. So the attempt to collect $90 has cost the British navy thousands of pounds and fifty-two lives.

Photographing a Bully.

The frontier town of Cayenne, Texas, had been pestered for some time by one of those swaggering bullies who delight in terrifying women and children, and inoffensive citizens. The desperado boasted that he could "clean out" the whole town single handed. He was accustomed to enter the stores, demand whatever caught his fancy, and threatening to shoot the proprietor if the article was not forthcoming at once, emphasizing his threat by flourishing a horse pistol. One day, this "flower of the plains," as he facetiously called himself, ventured into a photographer's studio. The artist, a young man from New York, had been in Cayenne but a short time.

"Well, tenderfoot," said the bully, as he dropped carelessly into a chair, "what do you charge for pictures?"

"I beg your pardon," answered the artist, replied his visitor, pulling out his pistol. "I asked you how much you charged for pictures?"

"I beg your pardon," answered the artist, quietly, "but I did not understand your first remark."

"No? I don't repeat remarks, young feller," replied the visitor, pulling out his pistol. "I asked you how much you charge for pictures?"

"Eight dollars a dozen, large size."

"As large as my size?" sneered the bully.

"I have taken them your size," answered the young man, coolly.

"Well, look here, you! I don't intend to pay any such price. My size is too big for this establishment. You are going to give me a sitting for nothing. Do you understand that, stranger?"

"I think I do."

"Then the quicker you mix the chemicals for the scenery of this view, the better. Step lively!"

The young artist looked black for a minute, and then, as if he thought the matter a good joke, burst into a laugh.

"You are sure you want to sit for a large size picture?" he asked, with a queer look on his face.

"Yes. And you want to be quick about it, too. No fooling. That won't go down with this son of the plains. Where are you going.

"I must get the materials for the picture from my other room."

"Oh, all right!" growled the bully. "Thought you were going to cut. But you don't fool this child!"

The artist went into his other room and came back with the prepared plate which he put into its place in the camera. Unobserved he also slipped something else into the box of the instrument over which the cloth was laid.

"Now then, sir," said he, still laughing. "How will you have the picture, sitting or standing?"

"Well, I'll have it the way I am," answered the desperado, throwing his pistol on a table and folding his arms across his breast in a defiant manner.

"Very well, sir," said the artist, quietly putting his head under the cloth. "Now, then, just fasten your eyes on that projection in the corner over there. Don't move. If you move an inch I'll defend my rights with *this*!"

And quick as lightning, the photographer threw off the cloth, and pulled out a revolver from the camera, where he had hidden it.

It was a scene for an artist. The bully looked along the barrel saw it was as steady as if it rested on a stone wall, and the sweat gathered in big drops on his forehead. Like most bullies he was a coward. The artist had him completely at his mercy. He coolly took out his watch with his left hand.

"For large-pictures of this kind, I generally take three minutes. But to insure a good sitting in your case, I will make it a little longer. Steady, my dear sir! If this revolver should go off, in haste, it might damage the picture, and I don't wish to spoil my reputation as an artist. You will keep your eyes on that point, or be prepared for the consequences."

Still covering the trembling bully with his weapon, the young artist advanced to the table, took the desperado's pistol, and came back to the camera.

"Five minutes. There is a good impression on the plate by this time. Still, to make sure, seeing it is a large size, too big for this establishment, and all of you may not be taken yet, we will continue the sitting a few moments more."

At the end of another minute the bully's face was livid. The artist, still with a glittering eye on him, put the cap over the camera.

The bully departed and left the photographer master of the field. The picture was a wonderful likeness, and the artist hung it and the pistol on the wall together, where they served the double purpose of an advertisement and a warning. He has never been again troubled by that visitor. —[Youth's Companion.

AERIAL FLIGHTS.

The Difference Between Birds and Balloon Flying.

In regard to the subject of balooning and the recent French experiments in steering a balloon, it may be noted that the analogies of nature are adverse to the attainment of artificial flight by means of a balloon. We do not mean by way of detail, but by way of principle. The theory of a balloon is that of levitation, that is to say, of counterposing gravity by the displacing of a given bulk of atmospheric air by a lighter gas. That the latter method involves the exposure of so large a surface to atmospheric currents as to require great force to overcome the resistance of a rapid breeze by fans, screws, or other mechanical means, is well-known. But the point to which we refer is this. In the flight of every bird or insect the weight of the animal is directly utilized for maintaining it in the air. At the will of the bird, the feathered surface that it exposes to the wind can be so inclined to the movement of the latter as to make the creature rise or fall at will, by the direct action of the wind, without any visible motion of the wings. From the deck of a vessel a gull may be watched, hovering for many minutes together, without one flap of its wings. The bird at such times is a living kite, its power of self-balance producing the effect of the string of the kite in maintaining a certain inclined position relative to the wind. And although some birds of the swiftest flight have an extraordinary area of wing surface in proportion to their weight, others, of equal or ever superior power of flight, have very little wing surface in proportion to their weight. Thus the problem of flight has been solved by nature in many ways; but in all of them the gravity of the living creature, far from being destroyed or counterposed, is an essential element of its mechanical action. The inference that we draw from this is that the opposition principle, that of levitation, is not likely to be followed with mechanical success, except on rare occasions.

ALL SORTS

Felo de se—Captain Kidd.

A hollow mockery—The echo.

Takes anything—A photographer.

Taking the stump—Picking up the cigar stub.

Shoving the "queer"—crowding an eccentric man.

Ask Bridget; she can tell you what a scrub game is.

Flirts are like fiddles—No good without the beaux.

Astronomers and theatrical managers both discover new stars.

Wate is musical, we presums, when the fountains play.

A polly-tickle movement—Scratching a parrot with a straw.

The man who buys chewing tobacco does not always get quid pro quo.

Waiter girls may not be Spiritualists, but most of them are table tip-pers.

Never hurt a milkman's feelings by talking to him about the cream of a joke.

In matters matrimonial, eastern girls seem to require a little coaching.

Street altercations sometimes alter the expression of a man's countenance.

If big heels are a sign of astuteness a cabbage should be sharper than a pin.

"O where shall I find content?" sighs a magazine poetess. Have you tried the dictionary, dear?

A young lady asked a shop-keeper for a tight-fitting garment such as they wear in New Jersey.

The drowning man clutches at a straw. You may have seen the drowning man—or the man drowning his sorrow in the bowl—clutching at a straw.

There is one thing certain about investing in telephone stocks. It is a sound investment. It is not, however, equal to a telegraphic instrument, for that is sounder.

In South America there is found a fruit which boiled with tough meat makes it tender. The boarding house motto, "Bless Our Home," may yet become less of a mockery.

Richard Grant White says the letter "r" is disappearing from the American tongue. This is truly alarming. We shall presently have no month in which oysters may be safely eaten.

"Thank Heaven, the fuss is all over," said the groom, "and I have you all to myself." "Yes," returned the happy bride, "and now let us take one last look at the wedding presents before pa sends them back to the jeweler's."

"Oh, yes. Jones is getting on first rate. He's just coining money in his new business." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. What is he engaged in?" "Counterfeiting."

A New View of his Case.

The following new story will remind the reader of an old one. It has a point that will well bear illustrating.

The case being argued was old Farmer Closegrip vs. a railroad company for damages sustained in a collision.

The old man's lawyer was making a pitiful appeal to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "just gaze upon the true, honest, time-beaten face of my client, and suppose he had been fatally wounded; think of the sad blow his loving wife and little, innocent children would have to receive; but, thank heaven it was not so bad as that.

"But, oh, how he must have suffered during the long days of his illness! how the heart-stricken companion of his life felt when they brought him home bruised and mangled! Now, tell me shall this poor old man go down to his grave a maimed and helpless creature without some aid from the cause of his affliction?"

During this delivery, Closegrip was noticed to be very much agitated, and rising as the lawyer finished he sobbed.—

"Judge, 'scuse my breakin' in, but I must speak."

"Go on," commanded the court.

"I didn't know it wer so bad as it air till the gentleman thar sot down; an' of ye'll let me I'll—I'll—" here he faltered.

"You'll what?" asked his honor.

"Just raise them figgers on the railroad for a few dollars more—make it a thousand instid o' five hundred; won't ye, judge?"

It is needless to add that the judge didn't.

Over the Fence.

Mrs. Singleton put her head over the fence and thus addressed her neighbor, who was hanging out her week's washing,—

"A family has moved in the empty house across the way, Mrs. Clothes-line."

"Yes, I know."

"Did you notice their furniture?"

"Not particularly."

"Two loads, and I wouldn't give a dollar a load for it. Carpets! I wouldn't put them down in my kitchen. And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with them, you bet. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a days happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are?"

"I know them."

"Do you? Well, I declare. Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister, and the father is superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-School."

A painful pause ensues.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.

We rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt.

The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

You may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side.

The greatest events of the age are its best thoughts, it is the nature of thought to find its way into action.

The power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior mind.

In every relation of life we must bear and forbear; we must not expect perfection, and each party should carry the cloak of charity for the other.

So long as thou art ignorant, be not ashamed to learn. Ignorance is the greatest of all infirmities; and when justified, the chief of all follies.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

Mankind differ in their notions of supreme happiness; but in my opinion he truly possesses it who lives in the conscious anticipation of honest fame and the glorious figure he shall make in the eyes of posterity.

Cancer.

Any disease which is acknowledged by all to be full of danger, is sure to be associated with quackery. Unprincipled men take the advantage of the popular ignorance of medical remedies to make money. In respect to no disease is this more true than in the case of cancer. And the success of imposition is made easier from the fact that the name is constantly applied to tumors of various kinds, which have nothing of a serious character, which will disappear of themselves if they are only *let alone*. If, however, the name of *cancer* has been suggested, and then either a "cancer doctor" has been called, or without any such addition some one of the boasted remedies has been employed, when the tumor gradually diminishes and eventually disappears, the case is heralded as a "cancer cure," and the delusion is greatly strengthened thereby. For instance, the common-red clover has a great reputation in some parts of the country for curing cancer, and to attempt to convince the believers in its efficacy that they are under a mistake is perfectly useless. The case of this one and of that is quoted in proof, whereas no one of them doubtless had ever the least reason for fear or the slightest sign of cancer.

The simple fact is that cancer is not at all a local disease. It affects the entire system; the change of tissues which constitutes what is recognized as the "cancer" is only the local manifestation. Hence, the well known truth that removal of the ulcerated part, the tumor is constantly only a temporary relief; the disease returns to its power, and commonly is soon fatal. Hence the universal dread of "the knife," and hence the readiness to flee to those who give the comforting promise that they will "draw out the cancer by the roots;" and beyond question such men will be encouraged in this imposture by continued application for the use of their *skill*. If they treated only cases where true cancer exists there would be comparatively small evil done, for there is too much reason to believe that the disease is of its very nature fatal, and that its progress to a painful death is sure and steady despite the utmost human skill; but harmless tumors are constantly submitted to their care. Everything with them is invariably a "cancer," and it must be drawn out. The applications which are made destroy the tissues, for how can they draw the cancer out without it? That which was harmless becomes a source of suffering and even of danger, and if the patient recovers after the "doctor" has taken all the money available, it is paraded as a *cure*, whereas no cure was needed.

The domestic remedies, such as the clover above noted, are commonly harmless, and while they do no good they serve to pacify the patient. If cancer is there, it goes on its evil way unchecked; if a simple, non-malignant tumor is involved, it either disappears or remains stationary in progress, and presently clover or perhaps cancer root (*Conophotis Americana*) is in greater repute than ever.

A Remarkable Buffalo Hunt.

People living near Glendive, Montana, were surprised the other day by hearing a loud tramping, and through the clouds of dust kicked up they discovered a herd of buffalo making at a mad pace for the river. The animals appeared to be well-nigh run-down, but many of them were furious. As they came to the bank of the Yellowstone they plunged in pell mell, one on top of the other, and for a time it looked as though many of them would be killed, but nearly all got out uninjured. They had hardly reached the other side when a yelling, swearing crowd of white men and Indians came up on foam-covered horses. They paused here long enough to get refreshment, and then resumed the chase.

There were four or five hundred buffalo in the herd, and they were making for British America as fast as their legs would carry them. From the hunters it was learned that the hunt began down in Dakota, on the Cannon Ball River, where not less than 5,000 of the animals were found grazing. A few of the men had followed them the entire distance, but although the party that passed here numbered only thirty, its members estimated that from first to last three or four hundred men had taken part in the slaughter. Some of the men who had started out with the original party had remained behind at various points to secure the hides, and others, who only joined in for the sport, had dropped out after satisfying themselves with the chase. The rapidity with which these magnificent animals are slaughtered is shown by the fact that the hunters passing through here said they would have the hides of the remnant of the herd before reaching the boundary line.

Probably this is one of the last big buffalo hunts that will ever occur in this country. The Indian, now that he is assured of enough to eat at the agencies, is as reckless in his slaughter of the bison as the white man. He seems to consider the game as nearly extinct, and he goes in recklessly with the idea of having all the sport he can before the end is reached. The wanton destruction of this herd has caused great indignation throughout the entire section traversed, but as it seems to be the policy to exterminate the bison nothing will be done about it.

Inventive Genius of Italians.

I was surprised to find how many excellent inventions the Milanese possess. Those about the house were particularly noticeable. The upper panels of the bedroom doors were swung on hinges and fastened with thumbscrews—an excellent device for ventilating the room. The bedstead rolled as traveled in a light iron rail, which slid upon the carpet and thus saved it from being cut by the wheels. The bolts to the closed doors disclosed the word "libre" when open and "occupie" when shut. All this was a revelation to me. I fancied the Italians were behind the age in mechanical improvements. I found the Milanese, at least, a long way ahead of the English and French. But even here there is no running water in the bedrooms—a luxury only known in America. Gas lights are being introduced into the bedrooms of some few of the recently-built London hotels, but as a rule gas and running water in bedrooms, so common, almost universal, throughout the cities of the United States, are not to be found in those of Europe. In these respects, therefore, Milan is not a whit behind either London or Paris.

A DUEL IN A DRAWING ROOM.

Commanding His Sweetheart to give the Word.

Rosie Andrigo is the beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter of a wealthy Northumberland coal operator. Mr. Andrigo came from Poland about twenty-two years ago. He was a poor man at that time, but by his industry and skill he amassed great wealth. Some five years ago he built a superb residence on the outskirts of Mount Carmel, and supplied his beloved daughter with everything that wealth could provide. Miss Rosie, whose social position was much better than that of the daughters of other Polish families in this neighborhood, grew up a spoiled beauty. Naturally a great many young men in Mount Carmel sought her hand, but she treated their offers of love with the greatest indifference. Two months ago Count Ludwig Armapuski paid a visit to Mount Carmel. He is the son of a Russian nobleman and came to this country as a traveler. He brought letters of introduction to Mr. Andrigo, who invited him to spend some time at his residence in Mount Carmel. Count Ludwig at once fell desperately in love with his host's daughter, and apparently his affection was returned; at least it was reported that Miss Rosie was engaged to the young Russian.

Among the girl's admirers is Frank Rudman, a bookkeeper at a colliery. He became very jealous of the titled Russian, and on several occasions insulted him grossly before others. Count Ludwig refused to take any notice of these insults, intimating that, being a nobleman's son, he could not engage in any dispute with a bookkeeper. On Sunday last Rudman met Miss Rosie as she was returning from the Catholic chapel. He told her that he had information that Count Ludwig was going to Chicago, and that he had boasted that he had only won the girl's love in sport, and intended to throw her over. The girl refused to believe at first that her lover was false, but on Rudman affirming that he had positive evidence of his fickleness she declared that she would refuse to speak to him during the few days he would be her father's guest.

Of course Count Ludwig noticed the sudden change in her manner toward him, and asked for an explanation. This she at first refused to give, but as he persisted, she told all that Frank Rudman had said to her. The Count at once sent a challenge to Rudman by Mr. William Butler, an American living here, and the challenge was eagerly accepted. Arrangements were made for the duel to be fought on Wednesday, in a retired spot three miles from Mount Carmel.

Rudman whose courage is greater than his discretion, drank heavily, and spoke of the contemplated duel to several of his friends. They persuaded him to go to Mr. Andrigo's residence and shoot the young Russian without risking a face to face meeting. At night while Miss Rosie and Count Ludwig were sitting in the Andrigo drawing room, Rudman burst in upon them with a revolver in each hand.

"I have come to kill you," he cried out to the Russian, at the same time firing.

The bullet took effect in a Sevres vase, shattering it to pieces. Count Ludwig hastened up stairs to his bedroom, and took a revolver from a dressing case. He was back again in the parlor almost before Rosie knew what had happened. Leveling the revolver at Rudman's head, he called upon him to place himself at the opposite end of the apartment.

"Count three!" the Russian shrieked to trembling girl, as Rudman took his place by the balcony window.

Terrified, and not knowing what she did, Rosie obeyed the order, and as the word "Three" fell from her lips the reports of two revolvers rang out simultaneously. The ball from Count Ludwig's weapon penetrated Rudman's shoulder. The latter fell to the floor as the bullet from his pistol whizzed over the young Russian's head. Mr. Andrigo's servants rushed into the room, a hasty explanation followed, and Rudman was carried to a bedchamber, where Miss Rosie is attending to him.

A Ghost Story from the Pacific.

A correspondent in Canton sends the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following story from the Marshall Islands: The end of last year an American ship the "Ranier" was wrecked on these Islands, and about 20 men found refuge on them. But their number being too large for their supply of provisions it was agreed that the party should separate. The captain caused a small twenty-ton schooner to be built of the remains of the wreck, and taking ten of the crew and a share of the provisions sailed away for another island of the group about 200 miles off. The rest of the crew was left in charge of the first mate—a son-in-law of the captain. The second mate was sent off to make his way to Saigon and appeal for aid. This he did, finally reaching Hong Kong, when the U.S. corvette "Essex" was despatched to the rescue, carrying the second mate as a guide. Meanwhile the king of the island on which the shipwrecked men were, who was kind and friendly to them, was full of forebodings as to the fate of the captain's party and the second mate; said they would never see them again, and so on. But one day he came with different tidings. It seems he was in the habit of holding spiritual communion with his dead wife, by name Olivia. In one of the seances he had, I suppose, asked her if she could give him any tidings, any hopes, for his shipwrecked friends. She said that on a Sunday a sail would be seen, and they would be rescued. The king brought this news with great joy to the refugees, and with some curiosity they awaited the result. This must have been some four months after they were wrecked. Sure enough on the following Sunday a sail was seen, but in spite of their efforts to attract attention the ship passed on her course. But the Sunday after that the rescuing ship, the "Essex" appeared in sight, and eventually took them all off. This story was related by an officer of the "Essex" to a friend of mine, who at once told it to me. These Islands are in the North Pacific Ocean, to the S. W. of the Sandwich Isles, and there is very little communication with them.

A Cool Client.

An acquaintance of mine—a young lawyer, tired of being brieflees and fee-less in San Francisco—determined to establish himself in some inter or county. A few months after he wrote me that he had his first case, and that he had won it. It was a hard case, he wrote; one that required hard study and ingenuity, but he had won it, and assured me that he considered his fee—fifty dollars, I believe—as well earned. His client was an old countryman, simple and unsophisticated, and he had endeavored to post him on the ways and doings of courts, so that he should attend the trial without embarrassment or trepidation. By his coolness in the court the client did honor to his lawyer.

My friend came down to spend his holidays, and we met. I asked him, laughingly, whether he had had another case since his first. He looked at me curiously, and told me that something incredible had happened in regard to that affair. That same morning he met his former client and over an appetizer they had discussed the matter.

"That only cost me a hundred dollars," said the client.

"A hundred!" asked the lawyer,

"Yes. I took the Judge out for a drink, and gave him fifty dollars. That is why I was so cool in the court."

The feelings of my young lawyer friend can be better imagined than described. Still he looked upon it as a good joke. I rather spoiled his amusement by asking him whether he had returned to his client his "well-earned fee."

A Georgia couple waited four years for a favorable time to elope, and just as it came, the girl's father took the young man by the hand and said: 'Speak up to her, Thomas, I know she loves you, and I'd be tickled to death to have you for a son in law."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion (solid nonpariel measure.
One square, 24 lines nonpariel, 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, OCT. 24, 1884.

We are waiting anxiously to hear of news from General Wolseley and our brave Canadian friends who so spontaneously rallied to his standard at his call. We have no fear of their ultimate success of overcoming the difficulty of the Nile rapids, and of succeeding in reaching Khartoum. But having once reached there. What then? Is General Wolseley to immediately abandon the place to the Mahdi, who has been so unsuccessfully investing it for months past, taking with him the heoric Gordon, or is the campaign only to end with the subjugation of the Mahdi, and the retention of Khartoum and the Soudan? This expedition is said to cost the British Government over fifty millions of dollars, and they are not likely to throw away all that money for nothing and allow the slave-traders to triumph. The place must be retained once they have free and uninterrupted possession of it. It is in the interests of christianity and humanity that they should; we believe they will—and the whole civilized world will rejoice thereat. As to the rumor that the Canadians were acting insubordinately to their superior officers and were hindering rather than helping the expedition, we do not believe. If English officers have interfered with them in their work, they would likely pay little attention to them, as they knowing their duty were likely to do it, without dictation from those who had no experience of the kind of work they were engaged in, they would more likely take orders from their own officers whose experience they had more confidence in. The Canadians were chosen by General Wolseley because of their special knowledge and experience in the methods of managing boats in rapids. They work under general overseers who, however, pretty generally leave them free to act on their own responsibility. Being self reliant under all emergencies, and act with decision, each man on his own judgment. Lord Wolseley had an experience of the Canadian boatmen on his trip to Fort Garry in the Riel rebellion, when traversing the Red river, and from his experience then of their usefulness, he was anxious to have a number of them with him in his Nile expedition—and we are satisfied he will not be disappointed in them.

The British Government, however, has authorized a denial of the despatch stating that the Canadian contingent has proved very insubordinate. It was quite unnecessary as nobody in this country believed the Canard.

The Belfast *News Letter* of the 8th inst., says:—

"The preparations at home for the Nile expedition are steadily progressing. The truck-loads of coil-rope and spare gear for the Nile boats arrived at Woolwich by rail to day from Hull for shipment in the Cameo. The gear consists of extra masts, boat hooks, awning, rope, and other articles likely to be of service in case of accidents to the boats in proceeding up the Nile. It is stated that the cash sent out weekly from the Bank of England by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers and by Government transports for the current expenses of the campaign has been ordered to be increased from £100,000 to £150,000 per week. Sixty-seven tons of clothing, in 314 packages, for the different regiments out in Egypt, have arrived at the Royal Arsenal from Pimlico to be shipped in the Cameo. This transport is now nearly full, and will probably leave to-morrow. It is pretty evident that a large quantity of stores will be shut out of the Cameo, and that another vessel will have to be charted by the Admiralty to follow the Cameo."

* * * * *

"Mr. Stewart, brother of Colonel Stewart, called at the Foreign Office in the course of the afternoon, where he stayed some time, and had an interview with the heads of the Egyptian department. They were unable to add anything to the melancholy details already given beyond what is matter of conjecture or probable. Colonel Stewart was a great traveller in Russia and China, and being a man of independent fortune was able to take a very independent course if he so wished in respect to public affairs. In this respect he was very much like General Gordon, and he, too, as is Gordon, was a man personally of inexpensive habits. Much of his means were spent in works of goodness, and by all who came in contact with him he was greatly respected for his energy and enthusiasm and spirit of self sacrifice and soldier like readiness in all emergencies. Colonel Stewart had made his way to Constantinople after his travels, just about the time the Government were appointing vice-consuls out there, and he received the Vice-Consulship of Asia Minor. When our troops went to Egypt he made his way to Khartoum, where he compiled the report of the condition of the Soudan, which attracted general attention at the time, and which is now used as a valuable work of reference in the department. Then occurred the outbreak of the Mahdi, and with the actions of Colonel Stewart and General Gordon in reference to those troubles the public are fairly familiar."

A RAID ON MONTREAL.—On the three highwaymen captured in Brockville were number of towns in the vicinity, with certain places marked out as promising spots to operate upon. Lists were also found on them of the police stations, etc.; of the Montreal safe and lock makers, and of the kinds of safes and locks which are most popular in the different localities. This and other circumstances go to show that a heavy campaign in Montreal and vicinity had been planned out.

The Temperance cause is surely and steadily gaining ground in Canada. Wherever the Scott Act has been submitted to the people it has been carried by overwhelming majorities notwithstanding the herculian efforts put forth by the distillers, brewers and tavern-keepers to prevent it. In a short time, judging from present appearances, the whole Dominion will be under the Scott Act; then, as a natural consequence, a prohibitory law will be passed forbidding the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants. It would be better for the whole community if it were so. Then we would have houses of entertainment for travellers, and boarders, which would pay equally as well, if properly kept, if not better than those now engaged in selling liquor by the glass. No brawls, no fights, no murders, no breaking of windows glass and furniture, but where men meet peaceably and part peaceably. This would be millenium indeed—and every God fearing man will earnestly pray for its speedy accomplishment. We publish an article in to day's paper, copied from the *British Messenger* headed "Dying for a Drop," which we recommend to our readers. After reading it, if any can uphold the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits—then we can only say, they are devoid of all humanity.

The death of Colonel Stewart, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will raise many an unavailing regret. Colonel Stewart was a gallant soldier who need not have perished but for the fatal policy of procrastination at Downing Street. If Lord Wolseley had been allowed to start when he and all other military authorities declared a start should have been effected, the expedition would have been so far on its way as to have avoided all necessity for the perilous journey down the Nile which resulted so calamitously, but Colonel Stewart will not have died in vain if his fate should even at the eleventh hour rouse those in whose service he fell to some sense of their responsibilities in the Soudan.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Washington, D.C., Oct. 18th, 1884.

The President has returned to the Capital, and there are many other signs of the winter rehabilitation that will be complete in about six weeks when Congress will have assembled, for the short final session. Many senators and representatives have already returned to their Washington homes. The diplomatic corps is here in its usual force, and splendor. The social world, too, that heterogeneous but potent entity has also come back to Washington and is preparing for its important role in the drama of Washington life. What would Washington be without society! without its round of social entertainments where cabinet officers, supreme court judges, senators, their wives and daughters, sisters, cousins and aunts meet in stifling drawing rooms, inhale carbonic acid gas, swallow tea, punch, champagne, chicken salad, and sandwiches. They are at Judge A's at 12 midnight, and repeat the same performance at Senator B's at 1 o'clock in the morning. These Senators are expected to legislate for fifty millions of people next day; these judges of the highest court must give final interpretation to laws, and make judicial precedents for all time; these cabinet officers have ministerial functions throughout the postal, naval, military, financial, state, and judicial services of the greatest and most progressive nation on this planet. The objector may be austere puritanical, and everything else that is abhorred; but he must in fact that these night orgies are not the proper training moral, moral, or physicial, for the perilous science of government.

The coming winter is expected to be one of unusual interest in the Capital. It is the last winter of the present administration. "Ring out the old—ring in the new." On the fourth of March another President will be inaugurated, another Cabinet will be formed and the quadrenial adjustment to the new order of things will follow with more or less friction and discord.

Just ten days before the inauguration of the next President, on the twenty-second of February, the anniversary of the birth of Washington, his monument, the highest artificial structure on the planet, will be unveiled with fitting ceremony. It is expected that visitors from all parts of the country will be in Washington during the unveiling ceremonies, and many will no doubt remain until after the inauguration.

Each succeeding year makes the city better prepared for the entertainment of strangers. The hotel, and boarding house area of Washington is ever increasing. Anyone can live comfortably (if his ideal of comfort is not too luxurious) in the capital of his country, who can pay one dollar per day for food and lodging. Those who wish to pay more can have the pleasure of doing so. At the expensive hotels grouped about the Treasury Department the charges vary from three to eight dollars per day according to the location of rooms.

Many improvements have been made during the summer in the streets, parks, public and private residences of the city.

