THE WATCHMAN
—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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NOTICE!

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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.

Barbarous Congoans.

The natives of Congo (the interest in which marvelous region is growing daily among English merchants) have some strange and curious habits. Even the best of the Ba-congos tura persons suspected of witchcraft, and accept the most trivial evidence of sorcery as sufficient for the stake. Mr. Johnson says that "at Pillaballa, for instance, for everyone—child, woman or man—who dies some body is suspected of having caused the death by supernatural causes, and the horrid old nganga or "medicine man," who holds the inquest over the coffin, is called to detect the guilty person, and generally fixes upon those possessed of worldly goods, in order that they may buy himself from his fell accusations. Should the person thus accused be unable to satisfy the nganga, he or she is compelled to take the casca, the infusion of a poisonous bark; and according as the potion is regulated in strength by the nganga, so the suspected tamperer with witchcraft either vomits up the poison and recovers, dies at once from its effects, or retains it in the stomach and does not die, in which latter case the natives have rare sport in hacking the ill-doer to pieces with their blunt knives or in cooking their victim over a slow fire." The first days of all people seem to be very much alike. On the lower Congo, as far as Stanley pool, phallic worship is prevalent, rustic temples being dedicated to it, but the rites are far less obscene (one gathers from both writers and travelers) than in the classic days of the bacchanalian feasts. The highest form of civilization has a remnant of savagery in it.

Alaska Devil Fish.

Victor Hugo's description of the devil fish has always had for me a terrible fascination, but here in Alaska, this land of wonders, the Lofoins recount stories equally startling, and almost all of them substantially corroborated by good testimony. Yesterday an Indian hooked up from one of the wharf posts an octopus five feet from tip to tip, and to the query "What are you going to do with him?" answered: "Me eat him," and in fact with them the flesh is esteemed a great delicacy, although when alive the animal is an object of terror. The flesh when boiled is perfectly white, and tastes something like cods' tongues, but while eating it the recollection of what the dainty was when alive takes away all enjoyment. It is not such a harmless amusement this fishing for devil fish, and one which everybody would choose for an afternoon sport. There is only one really skilful fisher in town, a mission boy, who fearlessly wades into the water near their haunts, and, seeing the animal, tears him from the rock. Of course his satanic majesty resents the intrusion upon his rights and retaliates by winding one or more arms around the limbs of the boy, but with a quick and peculiar motion the Indian tears them off with a noise resembling the ripping of heavy cotton cloth, at the same time slitting open the sack of the animal. It is a dangerous proceeding, and one which makes the beholder cringe to see the soft sinewy arm of the octopus winding itself around and gradually taking hold with its innumerable suckers, surely and gradually drawing its victim down. Only on one occasion, historically speaking, has one of these creatures been found of sufficient size to attack a canoe and one Indian was the only survivor.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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THE TRUTH OF IT,

Some months after this coversation with my ex-auxiliary clerk, Sir William Jarvis, an old client of mine, died. I was summoned to attend his funeral, and to read the will afterward. The day before I went down to his country-house, I thought it would be as well if I looked through the draft of his will, in order to be familiar with its provisions. His box was brought in, and I soon put my hand upon the document I wanted. It was dated in 1867—the year Wilson came to me—and the draft was in my clerk's handwriting. It was a voluminous document consisting of a good many sheets of paper, joined together at the corner. To the front page was affixed a slip of white paper, bearing sundry memoranda—also in Wilson's handwriting—suggesting, most likely, a few alterations to be made if I approved of them.

As I bent this piece of paper back, to read the words concealed, I saw writing on the other side of it, and my heart stood still as I knew that this writing was identical with the writing of those words which had been stamped upon my brain since the day of Roland Northwick's death.

With trembling hands I detached the slip of paper, opened my secretaire, and laid it side by side with the note of warning. I had been deceived by no fancied resemblance, the writing was the same, and so peculiar was the penmanship that I felt convinced that no chance could have produced these two specimens from different persons. True, the writing on the newly-found paper was better and firmer than on the other; but I compared letter for letter and found them exactly alike in their formation. The hand that wrote one wrote the other: and as the two slips of paper lay before me I felt that the murderer of Roland Northwick had had his day. Then, with professional instinct, I sat down to think calmly over my discovery. The paper which I had so unexpectedly found contained what appeared to be a portion of Byron's "When we two parted." Probably the writer was an admirer of the poet, and had transcribed it for her own pleasure. The paper had been torn, lengthways, down the centre so that only the first halves of the lines were left. But this was more than enough—I could have sworn to the identity of the writing had only two letters appeared.

Now came the difficulty. How could I connect the two papers? What theory could I form? Here, through an extraordinary chance, was the clew starting from my very office. Here it had been lying for five years. Now that it was within my hands, whither would it lead? Could it be possible that Wilson was in any way mixed up in the affair? I shuddered at the thought, and felt inclined to dismiss it as preposterous. At first I even contemplated asking him point-blank whose writing it might be on the back of the slip of paper he had used; but recognizing the necessity for extreme caution, I decided not to do so. I endeavored to throw my memory back to the time when Sir William's will was made. Looking through my old diaries, I found that about that date we had a press of business in hand; but I could recollect nothing more than taking Sir William's instructions, and, afterward, seeing him execute the will. I felt I must endeavor to get some more information before I took any decisive steps; so, pinning the two pieces of paper together I placed them in my pocket-book and sent for Mr. Wilson. I was quite composed when he entered, and running over the sheets of the draft, asked:

"Do you remember the circumstances under which you drew this up? I ask, as there are several little things in it I should have worded differently."

Wilson took the paper in his hand, looked at the date and replied:

"It was one of the first things I did for you, before I had quite caught your style, I remember, as we were very busy, I drafted it at home, and you altered a good deal of it before it was fair copied."

Then this fact was pretty well established; the paper, whoever wrote it, came from Wilson's house. I saw clearly that my first proceeding was to ascertain everything I could respecting his antecedents and private life. I looked up my letters of 1867, and found from them that Wilson had been recommended to me by Forbes and Thwaites, of Bristol, a firm of high standing. Having ascertained this much, I went in search of a private inquiry agent. I hated the idea of having to spy on one of my household, as it were, but the serious nature of the case gave me no option.

"Can you attend to a bit of business for me?" I said. "A few private inquiries I want made."

"Certainly, sir," replied the agent, producing his note-book; "we are rather slack just now."

"I want you to go to Bristol to-night. Inquire there of Messrs. Forbes and Thwaites solicitors, from what part of the world James Wilson came. He was bankrupt in 1866, I believe, and they were concerned."

The heads of my instructions were rapidly jotted down.

"Then you will go to the place at which he originally lived, and find out all you can about him. His connections, private life, etc."

The agent nodded.

"Then you will ascertain his private address in London, and get all particulars you can of his history since he came to town. As soon as you know enough, write me, and I will call for your report."

"Case of defalcation, I suppose?" said the man, closing his note-book.

"Something of the sort," I replied, and wished him good morning.

I did not choose to take anyone into my confidence this time. I would get all the links together before I put the chain into other hands.

In five days' time the agent sent me word that his report was ready. I had been anxiously awaiting it, so hastened to hear what he had discovered.

There was a good deal in it that was of no consequence whatever; but the detective had done his duty in getting the fullest information. Sifting out all extraneous matter, I learned as follows:

James Wilson was of respectable family. He had been well educated, then articled to a firm of solicitors. Afterward he set up in practice at a rising watering place on the Bristol Channel, where, as I have already stated; he became involved in some unfortunate building transactions, failing in consequence. He had married, whilst in practice, the daughter of a well-to-do retired tradesman; but as several members of his wife's family lost considerable sums of money by his failure, they became completely estranged. Wilson came to London in 1867, taking lodgings at Chelsea. His wife died on February 22nd, 1870. They were apparently a happy and much attached couple. They had no children, and since her death Wilson had continued to occupy the same rooms.

"And," added my informant, with a jerking smile, "I find that since he has been in London he held the post of confidential clerk to Mr. Maitland, solicitor, of Bedford Row."

"Thank you," said Mr. Maitland. "I am much obliged to you. It has been painful to me to institute these inquiries, but I was bound to set my mind at rest about Mr. Wilson."

Although I had gained little direct evidence, my suspicions gathered strength. Impossible as the idea seemed, the testimony of the handwriting proclaimed that James Wilson must in some way be connected with the perpetrator of the foul crime. At least, he would be able to identify the writer of the message. My agent had ascertained that his wife had died on February 22d, 1870—two days after the blow was struck. As I thought the matter over, the fact of Wilson not having mentioned his wife's death at the time, and his misleading words to me on a recent occasion, which had made me conclude he was unmarried, tended to make it appear possible that the writer of the warning note was Mrs. Wilson herself. Even the tremulous nature of the handwriting would be accounted for; as she must have been at that moment lying on her death-bed. How Roland Northwick became entangled with James Wilson's wife was a matter of little consequence now. Detective skill must unravel all that, and no doubt drag a painful scandal to light. For me, at present, it was sufficient to know that could I prove the writer of these two papers lying in my pocket to be James Wilson's wife, I had enough ground to justify his arrest as the murderer.

This identification must be my first task. I determined to make no delay. The thought that for years I had been in daily contact and communication with the cold-blooded murderer of one of my dearest friends was to me horrible. With this dreadful suspicion hanging over him, I felt it almost impossible to breathe the same air with Wilson, much less to transact my usual business matters with him. I felt that I might betray myself in his presence, and, with the acute suspicion which such a crime must engender, he would guess what was passing through my mind, and fly from justice. I left the office, stating that I should not return that day, and the next morning sent Wilson a letter, saying that an urgent private matter had called me into the country. The link that joined the two others I must have before proceeding any further. I knew the name of the church in which Wilson had been married; the object of my journey was to visit it. I inspected the register of marriages, and, knowing the date of the ceremony, had but little difficulty in lighting on the signatures of Adelaide Fletcher and James Wilson. The resemblance in the writing here was even closer to the warning message than that of the lines of poetry I had so fortunately found. Perhaps, from the emotion natural to a young girl when signing her maiden name for the last time, the strokes were tremulous, even as from another cause they were tremulous in those fatal words that now lay side by side with the bride's signature—"My husband knows all. I couldn't help it. Beware!"

With all my lingering doubts—with all the hopes I cherished as to Wilson's innocence dispelled, I hastened back to town, nerving myself to perform a harrowing duty the next day—the duty of denouncing as the murderer of Roland Northwick the man who for eight years had been my constant companion and trusted associate in business.

Late as the hour was when I reached Paddington, I drove straight to Inspector Sharpe's house. Accustomed to surprises at all hours, the astute gentleman expressed no astonishment at seeing me, but awaited patiently any communication I had to make for his benefit. Yet for once, at least, in the course of his checkered career I believe he was taken aback.

"If you will be at my office at eleven o'clock precisely to-morrow morning, I will point out to you the man who murdered Roland Northwick."

The inspector stared.

"Tell me where to find him," he said, "and the handcuffs shall be on his wrists to-night."

I hesitated. Something restrained me from telling him to whom my suspicions pointed. It was not mercy; but I wished to give Wilson one chance of explaining the things which had led me to accuse him of the crime.

"No," I replied. "I cannot even tell you his name at this moment. I must manage matters in my own way. He will come to my office to-morrow, utterly unsuspecting I will then point him out to you, and you can take the proper course."

Inspector Sharpe promised obedience to my instructions, so I left him to dream, no doubt, of the reward he might claim to-morrow.

Tired as I was with the day's work, I slept but little that night. I was drawing mental pictures of the painful proceeding of to-morrow. Then, between sleeping and waking, a wild thought took possession of me. I fancied that for some reason or other Wilson had divined my suspicions, and that on the morrow he would be absent. So strongly did this idea impress me, that I actually rose, determined to go to the detective at once, reveal all I knew, and let the arrest be made at once, so that justice should not be defeated. Then, as my senses returned to me, I saw how utterly impossible it was that Wilson could suspect anything, and, lying down once more, I resolved to let matters follow in the train I had designed.

Still it was not without relief I saw, upon entering my office in the morning, my confidential clerk at his usual post. His salute me with his invariably calm politeness. For the life of me I could not return the greeting; but, averting my face, hurried into my room, the entrance to which lay through his. I opened my letters in a mechanical way, in the present excited state of my mind giving little heed to their contents. I could think only of one thing—was I not wrong, after all? Could that quiet, self-possessed, gentle-spoken man, now sitting within a few feet of me, be guilty of one of the foulest and most dastardly crimes ever perpetrated? I began now almost to wish that my fear of the preceeding night had been well founded, and his flight had given me assurance of his guilt.

In a few minutes the door of my office opened and Wilson entered. He had a number of papers in his hand, and running them through, said:

"If you are at liberty now, Mr. Maitland, there are several things about which I should like to consult you."

I shuddered as he spoke; but he stood there with his impassable exterior—his mind, evidently, bent only on business—it seemed absurd to suppose that this was the being who, with hellish vengeance in his heart, crept up the staircase to Roland's bedroom; that those white fingers, holding now a harmless pen, were the same which closed round the handle of the knife that pierced my poor friend's bosom.

But the time for hesitation and uncertainty was gone by. In an hour Sharpe would be here, eager for his prey; and until he came I determined that Mr. James Wilson should not be a moment out of my sight.

I rose and walked to the office door, locked it, and placed the key in my pocket. Then I resumed my seat; and motioned Wilson to one near me. My unusual proceedings, I fancied, troubled him—he turned a shade paler if that were possible, but he said nothing.

Many a time afterward, in cold blood, I have wondered at my folly at thus, of my own free will, cooping myself up with a man whom I suspected to be a murderer; a man who might have made preparations against a surprise of this nature, and to whom my life might be as nothing. But I was the stronger, although the older, man of the two. Wilson, although tall, was slim, almost to thinness, and I was certain that in a hand-to-hand struggle I could overpower him. I felt disgust and horror at my companion, but not fear. He looked at me inquiringly.

"Mr. Wilson," I said, "some time ago you led me to understand you were unmarried. I have since ascertained that your wife died in February, 1870."

Wilson, whose acuteness told him that I did not make this assertion with the primary object of reproaching him for concealing the true state of his domestic affairs from me, made a simple gesture of assent.

"I find," I continued, "that your wife died on the 22d of February—two days after the murder of Roland Northwick."

As I spoke the last words he knew what was coming—I could see it in the man's face.

"And," I concluded, "from certain facts which have come to my knowledge. I have decided that you, even if you did not strike the blow yourself must know the murderer."

Wilson rose. He was perfectly calm, and speaking in his usual quiet voice, said:

"You must be mad, Mr. Maitland, to make such an accusation—against me, of all men in the world? Without troubling to deny it, I ask you, as a lawyer and a man of business, what possible motive could I have for committing such a crime?"

"The day before he was killed, Roland Northwick received a letter of warning from a woman—a woman whose husband he had doubtless wronged. Till a few days ago her name was unknown. Now, from the similarity of the curious writing to that of another specimen which I have ascertained was written by your wife, I know that the warning was sent by her. James Wilson, you wretched murderer! Your hour has come! I have already denounced you, and in a short time the officers will be here."

Wilson sat silent for some time. I was on the alert, expecting that my accusation would be the signal for an attempt to escape. But nothing seemed further from his thoughts. After a while he raised his eyes to mine, and said quietly,

"Your knowledge of common law cannot be very great, Mr. Maitland, if you think that any English jury will convict a man upon the fancied resemblance between two scraps of writing. But your deductions are better than your law—I did kill Roland Northwick."

The audacity of this full confession spoken as if he were mentioning an incident in his career of little moment, so surprised me that I could only stare at him and ejaculate:

"Villain! Ruffian!"

"Yes," continued this strange man, "I killed him—I will tell you why I killed him—that is, if you care to listen to the tale, and if there is time before the warrant arrives."

"The information will be sworn at eleven o'clock," I stammered; marveling at his extraordinary composure, and by it compelled to give him an answer to his question. "Till then," I added, "I shall not lose sight of you for an instant."

He smiled faintly, almost contemptuously. He might really have been an uninterested spectator of the scene. He began to speak, and, in a moment, his whole manner changed. He was transfigured, and I knew that at last I was face to face with the true man. His brows contracted, his deep-set eyes burned with fierce light, his cheek flushed, and the veins on his forehead stood out with emotion. His speech was rapid, and his language eloquent. His gesticulation was striking; his thin, lithe fingers clasped each other, or were extended to give due influence to his powerful words; and as I watched his actions and listened to his words, I comprehended that under the cold surface of reserve, under that well fitting mask of suave politeness, beat a heart shaken by the strongest passions and capable of the deepest feeling. As I stood face to face with him, I could scarcely realize that this was the same man whom I had seen daily for eight years.

"I will be brief, Mr. Maitland," he said, "I killed Roland Northwick because he seduced my wife. I had loved her as a boy—I loved and married her as a man. If I had no wealth to give, I gave her such love as man has never yet given woman. I believed her to be the most pure, as well as the most beautiful, of women. To me she was simply my life. Every hope, every thought of mine was for her happiness. Oh, how I loved that woman! loved her, worshipped her, trusted her, slaved for her! And that night when, stricken with the illness which she knew would be fatal, when I hung over her pillow and tended her with loving hands, she whispered that cursed confession to me, my life was at an end for ever. As, trembling at death, and the judgment she feared after that death, she sobbed out her shame to me, praying for my forgiveness, so that the God whom she dreaded might, perhaps, forgive her, then I laid my lips beside her ear and whispered:

"'When I have killed him, I will forgive you. Not till then.'

"Had you ever loved a woman as I loved her, you would pity even whilst condemning me for what you call the crime. I cared not which was to blame, the man or the woman; but I said, 'That man shall die.' The details of their intrigue were of little interest. They had first met outside this very office, where she would frequently wait to accompany me home. How their acquaintance ripened, or what arts he used, I know not. She was a beautiful woman, and he was a gallant handsome young man. Yet the day has been when I could have shown as gay and gallant a front as Mr. Roland Northwick! He had made an end of my life, and his own should pay forfeit.

"The next morning I was outside his house, but found no means of gaining an entrance. I knew all his habits well, and several times had been to his rooms on business.

"To-morrow," I whispered to my wife, who now lay almost speechless and insensible—and 'to-morrow' it was! You know the rest.

"I reached home in the evening, and leaning over my dying wife whispered:

"He is dead—I forgive you now."

"She spoke no more. The next day she died, and that look of horror which settled on her face when I whispered those words of forgiveness never left it."

He was silent.

"You wretched man!" I cried. "Do you feel no remorse?"

"I feel no remorse. My life became a blank. Love passed out of it with my wife's death. Hate left it when I drove that knife through her seducer's heart. Since then I have cared nothing for life,—nothing for death."

"But the hereafter—beyond death!" I cried, appalled by such callousness.

Wilson had again seated himself, and resumed his usual mask. His recent excitement had vanished, and left no trace. His ordinary quiet smile passed over his features.

"Intellectual men with my views," said, "trouble little about the future, and fear it less."

In spite of my horror and disgust, I could not help feeling a certain amount of curiosity.

"But how could you avoid detection?" I asked.

"Simply by not trying to escape it. I cared little whether I was discovered or not. Some strange instinct induced me to take the watch and chain, which now lies a shapeless mass, buried in one corner of the cellar beneath this house. I only wanted access to the room. Having done what I had resolved to do, it mattered little whether I came out again or not. By some strange chance no one saw me; so I walked down the stairs and reached the office as usual. My glove was on my hand when I struck the blow. It was stained with blood, so I burnt it. That was all. Had I been arrested that day—as, indeed, I fully expected to have been—I should have made no defence paying the penalty of my act as carelessly as I shall now."

"But how could you meet me? How could you go about your business as usual, with this awful crime on your conscience?"

"I tell you, Mr. Maitland, I neither felt nor feel remorse regret, or even wish to evade justice. My life, as I understand life, ended, I simply waited, never doubting but all would some day be known."

I felt it was too horrible to hear this man discussing his crime and approaching a shameful end as coolly as though he were speaking of some client's ordinary business matters.

"Now you see, Mr. Maitland," he continued, "why I refused your kind offer of a partnership. It will matter very little your clerk being arrested for murder; but had I been your partner it would not have improved the standing of your firm."

I thanked him mentally for his consideration, but said nothing. I was determined to speak no more. It was too painful, and I longed for Sharpe to arrive and terminate the interview.

Wilson, as though reading my thoughts, glanced at his watch.

"I see that my time is short," he said, "I have one letter I wish to write before the handcuffs are on my wrists. Would it be asking too great a favor if I requested you to leave me alone for a few minutes?"

I told him he was at liberty to write what he liked; but I should not quit him. He slightly shrugged his shoulders, and saying, "As you will," took a sheet of paper and commenced writing.

His letter was a very short one. He placed it in an envelope, laying it on the table with the address downward.

The minutes stole on, surely it must now be eleven o'clock, I would have looked at my watch, but a kind of feeling of delicacy restrained me. I waited some time longer and then glanced at Wilson. I was sitting nearest the door, with the idea of cutting off any attempted escape. Wilson was in my usual seat at the table which was littered with letters and legal documents. This table, I should add, was between us. As he finished his letter he took up a brief and commenced perusing it. Even at this awful moment he appeared to be interested only in the work which had done so well for so many years. His left hand held the sheet he was perusing near his eyes; the remainder of the document hung down, hiding his right hand as well as the greater portion of his body. As I sat waiting until the hour rounded from the neighboring church tower, and wondering at the self-command displayed by the remorseless murderer, he looked across and met my gaze. There was an expression in his eyes, which I had never before noticed there.

"I have been thinking, Mr. Maitland," he said in his gentle voice, "that, after all, I should like to escape the gallows. As there are only two ways of escaping—one over your body, and another—I choose that other one."

And before I could comprehend the hidden meaning of his words I heard the loud report of a pistol, and James Wilson fell forward across my office-table, deluging it and all it held with his heart's blood.

Before I could call for assistance, Inspector Sharpe, who was waiting outside, burst open the door and rushed to the dying man. He sighed once, and then we knew that all was over with him.

The letter he had just penned was addressed to me. It contained only these words:

"The results of my rash act is extensive defalcations, which, sooner or later, you must discover."

At the inquest held on my ill-fated clerk I had to appear. I stated truthfully enough, that our conversation that morning had been upon a matter of business which he had conducted much to my dissatisfaction. The letter which I produced apparently explained all. The verdict was—"Suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind."

I never looked for any defalcations, well knowing that none would be found. The detective, no doubt, formed his own conclusions as to the identity of the man he came to arrest, for he asked me nothing more about him; but I—and I only—knew the whole truth why Roland Northwick was murdered, and why James Wilson shot himself in my office. And the truth is the narrative above written.

THE END.

A Little Virginia Girl.

Joaquin Miller, the poet and novelist, has been down in the West Virginia mountains and he writes to the New York *Star*:

"A little Virginian climbed up the steps like a little pet squirrel; she was just as frisky; her hair as black, bushy and abundant; her eyes as bright and many times as large and beautiful. Ah, me! my heart went all to pieces at once. She was only a dozen years old, and yet she was a woman. But she didn't know it at all; she didn't dream of such a thing. And that is what made her so ten fold formidable. I gave her my seat in the packed car, and she thanked me with such promptness and grace, such precision of silent, good taste, that I wanted to stand there before her and wait all the days of my life for her to speak. But she never spoke. Her hair was all tumbled about, her dress was torn badly, her small, dimpled hands were brown and briar torn. Pretty soon she dived her left hand into her pocket, threw back her black hair with the right hand, and so began to crack a lot of chestnuts with the whitest set of teeth and the reddest lips you ever looked at. Dear, lovely little girl. She was the quaintest bit of nature I have seen this side of Oregon. And although I shall never see her again I venture my life that she is of the best blood in the land, one of the ruined families of the war; a pitiful little waif, whose valiant people went down to battle and never came back to her mother and her mother's mother any more. And when I contrasther wild refinement with the big-footed vulgarity in lace and diamonds constantly encountered in New York I again fall to thinking, and thinking of the strange mutations of life in this up and down land of ours."

It seems like the irony of fate when a milkman gets drowned in his own well.

A bicycle to run on ice may be called an icicle.

AGRICULTURAL.

SWINE BREEDING AND FEEDING.

S. J. PELTON,

Swine breeding and feeding in the central and western portions of the United States have become a business of almost gigantic proportions. It is a common thing to meet with farmers who keep from 25 to 100 head on farms of 160 acres, where ten years ago only three or four were kept for family use. Of the different breeds, the most common are the Berkshires and Poland Chinas, with an occasional herd of Essex, Chester-White, or the latest novelty, Duroc Jersey. There seems to be considerable rivalry between the breeders of Berkshires and Polands; in some localities the majority favor one breed, and in others, the other.

The principal aim of the breeder should be to get healthy, vigorous pigs, that will come to maturity quickly, and furnish the most pounds from a given amount of food. The days of breeding sows to scrub males are past; what we now want, is careful selection of both male and female. Choose the best natives, or the common stock of the country, and cross them with pure bred males, and the results will be very satisfactory. The pigs seem to take all of the good qualities of the male, while the excess of bone and offal, common to the natives, is greatly toned down.

A little personal experience in breeding may not inappropriately be mentioned. In September, 1879, I purchased a pure-bred Berkshire boar, and crossed him on common stock; the results were very gratifying—so much so that many of the neighbors patronized the animal, some even coming the distance of ten miles, and all obtained equally satisfactory results. The idea that I most wish to impress is, that money judiciously expended in the purchase of pure-bred males is money invested at a good rate of interest. What investment will pay a man better? I had 40 pigs that made an average of 339 pounds when 11 months old as the results of a first cross between my Berkshire and the common stock. For breeding, select long, rangy sows that are from good mothers; cross these with a fine-boned, compact, heavy-hammed and shouldered male; care should be taken to select males that have short legs and small heads and ears. It is always best to breed from old sows; there is less risk to be run; they are better mothers and produce more milk than the young ones.

I prefer to have my pigs to come in March or even as early as January, and then keep them thriving till I am ready to sell. Pigs reared in this way should be kept in a warm stable or pen, with the sow, till two or three months old. Great care should be used not to feed the sow much for two or three days after farrowing, for fear of creating fever. After that time, she must have all of the bran, cornmeal and barley-meal with milk that she will eat up clean. The pigs will soon learn to eat. When warm weather comes and clover begins to start, they may be turned into a small range after "ringing," and there is no danger but that they will thrive. The days of feeding swine in a mudhole of a pen are past; now, plenty of range in the pasture with pure water, is the most preferred of all conditions of profitable hog raising.

In many localities, where from 40 to 100 or more acres of corn are raised, the swine do their own feeding; they are turned into a portion of the field and allowed to husk for themselves. While this method is in favor with many, I still adhere to the good old way of saving the stalks for fodder, and feeding the corn by the basketful. Pretty good pork may be made by feeding pumpkins in the fall. Hogs of this kind, which were very numerous last season, are called "skips." I have grown pork on nothing but clover and water in the summer, and finished with slops, soft corn, pumpkins and boiled potatoes, with good results. The main item in feeding is to keep the animal healthy, and then it will eat well.

A few years ago it was a very common practice to keep June to September pigs over Winter, and with much crowding get them fat by the next October; such a practice now seems a little too long and expensive. Competition and the market demand quickly-made pork, which shall be healthy and eatable. Who wants to eat pork that has been stunted and half starved through the first half of its existence? Quickly-grown pig pork, tender and juicy, will always be in demand at the highest prices.

Keep your herd of swine respectable and clean; feed them clean and proper food and drink—breed well, feed well, and then sell well, and your efforts will be crowned with success and a good profit.

Cutting Corn for Fodder.

Corn will ripen and mature even if the stalk is cut while the grain is still in the milk so as to be practically as good for feeding purposes on the farm as that suffered to ripen in the ordinary way, although it might not be quite so acceptable in the markets. And the difference in feeding value between corn-fodder cut up before frost and before the stalks have become too hard and woody, and cornstalks left standing in the open field or not cut and shocked until after frost has struck it, can scarcely be compared, either as regards its sustaining or fattening qualities or the relish with which cattle will eat it. It is generally calculated by the farmer that the grain alone pays for the raising of the corn crop, and the seed realized from the fodder may be considered as so much clear gain. There is a great deal of it upon an acre, and it will certainly pay to save it in as good shape as possible and when possessing its highest feeding value, which can only be done by cutting it up early before it is fully matured, and before the frosts have had an effect upon it. Even when other feed is abundant, we believe it will not pay to neglect the corn-fodder, because other kinds of feed will keep, and in many localities can be disposed of to some advantage. At any rate, the cattle like a change now and then, and a turn to good, sweet, well-cured corn-fodder will be in every way beneficial.

BURN THE HASSOCKS.—At this season of the year time is well spent that is employed in cutting the hassocks on meadow land with a carpenter's adze. They can be thrown into the hog pen, although it takes them some time to decompose, but the best way of getting rid of them is to pile them up, and when they get dry cart them to some gravelly knoll and burn them. The ashes are the very best fertilizer that can be applied, as they contain no weed seeds, and are, as it were, the essence of muck. It will not do to burn them in the meadow where they are cut, as the entire soil may take fire, and be burned down to the clay-pan. In England upland pastures are often pared and burned, the entire surface sward being cut off with spades, dried and burned. It is especially beneficial to clayey soils, and to those impregnated with iron, the fire converting the iron into what is known as a peroxide, in which state it is harmless to vegetation.

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

HARRY ENGLISH'S CAREER.

A Once Noted Outlaw Again Arrested as He Stepped Out of the Penitentiary.

When Harry English stepped out of the penitentiary at Allegheny recently he was accosted by two tall men dressed in dark clothes, writes a correspondent from Bradford, Pa. They were detectives, and they wanted Harry English for forgery. The ex convict, a short and finely proportioned man, who had just served three years and six months for a similar crime, held out his hands for the manacles. On Wednesday the detectives brought English to Bradford, and on Thursday he was placed in a cell at Smithport, where he will await trial.

English has a remarkable story. Prior to 1880 he lived with his wife and three children on Washington street, in Bradford. He was for a time in the employ of Mayor Butler. In the spring of 1880 he removed his family to Caledonia, Elk county. In the meantime he had quitted the lumber business, and took lessons in penmanship. He was so successful that at the February term of the McKean county court, several indictments were found against him for forgery.

Detectives Morrill and Wilmoth, of Bradford, called at his home in the forest at Caledonia, but he was gone. After remaining in the vicinity several days, and finding no traces of their man, the detectives returned home. Postmaster Dixon kept them posted as to the whereabouts of English. Early in April Dixon wrote that English was at home, and that he had threatened to take his (Dixon's) life. He besought the officers to come and take the young man at once. A posse consisting of Constables Frank Warnith, Philip Vollmer, and Thomas J. Burke, a justice of the peace, after firing up with liquor, started for the home of the outlaw. English was in front of the house. To Constable Warnith's demand to surrender he replied: "Never alive." Then he ran into the house, with Warnith and Burke close at his heels. As he bounded up the stairs the pistol of Warnith was discharged, the bullet striking English in the leg. English dashed into his sleeping-room and pulling down a Winchester rifle, fired through the door, killing Warnith. Burke dragged the body out into the yard. Later on Constable Vollmer was fatally wounded by a bullet from English's Winchester. Soon afterward English sent out word that he would surrender if he was permitted to shoot Jack Burke. This request was refused.

Although badly wounded in the leg, English left the house and made a dash for liberty. The posse and a number of armed citizens fired at the fleeing man, who was wounded in seven different places, but escaped to the woods. For three days he lay hidden under a bunch of willows within three miles of his house. He then made his way to the house of a relative in a remote neighborhood, where his wounds were dressed. Afterward he went to Canada, and thence worked his way into the wilds of Michigan, where he engaged himself to a half breed Indian as a fisherman. Here he was discovered by one of his old Bradford friends, who, spurred on by the reward of $2,200 offered by Elk and McKean counties for the outlaw's apprehension, gave his companion away. In July, 1880, a Pinkerton detective surprised English as he was returning from a day's fishing. Loaded down with irons, he was a few days later placed in the jail at Ridgway. In September of the same year he was tried on the charge of murdering Constable Warnith. It was shown by the testimony that the constables who attempted his arrest were under the influence of liquor, and that they fired shots into the house when within easy gunshot range. Then, too, the constable had fired the shot. On September 27 the jury decided that English was not guilty. At the January term of court, in 1881, English was tried for feloniously shooting Constable Vollmer. Again he was acquitted, but he was not allowed to go free. At the same term of court he was found guilty of forgery, and on March 29 he was sentenced to serve four years in the penitentiary. By his exemplary conduct he received a commutation of six months.

He was brought to McKean county to answer to a charge of forgery preferred by O. D. Coleman, of Kane. The forged check, which was for $112, was drawn on the First National bank of Olean, N. Y. Prison fare evidently agreed with English, who weighs 215 pounds. He is a blacksmith, and, by working over time, saved up considerable money. At the time of the murder public feeling was strong against him, but the general impression now is that he has been punished severely enough.

Oriental Wood Carvers.

The East Indians are naturally free handed carvers. Long before the Christian era the Hindoos beautified the interiors of their temples and homes with the most intricate work of the kind. The facility of carving has not left them, and a block of teak wood under their chisels soon became the bed of the most beautiful tracerics and reproduces the flora of the East in all its variety of forms. The Oriental wood carvers in one respect are unequaled—they have originality of conception united with a power of execution which is wonderful. They receive simply the suggestions of the artists on draughting paper with none of the hundred minutiæ of background supports and the like, which are necessary to the workmen here. There they in truth use their chisels as brushes, for their hands are firm. They are acquainted simply with the idea which is conveyed, and with one or two scoops of the chisel a lily or a passion flower or a pomegranate lies imbedded in the wood as though it had been waiting simply to be picked and enjoined. But while they are unsurpassed in what is known as emotional carving they are at a loss at the broad sweeps which are required in the decoration of large apartments or halls.—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

On London ri .

The sun fairly up, who shall describe the scene which immediately ensues upon a London bridge. The rattling and rumbling and thundering of teams, light and heavy, grows in volume and (as splitting din with every moment that passes. Two currents of streaming humanity, equally divided by the roadway, and occupying the two sides of the bridge, pour unceasingly over its surface and empty constantly into the great sea, which is never full, beyond. As the hour for opening business and working operations approaches, faster and more mostly flows the stream, until the torrents reach on remorselessly, unheeding, overwhelmingly. Counter currents are like special trains upon a railroad—they have no right of way, and must present no obstacles to the regular, customary movements. Loiterers and intruders and interlopers are of small account, and have few respected rights. A block here and now, from any cause, over six feet of space, would instantly influence the conduct of thousands of people in the vicinity. Long continued, it would result in something like a panic; but it seldom occurs or is allowed to take place. Henceforth, until long after the sun's setting, there will be no cessation of the surging of the human tide.—[Correspondence Boston Herald.

Happiness is the result of harmony between our wants as creatures and the world without; peace is the harmony between us as spiritual beings and the Father of our spirits. The one is changeable as the objects or circumstances on which it for the moment relies; the other is as unchangeable as the God on whom it eternally rests.

Father—"What do you mean by staying out till midnight every night?" Son—"Ah! in the interest of economy, sir, I assure you." Father—"Economy! What do you mean by that?" Son—"Well, you see I'm a good deal of expense to you, sir. I haven't got the money to pay my board, but by keeping out of bed until 12 or 1 o'clock I save you a good deal in lodging."

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 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, NOV. 7, 1884.

THE SOUDAN.

The news from the Soudan is of a conflicting character, and consequently very unreliable. One despatch has it that the Mahdi in the beginning of September hearing of the advance of the British made a supreme effort to reduce Khartoum, which place at the end of September was surrounded by a hundred and fifty thousand rebels. Supplies failing the garrison began to waver. A deputation of officers complained bitterly to Gordon that they had been deceived by the promise of British assistance and accused him of aiding in the deception. They demanded a retreat to Dongola and threatened unless this was done to join the Mahdi. Gordon thereupon consented to the plan proposed. Meanwhile a panic arose and 8,000 soldiers and civilians deserted in a body. Two thousand remained faithful and embarked with Gordon. The rebels were advised of what had occurred and harrassed the retreat to Shendy, where masses of rebels provided with artillery disabled the flotilla. Only Colonel Stewart's vessel succeeded in passing Barbar and shortly after it was wrecked. The remainder of the flotilla was obliged to return southward, and on reaching Shendy the entire force was captured. About Oct. 5th Gordon was sent to El Madhi's camp, where he is now a close prisoner.

This news of the capture of Gordon comes by way of Paris, and is disbelieved by the British government. A Debbah despatch says the powerful Takara tribes, which are inimical to the Mahdi have captured El Obeid; and it is said that the Mahdi's prestige is waning among the tribes between Debbah and El Obeid.

We are only surprised that the Mahdi did not long ere this make an effort to capture Khartoum. Had he done so before the arrival of General Wolseley in the country, it might have been comparatively easy for him to have done so, but fortunately for General Gordon that he did not, and now it will be too late for him to try. Wolseley and his army will soon be upon him—and if not made a prisoner of—he will be forced to retreat to fastnesses out of the reach of the English troops.

The course of events in the Soudan will force the British Government now to take possession of the country and hold it, at least until such time as a firm and equitable Government is established therein—and if this cannot be accomplished—then they will have to annex Egypt and the Soudan. We await anxiously further news from the Soudan.

STILL LATER.—General Wolsely, who is at Dongola, replying to an inquiry of the government as to the condition of affairs at Khartoum, says Col. Kitchener telegraphs that Arabs from the south report all quiet. One of the British messengers who was sent to Khartoum some days ago, reached there and was received by Gordon with a salute and parade of troops. The Mahdi with a strong force had advanced upon Amderman, opposite Khartoum, and asked Gordon to surrender. Gordon replied that he would hold Khartoum against him for twelve years. The Mahdi then retired a day's journey south, declaring that he would not fight for two months. Many of his followers left him. The governor of Kassala had promised to come to Gordon's assistance. Mohammed Elkheir holds Berber for the Mahdi, but the people are afraid Gordon will attack the place. The road from Berber to Khartoum is closed except by way of Metemmeh, which place the rebels visit nightly. A Suakim despatch states that the rebels attacked the railway on the 3rd, but were repulsed.

GENERAL GORDON.

The London *Times* gives nearly all the credit for recent success in the Soudan to General Gordon and very little to the government. "We may anticipate," it says, "that when parliament meets, the most will be made of it, as showing the extraordinary prescience of those who could distinguish between being surrounded and being hemmed in, and could confidently pronounce five months ago that no military danger overhung Khartoum. The English people, however, will not so easily forget to what an extraordinary combination of personal qualities in General Gordon we owe the success of one of the most callous and adjustable speculations in human life that a responsible government ever embarked upon. General Gordon has shaken off his enemies, thanks to his own indomitable courage and resource, and also to the timely perception of the authorities at home that it was absolutely necessary to send him assistance. The rebels evidently have still plenty of men and ammunition, while of food they could always have what they wanted." The turn that events have taken is, however, it is acknowledged, partly due to "the news that the countrymen of General Gordon, whose prowess would be measured by his, are on the way to assist him." But this only shows that the government should have taken the advice so freely tendered it months ago, as "the mere intimation that assistance would assuredly be sent," would have gone far to break down the siege of Khartoum, and would have enabled General Gordon to spend in salutary reorganization much of the time that has actually been consumed in holding on by his eyelids.

The London *Times* doubts the reports of the fall of Khartoum, the origin of the report having been traced to a French journal of doubtful respectability. The British government has received no advices corroborating the report, nor do reports from Dongola mention it, though at last accounts the Mahdi had a large force in the neighbourhood and had summoned Gordon to surrender.

COLONEL STEWART.

A great deal of interest still centres in the fate of this gallant officer.

The news of his reported murder, it will be remembered, proceeded solely from native sources, and since its receipt confirmations and contradictions have been plentiful. Although it appeared almost certain that all on board the steamer decending the Nile were either killed or made prisoners, it was not quite certain that Colonel Stewart was on the steamer; or, supposing him to have been on board, whether he was killed or not. With a view to ascertain the truth of the matter, Sir Charles Wilson and Major Shade left Dongola by steamer for Debbah, accompanied by a small detachment of the Sussex Regiment. According to the statement of an Arab to the Sub Governor of Ambukol, fourteen men have been made prisoners who were on board the steamer; the others are said to have been killed. Native merchants in Dongola say that General Gordon, Colonel Stewart, and Mr. Power are still at Khartoum. Daily News telegram from Wady Haifa stated that a native who witnessed the tragedy near the fourth cataract says positively that no steamer was wrecked, but a dahabeyeh. All on board were killed within a day's camel march of friendly territory. His account rendered it probable that Colonel Stewart's steamer had returned safely to Khartoum.

THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* puts the actual difference between the Houses of Lords and Commons thus: "The Government say—"We fully intend to pass a Redistribution Bill before an appeal to the newly enfranchised voters." Lord SALISBURY replies: 'I take you at your word; I pass the Franchise Bill, merely adding a clause giving statutory effect to your honest intentions, and declaring that no appeal shall be made to the new voters until the Redistribution Bill has been passed.' The Government reply: "We cannot accept such a clause, because it gives the Franchise Bill over to you as a hostage. Whenever we differ about Redistribution you can compel us to give in by threatening to throw out the Bill, without which the new electors cannot vote.' Lord SALISBURY'S rejoinder is equally obvious. 'Neither can we give you the Franchise Bill into your hands, because then you can always compel us to accept whatever Redistribution Bill you choose to dictate by threatening to appeal to the new but undistributed electorate.' The question, therefore, at stake is, who shall control the details of Redistribution? and as neither party is willing to give the whip hand to the other the deadlock appears to be almost hopeless." The bones reply is, Bring forward the Redistribution Bill, and let there be an opportunity of debating its principle, and to some extent its details; and perhaps there would then be found such a possibility of agreeing about it that the passing of the Franchise Bill would be safe to those who now reasonably doubt the Government, and would not be warranted in running a risk.