A part of the mammoth pension building has been completed, and is now ready for the hundreds of clerks who will soon occupy it. The million dollars improvement of the wings of the Capital is progressing favourably. A million cubic yards of mud, dredged from the bed of the Potomac, have been dumped on the swamps that border the river front of the city, and many acres of solid ground have been made. A new Opera House, the largest and finest in the city, has been erected, and Mrs. Belva Lockwood, Presidential candidate on wheels, has had her Tricycle painted.

—A despatch from Wady Halfa says there is evidence of a sudden resolve on the part of the government to augment the forces at the instance of General Wolseley. An early advance is expected. The Nile is rising. Three hundred and seventy-eight of the Canadian boatmen have arrived at Assouan.

"OUR NATIONAL FOODS."—This name is applied to a class of hygenic foods which has attracted considerable attention lately, and being a new industry, started about two years ago by Messrs. Fish & Ireland of Lachute Mills, we have been led to try some of the foods which they claim to be specially prepared under a new and patented process, and the result is most gratifying to the palate and digestion.—*Montreal Gazette.*

—There were 192 failures in the United States the week before last.

—Toleration for all religions has been proclaimed in Cuba.

DYING FOR A DROP.

BY C. J. WHITMORE.

I was sitting by the quiet house fireside, the wind and the rain beating upon the windows, the fire blazing and roaring as it blazes and roars on winter nights only; the day's work done; pen, desk, and room offering an inviting welcome.

"You are wanted, sir; a wild looking woman is waiting in the passage to see you. I could not ask her further in, for she is ragged and dripping with wet." —So said the trim, quiet servant, who is quite accustomed to all kinds of visitors; she didn't like it at all at first, but is quite used to it now.

I went to my visitor; she was standing on the mat, and the rain was pouring from her garments as she stood. —"What has brought you out on such a night?" I inquired.

"I have come to fetch you to see an old acquaintance," she replied. "Do you remember Maggie Smith? I see you do. Well, she asked me to come and see if you would visit her; she is lying in 'the Rents' in Westminster, and wants you."

One quiet, regretful glance at fire, desk, pen; then the waterproof coat, thick boots, and the beating wind and rain.—Through the choking gutters, over the splashy roads, past the flickering gas-lamps, out of the decent thoroughfares, into courts and alleys that even this rain could not sweeten, and after a prolonged conflict with the tempest, that was not without its pleasantness, we reached "the Rents."

A small square of houses two stories high, worn out, squalid, fever-smitten at their best; at their worst—never-failing, swift adjucts to hospital and infirmary beds and paupers' graves. A small flickering lamp on the staircase made darkness visible up the rotten, dangerous stairs, and we turned into the small back-room. The only furniture was an iron sauce-pan, a yellow basin, and an old box. In the broken-down grate a few gray ashes were smouldering away, an old lamp upon the mantle-piece gave light upon some rags in a corner, upon which, dressed in rags and covered with an old quilt, a woman lay to sing in utter unrest of body and soul.—Black hair streaked with gray; piercing black eyes wildly roving, never still; pale face, full, deep, red lips; over all was clear witness that there lay the wreck of something that might and ought to have been infinitely brighter and better; but as she lay, her own mother would have hated to recognise the child of her love.

"You have come," she said, in a soft, refined voice, startlingly out of harmony with her appearance and surroundings. "I knew you would, though this is not much of a place to come to, and I hear the wind and the rain. You have come, and I am glad; I have waited for you with such an unutterable longing that the minutes have seemed hours as I have watched for you; but now you are here, and I shall get what I am longing and praying for."

"And what is that?" I asked.—"Something to drink!" she replied. "*I am dying for a drop.*"—Do you mean to say that you have sent for me to tramp miles through wind and rain for this?" I inquired angrily.

"Yes, I do," she replied, "and I don't see why not; but do let Bet fetch the whiskey; give her a shilling only one, and I will pray for you as long as I live. I had no money—nothing left to part with, all my friends are tired out, there are only you left, and I am longing for a drop. Don't say no. If I asked you for bread or meat or tea or coals, you would give at once; the whiskey won't cost more, and it's more to me than all other things put together now."

If she had been starving for food or perishing with cold, she could not have turned more wildly beseeching eyes upon me. I was utterly confounded; all ideas of right and wrong seemed turned upside down; if she had raved, ha! tattered oaths, had asked food, that would have been ordinary experience; but to hear the soft, refined, beseeching tones so touchingly pleading for that which had wrought her such evil was something so new and confusing that I found myself uncertainly debating what to do.—"I must not, I dare not, I ought not," I said at length. "You know the evil drink has done you, and how can you ask me to give you more?"

"How can I ask?" she repeated, "because I want it so. Come nearer and let me tell you. The doctor was here this afternoon and he told Bet that it was all over with me, that I should be gone before the morning. I asked him to order me something to drink, and he turned and went down stairs without a word. But you won't be so hard-hearted, I know. I should be glad if you would read to me, and talk with me, but I could not listen with this raging within. Just a very little would do for a time, and then I want to tell you something before I go. If you will only give me a very little I will tell you the other things that I sent for you to hear, but just a little whiskey first."

"Ask me for anything in reason," I rejoined, "and I will most gladly do it for you, but it will cost me never-ending regret to give you strong drink now. Tought not, I will not."

"Ban!" said Bet, as she left the room, "I told you it would be of no use, and if I had not fetched him I'd have had it out of him for you before now. But I'll try down stairs if I can't get enough for half a quarter. If he hadn't come through wind and rain to see you I'd have made him give it you."—She clattered noisely down the rotten stairs, evidently bent upon procuring strong drink by any possible means. While she was gone I sat looking at Maggie in silence, for I saw it was useless to speak of anything else while that awful look of expectancy was upon her face.—It was not long before Bet returned with a white mug lacking its handle, in which was the spirit so craved for. She looked defiantly at me as she tenderly raised her companion, slowly poured the strong liquor between her quivering lips, and after all was gone she left the room.

"Now," said Maggie I shall be strong for a little while. It's like the old life and strength I had before I loved it, while it lasts I'll tell you what I want to say while I can. You know how many times I have come to you. Each time I meant to give up drinking, but I never did. The truth was, my father was an officer in the church, and he dealt in strong drink; from my earliest childhood it was all around me. I used to smell it always, then I came to taste it, then to like, then to love it. Before I was sixteen I would drink as much as I dared whenever I could get it. My mother was dead, my father was always engrossed in the business, and for a long time he did not see; but I think he suspected at last, for he sent me from home to a boarding school. There I had plenty of money, but no drink at all, until I had time to watch which of the servants liked to drink, then it was easy. I gave her the money, she procured the drink, and we had it secretly when we could. After I left school I was put to learn dress-making. I think I really loved learning, and I knew I was clever at my work; and, now that I had my liberty when work was done, I could do as I pleased and have all the drink I could pay for.

"But, just then drink lost its hold upon me entirely. I had become acquainted with a young man and we came to love each other dearly. Like myself he was well educated and exceedingly fond of poetry. Not like me, as I had been, he could not even bear the name of strong drink. It was something about his mother, but I never asked particulars and he never told me. He never spoke of it but once. Time went; we were happy, he at his work, I at mine until the old love of the drink returned and seemed to haunt me. The thought of it never left me, asleep or awake. I bore it as long as I could, then I thought I would quiet myself by having just a little; and I went into a tavern to get it. There the very smell of it seemed to madden me with lust for it. The more I drank the more I wanted. I became quarrelsome when they would serve me no more, and they thrust me out. I was staggering from the tavern to the pavement, and should have fallen into the gutter, but a man caught my arm and held me. I turned upon him in unreasoning anger and looked in his face. There I saw eyes that I knew dilated with horror, lips that I loved quivering with disgust and shame. He helped me to the wall and left me. I have never seen him since.—But the pure love died out of my heart and the love of the drink took its place and kept it. It was not like his love, for it never left me through good or evil."

Her voice had grown very louder while she was speaking. The power of memory, excited by the drink, had carried her back into the past, and she evidently lived again the days she described.—"I have had many a bitter fight for it, she continued. "Sometimes I could go without for weeks together, then my skill procured me clothing and a decent home. Again I must have drink, and home and clothing and money all went for it. I never made companions; no other man ever spoke of love to me: the drink destroyed my first dream, and I never dreamed again. I have seen many reverses; sometimes dressed well, quiet, respectable, outwardly happy, but never for long; at other times I would have to sleep in common, fever stricken lodging-houses, going thence to make the dresses of fashionable ladies, sometimes sleeping in the market, sometimes in doorways, and even in the den of horrors, the casual ward. My father sent me money, and I drank it away, until he heard how I was living. Then he cast me off and died, they said, broken hearted about me. I did not care—I could not—I only wanted to drink and forget all unpleasant things.—Ah, it was good to drink, for then all I had lost came back to me. Then I was way back at school, innocent and happy; then I was learning my business and enjoying it; then best of all, the time came back when he loved me and we spoke of the happy life we hoped to lead when we were wedded and had a home of our own. To wake from such dreams to what I had sunk to was torture, and the dreams only came with the drink. It is no wonder I loved it, gave up all for it, never could leave it—that I still love and crave it."

While she was speaking the excitement of the drink gradually left her; a gray, awful shade was stealing over her face, and she was silent for a brief space of time. A spasm of pain aroused her, and she said, Call Bet! call quickly!"—I went to the door and shouted for her friend; as if waiting for the summons Bet was speedily in the room and looking down upon her.—"More drink, Bet she said, "more drink; I'm dying for it."

But even Bet saw the time for more drink was gone forever, as she sank shudderingly upon her knees by the ragged bed.—"More drink" cried Maggie, "only once more! Bet, don't be hard hearted now! Minister, give me the last thing I shall ask for!"—"Let me read—let me pray with you," I entreated; "pray for yourself, or it will soon be too late."

"I don't want reading. I don't want prayer—it is too late for these; I want whiskey, and I must have it. It has been home, love, Bible, mother, father, religion, to me. Let me have some once more, only once; I tell you I'm dying for it. Ah!" she screamed, "I never thought of it until now, but I'm going where they are always 'dying for a drop,' and begging for it in vain."

With one terrible convulsive spasm the gray shade settled down upon the face, never to be lifted any more.—Out, most gladly into the wild night to buffet with wind and rain, thinking, as I strove on homeward, that I would not be concerned with the making or sale of strong drink for all the money that ever was coined. "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—"Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and flee away."—*British Messenger.*

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—Bears are very plentiful in the county of Bellechase.

—Ottawa merchants complain of great dullness in trade.

—A shipment of Canadian tweeds has been sent to England.

—Sydney complains of the conduct of the Canadian voyageurs at that place.

—The death of A. M. Sullivan, the Irish leader, is announced.

—Several of Pinkerton's detectives are in Ottawa in regard to some missing government bonds.

—A farmer's son was cut to pieces by a threshing machine near Orillia on Friday last.

—The Mahdi, when within six days' march of Khartoum, was defeated and compelled to retire.

Another defeat of the Chinese near Tamsui is announced. Three thousand Chinese were killed.

The Hungarian, arrested at Liverpool for having dynamite in his possession has been released.

General trade in the United States continues dull, and no immediate improvement is expected.

—The increased business of the post office department at Ottawa has necessitated the leasing of a building to accommodate the money branches.

—A public meeting will be called on November 4th in Montreal to devise means for the establishment of a Protestant insane asylum.

—At the convocation of University college, Toronto, Prof. Wilson advocated the establishment of a female college and opposed all university consolidation.

—In opening the Waterloo (Ont) assizes on the 21st inst., Judge Rose spoke in favour of the Scott act, but thought the licensed victuallers should be compensated.

—The coroner's jury in the case of Hamilton Powder Company's mill explosion at Cumminsville find that the machinery was not in good repair and that the company are to blame in the matter.

—It is stated that the negotiations between Parnell and Gladstone have fallen through, that the crimes act will be renewed, and that Lord Spencer will resign to be succeeded by the Duke of Connaught.

—A workman at the Quebec Parliament buildings on Wednesday the 15th inst found a copper cap which formed part of the infernal machine that did the damage.

—Montreal has been decided upon for the holding of the next annual Congress of the Church of England. Ottawa was also proposed.

—The live stock market in Toronto is becoming one of the most important in Canada. At Wednesday's market of last week seventy-five car loads of cattle were offered.

—In the Anglican church congress on Wednesday the 15th inst, in Toronto, Rural Dean Nesbitt, of Smith's Falls, characterized Sunday schools as a farce and a delusion. The Rev. gentleman we fancy is himself "a farce and a delusion."

—G. Smith, of the Lamberton Woollen Mills, has forwarded by Grand Trunk a large consignment of Canadian made tweeds and woollens en route to England. Should the shipment result successfully others will be made regularly.

—A prominent Toronto brewer states that the trade have assurance that politicians on Ministerial and Opposition benches will unite in exempting beer and light wines from the operations of the Scott Act at the next meeting of the Dominion Parliament.

—A despatch has been received from the colonial office, containing a copy of the colonial attorney's relief amendment act. The act provides that where colonies allow British attorneys to practice, after having passed the required examination as to local laws, the same privilege shall be extended in England to attorneys from that colony, provided they have studied for five years and practiced for seven years in the colony from which they come.

The great Crawshay iron works in South Wales are to close on account of the depression.

Only Berber merchants were on the steamer that ran aground at Wady Garma, so that Col. Stewart's safety may be considered as assured.

Chinese troops continue to pour into Tonquin, and the French cabinet is divided as to what measures to take to provide reinforcements for their generals.

—Of the viceroys of India the first, Lord Canning, was English; the second, Lord Elgin, Scotch; the third, Lord Laurence, Irish; the fourth, Lord Mayo, Irish also; the fifth, sixth and seventh, Lords Northbrook, Lytton and Ripon, were English. But now the appointment of Lord Dufferin re-establishes an Irishman on the viceregal throne. For some time it has been a common joke in London that "our only general," "our only eye, and "our only ambassador," Dufferin, were both Irish. This viceroyalty of India has been, through Lord Dufferin's whole career, his point of aspiration. It is a mistake to suppose that money is to be made, as in the days of Clive and Hastings, or saved out of the salary of $125,000 a year in the office, but it permits the husbanding of private fortune, and Lord Dufferin's finances need repair. Of his children, the second boy most inherits the brilliant qualities of the Sheridan race.

RIOT AT MICHIPICOTEN.

TORONTO, October 18.—The riots at Michipicoten, caused by the attempt d suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors, originated as follows: Under the public works act it is forbidden to sell liquor within ten miles of any part of the Pacific railway that may be under construction. There is a large gang of Irish Roman Catholic Liquor sellers and three or four stills located near Michipicoten who sell their stuff to the navvies at fancy prices. These illicit sellers believing that Alex. Macdonald, the Canadian Pacific railway agent, and others were attempting to put a stop to the traffic threaten d them with death. On October 9th a body of seventy-five Italians and forty men attacked the buildings occupied by Capt Burden, Ontario magistrate, and the officers of the Canadian Pacific railway. Two constables were wounded. On the following day a fourth outbreak being attempted the local government was notified by Capt. Burden, who also started for the city, which he reached Thursday. The government applied to the city police commissioners for twenty men; ten were granted, and Major Draper made the selection from his men last night as follows:—Inspector Seymour in charge; constables Bell, John Cuddy, Noble M. McKee (1-8), Chatton, Morris O'Connell (19), T. Patterson (59) Muirhead Larkin, Dodds.

The men are nearly all single, are volunteers, will get 50 cents a day of extra pay, have all their expenses paid by the Ontario government, and leave this morning by the 10.45 steam boat express for the Toronto, Grey & Bruce for Owen Sound where they will take the C. P. R. steamer for the Sault and then reship for Michipicoten, which is 120 miles further north. They will be accompanied by Captain Burden, the stipendiary magistrate, and by H. C. Hamilton, of this city, who is also crown attorney at the Sault.

The crown attorney will be authorized to call out the infantry company if necessary. But it is not likely there will be further trouble, as the whisky sellers will take flight on the approach of the Toronto stalwarts, who will go fully armed under an experienced leader, and will stand no nonsense from the contrabands. The constables are to be armed with rifle carbines, stump bayonets and revolver. The Canadian Pacific agent has offered a reward of $1,000 for any information leading to the arrest of the rioters.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THERE are three articles in the November number which render it one of the most interesting yet issued. "Money Panics," by Richard B. Kimball, L. L. D., traces the history of panics from that of 1866 in London, to that of May, 1884, in New York; and Charles Gayarre relates the particulars of "Washington's Surrender at Fort Necessity" in 1754—both articles are finely illustrated. The third feature is the commencement of a thrilling serial story by Mr. Garrett Walker, of New Orleans, entitled "the Death-Mark." The author is both blind and paralysed, and yet with beautiful cheerfulness and energy supports himself upon his writings, which he dictates to an amanuensis.

There are, also, the usual variety of choice reading matter in the 128 quarto pages, and the embellishments number over 100. This is unquestionably the cheapest magazine in existence—the price is only 25 cents a number, or $3.00 a year, post paid. MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

DEATH.

WALTON.—On the 18th inst., at the Parsonage, Merrickville, Carrie, youngest daughter of Rev. Jno. Walton, aged seventeen years.

SPEDON.—At his residence, "Hillgrove," Paget, Bermuda, on Friday, September 26th, 1884, after a lingering illness Andrew Learmont Spedon, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, aged 54 years, late Editor and Proprietor of *Vox Stella*, Bermuda, and formerly Editor and Proprietor of Ormstown *New Dominion*, Canada.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

IMMENSE SUCCESS

The success in our Mantles and Costume Rooms is far greater this season than any previous years.

S. CARSLEY.

BETTER FIT!
BETTER WORK!

We are giving Better Work in the make of the garments. Also Perfect Fits. No misfits now. Every customer pleased every time. Every Mantle sold is an advertisement for us.

S. CARSLEY.

NEWER STYLES!
BETTER VALUE!

Our styles are altogether newer than is shown elsewhere and values very much better in Mantles and Costumes

S. CARSLEY.

WINTER CASHMERE

We would respectfully inform our customers that our sale of WINTER CASHMERE is increasing daily.

New All-Wool French Cashmere, in all the leading shades.

New All-Wool French Cashmere at all prices.

New All-Wool French Cashmere in all qualities.

S. CARSLEY.

CHEAP FLANNEL

Parties requiring either Grey, White or Red Flannel will do well to visit our flannel department next week.

S. CARSLEY

FLANNEL SALE.

We hold a Special Sale of Flannel all next week.

S. CARSLEY.

FLANNELS. FLANNELS.

We have this day put into stock, a new line of Fancy Flannel-Shirtings, in Checks and Stripes at special prices.

Spotted Flannels in all colors.

Stripped Lawn Tennis Flannels in all colors.

Canadian all-wool Fancy Shirting Flannel in checks and stripes.

English all-wool Fancy Shirtings Flannel, in checks and stripes.

Opera Flannels in all colors.

Saxony Flannels in all colors.

At S. CARLEY'S.

LINENS! LINENS!

We are at present showing a splendid assortment of all kinds of Table Linen, with Napkins to match, plain and colored borders.

TOWELS! TOWELS!

A great variety of Towels in all qualities. Special terms to hotel proprietors and others buying in large quantities, a

S. CARSLY'S

S. CARSLEY.

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

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE, LOT and OUT-BUILDINGS, in the Village of Lachute, on reasonable terms and at a very low figure.

Apply to
W. J. SIMPSON.

Lachute, Oct. 24th, 1884. 8 tf.

DANCING!

PROF. C. W. DURKEE, OF MONTREAL, will open a class for instruction in *dancing*, on the Evening of Nov. 13th, 1884, in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute.

ALSO

in the TOWN HALL, at St. Andrews, on Wednesday Evening Nov. 12, 1884.

TERMS.—FOR THE COURSE 18 NIGHTS

Ladies, $4.00, Gentlemen $8.00.

Hours of practice, from 7.45 to 11.

7—6in

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

Watchmaker and Photographer,

Main Street, Lachute.

Vital Questions!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"*Some form of Hops!!!*"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu!!!*"

Ask the same physicians

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy, !!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scorfula.

Erysipelas!

"Sanguem, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail" Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

Be Non genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c." and they will tell you: *Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!*"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable.

And compounded into Hop Bitters such as wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill heal h can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL!

THE UNDERSIGNED begs leave to inform his CUSTOMERS and the PUBLIC IN GENERAL, that he has removed his stock to the premises lately occupied by

F. NAUBERT & Co.,

where the advantages of a larger STOCK and increased TRADE will enable him to suit customers in every respect.

A new feature has been introduced in the DRY GOODS Department by the addition of LADIES TRIMMED HATS, done up in the latest styles by a first class MILLINER.

A stock of CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, second to none in the County.

GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
BOOTS and SHOES.

A complete stock in these lines.

FRESH GOODS and prices to suit the TIMES.

All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods at market prices.

H. ROBERT.

St. Philippe, Oct. 14th, 1884.

PHOTOGRAPHS

CHEAPER THAN EVER, either by the new or OLD PROCESS by

A. G. STACKHOUSE,

St. Andrews, Oct. 20th, 1884. 8 tf.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Municipality of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil.

To the Inhabitants of the Municipality of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by GAVIN J. WALKER, Secretary-Treasurer, that the list of Jurors, qualified to act as Grand and Petit Jurors in this Municipality, has been made out in duplicate and deposited in my office, and that the same will be submitted to the Municipal Council of this Municipality for approval, at a general session thereof to be held in the Council Room in the Court House, Lachute, in said Municipality, on MONDAY THE THIRD DAY OF THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER NEXT, at the HOUR of three of the clock in the afternoon.

Given at Lachute aforesaid, this fifteenth day of the month of October, eighteen hundred and eighty-four.

GAVIN J. WALKER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

7—2-in.

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.

49-1m.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all *PATENT BUSINESS* at home or abroad a tended to for *MODERATE RATES.*

Our office is opposite the U.S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from *WASHINGTON.*

Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we CHARGE NO FEE UNLESS PATENT IS ALLOWED.

We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U.S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or County, write to

C. A. SNOW & Co.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D.C.

18lbs. SUGAR
FOR
$1.00
AT THE
PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,
ST. ANDREWS.

C. T. WALES & Co.

ARE devoting special attention to their TEA DEPARTMENT.—New crop Japans in half Chests and Caddies, to be sold at a small advance on cost.—3lbs. fine Japan for $1.00.

18lbs. Coarse grained Muscovada for $1.00.

Large assortments of FALL GOODS opened out at unprecedented low prices at the "PEOPLE'S CASH STORE,"—St. Andrews.

J. & A. LOWE

BEG to inform the public they have received their new stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

also a new stock of good Mantle Cloaths and Velveteens for Suites; Ulsters, Dolmans, Mantles, Fur-trimmings &c.

Lachute, 18th Sept., 1884.

W. A. WEIR,

(Of the firm of Quinn & Weir,)

COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ATTORNEY, COMMISSIONER &c.

181 St. James Street, Montreal.

Attention given to all Civil and Criminal matters. 4-1y

LACHUTE FLOUR MILLS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR

Strong Bakers Flour Guaranteed $2.80
Manitoba Bread Flour..... 2.30
Lower Grade Flour..... 2.15

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

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

STOVES FOR COAL OR WOOD.

A large stock of first class HALL COAL STOVES, ALSO COOK STOVES of every Description on HAND.

PLOWS.

The celebrated No. 8 STEEL MOULD PLOW has no equal.

THRESHING MILLS, GREYS PATENT the best in the Market.

McCUAT & McRAE.

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,

ST. ANDREWS, P. Q.

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

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.

HEARSES.

AN UNDERTAKER going out of business wishes a qualified person to purchase his plant and start in the same line, either at Lachute, L'Original or Vankleek Hill.

One large and one small HEARSE, purposely built for country roads, a most new, in perfect order, recently painted and richly decorated. Horse nets, two sets of plumes, &c.

Easy terms an I most rate interest provided payment be secured by first-class security.

Address M. L. F.,
Post Office Box, 144,
Hull, P. Que.

-tf

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.

R. G. MEIKLE.

Lachute, April 8th, 1884. 35-tf

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 123, 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.

WANTED a resident Agent in every Village, Town and City of the Dominion, also, a few Travellers to sell our new GAS MACHINES, for making AIR GAS 50 per cent. cheaper than coal gas, equally as Good. No FIRE or Power required. Made in all sizes from 15 BURNERS to 1,000, for PRIVATE HOUSES, STORES, HOTELS, Factories, Mills, Street-, Mines, etc., address:

THE CANADIAN AIR GAS MACHINE MFG. Co
115 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

TAPE WORM.

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

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 300 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.

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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Immense Success.—S. Carsley.
Patents.—C. A. Snow & Co.
Removal.—H. Robert.
For Sale.—W. J. Simpson.
Photographs.—A. G. Stackhouse.

LOCAL.

There's a little flower growing
In a mossy, shaded spot,
That is within the woodland,
'Tis the sweet forget-me-not.

These are words from a simple song, which, with seven others, comes to us for notice from the well known publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston. The titles and prices are here given.

The sweet Forget me-not, (30 cts) by W. S. [Wilcox
My Darling and I, (30 cts.) by H Por'er
Lieut. Greely's Return March, (10 cts) With portrait by R. Goerdeler.
Little Dove Polka Mazurka, (30 cts.) by Car Faust
Chant d'Amour Etude, (35 cts.) by H. Behrens
Fantine Galop, (0 cts) by Launce Knight.
Melodie for Piano, (35 cts) by Zeckwar.
Fragment from Nussknacker, (25 cts) 4 hand piece by Reinecke.

Lost between Lachute and West Gore, a pair of boots newly repaired. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving them at this office.

Costiveness is the cause of the intolerable "bad breath" of multitudes. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters remove the cause and prevent the evil, and cost only 25 cents.

Mr. William Brown, of Point Fortune, has shipped to Montreal two barges, each containing 6000 bushels of peas, and another this week of 8000 bushels.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is the best remedy known for stiff joints.

Contract Secured.—The contractors for building the Kingston and Pembrooke Railway, Messrs. McDonald, Chisholm and O'Brien, have secured another contract on the Napanee and Tamworth line, which they will commence this fall, after the first mentioned work is completed.

The history of Downs' Elixir is identified with the history of New England for the last fifty years. It cures coughs and colds.

False telegrams have been sent through the United States that a riot took place at Prince Albert, and that Louis Riel had been shot. It would be no loss to the country if the latter part was true. He is still the fire-brand of the North West, stirring up mischief wherever he goes. Scott's blood cries to Heaven for redress.

Destroy the worms or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms

Attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. H. Robert, who has moved into the commodious premises lately occupied by E. Naubert & Co., St. Philippe. Give him a call.

For Nettle Rash, Itching Piles, Ring worm, Pimples, and all skin diseases, use Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap.

We regret to hear of the sudden death of the Rev. Mr. Walton's youngest daughter, at Merrickville on the 18th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Walton and family have the heartfelt sympathy of the people of Lachute, more especially the members of his own church.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other Medicine.

Street Improvements.—We are pleased to observe that Councillor Fish has taken up the role of street improvements,—he has much improved the road at the Mills Post Office and opposite our own door. We trust others will follow the good example set them by Mr. Thos. Barron and Mr. James Fish.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, Golden Specific Co.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.
6-1y.

The annual meeting of the Lachute branch of the Bible Society will be held in the Methodist Church, on Friday, the 7th Nov. next, at 7 o'clock. The Agent Rev. Wm. Green and others will address the meeting. A collection will be taken up at the close of the meeting.

A Successful Result.

Mr. Bloomer, of Hamilton, Ont., suffered for many years with a painful running sore upon one of his legs, which baffled all attempts to heal until he used Burdock Blood Bitters, which speedily worked a perfect cure.

Shot at.—On Sunday night last, at about half past six, one of Mr. Ireland's boys, a young lad of 10 years, was passing over Fish's bridge he was shot at by a man who was on the opposite side of the bridge. The boy ran home and made a report of what happened but no attention was paid to it until the next morning when upon examining the bridge where the boy was passing, a good sized bullet hole was seen and is there yet to prove the shooting. The man is known and it is to be hoped will be dealt with as he deserves.