We chip the following from the Dublin *Irish Times* of Oct 22:—

"The annals of Newgate are rivalled in sensational incident by the romance of crime in the Colonies. Letters that have reached England from Melbourne describe in detail an epidemic of burglary which recently broke out there, and which has been traced to a French organisation. Investigations have shown that VERNET, HERMAN, and three others, all 'late of New Caledonia,' who had worked in the same chain gang, and arrived in Melbourne by the *Messageries* boat, entered into a partnership as burglars and coiners upon a scale, and in a style, which throw completely into the shade the less enterprising and artistic operations of English practioners in the same profession of villany. The Colonial police have captured the captain of the sect, one of whose numerous names is DEVERS, who is now in Melbourne Jail awaiting his trial. Little by little the whole extent of the conspiracy was revealed, and the headquarters of the den of thieves ultimately discovered in an obscure street amongst the outskirts of the town. It was a cottage—a small two-roomed one—containing, it is reported "the most complete collection of burglars' and coiners' tools and apparatus of every kind that has ever been seen in Australia." The floor of one of these rooms was broken up, and underneath were upwards of 300 implements for housebreaking, consisting of skeleton and other keys, small saws, jemmies, safe-opening drills, and a lot, about 30 in number, of highly-finished steel drills for opening strong iron safes, the locks of which cannot easily be picked. It is said, also, that concealed in the end of a small oven in one of the rooms were ingots of tin and lead, and a number of well-made plaster of Paris casts for making spurious sovereigns, half sovereigns, florins, half-crowns, shillings, and threepenny-bits. "The casts," says a correspondent, writing from Melbourne, "are so beautifully finished for their purpose in every detail, that externally the base coin turned out from them would not be distinguishable from the genuine product of her Majesty's Mint." Elsewhere there were electric batteries for gilding and silvering coins, and an array of crucibles and chemicals which baffled the scientific knowledge of the Melbourne detective officers. Into one jar they dropped a penny, and to their amazement "it was immediately reduced nearly to a jelly." Into another they threw a shilling, and it was fished out in a few seconds gilded into the appearance of a genuine sovereign. But this does not exhaust the wonders of the rogues' cottage. We are told that "in addition to all the variegated plant the cottage was provided with a supply of wines, spirits, beers, groceries, butter, ham, eggs, preserves, &c., of every kind, and in quantity sufficient for a six months' supply, and valued at from £150 to £200. This large stock must evidently have been laid in for the purpose of securing the inmates from the daily calls of tradesmen and others, which would, of course, be dangerous." Public opinion in the Colony is greatly incensed by these revelations, and all this access of crime is ascribed to the present penal policy of France, which allows a practically unlimited deportation of criminals to these shores. The question has already assumed a grave aspect, and the Germans Colonists are loudly calling upon their Government to make serious representations to the French Foreign Office, and upbraiding the British with want of concern for their own and for general interests. We may probably shortly hear of further action in the matter.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

So far as the returns have been received, the indications are that Governor Cleveland will be the next President of the United States. Notwithstanding the treachery of the Tammany Hall party, led by John Kelly, who had pledged themselves publicly to support Cleveland, they secretly entered into an agreement with the Republican party that if they (the Republicans) would support the Kelly nominee for Mayor of New York City, Tammany would vote the Blaine ticket for President. The combination failed, for Mr. Grace, the Democratic candidate for Mayor was elected. Cleveland carries the state, however, by a small majority, which secures him the election.

Authorities favourable to Cleveland estimate the vote for him in the electorial college at 219 for Cleveland, 122 Blaine and 60 Doubtful. The states and their votes in the electorial college, so far as known, are as follows:—Democratic:

Alabama	10	Mississippi	9
Arkansas	7	Missouri	16
Delware	3	North Carolina	11
Florida	4	South Carolina	9
Georgia	12	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	13
Louisana	8	West Virginia	6
Maryland	8	Virginia	12
New York	36	Connecticut	6
New Jersey	9		
Total	204		

REPUBLICAN STATES.

Illinois	22	Michigan	13
Iowa	13	Minnesota	7
Kansas	9	Nebraska	5
Maine	6	Ohio	23
Massachusetts	14	Pennsylvania	30
Vermont	4	Rhode Island	4
California	8	Oregon	3
Colorado	3	New Hampshire	4
Wisconsin	11	Nevada	3
Indiana	15		
Total	197.		

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE CAUSE is progressing notwithstanding the unfair means used to prevent its onward progress. The very means resorted to stealing of ballot boxes can only tend to further its progress. We understand that meetings will shortly be held in Argenteuil to take measures to submit the Scott act to the people with every prospect of its being carried. In Kingston last week the Mayor presided at a public meeting, when over 100 persons took the pledge and donned the blue ribbon. The Rev. LeRoy Hooker, President of the Scott Act Association, had an interview with his lordship Bishop Cleary. The bishop stated that, in regard to such matters he did not act alone. The Scott Act will be considered by the Council of Bishop which meet this month.

The London *Canadian Gazette* of Oct. 23rd says: "Sir John Macdonald arrived in London on Thursday last. As to the object of his visit, we are in a position to state that the rumours that the Canadian Premier will solicit an Imperial subsidy for any line of steamers which may be established, in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway between British Columbia, China and Japan, are wholly unfounded."

France says she is not at war with China, yet she has bombarded Chinese ports, and now has blockaded Formosa, a Chinese island, notifying the Powers of the fact—but contends, nevertheless that she is not absolutely at war with China! Well, if she is not, it, looks amasingly like it.

LACHUTE COUNCIL.

Nov. 3rd 1884.

Present, Mayor Dunbar, and councillors Smith, Shepherd, Fish, Dadderidge, and McOuat.

The minutes of last session were read by the secretary and adopted.

The Mayor presented a letter from Mr. Jos. Davis to Inspector Frazer about a crossing on a street leading into Bethany street, being spoiled by repairs to Bethany road, was read. The Council considered this matter not within their jurisdiction.

The Mayor stated that he had informed the Municipal Council of Gore that this Council would meet on the 3rd November, and would be prepared to receive a deputation from the Gore Council on the matter of the St. John Bridge. The deputation not having filed an appearance no action was taken.

Councillor Fish reported that he had repaired the culbert on the road West of WATCHMAN office and also the West River Bridge and presented an account of $13.40 for the whole work. Moved by Coun. Shepherd and sec. by coun. Dadderidge, and resolved that this council approve of the account presented by Coun. Fish and that the same be paid and charged to the proper devisions; and also that coun. Fish receive a vote of thanks of this council for his kindness in looking after the work. *Carried.*

Moved by coun. Dadderidge, sec. by coun. Shepherd that a committee consisting of, Messrs. Thos. Hammond, Alex Murray, and Wm. Armstrong, be appointed to visit and examine and report to this council the state of White's Bridge and what repairs are necessary to be done. Councillors McOuat and Smith to also visit said Bridge in company with said committee, the said committee to meet at the Bridge on Saturday next at 1 o'clock, P. M.

The auditors report for the year ending 1st January, 1884, was read, and on motion of coun. Fish, sec. by coun. Shepherd, it was resolved that the report be accepted and approved of and that a vote of thanks be tendered and given to the secretary Mr. G. J. Walker, for the able and satisfactory manner in which he had kept the books and accounts of the council for the past year. *Carried.*

The Jurors List and the supplement thereto, having been read over by the Secretary, it was on motion of coun. McOuat sec. by coun Fish, resolved that the said list be approved of with the exception of James Smith and James McRae—one being an officer in the militia and the other not residing within the limits of the municipality. *Carried.*

A petion was presented from Mr. Thos Bedard, and others interested, praying that the water course running between the properties of Phineas Lane and Edmund Rodrigue, West End, to the North River be carried in a straight line to the said River as being a more natural course than the one chosen. After explanations being entered into Mr. Bedard expressed himself satisfied with the By law and withdrew his petition.

The Secretary drew the attention of the council to the arrears of taxes due the municipality amounting to $295.83 due from 1883.

Moved by coun. Dadderidge, sec by coun. Fish, that the list of taxes just read by the secretary be ordered to be collected at once, the secretary sending the said list with a description of the properties upon which the said taxes are due to the secretary of the County Council for him to sell said properties for the taxes so due as required by the provisions of the Municipal Code, but first to notify the said parties of said resolution of council before handing the list to the county Secretary. *Carried.*

An account of $3.84 due W. J. Simpson for planks to Hills Bridge was read, and on motion of coun. McOuat sec. by coun. Shepherd it was ordered to be paid and charged to that division.

The Council then adjourned to 1st Monday in December.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—It is said counterfeit half-dollars are in circulation in Montreal.

—A woman named Parent was burned to death in Quebec during a drunken orgie.

—The Scott act has been carried in Ontario in the Counties of Dufferin, Huron and Bruce, and rejected in Prince Edward. It has been sustained in York, on a question of repeal.

—A shocking case is reported from London, Ontario, where the police raided a house wherein some fourteen men and women were engaged in a drunken quarrel, the dead body of a little child four days dead lying neglected in a corner.

—The Queen's physician has assured Sir John Macdonald that there is nothing in his condition to excite apprehension. His health has improved since his arrival in England.

—The Toronto Grand Jury in making their report at the assizes recently held there for the county of Peel, recommended that in cases of criminal assaults on young girls of tender age, that the persons found guilty of such acts should be punished by flogging as well as imprisonment. This action of the Grand Jury was superinduced on the trial of Ben J. Waring who was tried and found guilty of criminally assaulting Alice Conliffe a girl under 12 years of age, at Weston in October last. We think the recommendation of the Grand Jury a good one, and would we believe tend greatly to put a stop to such ruffishly conduct. The punishment should however be public.

—Montreal has made so well out of previous Carnivals, that its citizens have determined to have another this Winter, and already preparations are being made for it. Well, the fools are not all dead, and hundreds we suppose will attend it to be again fleeced.

—From Toronto we learn that the house of Mr. Hopkins, 86 Ann street, on Friday night had been broken into and ransacked from top to bottom. Mrs. Hopkins had a quantity of money and wearing apparel stolen. Her sister, Mrs. McMartin, of St. Andrews, Que., was a heavier loser in jewellery and other valuables. Some registered letters addressed to Mrs. McMartin, who had gone to Barford on a visit, evidently containing money, had been opened and the contents abstracted. There is no clue to the thieves.

—Sir Moses Montefiore's illness is becoming serious.

—It is reported that the French chambers will shortly be dissolved.

—Eight Nihilists including six army officers, were executed at St Peterburg on Saturday.

—It is estimated that the Khartoum expedition will cost England £10.000,000.

—General O'Neil, the Fenian invader of Canada, is dead.

—The Paris *Temps* asserts that England is preparing to annex the whole coast of the Red Sea to Egypt.

—The Crown Prince of Germany has become regent of Brunswick. The Duke of Cumberland's claim is thus laid aside.

—The commander of the U. S. squadron sends reassuring advices from China, no fears of an outbreak against foreigners being felt.

—Allen, the Fenian arrested at Dublin, was shown to have been in correspondence with the headquarters of the organization in Paris.

—A noisy scene occurred in the house of commons on Monday night over a home rule resolution condemning the administration of the criminal law in Ireland.

—Lord Derby on Monday stated that the imperial government would not abandon the present position in South Africa nor extend the existing boundaries.

—Lord Granville on Monday stated that the government had no intention of prolonging the Soudan campaign to rescue the Egyptian garrisons outside of Khartoum.

Miss Eliza Kidd, of Keene, Kentucky, is only 20 years of age, but she has immortalized herself by finishing a crazy quilt containing 53,841 pieces, 362,897 stitches, 21 spools of thread, and 30 yards of cloth.

—Mr. Gladstone in his Birkenhead speech, speaking of the strength, the wealth, and the power of the mother country, said:—"If they ever heard weak minded people speak of the actual or possible decay of this empire they ought not to listen for a moment to such dreams and fables. The strength of the British Empire had increased, was increasing, and, so far as human judgment could anticipate would increase. If other countries had grown in power this country had yet more grown in power. Be just and fear not must be our motto; and we might rely upon it the day was not come, nor about to come, when we need fear, with justice at our back, to look in the face of any country in the world."

—Some of the ballot boxes used in the late Scott act elections in Huron and Dufferin, awaiting official count have been stolen, but the majorities are so great that it will not effect the results of the poll.

—The German schooner *Carl Augusto*, loaded with dynamite, has been blown up at sea.

—Gen. Wolseley telegraphs that reports brought by natives indicate that Gordon is still in possession of Khartoum.

A Toronto Faith Cure.

TORONTO, October 28.—A remarkable case of faith cure has occurred here, the truth of which is vouched for by several people. The facts are: About twelve years ago Annie Mallock, of Hayter street, fell while crossing King street, injuring her knee to such an extent that doctors who attended her failed to effect a cure, telling her she would be a cripple for life. For ten years she could not move about without the aid of crutches. About two years ago she read a book by C. Judd on prayer and faith which impressed her so deeply that she asked several Christian friends to join her in prayer for the recovery of the use of the disabled limb. She states that almost immediately she felt a change, and at the end of six months was able to dispense with one of her crutches. Her limb gradually regained power, and last Sunday for the first time in twelve years she was able to walk without assistance to and from Elm street Methodist church. She has still a slight limp, but feels sure it will soon disappear.

"It is not everyone who can dawnce. It wequires bwains, I assure you."

"I don't agree with you, Mr. De Silva," replied Miss Badger. "I saw a dog lead the German the other day."

"That was vewy strange. Where was it?"

"On Fourteenth street. The German was blind."

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest, terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favourably noticed in all the papers,

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did Sue Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it"—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ 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.

The Exclusive Briton.

The following anecdote is told in relation to the unsociable habits of Englishmen who travel. An old American gentleman was travelling from Liverpool to London. Three gentlemen in all occupied the carriage, and for an hour after the train had begun its journey never once exchanged a syllable with another. At last the American broke silence, and said: "Gentlemen, I am L——D. I have come from——. I have been a merchant for fifty years, and now I am living in ease. I am eighty years of age, and I have two eyes and one tongue, and like a great many of my countrymen, I take a pleasure in using them. My eyes feel the period in which they have done me service, and I cannot read for the motion of the train. Having introduced myself, I trust gentlemen, you will not look upon me as a pickpocket." At this one of the gentlemen drew out his card-case and gave his card. The example was immediately followed by the other. "What, gentlemen;" said the American, "you do not seem to know one another: let me introduce you;" and with that he crossed his arms and presented the card of one to the other. This was the beginning of a warm friendship.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$0 40
Cabbage, per doz, 30 to 60c	
Carrots, per bag 50 to 60c.	
Onions, per bushel $1 $1.25.	
Turnips, per bag 40 to 50c.	
Eggs, per dozen	0 18
Butter, per lb.	0 18
Cheese per lb	0 10
Honey, in comb, per lb. 15 to 18c.	
Strained Honey, per lb	0 15
Spring Chickens 40cts. to 60 cts. per pair	
Fowls from 45cts. to 60 cts. " "	
Partridge, per pair 40cts	
Pork " $5 to $6 per hundred,	
Oats, per bushel	0 40
Flour, per 100 lb. $3.50 to $3.8 (Selling Price)	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	2 60
Wheat, " "	1 20
Hay per ton	$6 to $7

WHAT TO READ.
—DURING—
1885.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS

which was established in the winter of 1845-6 has very materially increased in circulation during the present year nearly 9,000 new names having been added to its subscription lists making a total of 41,000. This paper gives all the current news and abundant good reading, along with the Sunday-school Lessons, and is THE CHEAPEST FAMILY PAPER in the Dominion.

A much valued feature of the WITNESS, and one which has of late greatly increased development during the past couple of years, is its

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

where

QUESTIONS ON VETERINARY SUBJECTS are answered by Dr. McEachran, F. R. C. V. S., Principal of the Montreal Veterinary College and the Dominion Inspector of Live Stock;

QUESTIONS ON BEE KEEPING are answered by Mr. D. A. Jones, of Becton, Ont., President of the National Bee Convention;

QUESTIONS ABOUT POULTRY AND PETS are answered by Dr. S. J. Andres, Montreal;

QUESTIONS ON AGRICULTURAL SUBJECTS are answered by "Rusticus";

QUESTIONS ON FRUITS AND PLANTS are answered by Mr. James Dougall, of Windsor, Ont.;

QUESTIONS ON LEGAL SUBJECTS are answered by a Montreal advocate, and an Ontario barrister;

QUESTIONS ON SUBJECTS OF EVERY KIND are answered by competent authorities.

The Clubbing Rates given by the proprietors of the WITNESS last year and the year previous having given so much satisfaction, we again repeat them. Such

CLUBBING RATES.

are as follow:

The price of the WEEKLY WITNESS is $1 a year, postage free.

When THREE subscriptions are sent together in one envelope, the price to each will be EIGHTY CENTS or $2.40 in all.

When FOUR subscriptions are sent together in one envelope, the price to each will be SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, or $3 in all.

When TEN subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price to each will be SEVENTY CENTS, or $7 in all.

A Cent A Day for the World's News
THE DAILY WITNESS

is a newspaper of the first rank, keeping its readers thoroughly informed on all departments of current thought and events. Its name and reputation are too well and widely known, and firmly established, to need any extended comment. Single copies, One Cent. Subscription price, $3.00 a year, postage free.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER

is a fully illustrated paper, published twice a month. Besides containing the Sunday school Lessons, it is replete with general information of various kinds, is equally adapted for the week-day school and Sunday-school, and for young and old. It is the cheapest paper ever issued. Price 30 Cents a year, with reduction to clubs.

The Weekly Messenger.

The WEEKLY MESSENGER is a paper which only needs to be seen in order to be liked. Printed in large and distinct type, it yet contains the news of the world in such a clear and brief style that every one may understand and appreciate. News of the great temperance campaign in progress all over the world fills a prominent place in the WEEKLY MESSENGER'S columns. In addition to these it is an illustrated paper, and gives its subscribers correct portraits of the people they read about. It contains four pages of most interesting family reading, besides accurate weekly reports of the New York and Montreal markets. All this for only Fifty Cents a year, with reductions to clubs.

All Subscriptions Payable in Advance.

☞ Sample Copies of all or any of the above Papers Sent with Pleasure.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
Montreal.

FOR SALE!

ONE of FAIRBANKS & Co's STANDARD LARGE PLATFORM HAY SCALES, in good working order.

Apply to
W. J. TODD,
Merchant, Lachute.
10-1m.

BIRTH.

SMITH.—In Thomas Gore, on the 2nd inst., the wife of John Smith, Jr., of a son.

UMBRELLAS?

UMBRELLA REPAIRING DEPARTMENT.

S. CARSLEY pays particular attention to this special department. The frames of recovered Umbrellas are all taken to pieces and the rusty or used parts relacquered, new top and even re wires, stick re-varnished and the Umbrella turned out much better than an ordinary new one.

Prices of re-covering from $1.00.

COTTON SHEETING!

We keep only the best makes of ENGLISH CANADIAN and AMERICAN Cotton Sheetings.

Twilled and Plain English Sheeting.
Twilled and Plain American Sheeting.
Twilled and Plain Canadian Sheeting.
All Sheetings at low prices.

PILLOW COTTONS.

Full stock of English, American and Canadian Pillow Case Cottons, in all widths.

FLANNELS! FLANNELS!

Now is the time to buy Flannels for winter wear.

Gray Flannels!
The best value in Gray Flannels is to be had At S. CARSLEY'S

WHITE FLANNELS!
The best value in White Flannels is to be had At S. CARSLEY'S

SCARLET FLANNELS!
The best value in Scarlet Flannels is to be had At S. CARSLEY'S

FANCY FLANNELS!
The best value in Fancy Flannels is to be had At S. CARSLEY'S

S. CARSLEY.

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

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, CASQUES including SEALETTES and MATALASSI cloths.

GRAY COTTON (yard wide) 5cts.

THE PEOPLES' CASH STORE,
HEADQUARTERS for FLANNELS

C. T. WALES & Co. sell the New "Wanzer C" Sewing Machine, and *Old* machines taken in part payment—Terms easy.

St. Andrews, November, 1884.

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 style 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.

49-1m.

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. 26th, 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 MOULD PLOW has no equal.

THRESHING MILLS, GREYS PATENT the best in the Market.

McOUAT & McRAE.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS at home or abroad attended 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. 13th, 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, 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, 144,
4tf 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. 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, Streets, 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 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. Anyone can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Umbrellas.—S. Carsley.
Hop Bitters.—H. B. Hubbard.

LOCAL.

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.

TAXES.—At the meeting of the Municipal Council for the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil, held in the Court House, Lachute, on Monday last, the secretary, Mr. Gavin J. Walker, laid before the council a list of the taxes due to the Municipality extending from the year 1883 to end of 1884. The Secretary was authorized to demand payment of these arrears of Taxes, and if not immediately paid, to be handed over to the county secretary, to be advertised and the lands sold to pay said taxes. Pay up gentlemen and save costs.

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 guranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co.,
5-1y. 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

PROTESTANT INSANE ASYLUM.—A large meeting of the clergy and business men of Montreal was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, on Tuesday afternoon to consider the Protestant Insane Asylum question. After considerable discussion, a committee was appointed to make arrangents for an Mass Meeting to be held shortly.

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any kindred diseases of their curative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle.

Don't forget the Bible Society meeting in the Methodist Church this evening—(Friday.)

Do not suppose that because it is recommended to animals that Arnica & Oil Liniment is an offensive preparation. It will not stain clothing of the fairest skin.

Downs' Elixir will cure any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing.

ST. SIMEON'S CHURCH CONCERT came off on Wednesday as advertised. Notwithstanding the evening being a disagreable one, the Hall was well filled, and the concert was a grand success. In our next we will give full particulars.

Seriously Ill.

A person suffering with pain and heat over the small of the back, with a weak weary feeling and frequent headaches, is seriously ill and should look out for kidney disease. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the kidneys, blood and liver, as well as the stomach and bowels.

RUNAWAY.—On Tuesday evening a runaway team tilted against the sign post opposite Rodrigue's Hotel, smashing it and a telegraph pole. A message for St. Andrews had to be sent by way of Montreal, by the C. P. R. line, in consequence of the accident.

A Wise Conclusion.

If you have vainly tried many remedies for rheumatism, it will be a wise conclusion to try Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It cures all painful diseases when other medicines fail.

Lord Melgund received a cable despatch on Monday evening stating that voyageur Louis Capatoine, of the Canadian Nile Contingent, was drowned on the 30th October. This settles the question of identify of the drowned. The family of the diceased at Caughnawaga was apprized of the fact through Mr. Lambert.

A Great Mistake.

It is a great mistake to suppose that dyspepsia can't be cured, but must be endured, and life made gloomy and miserable thereby. Alexander Burns, of Coborg, was cured after suffering fifteen years. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

REV. MR. CHINIQUY.—A rather serious disturbance occurred at the Russell Hall St. Catherine street, Montreal, on Wednesday evening, where the Rev. Chiniquy was lecturing. Stones and other missils were thrown, and it was only with the aid of a large body of police that the lecturer and friends were preserved from harm.

Sure to Conquer.

The most troublesome cough is sure to yield if timely treated with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Pleasant to take and safe for young or old.

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.*

"For want of timely aid millions have died of curable diseases."

For accidents and sudden attacks of disease all should be prepared, by having some suitable remedy on hand, and for this purpose we would direct attention to Graham's Pain Eradicator which attained such wonderful popularity here more than fifteen years ago, and the test of time proves that it has lost none of its power to cure, and scores of families that were amongst the first to use it would not let their houses be without it. We would advise all to keep Graham's Pain Eradicator and Graham's Pills on hand, for their timely use will save much sickness, suffering and expenses.

OUR READERS' ATTENTION is directed to the advertisement of the *Montreal Witness* publications, which appear in another column. We notice that the circulation of the *Weekly Witness* has increased very much during the last couple of years—a clear proof of the estimation in which it is held by the reading public. All the journals emanating from the *Witness* Office, are "family papers" in the true sense of the term, and contain a large amount of varied and interesting news.

A Perfect Beauty.

Perfect beauty is only attained by pure blood and good health. These acquirements give the possessor a pleasant expression a fair clear skin and the rosy bloom of health. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and tone the entire system to a healthy action.

DR. LOW'S MAGIC SULPHUR SOAP. Healing, soothing and cleansing for all eruptive diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving-day and a union service was held in Henry's Church, which was pretty well attended.

The weather has been in a very unsettled state for the past week. Tuesday it began to snow, only to increase the slush and mud in our streets.

A Valuable Patent.

The most valuable discovery patented in modern times is that of the best blood purifier and liver and kidney regulator known. We refer to Burdock Blood Bitters, which is making so many wonderful cures and bringing the blessed boon of health to so many homes.

The present disgraceful condition of the streets of Lachute, is seriously injuring the business of the town. Our chief thoroughfares are simply rivers of liquid mud; and day by day they are becoming worse and worse, if that were possible. The sidewalks too are no better than man traps from one end of the town to the other. Farmers and country people are afraid to enter the town with a loaded wagon, it being a risk to both horses and driver. Jack frost we suppose, will be our only relief.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

Severe storms and high water tides have done much damage in the Gulf and river St. Lawrence. At Quebec the water rose many feet, flooding the lower part of the town. At Rimouski the town is flooded by the incoming tide, the light-keepers have been forced to abandon their house, many buildings have been washed away, and the most terrible storm for forty years is raging, causing fears of further damage, so that the inhabitants are leaving their houses in terror. The Intercolonial track is washed out in one place and trains are delayed. Happily there are few large vessels likely to be caught in that part of the river at present, and no disasters are reported.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

On Wednesday afternoon it began to snow, the wind blowing cold, and after nightfall heavy frost set in freezing up the roads hard enough to bear a wagon. The indications are that winter has set in. Advices from the towns up the Ottawa and along the line of the Canadian Pacific, report a heavy snow and wind storm from the northwest, the thermometer being down to 30 at Rockcliffe. From six to seven inches of snow has fallen in some places.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe in all cases. They destroy and Remove Worms in Children or adults.

Owing to the hostility of New South Wales, the federation of the Australian Colonies has to be abandoned for the present, and the Imperial Government has withdrawn the Bill for their union that was before the House.

Hallowe'en passed off very pleasantly, the boys behaving nobly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Vankleek Hill, Oct. 30th, 1884.

AN EXCITING BEAR CHASE.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—On Tuesday last when returning from one of my monthly tours through the villages of the Upper Ottawa, I stopped off at Bissetts Creek to do some business, and was highly pleased to meet two Lachute boys and a gentleman well and favourably known in your town, seated comfortably around the stoves in the railway offices. Upon recognizing each other we were soon enjoying ourselves immensely, telling our different experiences in that new country. Just as "Dick" had proposed dinner we were somewhat startled by a resident of the village rushing into our midst saying he had met a huge bear while out partridge shooting, and that he had rather unceremoniously introduced himself to Bruin by shooting him twice in the head and shoulder. However, he was unable to kill the monster having no more suitable ammunition he considered a retreat his safest act, he requested us to go and assist him in tracing and capturing Bruin.

Forgetting about dinner, we were all in less than five minutes around with rifles, guns, revolvers &c., and off with the assistance of a dog we were soon upon his trail which was easily followed by the blood stains left upon rocks, logs &c., over which he had passed until we reached a dence swamp where he had sought refuge. After searching for three hours we succeeded in surprising Bruin while he was in the act of filling his wounds with swamp moss. Notwithstanding the severity of his wounds and the amount of blood he had lost, he was determined to fight for his life. He selected your correspondent as his antagonist and running towards him was about to embrace him in his powerful arms when my friends approached and seeing my danger fired two well aimed shots from a Winchester rifle which sent two balls through Bruin's body in the region of his heart, killing him instantly. He proved to be truly a fine specimen of the brown bear weighing 476 pounds.

This was my first contest with such an animal, and it is hard to say how it would have terminated had it not been for the prompt and courageous conduct of my companions.

Yours very truly,
A TRAVELLER.

Renfrew, Halloweve, 1884.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—Could you possibly have thought that the old man had forgotten you? certainly not; but we have not had anything of interest to communicate. The "Scott Act," fight goes on and the 7th prox will determine the result. In the mean time you cannot go along the street without hearing the question pro and con. The Kingston & Pembroke Railway construction is approaching us, the rails are laid within less than a mile of the village, the other day a construction train chanced to be near when a special on the C.P.R. passed down and they gave each other a rousing cheer. The K. & P. intersects the C.P.R immediately west of the village and the two run side by side to the station; a trustle bridge crossing a creek has to be passed and it necessitated the widening of this for the K. & P.; until that is completed the K. & P. Locomotives cannot come into the village; but, we expect to see them in about a week. Ballasting is progressing rapidly and we expect complete connection with Kingston before the frost sets in.

Twa gentlemen from Ottawa went recently on a hunting excursion and returned after a week with 18 deer, quite a bag was it not? I see that one of the Townships above here has prohibited deer hunting with dogs and it is high time, because the wholesale slaughter of game in season and out of season bade fair to its utter extermination, as has been the case in other sections. The wanton destruction of game and fish in this region has hitherto been something which if known to the authorities would have awakened their vigilence—for instance: dynamite is much more convenient than hook and line.

We have not heard how our local election protest is, as you say in the province of Quebec it is *en delibere*. Should there be a new election there will be another turmoil after the Scott Act fracas; but I suppose a La Argenteuil we must fight and fight until one party weary the other into striking the colors.

When any news crops up you will know from your

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

A Peculiar Hebrew Tribe.

Between Damascus and Jerusalem there is a tribe of about 3,000 Hebrews, which has been there probably since the beginning of the Christian era. They have neither city nor town, they live in camps. The temple is represented by a more spacious tent. They have never admitted among them a person of different race or religion. Their ordinary language is Hebrew. In their relations with others they speak Arabian. These relations, however, are very few, for they have remained, like the primitive races, exclusively tillers of the soil and warriors. They cultivate the ground, armed from head to foot, always ready to defend their portion of the earth, from which with great difficulty they derive a meagre sustenance. They live on little and are content to thus live in this sort of native country, which they have occupied for centuries.—*Paris Gaulois.*

Exhortation to Simplicity.

No one ever needed inward nourishment, silence, reflection, separation from the world, distrust of self and inclination more than you. You can not practice too rigid a fast from the charms of worldly talk. You must be lowly, become as a little child, seeking only swaddling-clothes and pap, and even then you will be a naughty child!

Talk when you are alone; you can not talk too much then, for it will be to God alone that you will tell your troubles, your needs, and your longings. But in society you can hardly talk too little. It must not be a cold distainful silence, however, but rather a silence full of deference to others. I should be delighted to have you speak only to praise, approve, sympathize, comply; but I am sure that if you speak in this manner only, you will say very little, and that conversation will seem tame to you. Constrain yourself to say a little, to speak simply and modestly, to give the precedence to other speakers, and to preserve recollection even in conversation.

FENELON.

Death of an American Inventor.

Mr. Rufus Porter, the founder of the *Scientific American*, died recently at New Haven, Connecticut, at the ripe age of 93. The deceased was born at West Boxford, Massachusetts, on the 1st May, 1792. The deceased seems, when young, to have been equally inclined to mechanism, music, and painting. During the latter half of his life he devoted himself almost entirely to mechanical construction. The following list of some of the contrivances invented by him during the past 65 years, though not exhaustive, will give some notion of his powers in this respect:—A camera obscura, a revolving almanac, a cord-making machine, a wonderful clock, a steam carriage, a corn-sheller, a churn, a washing machine, a signal telegraph, a fire alarm, a revolving rifle (this patent was sold to Col. Colt), a flying ship, an air blower, a punching-press, a trip-hammer, a pocket-lamp, a pocket-chair, a fog-whistle, a wire-cutter, an engine-lathe, a clothes-drier, a grain-weigher, a spring-pistol, an engine cut-off, a revolving boat, a rotary plough, a reaction wind-wheel, a portable house, a paint-mill, a water-litter, an odometer, a thermo-engine, and a rotary engine.

The Moon's Changes.

If the moon shone by her own light she would always appear to be round, but as she shines by reflecting light, and as part of her bright side is sometimes turned away from us, the shape of the part which we see seems to change. We can only see clearly at any time that half of the moon which the sun shines on. When the moon is traveling around the earth, it comes about exactly between us and the sun, and the half on which the sun shines is turned away from us, and only the dark side is turned toward us. This is "new moon" according to the almanacs. We usually say there is "no moon," at this time, and call it "new moon," when we catch the first gleam of the shining side, as a thin crescent line of light in the evening sky. This crescent grows evening by evening as the moon goes around our earth, until it gets a quarter way round from the sun, and is south of us when the sun goes down. Then we see half of the moon's bright side, or one quarter of the whole of it. It still goes on further and further from the sun until it is on the opposite side from the sun, and rises when the sun goes down. Then its whole bright side is toward us as a full moon. It still goes on around toward the sun through its third quarter, and when three quarters of the way around it shows us only half of its bright side. It then enters its fourth quarter, and goes on until it again gets between us and the sun, and we see only its dark side, if we see it at all, by the light reflected from the earth to it. When the earth is on the line stretching from the sun to the moon the full moon is eclipsed by the earth's shadow; but it is usually not quite in a direct line, but a little above or below it, so that it is not eclipsed. When the moon is between us and the sun it would eclipse the sun, but it usually keeps a little out of the direct line.—*Prairie Farmer.*

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Queen has graciously signified her pleasure to the following Ministerial changes:—The Right Honorable J. G. Dodsor, on being raised to the peerage, retires from the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, to which the Right Honorable G. O. Trevelyan is appointed, with a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Treveiyan is succeed in the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman.

TO SHOE A KICKING HORSE.—A correspondent of the Blacksmith and Wheelright, gives the following: My method of shoeing a kicking horse or mule is as follows: I attach a ring to the tail, tying or braiding it with the hair, and then tie one end of a rope to the ring and buckle a strap around the fetlock with a ring attached to the strap and standing the same as the ring in the tail. I next pass the loose end of the rope down through the ring at the fetlock and thence up through a ring in the side of the shop, or in a post outside. When I pull on the rope the animal is obliged to lift his foot, and is unable to kick. This plan will also place the foot in a good position for shoeing.

Moses Oats says that the present cold spell will extend into the first few days of November, but the remainder of that month will be delightfully warm weather.

Anna Burns, a chambermaid at the Albion hotel, found a pocketbook containing $4,000 in the room of a guest, handed it into the office and received $40 reward for her honesty, from the owner.

The Mudir of Dongola has been created a K. C. M. G.

It is said in Shanghai that China will shortly cede Formosa to France.

The London *Standard's* correspondent with the Nile expedition greatly praises the skill of the Canadian boatmen.

It is reported that the Duke of Edinburgh will shortly receive the command of the North American naval station.

The *Times* advises the lords to pass the franchise bill and then reform the constitution of their own house.

Students at the Worcester, Institute recently brought a professor's horse up two pair of stairs into the chapel, where he greeted his master on the faculty assembling for prayers in the morning.

It is now hoped serious trouble with the Boers will be avoided by the appointment of a British commissioner to aid in defining the boundaries of the Transvaal republic.

The steamer Neptune, which took up the Hudson's Bay exploration expedition, has returned to St. John's, and reports leaving the different exploring parties all well.

The German minister has been instructed to assure England of Germany's good will in the settlement of Egyptian affairs.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

The news of the death of Captain Lonis of the Canadian contigent of voyageurs to the Nile, caused some sensation in the city when it was received, and there was much conjecture as to who the drowned man was. It is generally supposed that the unfortunate voyageur was Captain Lonis, who commands one section of the Caughnawaga Indians. Capt. Lonis is described as a large, portly man of thirty-five years of age, who had the reputation of being one of the best pilots on the St. Lawrence and thoroughly acquainted in aquatic matters, having been piloting and rafting for the past twenty years, not only in Canadian but in American waters. "Capt. Lonis," as he was familiarly called, was a man of extraordinary natural ability and very popular in the tribe. He was related to Chief Jocks, the well known contractor, and received a thorough education at the Upper Canada college and could speak fluently English, French and Indian. He had a strong mechanical turn of mind and from his extensive travel, powers of observation and intelligence was a most agreeable and instructive companion. In more civilized life he might have achieved a distinguished position but he preferred the adventurous career of a pilot and raftsman with its dangers, frolics and variety.—*Gazette.*

A GRAVE SCANDAL.

The sheriff of Prescott and Russell has been convicted of having in broad daylight and in a public place, in the presence of the youth of the village, exposed himself with a woman in the most shameless possible manner. The woman was fined five dollars and the sheriff, *in view of its being his second offence*, was fined $50. Every effort had been made and for some time with success by the Deputy Sheriff, one Wright, to prevent the appearance of witnesses in the case. The Sheriff was, probably, drunk at the time and was doubtless drunk when he committed his previous offence. The shock which such behavior on the part of the lowest outcasts must cause to a whole country side would necessarily be great, but when, so far as we know, the infamous person in and continues to be the sheriff of two counties there is no measuring the degradation that must be felt, and the demoralization that must result.

Jeremiah D. Merrick was appointed to the vacant shrievalty of the united counties of Prescott and Russell by the Government of Ontario some three or four years ago. He is said to have had no connection with the counties and was sent down from Toronto.—*Montreal Witness.*

The Labor of Authorship.

David Livingstone said: "Those who have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors a thousand-fold. I think I would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book."

"For the statistics of the negro population of South America alone," says Robert Dale Owen, "I examined more than a hundred and fifty volumes."

Another author tells us that he wrote paragraphs and whole pages of his book as many as fifty times.

It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks, but that he spent six months in correcting and cutting it down. Bulwer declared that he had rewritten some of his briefer productions as many as eight or nine times before publication. One of Tennyson's pieces was rewritten fifty times. John Owen was twenty years on his, "Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews;" Gibbon on his "Decline and Fall," twenty years; and Adam Clarke on his "Commentary," twenty-six years. Carlyle spent fifteen years on his "Frederick the Great."

A great deal of time is consumed in reading before some book are prepared. George Elliot read one thousand books before she wrote "Daniel Deronda." Alison read two thousand before he completed his history. It is said of another that he read twenty thousand and wrote only two books.

Canadian News.

The Toronto police have arrested eight of the Michipicoten whiskey rioters, and the gang is now thought to be broken up.

Quebec's export to South America this season are estimated at $4,000,000.

The western crop of apples is very heavy this year. Quality good.

The phosphate miners want a lock built on the Livres river, to facilitate the shipment of ore.

George Dingman, a druggist's clerk, has been convicted of manslaughter at London for having used strych due in a prescription for another drug thereby causing the death of two children.

A gunboat has been sent to Metlakatlah, B. C., as a precautionary measure, the Indians there being again excited arising partly from a murder trial and partly from the old trouble caused by Bishop Ridley.

TORONTO, October 30.—About half-past two this afternoon while the water works office was crowded with people paying their quarterly rates, a young man quietly walked behind the partition and made a grab at a pile of bills, amounting in all to about $5,000, lying on the cashier's desk. He succeeded in getting away with two packages of $75 each, which were immediately missed and amidst yells of "stop thief" the clerks rushed out in pursuit. Two constables joined in the hue and cry and after a stern chase the young man was caught. He was taken to the police station where he gave the name of Wm. Bottfield, shoemaker, Montreal. The two packages were found in his possession, besides letters bearing the postmark of Kansas City and St Louis.

United States News.

The Ohio Presbyterian synod laments the increased desecration of the Sabbath and calls for the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

The steamer Rhein, from Bremen, has arrived at New York with the passengers and crew of the burned Maasdam, not one of whom were lost or even injured.

Mr. William F. Storey, proprietor of the Chicago *Times* whose death is announced, had for a year past been mentally and physically helpless. He was one of the best newspaper men of the day. When a young man he learned the printer's trade. After years of hard work as a compositor and newspaper publisher, he went to Chicago about twenty-five years ago and bought the *Times*, then a small sheet of insignificant circulation. He was his own business manager, wrote much editorial matter, supervised every column, and put the paper to press himself. For a long time he slept in his private office and devoted sixteen to eighteen hours a day to the management of his business. He allowed himself a moderate salary, and spent the rest of his income in enlarging his publishing facilities and improving his newspaper. He became noted as one of the most extraordinary newsgatherers in the country. He bought what news there was in the market, no matter what it cost, and often said that whatever was worth printing was worth telegraphing. His incessant labor at last partially broke him down.

A Washington lady, on receiving notice from the cook that she was about to leave, to enter the holy state of matrimony, expressed surprise, adding, "Why I did not even know you had an admirer."—Cook "Oh, yes'm for some time."—Lady "Who is it, Mary?"—Cook: "Can't jes think of his name; but you 'member I tended a fun'ral two weeks ago; it's de corpse's husband!"

"What do you mean by disturbing me at this hour of the night?" asked an Austin doctor angrily of a darky who woke him up at 3 o'clock in the morning. "I jess thought, boss, dat as yer was busy yer didn't hab time to tend to poor folks in de day, so I'owed I'd jess drop in after supper."—Texas Siftings.

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 dizziness, 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 ather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagree ble 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, clammy perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing 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 persevered 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 Druggists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 1 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, 1882.

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 I am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medecine I ever took, and would 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.
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.

St. Mary-street, Peterborough,
November 2nd, 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. 13th, 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,
15th 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 declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. Webb,
Mr. White. Chemist Calne.
September 7th, 1882.

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 "God send to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-De tist,
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.

Foreign News.

During the last ten years Italy has expended $100,000,000 on monster war vessels.

Lord Northbrook recommends that England shall pay the Alexandria indemnity.

There is a rumour in Cairo that the Soudan rebels have captured a British reconnoitering party.

Seven vessels are being hastily prepared to reinforce the French squadron in Chinese waters.

A hurricane has swept over the Bahamas, doing much damage, several ships being lost and the crews drowned.

So far from having 311 grandchildren, as the paragraphers asserts, Sir Moses Montefiore, in fifty years of married life, has had no children at all.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is loaning the distressed fishermen of Southern and Western Ireland money for the purchase of boats and appliances.

The second death among the Canadian boatmen in the Nile expedition is reported; "Captain" Louis (as he is called in the cable despatch) having perished in one of the Nile rapids.

Trustworthy advices have been received that on the 28th of September Khartoum was surrounded by 140,000 rebels, who were preparing to assault the place, which would give an air of probability to the reports current in Cairo bazaars for some days of the capture of the city.

A report comes from Paris giving an account of the alleged defeat and capture of Gen Gordon, after an attempt to evacuate Khartoum. The Imperial authorities however, have no information on the subject.

Among the prominent and most interesting exhibits at the London Health Exhibition was the dairy. The cows were milked in the presence of the spectators; the milk was then put into centrifugal skimmers, and in twenty minutes' time from the time it left the cow the spectator could spread the butter on his bread.

An excessively hard winter, from a business and financial point of view, is looked for throughout Southern Europe, owing to the cholera and failure of corps. The curtailment and stagnation in trade are complained of as unparalleled in Central and Northern Europe, with no immediate prospect of relief in view.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S ILLNESS.

PARIS, October 30.—Sardou recently visited Sarah Bernhardt. She says her nerves are unstrung, and that she is prostrated. Besides artistic cares she is subject to money anxieties. Sardou found her a prey to the most violent excitement, twisting her body and rolling about the carpet, biting the rug and sobbing. He expects she will speedily recover. A magnetizing doctor is the only person now permitted to see her.

The Skye crofters of Scotland, following the example of the tenant farmers and peasantry of Ireland, are fighting tooth and nail for what they conceive are their rights. According to the evidence taken before a Royal Commissioner a few months ago, the position of the crofters is, if possible, worse than that of the Irish. They are little better than serfs. The treatment they are compelled to submit to is oppressive in the extreme. Their surroundings are, poverty, hunger, and misery. The only wonder is that such a high-spirited race, have, for so long a time, tamely endured all these hardships. Now that their blood is up, it is safe to predict that the Scotchmen will never abandon the agitation till they have forced some measure of justice from the landlords.

Desirable Property and Mills FOR SALE.

ATCUSHING, 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 mill 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 dwellinghouse and two acres of garden attached.

Also, a STONE STORE, 3 stories, with Granary, Hangards, 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 operat on 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),
JAMES B. CUSHING,
29-1y. Cushing, P.Q.

J. & A. LOWE

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

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

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Lachute, 18th Sept., 1884.

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR

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

Prepared by the
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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 certainlity, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland Maine

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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.

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FOR SALE.

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The best place in MONTREAL.

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WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
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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NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER V.

To-morrow! I closed my eyes that night in an ecstacy of delight. The calm serenity of the night-skies, the gentle ripple of green leaves, the silver light of the moon, and the dark handsome face of my lover—I dared in my own heart use the word—were with me in my dreams. The song of the nightingales and my lover's voice blended harmoniously, greeting my ears with sweet melody as I dreamed on of the morrow. "Felicia—good night, Felicia!" was the burden of the melody; and its ravishing strains fell soothingly on my senses.