No Matter.

No matter where pain, lameness or soreness exists, Hagyard's Yellow Oil taken or applied will give immediate relief, and a positive cure quickly follows its use.

Two men were arrested at Ottawa on Monday evening named Adolphus Leblanc and Eugene Bail, for passing altered $2 bills to $20 by pasting a cipher on the right hand side of the figure two.

An Agreeable Surprise

Those who try Burdock Blood Bitters as a regulator of the bowels, or to purify the blood, aid digestion, regulate the liver and kidneys, or strengthen tired nature, are agreeably surprised at the prompt benefit derived.

Tree Planting.—Now is the time for tree planting, and our citizens should set about it in good earnest. Trees ought to be set out 30 feet apart. In some of the Western towns a bonus is given of 25cts., but we need not expect our Council to give any bonus, the inhabitants will have to do it out of their own pocket. Nothing adds more to the beauty of town or city than its clean streets and shady trees.

A Decided Hit.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil touches the right spot every time when applied for rheumatism, neuralgia, pain, soreness or lameness, and internally for colds, sore throat, etc., it is equally infallible.

Reckless Handling of Firearms.—Scarcely a paper we take up, but we find accounts in them, of accidents from the carelessness in handling fire-arms. On Tuesday of last week John Anderson, of London, Ont., while examining a revolver it went off, the ball passing through his heart killing him instantly. A little daughter of Wm. Taylor, J.P., was also accidently shot and killed by her brother, who was carelessly handling a gun. Fire-arms should never be laid by without first extracting from them the charges. If this were done less accidents of a serious nature would occur.

For Croup.—Wet some cotton wool or flannel with the Pain Eradicator and apply to the throat and chest. Wet some sugar with it and mix with about as much butter, and take about the size of a hazel nut every fifteen minutes until the breathing becomes free, and occasional dozes until well. Heat well the soles of the feet at the fire, or bathe them in warm water and apply the Pain Eradicator to them.

National Pills purifies the Blood regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

St. Simon's Church.—In accordance with His Lordship the Bishop's circular, a Harvest Festival of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings of an abundant Harvest, will be held in the above named church, on Thursday, the 6th Nov., at 7 o'clock in the evening. The Incumbent will be grateful to any members of the congregation who will provide him with farm products suitable to represent the harvest; such as, sheaves of wheat, corn, grapes or flowers.

A Safe Investment.

Investing twenty-five cents for a bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best throat and lung healer known. Cures coughs, bronchitis, asthma and all pulmonary complaints.

The friends of Mr. E. R. Smith, publisher of the St. Johns "News," propose presenting him with a testimonial in recognition of his services on behalf of St. Johns and the Eastern Townships, and on his compliance with the unanimous wish of the people of St. Johns, that he would remove back to St. Johns from Montreal the office and publication of "The News." We congratulate our confrere on this well deserved compliment about to be paid him. "The News" is one of our most valued exchanges.

Prompt Measures.

Prompt means should be used to break up sudden cold and cure coughs in their early stages. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam does this most speedily and effectually.

A $20 Biblical Prize.

The publishers of *Rarlay's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for November, among which is the following:

We will give $20.00 to the person telling us in how many languages the superscription was written on the cross over Jesus at the time he was crucified, by November 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the Reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner November 15th, 1884. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the December *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, Rutledge Publishing Company, Easton, Penna.

From St. Paul's, Minn., comes the news of the explosion on the 21st of a steam-threshing machine, through the carelessness of a drunken engineer, killing six persons, he himself being among the number.

For Bread, Biscuits, Rolls, Doughnuts, Buckwheat Cakes &c. Us only Fleischmann & Co.'s celebrated Compressed Yeast For Sale by Hugh Fraser. Fresh every day.

The Scott act has been carried in the counties of Stormont, Dundas, Glengarry and Queen's, P. E. I

For Bakings of all kinds use only Fleischmann & Co.'s unrivalled compressed Yeast. For sale by Hugh Feaser.

The big case of McLaren vs. the Canada Central Railway has been finally closed, plaintiff receiving as compensation for the loss of his lumber yard $125,000 and his costs, amounting to nearly $3,000.

A pure Yeast. No Chemicals. Use only Fleischmann & Co.'s. For sale by Hugh Fraser.

Holding Back Grain.—The farmers along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, are holding back for higher prices for their grain. Peas were selling last week between Carleton Place and Cobdon at 50c. per bushel, rye at 45c., and wheat at 85c. per bushel.

For Bakings of all kinds use only Fleischmann & Co.'s compressed yeast. Fresh every day. For sale by Hugh Fraser.

Mrs. Maitland, of Nouvelle Glencoe, Ills., has sent to the Archbishop of Quebec a cheque for $500 to be distributed among the poor of Labrador. This generous gift was at once utilized for the buying of provisions which will be sent by schooners to the people in distress.

News from Gaspe has just reached here that a fire started by people clearing bush land spread during last night to the village of Chlorydorme, destroying all the houses and boats of the place, and rendering about twenty families homeless. The people at first took shelter in the woods, but were soon surrounded by fire, and obliged to fly to the sea coast, where they are utterly destitute, and have not had any food to eat this morning.

Mr. C. J. Brydges, Hudson Bay Company land commissioner, in his report says that business has decidedly improved. Commercial men everywhere in Manitoba and the North-west reported that business had not been so good for many years as it was at present. The crop, on the whole, although some slight damage was caused to it by the wet weather, was abundant, the supplies of grain for export in Manitoba alone being about 6,000,000 bushels, and the farmers were able to sell their grain as fast as they could thresh it. At the present time an average of seventy to eighty carloads of grain passed through Winnipeg daily on the Canadian Pacific railway, a small portion being sent to the mills at Winnipeg and the balance to Port Arthur for shipment. Mr. Brydges spoke most hopefully of the business outlook in the Northwest, and said that at present, at any rate, it was on a sound financial footing, and that there was every reason to expect that this state of affairs would continue.

Hebrew Colonization Society.—Mr. Samuel, of Montreal, has in view the founding of a Hebrew Colonization Society to commemorate the 100th birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore which takes place on Friday next. He suggests that land be taken up in the North West, and the Jews of certain European countries who are now suffering persecution, be assisted to immigrate. A meeting will be held next week in the Montefiore Club rooms to discuss the project, and it is intended to send a circular to all members of the Jewish faith in Canada stating what is proposed to be done.

A FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

Victoria, B. C., October 18.—One day last week Mrs. W. K. Lee discovered a bear swimming in the Columbia and determined on its capture. The men folks were all away, but she summoned a posse, including the children, a boat, and the dog, and, armed with a butcher's knife, attempted to prevent a landing, while one of the children went after a neighbour who had a gun. The bear landed and showed fight. Mrs. Lee was treed once on a big rock, but gave chase again as the bear tried to make off. The bear turned on her again, and in retreating she tripped on a stick and went down, when the bear made a ferocious attack. She struck with the knife and slashed it so severely on the nose that it went howling away long enough for her to regain her feet, and the dog attacked vigorously, she made good her escape. About this time the man with the gun settled the contest.

—Dr. Sutherland was telling the people of Kingston at the missionary meeting the other night that one cent a day from each member and adherent of the Methodist Church would give the Mission Board over $500,000 a year. He concluded by remarking, "The Lord have mercy on us if we don't do it." Rev. LeRoy Hooker thought the application was improper. He suggested, amid laughter, that it should be, "The Lord have mercy on us if we do it."

OUR LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

Dr. Tuke, an English expert on the treatment of mental diseases, who came to Canada in connection with the British Association, while in Montreal took the opportunity of visiting the lunatic asylums of Quebec and Ontario, and, having visited them made an exhaustive report, which has been published in the *Canada Medical and Surgical Journal*. He pays tribute to the cleanliness of Longue Pointe, to the good and sufficient food furnished most of the patients, and to the moderately good care taken of the better class of the inmates, but he speaks of the treatment of the vioent patients as "a relic of barbarism," while with regard to that of Beauport, he says it is "an institution which, however willing I may praise where praise is due, is so radically defective in structure and so fundamentally different from any well conducted institution of the present day, in the matter of morals, to say nothing of medical treatment, that no tinkering of the present system will ever meet the requirements of humanity and science." The asylums of Ontario are, in his estimation, excellent, and he is certain that if it were possible to transfer the worst patients now in the asylum at Montreal to those institutions, they would be free from their galling fetters and restraint chains. They would quit their cells also, and, in very many instances, be usefully occupied where they are now restrained, with the result that in not a few cases perfect recovery to health would follow. It can hardly be contended that a system which succeeds in one province, and is attended by great success, cannot be followed out in the other." He continues: "It is a radical defect—a fundamental mistake—for the Province to contract with private parties or Sisters of Charity for the maintenance of lunatics. This is the essential root of the evil, and unless it be removed, the evil, although it may be mitigated, will remain and bear bitter fruit. If any steps are to be taken to remove the present deplorable condition of the insane in the asylum of Montreal, it must be by the Province taking the actual responsibility of these institutions into their own hands. The buildings in which they are placed should belong, not to private persons, but to the public authorities, with whom should rest the appointment of a resident medical officer."—*St John's News.*

MOODY AND SANKEY.

The Bible Discussed.

Moody and Sankey, the Evangelist began a Christian convention in New York on Monday the 13th inst. At the afternoon session there were not seats enough to accommodate the throng which flocked to hear Mr. Moody, who occupied the entire time in addressing the convention. "Our object," said Mr. Moody "in calling our friends together during these two days, is to strengthen them and quicken them for the great work before us in the future. One of the saddest things of the present day is to see so many members of the church who do not separate themselves from the world. Another thing that I noticed both in the old country and here is that a good many church people are inclined to reject a part of the Bible. Some of them give up the Old Testament. Now, you can't do that without giving up the New Testament. With me it is

THE WHOLE BIBLE OR NONE.

"There are 140 quotations from the Old Testament in the four Gospels," said the speaker, "and if you are going to discount the Old Testament, what are you going to do with the New Testament? You can't give up the story of Noah and the flood without giving up Christ. Do I believe the story of Lot and his wife? Of course I do, and I preach it, and I believe that Lot ought to be a warning to a great many men in Wall-street and Brooklyn. Let us thunder out the whole truth, and preach the whole Bible. Do I believe the story of Jonah and the whale? Of course, I believe it. Scientific men tell us it was impossible for a whale to swallow a man, but couldn't God prepare a fish to swallow Jonah? Couldn't He prepare a man to swallow a whale if He wanted to? [Laughter.] There's a good deal in the world that I can't understand, but that I believe just the same. There are over 600 prophecies in the Old Testament which have been literally fulfilled already. There's been more Bibles published in the last seven years than in the 700 years before. Is not that a fulfillment of Christ's prophecy: "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away.' They print in London alone 500 Bibles every hour of the day right along, year in and year out. Isn't the World of God going on? Let skeptics talk, but let you and I go on and read the Bible.

"Just rise and sing us something" exclaimed Mr. Moody at this point. "I see one or two have gone to sleep. I want you to rouse 'em' before I go on."

The great audience arose and sung "I'm saved by the blood of the crucified one." The sleepers awoke and Mr. Moody proceeded: "The Bible," he said, "tells us more than any newspaper can tell us. The New York *Times* and the *Herald* will give us the news of yesterday, but that's all. The Bible is our news book from which we learn what our future is to be. We can't afford to reject or disbelieve any part of this news-book, whether it tells us of the past or the future. It is not eloquent preaching that is to save the world," said Mr. Moody in closing. "It is unsealing the Bible and showing its plain truths to the understanding of those inside as well as those outside, the church of Christ."

The evening service was announced for 7:30 o'clock, but at 7:20 the church was so crowded that it was thought imprudent to allow any more persons to enter. The doors were closed and hundreds were turned back from the church for want of room in seats or aisles to accommodate them. The evening was devoted to a service of song, in which Mr. Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins, and the congregation participated, and a sermon on grace by Mr. Moody, in which he aroused a good deal of feeling in his hearers by his unpolished, but effective, eloquence.

A COURAGEOUS ACT.

We are glad to see in Tuesday's *Gazette* that Major H. F. Grant, 4th Hussars, at present serving in Egypt, has obtained a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy for an act of daring and cool courage which has been seldom equalled. A few month ago he enlisted in Cyprus 200 Turks, and brought them over to Cairo to serve in the Egyptian army. Some of them deserted, but the remainder were sent up the Nile. On arriving at Assiout thirty-one of them mutinied and crossed the river. Colonel Grant went in pursuit, but on arriving at the bank found the boat there too small to carry his party over, so he crossed alone and discovered the mutineers had taken refuge in the house of the sheikh of the village. On approaching the house he saw a sentry guarding the door, who ran in and gave the alarm. Colonel Grant followed, and there the thirty-two men were, with fixed bayonets, confronting him. He ordered them to lay down their arms, but they refused, one man rushing forward to attack him; the colonel shot him with his revolver in the temple. A second, who followed, received a bullet in the stomach; and a third a ball in the throat. It was only after thus disabling three men (one of whom was killed) that the others laid down their arms. The colonel carried the arms out of the room, locked the door on his prisoners, and quietly waited outside till his party came over the river and secured them. Colonel Grant is a son of the distinguished old veteran, Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, the present governor of Chelsea Hospital, and the grandson of another distinguished soldier, the late Field-Marshal Lord Gough; he is, therefore, descended from a line of field-marshals, and we trust there are in store for him honours equal to these of his gallant ancestors.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

A Levis firm has commenced the manufacture of steam fire engines.

A SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are shrunken and with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give them rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweet both to the taste. Often times there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the stomach becomes close, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of a thousand have not cancer, but simply dyspepsia; a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the diseases is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White (Limited), 17, Farringdon road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary-street, Peterborough,
November 2th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincient A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydvil.

To Mr. A. J. White

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicine possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. Bowker.

To A. J. White, Esq.
Spanish Town,
Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 21, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallibles remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their test mony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation, prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours ever gratefully,
(Signed) Carey B. Berry,
A. J. White, Esq. Baptist Missionary.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1881.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did, I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

A NOS LECTEURS DE LA CAMPAGNE

La Société d'industrie laitière de la province de Québec, tiendra sa réunion annuelle à St. Hyacinthe les 12 et 13 novembre prochain.

Le nombre et l'importance des sujets qu'on a à y traiter nécessitent ces deux jours de séance, mais cela ne peut qu'engager nos lecteurs à cette réunion. Nous avons pu constater nous-même par le magnifique rapport de la réunion de 1883 (de 160 pages), qu'on ne perd pas son temps en assistant à la réunion annuelle de cette société.

Cette société qui fait des efforts incessants pour promouvoir l'industrie du beure et du fromage, a eu, depuis deux ans, des professeurs qui ont enseigné *gratuitement* dans les fabriques privées et dans la fabrique-école qui est sous sa direction à St-Hyacinthe; le rapport de leurs opérations sera d'un très-haut intérêt pratique. Deplus plusieurs conférences de réputation traiteront nombre d'autres questions qui sont intimement liées à l'industrie laitière, comme la culture, les soins et l'amélioration du bétail.

Nous devons donc engager nos cultivateurs de beurre et de fromage à se rendre à St-Hyacinthe, les 12 et 13 novembre, mais tous les cultivateurs qui peuvent se permettre ce petit voyage, facilité d'ailleurs par nos réductions du prix de passage sur toutes les compagnies de chemin de fer.

Les membres de la société ont droit à cette réduction, obtenue sur présentation d'un certificat qui est adressé à temps pour la réunion aux membres de la société par le secrétaire, M. J. de L. Taché, Notaire à St Hyacinthe. On peut devenir membre quand on le veut en payant la souscription annuelle de $1.00; cette souscription donne droit à tous les autres avantages de la société.

Encore une fois nous engageons nos lecteurs de la campagne à assister à cette réunion. Comme tous ceux qui ont déjà assisté aux réunions antérieures, ils seront contents d'avoir eu de nous ce bon avis et sauront nous en tenir compte.

Attacked by Rats.—At Montreal few nights ago the household of a man named Moore was awakened by piercing shrieks issuing from a room occupied by a little girl; on hastening to her assistance it was found that a huge rat had attacked the child who was asleep, and had bitten her nose so severely as to disfigure her for life. A night or so after Mr. Moore was attacked and pretty badly bitten.

Off for India.—Miss Beatty, of Lansdowne, who graduated in medicine at Queen's College, Kingston, says the Gananoque *Journal*, has started for British India for the purpose of practising her profession at Indore in connection with the Presbyterian mission there. As lady doctors are in great demand, owing to the strict seclusion in which higher class females are kept and the custom of not allowing male doctors to visit them, Miss Beatty and others like her will find plenty of room for usefulness.

Mr. George Otto Trevelyan enters the imperial cabinet as chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and is succeeded as chief secretary for Ireland by Mr. Campbell Bannerman.

The *World* says that Lord Dufferin will pay a short visit to the Queen at Balmoral and to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham before his departure for India, which is fixed for November 6.

Magnan, the Quebec forger, has been sentenced to twenty-three months' imprisonment.

The business part of the village of Frankford, Ont., has been burned.

Olds' Patent

TWO-HORSE POWER

AND

THRESHER

AND

WOOD SAWING MACHINES,

The sale of which is

YEARLY INCREASING

AND ARE NOW

THE MOST

POPULAR IN USE.

Frost & Wood's

Celebrated Plow

WROUGHT IRON BEAM,

STEEL MOULD BOARD

SPECIAL ATTENTION

IS CALLED

TO THE

No. 8 PLOW.

HONEY FANNING MILL,

McKenzie Fanning Mill.

UNION CHURN,

WRINGERS &c.

STOVES!

The Famous Royal Hall Stove,

THE ROYAL

HAS NO RIVAL,

BUT MANY IMITATIVES,

THOUSANDS IN USE,

AND EVERY POSSESSOR

HAPPY.

The ROYAL with OVEN has been a decided success. All Royal Ovens guaranteed to bake, boil and broil equally well at the same time.

ALEX. LARMONTH,
Foundry Street, Lachute.

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,	
Biliousness,	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 1y 71 St. Joseph st., Montreal.

The best place in
MONTREAL,
TO BUY
Dry Goods
AND
CARPETS,
IS AT
Leggat & Hamilton's,
1883 & 1885 Notre Dame Street.

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

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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, as both sexes being equal. Incorrect or no replies will be ignored. Full particulars given on receipt of return postage. Address at once, mentioning this paper.

National Intelligencer,
Publishing Co., 116 Washington St.
Chicago, Ill.

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, Oilcloths, Wall Paper, Pine, Spruce, Tamarack, 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 Profits 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 1884.

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 cent 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 Maine.

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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.

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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
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in the United States, he hopes to give satisfaction to all who favor this house with their patronage.

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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 coverin, a call is solicited, varying in price from $25.$35 $100 $150 $200 $250 and $300 according to style of frame and covering. Our new style of Cluster set at $150 is selling faster than we ever produced them since we reduced the price from $225 to $150. Our number sewed from $28 $30, $35, $40 $45 $50, $60, $70, $80, $90, $110, and up to $200 are also acknowledged the best value, quality considered, ever offered. Rocking Chairs in Cane from $15, $14, $16, $18, $20, $22, $ 8, $10 and up to $40 and $50, rattan, with moveable fancy top of rattan, upholstered with crimson satin, and all from work nickel plated, warranted the best and finest finished in America, sweep in plain leaves, subject to a 5 per cent discount for cash, some new designs sold at one price at one street (not to be sold the most reliable house to deal with, but with full guarantee of being as represented). A call at our old numbers, 2, 3 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

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and we will mail you 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.

NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

Mine—all mine! Mine the grand sweep of meadow-land, green and fertile, looking like a sea of gold when the wind stirred the yellow buttercups! Mine the range of purple-tinted hills that lay in the distance, clothed with trees which had been the growth of centuries! Mine the pine forest stretching down to the sea, with its rich aromatic odours, and its never ceasing music as the wind swayed the heads of the stately pines! Mine the shady woods with their open glades, their leafy cloisters, where the sunlight fell on the sward, filtered, as it were, through the boughs of the interlacing trees, where the wild-flowers grew in lavish abundance—a lovely verdant kingdom wherein the merry brown hares roamed at will and the bright-eyed squirrels leaped fearlessly from bough to bough! Mine the magnificent gardens said to be the finest, the most extensive, and the best laid out in the country, with their wealth of ferneries, and greenhouses, fountains, and statuary! Mine the fine trout stream that ran through the wide demain! Mine the numberless little brooks that meandered along peacefully and found their way to the river Floy, and were then swept on to mingle their waters with the ever restless ocean! Mine the grand old mansion called Jesmond Hall, one of the most ancient and picturesque houses in the country, a stately pile of gray stone standing on the slope of a hill! Originally it had been a castle, held by one of the early Saxon chiefs. It had changed hands many times, and had been added to, taken from, and altered until it became what it was now a confusion of architectural styles, in which the original was almost obliterated by the later additions; yet withal it was a picturesque home. The terraces and gardens had a gentle slope, and the deep swift river Floy ran at the foot of the hill; and in the distance there was a glimpse of the blue waters of the sea—for Jesmond stood on the fair coast of Hampshire. Mine the fine old ruins, with their ivy-clad walls and well-preserved keep! Mine all the wealth that had been hoarded in hidden coffers, the countless thousands that had been accumulating for long years! Mine the diamonds and rare jewels—Jesmond heirlooms! Mine the pictures—literally worth a king's ransom—the fine old silver, the treasures of gold, of rare old china, of buhl, of jaspor, and of marqueterie—all that the old Hall contained was mine—all mine!

As I, Felicia Gordon, stood on the summit of the steep grassy hill, everything on which I gazed was my own, except the vast expanse of sea which bounded my estate on the south.

I was not vain; but, looking back, I should imagine that my heart swelled at that moment with a sense of my own importance. On this large domain there were many tenants. Pretty little farms nestled in the valleys, quaint old-fashioned homesteads dotted the meadows, the straggling little village of Mead was all mine, and I owned many houses in the town that lay nearest to the Hall—Honton; so that numbers of men, women and children were dependent on me, many lives lay as it were in my hand; and on this bright May morning, when I stood on the hill top, looking over my miniature kingdom, my heart and mind were full of good resolutions.

This splendid fortune which had come so unexpectedly to me should not be spent on myself in lavish luxury, in galeties, frivolities, or senseless extravagance. That I seriously resolved. Heaven had given it to me, and I would do good with it and use it wisely. There should be no bitter abject poverty, no sickness should go unrelieved, there should be no want of education on my fair estate of Jesmond? I would be queen and mother to my people. My heart warmed to them, yearned over them, as I stood and contemplated how bounteously Dame Nature had dealt with the fruitful lands before me. No motherless children should weep on these fertile lands. My first undertaking would be an orphanage, to be built down by the sea, yet so near Jesmond that I could visit it every day. No old men or old women should live half starving and die forlorn within the limits of my domain, for I would have almhouses that should yet be comfortable homes. The sick should not lie neglected and helpless in the cottages that were mine, for I would build a large hospital near the village of Mead, where the air was clear and bracing. The children should have their schools and play grounds and education should be free to all. I would be queen and mother in a true and real sense to those whom Heaven had in a measure confided to my charge. My heart and soul were fired with these resolves.

The blue heavens shone above me; the yielding earth laughed beneath my feet; the air was full of the luscious odours of May, the scent from the pine forest, the brine from the sea, and nearer to me came heavily-laden gusts of perfume from lilac and magnolia blossom. I shall never forget the moment when, standing on the green hill top, the shining, shimmering sea in the distance, I registered my vow to live for others and not for myself alone.

The will which gave me all this wealth was indisputably clear and simple, and had in it no flaw. My uncle Sir William Jesmond had but one son, Paul, who was his natural heir and successor.

The Jesmonds of Jesmond Dene were a very old family, but at the time when my story begins their number had greatly decreased. They had died away—fathers, mothers, sisters and brother—until there was no one left of the once numerous race except Sir William, the owner and lord of Jesmond Dene, and his sister, my mother, Teresa Jesmond.

Sir William was at heart a miser. He loved money for its own sake, and the sight of it never failed to bring a smile to his hard mean face. Although my mother was his own and only sister, when she married he gave her no dowry, but very unwillingly made her a present of a few hundred pounds with an intimation that she must ask for no more. She never did: but in those days, when she deplored my uncle's meanness, she never thought that all his gold was accumulating for me.

My mother had married a clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Gordon, and I was their only child. They both died when I was a girl of thirteen, and my father's sister, Annette Gordon, took charge of me.

Sir William Jesmond was married, and a son and heir had been born unto him; but in his lifetime the home at Jesmond Dene was not a happy one. I went there once. Lady Jesmond had asked aunt Annette to bring me for the summer holidays, and I well remember the magnificent old house with its treasures, the gardens and grounds, the woods and the sea. I remember Sir William, a tall spare man with a mean face and small cunning eyes; I vividly recollect Lady Jesmond, a faded elegant woman, who seemed to me to be tired of life; but I remember best of all my handsome bright-faced cousin Paul. I was thirteen years of age then, he five years older. He was very kind to me, and I loved him with all the ardor of a childish love. He was a young prince and a veritable hero in my eyes.

"Cheer up, Felicia!" he would say to me twenty times a day. "I am going out to see the world, and, when I have seen it, I shall come home and marry you."

"But Sir William will never give us any money," I would remark, with a keen conviction that nothing could be done without it.

"I will make plenty of money, dear. My father may keep his," he would answer cheerfully.

And, of all the memories of my girlhood that of my handsome, generous laughter-loving cousin stands out the brightest and the best. How little I dreamed in those days that I should ever take his place!

My life was spent quietly enough with my aunt Annette. She had a small annuity, out of which she fed, clothed, and educated me, for I had not in the wide world one shilling of my own.

It may be imagined therefore what a change it was for me—a penniless orphan—when I became sole heiress of Sir William Jesmond of Jesmond Dene, his land, shares, untold gold, all mine.

Lady Jesmond died when her son was nineteen, and after her death, Sir William became, if possible, a greater miser than ever, and almost refused himself the necessaries of life. None but the old servants bound by strong ties to the family would tolerate his meanness: even his son Paul could not endure it. He wanted to see the world, as he had always desired, and, after many disputes and arguments, Sir William purchased for him a commission in the —th Hussars. Three months after he joined the regiment it was ordered off to India, and Paul thankfully embraced the opportunity of getting away from the paternal roof and "seeing the world" at the same time. Five years passed, and there was little communication between father and son. Sir William's was a wretched, miserable life, and it ended as miserably as it had been spent. He was found dead in his chair, holding in his hand a letter written by Colonel Brownlow, of the —th Hussars, telling him that his son Captain Paul Jesmond had died suddenly of a malignant fever without having had time to write him one word of farewell.

The old Baronet had never seemed to care much for either his wife or child, but that letter killed him. He had given his life, his heart, his soul, to gold—he had worshipped his accumulating wealth to the exclusion of everything else in life; yet he could not live on, knowing that his handsome, careless, generous boy had been snatched away in the bloom of early manhood, and he,—his father—denied the consolation of one parting word or one last look at the face he loved.

Sir William was buried in due course; and, when his will was read, it was made clear that I, Felicia Gordon, was sole heiress of all his wealth. The terms of the will were simple enough. He left everything he had in the world—land, houses, money, scrip, and shares—to his son Paul Jesmond. If his son married and had issue, the property, was to descend intact to his eldest son. If Paul Jesmond died unmarried, it was to go without reserve to his niece Felicia Gordon, the only child of Teresa Gordon, his sister. It was to descend to her children if she married; if she did not, it passed to some distant relatives to whom Sir William had always entertained a strong antipathy. That I was next of kin there was no doubt. Sir William was dead, Paul was dead; Jesmond Dene, with its rich revenues, was mine.

It was early in February when I came with aunt Annette to take possession of my new home, and it was the beginning of May when I made my resolve to live for others and not for myself.