"To-morrow" was come. The sun was gilding the earth with its resplendent rays, the birds carolled their songs of delight, the gentle wind, kissing the flowers, wafted their perfume abroad. Nello was coming to tell me "what it all meant." I knew that one word explained it, and that that word was "love." He was coming. Patience—he would be here soon, and then my life would be crowned by the possession of his love!

I was standing under the spreading cedar boughs, anticipating in thought the happiness that was to be mine, when a letter was brought to me. I had gone thither knowing that he must pass by the spot. The golden sunlight that pierced through the drooping boughs was warm and pleasant. He would stand beside me, and he would tell me "what it all meant." Taking the letter from the bearer, a thrill passed through me. I knew by instinct that the note was from him, I opened it hastily. It ran thus—my first love-letter—

"I had hoped to be with you to-day, Felicia, as I have much to say to you. But I have just received a telegram from my agents in Ireland, and, if I want to save my property there from utter destruction, I must go at once. I shall not be long absent. I hope to be back with you before the nightingales have ceased to sing."

Though the sun was shedding its warmth around, a sudden grey chill fell over everything. All the gold seemed to fade from the sunlight, the perfume to depart from the flowers, the light from the skies, the glory from earth and sea. A mist of passionate tears rose before my eyes as I saw my cup of happiness dashed to the ground. It was not "to-morrow" after all; and I remembered how people always said that to-morrow never came. But he would return. I felt grieved, disappointed, but not fearful. Lady Saxon had often spoken to me of their Irish estate, Locofin, and had expressed a wish that Lionel would sell it. The tenants were always in rebellion against the agent, and she was nervous lest harm should come to her son. He laughed at the idea. He was not afraid of disaffection or open rebellion, so he had gone amongst them; and I——

Well, the summer was not over, the roses had not ceased to bloom. All would come right if I had but the patience to wait. I should soon again see the face I loved so well.

But, notwithstanding my self administered solace, a chill had come over the warm summer day, and I wondered vaguely why I had allowed my own life to be so completely absorbed in his. Why should this terrible dread possess me because he was not with me? And what—oh, the horror of it!—what if he never came back!

An hour afterwards, while I was standing under the cedars a second letter came. It was from Lady Saxon. Brief, but to the point, it ran—

"Come and comfort me, Felicia—I have lost my son again! I want to talk to you about him."

I went at once. Aunt Annette kissed me with a quiet smile. I think she understood more of my affairs than she chose to let me know.

"My son, my son!" That was the burden of Lady Saxon's cry; yet she was not sorry that he had gone to Ireland, for she firmly believed in his ability to allay the anger aroused against his agent. "When the people see him, they will be sure to love him," she argued with motherly pride. "There could be no better cure for disaffection than seeing and conversing with my son."

And when the day was over she walked with me to the end of the drive.

"You have comforted me greatly, Felicia," she said. "What should I do without you? I wish you were my own daughter."

A few moments afterwards she added—

"Oh, Felicia, I should be the happiest woman in the whole wide world if Nello fell in love with you, and you agreed to marry him! I wonder, if he asked you to be his wife, whether you would say 'Yes'? I almost think you would."

I could laugh happily at the words, knowing what he had whispered to me.

"My daughter Felicia," she murmured when I had taken my seat in the pony-carriage—"fair as the sweetest flower that blows."

And with those pleasant words ringing in my ears I hastened home.

The last rays of the setting sun were falling over Jesmond Dene as I drew near; a golden light lingered on the distant sea, on the pine-wood, on the rushing river, on the green pastures and the picturesque pile of buildings which I had learned to love so well. No warning of coming tempest came to me; no shadow lay on the lovely Dene: no presentiment of coming evil possessed me, but there at the great entrance door, looking pale and anxious, stood my aunt Annette.

She held out her hands to me as I ascended the flight of marble steps.

"Welcome home, my dear!" she said; but there was a strange ring in her voice, and a troubled look was on her face. "You look tired, Felicia," she continued; "you must have a glass of wine. Come in here with me."

Somewhat to my surprise, she led the way into one of the small drawing-rooms that we seldom used, and stood by in silence while I drank the wine.

"There is a little surprise for you, Felicia," she began in a trembling voice. "Mr. Benson is here."

Mr. Benson was the family solicitor, and had for many years been intrusted with the management of the Jesmond affairs. Sir William had the most implicit faith in him. "Benson says so!" was affirmation strong enough for anything. Benson had advised him with all his investments; Benson had drawn up the will which made me, in consequence of Paul's death, heiress of Jesmond Dene; Benson had brought us down to the Dene, and had remained with us a whole week, instructing me in my new duties, and teaching me much of which I had previously been quite ignorant. It was he who had approved all my plans for building, and who had told me that I could not spend Sir William's hoarded thousands in a better fashion.

I felt no alarm at hearing that he had come, even though it was suddenly and without notice. I was much troubled about aunt Annette, for she seemed so unlike herself.

"He came soon after you had gone to Dunroon," she went on nervously. "He wanted me to send for you, but I thought you should have one more happy day."

"Mr Benson would never make me unhappy," I laughed. "He is always the bearer of good news to me."

She looked at me wistfully.

"Mr. Benson desires a long talk with you on business matters," she explained. "You had better defer it until after dinner."

"I will do that with pleasure," I answered little imagining the nature of the business.

Had I been less engrossed in my own love story, I should have known from Mr Benson's nervous hesitating manner that something of more than usual importance was amiss. While I was talking to the grave old lawyer, while I was dining with him, I was in fancy looking into my absent lover's face and listening to the notes of the nightingales.

"Can you spare an hour this evening," inquired Mr. Benson; "or shall I defer my business until the morning?"

It appeared to me that he was not unwilling to defer it. I had never seen him so unlike himself—confused, hesitating, glancing at me strangely, beginning a speech, then ending abruptly.

I said to him at last—

"You are not well, Mr Benson."

"No, I am in great distress," he answered.

"In distress!" It was such a strange confession for him to make. 'In distress!" I repeated. "You are not ill, I hope? You have not met with any misfortune?"

"I am not ill, and the misfortune that depresses me is not mine," he said.

"Not yours!' I exclaimed; and his grave manner gave an additional significance to his words.

"The fact is," he continued, looking at me, "I have, for the first time in my professional life, made a terrible mistake."

I could only repeat the words, "A terrible mistake!"

"It is not often that lawyers do that," he said. "They are generally very cautious. I fear that in this particular business I have been neither. A lawyer," he continued, "above all men, should well consider every step he takes. In this one case I did not."

He was talking to a girl whose whole soul vibrated to the music of the nightingales and the sound of her lover's voice; and even those words, portentous as they were, did not startle her.

"Yet," he continued, "I cannot see how I could have helped it, or how I am to blame, though blame must lie somewhere."

"It does not lie with you, I feel sure," I said, with a faint attempt at consolation, and as a proof of my confidence in his legal acuteness.

"The worst of it," he continued, "is that the mistake I have made affects you."

"Then," I said, "it can be easily remedied." For, in my ignorance, I did not think there could be any mistake made which would seriously affect me.

"I am afraid," he went on disregarding my interposition, "it will be a terrible blow to you. You seem so happy here."

"I am very happy here—indeed it would be impossible for any one to be happier," I replied.

"You remember the terms of Sir William's will, Miss Gordon?" he continued.

I answered that I remembered them well.

"The whole estate descended to his son Paul. The title is hereditary; the estate is not. If Paul married and had children, it went to them. If he died unmarried, it became yours."

"Yes; and it is mine, thank Heaven!" I said.

"So I thought. Heaven knows I thought so," he answered; "but, Miss Gordon, it appears that Paul was married. He has left a widow and an only son."

CHAPTER VI.

The lawyer's words fell like poisoned arrows on my heart. Paul had left a widow and an only son! That meant that I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene—that the splendid inheritance I had planned to do so much good with had slipped from my grasp.

There was silence between us for some time—a silence fraught with unutterable horror to me. Mr. Benson broke it at last.

"I blame myself," he said. "I ought to have made enquiries, and have been satisfied beyond the possibility of a doubt that Paul Jesmond had not married; I ought to have ascertained that before helping to place you in possession. I am afraid it is a terrible blow to you," he added.

"Yes, it is," I replied—so great a blow that I cannot at present realize it. It has stunned me."

"It stunned me," said Mr. Benson, "I was for many hours quite unable to comprehend the result of this deplorable blunder. Now I see plainly enough what I ought to have done. I should have written to India for further information before you were formally installed as mistress of Jesmond Dene."

"It would have been better," I said mechanically. "You are quite sure that there is no mistake now?" I added.

"No, everything is too well authenticated for that. There is no mistake this time. I—I cannot tell you how grieved I am—how I blame myself; but there had never been any word of Paul's marriage. He had not mentioned it, and it seems to have been but little known, even among his friends in the Army. You bear the blow well, Miss Gordon."

Nevertheless, bravely as I bore this crushing reverse of fortune, it was a terrible blow to me. For a time it had banished the cherished memory of my lover's face. But slowly it began to return, and I took heart once more. The first thought that presented itself clearly to my mind was this—that, if he loved me, change of fortune would not affect him; and whilst I possessed his love nothing on earth could affect me. By degrees hope seemed to come back to my heart, the color to my face, clear thought to my brain. Then I realized that I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene, and that I must give way to my cousin's little son, I confess, between smiles and tears, that the very words "My cousin's little son," softened and warmed my heart to the child as nothing else could have done, and robbed the blow of half its bitter sting. My cousin's little son—the son of the bright-faced handsome lad who had been so kind to me in my girlhood, who had kissed me, and had promised to marry me when he had seen the world! He had married some one else, and I must give way to his child, the rightful heir to Jesmond Dene. Still my heart warmed to him for my dead cousin's sake.

"As you will remember," continued Mr. Benson, "there was no cordiality between father and son. Sir William liked to save money; Paul enjoyed spending it. The father's miserly ways made home hateful to the son. They quarrelled fiercely before they parted, and I should imagine from the tone of the letters that passed between them that they were never on friendly terms again. Sir William refused him an allowance for some time, so deeply rooted was his anger. He afterwards relented; but by that time the young man's heart was hardened. I know that Sir William wrote to him several times on the subject of marriage, urging him to take great care not to be so foolish as to fall in love—that he must not marry until he returned to England, and then he was to marry a wealthy woman. Money was to be his first consideration. Sir William told me all about these letters. He added also that he had never received an answer to them. "That accounts," remarked Mr. Benson, "for the young fellow's silence about his marriage. There is no doubt he believed implicitly that, if his father knew of it, he would disinherit him and leave him penniless, for he married much beneath him; his wife having no dowry except a beautiful face."

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Her name was Gabrielle Fairfax," he replied, "and she was living in the family of Major Esmond as governess to his children—a very unusual thing in India; but the Esmond children were strong and healthy, and their parents did not care to part with them. She was a most beautiful and a very good girl, so Colonel Brownlow tells me, clever and accomplished, belonging to a respectable English family. She had, of course, no fortune, and no prospect of ever possessing any. Paul Jesmond fell in love with and married her. No one knew of the marriage, except Major Esmond and his wife. Paul dared not let it be known, lest his father should hear of it. He never spoke of it, even to his most intimate friends; but he told Major Esmond that when he returned to England he should take his wife straight to Jesmond Dene, and trust to her lovely face to win him his father's forgiveness. Miss Gordon, I can hear in fancy his cheery young voice saying, 'When my father sees her, he will relent.' He was always sanguine, poor Paul!"

"I knew that—my bright-faced handsome cousin!" Mr. Benson went on—

"He rented a pretty little house on the Neilgherry Hills for his wife, and they lived happily for two years no one guessing his secret. A son was born there; and Paul Jesmond who knew the importance of that son's birth, took the precaution of having it properly registered, and of keeping a copy of the registration. The child was christened by the resident chaplain, who, in his turn, faithfully kept the promise of secrecy that he had given. Paul took yet another precaution, which, for one so habitually careless as himself, seems to me somewhat remarkable. He gathered together the needful papers—his certificate of marriage, and the certificate of his son's birth—and placed them together, with a long letter to his father, telling him all the story of his marriage, and begging, if anything happened to him, that he would be kind to his wife and child."

"'Let little Guy succeed me,' he wrote. "Do not visit the offences of the father on the son. However faulty I may have been, do not disinherit my boy. My marriage may displease you, but you will forgive me when you see my wife's face. And she is as good as she is beautiful. I loved her with all my heart. There comes to me, father, at times a presentiment that I shall die young. If I do, be kind to my wife and child. Let my wife have the honor that falls to the widowed ladies of Jesmond Dene, and let my son succeed to the estate. I am your only son, you will not refuse my prayer. I am writing this, so that, should anything happen to me, my wife may bring it in her hands to you, and you, in your turn, will do justice to her."

"So runs the letter, Miss Gordon."

By this time my eyes were full of tears, and I had begun to forget my own troubles, and to think only of the handsome bright eyed lad who had loved me when I was a child, and of his little son.

"It appears," continued Mr. Benson, that Paul fell ill very suddenly with one of those terrible malignant fevers so common in the East. He had been appointed to some slight military command where he would be detained three months. The name of the place to which he was sent, and where he died, was Faizabad. As a matter of course, he bade farewell to his wife, she knowing that the separation would be for three months; and during that time, not having expected to hear from him, she was not anxious about him. His comrade on the fatal expedition was Captain Archie Hartigan, who was by his side when he died. It seems that on the day before his death, while some little consciousness still remained, Paul placed a small package in Captain Hartigan's hands, with these words, "find out my wife, and give her this to take to my father.' Captain Hartigan intended to fulfil the commission at the earliest moment; but, even before his friend was laid at rest, he himself was stricken down with the same fever, and lay for some time hovering between life and death. Other officers were Faizabad, and for many weeks the package left by Captain Jesmond was not delivered. The first thing that Captain Hartigan did, when restored to health, was to go to Colonel Brownlow and gave him Paul's message—'Find out my wife, and give her this to take home to my father.' The Colonel declared that Captain Jesmond had never married. He made the fullest possible inquiries, but could obtain no confirmation of any such marriage. None of Paul's brother officers knew anything of it. Major Esmond did not belong to the same regiment; and unfortunately just at that time he was away on military business, so that there was no one to throw any light upon the matter. But, when Major Esmond returned, and heard what had happened, he went at once to Colonel Brownlow, and told him the whole story. The Colonel was not very well pleased, and blamed Major Esmond for having connived at a secret marriage of a young officer. Then Captain Hartigan was sent to find the young wife, so soon widowed, and to communicate to her the intelligence of her husband's death. He found her with her infant son. She was beautiful as a dream, and good as she was fair. Her distress was terrible when she learnt the bad news, for it appears that she had dearly loved her husband. At first she refused to believe that he was dead; and then she declined to go home to England. She wanted to be left alone to die in peace where he had left her. It was represented to her how greatly such a course would injure the prospects of the boy, who on his grandfather's death would in all probility become Sir Guy Jesmond and master of Jesmond Dene. For the child's sake she consented to do what she would never have done for her own—return to England, to see her husband's father. She would not however, accept any escort, though Colonel Brownlow would have placed her under the protection of an officer and his wife who were shortly returning to England. Mrs. Esmond implored her to take a maid; but she would not; she would travel alone, her only companion being her fatherless boy. Colonel Brownlow gave her the precious package, and she sailed from Calcutta in the *Caspian Queen*, and reached London safely."

"Reached London!" I exclaimed. "Then she is near—quite near?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer gravely. "The news of Sir William's death was not known in the regiment when she left, and Colonel Brownlow, understanding that I was the family solicitor, advised her to come straight to me. She did not do so, but allowed a fortnight to elapse, and then she came."

"Then you have seen her?" I cried.

"Yes," he answered, "I have seen her;" and the old lawyer was strangely silent after that.

"What about her?" I asked eagerly. "What do you think of her?"

"She is simply the most beautiful woman I ever beheld," he replied.

"And good as beautiful?" I asked again.

"I could not judge; she was not with me very long—though long enough to convince me that her claims are valid and legal. She is Lady Jesmond, and her son is Sir Guy."

"Heaven bless my cousin's little son, Sir Guy!" I managed to say, although my eyes were blinded with tears.

"I am glad, I am thankful that you bear it so well," said Mr. Benson, "I have never felt so anxious or so unhappy in my life as I have felt over this unfortunate business. But who would have thought that Paul would marry entirely for beauty, and then hide his wife in the Neilgherry Hills!" I do not know what would have been the result of this match if Sir William had lived."

"You say Paul married her entirely for her beauty; surely he must have loved her!"

"Yes, there is no doubt he did," he replied. Still there was a significant hesitation in his manner.

"You do not like her!" I said, divining, as I believed, his true thoughts. I put the question so suddenly that he had no time to think before he answered.

"No—indeed I do not," with an air of great relief. "But she will be here to-morrow, Miss Gordon. She would not come with me, but it was arranged that she should follow me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Sermon Spoiled.

"What seems to be the matter?" he asked, mildly, as they were returning from church: "didn't you enjoy the sermon?"

"Enjoy the sermon?" she repeated, shortly, "and that odious Mrs. Smith sitting directly in front of me with a new fall wrap on that never cost a cent less than $125. You must think I have a very warm religious temperament."

Increase of Wealth.

An English statistician maintains that the daily increase of wealth in the United States is upward of $25,000,000, or about $838,000,000 a year, which is one-third as much as the increase in wealth as the whole of the rest of the world. England, whose increase of wealth is next to our own, makes only a profit on all her business of $300,000,000 a year, or but a little over a third of our own.

FOREIGN ECHOES.

An Underground Railway in Paris Mormon Missionaries in Calcutta—Wine from Raisins—Publ Instruction in Italy, &c., &c.

After twelve years agitation, a concession has been signed for an underground railway in Paris.

There have recently been two trials of the navigability of the canal from St. Petersburg to the sea, which is to be formally opened by the emperor before long.

The original Eddystone lighthouse—the work of Smeaton—has been erected on the Hoe, at Plymouth, and a formal opening of it by Trinity house officials recently took place.

The fund being raised in England for a memorial to the late Dr. Pusey now amounts to over $151 500. Canon Liddon has recently put his name down for a second donation of $2,500.

A party of Mormon missionaries has lately arrived in Calcutta. The leader is an elderly Englishman, who has spent many years in Utah, and one of his companions is a son of the notorious Orson Pratt. This is not the first occasion on which efforts have been made to obtain converts to the Mormon faith in that city.

Impecunious noblemen and gentry in England find disposing their ancestral libraries the most convenient way of raising money. The example of the dukes of Marlborough and Hamilton is to be followed by Sir John Thorold, who in December proposes to bring to the hammer the valuable library of Syston hall, in Lincolnshire.

An idea of the consumption of ice in Germany may be formed from the fact that in Stettin alone, since the beginning of the year, upwards of fifty thousand tons of ice from Sweden and Norway were imported in 116 steamers and sailing vessels. From eleven marks a ton, the price has latterly risen to twenty-four marks, and is likely to go still higher, in consequence whereof the manufacture of artificial ice is attracting much attention.

The islands of Mauritius and Reunion, in the Indian Ocean, which are 115 miles apart, are to have telegraphic communication with each other by means of signals flashed from the mountain tops. The instrument adopted for the purpose is the heliotrope, a small mirror which is used in trigonometrical surveying. The population of the two islands is 400,000, and, as Mauritius is about being connected by cable with all parts of Europe and Asia, the heliotrope will include Reunion in the system. The sun telegraph, which has already been tested, will be useful in transmitting intelligence from one island to the other of the approach of cyclones, which are common and very destructive there.

The number of works sent in to the Royal academy this spring reached the enormous total of 8,093, an increase of 811 over last year. Of these only 761 were unreservedly accepted by the council. 2,116 being classed as doubtful, and 5,216 entirely rejected. In the end as many as 1 856 works were exhibited, and of these 1,656 were sent in by outsiders, the members of the academy being represented by a sum total of only 202 works. This total included 166 painting, 23 pieces of sculpture, 9 architectural drawings, 4 engravings, as against 906 paintings, 263 water color drawings, 169 pieces of sculpture, 135 architectural drawings, 47 miniatures and enamels, 58 crayon drawings, and 97 engravings, all from the hands of non-members of the Royal academy.

One of the industries of thrifty France is the making of wine from raisins, which is carried on especially at Marseilles, Cette, Bordeaux, and Bercy. About seventy thousand tons of raisins are imported into France from the neighboring high countries and Syria, costing nearly $7,500,000. By softening into water, and the addition of sugar and alcohol, a harmless wine is produced, of which no less than three million hectoliters are made. Another dodge is to treat the settlings, the residuum of the native harvests of Spain, Portugal, Sicily, etc., with sugar, alcohol, and water, and make from the compound what is called "second vat" wines. Thus France, in spite of phylloxera, retains her position as the greatest wine-exporting country in the world.

An improved electric railway about 4½ miles long, and 39 inches gauge is now in operation between the cities of Frankfort and Offenbach, the time being about 25 minutes. The four dynamo-electric machines are driven by two steam engines of 125 horse power each. In connection with the cables which conduct the current of electricity, a switch is provided to regulate and direct it. The conductors consist of tubes slitted along their entire length at the bottom and insulated on poles like telegraph wires. A small cylinder slides or runs in the tubes, and from this a conductor connects the car and the dynamo. The use of this conductor prevents interruptions and cut-outs, which are caused by frosts and moisture when the carriage runs on a conductor, as in the Berlin Lichterfelde Electric Railway.

Great excitement was caused a few days ago on the Thames embankment by the chase of a porpoise up the river by men armed with rifles on board a steam-tug. The porpoise was a large and lively specimen, and gave his pursuers some trouble. He was three times fired at near Westminster bridge, the last shot evidently taking effect, as he gave a tremendous leap under one of the arches on the Lambeth side and then disappeared in deep water, the ebb running down very rapidly at the time. Only a day or two previous a porpoise was seen beyond Chelsea bridge, and several have lately been seen within the mouth of the river. A female porpoise, in fine condition, measuring four feet six inches, weight fifty-six pounds, was caught the day before off Sufferance and Providence wharves, Belvedere road, by a lighterman, who succeeded in hooking it with his hitcher.

The Russians are reducing their army expenditure by $4,500,000 per annum. According to the *Moscow Gazette*, this economy is to be brought about by extending the time of service and decreasing the annual number of recruits. Instead of the 260,000 recruits serving respectively three years for infantry and four years for cavalry, it was decided at the last meeting of the commission charged with the consideration of the subject: 1. To reduce the Caucasian regiments and the whole reserve forces in times of peace so as to diminish the standing army by 100,000 men. 2. To fix the period of service at five years for infantry and artillery and six years for cavalry. 3. To settle the annual contingent of recruits at 190,000 men serving a period of from five to six years, and at 44,000 men serving for nine months, which will diminish the annual levy of recruits by 25 000 men. If the annual cost of a recruit, is put at $45, this reduction will save more than $4 500,000 per annum.

The Italian government has recently published some figures on the subject of public instruction in Italy. The budget of public instruction has risen from 16 300,000 francs in 1871 to 130,400,000 francs in 1883; the number of schools from 21,358 in 1811 to 42,510 in 1881; and the number of pupils in the same period from 1,008,674 to 1,928,700. There are, moreover, 701 gymnasiums or secondary schools with 3,674 professors and 41,124 scholars, and having a five years' course of study. Above the gymnasiums, again, are colleges to the number of 298, with 1,601 professors and 11,133 students, and a course of study lasting three years. In addition, there are 383 technical schools, with an attendance of 22,120. Lately, the Royal universities, 18 in number, registered in 1881 10,592 students, the two most important being those of Turin with 1,651 students, and Naples with 2,851 students. There have still to be added 21 high schools independent universities, instructing all together 1,948 scholars.

The French Hair Trade Affected by War with China.

The troubles in China are unfavorably affecting one of the most important minor industries of Marseilles, and may interfere with female heads all over Europe in a way their owners little expect. China has ceased to send hair to France, whether because its export has been interdicted by authority or because Chinese dealers in the article are too patriotic to deal with their enemies, has not yet been ascertained. The Iraouady, which arrived in August from Hong Kong, brought only three bales of this interesting merchandise, and the Sindh, which arrived last month, brought but a single case.

Marseilles is the principal human hair market in Europe. The imports average 80 000 kilogrammes (about 80 tons), of which fully one half come from China. For the rest Italy supplies 22,000, Cochin China 1 347, the English East Indies 2,000, Japan 538 Algeria 431, Turkey 98, Austria 57, and Spain 13 kilogrammes. Thus China, Cochin China, and Japan furnish a greater quantity than Italy, which was formerly the sole source of supply.

As education extends it becomes increasingly difficult to persuade young women in Europe to part with their tresses. The only parts of France where any can still be procured are Brittany and France. The trade has grown enormously. In 1865 the imports into Marseilles were no more than 17 000 kilogrammes, but since "plaits" came into vogue the demand for hair has created not alone a large commerce, but an important industry. There is something almost appalling in the idea of eighty tons of perukes, plaits, and false fronts, France, however, profits by it, and wigs all the world—certainly all the women in central Europe. This is proved by a curious and suggestive calculation. Marseilles reserves for his own consumption 3 000 kilogrammes, of which 300 are made into pesukes for men and 2,700 into postiches for women. Now as one kilogramme of hair makes on the average ten coiffors, it is evident that the sale of postiches must be at the rate of 27,000 a year, and as a postiche lasts three years, it follows further that 84 000 women in Marseilles—presently nearly the whole of the female adult population—must be wearers of false hair in one shape or another.

Applying the like rule to the balance of the hair imported into Marseilles we find that after deducting the same proportion for the wigs of men, there remains for the use of the fair sex in France and elsewhere 70 000 kilogrammes—equal to an annual sale of 600 000 postiches. Hence the number of women who procure their false hair directly or indirectly from Marseilles must be upward of two millions. But as Marseilles, though the great mart, is not the only place to which human hair is consigned, there are probably many more bewigged women in Europe than these figures denote.

Prince Bismarck's Fish Preserves.

Prince Bismarck has been going in strongly for artificial pisciculture during the last three years at Friedrichsruhe, and every stream and lake on or near his estate is now well stocked with fish. The Prince has an extensive breeding establishment at Grunde, near Friedrichsruhe, from which 10,000 young trout have lately been sent out to neighboring waters. He obtained a large stock of trout from the celebrated ponds at Wolfsbrunnen, near Heidelberg, which are, or at least which ought to be, well known to many of my readers.

Paying for Value Received.

"How much did Mr. Smith give you at his wedding?" asked a minister's wife of her husband.

"Two dollars."

"Well, that's a very insignificant sum for a rich man like Mr. Smith to pay for such a service."

"It does seem a small amount," he replied, "but you must remember that he has been married before."

An Honest Beggar.

A benevolent lady investigated the wants of some professional beggars the other day.

"Where is the blind man?" she asked of a little girl she met at the door of the tenement-house.

"He's readin' der paper, mum."

"Ah! And where is the deaf man?"

"He's talkin' politics wid de butcher."

"And what has become of the paralytic?"

"He's abed, mum."

"Well, that's strange. He ought to be running a race," replied the lady, sarcastically. "He's the only honest beggar in the building. Why is he in bed?"

"Because he's dead mum."

Loss of Flesh and Strength.

with poor appetite, and perhaps slight cough in morning, or on first lying down at night, should be looked to in time. Persons afflicted with consumption are proverbially unconscious of their real state. Most cases commence with disordered liver, leading to bad digestion and imperfect assimilation of food—hence the emaciation, or wasting of the flesh. It is a form of scrofulous disease, and is curable by the use of that greatest of all blood cleansing, anti-bilious and invigorating compounds, kuown as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

"This is the fast line," remarked a tired passenger on a train which had waited on a switch about half an hour. "Yes," replied another, "it seems to be fast now."

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Love is blind, very blind—when the girl is rich.

How to Save Money

and we might also say—time and pain as well, in our advice to housekeepers and ladies generally. The great necessity existing always to have a perfectly safe remedy convenient for the relief and prompt cure of the ailments peculiar to woman—functional irregularity, constant pains, and all the symptoms attendant upon uterine disorders—induces us to recommend strongly and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"—woman's best friend. It will save money.

"Confidence is a plant of slow growth." If this were true, the banko steerer would not be so successful as he appears to be.

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.

The Venetian gondolier has a peculiar way of tying up his craft; in fact, it is the moor of Venice.

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 also 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.*

Then Tell It.

To the victim of pains and aches no tidings can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's NERVILINE exactly fills the bill. Nerviline cures rheumatism. Nerviline cures cramps. Nerviline cures headache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for internal or external pains. Trial bottles costing only 10c. may be had at any drug store. Buy one and test it. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25c., at all druggists. Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

The lad who was pounded by another lad to whom he owed a cent, now declares the other fellow was "penny wise and pound foolish."

What! Limping Yet!

Why should you go limping around when PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR will remove your corns in a few days. It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, and painless.

Economy may be wealth, but it is not always a good thing to draw sight drafts on.

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.
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DREADFUL MURDER IN RUSSIA.

Six People Cruelly Butchered—The Murderers Escape.

The *Novoe Vremya* publishes some details of a frightful tragedy recently committed in the parish of Balakovo, on the left bank of the Volga, and in the government of Saratoff. The victims are six in number—viz., a merchant's widow named Krasilnikoff, her two children, a seamstress, a man-servant, and a coachman. The murderous band was apparently acting upon a full knowledge of the house and personnel of the family. The third youngest child, which usually slept with the seamstress, was given by the latter on the evening of the murder to the cook, who slept in the kitchen. The cook and this child, an infant at the breast, were the only two of the household who escaped the premeditated general butchery. All the members of the household were asleep when the robbers and assassins scaled the courtyard wall. With an evident foreknowledge of the place, they proceeded to the coach-house, where the coachman was sleeping. The latter appears to have made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately dispatched. The murderers then ascended to the roof of the house and entered by a skylight. Mme. Krasilnikoff, the two elder children, and the seamstress slept in separate rooms on the upper story, and were murdered simultaneously. In the case of the seamstress a bill-hook or chopper appears to have been the weapon used. The man servant, who slept on the ground floor, and the cook with the child in the kitchen, were awakened by the cries above. The cook, with the infant in her arms, rushed out to arouse the coachman, but only to find his mangled corpse, and, being too terrified either to return to the house or to fly to the village, she concealed herself, and managed to still the cries of the infant. The man-servant, immediately following the cook's flight from the house, was cut down on the threshold. The murderers then made a search for the missing cook and child, but failed to discover the place of their concealment. After pillaging the house the murderers locked the door and left. The terrified cook raised an alarm, and messengers were dispatched to the police, who only arrived late the following forenoon, when, of course, the murderers had made good their escape.

Dispensing with Bridesmaids.

There has been a great deal of talk lately among the fashionables as to whether it is the correct thing for a bride to be attended to the altar by a string of bridesmaids, and also if the uncompromising back coat of the usher should be longer permitted to obstruct the view. There certainly has been a tendency displayed in recent marriages in Philadelphia to dispense with bridesmaids, and several reasons have been given by the brides. A pertinent one is that it is such an expense to a girl to find a handsome dress, which, as a rule, can only be worn on one occasion—at the wedding. A bridesmaid's frock is seldom of any use as a ball dress, and anybody who has not cold the picturesque group of maidens who follow after the ushers would hardly care to see young ladies attired in that fashion on the streets.—[Philadelphia Press.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. VIII. LACHUTE, QUE., FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 1884. NO. 11

A NAMELESS ROMANCE.

I have a leisure hour to spend now and then, and I spend it in rambling round the the city where I dwell. Perhaps some of you may think this is poor enjoyment, but it does not seem so to me. True, were I young and rich, I might seek my pleasures farther afield—on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, or in the gay gardens of France. I might bask more in the smile of gentle dames, forgetting my loneliness, as one forgets in the sunshine that only a moment before the sky hung black with clouds. But I am neither young nor rich; and even if I were, it seems to me that no place in the world could ever be so dear as those lanes and meadows I love so well.

Yes: I am old now, and chilly sometimes at night when the fire gets low, wearing a great coat even on the summer days, and shivering often when the zephyrs fan my face. But I am kept young by my love for nature; I woo her as amorously as ever maid was wooed by swain, and she is not afraid to press her rosy lips to mine, yellow and withered as they are, and to twine her lovely arms round my neck. I love her for her hopefulness, for her inexhaustible store of youth. Everywhere with love she rebukes poor mortals for sitting down sad with folded hands, and with a glad voice bids them be up and doing. She is irrepressible. You may crush her down with stony hand and plaster over every vestige of her beauty, and then say to yourself, in pride of heart, 'I have made a city, a place for commerce and traffic, and pleasure and sorrow;" and, yet, turn your back for an instant, lo! a little blade of grass comes up between the stones of the causeway and laughs in your very face. We may build our houses up story upon story, with the dingy attic at the top, for women's hearts to break in, and the squalid court beneath in which little children may get their first taint of sin; but a gleam of sunshine will day after day work its way down to the very centre of the filth and squalidness, and a rose will bud and bloom in some poor man's window, blushing back with pleasure into the face of its kindly keeper.

Then think how charitable she is, how slow to return an insult, how cheerfully she bears an affront. I often think—though, of course, it is but the vagary of an old dreamer—that those who build up masses of brick and mortar would be well repaid if nature left a sterile belt round their work, a belt gray and cold as their own walls. But no! She takes no such revenge as this. Long before the city smoke has mingled with the clouds, or the hum of city life died away, we come on patches of green, smiling us a welcome; on trees, too, sprouting forth in beauty, or draped with leaves and flowers nodding to us in a grave and stately way, as if to show that they at least bear no grudge, and are prepared to be friendly in spite of all rebuffs. Ruminating thus, many a lesson have I learned on charity and forgiveness.

Nor are my rambles unromantic, though the scenes are no longer strange. Every house and farm has become familiar to me. I have seen a generation or two of cowboys develop into ploughmen, wed themselves to rosy dairymaids, and go their ways. I have beguiled idle hours in weaving webs of fancy round their married lives, listening for the merry laughter of children in their cottages, and watching for the glad light of love on many a mother's face. And as with men and women so with things. The old castle with its turreted walls and secret passages has furnished me much food for thought. I have recalled in fancy the noble men and fair women who used to tread its halls, their courtly, gallant ways, their feasts and tournaments: and as I stand in the chambers, girt with gray stone and canopied by heaven, I can see the coats of mail still on the walls, and hear through the mist of years the voice of some gay warrior recounting his triumphs in the field. And many a story, too, have I heard from the rustic people about the whole gray house which stands in the hollow among the trees. You see, I am old enough to pat the comely maidens on the shoulder without exciting the ire of their brawny lovers, and to chat, too, with impunity to the buxom matrons in the cottages while their husbands sit smoking by the fireside. And thus it was that I heard the story of the Old House in the Hollow. I had often wondered if it did not contain a secret, so silent was it, so forbidding in aspect, with its old porch black with age, and its windows stained and weather beaten. It looked so grim, that I used to think it, too, must have witnessed deeds of blood, and taken the best way to avoid detection by standing for evermore in gloomy silence. It stood among thick foliage, so thick, that even on a summer day but a stray sunbeam or two rested on its blackened walls, wavering and timorous, as if scared at their bravery in venturing so far. The carriage road from the gate to the door had faded out of sight, and there was nothing around but grass heavy and dark-coloured, with the weeds that grew among it. The woman in the cottage not far off was glad enough to give me the key of the rusty iron gate which admitted to the grounds, and there I used to wander more from curiosity than pleasure. But I always felt morbid under the old trees; and the grass, too, was thick and rank, that it was like walking over deserted graves.

In that old garden, said the villagers, a lady in a white mantle used to walk among the trees, and look with yearning glance towards the windows of the old house. There I have waited for her, but she never came; for, through habit, I have fallen into believing the stories I hear. Perhaps the sunshine frightened her away; perhaps, from long living in the shades, her eyes had grown too weak to bear the light; perhaps she cared not that strangers should share her grief, and wished to mourn there alone with the darkness for her friend and the winds sighing comfort to her among the trees. Whatever the reason was, I never met her face to face in that gloomy hollow. Yet, although she was so fair and young, the older villagers could not tell her tale without a shudder; and though the lads and lasses laughed aloud, yet it was a wavering uncertain laugh, which died on their lips and left a silence all the more profound.

Forty years had passed since the oaken door creaked on its hinges to admit the master and his fair young bride; and a year later, it had closed on her as they bore her away to sleep in the churchyard, to the grave that had proved too small for her wandering restless spirit. On that day, cold, and with a drizzling, chilling rain, the small cortege passed through the gate, a man talking behind, with head bent and eyes set on the ground, his face calm, but chill and gray as the sky. And if the curious one had turned his eyes on the house he would have seen, at an upper window, a woman's figure, clad in mourning, with head bent, intently watching the pall bearers as they wound along the muddy road. Had the curious one stared to look closer, he might have seen the flash of triumph in her eyes—dark, flashing, coal-black eyes—as she watched the tall bent figure walk behind with such a weary, listless step. But soon a turn in the road hid the company from view, and the window was empty again.

One year had sufficed to darken the brightness of that fair young life. Did it ever strike you, reader, that some men and women seem to have had a sunlight bath before entering this world, so destined are they to make everything around them pure and good; while others, wafted from the regions of gloom, cast all around them the shadow of death? Into this baleful darkness had the young bride fallen, and in it her spirit had been quenched. She loved her husband truly, that tall, bronzed man, who had come from the Indies to woo her in the sunny lanes of her own England. Right glad too, had she been to become mistress of his old home. For months, no spot had come on their home picture. He was happy in his treasure; she, too, in her simple life in the village, where, from her kindness, she already was receiving the homage due to a queen. But one day, when the snow was on the ground and the flowers were dead, a woman came to the Old House in the Hollow. She was dark, and radiantly beautiful with the beauty that blossoms under western skies. She neither asked nor received leave to stay as a member of the family circle in the old house, but there was no one to oppose her action. The master was her cousin, she said; and even as she spoke, the gleam in her eyes gave her words the lie. Yet he said nothing, for suddenly he had grown silent and cold, avoiding even the wistful, questioning glances of his wife.

The shadow spread slowly over the house, up the staircases, into the nooks and corners of the rooms, laying its black hand now on this and now on that, but nowhere so strongly as on the heart of the young mistress. Her rippling laughter changed to sighs, her bright smiles were replaced by downcast looks; she passed from summer to winter with no mellowing autumn days to make the change less sad. It was not that the woman who had come so strangely, sought the love of her husband, or in any other way attempted to dispel the sunshine of her life; she simply dwelt with them, nay, was friendly enough at times; but the dark dress which she wore, and the masses of dark hair which at times she would let fall about her shoulders, seemed indicative of the morel cloud which was slowly gathering over their lives. The lily drooped day by day for want of sunlight. She became morbid, nervous, full of strange and wayward fancies. She thought the love of her husband was dead; and she took to dressing herself in her wedding garb, to try if by that strange way she might make it live again. Clad in the soft lustrous satins—in which as a happy bride she had blushed and smiled in the little English church but a few months before—she would pace her room for hours, and stand, too, longingly before the glass peering wistfully to see if aught of her, charm were gone. In this garb, too, she would walk among the old trees, and deck her bosom with the snowdrops of spring: but they seemed to wither away at her touch and hang listless and dead. Thus it was one day she was found sitting among the trees on the fresh spring grass, some faded snowdrops in her lifeless hand, her golden hair surmounting a face darkened with some mysterious presence. A pale gleam of spring sunlight had crept down and settled on her brow; but it was out of place, and timid as the sunbeams which I have seen playing on the old house itself.

Thus quietly as the gliding of a river did her spirit depart, or rather was effaced, as a cloud can hide the silver moon from us for a time. And so, they tell me, she can be seen at times in the old garden, just as, when the clouds grow faint, the welcome shafts of light come down to assure us that their mother orb still lives.

Excavations in Greece.

Excavations are being carried on with great activity and more or less success in various parts of Greece. Upon the site of the temple of Asklepios, at Epidauros, and upon that of the Amphiareion, at Oropos, in Attica, the diggings, which have been going on simultaneously for some time past, have resulted in the discovery of numerous pieces of sculpture and inscriptions of value. The excavations begun several years ago on the site of the Temple of Eleusis have been resumed after a considerable pause. In all these cases the work is conducted by the Archæological Society of Athens. The Greek Government on the other hand, has taken up a very extensive and important task in Athens itself, where it is engaged in thoroughly examining the Acropolis. Two years ago a portion of the ancient citadel, lying to the southeast of the Parthenon, was cleared by order of the Ephor, M. Kastriades, and resulted in the discovery of numerous very beautiful and remarkable monuments and remains of ancient Attic art. It was accordingly determined thoroughly to explore the entire site of the Acropolis. The work has been begun by the new Ephor, M. Stamatakis, on a large scale, and already a considerable portion of the mediæval and Turkish fortifications surrounding and disfiguring the hill have been demolished and removed. The appointment of M. Stamatakis as Ephor-General of the antiquities of the Kingdom of Greece is the best guarantee that this important work will be carefully and thoroughly executed. For many years past the new Superintendent has distinguished himself by his labors in bringing to light and preserving antiquities in all parts of Greece. The practical direction of the work of demolition and excavation has been intrusted to Dorpfeld, a German architect, who is well known for his labors in connection with Dr. Schliemann.

Six Hours Without a Memory.

The brain plays odd tricks with us at times, especially when it has been subjected to a sudden shock; and scientific men who think that its various convolutions are the seats of various faculties of the mind derive some confirmation of their theory from the fact that the power of memory may fail in part without any failure of intelligence, and may fail in part without being altogether impaired. A notable instance of this last mentioned peculiarity occurred about a dozen years ago. A lad in the country was accused of throwing another into a pond, and he was put on his trial before a bench of magistrates. His elder brother who bore a high character in the village both for conduct and for mental shrewdness, had seen the previous struggle between the lads, and he was called to give evidence. He declared his belief that the fight was perfectly fair throughout, and that the immersion in the pond was an accident. Questioned as to what took place afterward, he could not speak to a single circumstance. "Did the prisoner attempt to rescue the deceased?" the Chairman asked him. He could not say. "The bench understand that you leaped into the water and recovered the body." "They tell me so," he said; "but I have no recollection of it." "The constable has told us that you dived twice, brought out the body, and carried it to the parents' house." "I have not the slightest remembrance. I only know that I was at home in bed at 8 o'clock"—six hours later—"and the last thing I could remember was seeing poor Smith fall over the edge." There could be no doubt that the witness was speaking the truth; and he could have had no object in doing otherwise. The shock which he had received on seeing the fatal result of his brother's quarrel had paralyzed his brain; the memory was interrupted by those few hours, though in all other respects he acted like a man in the full possession of his senses.—[Boston Traveller.

AGRICULTURAL.

Breeders and their Characteristics.

CROSSES.

The introduction of gigantic Asiatic poultry produces a great change for the better in our poultry-yards. The little, spare, bony fowls, we once called poultry, are now almost forgotten; for one or other of the improved breeds has left its impress on our poultry from Maine to California; but the greatest improvement for general use lies in the new breeds produced by crossing the Asiatics with our small, non-setting birds to produce a permanant breed that will hatch their own young, make fair table birds, mature early and be fair layers. This has been tried in the Plymouth Rocks, with a fair degree of success; I say a fair degree, as I am not as well pleased as some people are with fowls of this breed *as now bred*, and here are my reasons: too much importance has been attached to size; this brings out the Asiatic feature, and the production of heavy, clumsy birds is encouraged at the expense of laying qualities, as I am certain the smallest Plymouth Rocks lay the best; they partake more of the Dominique characteristic in being prolific layers.

Another new breed from Asiatic crossing, which promises much if the "American Standard of excellence" does not insist too much on size, is the Wyandotte. This is an Asiatic cross on the Hamburg, which is to small a fowl to be very useful in itself; but in this new form, we have a comely, clean-looking, closely-feathered, small and flat-combed, yellow legged, early-feathering and maturing, strong breed, which do their own hatching, and are quite peaceable birds, but we should keep them down to a fair size, or we may as well breed pure Asiatics, and lose the fine laying characteristics of the Hamburgs, which is a great feature with fowls of that breed, though their eggs are small. The Wyandott eggs are not large, but they are of a fair marketable size, weigh the Hamburgs are not. What we gain in this breed is a hardier and larger bird than the Hamburg, combining the laying and other qualities enumerated above.

Another cross which attracted much attention at the New York Fanciers' Exhibition last winter, was one between the Dorking and Langshan. The offsprings were immense birds. Both parents belong to large breeds; but the Langshan is hardier than the Dorking, and the offspring of the two matures very much earlier for Spring chickens than birds of either ancestral breed.—*Henry Hales, in Rural New Yorker.*

A Good Potato.

When cut into, the colour of a good potato, says the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, should be yellowish white; if it be a deep yellow, it will not cook well. There must be a considerable amount of moisture, though not enough to collect in drops and fall off, even with moderate pressure. Rub the pieces together, and if the potato is good, a froth will appear around the edges and also upon the two surfaces after they are separated. This signifies the presence of a proper quantity of starch—the more froth the more starch, and consequently the better the potato; while the less there is, the poorer it will cook. The quantity of the starchy element may also be judged by the more or less ready adherance of the two parts. If the adherance be sufficient for one piece to hold the other up, that fact is evidence of a good article. These are the experiments usually made by experts when buying potatoes, and are the best tests that can be given short of boiling; but even they are by no means infallible.

Wheat Sowing.

The practice of sowing wheat after the 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, in intervals at about sixty 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 weighed down with a short piece of timber or a small log, for the purpose of making a smooth and mellow seed bed.

For ages wheat and all small grain has been sown broadcast, thus precluding the possibility of cultivation, and this practice still prevails. For many years, however, drill-wheat has been practised on the better managed farms of America and Europe, and an implement made specially for planting the grain in drills, a few inches apart, is now considered as an essential article for the grain planter to own.

Experience has shown that the use of the drill is advantageous. It distributes the seed with great regularity, thick or thin, as may be preferred; the growth of the crop is made more uniform; more sunlight and heat goes to the roots of the wheat, and the yield is generally more and of better quality, than is the case with wheat sown broadcast. In some instances the advantages are very striking; in others, not so manifest; but altogether it is found to be a great improvement on the old custom of seeding broadcast. There is every reason therefore to practice it.

Ensilage Without a Silo.

Ensiling without a silo—that is, stacking green stuff in the open air—has been practised by M. Cormouls Houles in France. The open air silo was constructed in May in a shed by building a stack of 30 cartloads of rye, trefoil, lucerne, and other grasses. No difference was visible, whether the stacking occured in wet or dry weather. As to the stock which consumed the products, 60 cattle were fed indifferently on ensilage from the shed and from the pits, and were turned into the fields for exercise alone. M. Cormouls Houles insists upon the necessity of the grasses and the other products being stacked while freshly cut. His workmen, during his absence, placed in the middle of the stack four or five cartloads of hay cut four days previously, and the result was a horizontal section of mould right across the stack exactly where the partially dried matter had been placed. He is trying maize, subjecting it to the same treatment.

It will pay to spend a little leisure time, before cold weather, in re-nailing every loose board, and in battening up the cracks about the stables to shut out the cold and make them comfortable. It is simply barbarous to confine the stock in cold, bleak stables, and compel them to shiver out the cold Winter on dry food alone; and any man who will be so cruel and inhuman, not to say shortsighted, should be doomed to live on hard-tack and sleep in an open garret with simply a sheet for covering. It may be such treatment would remind him of the proverb "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Motto of the housekeeper who buys at market—"Measures, not men."

An Extraordinary French Murder Case.

Paris is at present stirred to its depths by the revelations made respecting the career of Pel, the poisoner of Montreuil. Pel is now at Mazas, on a charge of having made away with his servant, a woman named Marie Boehmer. He is also charged with having poisoned his first wife. M. Kuehn, the chief of the investigation department, is busily engaged at Montreuil in following up any clues which may bring the murder of the servant home to the accused. Two boxes which belonged to the missing woman were found to contain a napkin, which bore the imprint of a blood-stained knife. A large dinner knife has come to light, supposed to be the instrument with which Pel cut the flesh off the bones of his victim before burning it by some of the chemical processes in which he is an adept. It is thought that the victim's remains were placed in the closet, as Pel had been observed to make frequent visits there on three successive days in July last. This is somewhat borne out by the fact that when the cess-pools were drained to-day portions of human intestines were found.

Pel is a clockmaker by trade, and was married in 1880 to a young woman named Bifferau, employed in a shop near the Champs Elysees. Two months after the marriage Pel's wife died in intense agony. She was hastily buried in the Montmartre Cemetery, but her remains are about to be exhumed by order of the Procureur of the Republic.

A year afterward Pel married a Mlle. de Murat, who is still alive. Pel denied that he had been married to his first wife, but M. Kuehn confronted him with his brother-in-law, and he then admitted the marriage.

M. Kuehn has made a minute examination with a microscope of Pel's house at Montreuil, and in the interstices of the floor has found living organisms such as exist only in putrefying blood. When Pel arrived in Montreuil from Nanterre, where he ran away from his second wife and his creditors in July last, he was accompanied by the servant Marie Boehmer, who, it is said, was formerly a lay sister in a convent and afterward a milliner in the Rue St. Denis. She entrusted a large share of her savings to the care of Pel, and about three months ago suddenly disappeared.

Pel, in answer to various inquiries, said he had sent her to the hospital. The neighbors, however, assert that one night, about the time of Boelmer's disappearance, a great fire was visible in Pel's house, and that the air around was infected by an offensive odor. In an adjacent sewer some human hair has lately been discovered, and it is in this direction, as well as in the closet, that Kuehn made his principal investigations to-day. Pel will probably be brought face to face with his second wife to-morrow.

It is not long since the mother of the alleged poisoner was killed by an electric battery made by her son. Pel is in a very despondent condition at Mazas, and has not partaken of much food during the past two days. A *mottom* or associate has been placed with him, as it was feared that he was about to commit suicide, and possibly the accused clockmaker may make some statement to this person.—[London Telegraph.

Effect of Paper and Ink on Eyesight.

The colors of paper and ink, says a writer in the *Scientific Monthly*, are far more responsible for defective eyesight than cross-lights from opposite windows, light shining directly in the face, insufficient light, or small type. If these were removed the principal cause of the mischief would still remain, the real root of the evil being the universally used black ink and white paper. These, says the writer in question, are ruining the eyesight of the reading nations. He argues that the rays of the sun are reflected by a white body, and absorbed by a black one, and that we print our newspapers and books in direct opposition to the plainest correct principles of optical science. A book or newspaper as now printed being read by us, the eyes do not see the letters, which, being black, are non-reflective the outlines of the impressions of the type reach the retina, but they are not received by the spontaneous, direct action of that organ. The white surface of the paper is reflected, but the letters are detected only by a descriminative effort of the optic nerves. This constant labor irritates the nerves, and, when long continued, exhausts their susceptibility. As proofs, the writer cites the well-known fact that the human eye cannot long sustain the glare of a white surface without injury. The sunlight reflected from fields of snow; unrelieved by the colors of other objects, or from the white sands of the desert, is, the world over, productive of ophthalmia.

In accordance with this argument; if colored paper were substituted for white the eyes of all reading people would at once be relieved of a blinding strain—a continuous effort bound to results in permanent weakening of the eyes. Nature and science, says the writer above quoted, tell us that the color of all printing paper should be green. Green grass covers the ground green leaves are on the trees and green is the color most grateful to the eye.

Green newspapers would be a novelty, but in time we should grow accustomed to them; green school books would please the children; but green grounds would sadly mar the high art engravings for which a number of American magazines have become noted. And, if our scientific friend is correct in his conclusions, green paper would sadly cripple the trade in eye-glasses and spectacles.

The Drunkard's Toughness.

In his "Scrambles Among the High Alps" Leslie Stephen tells the story of a guide who while drunk fell over a precipice so deep that a fall over it seemed almost certain death, and yet sustained little injury. Stephen accordingly gives his readers the advice either not to fall over a precipice or to get thoroughly drunk before doing so. I myself once saw a man who had thrown himself while drunk over the Dean bridge, in Edinburgh, a height of about 200 feet, on to the rocky bed of the stream below. A sober man would probably have been instantly killed, but this individual though he had broken both of his thigh bones, quickly recovered. The reason of this immunity probably is that the nerve centers which regulate the heart and vessels, are so much paralized in the drunken man as not to be affected by the fall, which in a sober man would have acted on them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest circulation and cause instant death.

Too Imitative by Far.

Mrs. Renshler of Madison Wis., killed a chicken in the presence of her little boys, cutting its head off with a hatchet. The boys became interested in the proceeding and while the mother was in the house the older boy prevailed upon the younger to play the part of chicken and actually had his head on the block and was in the act of chopping off his head when the older brother accidentally noticed the game and stopped the operation before any serious damages had been inflicted.

RUSSIA'S GREAT CORN PORT.

A Commercial Mart on the Black Sea and its Characteristic Features.

There are some towns, as there are some faces, upon which the lapse of years seem to leave no trace, and the great corn port of Russia is one of them. Its bombardment by the combined fleets of France and England in 1854 might almost be considered a blessing in disguise, as tending to break, if even only for a time, its deadly uniformity, but even setting it on fire did it no permanent good. The streets are just as straight; the butter-colored houses just as yellow, the dust clouds just as stifling, the surroundings just as outrageously modern as when I was last here in 1873. One change, indeed is apparent, viz: That the names of the principal streets, formerly written in Russian and Italian, now appear in Russian alone. But in all other points Odessa is Odessa still. The statues "after the antique" are so long after it that it has forgotten all about them. The gaunt, scraggy church towers look like overgrown coffee pots, and all the larger buildings are so exactly alike that I am in hourly expectation of seeing a newly-arrived tourist swagger into the town hall or the public library, instead of his hotel, shouting to the astounded custodian to "trot out the bill of fare."

But this universal unprogressiveness is merely the natural and inevitable result of the peculiar temperament which characterizes the Slavonian race. Paradoxical as the assertion may appear, there is not enough discontent in Russia. There is, indeed, misery enough, and far too much; but, instead of being thereby goaded into advancing, the sole idea of the suffering masses is to endure doggedly until the evil day is passed, and then to jog on in the old ruts after the old fashion. The Finn still inhabits the same log hut, wears the same shoes of twisted bark, feeds upon the same dried bread and fish mixed with sawdust, which served his forefathers in the days of Peter the Great. The Russian peasant, in an age of railways and telegraphs, is still the same careless, hospitable, shievish, drunken, good humored savage that he was two centuries ago. The Tartars of the Crimea, burrowing like rabbits amid the ruins of Chersonesus or in the caverns of the Inkerman valley, will tell you, as they told Mr. Kinglake, in October 1854, that they are content because they lived happily under the czars for three generations. It is not from such material as this that great nations are wrought. The sheep-skin crooked philosopher of the steppes, a conservative by nature and a fatalist by creed, accepts without a murmur the coarse fare and log-built hovel which served his ancestors in the middle ages, content to remain as his father was before him, and as his son will be after him. To offer civilization to such a race is like reading poetry to an oyster.

But however morally backward she may be, the great empire has visibly advanced in a material sense since the day when I saw all Moscow mourning for "the good czarina" four years ago. If railways are indeed, as the well-known saying declares, the "true civilizers of mankind," she has constructed enough of them lately. Apart from the famous military railroad from the eastern shore of the Caspian eastward across the Khiva desert—which has just received a fresh extension whereof I shall have more to say before long, the whole southeast of European Russia is now being opened up in all directions. The prolongation of the Poti-Tiflis railroad to Bakua and the new petroleum fields has at last connected the Black Sea with the Isolated Caspian. Along the northern slope of the Caucasus, another line, running southeastward from the point where the Don pours into the sea of Azof, is already open as far as Vladkavkas, at the foot of the great central ridge, and working its way slowly among the mighty precipices of the Dariel Pass and Mount Kasbek to join the trans Caucasian track at Tiflis, and link the border provinces with the interior of Russia. From the Ponti-Tiflis line a branch has been run out to Russia a new port, Batoum, ceded by Turkey in 1878, and a "Caspian coast railroad" is now being projected, which is to run southward into Persia along the western shore of the great lake, although Persia herself seems in no special hurry to accept the benefit.

It is an unspeakble relief to find one's self once more, after so many days among the unintelligible dialects of Hungary, Transylvania and Roumania, in a country where one can understand every word that is said. When I first heard Russian spoken a few days ago at the frontier station of Umgheni, it was like the first glimpse of the minarets of Bagdat to a traveller on the plains of Mesopotamia. But to any one who does not understand it, the grand old Slavonian tongue must have a somewhat startling sound. The Russian word for "Thank you" is pronounced exactly like "Blackguard are you," while the phrase for "Pass me the salt,"—viz: "Dai myne sol," is, as any one will see who pronounces it quickly, suggestive of a very unorthodox remark indeed. The formidable length of some of the words, too, reminds one of the king of Kamboja's title, which required three men and a boy to recite it.

All that I have said regarding the unprogressiveness of Odessa might as justly be retorted by Odessa upon us, for just at present our progress has come to a standstill altogether. My draft upon the Odessa bank, for some mysterious reason quite beyond the comprehension of any benighted gentile who has not graduated upon the stock exchange, cannot be cashed without some further commercial hocus-pocus, which I have just telegraphed to St. Petersburg to obtain. Meanwhile we were stranded here, with the satisfaction of seeing the steamer that should have carried us to Sebastopol going quietly off without us. Nor is this all. Our total wealth in the currency of the realm being exactly 25 Russian kopecks, (about 15 cents.) we may well feel like embodied frauds in one of the best hotels in Odessa. Every dish that I order makes me feel as if I had picked some one's pocket, and the mere presence of a waiter acts upon my nerves very much as that of a detective might act upon those of a suspected burglar or murderer.

Age Cannot Wither.

Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt he stumbled on a mummy which proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years old. In examining it after it was unwrapped he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and took the root from the mummy's hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowing the rains and dews of Heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks the root burst forth and blossomed into a most beautiful dahlia. The story is said to be well verified.

M. Edouard Detaille, the well-known French painter, who has been studying the most characteristic types of the Russian soldier at the recent manœuvres at Krasno-Selot, found himself exceptionally favored by the Commander-in-Chief. He was lodged in the palace, and every facility given him to master his subject. He has returned to France with a great number of designs and sketches to be worked up into a great battle piece hereafter.

Taking A Chinaman Home.

Yesterday morning a solemn-looking Chinaman went west on the Union Pacific train. He was escorted to the depot by half a dozen of his almond-eyed countrymen, who parted with him with envy in their hearts, for he was bound to his old home in the Flowery Kingdom, while they are doomed for a while longer to mangle the Melican man's linen. In the pocket of the traveller was a check for a leather gripsack, which he was careful to see loaded on the baggage car before he boarded the train. There would be nothing peculiar about this were it not that the leather grip contained the bones of a good Chinaman being transported back to the Celestial paradise free of expense.

Nine years ago Ching Lee, then a new arrival from Chinaland, strolled into Beindorf's bakery, and tackled his first dish of ice cream. Ching found it "belly good," and ordered a whole quart, which he ate on the spot. The day was oppressively hot, and not having a chill-proof lining like the average Omaha girl, Ching found his load very uncomfortable. While passing from the table to the street there was a Graeco-Roman struggle between the iceberg within and the furnace without, and Ching was thrown. He fell on the sidewalk, and in five minutes he was a dead Chinaman.

After Ching had been buried two years a party of Chinese officials who were en route home stopped in Omaha to get his body and take it with them. The grave was opened and the remains taken out, but they were not in shape for shipment, and were reburied. Sexton Medlock, at the request of the mandarins, took from the casket at that time a hand mirror, an empty wallet, and about 80 cents in money, which had been buried with the corpse. The three suits of clothes in which Ching was dressed were also taken off and planted under a tree in another part of the cemetery.

Sunday morning Ching's grave was opened the second time. Five or six of the deceased's countrymen were present with a "joss" man, and a number of Americans watched the ceremony from a respectable distance. After considerable blowing and scraping, a basket of eatables was produced, and a goodly dinner spread about the head of the grave. A chicken roasted with the head on occupied the post of honor, flanked on either side by large pieces of boiling pork and liver. Tea was made in a curious little Chinese caddy, and a number of cups poured out and placed on the ground. Then, after more bowing and scraping, several packages of cigarettes were strewed over the grave, and innumerable sticks of incense lighted. More incantations by the "joss" man followed, and when the mourners had bowed themselves tired the casket was opened and the remains shovelled out. The bones which were free from flesh, and perfectly dry, were rolled up in a piece of coarse sheeting and sewed up, after which they were placed in the valis. While Medlock was busy packing Ching's remains for shipment two of the Caucasians jumped into the grave and pawed over the earth at the bottom with their fingers in order to make sure that nothing belonged to the deceased's anatomy was left behind.

Satisfied that they had secured all of Ching's bones, the Celesticals drank the tea that had been standing about the grave, gathered up the eatables and came back to town, chattering like magpies, and smoking the cigarettes they had offered up to their dead countryman. The valise was taken by the journeying Celestial to his lodging and put under his bed, where it remained until the custodian started with it for China Monday noon.

A VISIT TO ARABI PASHA.

What the Exile Told a Frenchman who visited him in Ceylon.

Arrived at Colombo we set out for Mount Aron to visit the retreat of Arabi. Mr. Henry Figari, formerly an agent at Cairo of Rabbatino and Co., who is thoroughly acquainted with the Arabic language, consented to act as interpreter. While travelling through this country, so singularly beautiful, I was almost tempted to envy the fate of the great Egyptian exile. This sentiment grew stronger when our coachman pulled up in a delightful garden in which the luxuriant vegetation of Ceylon was displayed in all its splendor. Servants came to meet us, and, after having taken our cards, conducted us to the veranda, which was used as a reception-room. Of Arabi there have been a great many descriptions. If I recall rightly, he has been described as a man without education, equally dull, morally and physically. I believe I have also seen pictures representing him at a half negro, with thick lips and a low forehead.

Nothing can be more untrue. The Arabi in whose presence we found ourselves is a man of tall stature and majestic carriage. His face, which is truly handsome, with an intelligent forehead, is framed with a long black beard tinged with gray, which gives him the appearance of a patriarch. The ease with which he converses, and the affability of his manners, denote in him the man of the world. If I did not fear to be guilty of a paradox in regard to the prisoner of the English, I would say he was an accomplished gentleman.

Thanks to the good offices of an interpreter, the conversation did not languish. While smoking manillas and taking coffee *a la Turque*, we spoke of Ceylon, of France and, above all, of Egypt itself, the events of which the ex-dictator follows with an interest easily understood. "What does your excellency think of the war of the Madhi and the result of it?"

"The campaign of the Madhi," he replied, "must necessarily end in a reverse. The ardor of his troops will become worn out in face of the nullity of the results obtained. The opportunity to march upon Egypt is gone by and will not come again.

"Do you believe that Gordon will be able to overcome the difficulties which surround him?"

"I know Gordon," said Arabi. "He has extraordinary energy. I am convinced that, unless there is an accident, he will put down the insurrection. As for the English, I imagine, that when they shall have pacified the country, if they are wise, they will allow it all the autonomy possible. Egypt enslaved would be of less service to them than Egypt administering her own affairs. She is too near Europe, too directly in contact with modern ideas, to permit of her being subjugated to a state of vassalage like that of the principalities of the rajahs. The movement of all nations toward total independence may be checked for a time, but, sooner or later, it will begin again."

Here Arabi closed the conversation. We could see that he enjoyed perfect liberty. He lives like a private gentleman, and has with him his wives and children. Some of the latter have been sent to Cairo to

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AND
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LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 1884

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

Up to Tuesday both parties claimed the State of New York; which ever party after a full and rigid examination of the ballot boxes, is declared the winner, will be the next President of the United States. In the meantime it is pretty generally conceded that Cleveland has carried the State by about 1,250. The defeat of Blaine is attributed to the defection of a portion of the Republican party who from the first refused to support him, and joined with the Democrats, thus helped materially to elect Cleveland, owing to the defection of a portion of the Tammany wing led by the notorious John Kelly. The Independent Republicans in the doubtful States were exceedingly active and persistent in their determination to defeat Blaine. This is fully illustrated by the following extract from the *Evening Post*, the most influential Republican journal in New York:—

"The great fact which stands out in all election returns is that the Independent Republicans have saved the country from the disgrace of Blaine's election. The treachery of the Democratic party, especially in this city and State, was so general as to reach the proportions of a gigantic conspiracy. The "enemies he has made" did everything in their power to defeat Cleveland, and no thing but the support of the Independents prevented their success. It is easy to understand now the mysterious confidence which Blaine's managers had in his election. They thought that the treachery of Tammany and other Democrats in this city would be sufficient to keep Cleveland's majority so low as to give Blaine the State, and they were alarmingly near proving correct in their calculations. Nothing but the revolt of the Republicans in the State at large defeated this conspiracy. It is a very narrow escape, but at present writing it seems have been safely made. It is this aspect of the victory which gives us the greatest satisfaction. It puts Cleveland into the Presidency as the representative, not of the Democratic party, but of the independent and reform sentiment of both parties, and especially of the Independent Republicans who have elected him by their persistence and courage. The attacks of the corrupt elements of his own party up n him show that he made the race without any attempt to conciliate them, and that they have no hope, as they have no aim, of recognition at his hands. He will go into the Presidency the freest man who has entered the office since the war, if not since the early days of the Government, and the country has every reason for expecting from him an administration of great purity and incalculable beneficence."

Cleveland therefore owing his election to the moderates of both political parties, it is reasonable to conclude that his administration will be characterized by moderation and caution in dealing with questions of great national importance.

It is somewhat amusing to hear the Republicans talking of frauds and false counts. Do they forget how Tilden was cheated out of the Presidency by the false counting in of Hayes some eight years ago? Cleveland has been fairly elected, and any attempt to cheat him out of the seat would create a rebellion—for the American people would never submit to a repetition of the Tilden frauds. Jay Gould, who done all that lay in his power to defeat Cleveland, had the brazen faced impudence to send Governor Cleveland at Albany the following telegraphic message:—

"I heartily congratulate you on your election; all concede that your administration as Governor has been wise and Conservative, and in the larger field as president, I feel that you will do still better, and that the vast business interests of the country will be entirely safe in your hands."
Signed,) JAY GOULD.

John Kelly, of Tammany Hall, not to be out done by his brother conspirator, also sent Cleveland a congratulatory message. These men having done their very best to defeat Cleveland are now cringing, bowing and fawning upon the rising star. Out upon such mean and rascally conduct. But we doubt not Governor Cleveland, will know how to treat them as they deserve.

Mr. Vanderbuilt, the great railway King, sent the following message to Governor Cleveland:

To Honorable Gov. Cleveland, }
ALBANY, November 5th, }

My Dear Sir,—I congratulate you and the people of the whole country upon your election to the Presidency of the United States. You owe your election more to the fact that people believed you to be an honest man, and not to any particular effort made by any faction of either the Democratic or Republican parties. Independent men who care more for good government than for parties or individuals have made you their choice, because they were convinced that your administration would not be for the benefit of any political organization, but in the interest of the whole people. This is just the result which is most desired. We have reached a time when party amounts to little, the country is above all and wants an honest government by honest men the belief is that we will find this in your election.

Yours truly,
W. H. VANDERBILT.

The electoral college meet on the 3rd December next, to elect the President according to the returns.

We take the following tit bit from *Frank Leslie's illustrated News paper* of the 8th inst. on the election:—

"The election is over. Defamation has ceased. The air, cleared of the foul vapors of credulity and calumny, seems like the pure air on top of the Alps. If the vile things that have been said about each did utter within four months could be collected in one book, they would poison the paper and rot the covers. It has been contemplation while in foul aspersion—a demon's sandwich made by pasting the first summer of the Civil War and the Summer of the Beecher trial together. It is over, and the half-asphyxiated land breathes once more free!"

The Charleston *News* suggests that Mr. Cleveland should allot one office in his cabinet to an independent republican, on the ground that such action would conduce to a rearrangement of the personal composition of political parties as would make the democracy irresistable before the people for many years to come. The suggestion is a good one, and will no doubt be acted upon by Governor Cleveland, especially when he takes into count that he mainly owes his election to the moderates of both political parties.

It is reasonable to conclude that the Independent Republican will be characterized by moderation and caution in dealing with questions of great national importance.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark, you may know what you are doing but nobody else does.

tion to the independent Republican party, if we may judge from the following: The state of Illinois gave him 25,000; Iowa 70,000, Kansas 15,00, Massachusetts 43,000, Michigan 51,000, Minnesota 5,000, Nebraska 5.000, Ohio 23,000. Pennsylvania 2,000, and Wisconsin 20,000. Had these votes all gone for Blaine he would have been elected sure.

HIGH TIDES—LATE GALES.

The gale in the Gulf of last week was unprecedented. A terrible havoc was wrought in shipping on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. The British brig Dugong was lost with all hands at Western Head. The schooners Topsy and Julia have been totally wrecked, the crews barley escaping with their lives. Eleven other vessels have been lost, but no particulars of the disaster have yet been received. At Torbay an unknown vessel was lost with all hands. The wreck is in pieces, most of it being driven ashore. The high tide at Quebec has done damage to the amount of $250,000. At Father Point the Pilots of fifty years' experience, who remained in the signal bureau all night, state that they never remember having seen and felt such a storm; the waves mounted to the height of 60 feet. At one time during the night of the 6th they fully expected to be swept away. A party of boatmen sent out with the pilot to board the steamship *Lake Nepigon* on her way to Quebec, returned minus two of their number, the poor fellows having been washed overboard and not afterwards seen.

At St. Luce, just below Father Point, two houses were overthrown in the late gale and other buildings damaged. Men, women and children had to spend the bitter cold night in the bush on account of the bridges being all carried away. The damage done by the storm from here to St. Flavie is about $6,000. A large schooner was driven right up against Mr. Cole's store at St. Luce, nearly wrecking both together. Another new one was lifted off its stocks and dropped down, crushing a batteau under it. The bodies of German Banville and Charles Couillard, drowned here have just been recovered. Ice is forming fast.

At Trois Pistoles three yachts were partly destroyed and a schooner damaged. The wharf is nearly all destroyed; all that part made of stone and sand has been swept away, and the bridge and a lot of wood washed off. The loss is estimated at $30,000.

At Little Metis all the houses along the shore have been carried off, also boat-fences, bridges etc. The shore is strewn with debris and household effects. The suffering will be intense from cold and hunger to those left destitute. L'Islet has suffered to the amount of $7,000. Matane's losses is reckoned at $3,000. The damage done at Tadusac cannot be estimated; it is so great. St. Thomas (Montmagny), Cap Rouge and other places have also suffered considerably. At Sandy Bay the loss is estimated at $20,000.

At St. Anne de Monts the storm of the 5th took much the shape of a cyclone and accompanied by the high tides caused from $2,000 to $3,000 damages. Fifteen houses were destroyed; ten of them will be uninhabitable. A considerable quantity of wood which the fishermen had in store was swept away. Six fishing boats were totally demolished and have drifted on the rocks, several poor families who had stored their winter provisions in their cellars have suffered loss. The roadways have been destroyed by the floods and are now impassible. The bridges were smashed up. Such a severe storm has not been witnessed for many years, and the amount of loss of life, shipping and property is unprecedented and cannot be fully computed.

FROM EGYPT.

The following letter was received this week by Mr. John McRae, from his son William, who went out with the Canada contingent to Egypt. The boy was formerly in this office, and is well known to the people of Lachute, his letter therefore will be read with interest.

LUXOR, Oct. 16th, 1884.

DEAR FATHER,—Arrived safe at Alexandria; had a long trip as we were 23 days on the road; and after leaving the boat we took the cars for a day and a night, and then took a steamboat and have been sailing eight days now and expect to be six more and another day on the cars, and then another six days on another steamboat before we take our own boats, and expect to be about six weeks in the small boats before we get to Khartoum.

Seen the Pyramids that are mentioned in the Bible and the place where Moses was found in the rushes, and seen the large caves where the Egyptains used to put the mummies. The principal mode of travelling is on camels backs and donkeys, and the mode of working, such as ploughing, is by the same and cattle. The cattle here are all something the color of a Hippopotamus and have long horns from 14 feet up to 4 feet in length, the houses are all built of mud and corn stocks. The principal trees are date and bannanas, and the principal products of the country are corn, sugar cane and fruit. The ploughs consist of a piece of wood the same as described in the Bible, drawn by camels or cows. The natives of the male sex run bare naked, and of the female with a loose garment something like a bag with no bottom in it with two holes for their arms, they also speak a queer language and are all black and some copper colored. One night there was about twenty of us out and we were attacked by about the same number of blacks with axes, sticks and green meleons, and one of our crowd pulled his revolver and shot one of them and the natives all ran, some left their axes behind them and others their sticks and meleons and ran like good fellows, there was nothing done to the party who fired the shot. The Nile is a very swift running river and is awfully muddy and shallow, and the steamboats are all flat bottomed and carry about six hundred. We have with us two troops of soldiers.

THE QUEEN'S HIGH WAY.

If some one would take legal proceedings against our Municipal Council on account of the bad state of the roads, similar to that which the mill owners of Ottawa have taken against the Corporation of that city for their bad roads, it would only be what they deserve. Our Councilappoints roadinspectors and then seeme to consider their duty at an end. We question if there is a municipality in the whole Dominion that has worse roads than this. We have given Lachute credit for the establishment of certain useful industries, and our articles have attracted people from a long distance to visit the place, and fancy the impression they get in going from one end of Lachute to the other through the sea of mud and slush. The business of Lachute is suffering to such an extent, owing to the bad roads that some of our most promising industries are likely to be removed owing to the impossibility of getting farmers to draw their grain to market through the seas of mud. We gave one of our citizens credit for fixing his road a few weeks ago and have been gibed about it a score of times since, and no wonder when it is seen or passed over. We supposed the fixing was of a more permanent character, but the brush—yes brush—think of it——putting brush on a road in the town of Lachute and sandy loam to cover it with—this has made a sea of mud which the people have a right to complain about. We now call upon the Municipal Council to see that the roads are properly repaired at the proper time of the year, if they will not look after their road inspectors some one should look after them, for it is a burning disgrace to see the roads left as they are from one end of the year to another. Road inspectors are officers of the Council and why should the Council not see that they perform their duty by looking after each person whose duty it is to fix his roads. The law is plain and contains every thing that is necessary. The whole blame is on our councils, who seem no to understand the important position they hold in referrence to the weal or woe of the community.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8th, 1884.

Now that this cruel war is over and the result of the election known, Washington again becomes the centre of political interest. The city is rapidly filling up with official personages, and winter guests, and looks once more like the capital of the United States. Many of the political people who have been away during the summer have returned and are preparing to assume their accustomed duties. The familiar faces of certain statesmen alone are wanting to remind us that the Congressional Session is at hand. In less than three week they too will be here, and Congress will reassemble for a short busy session.

The second session of the forty-eight Congress will necessarily be one of unusual interest. It will ring out the old and ring in the new, for it closes with the administration of President Arthur. The personel of the forty-ninth Congress will be somewhat changed, but while there is still much confusion in the returns of the recent Congressional election, the data shows that the new Congress will be composed largely of re-elected members of the present Congress. It will probably be composed of about 183 Democrats and 142 Republicans, the majority being less by nearly one half than that of the present session.

Among those who will be missed from the next House of Representatives are the red-haired members from Colorado and Texas, Belford the irrepressible and Ochiltree the man who could not tell a lie. Robinson of New York, conspicuous for his flowing Fourteenth century locks, and his speeches in opposition to foreign princes, potentates and powers, is also politically no more. The witty Horr of Michigan has to give way to a greenbacker, and Buck of Connecticut comes to the seat that Eaton vacates. Kellogg of Louisiana and the lively Illinois Irishman Finnerty will not return, nor Rosecrans from the Pacific slope. There will be no free trade oratory from the eloquent Hurd of Ohio, and Burrows will be missing, the second time from the Michigan delegation. Still there are many strong men left to fight their party's battle. Randall, Carlisle, Cox Morrison, Springer, Findlay, Hammond, Hewitt, Foran, Curtin, Reagan and Mills are among the reelect who will lead the Democratic contingent, while Kelly, Reed, Browne, Hiscock, McKinley, Butterworth, Henderson, Long, Ranney, Rice, Phelps, Goff, Dingley and Ketchman will continue to be prominent on the Republican side.

The elect on excitement that has prevailed here since Tuesday has been intense. At every point where information could be obtained, dense crowds collected; howling, surging, struggling and clamoring for news. Of course all inquires were with regard to New York, as the presidency hung on the vote in that state. Men hurried from one party headquarters to another, and learning little from the slowly incoming returns, anxiously called at the different newspaper offices. Whenever anything important was posted up, hundreds of hats were frantically waved, and shouts filled the air. Half of the time the crowd did not know what it was shouting about. When one set of men had shouted themselves hoarse recruits would come to their relief. Whenever a despatch was favorable to either candidate, campaign songs were started and taken up by hundreds of voices. A Blaine war cry elicited a defiant response from the Democrats and these shouters made night hideous celebrating victory of Blaine or Cleveland according to their belief or bias. Even to-night both parties are parading the streets with torches and martial music, while the "cannon's boom on boom is heard afar and near the beat of the alarming drum."

During the suspense in this city over the result of the election, which grew unbearable to people of both parties, government clerks could almost be known by their panic-stricken faces. They have done but little work during the last weeks of the campaign. Now, that all is over, they can return to the even tenor of their ways, but I fear not to their work. A general despondency has settled down like night upon them. Most of them feel that the incoming of a Democratic Administration will make a clean sweep of Republicans in the departments, in spite of the avowed adhesion to Civil Service reform of the Democrats.

Thousands of persons here belonging to every grade of the government services, realize that they must form an emigrating procession next March, and turn their faces forever from the marble halls and asphalt streets of Washington. Many of these aged men who have drawn their support from Uncle Sam for twenty and thirty years and whose families are totally dependent on their monthly pay. Their consternation cannot be pictured in words. But on the other hand, an eager, efated host is ready for their places, and such jubilation, such despair, such a general upheaval of the political, social life of Washington, will make the coming year memorable in the history of the country and of the Capital.

C. A. S.

THE MICHIPICOTEN RIOTS.

PORT ARTHUR, November 4.—A gentleman just up from Michipicoten reports a desparate state of affairs as existing there. When the Toronto police detachment arrived they were met at the wharf by a majority of the rowdies against whom warrants had been issued, but the townsfolk present would give the force no evidence as to their identity. It was several days afterwards before any arrests were made. Four of the chief outlaws, among whom is a man named Walker, formerly chief of police at Michipicoten, and another desperate character named Mcelilvray escaped to the woods where, it is positively asserted, they were supplied with provisions by citizens, to prevent their arrest. The Toronto police took away several prisoners to the sault on Thursday evening last, and on the following day the four outlaws returned to town and instituted a regular reign of terror. Wallace wore in true bandit style a belt from which protruded the handles of four heavy revolvers and a huge bowie knife. He also carried a Winchester repeating rifle. The other three were also heavily armed. The men then boarded the steamer Steinhoff, which was also lying in for the sault. They clambered to the main deck and all four commenced a fusilade on the people ashore. Wallace yelled to the crowd to stand aside—they only wanted to shoot Mr. Macdonald, the C. P. R. agent. That gentleman, however, got under cover. The Canadian Pacific railway building was fairly riddled with ball from Wallace's repeating rifle, which fires seven times without reloading. The ticket office was forced with balls and a number of tickets and other valuable papers destroyed. The captain of Steinhoff seemed powerless to do anything, but a telegram has been sent to the sault ordering the arrest of the men as soon as the boat arrives there. It is said by an eye-w tness that the deck of the boat after the engagement was covered with cartridges, as all the men were well supplied with ammunition. Mr McKenzie, who was shot in the hand, and who is still in Port Arthur, has finally had the bullet extracted, Mr. Mobserly and a *posse* are expected at Michipicoten today.

THE DESPERADOES CAUGHT.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8.—Inspector Ward received a despatch this morning from Sault Ste Marie that two of the Michipicoten desperadoes, Wm Ker and Meclilvray, who were in hiding within the Toronto police were there and who, after the police left, committed several lawless deeds, had been arrested by U.S. detectives and handed over to the authorities at the Sault. Walker was foreman of a gang of Italians who lived here and was implicated in a stabbing affray last winter.

OBITUARY.

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. JOHN BALDWIN, of Ottawa. A young lady held in the highest esteem by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and her death will cast a gloom over the whole community. We knew the young lady intimately—she was of a bright, sparkling disposition, intelligent well educated and benevolent. Mr. Baldwin has our deepest sympathy in this his great bereavement. We copy the following well deserved tribute to her memory from the *Ottawa Citizen*, of Monday:—

"Hundreds of readers will be overwhelmed with grief to learn this morning of the exceedingly sad and sudden demise of Mrs. John Baldwin on Saturday evening last. The circumstances attending her death were more than ordinary sad. She had been successfully delivered of twins and was apparently recoving, when she was suddenly seized with heart pains, and in spite of the skill of the medical men who had immediately been summoned she succumbed. The deceased lady was only twenty-eight years of age and had been married only some four or five years. A Christian woman, possessed of a kindly heart, of an exceedingly kind and sociable disposition, the head and front of all social parties and good works, particularly those in connection with the church to which she belonged—the Eastern Methodist, the deceased, during her few years' residence here as a married woman, made many warm friends, and will be long and deeply missed and mourned. Being a native of Dresden, Ont., her only relative here is a married sister, Mrs. Wm. Brethour, of Stewarton. She leaves one little orphan boy. To Mr. John Baldwin, her husband, a respected citizen, the sympathies of the community will be extended in this unexpected affliction. The remains of the lamented lady will be buried this afternoon at two o'clock."

TERRIBLE OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA.

People Dying in the Streets and Shops.

PARIS November 11.—Between noon and 11 o'clock last night 97 fresh cases of cholera and 11 deaths were reported. These do not include cases and deaths at hospitals.

At the asylum for old men there were five deaths, with hardly a premonition. Many persons were stricken on the streets, in omnibusses and other public places, when about their ordinary vocations. The cholera hospitals are full to the over flowing. Others are being prepared. There are many cases among the troops. In nearly all the barracks some soldiers are attacked. If the epidemic continues the public schools will be closed. The eastern and central portions of the city are most effected. The residences occupied principally by English and American people are in a most excellent sanitary condition.

MADRID, November 11.—The government has ordered that all persons arriving from France shall submit to ten day's quarantine.

PARIS, November 11.—No cases have occurred in the quarters of Passey, Neuilly or the Champs Elysees and the West End. The supply of water in those quarters is good an abundant.

PARIS, November 11.—There were 83 deaths from cholera in Paris yesterday.

Between midnight and noon to-day, 40 fresh cases and 13 deaths, outside the hospital. The epidemic is still confined to unhealthy quarters of the city.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

THE December number closes the sixteenth volume of this admirable publication, and is even more than usually interesting. Now is the time to subscribe, and the new volume promises to be of a brilliant character. In the present number "Raffaello Sanzio Da Urbin," "The Capital City of Georgia," "Schiller, the Poet of Freedom," etc., are prominent articles, beautifully illustrated. Alfreton Hervey continues the interesting sketches, "Sacred Musicians of the XIXth Century"; the editor, Dr. Talmage, has a characteristic article, "The Epidemic of Swindle," and a sermon in the Home Pulpit, "The Dumb Prayer Answered." There are also serial and short stories, sketches, essays and poems by favorite writers, and a miscellany abundant and entertaining. The illustrations are numerous and fine specimens of art. The price is only 25 cents a number, or $2.00 per year, post-paid. MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

In marrying a man, make your own match. Do not marry a man in order to get rid of him, or to oblige him, or to save him. The man who would go to destruction without you, will quite as likely go with you, and perhaps drag you along. Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at leisure. Do not marry for a home and a living. Do not let aunts, fathers or mothers sell you for money or position, into bondage which you could not redeem with tears and lifelong misery. Place not yourself habitually in the hands of any suitor, until you have decided the question of marriage. Woman wills are weak; people often become bewildered and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influences; settle your heads and make up your minds alone. Do not trust your happiness in the keeping of one who has no heart. Shun the man who gets intoxicated. Do not rush thoughtlessly into wedded life, contrary to the counsel of friends. Love can wait.

CALEDONIA SOCIETY.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the members of the CALEDONIAN SOCIETY will be held in Victoria Hall on Tuesday evening next at half past seven o'clock to consider important business in connection with the CURLING RINK building. All attendance is requested.

THOMAS BARRON,
Lachute Nov. 13th 1884 President.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest, terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favourably noticed in al the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief.

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used our Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ 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.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$0 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	15
Spring chickens 40 cts, to 60 cts. per pair	
Fowls from 45cts. to 50 cts. "	
Partridge, per pair 0cts	
Pork " $ 50 to $4 per hundred,	
Oats, per bushel	0 40
Flour, per 100 lb $3.30 to $3.80 (Selling Price)	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	2 60
Wheat, "	1 20
Hay per ton	$6 to $7

Pumpkin Pie.

These are the days of that glorious American institution, pumpkin pie. The hotel or restaurant pumpkin pie is not the Simon-pure article. It has had too many foreign airs added to it. It may be good, and it may pass for what it is intended, but it can't hold a candle to the pumpkin pie our mothers and grandmothers made. Just look at the difference in the two brands. Mother's had a nice short crust, with an edge about an inch deep, and in this was a plump measure of pumpkin "pulp" mixed with nice fresh eggs, milk, and just enough spice to make it flavor. It was a picture of blooming, healthy pie. It makes a man's mouth water to think of it. The store kind of pumpkin pie has a sort of sickly second-cousin countenance and is scarcely over an eighth of an inch thick, with a crust on the bottom that almost breaks a tinner's shears to cut it. As for taste, that has to be imagined, as it is a sort of go-as-you-please flavor between tan-bark and cinnamon. Then again, 100 store pies will be made out of an ordinary twenty cent pumpkin. Each pie is cut into eight pieces about the size of two fingers, which sell for five cents each. This brings forty cents for a pie, or $40 for the product of a pumpkin. That leaves the store-keeper $38.80 profit on his pumpkin, and as the crust is thin with no shortening in it, eighty cents ought to cover this cost, leaving an even $39 profit on the transaction! A slice of mother's pumpkin pie the size of your two hands, that's the regulation cut in home made pie, and an inch and a half thick contains more real pie than a dozen store pies, and there is no danger of trouble from indigestion after eating it. There should be some action taken by the Legislature to prevent the the degeneration of this great American institution—the pumpkin pie. If this is not done, future generations will read in history of a dish now so highly prized by patriotic citizens and grieve to think that the building of the pumpkin pie of their forefathers is a lost art.—*Peck's Sun.*

Judge B. had a very faithful, conscientious colored servant who always accompanied him on his circuit and in vacations. Cuffee often talked to his master about the importance of his "getting religion," until the judge one day put a damper on him by remarking: "Why Cuffee, you are always in anxiety about your soul; I don't have any of these troubles of mind that you do." Cuffee was nonplussed, and could not reply.—Some time after, during a vacation, the judge who was very fond of shooting, went out with Cuffee hunting ducks. Coming upon a large flock of them in a shallow stream he fired and killed a great number, and wounded several others, that, unable to rise, hastened off flapping their broken wings in the water. The judge, in his excitement and wishing to make as large a record as possible, jumped into the stream and hurriedly waded after them, securing a part of the fleeing ones. After returning and gathering all upon the bank, Cuffee said: "Now Massa, I understand all about dat question you ax me de oder day.—You see you didn't pay no 'tention to dem ducks what you kill stone dead, but run arter dose dat was wound'd, and trying to get away from you; so de debble hab got you sure and he doan trouble you, but he pay all 'tention to me who am wounded and am trying to get away from him."—The judge was set to thinking, and concluded that if that was his situation it was time to awake out of his stupor. As the result he soon afterward made a public profession of religion, and became an active, exemplary Christian man.