I had been at Jesmond Dene, about three months, and had grown to love the place and the people. I had just begun to put my philanthropic resolutions into shape, and my buildings were slowly rising beneath the hands of the many workmen engaged. The grand old mansion had been renovated—some of Sir William's hoarded thousands had been spent upon it—and the grounds and gardens had been rescued from the weeds and long standing neglect. I had increased my staff of servants—indeed everything was in the very perfection of order—I was unboundedly happy. I was to be happier still, although the full light of the sun was hidden from me for the present.

CHAPTER II.

A smile came over the kindly face of my aunt Aunt Annette when I told her of my resolves.

"Mother and queen!" she repeated. "I wish you health, strength, and wisdom to keep to them."

The May sun never shone on a brighter fate than mine or on a lighter heart. It was true the shadow of death lay over my new inheritance: but then I had seen my uncle only once, and that some years before. For the bright-faced handsome cousin dead in a far-off land I had the deepest pity, and one of my first acts was to erect to his memory a beautiful marble cross—and that memorial was always surmounted by fragrant flowers.

All the novelty of my position had died away when the month of May came round. I might have been Miss Gordon of Jesmond Dene all my life, everything came so naturally to me. The tenants liked and trusted me, the servants showed me absolute devotion; my buildings were all in process; my aunt and I were happy beyond words in the grand old mansion. Our neighbors had called upon us; but it was too soon after Sir William's death for us to receive or pay visits. We were happy enough without that—indeed the hours of the day were not sufficiently long for all the pleasant occupations we found to engage us. Aunt Annette was as young at heart as I was myself and, when the moon was silvering the ripples of the sea, it was no unusual thing for us to wander down to the shore and gaze in rapturous awe and delight at the majestic scene before us.

I was nearly twenty when this great change of fortune came to me, but still a girl in lightness of heart, in want of knowledge of the world and its ways—a girl, with all a girl's fresh innocent love of fun and frolic. I had had no lover; my heart was fresh and untouched.

It is a hard thing for a girl to tell her own love-story as I have to tell mine—to tell of the dream that came to me before I knew that my fair inheritance was to be the scene of a tragedy—to disclose the beautiful love dream that came to me as the revelation of a newer, brighter, higher life than any I had yet known.

In the same green county, on the shore of the same shining sea, stood an old mansion called Dunroon. It was larger than Jesmond Dene, though not quite so picturesque; still there were not many finer old places than Dunroon. The great feature of it was the river Doon, which ran through the grounds. From the hill-top I could see the tall towers and turrets of Dunroon the ancestral home of the Saxons.

When we had been some time at Jesmond Dene, Lady Saxon called upon us, and was pleased from the first moment she saw me to take great interest in me.

"The Jesmonds and the Saxons have been friends for many generations," she said: "they have loved and intermarried. It seems strange that you and I—you a young woman and I an old one—should be the sole representatives of two such ancient families."

"But you have a son," I remarked—for I had heard much of Lord Saxon.

"I do not mean that," she interrupted hastily. "Of course my son is the representative of the Saxons. What I intended to say was that it seems strange we should both have the care of house and estate. My son is away in Italy, and I do know when he will return." Here she looked at me with sudden emotion in her face. "My son is more than the whole world to me," she went on. "He is the very core of my heart, the very light of my eyes. The world is shadow to me, but he stands out clear and distinct. It is the great pain of my life that he lives away from me, that he seems to love art better than nature, Italy better than England. I cannot understand it; but it is so."

Lady Saxon was still a handsome well-preserved woman, with a penchant for rich dresses and costly furs, diamonds and priceless lace. I had heard others say that her son was "art mad." He had now been five years from home, during which time his mother had lived at Dunroon, and had managed everything for him. Indeed it was often said that but for his mother's continual mention of him Lord Saxon would have been forgotten on his own estate. My aunt and I both liked Lady Saxon, and I often listened patiently by the hour while she expatiated upon the virtues of her darling son. He was the handsomest, the dearest, the best. There was no face, no voice like his. The only flaw in his otherwise perfect character was that he would loiter in Italy instead of coming home.

"Have you ever dreamed how beautiful a man's face can be?" she asked me. "Imagine one that is dark, proud, tender, and imperious, drawing the hearts of all women who look upon it—a face that seems always raised to the skies and hardly to see the lowly earth. That is my son. He is like that. I have seen women watch for the gleam of his eyes, for his smiles, for the words from his lips; but he did not see them. He sees the stars that illumine the skies, but he does not see the daisies that grow in the fields. When you come to Dunroon, I will show you his portrait, and when you see his face you will understand better."

So it happened that I thought a great deal and formed a very high opinion of Lord Saxon because his mother talked to me incessantly and almost always in praise of him.

"If he were but more like other men," she would say, with a sigh, "if he had ambition, I should not care at what he aimed. He thinks more of a broken statue than of a seat in Parliament. An old picture has a greater charm for him than any wordly honors. Music, painting, and sculpture are the three things he loves best; and he is an English nobleman, master of a large estate, and head of a grand old race!"

I ventured to suggest that all noblemen need not have the same tastes; but she was dissatisfied because her son frittered away his time and his opportunities upon art instead of cultivating the ordinary life of an English nobleman.

"My husband," she said, "was a staunch Conservative, yet I do not believe that my son knows the difference between a Whig and a Tory. My husband never allowed one foot of timber to be cut down on his estate; my son writes always about the preservation of pictures. But he is so good that I ought to be ashamed to grumble at his one great failing."

"My son is a dreamer of dreams," she told me one morning, when she had driven over to Jesmond Dene. "He is led astray by a passionate love of beauty. He detects loveliness where others see none. The curve of an arm, the graceful arch of a neck, the beauty of a dark straight brow, delight him. He is, in fact, one of those people, half artist, half genius, who 'can hear a leaf fall.' Do you know all that that phrase means?"

"I can imagine it," I replied.

"My son has a theory that the world can be set straight by a right understanding of beauty, and by a proper cultivation of it. He is a dreamer in a world of stern reality, and some day or other I am sorely afraid his dreams will bring him bitter sorrow. If he would but marry!"

"That would perhaps cure him of dreaming," I said laughingly.

After that we paid a visit to Dunroon. While aunt Annette talked to some visitors, Lady Saxon, addressing me in a low voice, said—

"Come with me to my boudoir. My son's portrait hangs there, and I want you to see it."

I went with her. There was a strange wild beating at my heart, a strange sense of something unusual. I felt more as though I were going to see a living person than a picture.

The boudoir was an elegant room facing the west; a soft light fell on the picture of the master of Dunroon, Lord Saxon.

We stood silent before it. She did not even turn to me and say, 'That is my son." Looking at the portrait, I seemed to know by instinct why he could not help his love of beauty, and why women loved him as they looked upon him. It was a handsome, even fascinating face. The kingly poise of the head, the well chiseled features, the dark straight brows, the keen dark eyes that seemed full of pride and passion—eyes that had in them the power of controlling others—the shapely mouth, combining the firmness of a man with the tenderness of a woman—the face altogether was one that seen either in a picture or in real life must haunt you for ever. The eyes looked into mine as I stood silently marvelling at the beauty portrayed on the canvass.

"That is my son," said Lady Saxon, after we had gazed for some time upon the strangely fascinating picture.

Why did I stand there with fast beating heart and flushed face? Why did my hands tremble? Why did those dark tender eyes flash into mine as it were? I turned to her ladyship.

"What is your son's name?" I asked.

"Lionel," she answered, smiling; "but at home he was always called 'Nello.'"

Again I relapsed into silence.

"His face is full of power," said his mother proudly.

"Yes," I answered, with unconscious prophecy; "but the power is latent. It will not develop yet. He must dream out his dreams, and then——"

"Ah, then!" his mother echoed, with a sigh.

I had seen no face like the one before me. I had not believed that Nature was so lavish in the bestowal of her riches upon mortal man. I went home haunted by Lord Saxon's portrait. If I looked at the western sky where the great rosy clouds were gathered, it was there; if I looked along the serried rows of dark pine trees, it was there; when the moon shone out at night, and I walked down to see it glittering on the sea, the face was there. It came to me in the starlight, in my dreams, in the rays of the sun. I saw it in the chalice of the white lilies and the hearts of the red roses.

"I am haunted," I said to myself. And even as the face seemed to be photographed on my brain, so the name rang like music in my ears, "Nello, Nello!" The birds sang it, the wind whispered it, and I laughed at my strange fancies.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

AN INJUSTICE REPAIRED.

A Hungarian the Victim of Turkish Bigotry.

It has been erroneously stated that the Hungarian exile Freund, known in Turkey as Mahmoud Pasha, with the military rank of muchir, who has just been restored to his title and dignities by the sultan, was degraded in 1876 for allowing the Turkish fortress of Medun to fall into the hands of the Montenegrins. A trustworthy correspondent of the *Temps* writes that Freund never had command of the fortress of Medun, which is in the northeastern part of Albania, a few leagues from Podgoritza, and which all the generals in command of Turkish troops in Albania were so anxious to relieve in 1876. Freund was sent during that year to Scutari in Albania, as successor to Ahmet Pasha, who had several times failed in his attempt to revictual Medun, which was then blockaded by the Montenegrins. The new general in command made a fresh attempt, marching out of Podgoritza on the morning of Aug. 14 at the head of fifteen battalions. His troops composed for the most part of Syrians and redifs (reserve men) from Lower Albania, demoralized by their previous failures, were attacked as they debouched from a mountain pass by five Montenegrin battalions, and despite the efforts of Iskander Bey, a compatriot of Mahmoud Pasha, and the chief of his staff, who was killed while trying to rally them, they took to their heels. The rout was a complete one, and the Turks left four thousand dead on the field of battle the Montenegrins giving no quarter. The pursuit was carried on almost to the gates of Podgoritza, outside which Mahmoud Pasha had hastily established a small battery and rallied a few of his men. This bloody defeat caused great consternation at Constantinople; and as Mahmoud Pasha was of foreign race and creed, he was made the victim being recalled to Constantinople and cast into prison. It may be added that his successor, Dervish Pasha, did not do any better, for, after being defeated by Bojo Petcovitch at Dioclea, in his attempt to relieve Medun, that fortress with its supplies exhausted, had to capitulate to the Montenegrin troops, the garrison being sent as prisoners of war to Cettinje, and very well treated.

Three different civil engineers have made estimates of the quantity of water pouring over Niagara Falls every minute, and there is a difference of two quarts between the highest and the lowest. Perhaps some cow was drinking above when the figuring was going on.

CURRENCY.

Milwaukee has five citizens named Devil, two named Satan, and three Hells. How any one can expect to go to Heaven from that town is a puzzler.

Not one postoffice official in fifty can rob the mails and escape detection and punishment, but every week or two someone decides to take the chances.

A Chicago druggist offers $25,000 reward for a sight of a traveling man who doesn't feel sure that his liver is out of order and needs about six different remedies.

A California farmer has had to pay a fine of $10 for knocking his hired man down with a bunch of grapes weighing ten pounds. It was cheaper than hunting around for a rock.

Wisconsin has a two-headed girl, a five-legged calf, the champion dude and a $2,000,000 tobacco crop. Some folks manage to gobble up about all the good things in the world.

The average time consumed by men in filling out a p. o. money order is five minutes, while the average woman takes twenty and then calls upon the clerk to tear it up and write a new one.

One issue of a New York daily contains sixty-four advertisements of "pianos for sale cheap because the family is going out of town." None of 'em want any music where they are going.

They are puzzled in Indiana to decide whether a boy caught stealing melons should be brained with a club or sent home with some good advice in his ear and half-a-dozen kicks in his pocket.

"There was no particular ceremony about it," says an Arkansas paper in referring to the lynching of three horsethieves. Less ceremony and more rope is just what the whole country is aching for this fall.

A laboring man in Syracuse drew $3,000 in a lottery, and his first move was to buy his wife a set of diamonds valued at $1,200. He said the poor thing should have comfort if the money didn't last even ten years.

A man who laid claim to half the land on which Buffalo is built relinquished all rights for $2 and a thumping big drink of whiskey. That's his regular rates for relinquishing, and he is taking the cities in rotation.

London has tested the squeezing powers of a boa boa constrictor twenty-five feet long, and is satisfied that he couldn't crush the ribs of a woman given to tight lacing if he was given every show a snake could ask for.

When Prof. Proctor predicts that all the water will disapear off the face of the earth in about 15 000,000 years more, it's just as good a prediction as John Smith could make and entitled to just as much credit.

They still stick to it in Minnesota that the tornado of last fall carried farm houses half a mile and set them down so softly that not a bit of plaster was loosened. That's very fair but there should have been cellars scooped out for 'em.

The run-off-with-father's-coachman mania seems to have had its day, and after a few beatings and two or three weeks' diet of cold potatoes the various brides will apear at the front door with tears in their eyes and a case of divorce in their pockets.

London restaurants are advertising "American pie" as a draw for customers. If there is an American who can tell what an American hotel or restaurant pie is lots of folks would like to see him and feel of his head. The English imitation must kill on sight.

For fourteen long years the people of Dubuque allowed Martin Jackson to run the town because it was believed that he was a dangerous man to provoke. The other day a woman half killed him in a row, and now every Dubuquer stops to give Martin a kick.

Remarkable Intelligence and Heroism of a Dog.

The large Newfoundland dog Heck, belonging to the St. Elmo Hotel in the oil town of Eldred, Pa., was known throughout the northern oil field for its great strength and almost human intelligence. The porter of the hotel, a kind hearted but intemperate person, was an especial favorite with the dog. The porter, a small man, slept in a little room back of the office. The dog slept in the office. On the night of Sept. 18 last, the porter was drunk when he went to bed, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by the loud barking of Heck, who was jumping frantically on the porter's bed and seizing the pillow with his teeth. The still drunken and drowsy porter tried to make the dog go away, but the animal persisted in his efforts, and it finally dawned on the befuddled mind of the porter that the house was on fire.

His room was full of smoke, and he could hear the crackling of the flames. He sprang from the bed, but he was still so drunk that he fell to the floor. The faithful dog at once seized him by the coat collar, the porter not having removed his clothing on going to bed, and dragged him out of the room and half way to the outer door of the office, when the man succeeded in getting on his feet, and, unlocking the door, staggered into the street. The fire was rapidly spreading over the building, and the hotel was filled with guests, not one of whom had been aroused. The dog no sooner saw that his helpless friend was safe than he dashed back into the house and ran barking loudly upstairs.

He first stopped at the door of his master's room, where he howled and scratched at the door until the inmates was made aware of the danger and hurried out of the house, as there was no time to lose. The dog gave the alarm at every door, and in some instances conducted guests down stairs to the outer door, each one of these, however, being a stranger in the house, which fact the dog seemed to understand in looking out for their safety. All about the house seemed to have lost their heads in the excitement, and it is said that the hotel dog alone preserved complete control of himself, and alone took active measures to save the inmates of the house. In and out of the burning building he kept continually dashing, piloting some half-dressed man or woman down stairs, only to return at once in search of others. Once a lady with a child in her arms tripped on the stairs while hurrying out, and fell to the bottom. The child was thrown on the floor of the hall some distance away. The woman regained her feet, and staggered in a dazed way out of the door leaving the child in the midst of the smoke that was pouring from the office door. The brave dog saw the mishap, and jumped in through the smoke, which was now becoming almost impassable, and seizing the child by its night clothes, carried it safely out.

Notwithstanding this rescue, the mishap that made it necessary, led to the death of the noble animal. The mother of the child on being restored by the fresh air first became aware that the child was not with her, and crying out wildly that "Anna was burning up in the house!" made a dash for the building, as if to rush through the flames to seek her child. Heck had already brought the little one out, but it had not yet been restored to its mother. The dog saw the frantic rush of the mother toward the burning building and hearing her exclamation that some one was burning up in the house, and, although the building was now a mass of smoke and flames inside and out, the dog sprang forward and, as a dozen hands seized the woman and held her back from the insane attempt to enter the house, disappeared with a bound over the burning threshold. The faithful animal never appeared again. His remains were found in the ruins. There is no doubt in any one's mind that but for the intelligence and activity of Heck the fire in the hotel would not have been discovered in time for a single inmate to have escaped from the building with his life; and that the noble animal understood from the half-crazed movements of the child's mother that there was still another one in danger, and to rescue whom he gave his own life, is accepted as certain. The remains of Heck were given a fitting burial, and his loss is regretted as that of a useful citizen might be.

A Little Hero.

A sad story of a French drummer boy is told at Heidelberg, in connection with the last siege of that city. The Austrians were in possession of the place, and the only means of attacking them was by crossing the old bridge over the river Neckar. But the defenders were well prepared for the attack; they placed their cannon in such a manner that it covered the bridge and its approaches. The French planted their cannon on the opposite side of the river, and kept up a terrible fire, but were utterly unable to dislodge the Austrians from their end of the bridge. The attackers were determined to take the city, but had no other means of doing so than by crossing the bridge, and that was swept by the guns their opponents. They made repeated charges from their side, but each time they advanced they were mowed down by the Austrian artillery, or repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The French band advanced as far as the centre of the bridge, exciting the soldiery with their martial strains, but were compelled to retreat with the retreating men. Again and again the musicians advanced and retreated, with their comrades, until at last a little drummer boy, disdaining flight, mounted on the parapet of the bridge, and, although his fellow-bandsmen fled with the soldiers, stood his ground manfully, beating a wild air to recall the men to the charge. On rushed the Austrians with fixed bayonets, whilst the little hero, still beating his drum defiantly, was run through the body by some brutal foe. As he fell over the bridge into the rapid rushing river below, the poor boy cried out, "Oh, my mother! my mother!" The last words of the little conscript were heard, both by friend and foe, and are yet remembered in Heidelberg. On wild nights, as the peasant crosses the bridge, in fancy he still sees the form of the little drummer boy beating the fierce alarm, and still, amid the rush of the waters, imagines that he hears his dying words, "O, my mother! my mother!"—[Exchange.

Guides for Ghosts

The Chinese hill-tribes believe that man has only three souls, and these are most satisfactorily disposed of. One appropriately and conveniently remains in the grave, another takes up his position at the ancestral board, and the third roams about unrestrained in the spirit world, not necessarily upon earth. Many of the women are fond, as in India, of giving their dead child a dog, or,—by dint of prayers and supplications—the departed soul of an old and experienced person as guide, that the infant wanderer may not miss its way on the path to the spirit world. For this reason it was that the Mongolians sent slaves to accompany their dead princes. The Chinese however, have a more humane idea. They believe that, since it is likely that the dead man will be unable to find his way safely to the land of spirits, and may as probably as not stray from the right path, the kings of the under-world would furnish him with a little devil to act the part of guide and servant to the newly disembodied spirit on its journey. The Poles used to have a notion of a similar kind, though they, like the Chinese, did not display it in such an unpleasant way for survivors. It was their custom to lay bears claws in the grave, to serve the dead man as hooks, with the help of which he might climb the great glass mountain. According to the common notion among the Kareens, the dead renew as "pu-pho" in the world of Piu, under sovereignty of the great King Keetay, or Theedo, the occupations which they had followed while as yet mortals upon earth—a most curious hint at the caste system of the Hindoos, which has no place with the Kareens while they are alive.—*English Paper.*

Made a Call.

Life in a Florida cabin is occasionally not wanting in excitement, if the following story of adventure, told by the Palatka *Herald*, is true:

While a settler on Cook's Bayou was in the back yard, the other day, assisting his wife in hanging a kettle, preparatory to washing, he was startled by the screams of a child left sitting near the open front door. Hurrying into the house he found a ten-foot alligator lying in the door-way, half of his body being in the house, and his open mouth withing six inches of the child's face.

As soon as he entered, the alligator took fright and wheeled into the water. But for his prompt appearance the child would have been carried away.

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*

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

No Disappointment

Disappointments of one kind and another crop up all along life's pathway, for unfortunately it is the unexpected that always happens. There is at least one article of acknowledged merit that never disappoints. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR is sure to remove the worst corns in a few days, and as no claim is made that it will cure anything else, it cannot disappoint. If you have hard or soft corns just try it. Beware of the article "just as good." N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

If nobody loves you, be sure it is your own fault.

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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.

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Does Death Sting?

One is remarkably exempt from the crime of hasty induction if he affirm that there is no sane or healthy mortal who anticipates his extinction with any degree of pleasure. The function of dying is absolutely vegetative—we fall to pieces like a flower. This very fact, that the process is chemical, confirms us in the conclusion that the final "throe" is as painless as the inconvenience is nothing to the foetal pilgrim when he touches on daylight. A moment's examination of the way we are to die will show marks of goodness in our "taking off." The degree of sensibility is proportioned to the integrity of the tissues. An inflammation lightens it; age depreciates it. Any defect in nutrition disturbs the comfort of the individual until the carbonic acid generated in the devitalization of the blood becomes fixed in the cells or is no longer displaced. The sensory ganglia everywhere cease to conduct currents. During the progress of this dissolution of nerve force, this creeping on of this numbness of death, the individual is rapidly passing into a condition of repose, and instead of torture or pangs, a degree of self-satisfaction oft approaching to enthusiasm is realized. The sensations peculiar to the operation of opium, hashish, ether, etc., are not improbably akin to the mental activities of the dying. Barring the hallucinations in the stupor as it gains on the subject, the moribund is familiar with naught that borders on suffering. In short the notion of pain is forbidden the instant that any stimulant fails to excite a response.

Fortunately, for a wholesome study of one's demise, there are assurances abundant, from vivisection, the testimony of those who have been restored to consciousness, affirmations of the dying, that there is no physical recoil from death. Burney tried hard to resist the efforts made to resuscitate him from drowning, so bewitched was he by his prolonged slumber. Dr. Solander, the traveller, was so delighted with the sensations of excessive cold, that he was the first to lie down in the snow to realize the luxury of such a death. Wm. Hunter was sorry he was not able to "write how easy and delightful it is to die." Infants die as serenely as they breathe, and not a few among the advanced in years treat death as a friend to their infirmities. Hanging is naturally rated a most distressing procedure. But it is reported of those who have been saved from strangulation, that the agony promises to be brief, and was rapidly replaced by hallucinations of a fascinating variety.

One would fain believe that the kind God who suffered us to feel no pain in coming would take no delight in turning our farewell into writhing—nay, He does not quit us at the last. He is our greatest benefactor in allowing us to sleep out of weariness. Death is, assuredly, no tax collector; its "jaws" are not the clutches of an assassin; there is no "history to the grave;" the ghost speeds away from us as it entered, with no raffle. The sense of death, as Shakspeare has it, is most in apprehension. It is the fear of the lonely night, not the throes of nature, that makes the leaving painful.

Among fine minds, men and women are more truly felt than seen. We meet people of the plainest appearance and most unostentatious manner, and yet without effort they compel us to respect them.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VIII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1884. NO. 9

THE TRUTH OF IT.

I, and I alone of all living men, know the truth of it; and although in these pages I lightly alter the details, and change the names of the actors in that sad tragedy, my narration of the facts will be sufficiently accurate to enable anyone who was interested in the case to know to what I refer.

On the morning of—say, the 20th of February, 1870, I reached my office at the usual hour, half past nine o'clock; and having perused my letters, summoned my confidential clerk, Mr. Wilson.

"Are Mr. Northwick's papers ready?" I asked, as he entered my room.

'Quite ready," replied Mr. Wilson; who guessing what I wanted, had brought the documents with him.

He placed them in due order before me; and after glancing through them, and satisfying myself as to the manner in which they had been prepared, I sat awaiting the appearance of the gentleman for whose signature the papers were ready.

Roland Northwick was not only a good client, but a dear friend of mine. His father before him had borne the same relation to me. As my age lay about midway between the two generations, it had been my fortune to be able to stand on equal terms of friendship with both father and son; so that upon the death of the former, the management of all the legal business connected with the estate continued in my hands as before.

The particular business which now engaged me on Roland's behalf was a very pleasant task to me. He was to be married in a few days, and the match was in every way suitable and desirable one. Miss Musgrave, the lady of his choice, was well born, well dowered, and moreover, a beautiful and amiable girl. Everything was going well and smoothly—no hitches in the settlements, no unpleasantness with friends on either side. In all human probability the union would bring happiness to the contracting parties.

I was very fond of Roland; but having known him from a boy, did not hesitate to lecture him on certain things connected with his bachelor life which had, from time to time, come to my knowledge. Yet many of these were only the faults common to young men, and I felt convinced that marriage, and marriage with a girl he really loved, would lead him so far away from the errors of youth that there would be little chance of his returning to them. In truth, I had so high an opinion of the young man, that I would not have hesitated to entrust my own daughter's happiness to his keeping.

He possessed a large property, and as there were several things connected with his estate which I wished settled before his marriage and departure on the long tour he purposed making with his bride, I was very busy with his affairs. This morning he had promised to call at my office, about ten o'clock, to sign several documents. Later on, I knew he intended to leave town; so as the papers were of importance, I felt much annoyed when half past ten came and he had not yet made his appearance.

I looked over the papers once more, then said to my clerk:

"Perhaps Mr. Northwick misunderstood me and thinks I am coming to him. I will take a cab and go to Jermyn street. If he should call, ask him to wait till I return."

Roland Northwick lived in chambers in Jermyn Street. His town house had been let furnished since his father's death. Now, I was glad to think, the bachelor's chambers would be given up, and the house occupied by its owner and his young wife as soon as they sought fit to return from their Continental tour.

In a few minutes I alighted at No.—, Jermyn Street. Even as my hand was on the bell, the door was suddenly thrown open, and some one rushing out nearly threw me down. It was Roland's groom, a respectable man, whom I knew well by sight. His face was blanched with terror, his looks were wild. He seemed to recognize me, and gasped, "Oh God! My master! Upstairs!" Then shouting, "Police! Police!" he rushed madly down the street.

I ran upstairs to Roland's rooms. Outside the bedroom door crouched a terrified servant maid, with horror in her eyes. Inside, on the bed, lay Roland Northwick, apparently fast asleep, but in a sleep that would never be broken; for a fell hand had driven a knife deep into his heart.

It was a sight I have never forgotten—a sight I never shall forget. Even after all these years it comes to me in my dreams. Had the murdered man been a total stranger to me, that sight would have haunted me; but as one of my dearest friends lay there, what wonder if the shock almost deprived me of my senses? I was unable at the time to realize the extent of the calamity, and stood gazing at the frightful sight as motionless and almost as powerless as the form stretched in front of me. Then came the rush of feet, and the room filled with people. Policemen hustled me from the bedside, and I heard the words, "Make room for the doctor!" I saw a gentleman kneel over and examine the corpse; then he shook his head, and I knew that every lingering hope must be dispelled, and that Roland Northwick lay dead before me. Murdered as he slept—but by whom?

As I stood by the dressing table, resting my hand upon it for support, I placed it accidentally upon a morsel of paper. Why, I knew not; but my fingers closed on it, and mechanically, I read a few words written there. I am sure at the time I was quite unable to grasp the meaning, but the idea must have come to me somehow that the substance of that letter, or whatever it was, ought not to be exposed to every curious eye. This must have been the reason why I folded the paper and placed it in my pocket.

Shortly after the room was cleared, and the necessary steps taken to sift the dreadful mystery.

The inquest opened the next day, and, after some formal evidence, was adjourned. The doctor deposed that Roland had been killed by a stab with a knife, the point of which had penetrated his heart, so that death must have been instantaneous. The groom stated, that according to custom, he had called in Jermyn Street for his master's orders at nine o'clock in the morning. He was informed that Mr. Northwick had not yet risen. He had then waited an hour, and, as his master did not make his appearance, had rapped at the bedroom door without getting any response. At half past ten he knocked again without success. Shortly afterward, fearing his master, who was generally an early riser, must be ill, he had ventured to open the door, and so made the ghastly discovery. I stated the little I knew about it, and the inquest was then adjourned for several days. I should mention that, in the doctor's opinion, the murder must have been committed between eight and nine o'clock in the morning.

At the adjourned inquest fresh evidence came forward. Roland's watch and chain were found to be missing. This seemed to show clearly that robbery had been the object of the crime. The knife was produced. It was no assassin's dagger, or weapon a robber would be likely to choose. It was simply a short bladed, white handled carving knife, such as are designed to carve poultry or game. Use had worn it to a sharp point, and a strong hand had found it an easy task to drive it up to the very handle in poor Roland's breast. It afforded no clew whatever likely to lead to the detection of the wretch who had wielded it. The maker's name had long been worn away and there must have been millions of similar knives in existence.

The servant at the chambers next gave evidence. At first she roundly stated that by no possibility could anyone have entered the house that morning without her knowledge; but, under pressure, admitted that whilst cleaning the doorsteps, between eight and nine o'clock, she had crossed the road to say a few words to another servant, leaving the door wide open during her absence. How long had she been away? At first she only confessed to a minute, but a series of judicious questions proved her to have been absent from a quarter to half an hour. She was sure no one entered the house, although she admitted that she had gone into the opposite house to inspect some new article of finery which her friend had purchased.

This was sufficient. The murderer had waited his time, entered the open and deserted door, probably intent upon robbery, then, having struck the fatal blow, and waked away, unnoticed and unsuspected. It was all clear. The jury returned a verdict of 'Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown." Government offered the usual reward of a hundred pounds, the heirs of the dead man increased this to five hundred pounds, and Scotland Yard was all agog.

I need not enlarge upon the terrible time I had during those days. The anguish of Miss Musgrave, who insisted upon seeing me and hearing all the harrowing details from my lips. The genuine sorrow I myself felt at the loss of my friend. The utter sadness and dreariness of the funeral, which took the place of the anticipated gay wedding. The inquiries of well meaning but inquisitive friends. The dreadful sight that was ever before my eyes. All these combined to render me almost unfit for business. Indeed, what I should have done, without the assistance of my confidential clerk, Mr. Wilson, I cannot tell. He rendered me yeomen's service at that time, and resolved to repay him when an opportunity presented itself.

James Wilson was a man of about thirty-six; gentlemanly, sedate, and trustworthy. He had now been with me some three years, and I placed every confidence in him, and respected his great ability. Originally he had practised on his own account, as a solicitor—somewhere in the West of England, I believe; but being one of those many men who are better off as servants than as masters, he had managed to come to grief over that precipice that yawns before all young solicitors—transactions with speculative builders. After his failure he was strongly recommended to me as fit to fill a responsible post, and I installed him as my principal clerk.

Although a quiet, reticent man, I soon discovered that he was well educated. I knew nothing of him in his private capacity. The few well-meaning advances, in a social way, which I had at first made to him, had been respectfully but decidedly declined, so that when office hours were over he went his own way. I did not even know where he lived. For all I knew it might be in an attic; but as he was the first to reach the office and the last to leave it, it was no concern of mine. He was an admirable clerk; but at first I was distressed by the melancholy look he always wore—a look as though the world had not been kind to him—but after a time I ceased to notice it; or concluded that, in spite of his unhappy looks, my clerk was as comfortable as the majority of people.

The press of a professional business always seems to come when you are least able to cope with it. It was so at the time when the terrible event happened. Leaving everything connected with Roland Northwick out of the question, I had more work than I could do. Wilson was my right hand, left hand, head and all, at the time. He worked as I believe no clerk ever yet worked, and his pale face told of nights spent in my service. I was afraid the strain would be too great for his rather delicate looking frame; but he assured me his health was good, even if his appearance belied it.

It was well I had with me some one whom I could trust to attend to my work, as, in truth, for some days I could think of little else than Roland Northwick, and wonder, as all the world was wondering, who killed him.

Robbery, said the general public: murdered by a common criminal for the sake of plunder. Robbery, said Scotland Yard, and easily to be traced—the watch and chain will give us the clew. Robbery was Mr. Wilson's opinion when I talked the matter over with him. Robbery, said all poor Roland's friends, save one. I alone knew that robbery had not been the murderer's aim—that if the watch and chain had been taken it was but to throw the hunters on a false scent—that the man who struck that deadly blow, struck it for vengeance, and vengeance only. Not that I knew a man in the world who was Roland Northwick's enemy. Gay, pleasant Roland, with a smile, a kind word, and, when needed, an open purse for everyone. But as I smoothed out that slip of paper, which I had picked up from his dressing table, I found these words:

"My husband knows all. I could not help it. Beware."

The writing was, of course, a woman's; this was, doubtless, why in that dreadful moment my confused brain had led me to conceal the words whose meaning at that time I could not grasp. The first thing that struck me, as I examined the paper when alone, was the peculiar character of the writing. It was, evidently, undisguised, but it appeared as if the writer had striven to acquire a certain sort of originality in the formation of her letters. The long letters, being unusually long, gave an elegant, if rather peculiar, look to the hand writing. The paper was a half sheet of creamlaid note—torn off, perhaps, to prevent any name or address appearing—and I noticed that, good as the writing was, it was rather tremulous in places, as though written by an aged woman, or by one in great haste, or suffering from some powerful emotion. The paper had been twisted into a knot, and then addressed, so there was no envelope for it, and the note, from the outside appearance, must have been delivered by hand.

As I sat with that paper in front of me, I knew for certain that the man who had slain Roland Northwick in his sleep was the husband of the woman who had penned those words of warning. Roland had lived as many another man lives, taking his pleasure where he found it, and counting not the cost. His life, I feared, had been sped to appease the vengeance of an injured husband. He was no libertine; but he was young, and few young men can resist temptation when it assails them in the shape of a fair woman.

I may have been wrong—I was wrong in the course I took, but I was fully resolved that the letter which I alone had seen should not become public property—that it should not serve as a theme for the newspaper to enlarge upon and to point out in unctuous paragraphs what the wages of sin, etc., must be. Poor Roland's murder had rung through England, and the mind of the public had been greatly stirred by it. It was unprecedented that a man should be killed in broad daylight, in the centre of a populous neighborhood, and that the assassin should escape scot free. Already the papers had begun to sneer at the incompetency of the detectives, and to hint that a change in the present system was desirable. Moreover, I was anxious that no word of what I suspected should reach Miss Musgrave's ears; nothing that should lead her to think that aught save robbery had been the murderer's object. So I determined to keep the matter secret until the inquest was over. Then I sent for the detective in charge of the case. I was as eager as anyone that the guilty should be brought to justice, so lost no time in endeavoring to put the police on the right scent.

"Mr. Sharpe," I said, "you are doing all that can be done, I hope."

'Everything, sir; and I hoped to have caught him before this. But, strange to say, we can find no trace of the stolen property. I am afraid it's in the melting pot."

"Before you go any further," I said, "I want you to disabuse your mind of the idea that the murder was committed for the sake of plunder."

The detective smiled, as much as to say, 'Everyone thinks he knows better than we do."

"If I wanted to earn this large reward," I continued, 'I should ascertain all about Mr. Northwick's habits—what acquaintances he had of which his friends knew nothing—any ties he might have formed. In fact, I will be candid with you, Mr. Sharpe—I know that a day or two before he died my poor friend received a letter warning him to beware of some woman's husband. I can tell you no more than this, but it ought to be enough."

"You should have said so before the coroner, sir."

"Yes—and given the guilty man full warning. Now he suspects nothing, and should easily be discovered."

This reasoning of mine was so cogent that Mr. Sharpe was forced to agree with it. I could give him no more information, so he departed, certain of claiming the reward in a week's time. I heard no more for some days, save the usual statement that the police had a clew and were following it.

When I saw the detective again he was quite crestfallen.

"I have made every inquiry," he said, "but I cannot find a word of scandal against Mr. Northwick. I think, sir, that you are making a mistake."

"I am not," I replied. "The blow was struck in revenge, and the man who struck it is probably in London now."

But it was no use. The reward was never claimed, and poor Roland's murder went to swell the already long list of undiscovered and unavenged crimes. After a while a still more appalling tragedy drove it from the public mind, and only those closely interested continued to think of it. I had done all I could, so I locked the mysterious slip of paper in my secretaire, wondering whether fate or chance would some day reveal the writer's name to me. It appeared to me that the whole affair had been terribly mismanaged; as, with such information as I had been able to give Sharpe, suspicion at least, should have fallen on some one. However closely poor Roland might have veiled any indiscretion of his, surely the skill of Scotland Yard should have laid it bare. There must have been meetings—there must have been servants who carried letters or messages—there must have been some persons who could throw light on the affair; and yet not the slightest trace of the intrigue which I suspected could Inspector Sharpe's skill discover. I must confess that, as I placed the paper in a safe drawer, I was inclined to agree with the newspapers that a change was needful in our detective arrangements.

Five years passed by. The grass had grown long on Roland Northwick's grave—his memory had vanished from all but a few hearts. If his name were casually mentioned, men would say: "Ah, yes, Roland Northwick! He committed suicide, or was killed, or something—I forget now what it was." Everybody save myself had given up the hope of seeing his murderer hanged, but I had a conviction that the piece of paper lying in my desk would some day or another bring the guilty man to justice.

The five years had been very uneventful to me. I was growing grayer and richer, and was beginning to look forward to taking life somewhat easier; but when a man's in the swim of a large professional business, he finds great difficulty in reaching the shores of retirement. During these five years I had once more drawn up settlements for Miss Musgrave. Time had healed her wounds, and she had now been married twelve months. I did not blame her for forgetting—if she did forget. With the young, no sorrow can be eternal. She had mourned Roland long and truly, and I was glad that her bright eyes were not destined to be always saddened with the memory of the man she loved best.

My trusted clerk, Mr. James Wilson, was still with me. He was grave, reserved, and correct as ever. Perhaps even more pale, unhappy, and delicate in appearance; but he never complained of his health, and as he worked early and late to my benefit, I could only suppose his constitution was better than it looked. I never saw such a man to work; certainly no man not working for himself. No sooner was one thing finished than another was commenced; and I may safely say that, during those five years, except on business, he had not been absent from his desk an hour. He reminded me of a machine, wound up and sent into the world to work with unerring accuracy until the wheels and the spring at last broke down.

Once or twice I had raised his salary. He had accepted the increase with quiet, but not effusive thanks, as one who knew he fully earned it. As he was now so important to me in my business, and as he knew my clients almost as well as I knew them myself, I had once more gone out of my way to endeavor to create some sort of friendship in private life between us. I invited him—indeed, pressed him—to come home and spend a Sunday with me at Richmond. He declined in his usual polite way; and upon my telling him my reason for urging it was that I thought men who spent so many hours in business together should not be entire strangers out of the office bounds, he said:

"You must really excuse me, Mr. Maitland. I have visited no one for years. I am never happy in company. Indeed, I dare say by this time you have noticed that I have peculiarities of my own, and I am quite unfitted for society."

I was more annoyed at this rebuke than I cared to say, and resolved that for the future he should go his own way, live his own life, and I would trouble no more about it.

Yet at the time of which I now write—five years after Northwick's murder—I began to realize the fact that I was not quite so young as I was; so, after much consideration, and, perhaps, not altogether heedless of what appeared just, I decided that the hour had come to offer Wilson a partnership. He had now been with me eight years. His conduct and general bearing an irreproachable. His transactions were all strictly honorable. I felt I should be happier with the business in the hands of a man whom I so thoroughly knew and trusted, than were I to take as a partner one unproved—although the latter course might be more advantageous in a pecuniary sense.

I told Wilson of my good intentions toward himself. His pale face flushed, and, for once, I saw him manifest signs of real feeling—so much so that I began to hope, that, standing on terms of equality, we might be more companionable. Judge of my surprise when he said:

"I am really much obliged to you, Mr. Maitland—deeply grateful for this proof of confidence—but I regret to say I must decline your offer."

"Decline it, Mr. Wilson! You must be mad."

"Perhaps I am—perhaps I am philosophical—I told you I was peculiar. I am, although you won't believe it, a restless man, and I know if I were bound in partnership with you I should want to leave you before three months were over. Now that I can quit you at any time I choose, I stay on, and probably shall continue to do so if you wish to keep me."

The man was an unsatisfactory riddle; but I did not like to see him throwing away his chances in this fashion, so I said:

"But, Wilson, have you no belongings—no family dependent upon you?"

'I have no near relatives," he replied.

"Why don't you get married? You would find life a great deal happier with a nice peasant wife to look after you."

"I shall never get married—women and I don't agree."

'Then you are quite determined to refuse my offer?"

"Quite, Mr. Maitland. Thanks to your generosity, I have a larger income than I want, and am free from all business anxiety; so I could not be better off. But will you allow me to shake your hand and thank you, once and for all, for your invariable kindness to me?"

I said no more, but held out my hand. Wilson grasped it, and then returned to his desk and his drafts as though nothing unusual had happened, and he had not deliberately thrown away the chance of a lifetime.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A HORRIBLE HAMMER.

The Instrument with which a Connecticut Physician's Skull Was Crushed. Murder and Robbery.

A New Haven, Conn., despatch says: Dr. Walter H. Zink, a leading physician and trial justice of Branford, a small town about eight miles from here, had his skull smashed by a hammer, as supposed, in the hands of Robert Dougherty, recently, and will die. Dougherty has been arrested and sufficient proof, it is thought, can be obtained to convict him. It was after 11 o'clock at night when the doctor came in from his office to his house. His coachman, David Beaudet, was in the barn at the time, but came in shortly after. As was his custom, the doctor sat down at a table in his dining room, where a lunch is always spread for him on his return at night, and began to eat and read the evening papers. It is though that he fell asleep, and his head rested upon one hand and his elbow on the table, and, while asleep, Dougherty cautiously opened the east door into the kitchen and went through into the dining-room, crawled behind Dr. Zink, and struck him three blows on the head with the hammer.

The doctor fell over on the table, bleeding profusely, and became insensible. Nobody knows how long he remained there, but he finally got up and tried to reach the door. Weak with the loss of blood, he staggered to the front door and fell. In his fall he clutched the door-bell and rang it violently. The coachman awoke, and rushing down he found his master lying in a pool of blood on the doorstep, and bloody footprints from the dining room table to the door. Drs. Gaylord and Kenny were sent for immediately, and word was sent to Corner Bollman and Sheriff Nettleton.

Dr. Gaylord found there was a hole in the left occipital lobe and two long scalp wounds. They were evidently made by a hammer. The first looked like a direct blow, and the other two seemed as if the hammer had turned and the latter blows been given with the back instead of the front of the hammer. The skull was fractured, and the physician took out a number of pieces of bone. Two German physicians, Drs. Spourgis and Shurtgart, came with the coroner and aided Dr. Gaylord in his examination. Dr. Zink was conscious at the time and murmured:

"I am done for this time."

At the time he was struck Dr. Zink had $260 on his person. Part of the money was found in the yard outside the door with his gold watch, where they had been dropped by his assailant. Another roll was found on the dining-room floor, and part was missing. Coroner Bollman and Sheriff Nettleton began to search at once, and with the aid of a lantern, footprints were found to and from the house in the direction of a gateway near the barn, which opened into an adjoining lot, made by a barefooted person.

Last Saturday Justice Zink had fined an Irishman names Robert Dougherty, who lives on Montowese street, about a mile from the doctor's house, for drunkenness and assault on him while he was trying to separate Dougherty and Robert Pollock, who were fighting. Dougherty thought the penalty unjust, and asked for an appeal. It was allowed on the assault but not for the drunk. Dougherty paid the fine and costs and went away muttering threats against the justice.

This morning at 5 o'clock Dougherty was arrested. He was found in bed, awakened, and his feet measured. The foot prints were ten and one-third inches long, and corresponded with the fresh ones in the sand towards the door. Dougherty is lame and cannot take very long steps. This was found to correspond with the footprints, which were only twenty inches apart. Dougherty has a large bunion on the side of his big toe, making a noticeable impress, and the footprints show a similiar imprint.

Dougherty's story is very contradictory. He had been drinking the night before, and was not thoroughly sober when awakened. He is 45 years old, uncouth looking, with a red straggling beard, and long matted hair. He is a heavy drinker. Dr. Zink is quite a prominent local politician. He has had many local offices, and is a graduate of a German medical college.

It all Depends on the Stomach.

It is a fundamental truth, in natural science that the whole organized world is created with an especial regard to the stomach. Cuvier and the other comparative anatomists have demonstrated to evidence that a membranous digesting sack is the simplest primaval form of animal being, and as that organization progresses in complexity the stomach is ever the nucleus around which heads, hearts, legs, wings and tails are arranged, with an all but exclusive view to the especial interests of that part. While, therefore, a stomach can do very well by itself, in independence of all that we are accustomed to consider as the animal, no animal could carry on war for five minutes without a stomach. The stomach is in truth the immediate cause of the endless varieties of animal form, and digestion is the one main end of animal existence. Man himself, that perpetual object of his own admiration, is but a mere complicated zoophyte, a perfected stomach, a transcendental machine for the assimilation and elaboration of nutritious particles. To eat, and to be eaten, is the common lot of all living beings; and if men be indeed the lord of creation, it is manifestly only in the right of his omnivorous faculty.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

What The World's Notable People are Saying and Doing.

Clara Louise Kellog is to sing in one hundred concerts this season.

The old Holmes mansion at Cambridge has lately been demolished.

The Empress of Austria is equally remarkable as an equestrian and a pedestrian.

Rosa Bonheur is painting a picture for the frontispiece of the Percheron stud-book of France.

The most important work of Holman Hunt, "The Flight into Egypt," is about completed.

Mrs. Samuel D. Warren, Jun., has been entertaining her father, Senator Bayard, at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts.

Alvin Clark, the veteran telescope maker of Cambridge, is hale and hearty, and a regular worker, although eighty.

The mother of Miss Woolsey, the authoress, known as "Susan Coolidge," died lately at New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, and William Winter are among the latest applicants for admission to the Tavern Club.

The aspect of Dante Rossetti's typical heroine was inspired by the portrait of Mrs. William Morris, who was once a rustic beauty.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild says it would take him twenty-five years to settle his affairs sufficiently to allow him to withdraw from the firm.

The sister of General Gordon recently inspected several of the boats to be used in the relief of her brother, and took a short sail in one of them.

The Crown Prince of Prussia is a turner; the Crown Princess can earn a living with either brush or pen, their eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is a photographer.

The Queen has won a prize at the Amsterdam International Exhibition, for pigs bred at Windsor on the model farm of the late Prince Consort.

A grandson of Admiral John A. Winslow, commander of the *Kearsarge* when it sank the *Alabama*, has been appointed a cadet at West Point, after a competitive examination.

The former residence of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in Cheyne Walk, Cadsea, is now the home of the Rev. Mr. Hawis, who has redecorated it, and crowned the roof with a "flying Mercury."

The first instance of a blind man's being admitted to the practice of law is said to be that of Mr. Reed E. Beard, in Tipecanoe County, Indiana, who has learned it by hearing it read.

Eugenie's companions at Carlsbad are the wife of General Bourbaki and M. Petetin, the latter of whom in the days of her splendor was Prefect of Police.

M. Chevreul, professor of chemistry, and member of the French Academy of Sciences, and long at the head of the Gobelins works, still continues his lectures, although ninety-nine years of age.

The young son of Prince William of Prussia, was baptized August 31, by the court chaplain, Dr. Kogel, in the library of Frederick the Great, by the name of Charles.

Senor Carlos Ramon, a Spaniard of education, who, owing to reverses and discouragement was porter in a Springfield hotel, has just fallen heir a large fortune and three important titles.

For the erection of a hospital in Rome, near the Vatican, the Pope has granted forty thousand dollars, and in the event of an outbreak of cholera, promises to visit the hospital personally.

Although Mr. Gladstone's face is more sallow and his hair grayer, his eye is as luminous, his mouth as firm, his head as grandly held on his shoulders, and his whole carriage as notable as ever.

George Eliot had a weakness for French bonnets, and a pencil sketch of her by Mrs. Anna Tadema, now owned by Edmund Gosse, represents her in one of these structures encircled by a huge yellow feather.

Three thousand dolls have been dressed with in the last two years by Mrs. Herrick, wife of the rector of the Episcopal church at Fortress Munroe, and sold for one dollar apiece for charitable and ecclesiastical objects.

The Queen has ordered two busts of the Duke of Albany by Boehm; one for the Prince Consort's tomb at Frogmore, and the other for Balmoral.

Mr Vanderbilt must look to his laurels, for the Chinese banker Hon Qua, of Canton, pays taxes on four hundred and fifty million dollars, and is the richest man in the world.

In order that he and a lady with whom he was in love might enjoy *La Sonnambula* alone, the present Duke of Hamilton bought up every seat in the opera-house at Nice on one occasion.

The late Duke of Wellington was a capital story-teller. The Zulus prostrated themselves before him out of reverence for his father, the great Duke.

Whistler's most characteristic room in his Chelsea residence is a symphony in dull blue and canary-colored skillfully contrasted; matting covers the floor, blue china fills the dresser, and is here and there attached to the canary-colored walls, and soft white silk curtains, lined with canary silk, elaborately embroidered in gold thread, hide the windows, and the pots on the mantel hold skeleton flowers.

The Mahdi's flag has been brought from Egypt by Clifford Lloyd, captured at the battle of Tamanieb. The lettering is in white on a red ground, and there are two stars and two crescents on the pile nearest the staff. The inscription consists of praises to God and Mohammed, and the names of the four earliest caliphs; the word "Mihgshemy," meaning a religious teacher of to-day, referring to Osman Digma, is in Arabic characters, which read from left to right.

It is said that of the eleven who formed the Government of National Defense, after the fall of the French Empire, but a single one, Jules Ferry, has a share now in the government of the country, and he the lion's share. Six of the eleven are dead—Emanuel is buried in the French Legation at Berne, Jules Simon in almost as great obscurity in Paris, Eugene Pelletan is one of the Senators, and Henri Rochefort is editor of the *Intransigeant*, in which he attacks the Republic as violently as he attacked the Empire.

Didn't Want It.

"Is the boss in?"

'He may be."

"Is that his wood down on the walk?"

"Very likely."

"And he'll want it carried up?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Can I have the job?"

"It is within the range of possibilities."

"Well, I guess I don't want it. After it was all up here you'd possibly think it highly improbable that I'd want my pay for it. I carried up coal for just such a man last winter and he has steadily refused to give me a decided answer as to when I may hope to rake in the fifty cents."

"Taken at the Flood."

Every reader of history knows the story, how the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh spread his cloak beneath the royal feet of Elizabeth and was rewarded with his sovereign's smile and speedy restoration to favor. Potemkin, the favorite of Catherine II. and the founder of the powerful Russian family which bears his name, would doubtless have remained an obscure soldier had not a trivial incident—a chance, in fact,—changed his destiny. After Catherine had deposed her weak husband and herself assumed the sceptre, she was accustomed to parade the streets of St. Petersburg, sword in hand, at the head of her troops. One day Potemkin noticed her sword bore no knot. He boldly stepped forward, braving the knout for his insubordination, and offered his. The Czarina accepted it, and struck by the handsome young lieutenant, asked his name and regiment and if he would not like to serve in the palace. Haul Pasha, the Sultan, Chief of Artillery and most trusted adviser, was a tinner. Employed in the palace, he offered to mend a valuable French clock, as no clockmaker was available, and did his work so well that the Sultan bade him lay aside his tinner's service and serve him. Robt. Wilson, one of England's best generals, owes his elevation from a desk in a solicitor's office to a chance meeting with the Duke of York in the rain. Geo. Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was born with a taste for mechanics. At a very tender age he was compelled to work as a pit-boy at twopence a day to help support the family. Deep in the mines, shut out from everything that cheered the senses, young Stephenson found much to stimulate his mechanical bent. He mastered the hoisting machinery and longed to be allowed charge of it. One day the engineer chanced to stumble and injure himself. Young Stephenson promptly offered to supply his place and proved his skill so well that the mine superintendent gave him permanent charge of the machinery, and thus gave him an opportunity to observe and think and think and build until the Rocket appeared as a result of his labors.

CURRENCY.

The only thing an Arab won't steal is another man's religion.

An average of 1,500 thimbles are annually swallowed by the babies of America.

Fall watermelons are said to bring on chills, but perhaps the chill comes on when the farmer's dog takes hold.

Tell a woman she ought to learn to swim, and then muffle her feet with her skirts so that she can't give a kick.

The dude did not last long in this country. It is sometimes more trouble to play fool than the stakes are worth.

A Mobile man who went out to shoot squirrels wounded a school teacher, and at once married her to prevent a suit for damages.

An American who went into business in Paris, and advertised on the fences, was fined $50 by the courts "for annoying the vision of the public."

Out of about 600 cases of sunstroke noted in New York the past summer, at least 250 turned out to be drunks. Old Sol gets a heap of unmerited censure.

A Pensacola man who went out to fish for sharks about four weeks ago, is supposed to have caught one, and he has not been seen since. Inquire inside.

Three of the numerous "Indian doctors" roaming the public have been killed within the last two weeks. It is the beginning of an era long hoped for!

It is said that Vanderbilt's household expenses foot up $250,000 per year, and we don't question the statement. Butter has been awfully high for a year or two past.

A Duluth doctor hit a man with a club in a quarrel and then charged him $2 for fixing up a scalp wound. The other fellow can't see where his share of the fun came in.

The police of Spain are not allowed to resort to violence to extort confessions from suspects, but keeping a prisoner on bread and water for two or three weeks is not considered violence.

A Chicago chap squeezed his girl's hand so hard as to crush one of the finger joints, and as he was rich and a good catch she never uttered a groan until he called the nurse.

A year ago seven or eight prominent citizens of Chicago formed a class and hired an athlete to teach them how to gain strength. Three of their number are dead and two more crippled.

They hung Joe Bogard, a colored Arkansas murderer, for forty minutes, and his relatives had not conveyed him a mile before Joseph sat up and drank whiskey and rapidly became O. K.

A Texas man who shook his blanket after a nap lasting nine hours discovered that two centipedes and a rattle snake had been his bed-fellows, and yet he had slept better than when his wife was alive.

Begging as a Regular Business.

In China begging is a regular business, beggars being born into the profession and bringing up their children to it. In every large city there is a vast association of mendicants, to whom every one who begs for a living must belong. At the head is one, styled the Beggar King. His authority is absolute; and to him the others are amenable. The society has a code of rules, and by this every beggar has a right, according to custom, to stand at the door of a dwelling and howl, sing, knock, or make any other noise he pleases, until the occupant gives him one cash. Then he is obliged to desist and can apply at the same place no more that day. No two are allowed to beg together at the same place, yet they are so numerous that few doors are free from their clamorings long at a time. The proprietors of large establishments, who desire to save themselves from the annoyance of the continual visitations, do so by paying a certain sum at once to the King, who causes a written statement to that effect to be pasted by the side of the door, and this procures for the house certain exemption. No beggar dare approach it, for, though few of them, can read, all recognise the seal of their chief, and if one transgresses he may be beaten by the occupants of the house, or, being reported to the King, be more severely punished. Every beggar has his beat, beyond which he dare not go, and has also his superior, to whom every night he hands over a certain part of the day's proceeds. The overseers in turn pay to the King a fixed sum monthly, which must be large, as he lives like a nabob. If a beggar breaks the laws he is sent to the King, who is held responsible by the city magistrates for the good conduct of all his people. The punishment he administers is generally too slow for the people who suffer from the depredations of the beggars, and when a beggar is detected in an offense his punishment generally consists in having his hands tied behind him, being drawn up over the limb of the nearest tree

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 nonpariel, per year	$18 00
One quarter column, per year	25 00
One-third column, per year	30 00
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THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1884.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

It seems that Sir John on his return home from England is to receive a series of ovations in the shape of banquets—each to excell the other in its magnificence. The Montreal young men's conservative club were the first in the field, and have their arrangements made on a grand scale. The good people of Toronto not be out-done by their Montreal brethren have also made extensive preparations. Then again we hear that the Eastern Townships are to testify their loyalty to Canada's greatest statesman by giving him another banquet. Sir John will arrive in Canada about the first of Dec. These banquets are to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of Sir John's entrance into public life. It is to be hoped that Sir John will not become too surfeited by these numerous entertainments to unfit him for his Parliamentary duties next session. The citizens of Winnipeg are determined that they shall not be out-done by the people of Ontario and Quebec in their appreciation of the services of Canada's greatest statesman. At a meeting of Conservatives held on the 21st inst., at the office of Scoons & Wolf for the purpose of discussing some plan of action in reference to the fortieth anniversary of Sir John A. Macdonald, Mr. Joseph Mulholland acted as chairman, and A. McQueen secretary. After some discussion on the matter the following resolution was moved by Mr. G. W. Girdlestone, seconded by Ald. K. McDonald, that the following gentlemen be a committee to draft a congratulatory address or memorial to Sir John A. Macdonald at the coming celebration of his entry into public life, to be presented at an adjourned meeting of the sub committee, to be held in this room at 4.30 p.m. on Monday: Capt. Scott, M.P., J. Royal, M.P., G. W. Girdlestone, Hon. Mr. Norquay, Hon. J. A. Miller, Hon. C. P. Brown, Hon. Dr. Wilson, A. A. C. La Riviere, Mr. Jos. Mulholland, Ald. S. Mulvey, J. Hargrave, S. O. Shorey, R. J. Whitla.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

This is a subject which is engrossing a good deal of attention just now both by the public and the press of Canada. The report of Dr. Tuke has aroused public attention to the manner in which the unfortunate inmates of Lunitic Asylums are treated—condemning in strong language what is called the contract or farming system. Several of the French press have taken umbrage at Dr. Tuke's remarks in this respect, and express themselves very bitterly against the Doctor. This has aroused on the other hand the English press which takes these journals to task for their unwarrantable attacks on Dr. Tuke. We are glad to see the fair manner in which *La Patrie* treats this subject, which our readers will find in another column of to-day's paper. But that our readers may be enabled to form their own judgment, we reprint what Dr. Tuke says in regard to the Longue Pointe and Beauport asylums.