TO LET.

BRICK HOUSE, West end of Fish's bridge, for terms apply to the proprietor,
JOHN BRADFORD,
or to R. BANFORD & CO,
West End.

OYSTERS OYSTERS!

FRESH to-day, by Express. Also Malaga Grapes, new Figs (very choice) new Dates, Oranges, Lemons, choice fameus table Appies.

11-tf. J. HOPE, Market Square.

FOR SALE!

ONE of FAIRBANK'S & Co's STANDARD LARGE PLATFORM HAY SCALES, in good working orders.

Apply to
W. J. TODD,
10-3in. Merchant, Lachute.

WANTED.

OATS, BARLEY, WHITE CORN and PEAS at the NATIONAL FOOD MILLS.

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. 26th, 1884. 8 tf.

DEATH.

KERR.—At Perth on the 12th inst., Eliza Kerr, second daughter of the late Dawson Kerr, aged 62 years.

NEW GOODS!

Silk Lined Jackets, Silk Lined Paletots, Silk Lined Mantles } In Great Variety
At S. CARSLEY'S

Fur Lined Circulars, Fur Lined Paletots, Fur Lined Mantles } At Great Variety
At S. CARSLEY'S

Fur Trimmed Jackets, Fur Trimmed Mantles, Fur Trimmed Paletots } In Great Variety
At S. CARSLEY'S

FLANNELS FLANNELS!

Now is the time to purchase your Winter stock of Flannels. Our stock is the largest in Montreal, the prices are right and cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Real Welsh Flannels.
Welsh Saxony Flannels.
Scarlet Saxony Flannels.
White Saxony Flannels.
Grey Chambly Flannels.
Grey Army Flannels,
Saxony Flannels all Colors.
Fancy Shirting Flannels.
Blue Shirting Flannels.
Union Shirting Flannels.
Canton Flannels all Colors.

At S. CARSLEY'S

SHEETINGS PILLOW COTTON.

Plain grey Cotton Sheeting, 10c.
Heavy twill grey Cotton Sheeting, 35c
Fine plain white Sheeting, 25c.
Good white twill Sheeting, 25c.
Heavy twill Linen Sheeting, 33c.
Fine bleach Linen Sheeting, 75c
A full assortment of Pillow Linen, Pillow Cottons, 40 in. wide to 54 Inches
A new lot of Bolton Sheets; Also, heavy double Warp Sheets.
White Cotton, 35 in. wide, 5c
Grey Cotton for 3c.
Grey Cotton, 36 in. wide, 5c.

S. CARSLEY.

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

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, MANTLE JACQUES including SEALETTE MATALASSE cloths.

GRAY COTTON (yard wide) 5cts.

THE PEOPLES' CASH STORE,
HEADQUARTERS for FLANNELS

C. T. WALES & Co. sell the New "Wanzer C" Sewing Machine, and old machines taken in part payment—Terms easy.

St. Andrews, November, 1884.

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 style 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.

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.

19-4m.

PHOTOGRAPHS

CHEAPER THAN EVER, either by the new or OLD PROCESS by
A. G. STACKHOUSE,
St. Andrews, Oct. 30th, 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 MOULD PLOW has no equal.

THRESHING MILLS, GREYS PATENT the best in the Market.

McQUAT & McRAE.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all *PATENT BUSINESS* attended 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. 13th, 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'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. P.,
Post Office Box, 146,
-tf Hull, P. Que.

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College.

R. G. MEIKLE.
Lachute, April 3 th, 1884. 35-tf

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1233, 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. Anyone can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

New Goods.—S. Carsley
Wanted.—National Food Mills.
Oysters.—J. Hope.
To Let.—J. Bradford.
Canadian Society.—Thomas Barron.

LOCAL.

Dear Mrs. F. what a artiful 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

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.

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any kindred diseases of their curative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle.

We hear of several transactions in real estate, but want particulars for publication.

Do not suppose that because it is recommended to animals that Arnica & Oil Liniment is an offensive preparation. It will not stain clothing or the fairest skin.

Downs' Elixir will cure any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing.

The number of new stables, sheds and other outbuildings going up seems to be unusually large.

Seriously Ill.

A person suffering with pain and heat over the small of the back, with a weak weary feeling and frequent headaches, is seriously ill and should look out for kidney disease. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the kidneys, blood and liver, as well as the stomach and bowels.

Attention is directed to J. Hope's advertisement in to-days paper of his new Stock of fruit.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove Worms in Children or adults.

Our article on Lachute Industries, some few weeks ago, has been copied in full by the *Canadian Manufacturer and Industrial World* of Toronto.

A Wise Conclusion.

If you have vainly tried many remedies for rheumatism, it will be a wise conclusion to try Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It cures all painful diseases when other medicines fail.

The addition to the paper mills is going on and from present appearances the new buildings are to be as substantial as the others.

A Great Mistake.

It is a great mistake to suppose that dyspepsia can't be cured, but must be endured, and life made gloomy and miserable thereby. Alexander Adams, of Cobourg, was cured after suffering fifteen years. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

We learn that Alderman J. C. Wilson, has purchased a $1,200 building site from Mrs. Leggo, on the bank of the North River, and intends to erect a fine country residence.

Sure to Conquer.

The most troublesome cough is sure to yield if timely treated with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Pleasant to take and safe for young or old.

The new residences of Mr. McConnell, Mr. Moir, Mr. Hughes and Dr. G. Christie are nearing completion, while several others are busy at foundation walls, some of which are completed and covered over to wait the coming of spring for further operations.

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 direction for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Ottawa *Free Press* is trying to make capital out of Cleveland's election to the Presidency of the U. S., in favor of the Liberal Party in Canada. We consider it a far fetched straw for the drowning man to catch at.

"For want of timely aid millions have died of curable diseases."

For accidents and sudden attacks of disease all should be prepared, by having some suitable remedy on hand, and for this purpose we would direct attention to Graham's Pain Eradicator which attained such wonderful popularity here more than fifteen years ago, and the test of time proves that it has lost none of its power to cure, and scores of families that were amongst the first to use it would not let their houses be without it. We would advise all to keep Graham's Pain Eradicator and Graham's Pills on hand, for their timely use will save much sickness, suffering and expenses.

As the cold weather sets in and extra fires are put on, is the time to look sharp after the pipes &c., to see that everything is safe and great care should be taken to have the ashes properly put away to avoid a blaze where and when it is not needed.

A Perfect Beauty.

Perfect beauty is only attained by pure blood and good health. These requirements give the possessor a pleasant expression, a fair clear skin and the rosy bloom of health. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and tone the entire system to a healthy action.

To MERCHANTS.—Now is the time to advertise in the WATCHMAN. Let the people know what special attractions you have for them before Christmas comes.

Ask for the Rexford Axe and buy no other, for sale at J. R. McOuat's.

Ogilvies Strong Bakers Flour, (Red (bag) only.....$2.50.
" Choice Family Flour only 2.25
at J. R. McOuat's.

PROF. LOWE'S MAGIC SULPHUR SOAP "healing, soothing and cleansing to all eruptive diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use.

SMASH UP.—On Monday evening about eight o'clock, Mr. Bannerman, of the rope factory, was driving along in a light Canadian cart, and when nearly opposite the residence of the Rev. Mr. Brown, the axletree and springs of the cart broke, from the roughness of the road, and Mr. Bannerman Mr. McKown, and a young lady who were with him in the cart were thrown out, but not injured, we are happy to say.

A Valuable Patent.

The most valuable discovery patented in modern times is that of the best blood purifier and liver and kidney regulator known. We refer to Burdock Blood Bitters, which is making so many wonderful cures and bringing the blessed boon of health to so many homes.

HORSE FOR SALE.—(Color Black). A realy good animal. Apply to
W. J. SIMPSON.

It is a breach of the rules of rhetoric for public speakers to raise their hands above their heads, or snap their fingers during the delivery of a public discourse, and it makes a cultured audience feel something like the printer when the subscriptions to the paper and printing bills are not paid up—He feels bad.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

The British *Colonists* of 26 ult. contains the following:—Dr. I. W. Powell, Indian commissioner, returned from an official visit to Canada yesterday. Dr. Powell is accompanied by Miss Laura Powell, daughter of Adjutant-General Powell of Ottawa.

The Scott Act has been defeated in Prince Edward County, the resident county of Mrs. Youmans, the great temperance lecturer. We believe if the people of that county had got the Rev. D. V. Lucas to explain the difference between the old Dunkin Act and the Scott Act, the county would have gone the prohibition ticket.

The statement has appeared on the faith of a cablegram from London that Sir John Macdonald will sail for Canada on 22nd inst. We understand that the Premier will not take his departure from England until the Saturday following, November 29th, arriving here about December 9th.

The Montreal Parliamentary Debating Society held their first meeting last evening in the hall, No. 1310 St. Catherine street. Most of the members were present, and the "galleries" were crowded. The mimic Parliament promises to be a very effective means of self improvement to the young men who take part in its proceedings. The speech from the Throne is drawn up with much ability, and contains matter for an interesting and prolonged discussion.

Mr. John Clark, formerly of Lachute, but now of Crowfoot River, 75 miles East of Calgerry, and 120 West of Medicine Hat, Winnipeg, arrived in Lachute two weeks ago. He brought with him a sample of the wheat grown on his farm this year; it is a fine plump grain, the yield being 45 bushels to the acre. He sowed 17 bushels and reaped 322. The oat crop was equally good. He sowed three-quarters of an acre from which he realized 300 bushels. From four bushels of barley he reaped 78. The root crops in general were very good, particularly onions and turnips, the latter averaging from eight to ten pounds a piece. The C. P. R. Company got samples of every kind of produce raised by him for exhibition in the provinces of Ontario Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia &c. On Mr. Clark's farm there is a rich coal mine, which a Welsh company has offered him $50,000 for and which he has agreed to take. Samples of the wheat and coal may be seen at the WATCHMAN office. We congratulate Mr. Clark on his good fortune.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

A MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.—A decided curiosity and also a novelty in the shape of a mantle time-piece is on exhibition in the window of Mr. M. Cochenthaler, jeweller, St. James street, and attracts much, and it may be said, deserved attention. The clock is enclosed in a case as ordinarily, and on the top of the case are three upright metal bars, one at each side, and the third in the centre, some 4 inches apart and about as high. To the centre upright an arm is affixed, and to this arm a string about a couple of inches in length with a small hollow golden ball is attached. Every two or three seconds this arm is swung with great rapidity by the clock's concealed machinery to one of the outer upright bars, the string swinging round it, and by a peculiar motion again unwinds itself to be immediately transformed to the other outer bar, there going through the same winding and unwinding process. The whole movement suggests a sort of jugglery performance, and raises an involuntary smile on the most sedate spectator. Yet the clock with all its peculiarities is registering accurate time, and to say the least possesses mechanical ingenuity of no ordinary character. —*Gazette.*

The Soudan Campaign.

CAIRO, November 10.—Many boats laden with military stores are wrecked daily in attempting to ascend the cataracts of the Nile. The loss is serious. A hundred and thirty Amaras and Bashi Bazouks have defeated Osman Digna's followers in a skirmish at Tamaota, near Suakim, killing 15 men and capturing a number of camels.

ST. SIMEON'S CHURCH CONCERT.

Notwithstanding the very unfavourable weather on Wednesday evening, Nov. 5th inst., the concert given under the auspices of the above church, proved a great success, the Hall being filled to its utmost capacity.

The first item on the programme was a Tableau entitled the "Three Witches," the characters being represented by Messrs. Bishop, Swails and Stevenson. The second item, a duett the "Larboard Watch," by Messrs. Dudderidge and Francis was exceedingly well rendered and elicited well deserved applause. A Piano Solo by Miss Owens followed, and was also well received. The Shadow Pantomime entitled "A Clean Shave," by Messrs. Anderson and Forlong was received with roars of laughter and nothing but an encore would satisfy the audience. The Handbell Ringing of the Burford Bros. was quite a novelty in this neighbourLood and was thoroughly appreciated. Mr. H. Simpson's song "Ehren on the Rhine," was deservedly applauded, and the Recitation by Mr. A. T. Bell, "5th Nov. at Inkerman," was very appropriate for the day. An interval of five minutes gave time for arranging the Tableau "Lachute Industries," the whole of the trades followed in our village being represented. "Les Coursiers," a Piano Duett by Miss Ireland and Miss Groux, was tastefully rendered and well received. Mr. H. Simpson's second song "Vanity," earned a merrited encore, and he gave the audience further pleasure by singing the "Three Maids of Leigh." The Burford Bros. were again to the fore with their "Bells," being followed by Mr. Dudderidge, who gave a reading in his well known masterly style. A charming song by Mr. Francis was encored, and the same honor was tendered Mr. Swails for his Comic Song.

The singing of the National Anthem brought a most enjoyable evening's entertainment to a close.

Thanks are especially due to Mrs. Dr. Geo. Christie, for the able manner in which she presided at the piano, and also to Mr. Joseph Palliser for the efficient way in which he filled the chair.

The Committee having charge of the above Concert, return their hearty thanks to those who, by their able co-operation, rendered it so eminently successful.

She Kept Her Word.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Ga., Oct., 24.—Ten years ago, in a fit, Olivia Jenkins refused to speak to her father, although living in the same house. She never spoke to him, acting at the table and elsewhere like one dumb. She claimed that in his presence she was really dumb. She died on Tuesday night.

DISGRACEFUL.—On Monday night last a drunken rowdy was upset and thrown from his cart by driving against Dr. Christie's carriage on the road near Dalesville. Instead of leaving him lying there, as he justly deserved, the Doctor drove back to a neighbouring house and procured assistance; but the rowdy attacked all who came near him with abuse, cursing and swearing in a most disgraceful manner. It is a good thing that in this case the only one to suffer was the miserable wretch himself, and the poor horse that had the misfortune to be in his possession, except the annoyance he caused the Doctor and all who came in contact with him. —*Communicated.*

An amusing circumstance happened lately. The Girls' Friendly society, a London institution, sent some seventy young women to Canada to find homes. Their most sanguine expectation was to obtain employment in domestic service. One of them was a particularly bright and handsome girl, who, on her way over, became acquainted with a young Manitoba farmer, who was a passenger on the steamer. A mutual understanding was accomplished, they were married as soon as they landed at Quebec and she accompanied him to the west. She didn't forget those who crossed the sea with her. Once fixed in her new home, she set up a sort of matrimonial agency in their behalf, and two weeks ago thirty of them started to meet the husbands she had engaged for them in the western country. I understand that this benevolent, energetic person, expects to do equally well for the rest of them."

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—The 40,000 tons of soot taken from London chimneys every year is sold for £41,000 and used as a fertilizer.

—A motion favouring the entrance of Jamaica into the Canadian confederation has been voted down in the legislative council of the island.

—The Wheeling *Tribune* says a regiment of Democratic volunteers has been formed there to see that Cleveland is inaugurated. Col. Andrew Govan is commander.

—Toronto just now seems to be infested by gangs of burglars and Pick-pockets. A brisk business is carried on by them if we may judge from the reports that reach us of their operations.

—Mail advices have been received, giving details of the recently reported outrages on Christian missions in China; many churches have been destroyed, and brutal assaults committed on the persons of the converts.

—A young man named Sloan, in the stationary department of the House of Commons, died suddenly on Saturday evening. He accidentally took a wrong bottle of medicine, in which was a poisonous acid, death resulting from the same.

—The Scott Act has been adopted in Renfrew county by about six hundred majority; and marvellously again, it commanded majorities in the towns. The act has now been carried in four counties of Eastern Ontario.

—Thursday, November 27, has been appointed by President Arthur as Thanksgiving Day. The Democrats are giving liberal orders for turkey this season. They appear to be in a more thankful mood than their Republican neighbors.

—At Atlanta, Georgia, yesterday, the bloody shirt was publicly burned. The election of Cleveland cements the union between the North and South, and gives the South the first President of its own choice for many years past. It is a grand epoch in the history of a grand country.

—The square timber outlook in the woods this winter is unfavorable, and other kinds of lumbering promise only slightly better. For the first time in twenty-seven years Mr. Peter McLaren will take out no square timber, having last season's cut yet unsold at Quebec with no market offering.

—A remarkable wedding party is to be held in Missouri. Twenty one couples from the northern counties of the State have agreed to get married at the same time and place. There will be a banquet for 200 guests, and then a bridal tour for the new husbands and wives in company.

—A general order has been issued by Mr Joseph Hickson, General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway calling the attention of the officials and employes of the railway to the laws of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec with reference to the carriage of game during the close season. The order enjoins a strict compliance with the law, which are fully explained in the order.

—The Dominion government have decided to expend a large sum of money in having Canada properly represented at the colonial exhibition in London in 1886. They will send an exhibit as extensive as that shown at the Centennial, and are determined, if possible, to eclipse all competing colonies. Sir Charles Tupper, our high commissioner at London, having been appointed a royal commissioner for the exhibition by the Prince of Wales, makes Canadians generally take a more lively interest in the extent of the display.

—The Prince of Wales is the greatest colonel, in a numerical sense, the world has ever known. To say nothing of his honorary colonelcies in foreign armies, besides the headship of the Blucher Hussars, he is the colonel of no fewer than sixteen regiments in his royal mother's armies. He is Colonel-in-Chief of all the three regiments of Household Cavalry, and Colonel of the Tenth Hussars. In the Indian army he is honorary Colonel of the Sixth and Eleventh Bengal Calvalry, the Second Bengal Infantry, the Second Goorkhas, the Guide Corps, the Fourth Madras Cavalry, the Madras Sappers and Miners, the Third Bombay Cavalry and the Second Bombay Native Infantry. He figures in the Army List as holding three honorary colonelcies in the militia, the commands being of the Second Brigade Eastern Division Militia Artillery (Lord Suffield's regiment), the Cornwall Militia, and the Aberdeenshire Militia; and he is Captain-General and Colonel of the Hon. Artillery Company.

FIRMNESS.

Firmness is love! should be the watchword of the times. The times are perilous —"the deceivableness of unrighteousness" prevails. Satan is in great power—he boldly invades even the sanctuary of God. During the present season, especially, he assumes the garb of an angel of light, deceiving as it were the very elect. He has specious pleas to offer in behalf of entertainments in the Churches which are degrading to Christianity.

His plea is, "*Let down a little*—let your children go to this or that place of amusement—go yourselves—open the Churches for a little holiday sport.' Now is the time for the elect of God to show that they belong to the *Stand Fast Society*—not a *secret* but an open society, composed of "the resolute few that dare go through.

Be sure that your heart is full of love —then will you have a quick discerning eye, your conscience be ever awake, and your countenance like a flint. *Filled with love*, you will no more betray Messiah the Prince than would an archangel before the throne. This will give you a Gibraltar —like loyalty, laughing at the waves. Satan, whether in angel-garb or in undisguised hostility will encounter your ceaseless antagonism. There are far too many who wear "the livery of heaven" who do not give proof of their vital connection with Christ. The Christianity needed in these times is an open-faced, resolute, uncompromising Christianity—firm, but in love. BE FIRM!

Outrages on Caristians in China.

The Chinese mobs have been committing fearful outrages on places of Christian worship and persons at Canton and interior points. In the Provinces of Kwang Tung alone four Roman Catholic and five Protestant churches were destroyed, one hundred and twenty houses of resident Christians looted and the residents driven away. In Namhoi three Catholic chapels and convents' houses were pillaged, the priests and occupants beaten and the women outraged. At Shihung an English chapel was destroyed. The mob tore the clothes from the preacher's wife and shamefully treated her. At Chant Sung the Wesleyan chapel was destroyed. Christians are fleeing from the Province to Hong Kong. The Chinese gave them the alternative to sacrifice to idols or to leave home; they preferred the latter. Many women were caught by the mob and outraged. Twelve Cantonese villages issued notices that all Christians must leave. Fifteen churches in those villages have already been destroyed, several stores looted and many persons are homeless. Although the attention of the Chinese authorities has been called to these acts they refused to notice them. At Kiteyung the mob and the soldiers destroyed all the Roman Catholic, English and Presbyterian churches. At Swatow the Roman Catholic priests were ordered to leave. After they had left the Chinese soldiers broke into their houses and ravished the female converts. Bagnall Colporteur of the American Bible Society, was murdered in the Province of Shantung. Riots began in Hong Kong September 30th and lasted three days. The trouble began through the refusal of the Chinese workmen to help to load a French vessel. They were taken into Court and fined. They attempted to resist when one was shot dead and others fled to Chinese territory.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10th.—Cable advices show that the report of Colporteur Bagnall's death in China is unfounded.

Affairs in the Soudan.

LONDON, November 8.—Assouan advices state that there has been a breakdown in the transport service on the Nile which threatens to retard the advance of the expedition from Wady Halfa till January. The *Army and Navy Gazette* asserts that the boats built in England for the expedition were utterly useless, and that the Canadian boatmen found the native boats and labor most effective. The natives have done all the heavy work at the rapids. The Canadian boatmen have materially modified their original views as to the difficulty of navigating the Nile. They now admit that the passage of the Bahrel-Hajar cataract will be a very serious and arduous undertaking, and much harder to accomplish than they expected. They do not think the troops can be taken up that cataract without a serious accident. Gen. Wolseley telegraphs that the Mahdi with a small following was reported to be at Korthambat, north of Khartoum, whither he went after the fight at Amderman. All of the Kabbabeesh tribe deserted him. An Arab arrived at Wady Halfa from Dongola confirms the report of the departure of Col. Stewart on the steamer for Berber forty-nine days ago.

The British Navy.

LONDON, November 8.—In the House of Commons to-day Mr. Marriot offered resolutions which were laid upon the table, providing for the suspension of the sinking fund for two years and the placing of the amount of £5,000,000 at the disposal of the admiralty board for the increase of the navy. The proposal received the support of many liberals upon the ground of the immediate necessity for strengthening the English fleet, and that the adoption of the resolution would render additional taxation unnecessary. Lord Northbrooke, first lord of the admiralty, has urged upon the government the necessity for an addition to the English navy of a hundred first class and a hundred and fifty second class torpedo boats. The admiralty board has ordered the construction of four torpedo cruisers and a number of torpedo war vessels for service at all important ports.

The Crofters and the Police.

LONDON, November 10.—The crofters from the neighboring islands are flocking to the Isle of Skye to assist their brethern. It is believed 2,500 will meet the police on their arrival to-morrow and conduct them to Uig. The cotters will then demand the object of their coming. If the answer is unsatisfactory the islanders will conduct them back to the landing place and request them to leave. Two hundred marines have been ordered to Skye to assist the police in restoring order. Mr. Henry George, who arrived on the Germanic, says he came over in response to an invitation extended by the Scottish Land Restoration League. He will remain in this country until the middle of January. He expresses the greatest sympathy with the crofters in their fight for justice and the right to live in the homes of their fathers.

Milked by a Snake.

John Yard, farmer living on the Brunswick pike, eight miles from New York, has been pasturing a number of cows on a lot on his place. For a number of times he noticed that one of the finest of them every morning was as dry as though she had been milked. He was puzzled at this, and as an experiment changed her to another pasture. She immediately began to give the usual amount of milk. After a few days she was returned to the pasture with the other cows, and at once began to come in dry as before. Finally Mr. Yard had a boy to watch the cow. The mystery was then quickly solved. The boy reported that early in the morning a large snake, "the biggest he had ever seen," came and breadfasted from the cow's udder, draining it completely. The cow did not seem to mind the operation. The facts are vouched for by responsible persons who have seen the snake taking its matutinal meal.

The Attorney-General's Opinion.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., November 10.—Attorney-General O'Brien Deman, in a speech delivered to-day, said he had no fear that the wishes or judgment of the people expressed at the ballot-box will be falsified or defeated. No party or set of men can steal the electoral vote of the Empire State. The law of the State is too perfect to admit of fraud, and the people of New York are too much in earnest to tolerate it. The votes given by the people of this State will be honestly counted and the result truthfully declared.

The Papal Consistory.

ROME, November 10.—At the consistory to-day the Pope created nine new cardinals. In his allocution he alluded to the painful position in which the head of the church was placed and the trials through which the church was now passing. He dwelt upon the progress the Catholic faith was making throughout the world, especially in the United States.

The K. & P. Railway.

Kingston, Ont., November 12.—Mr Macdonald, of the firm of O'Brien and Macdonald, railway contractors, says that in about two weeks the ballasting on the Napanee and Tamworth road would be completed and the work in general ended. Concerning the recent riot among his men at Tamworth, he said that the fight was a vicious one, and the next day he saw Italians working away with heads on them as big as pumpkins and with cuts and bruises about them that would lay up a native of almost any other country. An Italian he says, always draws his full wages, as he scorns a himself and runs no bills. Other classes of laborers generally have deductions to be made for liquor bills, board bills, etc. The Italians who figured in the recent riot have all left the country.

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. There is are shrunken and pallid with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers fee 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 in to the taste. Often times there is a pain in the back of the patient's head, and he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as, he opening in the intestines becomes close, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the abovenamed symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of a thousand have no 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), 11, 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 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.

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 added, "one of those 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. 3, 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 various 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 come round last spring) 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON, November 9.—The government has decided to limit the increased expenditure on the navy for the coming year to £1,200,000, opposing the proposal to divert the sinking fund to defray the cost of new ships. The expenses of the Nile expedition, South African reinforcements and increase in the navy will be met by an extra income tax of twopence. It is reported that the Transvaal government is secretly negotiating with Bismarck asking Germany's protection.

NEW YORK, November 1.—Bahama advices state that a hurricane swept over that section from the 10th to 15th ult., damaging the crops and fruit on the plantations. A number of vessels engaged in sponging and inter-insular commerce have been lost. The American schooner Jonathan Knight, of Philadelphia, bound for New Orleans, went upon a reef and was totally wrecked Captain Malloy and five of the crew, including the captain's son, perished. Portions of the schooner San Blas, of Baltimore came ashore. It is supposed the crew were lost.

LONDON, November 11.—The master of the steamer chartered by the government to take a battalion of police to the Isle of Skye refused to proceed and the owner of the steamer has cancelled the agreement. At a mass meeting at Stornaway to-day a resolution was passed condemning the action of the authorities in sending police to Skye to evict the crofters. It is feared collisions with the police and crofters, when the former reach Skye, will result in bloodshed. The Birmingham Land Restoration league has sent the crofters resolutions of sympathy, but advises them to adopt all lawful means of resistance only.

The Canadians in Dakota (says an exchange) wish they had gone to Manitoba instead. Not only have they colder weather but lower prices for their wheat. The Galt *Reporter* says some of our friends writing home are contrasting their position with that of those who have gone to Manitoba. One of them writing here says:—

—25th Oct., '84.

"Yesterday we had our first snow storm. The face of the earth is grey; freezing keen. Put a stop to most of the threshers. Farmers are discontented owing to the low price of wheat, the average to-day being 46c. per bushel. The Canucks are looking towards Manitoba with a longing eye; they are getting much better prices there."

TWO PARROTS.—A parrot in Boston had learned to imitate the whistle of a man calling his dog. On one occasion, when a dog happened to be passing the shop, the parrot uttered a loud whistle, whereupon the dog returned, and with hesitating manner began cautiously to enter the shop to find his master there. Just as the dog made a halt of uncertainty, seeming at a loss which way to proceed, the parrot exclaimed in a loud tone of voice, "Get out, you brute!" and the astonished dog retreated, leaving his tormentor to enjoy his joke.

A grey parrot from his cage commanded a view of the harbor of a seaport town, and as it daily watched the carters, had picked up some of their phrases. One day a driver left his horse and cart on the quay, while most likely he himself was tippling in the nearest tap-room. The parrot thereupon began to try its powers. "Back! whoshe—back there," it cried, and encouraged by the success of its experiment, it kept repeating the words till the poor horse backed over the edge of the pier, and was drowned in the sea.

A FARM

of 160 acres, with goon house and out-buildings, adjoining the mills—fifty acres of which are in original bush, mostly hardwood—remainder under cultivation, the soil is excellent.

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Any portion of above property sold separately. Title Perfect—Terms easy.

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Lachute, 18th Sept., 1884.

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NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER VII.

Until long after midnight aunt Annette, Mr. Benson, and I sat discussing this—to me—momentous matter. One thing was certain—there was no deception, no flaw in the evidence no informality in the marriage; everything was perfectly straightforward and strictly legal. Aunt Annette wanted me to dispute the claim—possession was nine points of the law, she contended. But Mr. Benson declared that it would be absolutely useless—nay, he added gravely that it would be wrong to contest a claim so fully established. There was not the least doubt about any of the facts, and the case as strong as it well could be. Indeed Mr. Benson, who was an upright man as well as a clever lawyer, pointed out that, even if there should be a slight flaw in any of the evidence, that would not alter the fact that Paul's son was entitled to succeed him. Womanlike I was most curious to know why he did not like Lady Jesmond; but to this question he would give me no satisfactory answer. She was beautiful, graceful, well-bred.

"She gives me the idea of one who has been brought up in France," he said. "And, *entre nous*, Miss Gordon, I do not like French training."

Then came the question, what was to be done with me? What course ought I to pursue with regard to my future? Aunt Annette, who was vexed and angry at this untoward appearance of a claimant for my throne, declared that I should go back with her to the little house we had left but a few months before. But that had been let just as it stood, therefore we could not return to it for a time at least. Mr. Benson counselled us to wait.

"Wait until you see her, Miss Gordon, until you know what she intends to do. You have many undertakings on hand; she may desire to go on with some of them, and ask your co-operation. Be patient and wait."

When I retired to rest that night, sleep came not to my weary eyes, for my mind was full of the romance of this beautiful young widow who was coming to Jesmond Dene to reign in my stead. As a matter of course, I felt most bitterly and keenly the loss of this my princely inheritance. It was as much lost to me on that first evening when I heard the news as afterwards when others reigned there supreme. Crushing and keen was the ever-recurring thought that I was no longer "queen and mother" of my people; they were no longer my loyal and affectionate subjects. I thought of the half built almshouses, of the hospitals and schools, of the thousand and one plans I had conceived for the benefit of those living around me, and my heart ached at the thought that my dreams would not be realized. Still, if the goodness of her heart were in accord with her personal charms, the probabilities were that Lady Jesmond would be pleased with the work I had begun, and carry it on. What a dream of wealth and luxury, benevolence and happiness it had been to me! And now I must go back to the dreary seclusion that had been mine before.

But no! Now that love had dawned in my soul, the dreariness of my past life could never recur. I knew by instinct that Lady Saxon would love me none the less for my loss of fortune—that she would be superior to such sordid meanness as to allow her feelings towards me to change because I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene. And I was equally certain that Lord Saxon, than whom a more generous hearted man never lived, would love me as hitherto. My heart found perfect rest in these pleasant thoughts.

Early on the following morning my aunt Annette fell ill, and Lady Saxon came over to see me. I looked full and straight into my old friend's kindly face while I told my story. If I had detected the slightest coldness towards me, the slightest shade of disappointment, I should have shrunk from her. But there was nothing but the most loving sympathy and motherly affection depicted on her countenance. She listened for some time in silent amazement; and then she spoke.

"Felicia," she said, "you shall share my home and my purse; you shall be my dear adopted daughter, and I will make you so happy that you shall not miss Jesmond Dene. I love you the better now that I see how bravely and how well you can bear such a disastrous stroke of ill fortune. I wonder what this Lady Jesmond is like!"

"Beautiful as a dream, I am told," I answered.

"A worshipper of beauty, a dreamer of dreams." The words returned to me with vivid force. They were Lady Saxon's description of her son.

How kind and good she was to me at this trying period of my life! I ought even to have been grateful for the misfortune which brought to me such disinterested love. She would have been pleased and proud to carry me off there and then, but I was destined to remain for many a long day at Jesmond Dene. I knew little of the world, my experience being limited to the few acquaintances of my aunt and Lady Saxon's; but I knew enough to be sure that it was a marvellous thing to find one perfectly disinterested friend.

"I think," said Mr. Benson, "that it would be as well to send a carriage to Honton station to meet Lady Jesmond. I do not know the hour at which she will arrive, but she said she should come to day."

"She will doubtless feel nervous," I remarked, "and slightly uncomfortable. It is not a very pleasant position for her."

Mr. Benson looked at me with his eyes opened to their widest extent.

"I saw no sign of nervousness in her," he observed. "She seemed perfectly self possessed and mistress of the situation."

The words jarred upon me.

"You must feel the position a painful one," he added kindly.

"But she is said to be as good as she is beautiful," I cried; "and good women are sensitive."

"Not all," he rejoined. "Many women have the most matter of fact natures; they are sensitive neither for themselves nor for others; yet they are good women."

"I think sensitiveness a noble virtue," I remarked.

"It is hardly that," he replied. "It is rather a quality that directs many others. Lady Jesmond is not sensitive, I am sure," Mr. Benson went on. "She did not seem to think how this change would affect any one but herself. You will send the carriage for her, bye the-bye?"

I did send it, with orders that it was to remain at the railway station and await all the London trains. I sent also for the doctor from Honton to see my aunt Annette. On his arrival he spoke rather gravely of her condition. I told him that she desired to go away from Jesmond Dene at once; but he said she would imperil her life if she were so rash. So perforce, whether we liked it or not, we must remain as guests within the walls of what had for a brief period been our own home.

"Forgive me, Miss Gordon," the doctor said before leaving; "but as I came along I heard a rumor which I venture most earnestly to hope is not true?"

I knew at once that the story in some way or other had leaked out.

"You mean," I said slowly, "that we have had news from India, and that my cousin Paul has left both a widow and a son?"

"That is what I heard. Is it true, Miss Gordon?" asked Doctor Bland.

"It is perfectly true," I replied. We expect the young widow, Lady Jesmond, and her son here to-day."

"True? I did not believe it. There will be a revolution among the people, for you are greatly beloved here, Miss Gordon."

"Right is right," I answered; "and my cousin's little son is the heir to Jesmond Dene."

He said no more, but when he was gone I sought Mr. Benson and told him what had occurred, and that I thought it would be preferable to call all the servants together and tell them what had happened rather than that they should be left to hear it piecemeal from strangers. He quite agreed with me, and the whole household was gathered together in the servants' hall, where Mr. Benson told them the story of Paul's marriage and death, and announced that the widowed Lady Jesmond, with her little son Sir Guy, was coming that day to take possession. Mr. Benson told me, with tears in his eyes that when he had finished his narration there was but one cry among the servants, and that was for Miss Gordon. They all loved Miss Gordon; they did not want to lose Miss Gordon.

"They are devotedly attached to you," he said; and my heart was comforted by the knowledge that I retained the affection of those about me.

Noon came, but still there was no sound of carriage wheels. Then followed a long sultry afternoon, during which Mr. Benson, who was miserably anxious and nervous, dropped off to sleep.

That afternoon many callers came, for the news had spread throughout the district. I ought to have been, and I was, consoled by the many expressions of kindness and sympathy. No one seemed to think it strange that Paul had married, or that his widow should come home to claim his heritage. The general impression seemed to be that it was a thousand pities Sir William and his son had not been on better terms, when Captain Jesmond would have had no reason to conceal his marriage, and the unfortunate mistake would never have been made.

The long afternoon had passed, my visitors had all departed, and Mr. Benson had awaked from his slumbers; still there was no sound of carriage wheels to herald the approach of Lady Jesmond.

"I cannot stand much more of this kind of thing," said the lawyer. "I do not think I ever knew what suspense meant before."

"I have ordered dinner for seven," I said. And just as I uttered the words we heard the sound, so long and anxiously awaited, of carriage wheels. "They are here!" I cried.

But no warning came to me of what was to follow in the wake of the home coming of Lady Jesmond.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Shall you go to meet Lady Jesmond?" asked Mr. Benson.

"Yes," I replied; "she shall have a kindly welcome home."

I went out into the entrance hall, and there I saw three figures. One was that of a tiny child crying with fatigue; the second was a tall elderly woman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed to be a nurse; and the third a tall graceful lady dressed in deep black crape. This was the young widow, Lady Jesmond. I went to her with outstretched hands—for was she not Paul's widow?—but she did not or would not see them; for she merely gave me a cool little nod, and said—

"Are you Felicia Gordon?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Mr. Benson told me about you," she said. "Is he here? I am Lady Jesmond."

"Mr. Benson is here," I replied, "and has been anxiously expecting you."

"I hope," she said, "that we will be in time for dinner; I am very hungry. It has been a tiresome journey."

I had had some faint idea of falling on her neck and bidding her welcome to the home that I was about to relinquish to her—some faint idea of telling her how I bade her welcome for Paul's sake; but the manner in which she met my advances checked my ardor. It was evident the lady felt no emotion on reaching the home of her husband's boyhood. She was hungry!

"Dinner is at seven," I answered; and she must have noticed the change in my voice, for she looked at me.

"Seven!" she repeated. "Why, it is only just six now!"

Then I turned from her, and Heaven knows, although he had deprived me of my inheritance, tears of honest affection filled my eyes when I saw Paul's little son. I should have known the child was Paul's, no matter where I had seen him, his face was so like his father's. He had the same dark laughing eyes with a golden light in their depths, the same brows, the same dark curls."

"Why," I cried, "this child is the living image of dear Paul!"

Lady Jesmond turned to me quickly, and there was a strange inflection in her voice.

"Did you know Paul?" she asked.

"I knew him well when he was a boy," I answered. "I knew him here at Jesmond Dene. I was his cousin."

"Yes, I know that—Mr. Benson told me; but I was not aware that you knew him," she remarked. Then her voice softened a little as she said, "I shall like to talk to you about him."

When she utteren these words, the bright handsome face of my dead cousin rose before me, and seemed to ask pleadingly for kindness to his wife. She should receive it from me for the sake of the olden days.

I took the bonny little fellow into my arms and caressed him fondly. He ceased crying, and looked with piteous eyes into my face.

"Mamma," he cried, "mamma!"

"I am here, Guy," redlied Lady Jesmond quickly, "Be a good boy, dear."

"He is tired," I said. Shall I take him to the nursery we have prepared for him? It is the same his father had."

I saw her make a quick gesture to the woman who stood near. She came forward instantly.

"I am the child's nurse," she said, and prepared to take him from me; but the little fellow resisted all her efforts and clasped his baby arms tightly round my neck.

"Never mind, nurse," interposed Lady Jesmond. "If Miss Gordon likes to trouble herself with a tiresome child; let her; I am sure it is very kind of her. Guy must be good," she added, turning to the little fellow who still clung eagerly to me.

The sound of her voice sweet and musical as it was, did not seem to appease the child. Again in a piteous voice he cried—

"Mamma!"

"I am here," Lady Jesmond repeated. "You had better take him, nurse; he seems inclined to be cross. I have but little patience with crying children," she continued. Then, turning to me, she asked, "Have you?"

"Unfortunately for me, I have been but little with children," I said; "but I do not think my patience would fail."

"Shall I take Sir Guy now, and give him his bath, my lady?" asked the nurse. "Then I can come and help your ladyship to dress."

"See that you have all you want yourself: nurse. Ring for wine or tea, and see that you have every comfort," said Lady Jesmond, much to my astonishment.

I thought that speech showed decided consideration for others, and it pleased me.

The child continued to cry as he was carried off to the nursery, and the sound was strange in that old house, where children had not lived for so many years.

"He is very cross to-night," said Lady Jesmond. "I wish I could break him of that absurd habit he has of always crying for me."

"It is natural enough," I answered. "Children generally cry for their mothers."

"Things that are most natural are not always most pleasant," said Lady Jesmond decidedly.

And then I wondered whether she had any heart, whether she felt any emotion on coming to this her husband's home—the place where his boyish days had been spent.

"It must have been a trial," I said to her, "for you to come home without Paul."

"Yes—a great trial," she replied; but there was no note of regret or pain in the calm sweet voice. "I think, Miss Gordon, I will go to my room now. I have brought no maid with me; perhaps I can have a little assistance from yours?"

"With pleasure," I replied.

During all this time she had stood with her travelling cloak, which was slightly edged with fur, even though it was summer-drawn tightly around her and her face closely veiled.

"I am afraid," I said, "that you feel cold."

"Cold!" she repeated in a voice of wonder.

"Most people suffer much from cold when they first come from India," I remarked.

"Yes; I suffered greatly the first few days after my arrival in England. I did not attempt to leave the house for a fortnight, but postponed my visit to Mr. Benson until I felt a little seasoned. Now I will go to my room."

I did not ask her where she had been staying, or with whom. She was not the kind of person with whom I felt I could take such a liberty, however kind the intention might be.

My maid was summoned, and showed her Ladyship to her room. I was left with conflicting sensations, and I seemed quite unable to form any idea of the character of my newly found cousin. If any one had asked me whether I liked her, I could not have answered the question.

I hastened to give aunt Annette who was anxiously awaiting me, an account of the interview. I could not tell her what I thought of Lady Jesmond, for I had no definitely-formed opinion upon the point. I told her all about the pretty child with his father's face, and the elderly nurse, and of Lady Jesmond's solicitude for her.

"That speaks well for her," said aunt Annette. "Good women are always thoughtful for their servants."

Why did those words haunt me—"good as she is beautiful"?

I did not go down stairs until the dinner bell rang; when I did so, I found Mr. Benson alone in the dining-room. Her ladyship had not yet come down.

"Well?" he cried eagerly, and waited for me to speak.

The next moment the rustling of silk and crape told us that Lady Jesmond was near.

I cannot describe what I felt when I beheld her ladyship's marvellous loveliness. I have never seen anything like it; it was perfect, surpassing loveliness; and with it was that subtle irresistible charm which men call fascination. As I gazed at her, Lady Saxon's words came back to me—"a worshipper of beauty, a dreamer of dreams."

Tall and slender, her figure was the very perfection of grace. She had such shapely shoulders as are rarely seen; and, lightly veiled by thin black crape, they shone white as alabaster through their gauzy covering. Her hands were delicate and white, and were adorned with many valuable rings; her arms were as though they had been sculptured. She was a blonde of the purest type; even the hot sun of India had not marred the faultless delicacy of her complexion. Her eyes were blue, large, bright, and clear, full of fire, with a gleam of passion—eyes that could smile and flash, that could woo with all sweetness "and scorn with all fire"—eyes that startled by their unusual brightness and their depth of expression. The brows were dark and straight. Her mouth was perfect, with the most alluring of dimples; yet there was in the short upper lip something that told of pride and scorn. From her crown of golden hair to her dainty little feet, she was simply a masterpiece of nature's handiwork, without one blemish in her fair loveliness.

Even Mr. Benson's calm face flushed as he hastened to greet her with a low bow and extended hand.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Lady Jesmond," he said.

She looked at him with a world of mischief in her eyes.

"You do not say 'Welcome to Jesmond!'" she remarked playfully. "That is because Miss Gordon is here, and you think it would hardly be in good taste. You are right, but Miss Gordon and I are already very good friends."

Mr. Benson was quite at a loss how to reply to these candid utterances. It seemed to me that her beauty had robbed him of all power of speech. She then turned to me with an amused smile, and I could see that she was gratified by my look of admiration.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWSPAPER FABLES.

The Editor of a Country Paper one day turned on the Office Towel, which was Hanging on its Accustomed Nail, and began a Tirade of Abuse on its Appearance, terming it Dirty, Unfit, Ill-looking, and fit only to be Flung out of the Window.

"While I am compelled to plead guilty to all Charges," humbly Responded the Towel, "You must Remember that your own Hands have helped to Soil me and make me what I am."

MORAL:

Had the Country Editor wiped his Hands on his exchanges the Towel could have Indulged in no Back talk.

A DOMESTIC ROW.

One morning the Washington Hand-Press in a Printing Office suddenly flew its Frisket and called out in a loud voice:

"Hear ye! hear ye! But for me the *Banner* could not be issued each week!"

"Just hear that!" sneered a Case of Burgeois over by the Window. "Where would be the Paper but for its type?"

"And they never Printed a Paper yet without Ink," added the Roller in a Glue and Molasses voice.

"Well, I don't want to Appear Egotistical," observed a Bundle of White paper lying on the floor, "but if you knew how hard it was for the Editor to raise the Cash to buy me, you'd Imagine I was of some little Account Around here."

"Gentlemen," added the Imposing Stone in marble voice, "I don't claim to own all the corner lots in Town, but if the Chases, Shooting-Stick, Mallet, Quoins and myself were to go off on a Picnic I'd like to see the *Banner* go to press—I would!"

The Gordon Jobber, Box Stove and several of the Galleys were getting ready to chip in when the Editor entered and asked the cause of the Row. The matter was explained by the Card-Cutter in a Calm and Unbiassed manner, and the Editor replied:

"Each and every one of you are valued in your Respective Places, and all combined go to help issue the Leading Newspaper of this country—circulation (when a circus agent comes along) 6 000 copies—Wood Received on Subscription, as Heretofore."

MORAL:

If you can't get hold of a Goose Egg, a Pumpkin, Squash or a Peck of Turnips will Answer just as well.

THE FARMER AND THE EDITOR.

A Farmer who felt in his Heart that this was a cold World and that no one cared for him or his Mechanically slipped a goose Egg into his coat tail pocket and Betook himself to the village and the office of the *Gazette*, where he Produced the Egg and Swore by the Horn Spoon that it was laid by a pullet. The Astonished and Delighted Editor sent out for a Bed-cord to Measure the Length and Diameter of the Egg presented the Farmer with a Year's Subscription, and took Voluminous Notes with a Pencil. The next issue of *Gazette* contained a full and Thrilling Description of the Egg and the Pullet, and wound up by saying that Farmer Johnson was Honest, Upright, Enterprising and Progressive, and that he had the Loveliest Family, the best Farm and the Fattest Live Stock of any Agriculturist in the State. All of which so Tickled the Farmer that he carried a Grin until the Weather Wore the Enamel off his front teeth, and he had no Trouble in Marrying of his Daughters, Selling off his Old Hay, and getting Elected as Supervisor.

MORAL:

MISERS AND THEIR HOARDS.

Famous Grubbers of Gold and the Wealth they Hid.

There is every reason to believe that the hoards of money and valuables one often reads of as having been discovered by workmen while engaged in pulling down old houses have been secreted by misers; the result is that, in many cases, property thus found is taken possession of by persons whom the misers never intended to benefit namely—their heirs-at-law and next of kin.

It is pretty certain that misers of both sexes existed years ago, as they do in our own day, and the following notes concerning some notable examples of this class of monomaniacs may not be uninteresting. Of those who made it a rule of their lives to "gather gear by every wile," the case of M. Osterwald, who died at Paris in 1791, is remarkable, as shewing that the richest man in a city may also be the most miserable one. He was the son of a poor minister, and began life as a clerk in a banking-house at Hamburg, where he acquired a small sum, which he augmensed by his speculations in business and his economical mode of living; he afterwards came to Paris, where he accumulated his enormous fortune. He was a bachelor—the expenses of a wife and children being incompatible with his frugal mode of living. He had for a servant a poor wretch, whom he never permitted to enter his apartment; he had always promised that at his death he should be handsomely recompensed, and accordingly he left him a pittance of six months' wages and a suit of clothes, but, as he expressly stated, "not the most new." A few days before his death some of his acquaintances, who saw that he was reduced to the last extremity by want of nourishment, proposed to him to have some soup. "Yes, yes," he replied, "it is easy to talk of soup—but what is to become of the meat?" Thus died one who was reported to be the richest man in Paris, more from want of care and proper nourishment than disease. He is stated to have left to his relations, whom he had probably never seen, the sum of £3 000,000. Under his bolster was found 800 000 in paper money.

The neighborhood where Mary Luchorne died seems to be still famous for its misers. In 1877 there died at Woolwich, England, a Mr. John Clarke, aged 86. He is described as being a man of education, but a very singular character; although reputed as immensely wealthy, he was very miserly in his habits, and lived to the last in a squalid hovel in the poorest part of Woolwich; the greater portion of his life was spent in the accumulation of books, of which he left a large store. It was reported that the front shutters of his house had not been open for over thirty years; he never took a regular meal, nor did he know the tastes of wines or spirits. Yet, notwithstanding that he lived in such a den and suffered such privations, he reached an octogenarian age, and died worth $200,000 or thereabouts.

An instance of miserly habits in the great and noble is to be found in the case of that renowned captain, the Duke of Marlborough of whom it is chronicled that, when in the last stage of life and very infirm, he would walk from the public room in Bath, to his lodgings on a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. He died worth $7,500,000.

It is recorded of Sir James Lowther that, after changing a piece of silver in George's coffee house, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, he was helped into his chariot (he was then very lame and infirm) and went home. Some time after he returned to the same coffee house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad half penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James is stated to have then had about $200,000 per annum coming in, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

Sir Thomas Colby, an official high in office, shortened his existence by his passion for this world's goods, as appears by the following anecdote: He rose in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse perspiration, and walked down stairs to look for the key of the cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in the parlor; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine, instead of which he himself was seized with a chill and died intestate, leaving over $1,000,000 in the funds, which was shared by five or six day laborers, who were his next of kin." Marvelous good luck for his poor relations!

At Northfield, England, there died in 1772 a Mr. Page, dealer in limestones and gunflints, by which occupation, and by a most penurious way of living, he had accumulated a fortune of some $60 000. He lived alone in a large house for several years, no one coming near him but an old woman in the village who once a day went to make his bed. His death was occasioned by his running a knife into the palm of his hand while opening an oyster.

Some years since a chiffonnier (or rag and refuse gatherer) died intestate in France, having literally "scraped" together 400,000 francs, the whole of which went to the heir-at-law.

Teacup Fortune Telling.

I have a friend who is quite renowned for her success as a fortune teller, through her skill in shaking and tapping a teacup until the grounds or tea leaves in the bottom of the teacup assume in a rude way certain shapes or forms representing people, animals and various other images which she professes to understand as referring in some way to the person whose fortune she happens to be telling at the time. I was present once when she told the fortune of a young lady. The prophecy and the method of making it seemed to me to be very vague; but the gist of it all was that in a short time a young gentleman of extremely prepossessing appearance would arrive, and that he was, in some unexplained way, to exert a powerful influence on the future prospects of the young lady. Wishing to discover what was in the cup to warrant such a forecast, I obtained possession of it without be observed, In the bottom of the cup I saw that the leaves had assumed a form which, with a little aid of the imagination, might be accepted as resembling a very spare, delicate and altogether debilitated young man. With the aid of a teaspoon, and using a few other grounds or leaves that were lying on the bottom of the cup, I quickly changed the young man into a disreputable-looking old tramp, with a big bundle on his back, and accompanied by a ferocious looking bulldog. Then I awaited the result. Presently the young lady whose fortune had been told took up the cup, with a high blush of pleasure, to examine its contents. The moment she saw the dreadful figure of the old tramp she exclaimed, "What a horrid old fright!" Then there was a great commotion, which was only quelled when I acknowledged my guilt. But I had learned something, which was that with a little management and a teaspoon pictures of any kind could be made in a teacup.—[November St. Nicholas.

A New Jersey Porcupine.

A most remarkable conquest was made by four hunters at Millbrook, N. J., recently. James and Frank Kimble, Amos Van Gorden, and Abe Warner went on the mountain hunting raccoons. Their dogs, late in the evening, barked up a tree. Hastening to the tree they saw on a limb about 40 feet from the ground, what they supposed to be a "coon." Mr. Warner climbed the tree and shook the animal out. When it fell to the ground the dogs attacked it, but it succeeded in running into the rocks and was followed by the dogs. Here they managed, after a sharpe and severe struggle, to kill it. The men then took sticks and succeeded in getting it out, when to their great surprise, it proved to be a large porcupine, which would have weighed at least 25 pounds.

"Doesn't that man remind you of the sea?" said a pretty girl on Fourth street to her companion, as a very fashionable mother went by. "I don't know. How do you mean?" "Oh, because he is such a heavy swell." "Yes, dear," was the quiet response, "but you know the sea swell is salt."

The Prayer Barrel.

I first met with prayer barrels on the borders of Thibet, when travelling the narrow paths which wind along the face of majestic, precipitous Himalayan crags, we met native travelers from still further north—traders driving flocks of laden goats, women with quaint headdresses of lumps of amber and large, coarse turquoises fastened on bands of dirty cloth, and here and there a man holding in his hand a small bronze or brass cylinder which he twirled mechanically all the time he was journeying. It was some time before I succeeded in getting hold of one of these for a closer examination, as the owners are nervously afraid to trust their treasures in the hands of one who, albeit in ignorance, might irreverently turn them the wrong way, and so undue much of the merit acquired by perpetual twirling in the opposite direction. For, as we eventually discovered, not only is the sacred six-syllabled charm embossed on the metal cylinder, but the same mystic words were written over and over again on very lengthy strips of cloth or papyrus, which are bound round the spindle on which the cylinder rotates, and one end of which forms the handle. It is therefore necessary to turn this little barrel of prayers in such a direction that the characters forming the holy phrase may pass in proper order before the person turning, and as all Oriental books are read from the right side of each page to the left, the barrel is turned in the same direction. For the same reason the Thibetan walks in this direction round the great terraces and other buildings, on which the holy words are inscribed, in order that his eyes may rest on the words in due course, which can only be the case when he keeps his left hand toward the object round which he is walking. Happily this produces a doubly satisfactorily result, for in Eastern lands, as well as in our own West, it has ever been accounted lucky and meritorious to walk round sacred objects or places in this sunwise course—an act of homage to the sun which I have seen rendered in many lands. Just as our British ancestors continued thus to circumambulate their churches long after they had nominally abandoned all pagan ism, so throughout the world we find survivals of the old homage.—[The Contemporary Review.

How People Enter a Car.

Have you ever noticed how different people enter a car? It is a study. The experienced traveler drops into the first vacant seat; if there are more than one, he takes the one on the shady side. Here are two ladies; they pass two or three seats; they are all alike, but neither seems just the thing. They pass down the aisle, pass more seats, walk back again to where they came in, then carry their luggage back to the seats they first looked at, and drop down exhausted. Now comes a party just from the farm. They don't ride much; the old man leads the party, and carries the baby; the madam drags two small boys, and the four take the side seat just by the door, look around with a satisfied air, seem to think they are in luck to get inside. But it was a wild western passenger whose entrance was peculiar. He had been accustomed to riding in stage coaches; the door of a stage is on the side, and is about the size of a car window. The passenger knew of no reason why a car should have a door in the end, so when his first train rolled up to the platform he saw the window, it was open, and it was big enough, so he got in—fact.

Origin of a Few Oaths.

The courtiers of Louis IX. were wont to indulge in swearing to an extent that was both painful and distressing to the good king, their master, although the penalty prescribed in the statute book for the offence was no less than branding the tongue with a red hot iron for every commission of it. The oaths most offensive to the saintly monarch were the "cordieus," the "tetedieus," the "paradieus," etc., which still survive in Molière and Rabelais. At this time there was at the palace, belonging to one of the ladies of the court, a little pet dog named "Bleu." To elude the harsh sentence of the law, which might deprive them forever of the power of indulging in their favorite pastime, the courtiers determined to substitute for "dieu" the name of the dog. So "cordieu" became "corbleu," "tetedieu" "tetebleu," etc., and the apparently meaningless words are preserved to the present day. "Sacredieu" became "sacrebleu," and was finally contracted to "sacre." This last is the most common of French oaths nowadays, except "mon Dieu." The dandies of ancient Rome used to swear by all the gods indiscriminately, although it was customary for each one to have his favorite oath. Castor and Pollux were the favorites among the demi gods to. swear by Gemini, they meant to swear by Castor and Pollux, the twins. This oath has come down to us, even to the present day, when the expression "By Jiminy!" is frequently heard. "The deuce!" is a very ancient oath, indeed, as will appear from the derivation to which it is referred—the Latin Deus—God. Nowadays it is considered a mild oath to say "the deuce!" It is a curious thing that deuce is generally supposed to mean the "devil." Sir people say, "go to the deuce!" The origin of the phrase "by jingo" is traced to the word Jincoa—the baser name for God.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated, and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

"Lucifer" is the name of a Kansas paper. Who dares make light of it?

French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water Pepper or Smart-Weed Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best possible remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux; also to break up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. 50 cts. Keep it on hand. Good for man or beast.

The "palmy" days evidently refer to childhood.

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The "sere and yellow leaf" is not the hay day of life.

Corn Raising.

It may surprise the good people of Canada to learn that the Corn Crop has been immensely increased in Canada. No doubt the N. P. people will claim this as a product of protection, but PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR alone is entitled to all the credit. It raises more corn to the acre, than anything else the world can supply. Safe, sure and painless. Take no substitute. Only 25 cents. Try your hand. A good crop guarranteed. Beware of flesh-eating substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Sewer pipes are sometimes laid, but we never heard of any being hatched.

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.

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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.

"One glass sometimes makes a tumbler," remarked the chap who found that a single drink of applejack twisted his legs in a bow knot.

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 this remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

The song of the mill is always hoppertune.

Don't do it. Do not Wait

If suffering from pain, but go at once to the nearest drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Never fails to give immediate relief. Nerveline is endorsed by medical men everywhere. Don't wait a single hour without trying Nerviline. The best medicine in the world to keep in the house in an emergency. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

A milkman is justified in making the assertion that he is "pumpkins."

A.P 201.

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THE BANK OF TORONTO—DIVIDEND NO. 57. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the paid up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank, and its branches on and after Monday, the first day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the seventeenth to the twenty-ninth day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. D. COULSON, Cashier, Bank of Toronto, Toronto, 29th October, 1884.

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—AND—
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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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.

The People Who Originated the "Bang."

Among the curious people in Ohio are the Amish, who settle in Holmes and Tuscarawas Counties at the beginning of the century. They are a queer set indeed, and their peculiarity of course is the fault of their religion, which was founded by a man who spelled his name Amish, but pronounced it Omish. They use homespun cloth entirely, and their only shades are black, blue, gray and yellow. The men wear great broad brimmed black hats, cowhide boots, pantaloons three inches too short, flannel or checked shirts and square cut coats, reaching just below the hips. They never shave and their full beards are dark and fine and shine like silk. Their hair which grow thick and straight, is never touched by the profane hands of a professional barber. Fathers cut the children's hair while the mothers perform the same task for the fathers. Beginning at the temple the shears are run in a direct line over the ear and down the neck, thence up over the other ear to the other temple. The top of the head receives no attention, but the hair is combed forward over the brow and then "barged" better than any hair dresser in the country can do it. I asked an Amishman while in Tuscarawas County the other day, how long this people had been banging their hair, and he told me that old Amish had originated the style over 150 years ago. Little did that pious old soul imagine that he was setting an example for the nineteenth century swells to follow. By way of a clincher, my informant declared that his grandfather, who flourished in Pennsylvania with the other Amish, wore his hair in that manner as far back as the revolutionary war.

Books

There is perhaps no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures or marks placed upon reeds, or skins, or some other available material, men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred as far back as the time of Adam, have been made known to us. Even those abstract and invisible thoughts, which have no shape or substance, but which, nevertheless inspired the writer, and have since inspired others, are all put down in little letters or figures, and made eternal. The songs of David, the sublime grievings of Job, the speculations of Plato, the visions of Homer, have by those means been handed down faithfully for many centuries.

To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all the thoughts and learning of others is evidently impossible. It is beyond the compass of any intellect. But we may gather a portion of this knowledge, and the object is to know how to begin this humbler task.

We must not read to waste. We must be moderate if we wish to gain much. The bee does not overload himself with the nectar of flowers, but takes what he can carry away. We must select also, and see that the quality of what we take be good.

We should read not merely that we may make money, not to sharpen our intellect, but to enlarge it. We should read in order to know and feel what is good, and what is evil, and to do what is good and useful. Are we ambitious? let us learn humility. Are we avaricious? let us learn content. When a man can truly say to himself, 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' a kingdom of which he is the absolute ruler.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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IN ONE SHORT YEAR!

If the Rector of Chelston could cut out, obliterate, forget one short year of the forty-five he has lived he might be a happy man; or as happy as a mortal may be, who recognizes the responsibilities and duties of life.

His living is a rich one. He has no domestic worries or aggrieved parishioners. He is of good family—so good that he takes his place among the county people as much by right as by courtesy. In spite of his grave, not to say austere, manners, he has won the love of his parishioners and friends; and if the world he rules spiritually is a little one, his writings have carried his name far beyond it. Certainly the Rev. Percival Blake is a successful man and could that one year be forgotten might be a happy one.

The story of the year he would consign to oblivion is this:

Ten years ago, at half-past six o'clock on the 31st of December, the stars were shining brightly; at eight o'clock the congregation coming out of Chelston Church found a heavy snow-storm raging. The wind had changed. An army of dark clouds had hurried up and was attacking the earth so furiously that already everything within range was white with snow.

The Rector's mother, a lady of stately presence, came down the aisle attended by her two daughters. She paused to address a few reproachful words to the sexton, respecting the low temperature inside the church; then passed into the porch, which was full of members of the congregation preparing to fight their way home through the unexpected snow-storm. Wishing all present a happy new year, the ladies wrapped their cloaks around them, and at a brisk pace went up the lane which led to the Rectory.

There was warmth and comfort. The reflection of a roaring fire danced on every polished oak panel of the dining-room. Mrs. Blake and her daughters gathered round the blaze like priestesses round an altar; and the bell was rung to show they were ready for tea.

It was a week day. The service had been held to mark the last day of the year. The rector, a sensible man, disapproved of midnight services. His flock were better in bed at such an hour. So he had given them the ordinary evensong, and preached a short suitable sermon. His work over, he was expected home every moment.

The tea came, but not the rector. The cosy was put on the teapot, and the hot cakes placed inside the fender. The ladies sat toasting themselves and discussing who were and who were not at church.

Presently Selina, the youngest daughter, looked out of the window and reported that the lights of the church were extinguished. It was decided that Percival had gone on some errand of charity, so the ladies began tea without him. Mrs. Blake was filling the cups for the second time when the missing rector entered.

Percival Blake was above middle height, and strongly but not clumsily built. His face must be described by a word which would convey more than "handsome"—it was a fine face. If now, and when in repose, it wore an expression of contented indolence, it was, nevertheless the face of a man from whom something out of the common might be expected.

The truth is, his life had been far too uneventful and easy. He possessed abilities which had never yet been fully called forth; he was capable of passion that had never yet been aroused. The sharp spurs of ambition had not yet gored his flanks. This may be understood when one knows that at thirty he was Rector of Chelston—and even now, at thirty-five, he had not met the woman he could love.

Young as he was when the late rector, his father, died, his succession was a matter beyond question. The living of Chelston belongs to Lord Keynsham, and, as all the county knows, Percival's father was Lord Keynsham's first cousin. That the young clergyman was to stand in his father's shoes had been settled long ago. He had been brought up to do so as surely as a merchant's son is brought up to enter his business.

So the boy was apprenticed to the trade. There was no question as to his fitness for the sacred office. The fact of his being his father's son settled this. He himself accepted his position as a matter of course, and after a creditable career at Oxford, settled down to do duty as his father's curate.

He was a conscientious man, and did his work well. But his life had been made too simple, too easy for a man of his powers. It seemed all arranged: beginning, middle, and end.

His father died. He took his place, his mother and sisters living on at the rectory, and looking after the needs of the parish even as they did in his father's reign. At first they supposed Percival would marry; after a year or two they believed, perhaps hoped, he would not; now they looked upon him as cut out for a bachelor, and felt pretty sure of their tenure.

"You are late, my dear," said Mrs. Blake, as the young rector took his seat.

"Yes; and cold and hungry too."

They ministered to his creature comforts. He drank his tea and ate his muffins with gusto.

"Your sermon was very powerful," said Mrs. Blake. "At times I think you preach almost up to your poor father's level."

"Thank you," said Percival, suppressing a smile.

Preaching had not been his predecessor's forte.

"Percival," said Maria, his eldest sister, "did you notice a lady in black? She sat in the south aisle."

The laity may be confiding, but a clergyman's mother and sisters know he is able, and often ready, to take stock of his congregation.

The rector had noticed her.

"We feel sure she is the person who has just come to the Hollies."

"She is. She told me so."

"Told you so! When?"

Three pairs of astonished eyes gazed at the rector.

"It is on her account I am late. Just as I was leaving the church, old Jones told me a lady had slipped on the snow and sprained her ankle. I picked her up and carried her into the vestry."

"You carried her! Couldn't you have left that to Jones—if necessary?"

"My dear mother! She is a fine young woman, weighing about twelve stone. Jones is past seventy, and getting shaky."

This answer was unanswerable.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Blake, severely.

"Jones went to the Red Lion for a cab, or some conveyance. I tried a little amateur surgery."

"Alone with her in the vestry?"

"Her maid was there. A poor helpless creature, more hindrance than use."

Helpless or not, Mrs. Blake was relieved at hearing about the maid. "Was it a *real* sprain?" she asked suspiciously.

"The ankle was swollen to an enormous size. I was obliged to cut her boot off."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Blake. "And then?"

"I ascertained that no bones were broken, bathed it with cold water, and bound it up in a most workmanlike way. Then Jones and the cab came. I saw my patient home, and here I am."

The Rector of Chelston bathing and binding up a young woman's ankle in the vestry was more than Mrs. Blake could stand. She rose from her seat and gave her son her ideas on the subject

"All I can say is that carrying beautiful young women into vestries, attending to their ailments, and taking them home, is, in my opinion, an unclerical, if not a disreputable, proceeding."

The rector's cheek flushed, but he checked the hot retort which rose to his lips; still his voice and manner showed there was a limit to maternal authority and his own patience.

"I did not say she was beautiful. I would have done the same for the oldest and ugliest of my congregation. Good-night. I am going to my study."

The ladies looked blank; the more so when the hours passed without his reappearing. It was their custom at the Rectory to watch the old year out, and exchange good wishes as the clock struck twelve. Mrs. Blake grew very fidgety as midnight drew near, and was trying to bring herself to go to her son and ask his pardon. But Percival spared her this by returning of his own accord.

"Mother," he said, "you spoke hastily. But it is the last night of the year; let us forget it."

Mrs. Blake melted.

"Oh, Percival, it was only from anxiety on your account."

He laughed.

"I am old enough to look after myself.'

"Yes, my dear. But, Percival, who is she?'

"I told you. Mrs. Russell, the lady just come to the Hollies."

"But *who* is she? No one knows anything about her. She may be an adventuress."

"Adventuresses are not likely to come to Chelston. Besides, we heard she bought the house, and I suppose has paid for it."

"Is she a lady?" asked Selina—"lady" bore a very high meaning with the Blakes.

"Undoubtedly. You can call and judge for yourselves."

Mrs. Blake made no objection to calling. Unless there was something known against her, the new arrival was entitled to a call from the Rectory folks. Besides, Mrs. Blake, still much troubled by the vestry episode, wanted to see Mrs. Russell and form her own opinions.

Twelve o'clock struck, and after the usual good wishes the family party separated.

"What will the new year bring?" said the rector, as he undressed himself. "Not much change so far as Chelston is concerned. That was a very beautiful woman," he added.

The next morning, in spite of the four inches of snow, Percival Blake felt bound to walk to the Hollies and inquire after his new parishioner. The Hollies, a medium-sized house, stood in about half an acre of garden on the outskirts of Chelston village. At the back were meadows and through the meadows ran the deep Chelston brook or river, as the inhabitants were pleased to call it. The Rectory was half a mile from the Hollies, and Percival, as he walked the distance, had time to wonder why a beautiful young woman like Mrs. Russell should choose Chelston as an abode. Not that society was wanting, provided one was duly accredited. But the country people are rigidly exclusive, and few enter the circle on their own merits. The impression Mrs. Russell had given the rector was that of a woman who would scarcely be contented with the society of the doctor's and lawyer's wives and daughters, much less with that of the respectable farmers' women-kind.

Mrs. Russell was better. She was up, and would be glad to see Mr. Blake. The rector hesitated—thinking of his snow-caked boots—but after some vigorous work with scraper and door-mat, decided that he might venture into a drawing-room, so he followed the servant to Mrs. Russell and his fate.

His first thought was that, high as he had ranked her beauty, he had under-estimated it. But then he had seen her in the dimly-lighted vestry, and while she was suffering great pain. Now!

An artist should have painted her! A sculptor should have fired that attitude immovably in marble! She lay on a couch wheeled round by the fire. Her pose was full of that grace which appeals so eloquently to the eye capable of appreciating beauty and symmetry of form. It was unstudied and natural, yet full of dignity. Moreover, the classical purity of her style was bound to tell upon a man of Percival Blake's good taste. Adventitious aids she had none. The thick dark shining hair was coiled simply on the well-proportioned head. Her dress was plain black, but fitting her so as to show every line of that splendid figure. The dark eyes, lashes and eyebrows looked darker, the bright red lips redder, from the contrast of the white face. White, but, if such words can convey the idea, warm white. If color was wanting on the cheek, no one would call her pale; her complexion spoke of warmth, life and health.

And Percival marveled again that such a creature should bury herself in such a place as Chelston.

greeted him smilingly. She gave him her hand; it was white and well-shapen, but not diminutive. A tiny hand would have been a deformity with a woman of her splendid build. She thanked him for his last night's kindness. He hoped she was better, and complimented her on on her fortitude. After this light skirmish of pretty sayings they settled down to general conversation.

Certainly a most interesting woman! She was animated; she was natural; she questioned the rector about the parish, the church, the schools, the neighborhood, and other subjects which are clerical specialties. Then their conversation became more eclectic—literature, music, painting, even politics. After a little while the rector found himself discussing and arguing, as if her opinion carried weight. As the Rev. Percival had a low opinion of the intellectual powers of women in general, this was a great compliment to Mrs. Russell.

The minutes passed pleasantly. At last the rector felt that, so far as time was concerned, the obligations of duty and politeness had been discharged. He showed signs of leave-taking.

"Spare me a few minutes more," said Mrs Russell. "I have something to say."

He reseated himself willingly enough.

"I suppose you are all puzzling your heads about me," she said gravely; "your mother and sisters, for instance?"

This direct attack confused the rector.

"Chelston is a little place," he said.

"And, like all little places," she continued, "much exercised about a new comer?"

"As you use the phrase, I may as well say it is the right one."

"Well, Mr. Blake, I have no wish to be an object of curiosity or suspicion. In a village, the Rectory—not perhaps, the rector—is often the headquarters of gossip."

Percival laughed; but remembering his mother and sisters, dared not deny the charge. Mrs. Russell looked at him with her great dark eyes, and smiled as she saw how correctly she had judged.

"I am right, then? Well, Mr. Blake, if you are expected to give information, it is just as well you should be correctly informed yourself."

"But I have no wish to know. It is not my business."

She shrugged her shoulders, and just raised her eyebrows. The actions were, perhaps, bordering on coquetry. Mr. Blake at once caught their meaning. His disclaimer of curiosity was not flattering to the fair woman beside him. He hastened to atone.

"I mean, if I can be of service; please command me."

He wondered at the eagerness of his own manner. She smiled.

"I should like this to be known," she said. "I have no wish for society, and I bring no credentials. My story is this: My father was a well-to-do merchant in Liverpool. His name was Bennett. My mother died when I was an infant. I was an only child, and was utterly spoiled. My father's kindness I repaid by marrying a man whom he particularly disliked. My husband died three years ago; my father shortly afterward. He forgave me on his death-bed, and left me all he had to leave. He might well forgive me. I had long before repented of my obstinacy and folly."

A hard look came into her eyes as she spoke.

"You were unhappy?" said the rector, sympathizingly.

"More than unhappy—poor, unhappy, and—ill treated. But that concerns no one save myself."

She was silent. Her eyes looked far away. Her lips hardened and grew thin with a bitter smile. Percival Blake, watching her, knew she had a past she would fain forget.

"Thank you for your confidences," he said. "You are right, living in a small inquisitive world, to publish your antecedents. I shall tell the busy-bodies as much as seems good to me. And you really mean to live at Chelston?" he continued.

"I think so. I hated the loneliness of London. I have no friends, no relations. The fit seized me to try the country. I saw this house advertised. Chelston was the same to me as another place. So here I am, with a faithful old servant to look after me."

"You will find it terribly dull."

"One may be dull, yet fairly happy. I can amuse myself. I am fond of reading, of painting, of music. Perhaps, when you know me better, you will find me something to do."

"Anyway, we must try and keep you now," said the rector, gallantly.

Then he took his leave, and went to perform less agreeable if less dangerous duties. He dared not confess to himself how greatly his interest had been awakened by the strange, uncommon beauty of this woman. But he dimly understood how it might be possible for a man to forsake friends, duty—even creed—for the sake of some one whom he pictured as not unlike his new parishioner. He was nearer to his fate than he imagined.

His account of his morning's exploits spread consternation through the rectory. With discreditable want of tact he praised Mrs. Russell to the skies. His mother and sisters at once took the alarm. Percival, after all, might not be cut out for a bachelor. The joint regency was threatened—not by one who would be a suitable spouse for the Rector of Chelston, but by a terribly beautiful young widow about whom no one knew anything!

Nevertheless, they called at the Hollies, and Mrs. Blake's heart sunk as she saw that Percival had got been led astray by the glamour of good looks when he declared that Mrs. Russell was a lady. Maria and Selina, the rector's sisters, two plain, middle-aged women, who had outlived envy of another's personal charms, rather inclined to the new-comer; but their mother was obdurate. She shook her head ominously.

"There is a mystery," she said. "There is something wrong with that woman; I have a presentiment."

Mrs. Blake's presentiments were not things to be trifled with.

However, a kind of reserved friendship sprung up between the ladies. Mrs. Blake looked upon it as an armed truce, under cover of which she could better protect her son from the allurements of this mysterious siren.

But unhappily that son began to manifest a strength of will and determination to walk his own way, and, moreover, walked that way so far and so openly that the folks about Chelston began to talk; but even that troubled the rector very little.

He had long left off deceiving himself. His fate had met him. He loved this woman with all the strength of his really strong nature, and was striving, in deadly earnest, to make her love him. His passion had swept away all domestic barriers. Mother, sisters, everything faded into insignificance beside it. Life without that one woman's life was worthless. The touch of her hand, the look of her dark eyes, the sound of her musical voice, thrilled him. The Rector of Chelston loved at last—loved as only one man out of a thousand can love. His was not the sparkling transient emotion of a boy—not the dotage of the septuagenarian—it was the ardent glowing passion of a man—the love of a lifetime!

He blamed himself bitterly for this complete surrender to one dominant passion. He saw what dangers he might be led into, yet was helpless against his fate. His unhealthy state of mind was clearly shown him whilst he was engaged in the performance of a peculiarly painful duty. A son of one of his parishioners had murdered his sweetheart. He was now lying in the county jail under sentence of death. It was reported that he was callous and impenitent. His father, with tears in his eyes, begged Percival Blake to visit his boy and try and save his guilty soul. The criminal had once been the brightest of the village boys, and a great favorite of Percival's. Perhaps his pleading might succeed where another's failed. The rector at once visited the jail, and tried all his powers of persuasion to bring the convict to a proper frame of mind. But his labor was vain. The young man was quiet and respectful. He regretted the necessity for the deed, but not the deed itself.

"I loved her," he said sullenly. "No other man should have her. I would do it again rather."

Percival prayed and reasoned without moving him an atom. But the murderer at last turned to him and said:

"You've never loved a girl like I did, Mr. Blake, or you'd have done just the same."

Percival Blake turned pale. The thought struck him like a bullet—the man was speaking the truth. He—even he, the Rector of Chelston—would kill his love rather than another man should have her!

"God help me!" he groaned, "I must end this."

So one bright afternoon in April he walked over to the Hollies and told Philippa Russel he loved her. He spoke fiercely and sternly, almost like one under compulsion. In fact, he all but commanded her to return his love, and perhaps she liked him none the less for his masterful bearing.

She looked particularly lovely that afternoon. Although living in solitude, she was always well dressed. Had she anticipated the visit and wished to hasten the avowal, she could not have attired herself more effectively. The man must be ultra-fastidious who could find a single fault in her personal appearance—or so thought the rector as he waited her answer.

For a while she was silent. She stood with her white fingers interlaced. Her downcast eyes gave her wooer no sign, but a wave of color crossed the healthy pallor of her cheek. Then she raised her eyes and her look set every pulse in his body throbbing. In another moment he would have thrown his arms around her.

But she checked him, although she still gazed at him. She spoke; her words were strange, but there was something in her voice which as yet he had never detected there.

"Tell me how much you love me!" she said.

"I cannot," he whispered. In truth, he dared not even tell himself.

"Tell me how much you love me!" she reiterated.

"Far above any being in the world."

A scornful smile made her look even more beautiful.

"Spare me the ordinary lover's protestations. But stay," she continued, with a marvelous change of voice and manner. "I am treating you unfairly. Percival, listen. I love you! I love you!"

She leaned a little way toward him. The action was unmistakable. His arms were round her; his lips on her lips. From that moment life held but one thing for the Rector of Chelston.

"Tell me; tell me now, Percival," whispered Philippa, as she lay passive in his arms.

Even then there flashed across him that scene in the jail. If he spoke the truth he need seek no further for a fitting simile. He bent his head, and whispered in a strange hoarse voice:

"I love you even as that young man just hanged loved. I would kill you rather than you should love another."

She laughed deliciously.

"Sweet, sweet love!" she cried. "I believe you! I love you!"

Then she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed.

He adored her, yet she feared her. He was her master, yet her slave. She had wrung words from him which no man, certainly no clergyman, should dare to say; but she had told him and shown him she loved him. He led her to a seat, and, now that the victory was his, began to count the spoil.

"We will be married soon, dearest," he said.

She pressed her hands to her forehead.

"I did not promise to marry you," she said.

The rector wondered if he heard aright.

"Philippa, what *do* you mean?" he cried.

"You asked me if I loved you. I answered truly. For the rest, you took me by surprise. Come to-morrow or the next day."

"But why. What is your meaning? You love me, and of course you will marry me."

She clasped her hands, then once more pressed them to her brows.

"I am telling lies," she said. "It was no surprise to me. For weeks I have pictured this moment. Percival, there shall be no deceit between us."

"None on my part," he answered gravely.

"And none on mine. I said, 'Come to-morrow.' One day of pleasant dreaming—one day of your love—seemed worth having. To-day and to-morrow are the same. Sweet love, I love you! Hold my hand—listen—and leave me."

He obeyed with a white face. She spoke for some minutes in a low voice. The gravity of her communication was shown by the change which the rector's face and bearing underwent. Save by one or two smothered exclamations, he did not interrupt her, and when she had finished speaking, sat silent and motionless. She drew her hand from his and rose. His eyes followed her, and at last, with dry lips, he whispered:

"This is the truth!"

"This is the truth," she said, moving toward the door. "Farewell. I leave here to-morrow."

At the door she lingered and looked back. Their eyes met. A shiver ran through the man's strong frame. Then, like one who makes, for good or ill, a sudden resolution he sprung to his feet.

"What do I care?" he cried. "I love you. I cannot live without you. Let it be all forgotten, or borne together."

Once more he embraced her. She made no resistance, no attempt to conceal the joy his decision gave her. But presently drawing a little away from him, she said:

"Percival, if you give me your love in spite of all, it must be forever. Nothing must part us."

"It is for ever. Nothing shall part us."

An hour afterwards the rector walked home, and informed his mother that Philippa Russell had consented to be his wife.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Fuel on Russian Railways.

An official report upon the fuel used on Russian railways has been prepared by Gen. Possiet, the minister of ways and communications. It appears from this report, which is concerned with the year 1881, on the forty-nine railway companies existing in the empire only four were using wood exclusively in their locomotives. The lines were short ones, running through forest tracts abundantly supplied with wood and far away from coal supplies. The bulk of the lines used coal, and during the year the aggregate consumption of all railways was 563,029 cubic Russian fathoms of wood and upward of 1,230,000 tons of coal. The quantity of English coal used was only 150,450 tons, most of which was burnt on the Baltic and the southwestern lines. The report shows a general tendency toward a larger consumption of Russian and a diminished one of foreign coal. The increase in the use of Russian coal is given at seventy thousand tons; or 8 per cent. within the year. Only thirty thousand tons of German coal were burnt, and they were used on lines near the German border. Since the report was drawn up there has been a considerable enlargement in the supply to the railways of the Donetz and Moscow coal, and the use of petroleum as an engine fuel has become almost general on the lines near the Caucasus. The Russian import duties on foreign coal were increased not long ago.

Population of Hawaii.

The population of these islands to-day I believe to be about 95,000, writes a correspondent; natives 45,000, including at least 900 at the leper settlement, and it is safe to say that at least a quarter of the natives are tainted with leprosy or an incurable malady so-called. The Chinese now number nearly 20,000; the Americans and Europeans about 15,000, one-third European; 5,000 is made up of other nationalities—Japanese, Lascars, East Indiamen, Australians, Maoris, and maneaters from the South seas, whose posterity in future will be sought after to be exhibited in all civilized countries—even the African bushmen (native) will view them with amazement and as their inferior.

HOLDING UP A RAILWAY TRAIN.

The Tale of a Telegrapher on the Border.

A party of men were telling stories in St. Louis, when one of them said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Granada, on the Santa Fe road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers.

"I was in the office in the evening," he said, "getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for that kind of chaps, and as the machine was ticking I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little and seizing the key, I broke in with, 'Everybody—don't stop the express at Granada to-night, whether signaled or not.—Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it. About 10.30 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I couldn't move head or feet. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently and would go flying by, and then those cutthroats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought the thing over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open, so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew that it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds, she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was all up with me, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road away, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses, and were gone. When the train men came up to the depot, all armed with Winchesters, I was the only occupant. They released me and I told them what had happened. A couple of them stayed there with me and the train went on. If any express ever came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than this one did, I'd like to know it."

Graves in the Crimea.

Cathcart Hill has now become the one British cemetery. Extending from the Alma to Balaklava there were 139 burial places, and it was found impossible to look after them all, and now Cathcart Hill is to be taken care of as a monumental record of all the British who died in the Crimea. About 70 feet has been added all round to the old inclosure, and consecrated, and a substantial wall surrounds the space, with a house through which visitors pass into the cemetery. Capt. Harford, who acts as English Consul at Sebastopol, has taken a great interest in this work, and has got the place into very good order. A number of the principal monuments from the other cemeteries have been moved and placed on Cathcart Hill. It would be impossible now to move the bodies, but the headstones if placed in this new cemetery, will be safe from damage, and will be still records of those who fell. It is a heavy work to remove these headstones, and some have to be carried a great distance; it is to be hoped that a grant of money will be made to have this done now once and for all in a proper manner. For much less important objects money has been subscribed by the public, but if the Government did this part of the work, which is their duty, a monument should be erected on the spot to all who fell, and that might be done by public subscription. During the siege Cathcart Hill was the commanding point every one went to for the purpose of seeing Sebastopol and to get a glimpse of the operations. All knew it. It is still the spot where visitors go to see the ground of the great struggle. The piece of ground has been made over to the British Government, and a substantial and fitting monument on the historical ground would be a record of the past as well as a monument due to the memory of the brave who died. The Russians have done their duty in this respect to their dead and we should not be behind them. In addition to the memorial chapel in the Russian cemetery, a very fine new memorial church has been built in the middle of Sebastopol over the graves of four Admirals who were killed, or at least died, in connection with the defense of the place. It was Admiral Lazareff who created Sebastopol; the fortress and the Black Sea fleet were produced under him. He is one of the four Admirals buried in the new church, and so proud are the Russians of the defense of Sebastopol that after the siege they erected a monument—a statue on a pedestal—to him in the midst of the ruins of the city he had founded. The statue is colossal and stands in front of the "White Buildings," overlooking the harbor. These "White Buildings," which were barracks, are still roofless and in ruins, and the figure of the Admiral, which is black, has rather a ghastly appearance with such surroundings.

A Church-Going Dog's Good Memory.

When pastor in Southbridge, Mass., a gentleman connected with the church frequently called at the parsonage, accompanied by a dog of rather small size, which became a pet at the house. He always went with his master on Sunday to church, and would lie down at the doorway of the pew, which was near the pulpit. As soon as I commenced the service the dog would invariably start and walk into the altar and to the top of the pulpit steps, and there lie down facing the congregation and remain a quiet and attentive listener through the service. As the congregation rose at the singing of the last hymn the dog would retrace his steps to his master's pew, respectfully wait there till the benediction was pronounced, and then retire with his master. The gentleman removed to an adjoining town. Six weeks after his removal I exchanged pulpits with his pastor and entered the church and pulpit, not having seen him or his dog since he left Southbridge. When I commenced service that dog recognized my voice, and scratched at the pew door to be let out; and, coming to the top of the pulpit stairs, he lay down as formerly till the closing hymn, when he arose and went back to the pew as he did in Southbridge. This surprised the congregation, as the dog, always at church, has remained in the pew quietly all at this time, and never went to the pulpit afterward.

THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

What Turned His Attention to the Deaf and Dumb.