"In the course of seven-and-thirty years I have visited a large number of asylums in Europe but I have rarely, if ever, seen anything more depressing than the condition of the patients in those portions of the asylum at Longue Pointe to which I now refer. I saw in the highest story, that in the roof, an ill-lighted corridor, in which sixty to seventy refractory men were crowded together; some were walking about, but most were sitting on benches against the wall or in chairs fixed to the floor, the occupants being secured to these restraint chairs by straps. Of those seated on the benches or pacing the gallery, a considerable number were restrained by handcuffs attached to a belt, some of the cuffs being the ordinary iron ones used for prisoners, the others being leather."

Passing to the female side of the building he says:—

"This was to me even more painful, for when, after seeing the women who were crowded together in the gallery, on benches, and in fixed chairs, many of whom were restrained by various mechanical appliances, we went into the narrow passage between the cells and the outer wall, the frantic yells of the patients and the banging against the doors constituted a veritable pandemonium. The effect was heightened when the *guichets* in the doors were unbuttoned, and the heads of the inmates were protruded in a row, like so many beasts, as far as they could reach."

"Into this human menagerie, what ray of hope can ever enter? In one of the wards of the asylum I observed on the walls a card, on which were inscribed words to the effect that in Divine Providence alone were men to take their hopes. The words seemed to me like cruel irony. I should, indeed, regard the Angel of Death as the most merciful visitant these wretched beings could possibly welcome."

"In Beauport asylum the number of women in restraint was very considerable. Some wore the manchon or muff, others the close glove (*mitaine*); others were restrained by leather wristbands (*poignet*) fastened to a belt, while some were secured by the *gilet de force*, so that movements of the arms were effectually prevented. Several were secured to the bench on which they were seated. In one small airing court upon which I looked down, not a few were restrained, the whole company appeared to be unattended, or if there were attendants, the latter did not consider it a part of their duty to keep their dress in decent order. In referring to mechanical restraint, I do not judge of the condition of the patient from the total non-restraint point of view. The course resorted to in this asylum would not be seriously justified by any physician of the insane with whom I am acquainted, whatever his views on non restraint may be."

"On the men's side, in the worst ward, the sight was in the last degree painful to witness. Here were some thirty patients. Some had leathern muffs, others the belt and poignet, several were in cells as dark as those on the women's side, and were also restrained. One had his leg secured at the ankles. There were also several men in restraint chairs, to which they were fastened, and not only so, but they wore muffs. They were in their shirts, and over their exposed persons flies were crawling in abundance—a spectacle which it must suffice to describe without characterizing further. Among patients of the class now referred to, I counted fourteen restrained, but I do not pretend to have noted them all. For a man who was given to scratching his face, it was considered necessary not only to secure his hands by muffs, but to place him in a crib bed."

"The old system of treating the insane like felons has been so completely discarded by enlightened physicians devoted to the treatment of the insane, that it can no longer be regarded as permissible in a civilized country. The astonishment which I experienced in witnessing this relic of barbarism in the Province of Quebec is still further increased when I see such excellent institutions as the lunatic asylums of the adjoining Province of Ontario. I am certain that if it were possible to transfer the worst patients now in the asylum at Montreal to these institutions, they would be freed from their galling fetters and restraint chains. They would quit their cells also, and in very many instances, be usefully occupied where they are now restrained, with the result that in not a few cases perfect recovery to health would follow. "Look on this picture and on this," were words constantly in my mind after visiting the institutions of the two provinces. It can hardly be contended that a system which succeeds in one province, and is attended by great success, cannot be followed out in the other."

"The question arises, why this difference in the condition of the insane in the asylums of the two provinces? Whatever other reason there may be for this extraordinary contrast, I have no doubt that the main cause is to be found in the different systems upon which the financial management of those institutions is based. It is a radical defect—a fundamental mistake—for the province to contract with private parties or Sisters of Charity for the maintenance of lunatics. This, it cannot be too often repeated, is the essential root of the evil; and unless it be removed, the evil, although it may be mitigated, will remain and will bear bitter fruit. If any steps are to be taken to remove the present deplorable condition of the insane in the asylums of Quebec, it must be by the province taking the actual responsibility of these institutions into their own hands. Whatever may be the provision made by private enterprise for patients whose friends can afford to pay handsomely for those who are poor ought to have the buildings as well as the maintenance provided for them by the legislature. They are its wards, and the buildings in which they are placed should belong, not to private persons, but to the public authorities, with whom should rest the appointment of a resident medical officer."

Dr. W. T. O'Reilly, inspector of Asylums and prisons for Ontario, in answer to the question of a *Globe* reporter:

"Is such a state of thing as Dr. Tuke represents as obtaining in Quebec possible in Ontario, especially in reference to the system of restraint practised?"

Dr. O'Reilly replied—"No. Restraint in the Ontario institutions has been all but absolutely abolished with most gratifying results. The literature of this question of restraint is very large. For half a century an active discussion has been carried on by those specially interested in the subject, and having to do with the government of the insane. A gradual enlightenment and improvement has been the result, and a few years ago a considerable number felt the time had arrived when the absolute doing away with restraint in all its forms might be successfully advocated. The advocates of the non-restraint system were strongly opposed by a great many of high standing, long experience, and large information in the treatment of the insane and in knowledge of this speciality, but others of equally high standing have succeeded in putting the non-restraint system into practical operation, and accomplishing by the absolute disuse of restraints the most surprising and satisfactory results. When I first entered upon my work as inspector of asylums and prisons I was in a general way acquainted with the position of the restraint question. I have since been induced by the character and duties of my position to give the matter close and careful consideration, and I am more than ever convinced that the non-restraint system is the best for the patient, and I have lost no opportunity of urging this view upon the medical superintendents.

Q. Has there been any general improvement produced by the employment of non restraint methods as compared with the former system?

A. I may answer that question by quoting from the reports just put into my hands of some of the medical superintendents:—

Dr. Bucke, superintendent of the London asylum, says:—'During the year just closed and for three months before that we have not used at this asylum any mechanical restraint or seclusion of any kind whatever, nor have we used during that time any morphia, chloral, or other sedative drugs for the purpose of quieting any noisy or violent patient. Two years ago we began in earnest this non restraint movement, and I must confess I have been as much surprised as any one else can be at the success we have had in carrying it out. It is not simply that we have disused mechanical restraint and seclusion, but we have revolutionized at the same time the whole *Morale* of the institution.". Dr. Bucke goes on to say that "the employment of the patients in occupation of whatever kind they may be thought best fitted for is the basis of the system of treatment now in force at the London asylum. Employment distracts the mind of the patient from its delusions and secures him sound sleep at night. He sums up the features of the system adopted and the results achieved as follows:—(1) The employment of all patients who are able to work; (2) Total disuse of mechanical restraint and seclusion; (3) Total disuse of canvas and other strong dresses; (4) Far greater tidiness of person and clothing; (5) Much less fighting and striking among patients; (6) Very much less scolding, swearing, and obscene language, indeed it has become very rare now to hear an improper word used in our wards; (7) Patients have become in all respects more manageable, and, so to speak, more civilized." Dr. Bucke proceeds to say that the attendance of those who are capable of good behavior at chapel has increased in two years from an average of 250 to a regular attendance of considerably over 400. "In no instance are patients restrained forcibly by the hands of the attendants, and we doubt very much whether they require to put their hands on patients as much now as they did previously." In stating these results of his recent experience, Dr. Bucke does not hesitate to quote from one of his reports of a few years ago as follows: 'As for non-restraint it never can be or ever was practiced. It would be worse cruelty to any patient than the old chairs and straight waistcoats of Bedlam." Dr. Bucke remarks, however, that when he wrote that way he was "young and inexperienced in the care of the insane and as is often the case with beginners, dogmatic in the inverse ratio of his experience." He further says, however that men of great ability and experience speak as positively now as he did then against the absolute disuse of restraints. He also urges that the credit for the admirable results achieved at the London institution by the non-restraint system belongs first to Dr. O'Reilly, who so persistently urged the matter upon his attention.

Dr. Metcalfe, of the Kingston asylum, adds his testimony to that of Dr. Bucke in this connection. He says:—"For nearly two years there has not been an instance of mechanical restraint in this asylum. The result has been so gratifying that such treatment is not likely again to be adopted here." Dr. Metcalfe, however, has not arrived at the same point as Dr. Bucke, for he says:—"Sedatives are given sparingly. Instead of an increase in the use of chemical restraint following the disuse of mechanical, there has been a falling off. Only an occasional dose is now administered, and not one patient receives it regularly." Dr Metcalfe also bases his hope for success in the future on the employment and amusement of the patients. He says that "during the year prior to abandoning restraint out of a total of 430 under treatment, 194 were employed. During the past year, out of a total of 581 under treatment 425 were employed.

Q. To what do you attribute the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the Quebec asylums as compared with the asylums of Ontario?

A. To the fact that in Quebec the farming-out system is in force. Contractors are paid so much per head for the care of the insane, and it is naturally to their interest to make as much money out of the contract as possible. In Ontario no official has any connection with the asylum, directly or indirectly. They are absolutely precluded from any chance of making money out of their position. The government pays for everything, and in the matter of food, clothing, etc., imposes no restrictions as to what shall be used, except that reasonable economy shall be practised. The food furnished to our patients is, while plain, of the best quality that money will buy, and the officers of all the asylums are empowered to reject anything that may be offered if otherwise.

Q. How does the cost of maintaining our asylums compare with the cost of maintenance in Quebec?

A. The contractors in Quebec receive at the rate of $11 per month per patient or $132 per year. The average cost per inmate in the Ontario institutions is $131. We have thus an infinitely better system maintained at equally as low rates.

PLOUGHING MATCH.

The Annual Ploughing Match of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil, was held this year on the farm of Robert Crosier, Esqr, Jerusalem, in the Parish of Lachute, on the 23rd of October instant.

For the season of the year the day was very fine, and a good many people turned out to witness it. There were 23 ploughs on the field and the work done was very good. The field was all that could be desired.

Thomas Ingles, James Hamilton, Junr., Archibald Oswald, of Grand Fremere, County of Two Mountains, and James Henderson, Junior, of Petite Cote, Montreal, were the Judges.

The following prizes were awarded.

IN SPECIAL CLASS FOR MEN.

(Prizes given by Charles Albright, and Alfred Center, Esquires)

John Doig was awarded 1st prize, Andrew Boa 2nd.

MEN'S GENERAL CLASS.

(Society Prize).

Robert Gordon (E. S.) 1st, John Hay 2nd, Robert Doig 3rd, Paul Doig 4th, George Cummings, 5th, John McGilvary 6th, James McLure 7th.

BOY'S SPECIAL CLASS.

Prize given by Wm. Owens, Esq., M. P. P.

Thomas Morrison, Bothany, 1st, John Leishman (U. C.) 2nd.

BOY'S GENERAL CLASS.

(Society Prize).

James Hay 1st, William Catton 2nd, Thomas Boa 3rd, David Rogers 4th, James Todd (E. S.) 5th, Henry Todd (E. S.) 6th Charles Veslon 7th.

Mr. Larmouth's prize of Frost & Wood's Plough, (No 8.) given to the Ploughman ploughing the best ploughed Ridge in the field was awarded to John Doig, of Lachute (Late Hills farm.)

The following Prizes were also given on Draught Horses.

Robert Morrison 1st, John Hay 2nd, Robert Gordon 3rd, Robert Crosier 4th.

The hospitality shown by Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Crosier was highly appreciated. The view from Mr. Crosier's new residence over his farm was very pleasing.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—An order-in-council has been passed authorizing the representation of Canada at the universal exhibition to be held in Brussels in May next year, and the department of agriculture is taking steps to carry out the order. In 1886 there will be a special colonial exhibition in London. The intention is to have as complete a display of exhibits from the colonies of the empire as possible. The exhibitors of Canadian articles in the Belgian exhibition can have their exhibits removed to London. Arrangements will probably be made by the department of agriculture to pay expenses of exhibitors, both going from and coming back to Canada. Though Canada will not be officially represented at the inventors' exhibition, which is to be held in London, England, during 1885, Canadian inventors will be able to exhibit at their own risk. Forms and information can be obtained from the department of agriculture at Ottawa. Several Canadian inventors have intimated their intention to exhibit their inventions.

The Mowat Government has issued a proclamation prohibiting the cutting of timber in the recent disputed territory. This will be a great hardship upon a number of mill-owners who have made great preparations for a brisk winter's work. Many of them are Reformers, and they feel aggrieved that the Ontario premier did not direct his attack upon the Dominion Government, who had sold them the limits.

Miss Ashley, an eccentric lady, who formerly resided here, died recently in Paris. She left $20,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and $13,000 to Frederick Douglass.

—The American Government charged exporters of Canadian hay 20 per cent duty. Heavy dealers formed an association to prove the proper duty was ten per cent. The latter figure has now been decided to be the correct one, and the Canadian shippers are to be refunded the difference. The claims already put in are said to be over one million dollars. The Toronto *World* says the Association of hay exporters, which pushed the business to this conclusion, is a Canadian institution entirely, with headquarters somewhere in the eastern townships.

The Canadian Pacific railway company have just purchased 10,000 tons of steel rails. Tenders for this supply were also received from England, but the American prices were the lowest. This transaction goes a long way in upsetting the theory of the advocates of free trade, that the manufacturers of a highly protected country cannot compete with free-traders.—*Woodstock Times.*

NOTHING SO GOOD AS LIME.

The best treatment for ivy poison is lime. Slake a small piece of lime, making a solution about as thick as cream, and apply to the inflamed surface and water blisters, morning and night. Three days or less will kill the poison effectually. I suffered several times, in spite of the best medical treatment, the poison running its nine days' course, but have yet to hear of a case that was not cured by lime within the time I name. There is no sloughing off, but the blisters are dried and the poison counteracted, while the parts were left sound and healthy.—[Toxicus, Springfield, Mass

THE SAVED ARMY.

A very pleasing event took place at Victoria Hall, Ottawa, on Monday the 20th inst. At the close of the soldiers' private meeting all were requested to remain a short time, when Mrs. Capt. Willis was presented with a sum of money, subscribed by her friends. The presentation was to have been made by Mr. W. P. Lett, but as he could not be present, Dr. Mark was requested to officiate. Dr. Mark also presented her with a double photograph frame, together with some very humorous remarks.

Mrs. Willis, in reply, said she was so taken by surprise that she did not know what to say besides thanking them for their generosity and kindness towards her while in Ottawa, and that though they might not meet again in this world she hoped to meet them all in a better world hereafter.

Refreshments, which were provided by the ladies, were then partaken of and duly appreciated by all present, after which Captain Willis was presented with a sum of money collected on the spot.

NINE MEN KILLED.—A Port Arthur despatch of Friday last states that information had reached there of a terrible accident on McLeod's contract at Red Sucker Cove, 170 miles east. A powerful blast started a large ledge of rock, which in its fall buried six men. Three bodies has been removed up to Friday evening. It is also reported that three men were killed on Thursday on Ryan & Doheny's contract by the premature explosion of a blast. Full particulars not yet received as communication is interrupted.

Returns from Megantic indicate the election of Mr. Whyte, the liberal candidate.

Eugene Bail, charged with passing a "raised" bill at Ottawa, has been convicted.

The contract for a branch of the Canadian Pacific railway to Buckingham village has been let.

The Quebec Board of Trade has decided to petition the Dominion Government against further expenditure on the Lake St. Peter channel.

The Listowell *Banner* office was burned down on Monday evening. Loss about $4,200. Insured for $2,200.

Gossip believes that Peter Mitchell will soon become Minister of Marine and Mr. Whitcher recalled to his old position at the head of the piscicultural branch.

The number of immigrants settling in the Dominion to the end of September was 73,426, compared with 89,463 in 1883.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lieut. Storey reports exploring the newly discovered Alaska river for a distance of 500 miles.

The president of the New York State trades assembly has issued an address in favour of Cleveland.

Lord Randolph Churchill has given notice of a motion of censure on Mr. Chamberlain.

Zobehr Pasha thinks the British are likely to have much fighting before Khartoum is relieved.

The German government has made representations to France against the blockade of Formosa.

White and colored employees on a circus train in Georgia got into a row on Saturday, several of the latter being thrown off and killed.

The council of regency in Brunswick has refused to countersign the manifesto of the Duke of Cumberland.

The Syrian Maronites are appealing to the French consuls for protection against the oppressions of the Turks.

The Porte is threatened with troubles in Albania, where a movement for national autonomy is making headway.

It is proposed that the Congo conference shall open with a recognition of the principles of free trade through the basin.

The Columbian government has given notice that it will not allow the Panama railroad to be injured for the benefit of the canal.

The French reinforcements for Tonquin will consist of 15,000 men and will begin to arrive at their destination by the end of January.

Lord Granville has informed France that Great Britain reserves the right of questioning the validity of Corbet's blockade of the Formosan coast, which the *Army and Navy Gazette* declares the French fleet is unable to maintain.

A praying match for a purse of $500 is a somewhat extraordinary attraction at a South Carolina camp meeting.

A double tragedy has occurred at Philadelphia from a youth trying to show another how Jack Sheppard committed one of his murders.

The Abyssinian General Ras Aloula has been ordered to march on Kassala.

Japan has established a peerage and is to adopt the German military system.

A Paris paper asserts that Germany has assumed a protectorate over Zanzibar.

China has ordered immense quantities of arms and ammunition from England and Germany.

The Toronto policemen sent up to quell the whiskey riots at Michipicoten are storm staid at Whiskey bay.

Canada possesses more telegraph offices in proportion to her population than any other country in the world.

DYNAMITE AGAIN.—An unsuccessful attempt was made Saturday to blow up with dynamite the lock-gate near Coleraine. No arrests.

—A new development of telegraphy has been instituted by Michels in Italy. He has constructed a machine by which signs corresponding to various sounds can be telegraphed. Thus we have practically a telegraphic shorthand to which the name "stono-telegraphy" is given. Michels's apparatus has now been in regular use for some period in telegraphing the debates of the Italian Senate, and it is claimed that by this method 10,000 words can be transmitted per hour.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

Actors may be called a friendly class, since they often take one another's parts.

CATTLE FOR THE NORTHWEST.—On Oct. 4th, the first shipment of cattle to the Northwest, via the C.P.R., passed here. The train was composed of nineteen cars containing four hundred and thirteen head of cattle. The cattle were entirely heifers one and two years intended for a ranch at Regina. Messrs. Fawcett of Sackville, N. B., had the train in charge and speak very highly of the accommodation received, the civility of the officials and the energy displayed in pushing the train ahead. The train started on 20th Sept. from Moncton, N.B., and passed Detroit the following Monday, which is very fast time considering that the cattle laid off three days of that time for feeding, and that a needless detention of some hours at Montreal caused by an over zealous official of the G. T. R. The cattle reached Emmerson on Wednesday and were then placed in quarantine much to the annoyance of those in charge at expense of the owners. We hope the C. P. R. will soon be able to accommodate shippers to the West over Canadian soil.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.—The very many friends of Mr. C. W. Spencer, Assistant Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific, will regret to learn of the sad bereavement which had fallen on his family in the death on Friday last, of his son Harold, a bright little boy only three years of age. In a case of this kind, though sympathy may be welcome, it can do but little to compensate for the loss. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer may feel assured that they have the most sincere sympathy of all who know them, and who knew the bright little one whom they valued so highly.

OUTRAGES ON MISSIONS IN CHINA.

HONG KONG, October 27.—Advices say that the Roman Catholic priests under French protection at Swa Tow were ordered to leave by the Chinese authorities. When those at Chou Chou Fu had left the place the Chinese soldiers went to their house and destroyed everything they could find. It is said they ravished the female converts. At Kite Yung the mob destroyed the Roman Catholic places of worship, as well as those belonging to the English, Presbyterian and other missions. The Wesleyan chapel at Chang Tsung was destroyed on the 14th September by the mob.

THE MONTEFIORE CELEBRATION.

LONDON, October 28.—At a service held at Ramsgate in honour of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir Moses insisted upon standing through the entire service. At the conclusion he said in a very clear voice, "I cannot tell the thousandth or ten-thousandth part of what I feel to-day, when by the blessing of the Almighty I have arrived at so ful an age. I thank Him for His merciful providence and I thank all my friends for their great kindness." A reception followed. Sir Moses was in excellent spirits. During the day he received over 100 letters and 600 telegrams, besides numerous addresses and bouquets. The anniversary was celebrated throughout Europe.

RAMSGATE, Eng., October 28.—A fete was held to-day in honour of Sir Moses Montefiore. The streets were decorated with arches and crowded with people. Business was entirely suspended. A procession headed by the mayor and municipal authorities marched to the residence of Sir Moses, and presented him with a congratulatory address. Sir Moses replied, expressing regret that his strength would not permit his uttering the words burning within his heart. He said: "I thank the Almighty that he has allowed me to be with you so many years. Dear old Ramsgate! There is not a boy or girl here I do not pray for. God bless you all." Great applause followed his remarks. Sir Moses presented the mayor with a gold chain.

Sir Moses Montefiore received over 1,400 congratulatory messages on his hundredth birthday.

A Forcible Argument.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., October 24.—At Palmyra, on Wednesday night, thirty disguised women raised Wm. Bott's saloon and wrecked it. They threatened to lynch Bott if he reopened the place.

Irish Generosity.

DUBLIN, October 21.—After the funeral of A. M. Sullivan yesterday a subscription list for his widow and family was opened and $7,000 raised within an hour.

A Georgia mob having attacked and murdered a negro because he was living with a white woman, the coroner's jury returned a verdict justifying the crime.

A. G. T. R. freight shed at Lindsay has been burned; loss about $50,000.

Three Rivers is to give a banquet to Hon. J. J. Ross, the provincial premier.

Dakota brags of an ear of corn holding 1,742 grains.

The massacre of Col. Stewart and his party is officially confirmed.

St. John, the prohibition candidate, will make a determined fight against Blaine in New York state

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$1 40
Cabbage, per doz, 30 to 40c	
Carrots, per bag 50 to 60c.	
Onions, per bushel $1 $1.25.	
Turnips, per bag 40 to 50c.	
Eggs, per dozen	0 18
Butter, 20 to 22 cts. per lb.	
Cheese per lb	0 10
Honey, in comb, per lb. 15 to 18c.	
Strained Honey, per lb	0 15
Spring chickens 25 cts, to 30 cts per pair	
Fowls from 50 cts. to 75 cts.	
Partridge, per pair 50cts	
Pork " $7 00 to $8 per hundred,	
Oats, per bushel	0 40
Flour, per 100 lb $3 to $3.50 (Selling Price)	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	2 60
Wheat, "	1 20
Hay per ton	$5 to $7

LADIES' MISSES' AND INFANTS.

UNDERCLOTHING.

NEW ARRIVALS.

New Underclothing for Infants.
New Underclothing for Misses.
New Underclothing for Ladies.
A. S. CARSLEY'S.

New White Cotton Underwear.
New White Cotton Underwear.
New White Cotton Underwear.
A. S. CARSLEY'S.

New Cashmere Frocks for Children.
New Cashmere Pelisses for Children.
New Princess Robes for Children.
A. S. CARSLEY'S.

New Cashmere Cloaks for Infants.
New Hoods for Children.
New Turbans for Children.
A. S. CARSLEY'S

New Embroidered Robes for Infants.
New Embroidered Robes for Infants.
New Embroidered Robes for Children.
A. S. CARSLEY'S

Novelties in White Cotton Underwear.
Novelties in Infants' wear.
Novelties in Misses wear.
A. S. CARSLEY'S

NEW MILLINERY!

GRAND OPENING SHOW OF FALL MILLINERY HATS AND BONNETS

To-day (TUESDAY), the 23rd Sept., we shall exhibit in our

NEW SHOW ROOM,

a magnificent stock of Primo 1 Hats and Bonnets, surpassing in richness and novelty, in variety and extent

ANY PREVIOUS EXPOSITION.

Ladies invited to inspect our choice selection of

PARIS PATTERN BONNETS,

unique and beautiful, and not to be seen in any other store.

FRENCH FELT HATS,

of the finest quality and the latest fashion, in all the new colors. An immense stock to select from.

S. CARSLEY.

1785, 1787, 1789, 1771, 1773, 1775 and 1777.
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

FOR SALE!

ONE of FAIRBANKS & Co's STANDARD LARGE PLATFORM HAY SCALES, in good working order.

Apply to

W. J. TODD,
Merchant, Lachute.

10-3 in.

Vital Questions!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"*Some form of Hops!!!!*"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu!!!!*"

Ask the same physicians

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy, !!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

"Sanfrocum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact, almost all diseases frail" Nature is heir to.

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

Non genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!!

Hence, when these remedies are combined with other equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters such as wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is varied in its operations that no disease of human can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

C. T. WALES & Co's.
ADVERTISEMENT.

OUR DRY-GOODS DEPARTMENT is now replete for the WINTER TRADE.

It is well known we show the best assorted stock of TWEEDS and DRESS GOODS, Materials for Ladies, JACQUES including SEALETTES and ATALASSE cloths.

GRAY COTTON (yard wide) 5cts.

THE PEOPLES' DASH STORE,
HEADQUARTERS for FLANNELS

C. T. WALES & Co. sell the New "Wanzer C" Sewing Machine, and will exchange machines taken in part payment—Terms easy.

REMOVAL!

THE UNDERSIGNED begs leave to inform his CUSTOMERS and the PUBLIC IN GENERAL, that he has removed his stock to the premises lately occupied by

F. NAUBERT & Co.,

where the advantages of a larger STOCK and increased TRADE will enable him to suit customers in every respect.

A new feature has been introduced in the DRY GOODS Department by the addition of LADIES TRIMMED HATS, done up in the latest styles, by a first class MILLINER.

A stock of CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, second to none in the County.

GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
BOOTS and SHOES.

A complete stock in these lines.

FRESH GOODS and prices to suit the TIMES.

All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods at market prices.

H. ROBERT.

St. Philippe, Oct. 14th, 1884.

PHOTOGRAPHS

CHEAPER THAN EVER, either by the new or OLD PROCESS by

A. G. STACKHOUSE,

St. Andrews, Oct. 20th, 1884. 8 tf.

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.

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE, LOT and OUT-BUILDINGS, in the Village of Lachute, on reasonable terms and at a very low figure.

Apply to

W. J. SIMPSON.

Lachute, Oct. 21th, 1884. 8 tf.

LACHUTE
FLOUR MILLS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR

Strong Bakers Flour Guaranteed	$2.80
Manitoba Bread Flour	2.30
Lower Grade Flour	2.15

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

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

STOVES FOR COAL OR WOOD.

A large stock of first class HALL COAL STOVES,

ALSO

COOK STOVES of every Description on HAND.

PLOWS.

The celebrated No. 8 STEEL MOUD PLOW has no equal.

THRESHING MILLS, GREYS PATENT the best in the Market.

McCUAT & McRAE.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all *PATENT BUSINESS* at home or abroad a tended to for *MODERATE FEES*.

Our office is opposite the U.S Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from *WASHINGTON*.

Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we CHARGE NO FEE UNLESS PATENT IS ALLOWED.

We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U.S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or County, write to

C. A. SNOW & Co.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D.C

DANCING!

PROF. C. W. DURKEE, OF MONTREAL, will open a class for instruction in dancing on the Evening of Nov. 13 h, in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute.

ALSO

in the TOWN HALL at St. Andrews, on Wednesday Evening Nov. 12, 1884.

TERMS.—FOR THE COURSE 18 NIGHTS

Ladies, $4.00. Gentlemen $8.00.

Hours of practice, from 7.45 to 11.

7—6in

LOUIS GOBEILLE,

Watchmaker and Photographer,

Main Street, Lachute.

WILLIAM CAUTION & SON,

ST. ANDREWS, P. Q.

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

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.

HEARSES.

AN UNDERTAKER going out of business wishes a qualified person to purchase his plant and start in the same line, either at Lachute, L'Original or Vankleek Hill.

One large and one small HEARSE, purposely built for country roads, almost new, in perfect order, recently painted and richly decorated. Horse nets, two sets of plumes, &c.

Easy terms and moderate interest provided payment be secured by first-class security.

Address M. L. F.,
Post Office Box, 141,
Hull, P. Que.

-tf

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.

R. G. MEIKLE.

Lachute, April 3rth, 1884. 35-tf

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.

WANTED a resident Agent in every Village, Town and City of the Dominion also, a few Travellers to sell our new GAS MACHINES, for making AIR GAS 50 per cent. cheaper than coal gas, equally as Good. No Fire or Power required. Made in all sizes from 15 BURNERS to 1,000; for PRIVATE HOUSES, STORES, HOTELS, Factories, Mills, Street, Mine, etc., address:

THE CANADIAN AIR GAS MACHINE MFG. Co
115 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

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.

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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

For Sale.—W. J. Todd.
Underclothing.—S. Carsley.
Property and Mills for Sale.—J. B. Cushing.
Dry Goods Department.—T. Wales & Co.
Burdock Blood Bitters.—T. Milburn & Co.
Hagyard's Yellow Oil.—T. Milburn & Co.
Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.—T. Milburn & Co
Consumption Cured—W. A. Noyes

LOCAL.

There's a little flower growing
In a mossy, shaded spot,
That is within the woodland,
'Tis the sweet forget-me-not.

These are words from a simple song, which, with seven others, comes to us for notice from the well known publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston. The titles and prices are here given.

The sweet Forget me-not, (30 cts) by W. S [Wilcox.
My Darling and I. (30 cts.) by H. Por et.
Lieut. Greely's Return March, (50 cts) With portrait by R. Goerdeler.
Little Dove Polka Mazurka, (40 cts.) by Car Faust
Charte d'Amour Etude, (75 cts.) by H. Behrens
Fantine Galop, (50 cts) by Launce Knight.
Menuette for Piano, (35 cts) by Zeckwar.
Fragment from Nussknacker, (25 cts) 4 hand piece by Reinecke.

Dear Mrs. F. what beautiful bread, and you use only Fleischmann & Co's COMPRESSED YEAST!

Certainly, I use it for Bread, Biscuits, Rolls, and prize it above all others for my Breakfast Cakes.

Do you mean Buckwheat, and Griddle Cakes? Yes.

I use Fleischmann & Co's Compressed Yeast for my bread and consider it unrivalled. But I was not aware it was used for cakes!

Yes, for cakes, all kinds of cakes. Strange that you never tried it, get one of the Directions at HUGH FRASER'S he has the Sole Agency for Lachute and gets the Yeast fresh every day.

Factory Depot,
70 St. Antoine St. J. STEWART,
Montreal. Manager.

Costiveness is the cause of the intolerable "bad breath" of multitudes. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters remove the cause and prevent the evil, a dose only 25 cents.

BURGLARY.—On the night of the 21st inst., the Store of Mr Robertson, of Vankleek Hill, was broken into, and the safe blown open and $30 taken therefrom. The burglars also stole a horse and buggy from Mr. Potter, and made for Uncle Sam's Dominions.

A true bill has been returned against the city of Ottawa for the disgraceful condition in which some of its streets are kept. Let Lachute Council look out.

The history of Downs' Elixir is identified with the history of New England for the last fifty years. It cures coughs and colds.

There never was better sport for the hunter than now the woods being full of game.

DESTROY THE WORMS or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms.

The Saved Army meetings which are held every evening in the Hall on O'Connor street Ottawa, are well attended, the hall being crowded to the doors almost every night.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Itching Piles Ringworm Eruptions, and all skin diseases, use Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap.

The Allan mail steamship took out a consignment of several hundred barrels of potatoes, which is a new commercial venture.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other Medicine.

Don't forget St. Simeon's Church Concert, in Victoria Hall, on Wednesday Evening, Nov. 5th. The Programme is an excellent one—the performers being well known celebrities—therefore a great treat in store for the lovers of the dramatic and the musical.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co.,
5-1y. 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

A Successful Result.

Mr. Bloomer, of Hamilton, Ont., suffered for many years with a painful running sore upon one of his legs, which baffled all attempts to heal until he used Burdock Blood Bitters, which speedily worked a perfect cure.

The Methodist parsonage property was sold by Mr. Patenaude, Auctioneer, on Thursday, 23rd inst., to Mr. Joseph Staniforth for $185, he being the highest bidder.

No Matter.

No matter where pain, lameness or soreness exists, Hagyard's Yellow Oil taken or applied will give immediate relief, and a positive cure quickly follows its use.

The Secretary of the Agricultural Society, G. J. Walker, Esq., having received the annual government grant to the Society, is now prepared and is paying out the premiums awarded during the year, to the successful competitors. John Hay, Esq., has won the prize given by Messrs. McOmat & McRae, being the winner of the most first prizes.

An Agreeable Surprise.

Those who try Burdock Blood Bitters as a regulator of the bowels, or to purify the blood, aid digestion, regulate the liver and kidneys, or strengthen tired nature, are agreeably surprised at the prompt benefit derived.

The annual fall fair was held on the 23rd inst., the attendance was not very large which may be attributed to the ploughing match being held on the same day. The display of cattle and horses was small—prices, however, were pretty good. A few changed hands.

A Decided Hit.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil touches the right spot every time when applied for rheumatism, neuralgia, pain, soreness or lameness, and internally for colds, sore throat, etc., it is equally infallible.

FOR CROUP.—Wet some cotton wool or flannel with the Pain Eradicator and apply to the throat and chest. Wet some sugar with it and mix with about as much butter, and take about the size of a hazel nut every fifteen minutes as it will the breathing becomes free, and occasionally dose until well. Heat well the soles of the feet at the fire, or bathe them in warm water and apply the Pain Eradicator to them.

GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR.—We don't hesitate to say that this medicine is the best of all what is called Patent Medicines now in the market. We have used it and found immediate relief from it. Graham's Pills are equally good. Mr. F. G. Ireland, of Lachute Mills, is the agent for these Medicines, call and get a bottle and a box of the pills and try them for yourselves.

In another column will be found a long obituary notice of the death of Mr. Thomas E. Evans, who formerly carried on business here in the premises now occupied by Mr. Hugh Fraser, Jr. The inhabitants of Lachute will be sorry to hear of his death, as he was a man universally beloved and respected in this community. Mr. Evans died on Saturday the 4th at White Pine, Gunnison County, Colorado, U. S., after an illness of eleven weeks. The immediate cause of his death proceeding from a cut he received in the knee from the accidental blow of an axe in his own hand. This is a sad blow to his wife and two children who reside here. They have the heart-felt sympathy of the people of Lachute and vicinity.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W.A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

NATIONAL PILLS purifies the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

"Our Little Ones" for November is before us and note its contents. This magazine is increasing so fast in popularity that arrangements are being made for its re-print in Scotland by T. Nelson & Sons, and negociations are also pending for its publication in France and Germany. It is the most popular children's paper published and we are not surprised at the desire manifested for its publication in Europe.

A Safe Investment.

Investing twenty-five cents for a bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best throat and lung healer known. Cures coughs, bronchitis, asthma and all pulmonary complaints.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of C. T. Wales & Co., St. Andrews, in to-day's paper. Their stock of Dry Goods, &c. is complete. Call and examine them—No trouble to show goods. They sell cheap.

Prompt Measures.

Prompt measures should be used to break up sudden cold and cure coughs in their early stages. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam does this most speedily and effectually.

A $20 Biblical Prize.

The publishers of *Rattelgh's Monthly* offer twelve valuable awards in their *Month* for November, among which is the following:

We will give $2,000 to the person telling us in how many languages the superscription was written on the cross over Jesus at the time he was crucified, by November 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the REWARD will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner November 15th, 1884. If persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents (in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the December *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner or the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is the best remedy known for stiff joints.

To-day being Hallowe'en a visit may be expected from the boys. We trust, however, they will leave that poor man Smith alone. Pass his door by boys—don't disturb him.

A new joint stock company has been formed towards starting a newspaper at Sorel. The capital is $5,000.

NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE.—The Grand Trunk's new railroad bridge over the Don river, Toronto, was opened for traffic on the 25th. It cost $46,000. This will give a double track from Parkdale to Little York station.

OUR INSANE.

THE CONTRACT SYSTEM CONDEMNED.

(From La Patrie.)

We reproduced, simply for the information of our readers and without assuming any responsibility for it, the article of Dr. Tuke on the subject of our insane asylums. Of course, *L'Etendard* makes it out to be a crime on our part. It is to be taken for granted that every institution that is placed under the control of a religious community must necessarily be perfect and to have any doubt on that point is nothing less than sacrilege! We may say at once that, personally, we have no reason to suppose that the St. Jean de Dieu asylum is not administered in the most satisfactory manner and that every feature in its management is beyond the reach of criticism. But we are not of those who maintain that it is enough for an establishment to be directed by priests and nuns to place it beyond the control of public opinion. We believe that we have a right to discuss the cleanliness of a beadle without being accused of sapping the foundations of the vestry. In the present instance, the institution concerned is a civil one,

SUPPORTED AND SUBSIDIZED BY THE STATE.

When we come to inquire how it works or serves the purpose which it was designed to serve, it is of no consequence to us whether it is conducted by religious or by lay persons. This inquiry is quite within our competence and we have a right to express our opinion and we intend to use that right when we deem proper. If, therefore, we approved in every particular, of Dr. Tuke's article, no person would be justified in casting the slightest reproach on us. But, as it happens, we have done nothing of the kind. When we said that a man of the knowledge and experience of Dr. Tuke, a specialist as distinguished as he is disinterested, had pronounced a judgment so unfavourable on an institution connected with our provincial government, we thought it our duty to make that judgment known to our readers. But we remained—indeed, our lack of personal acquaintance with the facts precluded us—from expressing any opinion as to its value. We were even careful to say that we gave it insertion with the utmost reserve. That is the extent of our offending. The *Minerve*, therefore, as usual, guilty of dishonesty, when it asks whether *La Patrie* is still of the opinion that Dr. Tuke did justice to the St. Jean de Dieu asylum. We never gave expression to such an opinion for the very good reason that we knew nothing whatever about the matter. Dr. Tuke insists that there are

CRYING ABUSES IN THE TREATMENT

of the patients of that establishment. We do not know whether he is right or not. But what we well know is that *L'Etendard* will not prove him in the wrong by publishing certificates from persons, hardly any of whom made any special study of the subject who only visited the institution for the sake of curiosity, and who, perhaps, gave those certificates merely out of politeness. Much less will our contemporary effect that object by maligning the English scientist and applying to him such names as "fool," "coward," "swindler," "insolent fellow," and "METHODIST," as it did this morning. No. As far as the treatment of the patients is concerned, we leave to Dr. Tuke the entire responsibility of his assertions. But in the rest of his article we are in complete agreement with him. We utterly disapprove of that system of entrusting the care and keeping of the insane to private persons. That system is sure to be attended with abuses of one kind or another. Nor is this view a novel one on our part. It is not now that we begin to give it expression. The liberal party has denounced it more than once through its leaders. Even during the last session of the provincial legislature the Hon. Mr. Joly made a speech in advocacy of it. When the discussion on Mr. Boyer's motion relating to insane asylums came up, the hon. member for Lotbinière unsparingly

CONDEMNED THE PRESENT SYSTEM.

He said that the government should take the management of those institutions out of the hands, as has been found to work so well in Ontario and Nova Scotia, instead of abandoning them to private persons. After citing as example the asylums at Yarmouth, near Halifax, at London and at Toronto, Mr. Joly added that the system in this province gave occasion to so many abuses that our insane asylums should rather be called factories of insanity. On this point, we repeat, we are entirely in accord with Dr. Tuke, or, rather, Dr. Tuke's opinion has corroborated the conviction that we previously held. Whether the abuses which he condemns be true or false as far as the St. Jean de Dieu asylum is concerned, their possibility alone justifies us in rejecting the system.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

Death of Mr. Thomas E. Evans, After an Illness of Eleven Weeks.

One of the saddest cases the CONE has been called upon to record terminated last week in the death of Mr. Thomas E. Evans, after an illness of eleven weeks. Mr. Evans passed away peacefully and quietly at five minutes past eleven, Saturday night, surrounded by the friends who had cared for and watched over him during his long struggle with the Silent Messenger.

The history of the case is a quite remarkable one, as showing from what seeming trifles grave results often follow.

On Saturday, July 19th, Mr. Evans accidentally cut his knee with an ax, while working with his partners on the Horse Shoe. Dr. Baker was sent for, bound up the wound and applied the usual remedies. But little was thought of the matter, and Mr. Evans walked around for two or three days. The wound then began to pain him, and the limb began to swell. The physician was sent for and remedies applied, but the patient grew worse, becoming delirious from pain. Dr. Hodge—who had three years experience in army hospitals, and is familiar with all classes of wounds—was then called in. He stayed with the patient daily, and succeeded in building him up and allaying the pain until he was able to be brought down to town. This was considered advisable on account of the high altitude and the fact that blood-poisoning had set in, and it was thought the disease could be better combatted at a lower altitude. Mr. R. W. Gibson, his nephew, and family, and Mr. John A. Bennie and wife, also moved down to assist in caring for the sufferer.

The patient continuing to grow weaker, Dr. Rose, of Pitkin, was sent for. He performed an operation, and expressed the opinion that everything was being done that could be done. A few days later Dr. Geo. E. Pugh was called in, and remained in charge of the case until the end came. Everything possible was done, the Doctor making a heroic fight against the disease. But the subtle poison had invaded every part of the system, gradually but surely wearing the life away.

Through all his long suffering the patient bore up with fortitude, was cheerful and hopeful. His greatest cause of worry seemed to be the fear that he was causing his friends a great deal of trouble. For the last three weeks he suffered but little pain, and when the end came, he passed to Spirit Land without a struggle. A few minutes before his death Mr. Evans called Dr. Hodge to his side and said he thought he had a paralytic stroke, he felt so numb. It was the numbness of dissolution.

A handsome casket was purchased of Webb & Corbin, and, on Monday, the remains were laid to rest in the White Pine cemetery. Funeral services were held at the residence of Mr. J. Smith, Mr. N. Sims officiating. The many friends of deceased were present, and followed the remains to the grave.

Thomas E. Evans was about 38 years old, was a native of Canada, and leaves a wife and two little boys in Argenteuil, Province of Quebec. He came to Colorado in 1879, remaining in Leadville until 1881 when he came to the Tomichi Dist., locating in the Horse Shoe. The winter of 1883 he visited his home in Canada, that being the last time he saw his wife and eldest son. An infant son he never saw. A brother of deceased also resides in Canada, and a brother-in-law, Charles A. Pollock, lives in Leadville. Charley was here for about two weeks attending on his relative.

Throughout the entire illness Mr. Evans had the best of care, and wanted for nothing. R. W. Gibson, John A. Bennie, George and John West, S. H. Seward, Nat Lowell and Andrew Bennet were as attentive to him as though he had been a brother, and spared neither time nor money in supplying his every want.

Mr. Evans was an honorable, courteous man, respected by all who knew him, and his death has cast a gloom over the entire community. The CONE extends sincerest sympathy to the bereaved wife and relatives.—*White Pine Cone.*

—Lord Wolseley, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of whose recall an unfounded rumor has been current, is at Wady Halfa, strenuously pushing on the expedition. Meanwhile, the Camel Corps and the Canadian voyageurs have arrived and are proceeding up the Nile with all despatch. The heavy division of the Camel Corps, however, will for the present encamp at the Pyramids. The extension of the railway from Sarras to Ambigol is also making rapid progress, large numbers of men being engaged upon it, in addition to a company of Royal Engineers. Dongola is garrisoned by 600 men of the Sussex Regiment and 1,000 blacks. Commissariat stores are arriving rapidly. The Mudir of Dongola is affording every assistance and despatches spies in all directions. Considerable progress is being made with the preparations, and should it be decided to take the route across the desert 10,000 to 15,000 camels will be furnished. The climate is good, and the troops at Dongola are in excellent health. At Wady Halfa, however, there has been a fatal case of enteric fever, and there are fifty nine cases of illness in the hospital, but none are of a serious character. The Black Watch is in quarantine at Assouan owing to the cases of small-pox which have occurred in the regiment.

WOLSELEY'S ADVANCE.

CAIRO, October 23.—Gen. Wolseley arrived to-day at Ambigol. The Canadian boatmen have got a hundred and twenty boats over the second cataract of the Nile.

The Anglo-Indian expedition against the Zhoo tribes has been successful

The British ship Littlebeck and Norwegian barque Leveid have been lost with all hands.

General Gordon has issued a proclamation offering freedom to all slaves who desert the Mahdi.

Trouble is feared at Buenos Ayres, where two steamers from a cholera infested Italian port are nearly due.

Official correspondence on the Soudan question shows that it is the intention of England and Egypt to abandon the Soudan after Gordon is relieved.

The Empress of Austria makes good bread.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the centenarian, has 311 grandchildren.

The Kingston & Pembroke railway is completed to Renfrew village.

It is proposed to hold an international exhibition in Montreal in 1886.

The British cabinet has not yet sanctioned the advance of the Nile expedition to Khartoum. Wolseley has a large force massed at Assouan, and will be ready to advance by the 1st November.

The Chinese are reported to be about to besiege Hungkong, Tonquin.

The French government has decided to send 12,000 reinforcements to the East.

Lord Granville, in acknowledging the intimation of the French blockade of Formosa, informed M. Ferry that the British Government reserves the right of questioning the validity of the blockade, as there has been no formal declaration of war by France.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* declares the French unable to effect a blockade. Half of Courbet's squadron is required to guard Kelung and Tamsui. The western coast alone contains ten ports, which are in constant communication with the continent.

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US?

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does no satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The skin often one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time one becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become inactive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There frequently a spitting up of blood, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is though, that early one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Selig's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having tested many of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the syrup and Pills. The sales there sing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe, 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup for I have never known one to fail in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many grosses.

Robt. G. Gould 27 High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommend them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland:—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicines than any other kind.

N. Darrell Clun, Salop:—All who buy are pleased, and recommend it.

Jos. Barkwill, A.P.S., Kingsbridge:—The public seem to appreciate their great value.

A. Armstead, Market Street, Dalton in Furness:—It is needless for me to say that your remedies have great sale in this district—greater than any other I know of living great satisfaction.

Robt. Lamb, Melrose, Jam:—I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.

Frockheim, Arbroath, Forfarshire, Sept. 23, 1882.

Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recommending Mother Seigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the famed Syrup and Pills. Most patent medicines die out with me, but Mother Seigel has had a steady sale ever since I commenced, and is still in a great demand as when I first began to sell the medicine. The cures which have come under my notice are chiefly those of liver complaint, and gave a debility.

A certain minister in my neighbourhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but as space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigel's Pills are the only pills which suit his complaint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Seigel's Pills do not leave a bad after-effect. I have much pleasure in commending again to sufferings humanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are no sham. If this letter is of any service you can publish it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) William S Glass, Chemist.

Dear Sir.—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine with utter neglect be edt, and declares Mother Seigel's syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(signed) N. Webb,
Mr. White. Chemist, Calne.

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

To the Editor of the Witness

SIR.—As this is the season when educational work of all kinds is entered upon, permit me to draw the attention of your readers to an institution of which, in this city at least, apparently but little is known, with the hope that a brief explanation of its methods and aims may suggest to many a means of self-improvement which otherwise to them would be unattainable. I refer to the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, an institution, the plans of which originated in the mind of the Rev. Dr. Vincent, and which was inaugurated at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., on both of August, 1878. The popularity of this movement for promoting intelligence and culture among all classes of people may be judged of from the fact that over one thousand persons became members during the first year and up to the present time over sixty thousand names have been added to the rolls. The aims of this new organization as indicated in one of the text books, are the promotion of habits of reading and study in nature, art and science, secular and sacred history and literature in connection with the daily routine of life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited) so as to secure to them the college students, general outlook upon the world and life and to develop the habit of close, connected persistent thinking. This college at home is unsectarian, and contains in its ranks all classes; the busy workers of both sexes in factories, shops and on farms, the mechanic, merchant and busy housekeeper, as well as people of luxury and wealth; and even college graduates, ministers, professional men and accomplished ladies are taking the course. The regular course of study extends over four years, and requires about forty minutes time daily. If successful in the examinations the graduate receives a diploma and becomes a member of the society of the Hall in the grove, as honour seals are added to the diploma for the extra and special courses of reading—some of which may be taken before, but most usually after graduation—are pursued. Fellowship in the order is the goal to be attained, the degree conferred being "The Guild of the Seven Seals." Although a finished education cannot be secured in the limited time mentioned, yet a fair knowledge of the subjects gained, and with those to whom such studies are new a taste for high class reading is engendered and an impetus given in a direction which has frequently led the member to quench his thirst for knowledge to some university. Public libraries would be much better patronized and healthy literature thrown to the winds could the interest of the masses be secured for this modern organization.

A circle was organized in this city last winter under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Potts, and and a membership of fifty the course of readings was found to be very entertaining and instructive, and such that, with a little perseverance and the economizing of time, but few would fail to find the moments necessary to keep up the studies. In order that all classes may be able to avail themselves of its institution the advantages at little money is required to entitle one to the privileges of the circle the membership fee is only fifty cents, required to defray the expenses of correspondence, memoranda, &c., and the books and journals for the year cost about eight dollars, distributed over ten months. Those who, besides the regular course of reading, take one or more of the special courses (of which there are 27) will be at the further expense of the extra books required. The books may now be obtained, and orders for the journal left at the Montreal book room, No. 3 Bleury street, where any information concerning the circle may also be obtained.

J. B. MCCONNELL,
Secretary Local Circle.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

Another powerful ship of war, belonging to what is technically known as the "Admiral" class in our navy, was successfully launched at Chatham on Wednesday. Now that the condition of the British navy is commanding most serious attention, the addition of the Rodney to our naval strength is especially satisfactory. The event indicates the progress that is being made in this class of first-class armour-clad vessels which severally bear grand old names, famous in the naval history of the nation. The five sister-ships of the Rodney are the Collingwood, the Howe, the Camperdown, the Benbow, and the Anson. The Rodney was preceded by the Collingwood, commenced at Pembroke more than four years since, and launched in November 1882. The displacement of the Rodney is 9,600 tons, and the engines, of 7,500 horsepower, will realise a speed of fifteen knots.

Olds' Patent

TWO-HORSE POWER

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The sale of which is

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SPECIAL ATTENTION

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The Famous Royal Hall Stove,

THE ROYAL

HAS NO RIVAL,

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The ROYAL with OVEN has been a decided success. All Royal Ovens guaranteed to bake, boil and broil equally well at the same time.

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Desirable Property and Mills FOR SALE.

AT CUSHING, P.Q., on the Ottawa River, fifty miles West of Montreal.

A GRIST MILL, with five run of Stones &c. &c., newly built with all modern improvements.

A thoroughly equipped SAW MILL, new, in first-class order.—Both mills fitted up to run by steam or water power, with a first-class engine. Every facility for shipping lumber and receiving grain, being built on the river bank.

The mills do an excellent business in custom work, besides ready sale to their utmost capacity.

A FARM

of 160 acres, with good house and out-buildings, adjoining the mills—fifty acres of which are in original bush, mostly hardwood—remainder under cultivation, the soil is excellent,

A BLACKSMITH SHOP

built of STONE, tin roof, with stables, sheds, and about an acre and a half of garden.

A large two story STONE BUILDING, size 30 feet x 60 feet, would answer for a CARRIAGE SHOP or FACTORY with a wooden dwelling house and two acres of garden attached.

Also, a STONE STORE, 3 stories, with Granary, Hangars, Hay Scales, and several other out-buildings in connection. A good paying business can be done

A healthy locality, churches and schools in immediate neighborhood. A Cheese Factory in operation on the property. The daily line of passenger and market boats call at the wharf on the premises. Distance four miles from Canadian Pacific Railway Station.

Any portion of above property sold separately. Title Perfect—Terms easy.

Apply to (on the premises),
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Lachute, 8th Sept., 1884.

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Sluggishness of the Intestines,
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INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING
JAUNDICE, OF THE HEART,
ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF
SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, DRYNESS
HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN,

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

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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 Maine.

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$1,000 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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Or have you friend afflicted with any disease? Investigate

COMPOUND OXYGEN

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A SURE CURE
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Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia

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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.

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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.

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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

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will find the above Hotel superior to anything in Lachute.

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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 many years experience in

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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 $59, $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 $225 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, $25, $28, $30 and up to $40 and $45, rattan, with moveable heavy 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 8 per cent. for cash, and no goods sold at one price at our oldest cash credit house 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.

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NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER III.

So little did I realize or understand this new sensation which possessed my whole being that I laughed again when Lady Saxon drove over to the hall and we spent two long hours in discussing her son.

"I like to speak to you about Nello," she said; "you seem to understand him. I know that talking about him so frequently is a weakness of mine, and at times I see a half-satirical smile on the faces of many of my listeners; but you never smile and never tire—you understand."

So, from the day on which we stood side by side before his portrait, the young lord seemed to form a tie between the mother and myself.

Aunt Annette was much amused at the ardent friendship which Lady Saxon had evinced for me.

"If you were Lady Saxon's own daughter, she could not care more for you," she would say to me.

Why did those simple words, so carelessly uttered, touch my very heart? Of course he would come home some day, and I should see him; and he would talk to me this dreamer of dreams, because his mother loved me. Then my thoughts would become confused and my heart beat more quickly than ever.

One morning Lady Saxon drove over with a bundle of letters from her son to read to me. They were dated from different places, and in several of them he spoke of coming home; but no definite time was mentioned.

"He may come at any time now," said Lady Saxon—"at any hour. If Heaven will but give me my son once again, he shall not leave me. I with he would marry."

As she spoke she fixed her eyes on my face, and my instinct told me that in her heart she added, "I wish he would marry you;" and that look in her eyes was often there when she spoke to me of Lord Saxon.

It was early in June, and the world seemed a paradise of beauty, fragrance, and song the great magnolia trees on the lawn were all in bloom, and the light breeze wafted the perfume of myriads of flowers. I had some fine white jessamine that was in the full perfection of beauty, and, as Lady Saxon was very fond of it, I resolved to drive over and take her some. The birds were trilling their tuneful lays, the bank and hedges were resplendent with clusters of wild flowers, whilst the wind played musically as it rustled gently among the leaves of the lime trees. All nature appeared in its brightest garb and in its gayest mood. To my girlish fancy, excited by always hearing of the young lord, the birds sang "Nello" in their shrill sweet voices and the wind whispered "Nello" to the green lime leaves that had on them a half golden glow.