Having occasion to visit a certain widow, the Abbe de l'Epee found her on his arrival absent from home, and only two young girls—her daughters—sitting in the room and sewing. The girls received the abbe respectfully, but in total silence. To all questions he addressed to them they made no answer. Upon the arrival of the mother the good priest expressed his surprise at this extraordinary behavior of her daughters. "Ah," sadly answered the woman, "it is not their fault; they were both born deaf and dumb." The abbe, filled with pity, asked if there were no means of helping them, and the mother told him that a priest, the Father Vanin (who with the Abbe Deschamps, had made some efforts on behalf of the deaf and dumb), had for some time instructed them, but since his death there was no one else to do it. This was the inducement which caused the Abbe de l'Epee to begin his first institution for deaf mutes at Paris in 1760, where he continued to work indefatigably until his death, which took place in 1789. His memory is still, and will ever be, held in veneration, and in Paris an annual dinner is given to the deaf and dumb in that city on the anniversary of his birth. He was succeeded in his labors by the Abbe Sicard, Bebion, and others. A writer in the *Penny Cyclopedia* says of de l'Epee:

"While the good abbe, with that frankness which formed a beautiful feature in his character, solicited the examination and judgment of the learned upon his method, his rivals shrouded their proceedings under a veil of mystery. The abbe devoted his life and his fortune, except a bare supply for his own wants, to the service of the class he had taken under his protection. Pereira refused to disclose his method except for a large recompense, and Heinicke, in addition to receiving payment from the rich, had 4,000 crowns annually allowed him by the grand duke of Saxony. Both these persons made the art they professed an interested speculation; the Abbe de l'Epee only tolerated the rich, he was proud of being the instructor of the poor and ignorant."

Preventing Coal Smoke.

A London housekeeper writes: This nuisance most destructive at all seasons will shortly be increased by the addition of several millions of fires daily during some months of cold weather. The chances of smoke abatement being carried out to any appreciative degree in domestic life are indeed small, until a plan is devised which shall be practical, simple, and economical with existing grates. Such a plan I have effectually carried out in my house. The custom of putting cold coal on the top of a hot fire vertically under it hurries the chemical changes set up, which enables the heated vapors rapidly ascending the chimney to convey with them unconsumed carbon—i. e., soot, which is the chief cause of the soot nuisance. A little time is required for complete combustion. Feeding from below the fire is not practicable, except with grates specially constructed, which cost money. There is, however, a medium that is suitable and advantageous to both comfort and pocket. It is as follows, and I can not too strongly urge its adoption: With the shovel push the cinders from the ends of the grate, heaping them toward its centre, and leaving holes about three inches broad and as deep as possible. Into these holes drop either large or small coal; never put coke into them, nor coal on the middle of the fire; but as coke gives no smoke it should be used in making up the middle of the fire. By this mode of firing the fresh coal comes into contact laterally with hot embers, which gives facilities for its decomposition by allowing more suitable time for the chemical changes than does the vertical system.

A Standard Bearer.

There is a beautiful story told of an old elephant engaged in a battle on the plains of India. He was standard bearer, and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight the lost his master. The "mahout," or driver, had just given him the word to halt, when he received the fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten and rallied again and again around the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there with the dead and dying and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given it the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village one hundred miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, passed slowly and quietly away.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

There's many a slip betwixt the baby and the washtub.

A sure cure for insomnia—Send the baby to its grandmother.

How good you can make a thin-blooded neighbor feel by predicting an open winter!

The baseball season is over for the National League, but our babies will continue base bawling during the winter months.

Hammered silver fingered bowls are the latest. The baby is supposed to do the most emphatic part of the hammering.

The Chinese got along very well for 2,000 years without the use of metals, but it was awful lonesome for an old mandarin to hold down a dry-goods box without the company of a jack-knife and shingle.

Fifty cents was the sum handed over by a St. Louis citizen to the man who saved his life, but he was probably an editor. They all bank their money, and carry only a little change around for street car fare.

The Viceroy of India has a salary of $125,000 per year and is on a strike to have it doubled. When it takes $150,000 per year to run an Aldermam we don't see how a Viceroy can splurge around much.

The New York plumbers went out on a strike and won. We didn't understand what ailed the bosses to kick against a raise of wages, as the people unfortunate enough to own houses have to pay all the costs anyhow.

This has been a pretty good fall for death bed confessions that have cleared up old mysteries, and we trust there will be no falling off for a month to come. It is hard on the detectives, but the truth is wanted.

A Seasonable Remark.

"You are not like Autumn," she sighed as the persistent lover sat out the hours.

"Why, my dearest?" he inquired with a fond and foolish expression.

"Because Autumn leaves, but you never do."

The secret of the jumping Mexican bean is out. It was discovered on the Comstock lode in Nevada. Each bean contains a worm which can uncoil itself with such sudden vehemence that the bean is made to jump. The Nevada newspaper which avers this also says that the worm is a provision of nature whereby the beans are distributed and become planted. Dropping from the trees which produce them, they jump about until they fall into crevices in the ground, where they are imprisoned and may take root.

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-half 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, NOV. 21, 1884.

THE SOUDAN.

The news from the Soudan is of a more cheering character than that reported last week. General Gordon is still in Khartoum, and has written General Wolseley to say that he is delighted to hear of the British advance up the Nile, and hopes to be able to maintain his hold at Khartoum until the arrival of the expedition. He says he continues to harass the Mahdi with his steamers whenever the latter attemps to approach Khartoum. The Mahdi is encamped one day's march from Khartoum. General Gordon also says that his position is very secure and that his troops are in excellent spirits. He says that the Mahdi regularly receives European newspapers, from which he learns of the movements of the British troops in Egypt. General Gordon warns the French consul general at Cairo that the Mahdi possesses Herbin's cipher code, in which the official despatches are sent and received.

It is said the greater part of General Gordon's letter is devoted to scathing criticism of the policy of England and her military arrangements. A despatch from Cairo says:—The Canadian boatmen are experiencing more difficulty in getting boats up the cataracts of the Nile than they anticipated. The muddiness of the water prevents them seeing the rocks. The difficulty at the Dal cataract, however, is diminishing, and the flotilla's progress is likely to increase. General Gordon, in his letter to General Lord Wolseley, says that Col. Stewart, Mr. Power, the correspondent, and M. Herbin the French Consul, left Lansal on a steamer which left Khartoum on Sept. 10th. He also states that he has received his sister's, Sir Samuel Baker's and Mr. Stanley's letters. Officers at Alexandria have been trying to purchase life buoys, as none were sent with the boats for the Nile expedition. Only twenty-six were obtainable here.

Orders have been received at Cairo to forward reinforcements up the Nile with the greatest despatch. It is thought the position at Dongola is becoming serious. An accident occurred on the Alexandria and Cairo railway by which several English officers were injured and some Arabs killed. While the Stafford regiment was passing the Ambukol cataract a whaleboat sank and two others were damaged. A sergeant was drowned and the stores and outfits lost. Friendly tribes have defeated the Hadendowas near Suakim, capturing 500 camels and a convoy of provisions for Osman Digna.

While a boat, manned by Canadians, was ascending one of the Nile cataracts on Friday, a hawser broke, allowing it to be swept down the dangerous current. By remarkably skilful steering the boat was brought safely through, much to the surprise and admiration of the English officers.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The agony is over, and the Republicans concede the election by 1,075 in favor of Mr. Cleveland. The completion of the city canvas shows the total vote in the state of New York to have been: Blaine, 561,883; Cleveland, 562,961; Butler, 16,945; St. John, 23,073. The national and state headquarters of the Republican and Democratic committees were finally closed on Saturday night. The Republicans concede Cleveland's election. Assistant-Secretary home voiced the sentiment of the committee, saying: "It is all over; we only await the action of the State Board of Canvassers on Wednesday next, but we have made a good fight, considering that we did not have a third of the amount of funds controlled by the national committee in Garfield campaign."

A special to the *Herald* from Augusta says Blaine regards the official count in New York as practically settling the Presidential question. He accepts the result cheerfully and has no regrets growing out of his connection with the campaign. He feels that he made a good fight and bows to the verdict of the American people. He will shortly resume work on the second volume of "Twenty years in Congress," which the election campaign had interrupted.

One good result from Cleveland's election we believe will be the uniting of the South and the North in a bond of brotherhood stronger than ever. This is fully prefigured in the action of the people of Savannah, who declare "there is no longer a solid South nor a solid North, but only a solid union." To which every true American will heartily respond, with an Amen!

But this good result could not be accomplished so long as the "carpet bag party" of the North and the "red shirt" party of the South were arrayed against each other. It was not in the nature of things to expect that the South would support the Northern party; but now that it is broken, there is no longer need for the South to maintain a hostile feeling against the North. Nor can the South be blamed that this devoutly to be wished for consummation was not sooner reached. It certainly might have been some eight years ago when Tilden was as fairly elected as Cleveland now is, but was cheated out of his rights by the trickery of the Republican party in the elective college at Washington, to their everlasting disgrace. It is not to be wondered at then that the Democrats of the South should feel sore on account of this shameful transaction. But they will not dare to repeat it in the case of Mr. Cleveland, who will go to the White House, not as the representative of a party, but of the nation; and that his government will be characterized by moderation, and prove beneficial to the nation and the world at large.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

CLEVELAND AND PATRONAGE.

There being no longer any doubt about the election of Mr. Cleveland as the next President of the United States, the civil service employees at Washington are in a ferment of excitment about their situations. And well they may be, for there is no doubt a demand will be made on Mr. Cleveland, to turn them all out. Still we think the new President will have firmness enough to exercise a discriminating judgment in his dealing with the civil service employees. In answer to an inquiry made by a civil service man of George Wm. Curtis, who in reply said: "There is no doubt that Cleveland will encounter a tremendous demand for a clean sweep, but I think that while changes will be and ought to be made for perfectly legitimate reasons, he will respect the letter and spirit of the reform law, and that nonpolitical officers who have been honest and efficient in the discharge of their duty, and who have not misused their positions for party or political ends, will not be arbitrarily dismissed for political reasons. Of course I have no authority to speak for Cleveland. My faith is founded upon some knowledge of his character and convictions."

Civil Service Commissioner Eaton believes Cleveland will do the best he can for the civil service reform movement. The movements may possibly not be advanced as much as it would have been in the event of Arthur's re-election or possibly Blaine's. Eaton is a strong republican and says: There is no public man in this country who has a higher sense of the moral obligations of official life, or who is more certain to withstand mere partisan and selfish appeals, than Governor Cleveland. Judge Thoman, a democratic member of the commission, interviewed on the same subject, said: "I am satisfied that although administrative reform will cause the removal of many officials whose places need not be filled, and if a policy is pursued by which the business of the government will be conducted on business principles, the biennal register in two years from now will contain several thousand less names than it does to-day."

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The House of Representatives in the next Congress will consist of 184 Democrats and 141 Republicans, while the Senate will have 41 Republicans and 75 Democrats.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

The gratifying intelligence was received yesterday that, upon the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer upon the Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald the distinction of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, in recognition of his eminent services to Canada and the empire. The occasion selected for the bestowal of this mark of great honour is most fitting, the fortieth anniversary of Sir John's entrance into public life. The dignity is an exalted one. The Order of the Bath is one of the most ancient and honourable in heraldry, and though it fell into disuse for a time in the seventeenth century, it was revived by George I in 1725, and is now the second order in rank in England, the first being the Garter. By the statutes then framed for the government of the order, it was declared that besides the sovereign, a prince of the blood, and a great master, there should be thirty-five knights. The order was exclusively a military one down to 1847, when it was placed on its present footing by the admission of civil knights, commanders and companions. The order is divided into three classes, and it is to the first of these, that of the grand cross, that Sir John Macdonald has been raised, he having previously been decorated with the second class, that of Knight Commander. The civil list of the first class is limited to twenty-five, and Sir John's promotion leaves still one vacancy in the number. Among those upon whom the honour has been conferred in recent years are such distinguished men as Lord Dufferin, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir Bartle Frere, the Earl of Lytton, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord John Manners, Sir Robert Peel, the Marquis of Hertford, Earl Sydney, and Viscount Halifax.

This is now the third time Her Majesty has signally honoured Sir John Macdonald, above all colonial statesmen, in recognition of his great services to the state. He was the first and only colonial statesman to receive the order of Knight Commander of the Bath, the first and only colonial statesman to be called to Her Majesty's privy council, from which position he derives his title of right honourable, and he is now the first and only colonial statesman to receive the high and exclusive honour of the Grand Cross of the Bath. Great as are these distinctions, they are not greater than his services have merited. He has spent his life-time in the service of England's chiefest colony, and his statesmanship has formed and consolidated out of seven scattered, and in some respects hostile provinces, a Dominion loyal to the crown, and endowed with possibilities that will make it some day the Greater Britian of the empire.

The people of Canada will learn with no common feeling of pleasure of this new mark of Her Majesty's confidence in our premier, and they will shortly manifest their appreciation of the act and their love and esteem of Sir John in a welcome such as it rarely falls to the lot of a public man to enjoy.

Imperial and Colonial Federation.

On the 18th a meeting of the imperial federation conference was held in London, at which Sir John McDonald was present, and took part in the proceedings. A resolution was adopted providing for the formation of a league, the object of which will be to secure the permanent unity of the empire without interfering with the existing rights of local parliaments as regards local affairs, so as to combine on an equitable basis the resources of the empire, maintain common interests, and organize for the defence of common rights. The league will use every means to obtain this object, and invites the support of all political parties. Sir John Macdonald moved the appointment of a general committee. The motion was supported by Mr. Wm. E. Forester, and Lords Rosebury, Dunraven, Normanby, Shaftesbury, Tennyson and Monk, and adopted.

We noticed on our way to Perth last week to attend the funeral of our sister, that the farmers along the line of railway were busily ploughing, the weather being so fine. This week it is the reverse of that—it having turned so cold and frozen so hard as to preclude any further operations in this line of business. Some of the weather-wise prophets predict that we will have it open till January, and little or no snow before that time.

Perth is growing rapidly, and some very fine buildings have been erected since we last visited it, about four years ago. The Methodists have torn down their old wooden building, and have erected in its place, a neat, commodious and substantial stone building—two lofty spires adorning its front. The seating is in the semi-circle style, the ends are of cast iron, and so arranged that seats in case of a crowd can be drawn out into the aisle to accommodate one or two persons. The whole being finished in black walnut. The pulpit and the communion altar are very neat indeed. The choir and organ is in rear of the minister. The seats are to be upolstered, as in the Dominion Church at Ottawa, and to be lighted by electricity. It will be heated by hot air from the basement. Take it all in all, it is one of the finest churches of its size in Ontario or Quebec.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—**The safe of the Texas Express company at Bryant, Tex., was robbed of $10,850 on Saturday night. A young Spaniard named Barret has been arrested on suspicion**

—Standard silver dollars are quoted as worth 84 cents as bullion and trade dollars at 85½ cents. It is believed at the treasury that there will be a further decline in price soon.

—Sarah Smith, of Baltimore, fearing that her husband would lose his position as postal clerk when Cleveland gets into the white house, fatally cut herself with a razor on Monday last.

—It has been decided to place Hon. George Brown's statue upon the pedestal this week. The ceremony of unveiling by Hon. Alex Mackenzie will take place on Tuesday, 25th, at noon, when an address will be delivered by Hon. Mr. Mowat. No special invitations will be issued.

—The Toronto Ministerial Association have decided to petition the Minister of Militia against Military parades on Sunday. They also decided to co-operate heartily in obtaining the services of Moody, the evangelist, during December.

—A most enthusiastic meeting of citizens was held in the Mechanics hall, Montreal, on Monday afternoon to make arrangement for a welcome to Sir John Macdonald on his return from England, and for the public demonstration in honour of his fortieth anniversary of political life, the mayor presiding. It was announced that Her Majesty the Queen had conferred on the veteran premier the exalted honour of the Grand Cross of the Bath, and a congratulatory cablegram was ordered to be sent to Sir John signed by the mayor on behalf of the citizens. An influential committee was formed to carry out the arrangements, and to make the demonstration the grandest ever seen in the city and worthy the occasion which calls it forth.

—A number of New York business men are considering a project to build an ice palace in Central park this winter.

—At Little Rock it is reported that Senator Garland will be strongly pushed for the position of attorney-general in Cleveland's cabinet.

—Railway travel in England, according to official reports, is growing safer from year to year. Last year not a single passenger was killed except as the result of his own carelessness, and only 762 were injured.

Queen Victoria has mounted its crystal and silver the musket ball that ended the career of Nelson.

The accident reported in Southern Texas on Saturday, by which ten people were killed and fifteen wounded, turns out to have been the work of train wreckers.

—The Empress of Japan is said to be a pretty woman and to take a great interest in the welfare of her sex. With her own money, she has founded a normal school for girls.

—The rector in Hampton Lacy, Warwickshire, England, bought the only tavern in the village seven years ago, and hired a man to keep it. From the sale of beer,—no other drink being sold, money enough has been made to pay the salary of the church organist, and devote about $150 among the local charities. The beer sold is guaranteed pure, and it is claimed as one of the results of the experiment that drunkenness is unknown in the village. The rector is trying to induce other clergymen to follow his example.

Five hundred Chinese prisoners are reported to have been beheaded by native auxiliaries of the French in Tonquin.

The redistribution bill is to be presented to parliament so soon as the house of Lords passes the franchise bill.

The French in Tonquin are reported to have lost over 500 soldiers within a few weeks.

The Skye crofters have resolved to submit unconditionally.

Orders have been sent to Cairo to hurry the troops up the Nile.

Since the outbreak of cholera in Paris there have been 459 deaths, the daily average being 58.

Russian troops have been making further advances into the territory of the Khan of Khiva.

Several Irish estates which have been offered for sale at Dublin, by order of the land courts, remain unsold. The bids were few and very small.

A meeting of conservatives in London has decided in favour of letting the franchise bill pass.

Police and marines have marched through the disaffected districts in Skye, meeting no opponents.

It is expected in London that negotiations now in progress will shortly result in a settlement of the Franco-Chinese difficulty.

The British commission to define the boundaries of Afghanistan found a Russian picket on the Afghan side of the frontier line.

The Soudanese rebels have returned in great force to the neighborhood of Khartoum, and an attempt to shell them out of their position has failed.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 11th, 1884.

Cleveland's election means, to Government employees a revolution, at least, in Washington. To be, or not to be turned out of office, that is the question with them. Whether it is better to trust to the protection of civil service rules, or prepare to resign after the ides of March.

The more hopeful talk about the Democratic party's pledges to conservatism, the necessity of making some show of consistency, and say it cannot afford to be rash. But others argue there will be a great party behind Cleveland and his Cabinet, when it is formed, who are hungry for office. Their request have not been regarded for more than twenty years. They will demand a clearing out of all the Government departments and their demands cannot be ignored. We had just as well pack our trunks. Civil service rules will not amount to anything when the Democrats want our places. Despondency is widespread and profound, and so doleful are the countenances of the returning office holders who went to their various states to vote, that the trains bringing them daily to the city have been compared to funeral trains.

While other cites have probably exhibited greater enthusiasm during the campaign, none of them has had an interest equal to that of Washington in the result. Here the life currents of society and business flow from the executive departments of the Government. The relations of the tens of thousands of employees of the Government of life and business extend to every man, woman and child in the District.

In the public schools the prospect of a Democratic administration coming into power next March is a matter of serious apprehension. A large proportion of the pupils are the children of government officials. One was heard to say tearfully "if Blaine had been elected my uncle intended to send me to college next year, but now he will loose his place in the department, and I can't go." "I may get bread to eat this winter," said another "but of course I won't get butter on it now." "I expected to get a new hat, but I guess now I will have to wear my old one," and similar remarks were current.

Of course there will be many changes here with the advent of a Democratic administration. Those in the prominent offices and working politicians will be displaced. But outside of official circles it is not thought there will be those sudden sweeping changes and melodramatic upheavals that persons nearly interested would predict.

There has also been much comment as to how business interests of the city would be affected by the change. It is conceded by those who are supposed to know that temporary depression is inevitable, but the fact is recognized that there will be just as many office holders under one President as under another, and that they will draw the same salaries, which will be spent for the same necessaries of life. The customers will change but the custom will be very much the same. Many families will retrench their expenses between now and the fourth of March, and credits will be given less liberally perhaps, but it is thought matters will adjust themselves quickly to the new outlook, and business men do not anticipate any long lived trouble from the change.

Congress which meets in two weeks will not have to begin with the work of organization, to which a month of the first term was devoted, but little legislation will be attempted at this session. Appropriation bills only on account of their necessity will be passed. There will be the excitement of the election count, an immense accumulation of unfinished business coming over from last summer. Members coming from the distracting circumstances of re election or defeat will find it difficult to settle down to real work, and the usual rush of a term preceding the inauguration of a new President may be expected, a hurrying to get off with the old and on with the new.

LONDON, November 17, 1884.—Her Majesty the Queen, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, has been pleased to confer upon Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Sir John left this morning for Sandringham to visit the Prince of Wales. He sails for Canada on Saturday, 29th inst.

MONTREAL.—Coroner Jones had a warrant issued for the arrest of Thomas Brennan, the gas-fitter who was the indirect cause of the fatal gas explosion at Mr. Hutchins' house, and the case will come before the Grand Jury, now sitting.

LADIES' HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.
Children's Woollen Hose, 15c.
Boys' Woollen Hose, 25c.
Girls' Woollen Hose, 25c.
Women's Woollen Hose, 30c.

LADIES' HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.
Children's Ribbed Woollen Hose, 17c.
Boys' Ribbed Woollen Hose, 27c.
Girls' Ribbed Woollen Hose, 27c.
Women's Ribbed Woollen Hose, 37c

LADIES' HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.
Children's Nigantic Wool Hose, 37c.
Boys' Nigantic Wool Hose, 37c.
Girl's Nigantic Wool Hose, 37c.
Women's Nigantic Wool Hose, 77c.

LADIES' HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.
Children's Extra Heavy Overstockings, 45c
Boys' Extra Heavy Overstockings, 55c.
Girls' Extra Heavy Overstockings, 55c.
Women's Extra Heavy Overstockings, 75c.

LADIES' HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.
Children's Cashmere Hose, 45
Ladies' Cashmere Hose, 55c.
Children's Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 35c.
Ladies' Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 55c

LADIES' HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.
Children's Extra Heavy Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 75c
Ladies' Extra Heavy Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 97c.

LADIES' HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.
Children's Hand-knit Overstockings, 55c.
Boys' Hand-knit Overstockings, 60c.
Girls' Hand-knit Overstockings, 75c.
Ladies' Hand-knit Overstockings, 85c.
Severance Club Stockings made to order at the shortest notice.

S. CARSLEY.

S. CARSLEY'S.
NEW BABY WARE
New Baby's Robes } At
New Baby's Frocks } S. CARSLEY'S
At } New Baby's Pelisses
S. CARSLEY'S. } New Baby's Dresses
New Baby's Cloaks } At
New Baby's Wraps } S. CARSLEY'S
At } New Baby's Boas
S. CARSLEY'S } In great variety
Ladies' Breakfast Caps.
Servants' Mob Caps.
Servants' Lace Caps.

S. CARSLEY'S.
LADIES' MISSES' AND INFANTS' UNDERWEAR.
This department has been entirely reconstructed and placed under management of a lady, thoroughly experienced in the above branch of business. Our stock is entirely new and will on inspection give, we are sure, entire satisfaction to intending purchasers
Orders carefully attended to.

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

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style, —"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest, terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favourably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,'

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians

"Who gave her disease various names

"But no relief.

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had scouted for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease dreaded by all."

"And we are so glad that we used Hop Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

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

The Observative Power of Women.

Women are of far more sensitive and intuitive minds than men and can better see through others. Their over suspicious nature often fancies things to be passing in those that they are inspecting, but associates this on what is really going on within our bosoms. They connect the attack with its cause; they see into the ticket where resentment is striking. This clear seeing of women has often astonished me—even of women little remarkable for qualities.

Justin McCarthy on Home Rule.

BIRMINGHAM, November 16.—Justin McCarthy, M. P., and Justin McCarthy, jr., addressed the national Irish club to-day. Justin McCarthy, jr., delivered his inaugural address as president of the club. He said Irish members of the house of commons would not rest until they had a parliament on College Green, Dublin, which he prophesied they would have within five years. Justin McCarthy, sr., said three of the most influential members of the cabinet had declared in favour of the principle of home rule in Ireland, and he believed the English parliament would affirm that principle before five years passed.

New Guinea Annexation.

LONDON, November 16.—Australian advices state that the British commodore of the Australian station, in accordance with instructions given some time ago, had proceeded to New Guinea, and on the 6th of November last, with great ceremony, proclaimed a British protectorate over a part of that island. The protectorate covers the southern coast eastward of the 141st meridian of east longitude, and includes the islands adjacent to southern New Guinea. Settlement in the protectorate will not be permitted at present.

Sayings and Doings in Parliament.

LONDON, November 17.—In the House of Commons this evening Gladstone said that the Government desired to pass the franchise bill without delay, and that they cannot enter into any understanding with the Opposition unless they receive an adequate assurance that the bill will be passed this fall. In that case the Government are ready to make the main provisions of their redistribution bill subject of friendly communication or they stand ready to introduce the bill in the House forthwith and prosecute it with all possible speed. They will make it a vital question with the Government to see that the bill will be carried early next week

What the Cholera has Cost Europe.

It will be a nice problem for the statistician presently to determine what the latest visitation of the cholera in Europe has cost. A week or two ago it was calculated that the quarantine had already resulted in a loss of $8,000,000 to the Italian revenue, and now the Spaniards have been counting their out of cost. The falling off in customs since quarantine was established had amounted by the end of August to close upon $1,250 000 while the value of the exports and imports during the same period had shown a decrease of $4,375,000. No wonder that the corporations of Madrid and Barcelona have petitioned the Government to take these facts into consideration.

A Fourfold Work.

Burdock Blood Bitters act at the same time upon the liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the skin re-acting or curing in every case. Warranted satisfactory or money refunded.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$1 10
Cabbage, per doz, 40 to 60c	
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	05
Spring Chickens 20 cts. to 25 cts. per pair	
Fowls from 40 cts. to 50 cts. " "	
Partridge, per pair 60 cts	
Pork " $5 50 to $6 per hundred,	
Oats, per bushel	0 40
Flour, per 100 lb $4 10 $4 25 (selling Price)	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs	3 60
Wheat, " "	0 90
Hay per ton	$8 to $7

LACHUTE SAW-MILL
FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED offers his SAW-MILL for Sale subject to a five years lease. Its CAPACITY is 1,000 ft. per hour, 2 saws going per hour and planer 200 feet per hour all in GOOD ORDER. It is now leased at $400 a year besides the factory part and 1 H. P. reserved. Perfect title. Object in selling is for purpose of building a new Mill for the manufacture of National Foods the present premises being too small.

P. O. IRELAND.
12-tf. Lachute Mills, Nov. 18th 1884.

OYSTERS OYSTERS!

FRESH today, by Express. Also Malaga Grapes, new Figs (very choice) new Dates, Oranges, Lemons, choice fameuse table Apples.

J. HOPE,
11-tf. Market Square.

WANTED.

OATS, BARLEY, WHITE CORN and PEAS at the NATIONAL FOOD MILLS.

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.

Holiday Presents
OF JEWELLERY.

FINE
Gold Sets,
Brooches, Earrings, Gold Studs,
Silver Thimbles, Gold Lockets, Chains, Gold and Silver Watches, all kinds of Gold Rings, Gold Bracelets, Silver Brooches in stock with any name you want on them. All kinds of

JEWELLERY MADE TO ORDER.

PLATED WARE!

Cruit Stands,
Butter Dishes, Pickle Stands,
Napkin Rings of all kinds,
All kinds of Knives and Forks,
Spoons and
Butter Knives,

ALL KINDS OF FANCY GOODS.

Photo Albums, Autograph Albums, Fancy Matts. One of the best and largest stocks of CHRISTMAS Cards you wish to see. Call and see for yourself.

All kinds of Workboxes and Vases on hand. Fine assortment of CLOCKS. All kinds of repairing done in first-class style or no charge, and Cartridges and all kinds of REVOLVERS.

C. W. HUGHES,
Watchmaker & Jeweller, Lachute,
Opposite Post Office.
Agent for "WALTHAM Watch."
12-2m.

FOR SALE!

ONE of FAIRBANK'S & Co's STANDARD LARGE PLATFORM HAY SCALES, in good working order.

Apply to
W. J. TODD,
10-3in. Merchant, Lachute

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 FEEDS and DRESS GOODS, Materials for Ladies, ACQUES including SEALETTE MATALASSE cloths.

GRAY COTTON (yard wide) 5cts.

THE PEOPLES' CASH STORE,
HEADQUARTERS for FLANNELS

C. T. WALES & Co. sell the New "Wanzer" Sewing Machine, and machines taken in part payment—terms easy.

St. Andrews, November, 1884.

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 style 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.

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.

PHOTOGRAPHS
CHEAPER THAN EVER, either by the new or OLD PROCESS by
A. G. STACKHOUSE.
St. Andrews, Oct. 20th, 1884. 8 tf.

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, GRAYS PATENT the best in the Market
McQUAT & McRAE.

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

PATENTS

Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS at home or abroad attended 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 th, 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 Cases 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,
Lachute, April 25, 1884. Proprietor

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 a good rate interest provided payment be secured by first-class security.

Address M. L. F.,
Post Office Box, 141,
-tf Hull, P. Que.

TO LET.

THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College

R. G. MEIKLE.
Lachute, April 3 th, 1884. 35-tf

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1238, 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 ATE GAS 50 per cent. cheaper than coal gas, equally as good. No Fire or Power required. Made in all sizes from 15 BURNER to 1,000, for PRIVATE HOUSES, STORES, HOTELS, Factories, Mills, Street, Mine, etc., address:

THE CANADIAN AIR GAS MACHINE MFG CO
145 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 stupifying 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. TEY 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

Hosiery Department — Gurdey.
Saw Mill for Sale.—P. C. Ireland.
Holiday Presents.—C. W. Hughes.

LOCAL.

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

I see by last week's WATCHMAN, a Lachute man advertising Strong Baker's Flour at $2.50. I can give a better article for $2.40 and don't blow about it.

P. CAMPBELL.

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—a cure guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.
6-1y.

Owing to the openness of the season Steamers are still running on the St. Lawrence and Bay of Quinte.

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with dyspepsia, torpid liver or any kindred diseases of their curative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle.

Tuesday night it froze pretty hard, the thermometer going down to near zero, and on Wednesday night it snowed a little.

Do not suppose that because it is recommended to animals that Arnica & Oil Liniment is an offensive preparation. It will not stain clothing of the finest skin.

Downs' Elixir will cure any cough or cold, no matter how long standing.

We understand that the Odd Fellows of Lachute intend celebrating the anniversary of the formation of the Order here, on Tuesday evening next in their Lodge room, by an Oyster supper.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR is safe in all cases. They destroy and remove Worms in Children or adults.

The streets of Ottawa last week were in such a state of slush, and repeated appeals been made to the Corporation to have them cleaned, but without avail—at last a boat was got and launched on Spark street, to take passengers in, which had the desired effect, and scavengers were set to work on Saturday to scrape the mud off the streets.

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 direction for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A copy of the Montreal *Herald* of Nov. 6th has been handed us, in which we find a communication to that paper marked "our neglected graves," with a request to copy it. It refers to the old Protestant burying ground on the Papineau road, the state of which the writer pronounces as "a ghastly sight." But it is too lengthy for our columns, and we must decline publishing it. Although some of the statements, are as true of the Lachute cemeteries as of Montreal.

Ask for the Rexford Axe and buy no other, for sale at J. R. McOuat's.

Ogilvies Strong Bakers Flour, (Red [bag) only.....$2.50.
" Choice Family Flour only 2.25
at J. R. McOuat's.

POPULAR'S MAGIC SUPPLE SOAP healing, soothing and cleansing to all eruptive diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use

The offer for sale of Lachute Saw mill, affords a good opportunity for some one, and means the building of another mill at Lachute for the manufacture of the prepared foods which are having an extended sale all over the Dominion. This is a good move and will add to the material interests of Lachute.

Better than Represented.

Montreal, P.Q., 5 August, 1883.
This is to certify that I have used GRAHAM'S PAIN EXTRACTOR in my family for many years past, and find it even better than represented.
Rev J. H. DIXON
Rector of St. Judes church Montreal.

A little solid comfort goes a long way further than a great deal of style.

Depend upon it.

You can depend upon Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a pain reliever in rheumatism, neuralgia and all painful and inflammatory complaints. It not only relieves but cures.

We are requested to state that a Sale of useful and fancy articles, will take place in Victoria Hall, (the date of which will appear in an advertisement next week), just the very thing to make presents of at Christmas and New year. Two hundred and fifty children have been received at Marchmount House, Belleville, this year, from England and Scotland, most of whom are now placed out in good homes. It should be well patronized.

A Good Guarantee.

H. B Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, attacks and liver and kidney troubles. In no case has it disappointed those who used it. In Canada it gives the same general satisfaction.

The action of Mr. L. A. Seneeal against the *Mail* printing and publishing company for alleged libel has been withdrawn, and another instituted against the *Mail* printing company.

Danger in the Air.

In the chilling winds, the damp atmosphere, and suddenly checked perspiration, colds are lurking. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, coughs, asthma and bronchitis, and all complaints tending towards consumption.

In an attempt to capture a notorious burglar named Fauteux on Wednesday morning, Detective Naegele killed him, while Detective Lamointe was seriously wounded. An inquest was held in the evening, when a verdict of "Justifiable homicide"

A Good Motto.

WASTE NOT your substance in riotous living which feeds impure blood and clogs the system with disease. Open the channels of health, purify the blood, and regulate all the organs with Burdock Blood Bitters.

Just as we go to Press there is appearance of rain.

LEGAL NEWS.

BEDARD vs. MCGIBBON.

Judgment was rendered in this case by His Honor, Judge McDougall, after an adjourned session of the Circuit Court for this County held on the 17th instant. The following is His Honor's *résumé* of the case.

In this matter the Plaintiff sues the defendant for $200 damages which he pretends he has suffered by reason of the offensive odour of a drain passing near his shop and house and which carries the putrid water from the defendant's tannery.

The defendant's tannery has existed for a great number of years, and since long before the Plaintiff bought his lot and built his shop and house. When he did so he knew of the existence of the tannery, and that its foul water was carried away by the ditch or drain in question. It is true the ditch has been changed slightly of late years, under the municipal authorities and is now a covered drain from the tannery across the street till it reaches near the Plaintiff's place, but it does not appear that this makes much difference, and at any rate this change was not made by the defendant but by public authority. It is possible that the impure water issuing from the covered drain at the Plaintiff's may stink more than if the ditch were open, but what strikes me as very strange is that a simple remedy should not have been taken instead of this law suit, which has by the Enquete made in it, assumed proportions out of all reason. If the covered drain had been continued down the line between the Plaintiff's property and Mrs Quinn's until it reached below the buildings, the whole grievance would have disappeared and the *locale* of the bad smell would have been removed into the field. This would have cost probably about $20. It does not appear that the Plaintiff made the slightest effort to have the nuisance abated in this way or in any other way through the public authorities or through the defendant who causes the nuisance, but took his action which if decided in his favor, would destroy the defendant's business. I am not disposed to adopt such a course. If the tannery cannot be worked without endangering the health of the community let the public authority take steps to have it abolished, but from my own personal observation, I think the simple remedy above suggested exists, and let it be applied. I am not called upon now to say who should bear the expense. In conclusion, I may add, that I have had to pass the tannery for the last four years, summer and winter, and, judging from the outside, I should say the tannery is well managed and the smell nothing out of the way. On the question of costs I allow the defendant costs, but no costs of Enquete. First: the matter should have been referred to *Experts*. Second: if not referred to an *Expertise*, two or three witnesses would have sufficed instead of forty-three, viz: thirteen for the Plaintiff, and thirty for the defendant. I might have allowed two or perhaps three witnesses for the defendant, but I want to inculcate moderation. The Plaintiff when he closed his case had nothing formidable, and it was certainly not necessary to call thirty witnesses who had nothing new to relate.

Plaintiff's action dismissed with costs, but no costs of Enquete. Mr. MacKay advocate for Plaintiff. Mr. Panneton advocate for defendant.

HORSE FOR SALE.—(Color Black). A really good animal. Apply to
W. J. SIMPSON.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

Improvements at the Calumet.

We are always pleased to see any locality in the county progressing. Times have been brisk about the Calumet this summer. Millwrights and labourers have been employed most of the season on the mill property of Mr. Ward; and his grist mill is about ready to grind. A new church, the gift of Mr. Ward, is nearly finished, and will be open for worship shortly. Mr. R. McIntyre of Grenville, has built a new saw mill, 80x40 feet, finely situated for business, at the mouth of the Calumet. F. Lemay has built a carriage shop adjoining L. Racine's forge. H. Labelle has added extensive livery stables to his already large establishment, and H. Cumanous of Grenville is building livery stables adjacent to the R. R. station, so that altogether the Calumet has taken quite a start this summer.

Renfrew, Nov. 8th, 1884.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—In my last I promised to advise you of anything new that might occur. I have not much except the result of the "Scott Act" so called. There was a fierce fight, on the subject and the result has been a triumphant victory for the Act—over 600 majority. The hotel keepers are furious, some of them casting about for some other occupation—so it seems! It will be hard for them to relinquish a business in which they have many of their capital vested a large amount of capital; but if the general good require it individuals must give way. Sir John Lamars and Carleton carry the act (which is expected) it will make a clean sweep of ordinary whiskey selling from the city of Ottawa westward, on the south or Ontario shore. If a majority of the other counties do the same we are, by resolution of the House of Commons, guaranteed a prohibitory measure for the Dominion. This of course would satisfy the Temperance folks and this is what they are working for, taking the "Scott Act" as a temporary measure, and a stepping stone to more complete legislation.

It is said that the Salvation Army are about to invade the village. If they accomplish as much as they did last year in Kingston it will be well for the place.

By the way there is a young fellow from your neighbourhood, not a hundred miles from "that road," who comes here periodically on business, and if he is not courting a very pretty Scotch lassie I am a Dutchman. But don't mention it for the world.

Yours as of old,
UNCLE SANDIE.

The Mica Mines of Ontario.

Mica, as an article of commerce, has been sought for in every quarter of the Globe. To the present date the mines of the Carolinas have really supplied the mica for the whole world. Scientists have long held the theory that from the peculiar formation of the rocks of Ontario mica must exist there in its best form.

However, the explorations made (until a very recent date) have failed to discover the article in crystals of sufficient size and quantity, to suit the demands of dealers in this community, which by the way has become, from ever increasing demand, almost as precious as gold.

But through the preseistent and well sustained efforts of one mining agent in Ottawa, whose faith, and practical knowledge, had years ago convinced him that mica did exist in Ontario in its best form, we owe the discovery of a mine now in successful operation, at Dalesh, township of Millers, on the new Kingston and Pembroke Railway, turning out mica in quantities and in quality equal to any in the world. Experts had almost despaired of ever finding mica in paying quantities. Practical miners will, however, hail this fact with delight, and to any who may have any doubt on the subject, we would say, that samples of the crystals can be seen in the office of Mr. Thos. Dowsly, the gentleman above referred to, and that the mine has been purchased by Alderman W. E. Brown.—*Ottawa Sun.*

Canadian News.

Sir John Macdonald is to be banquetted by the Empire club, in London.

The Judges have disagreed in the action for the disqualification of Mr. Lyon, ex-M. P. P. for Algoma.

Rev E. A. Stafford, now at Winnipeg, is to receive a call from the Metropolitan Methodist church, Toronto.

The case of A Davis against Alex. Boutin came to a close on Saturday, the jury bringing in a verdict of guilty. Mr. Boutin was admitted to bail pending an application for a new trial.

Lieut.-Col. Hemde, M. P. for Maskinonge died at Louiseville on Saturday morning.

Liquor men are attacking the validity of the Carleton county Scott act petition.

A rich gold field has been found on a tributary of the Skeena river, British Columbia.

A tramp on Tuesday set fire to the barns of four different farms in West Zorra, Ont., three of which were destroyed, with their contents.

A PAYING BUSINESS.—The business of selling eggs to American buyers is fast becoming a lucrative one in this district. One Russell dealer informed a *Citizen* reporter yesterday morning that during the present year he had shipped 50,000 dozen of eggs, valued at about $10,000, to the United States. He said: "The farmers are beginning to see that this sort of business pays well, and will therefore in future pay more attention to the raising of poultry."

TORONTO.—The residence of Robert Hamilton, St. Mary Street, was burglarized early this morning and about $250 worth of diamonds stolen. An attempt was made to enter the grocery store of Mrs Boss, King street east. The residence of James L. Hughes, public schools inspector, was also entered and a valuable gold watch, about $100 worth of jewellery and a considerable amount in cash carried off. The common question now is "Whose turn is next?"

QUEBEC, November 15.—Madame Eustache Lemic, of St. Roch's recently sustained a painful accident. Awakened at night by the cry of one of her children she upset a lamp which stood upon a table near by. The immediate result was an explosion, Mrs. Leduc's night clothing at the same time taking fire. She called loudly to her husband, who, suddenly awakening, fainted at the sight which met his eyes and fell to the floor. A friend of the family who happened to be sleeping in the house heard the unfortunate woman's cries and rushed to her assistance. She was rolled in a piece of carpet and the flames extinguished, but her injuries are so severe that she is considered to be in a very precarious condition.

HALIFAX, N. S., 10th.—Last night John C. Haliburton, who for many years was Clerk of the Legislative Council of this province, died at the advanced age of 78 years. Few who knew Mr. Haliburton by sight would have suspected that his age was so great. Up to the day of his death he had not a grey hair in his head. He was the oldest and only surviving son of Sir Brenton Haliburton, late Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, and whose name is a household word in the history of the province.

United States News.

General McClellan is being pushed for a place in Cleveland's cabinet.

The rectification of a miscount in the Illinois election gives the legislature to the democrats.

Provincetown, Mass., fishermen have caught $30,000 worth of black fish in the past three days.

Blaine made a speech at Augusta on Tuesday night. He said he looked upon the advent to power of the democrats as a national calamity, and ascribed his defeat largely to the solid south, where the colored vote, which, he claims, is republican, was not allowed to find expression at the polls.

The republican national committee is said to be nearly $20,000 in debt, with no money in the treasury.

A terrible and unknown disease, thought to be caused by impure water, is prevalent in the western portions of Virginia: as many as four corpses have been found in one house.

"What's your politics?"—"Got none."—"Who you going to vote for?"—"Ain't going to vote."—"When did you vote last?"—"Never voted in my life."—And then he went off and said to another man: "See dat fellow over there, was ing a duster? Well, he's the biggest curiosity of the age. Ain't got no politics, never voted, and ain't never going to vote." "Duster! That ain't no duster. That's a woman tied up in a Mother Hubbard."

For months past the people have been engaged in earnest discussion, in a contest of opinion, in a contest that, to on-lookers, would seem to be almost fratricidal strife.

But we hear some say, "what a terrible amount of scandal there has been; how much assailing of personal character, etc." True, this is a sad feature of such contests. Yet it is not entirely bad in the final result. Probably never before have our young men been so thoroughly taught that those who expect to come before the people for preferment, must, from boyhood up, lead honest as well as cleanly lives, in their private as well as public acts; for such contests surely bring forth the most hidden secrets, however securely they may have been previously kept from the public eye.

Earthquake Observations.

WASHINGTON, November 12.—The bureau of geological survey has decided to undertake a systematic and scientific observation of earthquakes, and has designated Captain Dutton to prepare the necessary plans. Capt. Dutton speaks confidently of the practicability of recording by delicately constructed instruments all phenomena connected therewith.

The Light of Asia Extinguished.

PHILADELPHIA, November 17.—Forepaugh's sacred white elephant, the Light of Asia, died at the winter quarters of the showman in this city. The companion of the dead animal was deeply distressed, and the whole elephantine herd bellowed in sympathy after the beast fell over and expired. Forepaugh estimates his loss as $25,000.

Easily Accounted For.