I drove through the wealth of rich summer foliage and flowers, always keeping in view the murmuring sea, as it rolled lazily in the golden sunlight, until I came to Dunroon stately mansion.

A groom came out and relieved me of the high spirited ponies.

"Her ladyship is in the garden, Miss Gordon," he said, knowing that I always made my way straight to her wherever she was.

Yes; her ladyship was in the garden, her hands full of crimson roses, and a light on her pleasant face such as I had never seen there before.

"Felice," she cried, when she saw me—she always used the French form of my name—"Felice, what good angel has brought you here?"

"I came to bring you this," I answered, holding out the odorous jessamine. "Let me twine it with your roses," I said; and, lo, she was looking at me with tears in her eyes!

"This is not the only welcome gift that has come to me to-day," she murmured to herself. "Come with me, Felice; I have something to show you," she said; and I followed her, my hands filled to overflowing with fragrant flowers.

She led the way to a pretty little drawing-room, called Sea View room, from the fact that a magnificent view of the sea, of the stretch of yellow sand, and of the blue waters it at came rolling in, breaking into sheets of white foam, could be obtained from the long wide windows. She entered the room quietly, and I followed. By the open window, intently watching the inrolling of the waves, stood a tall young man; and, when he turned at the sound of our entrance, I saw the face of Lord Saxon—"Nello," as the birds, the leaves, and the wind sang it; "Nello," as the word fell like two notes of liquid music from his mother's lips; but Lord Saxon to me. As she had taken me to see his portrait, so she now brought me to see him in person. She led me to him.

"Nello," she said, "this is my new neighbor, Miss Felicia Gordon, the 'Felice' of whom I have written so often. Though I am an old lady and she a young one, we are very fast friends."

"My mother's friends are always mine," he said, holding out his hand to me in the most cordial manner.

I wish I could describe what I then felt. In our lives there are moments so full of emotion that they seem to mark a turn in them that we never reach again.

This was such a moment for me. I could not describe it. At first I felt almost a shock, as though the picture had suddenly come to life and the dark tender eyes were again smiling down into mine. Then I saw the dancing waves crest-tipped by the powerful rays of the summer sun, I saw the yellow sands, and the gently-waving foliage of the trees on the lawn, I saw the bouquet of fragrant flowers that I held in my hands. Ah me, to this day the sight and the scent of those flowers vividly bring back the past to me! When I look at them, Swinburne's line comes home to me with singular force—

"I shall never again be friends with roses."

And then I raised my eyes and looked at the original of the picture that had so strangely fascinated me. It was as though I had raised them to the warm noon-day sun, as though a thrill of fever passed through my veins; my heart beat violently, my face flushed, some of the flowers fell unheeded to the ground. I remembered what his mother had said, that all women who looked into his face loved him. Did I? The very thought made me tremble; but it was not with fear. He was speaking to me, of what I hardly knew, for in the spell his presence cast over me I saw nothing but the surpassing loveliness of his marvellous face. All the attributes of a noble character were delineated on it, and it had an indefinable something which without me known; it drew my heart from my breast and kept it.

"What a glorious bouquet you have," he was saying; "and how beautiful they are! I did not know that red roses and white jessamine went so well together."

"That is Felice's taste," said Lady Saxon; "and it is perfect."

"It is like herself," he remarked, with a glance of unmistakable admiration.

Ten minutes later I was sitting on the couch by the great window. Lady Saxon had taken off my hat and mantle, her son had relieved me of my burden of flowers, and I was at home with them—happy, light of heart, but with a strange sensation of almost terrified delight, something quite new to me. I could not tell which was the greater, the pleasure or the pain of it. I did not often look at him; but my ears drank in every word that he uttered. I had never before known the charm of a good talker, and to me the flow of his words was like listening to a strain of sweet music. He had a low, clear, cheery voice, and a laugh that it did one good to hear. Looking back on that day, I blame myself. No girl ought to give her love unasked. It is unmaidenly, undignified; but it was more Lady Saxon's fault than mine. She had sown the seed, and I was to reap the harvest.

Lady Saxon begged me to stay for the day, and, assuming that she had my consent, ordered the carriage to fetch aunt Annette. It was a day of days! I could no more describe it than I could paint the rose, the gold, and the purple that flush the morning sky. It was the day on which my soul woke to maturity; and the dawning of that new life was terrible, even in its beauty. It was brightest sun and deepest shadow—sun when the light of his face was turned upon me, when he spoke to me, when he showed me any gracious little act of attention; shade when he was absent or engrossed with another.

We were out on the lawn under the white magnolia-tree, and he was talking to me of the power of its perfume. When we came to the sweet syringa-trees, he told me a legend of one of his ancestresses, who broke off a spray to give to her lover when he was going to the wars, and it was returned to her dyed with his heart's blood.

"It was taken from this very tree," he said.

After dinner, when we were out under the cypress, Lord Saxon told me how often his mother had written about me, and how well he knew the name of Felicia Gordon.

"There was one surprise in store for me," he said, with a smile. "I thought you were a staid matronly lady, and I found you a young girl. I was astonished when I saw your face behind that great mass of flowers."

I longed with all my passionate young heart to ask him if he had found my face fair, if it had pleased him. But no—he must never know that his mother had made me love him before he returned home. And, as we stood under the dark boughs of the cypress, watching the sun set over the river and the pine-woods, these words came into my mind—

"My mother, list'ning to my sleep,
Heard nothing but a sigh at night—
The short sigh rippling on the deep,
When hearts run out of breath and sight
Of men to God's clear sight.

"When others named thee thought thy brows
Were straight and tender—'Here
He comes between the vineyard rows!'
I said not 'Ay,' nor waited, dear,
To feel thee step too near."

I would be like the girl in the song, I determined. No one should know, no one should even guess my secret; no one should read it in my face, or hear it in my voice, or see it shining in my eyes. It never need be, never should be known. I could and would guard my secret.

At last this day of supreme happiness came to an end. There could be no other like it, just as though there could be no other second sunrise, no second birth of lily or rose. It was the first dawn of love, delicious yet bewildering.

I drove home with aunt Annette under the light of the stars, but I did not see them. When I raised my face to the heavens, I saw only the face of Nello, Lord Saxon.

CHAPTER IV.

"Do you like my son, Felice?" asked Lady Saxon, some days afterwards. "Is he what you expected to find him? Did I describe him well?"

I did not dare to look straight at her when I answered the question; but I saw a smile on her lips.

He had been home a fortnight then, and I had forgotten what life had been like before he came to Dunroon. The past and the future held no charm for me. I had no thought but for the present, with its unalloyed happiness, its ravishing delight.

We never tired of each other, for we had, after all many ideas and tastes in common. He was an excellent talker, I a good listener. No one seemed to think it strange that we passed long hours together. Lady Saxon made no comment, my aunt no remark. Few days passed without an invitation to Dunroon; and, if we did not accept it, Lord Saxon would come to Jesmond Dene. And every morning the delight, the novelty, with its mixture of passinate happiness and transient pain, grew stronger upon me. He was a dreamer of dreams, a lover of beauty, poet and artist in one. But, to my thinking, there was no one else like him—he stood alone.

He never even hinted at love; yet he was always kind, gentle, and attentive; and I felt sure he admired me, for he had made many sketches of me. I flattered myself that my love for him was carefully concealed, that no one knew of it, that it was hidden in the innermost recesses of my heart.

"Nothing is better, I well think,
Than love; the hidden well-water
Is not so delicate to drink."

I felt sure he was growing to love me, for there was between us an intangible something denoting a stronger feeling than friendship. When he spoke to me, his voice had a low and tender tone; when he looked at me, his eyes shone with evident admiration. I had a sure conviction that he thought of me, remembered my words, studied to please me—and was not that growing love?

One evening we stood together by a picturesque acacia, and, carelessly gathering a spray of it, I held it out to him.

"There are not many fairer flowers," I said; and, as he took it from me, he kissed my hand.

On another occasion we were standing in the library, both searching for a book which he found; and, as he stooped to give it to me, he touched my brow with his lips. In that moment all the brightness and sweetness of heaven seemed to be showered upon me. He was learning to love me! And he kissed me again in the woods, when we wandered thither to listen to the nightingales. And, as we strolled on in the silvery moonlight which pierced the leafy canopy above us, with only the musical thrill of the birds breaking the silence, I thought how applicable these lines were to me—

"First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clear and bright,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its 'Oh, list!'
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed
Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precede!
The third upon my lips was folded down,
Two perfect purple states, since when ended
I have been proud, and said, 'My love, my own!'"

In all England there was no place so famous for nightingales as Jesmond Dene. There was a whole colony of the sweet songsters in the trees that grew near the pine forest, and they sang as surely never nightingales sang elsewhere. I listened to them often, when it seemed to me that they wiled by their melodious music the very heart from my breast. But one evening—we had been at Dunroon all day—I was talking enthusiastically of the nightingales, when most of the guests present expressed a wish to hear them, and it was arranged that, as it was a fine moonlit night, we should all drive back to Jesmond Dene and stroll to the woods; afterwards the guests were to take some refreshment at the Hall, and then return home.

"It will be a beautiful evening, Felicia," said Lord Saxon to me—by this time mother and son had both learned to address me by my Christian name.

From the moment we left Jesmond Dene until we reached the woods it was all a happy dream to me. I did not notice how the different groups arranged themselves; all I knew was that a voice the very tone of which made my heart vibrate with joy said—

"Felicia, let us walk together."

Lord Saxon was looking into my face; and with a fluttering heart and a deep color rising to my cheeks I turned to accompany him.

Slowly we walked by the great sombre trees, listening to the river as it rushed past the projecting rocks in its seemingly mad haste to reach the sea; at the silent twinkling stars as they kept their vigil in the heavens above. There can never again come such a night for me.

I look back to that evening as the one perfectly happy evening of my life. It was not the full sunrise of love; it was the fresh tremulous dawn. Lord Saxon said little, and the silence that fell between us was more eloquent than words.

"Through his words the nightingales
Drove straight and fast their clear long call
Like arrows through heroic mails;
And love was awful in it all—
The nightingales, the nightingales!"

It was on this occasion that he kissed my lips; and I vowed that no other's kiss should ever be there. A nightingale that had been singing melodiously suddenly flew from one tree to another, and we watched the flight of the bird in the pale light of the moon.

"Look, Felicia," cried Lord Saxon; "it is there!"

I looked up eagerly, and then, as my face was lowered again, he caught it and kissed my lips; while I heard him whisper, "Ever dearest Felicia!" The music of his voice and the sweetness of the caress seemed to me one. Then footsteps and laughing voices drew near us, and the charm was dispelled. But in that moment I learned what many pass a long life without learning—the very ecstacy of love.

"You have caught the moonlight in your eyes, Felicia," said aunt Annette, when we entered the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room.

"You look dazed."

So I was; but it was with happiness and love, not with the light of the moon. When our visitors prepared to depart, aunt Annette and I accompanied them to the end of the lawn. Oh fair white moon, never again will you shine for me with the same light! Never more will rose-leaf and lily bloom be so sweet; never again will summer wind waft me such love-laden messages!

He held my hand tightly in his own as we walked across the lawn to the drive where the carriage was in readiness. As we passed the cluster of acacia-trees, he said, bending down, and looking tenderly into my eyes—

"I shall never forget this night, Felicia."

"Nor shall I," I answered.

"What does it all mean, Felicia?" he asked. What do the nightingales sing? What thrills in the air and shines in the stars? What is it, my—my darling? Do you know?"

I bowed my head—ah me!—as I answered "Yes."

"I will come to-morrow," he whispered, "and tell you what it means. Good night, Felicia."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES..

Girls who run away with their fathers' male servants are now called "fellies of the valet."

A Chicago man died while waiting in a drug store for a prescription. Most men do not die while waiting for a prescription; they only turn gray.

Southern woman said to me of her neighbor, who accepted attentions from a gentleman this woman disliked: "I do hope she will not marry him. I stay awake nights to hate him!"

How funny things work around! Sin brought clothes into the world, and if it were not for sin nobody would go to church, for had it not been for sin there would be no clothes to show there.

"So you want my autograph in your book, do you?" said Mrs. Parvenu to a little girl. "Well, honey, I'm real sorry, but I hain't had a piter took since I was married, and I can't give it to you."

"What do you think of this reception?" asked the leader of a vigilance committee, as he placed a rope around a horse thief's neck. "I wouldn't mind it a particle if it were a little less cordial," was the significant reply.

Mrs. Mixit—"I don't get the hang of this Chinese fuss." Mr. M.—"What is it you don't understand, my dear?" Mrs. M.—"Well, first, I don't what Li Hung Chang for, and then——" Mr. M.—"My dear, you should remember that you are a woman and not try to understand such things."

A married man is not without his troubles. A Somerville man hunted all over the house the other day for his tobacco box, and was about abandoning the search in despair, when his wife informed him that she had used it to pack her bathing suit in, to preserve the dress from the moths.

Overset from the omnibus: A.—"Of what sickness is the Mrs. B. dead?" B.—"Exactly know they not; perhaps because she too fast lived." A.—"How so?" B.—"At her marriage was she, according to her own story, three years younger than her husband, and after her death was she, according to the birth and death certificate, nine years older than the same."

The origin of the expression "where the shoe pinches" is thus given: "Plutarch relates the story of a Roman who was divorced from his wife. This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded "Is she not chaste? is she not fair?" held out his shoe and asked them whether it was not new and well made. "Yet," added he, "none of you can tell where it pinches me."

How the impertinent Mr. Cass was salted down: Mr. Jack Cass, who is considerable of a donkey in his way, had been particularly pert the other evening. Finally he said somethi g to Miss Sharp that was just too saucy for anything. "Why don't you box his ears?" asked one of the girls. "I would," replied Miss Sharp, "only I don't know where I can find a box big enough."

"Your son William is in the city, I understand, Mrs. Ploughit?" remarked Mrs. Calfer. "Will he learn a trade?" "Oh, my, no! He has entered the professions." "Ah, which one?" "He has adopted that of an artist, ma'am. The last we heard of him was through a friend who said he was engaged in painting the town red."

Sweets of the honeymoon: Husband—"Hulda, dear, as I was passing through our garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking; perhaps you would like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?" Young wife (anxious to conceal her ignorance in the vegetable department): "I tell you what Adolphus, we will go together; you shall pluck it and I will hold the ladder."

A correspondent of a family magazine wants to know how to boil cabbage without the disagreeable odor of cooking filling nearly every room in the house. The plan is very simple and effective. Place a piece of old rubber shoe on the stove while the cabbage is boiling. The aroma of the rubber kills the odor of the cabbage—and you will probably want to kill the person who suggested the plan, after you have tried it.

An Austin negro, familiarly known as "Rabbit Hash," has returned to Austin after an absence of several years. "Where have you been all this time?" asked Uncle Moses. "Where's I been? I'se been to Mexico." "How do you like it dar?" "De country am mighty fine, but de Mexicans am de stupidest folks I has struck yet." "So dey am not so peart as de culled folks?" "Lawd no. I libbed right among 'em fo six yeahs, and when I left 'em dey didn't understand me a bit more den when I first kom dar. Dey am de slowest folkes to larn I has struck yet."

"I understand that you have stopped practising?" said the Secretary of State to an eminent colored physician. "Yas, sah; 'cluded ter 'gin up de trade an' go to preachin'. In dis country dar hin't no money ter be made in de practicin' of medicine Why, sah, ef I had er voted my time ez close ter suthin' else ez I has ter business, I would er been putty well off by dis time. Ober two-thirds o' my patients neber paid me, sah." "Why didn't you sue them?" "Twouldn't done no good, 'case da was dead, sah. I got de wus class o' patients. None o' em neber had no health an' constitution."

A Bird Twelve Feet High.

The tallest bird known to ethnologists was found by Prof. Herbert in the lower eocene deposits near Paris, France. It was over twelve feet in height, and could have bitten a man's head off as easily as a woodpecker can nip a cherry. We cannot be too thankful that this bird has gone out of fashion and existence. Ladies would have wanted it to wear on their hats, and men who sat behind such bonnet ornaments in the theatres would be unable to see whether a ballet or a prayer-meeting were in progress on the stage.—[Boston Herald.

AGRICULTURAL.

Sweet Corn as a Forage Plant.

One of the lessons of the year, which has been most forcibly taught, has been the value of sweet corn as a forage plant. I do not mean the spindling, washy, fodder corn most farmers are foolish—lazy—enough to grow; but fodder corn which has an ear to it. There cannot be too much of this kind of food on any farm. Next year the area here will be four times as great—all sweet corn. The seed is now ready to pluck—both early and late varieties. There is more food to be obtained in an acre of sweet fodder corn than of any crop; the work is less and it pays several hundred per cent. profit. Mine was grown as follows: the ground was covered with manure—mind, I say "covered," not sprinkled. This was plowed under; the ground harrowed and furrows made three feet apart: the seed was then scattered in the furrows by hand, and a harrow was run lengthwise over the furrows to cover it. The same work may be done with a drill. As soon as the corn was well up, a cultivator was run through once in a row, and twice afterwards it was cultivated, working close up to the corn. Once it was gone over, and the weeds in the rows pulled out. There was no hoeing, as it was not necessary. It was kept mellow and clean.

Cutting up Corn.

For the curing of corn there is probably no better mode, taking into account the value of the fodder, than by cutting at the roots, placing in stocks, and so allowing to stand until sufficiently dried. The mode of using a horse with pin, about which to form the stock, may answer a good purpose, and prove convenient, but for greater security to the stook tself, the arrangement of the stalks about a single hill that is left standing seems to serve a good purpose. In the adoption of this mode, convenience seems to select five rows at each cutting, giving two rows on each side of the one upon which the stook is placed. With average corn, twenty five hills will form a good sized stook, and being bound at the top by bending down the spindles, and almost invariably stand erect, erect, admit of a free circulation of air, and the proper curing of the fodder. When a horse is employed, unless especial pains are taken, the stocks, with the weakening of the stalks by curing, are apt to become blown down, resulting in injury to both grain and fodder. It is always safe to commence cutting corn as soon as the kernels have become a little hardened by being scared over. Of three different modes tested some years ago, by S. F. West, viz: by topping, cutting up as indicated above, and allowing to stand undisturbed until husked, there was a marked advantage in weight of grain in favor of cutting up when the grain had commenced to harden.

Diseased Potatoes.

Farmers have not been seriously troubled with diseased potatoes for a number of years, until the present, in this vicinity. Last season, while stopping at Quissett, Mass., I noticed that potatoes were quite extensively diseased, and that where, in some instances, they had been dug early, and placed in the cellar, they had to be removed and sorted over, sustaining a very great loss from decay. At that time, in the adjoining State of Connecticut, but little effect was observed, nothing sufficient to cause any change from the usually pursued course regarding digging or storing; but this season the condition of things is considerably changed. August was not severely hot, but the early part of September witnessed an extremely hot wave, and with that there was an apparent change in the health and vigor of the potatoe, which resulted in premonitions of decay by which it was rapidly followed, and to a large extent. Some thought to arrest the disease by digging the crop, but no such result was obtained; the seeds of disease had taken root and developed in the mass of stored tubers At the present time very few are doing anything in the line of digging, preferring to wait until decay has exhausted its energies, and then if any are left, they will be harvested.

Water Soaked Apples.

I have observed especially in the variety known as the King of Tompkins Co., a tendency to be heavily water soaked, a condition which is difficult of accounting for. I have, on previous occasions, observed a similar condition on a small scale, in the case of fall Pippins and Chesboro Russets, and in fact, one is liable to come across a single specimen of water soaked apple with any variety. Now the question arises. What is the cause of this condition? It is not because of lying upon the ground, because our apples were picked from the tree and had not come in contact with the earth. But I observed certain facts which may have had an influence in producing this condition, and may not. I can only state my observations, and leave the matter for the investigation of the scientific student.

In the first place, from about the first of September, the temperature for about two weeks was excessively hot; in the case of the fruit named upon the surface turned towards the midday sun, there was the appearance of having been super-heated, and where this condition exists, was also found the water soaked condition. Another fact was also noticeable, and that was, that the conditions named, existed only upon those portions of the trees most exposed, or facing the south; hence, upon the interior of the tree, or upon its northerly side, no water soaked apples were found. Whether there is any connection of the different conditions named, and the result mentioned, I am not prepared to state, but simply mention the same that others may give expression to any items of experience or observation touching similar cases.

Caring for Tuberose Bulbs.

The tuberose has long been admired, and was formerly considered to be beyond the care and cultivation of the farmer's wife; a sort of hot-house product to be obtained only by an expenditure of money, but it is now common to find this beautiful member of the floral kingdom in the flower garden, which has become almost as important upon the farm as the vegetable garden.

The chief point to be considered in managing tuberose bulbs is their extreme tenderness; this is to be provided for in the planting, if they are set in the ground, in the lifting of them in the fall, and in the keeping of the bulbs through the winter. If they are exposed to frost, either in the spring, before lifting, or during winter, they will be be greatly damaged if not wholly destroyed. For that reason, in the fall, they should be taken from the ground before there is any danger of a killing frost, because if the top is badly frozen the influence extends to the bulb. They should be exposed in a sunny place, so as to become as throughly dried as possible, and when so dried, securely placed in a box or basket and conveyed to a warm, dry closet to remain during the winter. If chilled at all during the winter, all hopes of future beauty will be blasted, and the enjoyment derived from a full bloom of spikes of tuberoses should be a sufficient inducement for exercising due diligence in their proper protection.

There is one thing it seems impossible to do—to make sheep do well in a stable in the summer time. They will gain very fast at pasture, with a little grain. In winter they eat better, and with some roots, hay and grain, they will gain rapidly. Instead of selling my surplus sheep at a low price, I am going to feed them. I do not much expect to get any profit on the food, only enough to pay for it. The advantage will be in the fine lot of manure to be made from such food, this will pay for all of the trouble and the grain goes into the home market. This idea of a home market in their own homes, is just what never enters the heads of most farmers. How much more wisdom there would be in the plan to look around and get some animals to fatten, and so keep the grain at home, than to take it away to market, and there compete with our farmers, who can raise it at so much better advantage.

A gentleman who had bred Malay fowl for thirty years, and won more prizes with these fowls than any other fancier in England, says that breeding in-and-in does not necessarily cause deterioration, but all depends how this thing is managed. My plan is to keep about five or six runs, and to rear 200 chickens each year, and to select the best birds from each run for crossing. I thus secure sufficient crossing to prevent deterioration. Many animals are gregarious and the males must frequently pair with their own daughters, for they expel the young males as well as all intruders.

Name Evolution.

Emigration is a much more serious matter than revolution. Virtually, it is obliteration. Thus, Gerord Petit, landing upon the coast of South Carolina in the days of French confusion, gave his wife and children over to that oblivion. Turning his face, westward, he pushed his way to the mountains. He had begun his journey fired with the despair of an exile, and he ended it with something of the energy and enterprise of a pioneer. In the foot-hills of the mountains he came to the small stream of English colonists that was then trickling slowly southward through the wonderful valleys that stretch from Pennsylvania to Georgia, between the foot hills of the Blue Ridge and the great Cumberland range. Here: perhaps for the first time, the je, vous, nous of France met in conflict the "an-vi," the "we-uns" and the "you uns" of the English-Pennsylvania Georgians. The conflict was brief. There was but one Gerard Petit, and, although he might multiply the je, vous, nous by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, as he undoubtedly did, yet in the very nature of things the perpetual volly of "you uns" and "we-uns" must carry the day. They belonged to the time, and the climate suited them. By degrees they fitted themselves to Gerard Petit; they carried him from the mountains of South Carolina to the mountains of North Georgia, and there they helped him build a mill and found a family. But their hospitality did not end there. With the new mill and new family they gave him a new name. Gerard Petit, presumably with his hand upon his heart, as became his race, made one last bow to genealogy. In his place stood Jerd Poteet, "you-uns" to the right of him, "we-uns" to the right of him. He made such protest as he might. He brought his patriotism to bear upon the emergency, and named his eldest son Huguenin Petit. How long this contest between hospitality on the one hand and family pride and patriotism on the other was kept up, it is unnecessary to inquire. It is enough to say that the Huguenin of one generation left Huge Poteet as his son and heir: Hugue left Hague, and this Hague, or a succeeding one, by some mysterious development of fate, left Teague Poteet. Meanwhile the restless stream of English-Pennsylvania-Georgians, with its "you-uns" and its "we-uns," trickled over into Alabama, where some of the Petits who were carried with it became Pettys and Pettises.

Migratory Plants.

There are nine species of hickory in the United States and one in Mexico. The Mexican species has a four-winged fruit and our species, which is its nearest geographically, is developing wings, like its Mexican neighbor. Some plants have migrated the same as individuals and it is no more uncommon to see a foreign species of plant growing on our shores than it is to see a Chinaman. This is illustrated by the shortia in the mountains of Carolina and our May apple. At other times a whole flora will migrates just as the northern plants migrated southward along our mountain ranges during the glacial period, forced on by the mass of ice, until they found a clime similar to the one they left. Numerous specimens of European plants have taken root in our country that doubtless came through Behring's Strait, their course being unmistakably marked, although the cause of their migration remains unknown. There are invisible plants, without stem, leaf or root and without a green thing about them, or yet they are plants as surely as the oak tree. Such plants are alleged to produce diphtheria, splenic fever, consumption and Asiatic cholera. These plants can be carried long distances by air. They are found in large numbers in diseased persons, but disappear rapidly as the patient recovers. Persons living in districts where the water is impure should resort to artesian wells or springs, and if these are not handy, boil the water or add a little lime juce, the acetic acid of which destroys the plant and renders it harmless as a carrier or producer of disease.

Any Small Boy, with a Stick,

can kill a tiger,—if the tiger happens to be found when only a litle cub. So consumption, that deadliest and most feared of diseases, in this country, can assuredly be conquered and destroyed if Dr Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" be employed early.

Self-interest rules the world. Party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few.

Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N Y.

Only those who brood in idleness over the misfortunes and disappointments of life are destroyed by them.

"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll reach the conscience of the king."

And equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" (the original Little Liver Pills) are the most effectual means that can be used to reach the seat of disease, cleansing the bowels and system, and assisting nature in her recuperative work. By druggists.

There is no curiosity so penetrating as that of the fashionable world when once it is aroused, and the game deemed worthy of pursuit.

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 2,00 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.*

Heaven! what a mockery! Even the lichen, the insect, lives a complete life, while we, with all our reason, so often blunder, fail and miss that which is essential to existance.

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.

The Summer is Come.

The birds with us once more. Nature garbed in the brightest green brings joy to those who hate the cold and dreariness of winter. But Summer brings with her many other things besides green fields and singing birds. Corns sprout and grow just as if mother earth had a share in nuturing them, and no person wants them. Go, then, to the nearest drug store and buy a bottle of the great and only sure corn cure—PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR A few days will relieve you of them. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

The same littleness of soul which makes a man despise his inferiors and trample on them makes him obsequious to his superiors.

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Where Polson's NERVILINE is used, Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known, Nerveline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline will give sufficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents; trial ottles only 10 cents.

The fruits of true wisdom are modesty and humility. A vain or proud man is in a positive sense an ignorant man.

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.

A rill, had it concious life, would never forget the pebble that defeated its course from one ocean to another; human life as it flows onward cannot fail to recognise events, trivial in themselves, which nevertheless gave direction to all the future

When the Shah, during his visit to England, passed the St. Thomas Hospital, it is amazement was great on finding what he supposed a palace to be a refuge for the sick and poor.

A. P. 199

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Manufacturers of
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MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWNMENT AS Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, as following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $8; quarterly dues in advance, $1.50. For $2,000 Certificate, $16; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. 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 $10 000, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institution. A good saving 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.

Toronto,	Oct. 11	*Vancouver,	Nov 1
*Oregon	Oct. 18	*Sarnia	Nov. 8
Montreal,	Oct 25	Brooklyn,	Nov. 15

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60 $65, $80. Return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $30. Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
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Washer
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Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. $1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR. Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. G. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and