"It is wonderful what practice will do for a man," remarked a gentleman on a Pullman sleeper one evening. "Now, I have observed a peculiar thing on sleeping cars, which goes to show how even a common mind may be trained to perform almost incredible feats of memory and precision. On this car there are at least twenty gentlemen. While we are asleep the porter will gather up all our shoes and dump them in a pile in the gents' washing room, where he will polish them when he gets time. There will be shoes that look just alike, and many of the same size, but in the morning every man of us will find his own shoes and nobody else's beneath his berth. Now, we all consider ours five superior to that colored porter, but I want to say none of us could do a thing like that. It's a wonderful example of what training will do for the memory."

Next morning, sure enough, every man's shoes were in their proper place, and the gentleman again called attention to what he considered so remarkable. "Here, porter," he exclaimed, slipping the grinning functionary a dollar note to loosen his tongue, "tell us how you do it?"

"Yes, sah," says the porter; "it's jus' as easy when you get 'customed to it. Takes a pow'ful sight o' practice, though."

"That's what I told you," remarked the gentleman to his companions, triumphantly.

"Yes, sah, it takes a pow'ful sight o' practice. It wah two hull weeks afo' I could learn to chalk the numbahs of de berfs on the soles of shoes without makin' mistakes. Thank ye, boss."

Love is very blind—when the girl is rich.

A MOTHER'S DREAD.

The Wonderful Historic Development of a Famous Child Actress.

Chicago World.

The New York public was surprised a few years ago at the arrest, at the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of little Corinne, the child actress. The little girl less than eight years old, was taken from her parents and kept in confinement until released by order of the Court and Mayor of the city. Mrs. Jennie Kimball, the mother of Corinne, who has been known to the public for many years as vocalist and comedienne, has devoted the greatest care to the training and education of Corinne, and the result is a development of natural faculties really phenomenal.

"When did you discover Corinne's remarkable talent?" was asked of Mrs. Kimball.

"I can hardly remember the time when her eyes would not sparkle at the sound of music; she began to sing before she could talk. Before she was four years old she created a sensation and received the prize of a gold chain and locket studded with diamonds, at the National baby show in Boston. Next she sang in a concert given by Brown's Brigade Band, and in 1879 made her debut as Little Buttercup in the Juvenile Pinafore Company. Since then she has sung in opera and played various roles nearly everywhere."

Mrs Kimball is a lady of fine presence, and when playing at the Boston Museum, was herself known as "Little Jennie Kimball."

"What has become of the *little* lady?" asked the reporter.

"She has given place to the person you see before you. Like so many others I have grown somewhat flashy. Indeed I assumed such proportions that I began to fear for my health. Why, at times I would have the most suffocating sensation in my heart; then again my head would be attacked and I have frequently fallen to the floor in a dead faint ing fit. I consulted several eminent physicians and they told me I must abandon the stage if I expected or hoped to live. This seemed terrible, for I am devoted to my profession and also to the development of Corinne.

"And yet you appear perfectly strong?"

"And so I am. Why, I have reduced my weight over twenty pounds within three months and I never felt better in my life. If any who are troubled as I was questions this, let them try Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy I use, and they will I am sure, be speedily convinced of its truth. I believe it is the finest medicine in the world, and any number of my friends to whom I have recommended it have found it as beneficial as it has been to me."

"Is Corinne's health good?"

"Perfect. The child has so much life and vivacity she is overflowing with it on and off the stage."

The only previous instance of such remarkable precocity which history chronicles is that of the famous Peg Woffington, who first appeared in "The Beggar's Opera," when but a little older than Corinne.

The Congo Conference.

BERLIN, November 17.—Bismarck in his speech at the opening of the Congo Conference alluded to the high, beneficient and pacific aims which the Conference had before it. It has for its object the solution of three main questions. Free navigation with freedom of trade on the Congo river; free navigation of the Niger river, and the formalities of valid annexation of territory to be observed in future on the continent of Africa. Negatively the Conference would not concern itself with the present question of sovereignty. The Chancellor hoped that the labors of the Conference would result in a further increase of peace and good will among nations. Malet, the British Commissioner, echoed the sentiments expressed by Bismarck and accepted the points proposed as a basis for discussion, with the following reservation: England was willing to see the principles of free navigation, etc., extended to the Niger, but expected that surveillance over the exercise of those principles would not be made the business of an international body. That was the duty and privilege of England, as she was chief, if not sole proprietary power on the lower Niger. Portugal has drawn up a memorandum to the conference insisting on her right to the Congo and declaring that Portuguese treasure and blood had been freely spent to maintain order on the Congo for the benefit of the commerce of all nations. Portugal admits the principle of freedom of passage along the great African rivers and has no intention of establishing a restrictive tariff. She would merely exact taxes from trade sufficient to the liberty and safety of person and property.

Germany has officially recognized the African International Association. Germany and England, it is said, have come to an understanding regarding trade on the Niger.

Persecuting a Priest.

FALL RIVER, November 17.—Trouble between the new pastor of the Catholic parish of Notre Dame de Lourdes and certain members of the parish is likely to lead to a criminal prosecution of the ring leaders of the opposition. The priest has been driven from the parsonage, the control of which is claimed by the lay society, and the collection of church contributions taken out of his hands. Missiles have been thrown through the windows of his residence at night.

A Priest's Assault on one of his Congregation.

TORONTO, November 17.—The people of Thornhill village near here were thrown into great excitement over an assault that occurred in the Catholic church there yesterday. It appears that Duncan McCuaig, a road inspector, 70 years of age, was one of many who objected to pay a special tax levied by Father Egan upon the congregation. Yesterday morning when McCuaig and his daughter went to church to attend mass they found a slat nailed across the door of their pew which prevented it from being opened. The slat was promptly torn off and the father and daughter entered their pew. Father Egan shortly afterwards entered the sanctuary and was about to commence the service when he observed the McCuaigs. He immediately walked down to the pew and seizing McCuaig by the collar dragged him out, shoved him towards the door and threw him down the steps, breaking his right thigh. McCuaig was removed to his home where he lies in a low condition. This morning information was laid before a justice of the peace at the court house here, charging Father Egan with assault. A summons was issued and the case will be tried on Thursday.

The Evangelical Alliance.

NEW YORK, November 17.—The evangelical alliance of the United States met tonight for the first time since the International conference at Copenhagen Denmark. A large number of clergymen were present. Rev. Dr. Philip Sayers spoke of the cordial reception tendered to the American delegates of the foreign alliance, and said the satisfactory character of the conference has produced much good.

English Cheese Imports.

Notwithstanding recent efforts to increase the dairy business in Great Britain, England still continues the great cheese market of the world. Parliamentary returns show last year her people imported nearly $25,000,000 worth of the article. In analyzing the list of countries supplying this want, it appears that Canada sent the largest amount in comparison with the export of the previous year. The increase from the United States was very slight, and the quantity is reported somewhat inferior. There was a falling off in the amount received from Holland, showing that her product is less popular than the American. The average price paid for foreign cheese was a little less than 11 cts. per lb.

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 side, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A slight coating is often observed on the tongue. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the nose 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 mucous expectoration. The cough grows more frequent by 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, the spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are figurative. It is thought that early one-third of our population has this disease in some of its various 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 dyspepsia, etc., each 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 it exists really what the disease is) all of these organs participate in the disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup has been a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from citizens of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation they are held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can in confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver complaint or stomach ailments, having the best proof of my own case, as I have derived great benefit from the syrup, and Pills. The salt is interesting wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 14, 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 gross.

Robt. G. Gould 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended it to, 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, Cuba, Salop:—All who buy are pleased, and recommend it.

Jos. Hawkins, Acres, Kingsbridge:—The public seem to appreciate their great value.

A. Armistead, 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, being great satisfaction.

Robt. Laing, Melksham:—I can well recommend the Curative syrup from having proved its efficacy to 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 in still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the famous 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 agreat demand as when I first began to sell the medicine. The cures which have come under my notice are chiefly those of diver complaints she gave a deputy.

A certain minister in my neighbourhood, says the only thing which has benefitted 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 him. 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, but mainly Mother Seigel's medicines, which are no sham. If this note is of any service, you can publish it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) William Gibb, Chemist.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you I at Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yalesbury, with informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upward of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine with little or no benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(Signed) W. Webb,
Mr. White. Chemist, &c.

HOW THE PRESIDENT IS CHOSEN.

The New York *Herald* says: "Judging from the numerous communications we have received asking for information about the system of electing a president of the United States, it will doubtless surprise a good many readers to learn that on Tuesday next a vote will be cast for Grover Cleveland or James G. Blaine or either of the other candidates for the presidency.

Technically speaking the president is not elected by the people and the people do not vote directly for any presidential candidate. They cast their ballots for electors and these electors choose a president and vice-president.

In each state the number of electors is equal to the number of senators and representatives which the state has in congress. In New York there are thirty-six electors. Each party has an electorial ticket with the names of these thirty-six electors printed on it. The electorial ticket which receives the greatest number of popular ballots in the state will be chosen by the people, and electors named on it will be entitled to give their votes for the candidate whom they represent.

The electors who are chosen will meet in each state on the first Wednesday in December and cast their votes for a president and vice president. As a matter of law they can then vote for whom they please. They are not legally bound to vote for Cleveland or Blaine or any other person who was a candidate before the people. As a matter of honor and public trust they are expected to vote for the candidate whom they are pledged to support.

Certificates of the vote cast by the electors in each state are then made out and sent to Washington. These certificates will be opened in the presence of the senate and house of representatives and counted on the second Wednesday in February. The total number of electoral votes is four hundred and one. The candidate for president receiving the majority of these,—that is, two hundred and one—will be declared president. If no person has such majority, then the election goes into the house of representatives, which is required to choose a president from the persons (not exceeding three) who have received the most electoral votes for president. In the house the vote is by states, each state having one vote.

Trouble Expected in Chinese Waters.

LONDON, November 17.—The *Times'* Foo Chow correspondent telegraphs that foreigners there are irritated by the inactivity of the French operations in the vicinity of that city. The effect upon trade is most disastrous. The English are alarmed at the continual accessions of strength of the French squadron and the supiness of the English Government in neglecting to keep an English fleet nearly equal to the French who are flushed with success. A collision sooner or later is regarded as inevitable.

LONDON, November 17.—Chinese advices state that the reported capture of Tamsui by the French is untrue. Courbet awaits reinforcements. The Chinese Government has arranged for English and American vessels to run the French blockade of Formosa. Thirteen Germans have arrived at Tien Tsin to serve in the Chinese army, forty-two more are expected. An army numbering 30,000 Chinese soldiers crossing the Yang Tse River going southward near Poyang during October. All the boats in that neighborhood are impressed into the service to convey the troops across the stream. Great care is necessary in entering the harbor of Shanghai. The channel has been narrowed to 250 feet.

A Princely Fortune.

A man may possess the fortune of a prince but can never possess happiness without good health; to secure which the blood must be kept pure and every organ in proper action. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and regulate all the organs.

Desirable Property and Mills FOR SALE.

A TCUSHING, P.Q., on the Ottawa River, fifty miles West of Montreal.

A GRIST MILL, with five run of Stones &c., newly built with all modern improvements.

A thoroughly equipped SAW MILL, now 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 161 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, Hangards, Hay Scales, and several other out-buildings in connection. A good paying business can be done.

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Lachute, 18th Sept., 1884.

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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 wanted the first of old Year. Nothing flashy; but genuine goods. Those who want such goods had better call before they are all gone.
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FOR SALE.

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

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NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Jesmond went at once to the head of the table, taking her place there as though it had been her custom for years. She smiled and nodded familiarly at me as she took her seat, but made no remark. She talked gaily and brilliantly during dinner, and did not seem at all conscious of being in a strange position; nor did she appear to realise that her coming could have caused me any pain. She spoke without constraint, and evidently had nothing to conceal. She looked round the luxuriously-appointed dinner-table with undisguised satisfaction.

"It seems a strange turn of fate that has brought me here," she said, "and made me mistress of all this wealth *pro tem.*"

"You can scarcely call it '*pro tem*,'" said Mr. Benson. "Your son is a long way from his twenty-first birthday. How old is he now?"

"He will be two years old in September," she replied; "so that I shall be queen regent for almost twenty years. I shall heartily enjoy my regency in this delightful spot."

I looked at Mr. Benson, and he at me. The words struck me as exceedingly strange, for it is not often that one hears a young widow speak of the years she must pass without the society of her husband as enjoyable ones.

"Did my cousin Paul talk much about Jesmond Dene?" I asked her.

"Not very much," she replied.

"Did he seem angry with Sir William?" asked Mr. Benson.

"No, not angry—that is not the word," she answered quickly. "He was vexed at what he considered his meanness."

"It was strange that Captain Jesmond made no allusion to his marriage," remarked Mr. Benson.

Lady Jesmond laughed, giving her head a dainty little toss at the same time,

"I do not think so," she answered. "I had no fortune, and all Sir William's letters to his son on the subject of matrimony began and ended with the one piece of advice—he must marry some one with money. Unluckily I had none."

"You could not expect to monopolise all the good gifts of this world," said the lawyer politely.

She laughed; and truly her laugh was like a silvery chime.

"Paul said he should never write to Sir William about his marriage, but, when he could get leave of absence, he should bring me home. He had an idea that I was quite irresistible, and that Sir William had only to see me to love me," said Lady Jesmond, looking into the lawyer's face with an expression which fairly bewildered that good man. "What do you think Mr. Benson? Would Sir William have liked me?" she asked ingenuously.

"I am afraid he liked nothing but gold," the lawyer answered.

She laughed merrily, disclosing as she did so her even pearly white teeth.

"I had no idea," she remarked presently, "that Jesmond Dene was so extensive, or that Sir William was so rich. Paul spoke of him as a wealthy man; but I did not think he had such unbounded wealth."

"It is a pleasant surprise," said Mr. Benson.

"Very pleasant," replied Lady Jesmond, with a bright little laugh. "When one has suffered all one's life as I have for want of money, such a surprise is, I can assure you, fully appreciated."

I liked her better after these outspoken expressions. She was evidently not in the least ashamed of having been poor.

"More than half the world live in misery from want of money," she continued. "My parents were comparatively poor, and I had to leave home when I was quite a girl to earn my own living."

Mr. Benson ventured to suggest that early contact with the world helped to form and brace the character.

"If it be so, I have had a long experience," she said laughingly, "for I began to teach when I was very young."

No, certainly she had no false pride. I had never heard any one speak more openly, and I liked her for it.

When dinner was over, we left Mr. Benson with his bottle of favorite old port, and returned to the drawing-room. Lady Jesmond appeared absorbed in deep thought, and it was only when I was about to leave the room to visit Aunt Annette that she broke the silence.

"Stay with me, will you, Miss Gordon?" she said. "I feel lonely and strange to-night."

"Ah then," I thought to myself, "she is not devoid of feeling; but her strong will keeps the emotional side of her nature hidden from the world!"

"I will stay with pleasure "if you desire it," I answered.

She crossed the room, and came over to where I was standing. How well I remember the scene! The sun had set and the lovely landscape was shrouded as by a misty veil. The French windows were wide open, and the perfume borne on the evening air filled the room.

"What a fair sweet night!" I remarked.

She looked calmly from the window; there was no admiration in her eyes.

"It is well enough," she said; and then, laying her hands on my shoulders, and looking down—for she was taller than I—into my face, she added slowly, "Miss Gordon you have great reason to hate me and my little son."

"I have no reason to entertain any such feeling towards you or the child," I replied half indignantly.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"I came at the beginning of February," I answered.

"Time enough for you to grow deeply attached to Jesmond Dene," she remarked in slow measured tones.

"I love it with all my heart," I confessed.

"You have grown accustomed to receiving a large income—to doing what you liked with vast sums of money?"

"I was not long in learning the lesson," I answered with a smile.

"Mr. Benson tells me that you have begun many improvements on the estate—that you are building schools, an hospital and almshouses."

"It is true, Lady Jesmond."

"He tells me also that you are already a model lady of the manor.

"He is very kind to say so." I answered with a glow of pride at the thought that my honest endeavors had been appreciated.

"Do you know, Miss Gordon," she said, drawing nearer to me, "I am exceedingly sorry? Not sorry that my son will succeed to what you have looked upon as your inheritance; but I am truly grieved because of the great loss you have sustained."

She spoke so kindly that my heart was touched.

"It is," I admitted, "a great loss. Still I have no right to complain of the course events have taken. It is right that Paul's son should inherit what is legally his. I do not see that any one is to blame."

"You might have been spared the pain of all this had more care been exercised by those whose duty it was to make the fullest inquiries," she said.

"Yes; but I shall not give up all hope and pleasure in life because I have lost Jesmond Dene."

She looked at me earnestly—so earnestly that I could not be offended when she said—

"You are beautiful enough to marry well."

"I shall not redeem my fallen fortunes by marriage," I answered; but my heart throbbed wildly and my face flushed as I spoke. Marriage meant love, love meant Nello; and again the music of the nightingales seemed to ring in my ears, and I heard him whisper "Felicia."

"Well, said Lady Jesmond, "we won't speculate as to what might have been, but will confine ourselves to the stern reality of what is. I thought when I came here that you would be my bitterest enemy, that you might possibly contest my claim."

"No one could contest your claim who had looked into little Guy's face," I replied, "for he is the very image of Paul."

"Still it was in your power to make things very disagreeable," she continued. "You might have given me much trouble; but you have yielded at once so generously, so gracefully, so kindly, and I may add, so nobly that I cannot help saying that I am deeply grateful to you for my son's sake. I thank you, Miss Gordon. And now I want to ask a favour of you. Will you stay here at Jesmond Dene with me—for a year at the very least? I do not know what your plans for the future may be; but this I promise you—you shall not leave Jesmond Dene without a handsome dowry. Before anything is settled, give me the promise that you will remain with me for one year—not as mistress of the house, but as my companion and helpmate. You say you loved your cousin Paul—promise me for his sake."

"Will you tell me why you require that promise, why you desire me to stay with you, Lady Jesmond?"

"Yes, as frankly as you ask. I am a stranger here, and shall feel lonely. The position is new to me, and I do not quite know how to fill it. I should be glad to learn from you if you will teach me. I am not accustomed to the management of a large household, and I am not sure even whether I understand what is and what is not etiquette in England. Will you stay and teach me?"

In response to her earnest pleading eyes, I promised, not that I would remain with her for a year, but that I would stay as long as I could.

"So much may happen in a year," I thought to myself; I would not promise for a year.

CHAPTER X.

On the following morning Lady Jesmond asked me to show her over the house. It was still early when we went through all the suites of luxuriously furnished rooms.

"I had no idea the place was so large," she said time after time; and the more she saw of it the more serious she grew. "What a place to lose and to win!" she murmured. "How could Paul leave such a home?" she added wonderingly.

"He preferred independence to luxury," I answered.

Then from the lawn I pointed out to her all the beauties of Jesmond Dene—the restless sea in the distance; the fragrant pine-forest; the shady woods; the clear deep river; the fertile meadow-lands—ah, and even the steep green hill from which I had surveyed the smiling landscape, believing it to be mine—all mine!

"It must be hard for you to give it up, Miss Gordon," she said again.

"It is hard; but I shall do it with a good grace," I answered. Then, thinking that she would like to see her boy, I suggested that we should go to the nursery.

"What for?" she asked, opening wide her bright blue eyes.

"To see little Guy," I replied.

"He is a bright," she said curtly; "nurse will take good care of him. The little gentleman lives in clover, I assure you."

"What is the nurse's name?" I asked suddenly, without any particular reason.

For a moment I was startled by the change that overspread her countenance. She looked at me with a vague expression, as though she did not know; then recovering herself quickly, she answered—

"Mrs. Rivers."

"Has she been with you long?" I asked.

"No," she replied carelessly; "I brought no nurse with me from India. I engaged Mrs. Rivers on reaching England."

"You had good reference with her without doubt?" I said.

"She is well known to some very near and dear friends of mine," replied Lady Jesmond, "and is an excellent nurse. I can trust little Guy with her at all times."

"She struck me as being a rather queer woman," I ventured to say.

"In what way?" asked Lady Jesmond; and her voice seemed to grow sharp and harsh.

"Rather above her station, I fancied—ladylike; and she speaks well," I answered.

Suddenly the roses she had been gathering fell from her hands, and I noticed that her face grew white and that a slight tremor passed over her.

"You are ill, Lady Jesmond!" I cried.

"No," she answered; "I am only cold. Though you call it summer, there is no warmth in the sun." Yet she did not look cold, but frightened and ill.

Longing to see more of Paul's little son, I went to the nursery when Lady Jesmond retired to her room. It struck me at once that the nurse was not very pleased to see me.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Rivers!" I said.

She looked at me with an expression of blank surprise, and after a moment's hesitation returned my salutation. I knew from tradition that nurses are autocrats; and as I desired to see much of the child, I perceived that I must conciliate her.

"May I see the little one and play with him a short time?" I asked.

She looked at me half hesitatingly and I felt sure she longed to say "No," but she smiled and answered politely—

"Certainly, if you wish it, Miss Gordon."

And then she brought the child, who was laughing and crowing with delight, to see me.

I took him in my arms and caressed him; but, when he saw that I was a stranger, the merry laughter died away, and the eyes so like his father's looked with pathetic inquiry into mine.

"Mamma," he said wistfully, "mamma!"

In a moment Mrs. Rivers was by his side.

"Bless the dear child," she said, "that is his cry the whole day long—nothing but 'mamma.'"

And again the large solemn baby-eyes looked into mine, as he cried—

"Mamma!"

"Your mamma is tired, little Guy," I said.

Mrs. Rivers looked up anxiously as she caught my words.

"Is Lady Jesmond tired? She is not very strong. People who come from India never are."

"As she was looking over the house with me," I answered, "she shivered violently, as though she was ill."

"How was that?" she asked nervously.

"I do not know—probably because she went on the lawn without hat or mantle," I answered.

"Lady Jesmond is not strong," repeated the nurse. "If you would be so kind as to remain here with Sir Guy, Miss Gordon, I will go and see how her ladyship is."

Quite willingly I remained with the little fellow, kissing him to my heart's content. I tried to make him say "Felicia," and after many futile attempts, the rosy little lips managed to murmur "Lessy," much to my delight. But what question did those baby eyes ask when they looked into my face and he cried "Mamma?"

After waiting some time, I began to feel anxious about Lady Jesmond.

"Come with me, baby Guy," I said. "We will go and see mamma."

And again in his eyes came the look of wonder and questioning that I had noticed before. I remember how I danced the boy down the long corridors, and how his merry little laugh resounded in the otherwise silent house.

Thinking Lady Jesmond might be ill, I went quietly to her door. Before I had time to rap or to speak I heard voices; and then Mrs. Rivers said—

"You must be careful, Gabrielle."

I knocked at once before I could hear more, and, when the door was opened, and they saw me, a strange confusion seemed to come over them.

"Have you been waiting long, Miss Gordon?" asked Mrs. Rivers sharply.

"No; I have only just come," I replied. And then it flashed across my mind that she suspected me of listening. She would not suspect me of such meanness unless she were capable of it herself, I thought; and, as I turned to her, I caught her eyes fixed steadily on me. They were not the most friendly glances that we exchanged. "I was afraid that you were ill," I said to Lady Jesmond.

"I was tired this morning, Felicia," she answered gently; "and when I am tired I am afraid that I give way to fits of moodiness. I am better now."

I then left, taking baby Guy with me. But we did not dance down the passages this time, for my honor had been wounded by the suspicion this woman cast upon me. Why was she on such confidential terms with the mistress of Jesmond Dene? Addressing her with formal respect when they were in public, why did she call her "Gabrielle" when they were alone?

Lady Jesmond was wonderfully kind to her. She had two rooms most comfortably furnished, and she was waited upon by an under nurse who did all the work. She had every delicacy supplied to her, and her ladyship insisted that she should take wine. Indeed no servant could have led a more comfortable life than Mrs. Rivers led. She was much attached to the child, and seemed very devoted to Lady Jesmond; but there was nothing by which I could account for the strange familiarity which undoubtedly existed between them.

I saw Lady Jesmond angry once, and I was the unintentional cause of it. We were talking about the boy's future, about Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, when, quite accidentally and without attaching much meaning to the words, I said—

"You will have to decide upon one or the other when Mrs. Rivers has gone."

Lady Jesmond turned to me with flashing eyes.

"That time will never come," she said. "Mrs. Rivers will never leave me."

I was surprised that she should display so much feeling about such an insignificant matter. Then, seeing my look of wonder, she apologised.

"I am so impatient, Felicia," she said, "and I am very much attached to nurse. I should not like to lose her."

"I hope you never will," I replied. And, though we spoke of it no more, the subject did not fade from my mind.

CHAPTER XI.

A week had elapsed and no news had come from Ireland. Lady Saxon came over every day to Jesmond Dene, for she knew I was a very earnest listener to anything she had to say about Nello, and his silence had caused her considerable anxiety. She was very kind and attentive to aunt Annette, whose health did not improve; but to Lady Jesmond she seemed to have a quiet antipathy. They were most polite to each other, but rarely spoke except to exchange ordinary civilities.

"She is as you say, Felicia, a most beautiful woman; but I do not like her; and I do not know why." Lady Saxon would say to me; while Lady Jesmond would half reproach me by saying—

"I cannot understand what you see in Lady Saxon. She is excessively proud and haughty, almost repellent. I shall never like her."

Lady Saxon was very kind to the little heir, and always asked to see him when she came, never forgetting to bring him presents of toys, and she soon became a favorite of the child, and even the nurse.

Mr. Benson had gone away much relieved in mind. He was delighted that I was going to remain for some time at the Dene, that Lady Jesmond and myself were good friends, and that her ladyship had insisted on making me an allowance.

"I do not care," she said to the lawyer, "whether the money is taken from my income or my son's. Miss Gordon must have it."

We lived in peace and harmony, and as the days went on our friendship ripened and expanded.

"I call you Felicia," she said to me one morning, "you should call me Gabrielle. I prefer it."

And it was mutually agreed that for the future we should address each other by our Christian names.

"You are sure to have a love-story, Felicia," she said, after contemplating me earnestly as I stood before her; "and, unless I am a false prophet, it will not be a happy one."

"Why do you think so?" I asked her.

"I can read it," she replied, "in your face and eyes."

"You have had a love story of your own," I said.

"I," she cried, her brilliant eyes opening wide—"I! Oh, no; I have had no love-story!"

"But you married Paul for love?" I said, and her face flushed crimson.

She laughed and seemed slightly confused.

"To tell you the truth, Felicia," she said "I feel that I could love more deeply, more passionately than I loved Paul. I was young, and marriage presented an easy escape from those tiresome children. Besides I had a great desire to be Lady Jesmond. I did love Paul, but I am sure that I could love more deeply than I loved him."

"You do not mean to say that you would marry again, Gabrielle?" I cried in astonishment.

"I am certain I shall if I fall in love and the right man asks;" and she laughed. "You looked disappointed, Felicia."

"I have hitherto thought of you as belonging entirely to Paul and little Guy and Jesmond Dene," I answered.

"You thought I should be an ideal widow and live here in seclusion, devoting myself entirely to the education of my son and the cultivation of a lifelong sorrow. But I do not aim at such perfection."

"Your heart is not buried in your husband's grave," I remarked.

"No; it is beating, living, full of hope, light, and longing for pleasures and gaieties. I shall stay here at Jesmond Dene quietly for a year, and then you will see what will happen, Felicia."

"You are by no means a model widow," I said.

"I am just a trifle more honest than many," she rejoined. "I was very sorry to lose Paul, and I would have done anything to save his life; but, as it was the will of Heaven that he should die, I do not see why the remainder of my life should be all darkness and gloom; do you?"

"Certainly not, if the loss of him does not make it so," I answered.

"I am ambitious," she said. "I intend to marry well, unless my ambition is spoiled by love."

We were standing on the balcony outside the library window, which commanded an excellent view of the river and the long avenue of chestnuts forming a drive. Never had I seen Lady Jesmond look fairer. The fresh morning air had tinted her cheeks with a delicate rosebloom, her blue eyes were bright as stars, and the light summer wind toyed gently with the loosened masses of bright waving hair.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly, pointing to a tall figure striding up the avenue towards the Hall.

A spray of roses prevented me from seeing him for a moment; but, on pushing it hastily aside, I saw that it was Lord Saxon.

"Who is that?" repeated Lady Jesmond. "What a splendid man!" Her face flushed and her eyes shone with a brightness such as I had not seen in them before. "Felicia, how slow you are! Who is he?" she cried.

But my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and in vain I tried to give utterance to his name.

"I have seen many handsome men," she said, "but never one like him."

I shall never forget the expression of suppressed emotion on her face as she watched him.

"Do you know him? Who is he?" she repeated.

"It is Lord Saxon," I answered.

"Lord Saxon of Dunroon? You do not mean to say that is Lady Saxon's son? I was just beginning to hate the very sound of his name, for she never sees me to speak of any one else; but, if that is her son, I at once abjure my dislike, and will listen day long while she talks of him."

I heard the sound of footsteps, and a servant's voice announced—

"Lord Saxon."

I turned quickly, and, in doing so, I saw his first look at her. I saw how his eyes flashed, I saw the gleam of admiration that he could not control, and I knew that his beauty-loving nature was taken captive by her loveliness.

He looked at her in silence for a few moments; and then with difficulty, as I could see, he withdrew his eyes from her and looked at me.

"Miss Gordon," he said, "I am glad to see again."

But, oh, Heaven, something was missing from his voice that I might never hear again! It was not the tender voice that had whispered "Felicia" when I stood on the lawn on that memorable moonlit night.

I held out my hand to him, but my heart was too full for my lips to give utterance to words. Lord Saxon murmured something to me; I was conscious only that he desired an introduction.

Briefly I introduced Lord Saxon to Lady Jesmond.

He spoke first, and she listened as with charmed ears; and as she responded to his greeting, his eyes seemed riveted by the fair loveliness of her face. He stood like one fascinated, unconscious of everything around him but the dazzling brilliancy of Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NILE EXPEDITION

The Stimulant that is Provided for the Soldiers—It Cheers, but Does Not Inebriate.

It is seriously announced, say the London *Standard*, that the chief stimulant to be served out to our men during the coming Nile expedition will be a kind of rum which is not rum, but that beverage minus its alcoholic properties. As, however, no paraphrase of the report could convey its meaning better than the words of the reporter, they shall be given entire, as follows: "The chief stimulant for ordinary use among the men engaged in the Nile flotilla will be rum, which is being sent out in large quantities from the royal victualling yards at Deptford, where, by a special process, the heavy portion of the alcohol is got rid of, and that of lighter specific gravity is retained, thereby rendering the rum light and exhilarating, instead of stupefying and intoxicating. The scientific treatment to which the rum is subjected removes, with the heavy spirit, all its irritating properties, and renders the troops who drink it cheerful, without being excited and quarrelsome." If this be, indeed, a veracious statement—and it is manifestly published in good faith as an ordinary item of news—then the chemist attached to the royal victualling yard at Deptford has made a discovery which should earn for him the undying gratitude of mankind. If it be true that he can treat rum in this manner, his process should apply to all spirits, wines, and malt liquors, from imperial Tokay to table beer. What will science not do to alter and transform the very surface of the earth, the joys and griefs of an older world, and the manners and customs of antiquity! It may be that long before the New Zealander comes to sketch the ruins of the metropolis from the wreck of London Bridge, the British museum may contain a fine fossil specimen of next morning's headache, and posterity may need a glossary to explain to them the familiar contemporary expression, "Drunk and disorderly." This invaluable discovery of the royal victualling yard at Deptford ought not to be kept a secret. When the houses of commons meets, some member of parliament should send to the clerk at the table for insertion in the orders of the day the following question: To inquire of the secretary to the admiralty whether he will inform the house what it is which the authorities at the Deptford victualling yard put into the national rum to render the troops who drink it cheerful with out being excited and quarrelsome, and whether he will cause parcels or casks of the same material to be distributed to the licensed victuallers throughout the country?" We may presently look forward to see the boardings of the United Kingdom posted with placards announcing: "No home without the Deptford Dockyard Mixture. Have it in your houses!" In future there will be no excuse for gentlemen who have been detained late at the lodge on nights when, according to the American humorist, "there is no lodge," going to sleep on the door mat, after having first carefully deposited their boots by the scraper outside on the door step. Nor will wife beaters venture to plead extenuating circumstances on the ground of the potency of the local beer. If only this statement about the rum for Egypt be true, the strong liquor of the coming by and by will cheer but not inebriate.

If the troops on the Nile who drink the Deptford rum become "cheerful without being excited or quarrelsome," Lord Wolseley ought to have an easier task even than that of the bloodless Red river expedition, which it will be remembered was conducted on strictly testotal principles, and the provost marshal will probably have less than nothing to do. Beside the alleged feat of the Deptford dockyard chemist, the invention of the steam engine "pales his ineffectual fires." Upon his tomb should be inscribed the glorious record of his life. "He de-alcoholized navy rum and drove drunkenness out of the world." Somewhere, upon some lofty headland, looking seaward, a tall monument should be erected to his memory, surmounted by a temperance rum bottle. What does Sir Wilfrid Lawson say to this, and what will become of the United Kingdom Alliance? For the last time the permissive bill has shared in the massacre of the innocents, and the Gothenberg system will forthwith retire from the gaze of men, seeking the friendly companionship of the wronged ghost of Father Mathew. Very soon the blue ribbon army will be disbanded. Delegates from all the temperance societies, with bands playing and banners flying, will meet beside the fountains of Trafalgar square, and, marching in procession to the offices of the custom and excise, there, on behalf of themselves and all whom they represent, solemnly adjure the useless cult of cold water. Her majesty's government have a great and undreamed of future before them. Let them but acquire, compulsorily and by act of parliament, the powers of the overcharging water companies and lay on Deptford dockyard rum at the main, and Lord Salisbury himself will acknowledge that the two million outriders may be admitted to the franchise with or without redistribution. Who could desire more than to be exhilarated without becoming quarrelsome? The reproach that Englishmen take their pleasure sadly is about to pass away at once and for ever. Failing reservoirs of rum supplied to the parishioners, according to assessment or rental value, the vestries might provide drinking rum fountains, placed in conspicuous positions, and paid for out of the rates. The idea is full of moral promise, it teems with large and vague possibilities of human happiness and enjoyment. We are approaching the brumous month of November, when, according to our lively neighbor, the Gaul, the Englishmen but housasing seek relief from the spleen in suicide. Yet such threatened catastrophes might easily be averted by the simple expedient of supplying the police with stores of Deptford dock yard non-intoxicating rum for public consumption, to be distributed, without favor, to all comers. Then, in the foggiest of weather, the Londoner, on thoughts of self destruction intent, spying a friendly constable, would drink and be happy and return, a new man, to the pleasurable duties of a well contented existence, blessing the authorities of the Deptford victualling department, and its Heliconian rum bottle.

Loaded to Kill.

A Greek immigrant hauled up in New York the other day seems to have been bound for Deadwood. An instrument taken from him which looked like a large, ivory handled jack-knife developed a pistol hammer on one side, and when it was pulled a trigger flew out on the other, and when that was pulled the pistol went off and immediately a murderous four-inch blade ran out, all ready for use if the bullet missed.

GEMS OF THE ORIENT.

Three Bushels of Diamonds Found Inside an Idol.

The history of the gems in the East is the history of the governing princes, for so often has the course of history in the Orient been affected by intrigues about precious stones that they assume a state importance. The traditional diamond in the East is the Great Mogul. The original weight of this stone was 787 carats, but, by cutting, it was reduced to 279 carats. The stone disappeared at the last Tartar invasion, when treasures to the value of $350 000 000 were captured by Nadir Shah. It is believed to be at present hidden away in some obscure fortress in Asia Minor, and it may be recovered at some future time. Some idea of the abundance of precious stones in the East may be gained from the fact that when Mahmoud, in the eleventh century, captured Sumnat, an idol statue was broken open and found to contain three bushels of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Alauddeen obtained from the Rajah of Mahrattas fifty pounds of diamonds and rubies, and 175 pounds of pearls. Shah Jehan, the greatest of the Mogul sovereigns, left a treasure of incalculable value at his death, a throne valued at $30 000 000 and a crown worth $12 000,000. The throne was the celebrated peacock throne, so called from the images of two peacocks which stood before it each made of precious stones so matched in color and position as to resemble the natural colors of the bird. The throne was six feet long and four feet wide, of solid gold and crusted with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Steps of silver led up to it, while a canopy of gold fringed with pearls supported by twelve pillars emblazoned with gems, surmounted the whole. On each side was a sacred umbrella made of velvet embroidered with pearls, the handles being of gold inlaid with diamonds. It was the most costly of work art ever made. It only rival was the cerulean throne of the house of Bohemenee in the Nisam. This was built in the seventeenth century, was nine feet long by three feet wide, was made of ebony covered with plates of gold crusted with gems, and was valued at $20,000 000. A late traveler in the East, Mr. Eastwick, has recently given a graphic account of the magnificence of the Persian crown jewels. In the jewel room he found treasures valued at $35 000,000, among them the crown, a mass of diamonds surmounted by a ruby as big as a hen's egg. The King's belt is a wonder of barbaric magnificence, weighing about twenty pounds and composed of a solid mass of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. As Persia is the native land of the turquoise, it is but natural that the finest stone of this description is to be found in its collection. This royal specimen is four inches long, perfect in color and without a flaw. When the Shah was in Europe, some years ago, he wore a variety of diamonds and other precious stones that kept the detectives in a constant fever of fear lest he should be robbed of some of them, for one, even of the smallest, would be a fortune to half a dozen thieves. The buttons of his coat were five in number, and each was a diamond larger than the Kohinoor, while every part of his clothing seemed to be useful, not as a covering for his body, but as places to hang diamonds on.

Brother and Sister Blind.

Dr. R. B. Bloss, of Troy, during a recent hunting trip in the north woods, found at Port Hudson, Essex county, two unfortunate persons who aroused his deepest sympathy. One was a girl 18 years old, who had been totally blind from birth. Her brother, aged 19 years, was also blind. his sight having been ruined by cedar juice flying into his eyes while he was chopping in the woods. The sightless pair, unable to provide for themselves, were living in extreme destitution. Dr. Bloss determined if possible, to mitigate the sorrow of their condition. He has brought the boy to Troy and Dr. Mitchell, the oculist, thinks that the sight of one eye may be partially restored. For the other eye there is no hope. Some kind hearted citizens have already given liberally for the aid of the boy who was entirely without money. Dr. Bloss expects to secure for the girl admission to the Batavia Institute for the Blind. Her touch is wonderfully delicate and she can thread a needle, sew, and distinguish slight differences of fabric through the sensitiveness of her fingertips.

You Cant Make $500 by Reading This,

even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of catarrh they cannot cure, yet notwithstanding that thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon they have universally found that the failure to cure was wholly due to some overlooked complication, usually easily removed by a slight modification of the treatment. Therefore, if this should meet the eye of anybody who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving a *perfect* and *permanent* cure therefrom, that person will do well to either call upon or write to the proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N.Y., giving all the particulars and symptoms in the case. By return mail they will get good advice free of all costs.

In almost every case where a man has fallen in love with a girl dressed in a bathing suit and afterwards married her a divorce has followed within two years.

* * * * Pile tumors, rupture and fistulas, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

The thrust of a bowie-knife doesn't hurt the victim at the moment any more than the prick of a pin. It is a good deal more merciful to stab a man than to hit him with brass knuckles.

Throat and Lung Diseases.

a specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

A Parisian landlord who forgot to charge an American ten centimes for the candle which a waiter lighted to go up and ask if his name was Jones has been sent to an insane asylum.

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.

They are laughing at an old coon in Indiana who wrote to the widow he was courting: "I dreamed last night of biting your darling, blessed, little, dear year," but if Bulwer could make an ass of himself hasn't an old farmer the same privilege?

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.

In many sections of India boys are brought up as professional robbers, with no idea that it is wrong to seize the property of another. There are men in this country who walk off with a bank's deposit in a way to beat India all hollow.

Let the World Know It.

You can purchase a bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, &c. As an internal remedy, Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a pain subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only ten cents. Call on your druggist and invest 10 cents. Nerviline, Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

A cat has been discovered in France with an eye like that of the Cyclops. It seems to us that if any change is to be made in cats it should be made in their voices and not their eyes.

Painless and Prompt.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, the great remedy for corns, is absolutely safe and painless, does its work promptly, without in the least interfering with the comfort of patients, and is absolutely alone as a safe, painless remedy for corns. Do not be imposed upon by dangerous counterfeits. Use only Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of base substitutes. Sold everywhere by druggists and dealers in medicine. Take only Putnam's Painless Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., propra. Kingston.

One reason why a clam has his ear in his foot is because nature expected him to walk around on his ear.

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 idea 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.*

Don't turn in and advocate underground telegraph wire. In the course of the next 200 years, when this country has been denuded of forest, the supply of telegraph poles will be large enough to keep the oven hot until genius comes to the front with artificial cordwood.

A. P. 202

THOS. GALLOWAY & CO., Cotton, Woollen, silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont.

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Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $500 to $2000 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer Toronto.

HAND STAMPS METAL & RUBBER Stamps of every description, Seals, etc. Bronze Medals the last four years at Toronto Exhibition. Agents wanted. KENYON, TINGLEY & STEWART, MFG. CO., 73 King St., West, Toronto.

FREE *By return mail. Full description.* Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. PROF. MOODY Toronto, Ont.

YOUNG MARRIED persons, or those about to marry, will be greatly benefited by sending 2c. for sealed particulars of this advertisement. J. W. SOUTHWICK, Toronto, Canada.

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 low rates of interest. Application for money from first hand a specialty. Rents collected and estates managed in town or country. N.B.—Best of references on application.

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THE BANK OF TORONTO—DIVIDEND NO. 57. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the paid up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the first day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the seventeenth to the twenty-ninth day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. D. COULSON, Cashier, Bank of Toronto, Toronto, 29th October, 1884.

TEN ACRES.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED, adjoining the corporation of the Town of Clifton. The land slopes gently towards the South and is one of the best situations in Canada for fruit raising. Land on opposite side of the road is held at $1,000 per acre. I will sell this whole lot for $2,500. $500 cash, balance at six and a half per cent secured by mortgage.

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Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

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TAR AND GLYCERINE
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Is the best in the market.

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Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N

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.

A. J. PERIARD
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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.

Amusing Printers' Errors.

The unlucky poet who wrote:

See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire!

must have been completely crushed when the line appeared as:

☐ See the pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

We can sympathize also with the poet who, writing of his love, asserted that he had "kissed her under the silent stars," and found the compositor made him state that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs." True, it has been doubted if these two poets ever existed; but others, of less mythologic fame, have suffered as badly at the hands of the printer. Burns, in a cheap edition of his works, is made to say:

Oh, gin my love were yon red *nose*.

A well-known temperance lecturer was indignant at finding the sentiment ascribed to him that "drunkenness was jolly," whereas he had declared that it was "folly."

Much surprise was occasioned by Sir Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe," including among the persons present at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the name of "Sir Peregrine Pickle." There can be little doubt that the author had made an unconscious slip, intending to name Sir Peregrine Acton. Sir Thomas Bracsey having referred in a speech to the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," the compositor transformed the title into the 'Golden Treasury of Soups and Cynics." A report in a Manchester paper of a recent dramatic performance mentioned the well known farce of "No, 1 Round the Corner" under the amusing and suggestive title of "*No one* Round the Corner."

In the following instance it was no doubt a bachelor compositor who, in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage!" got the comma in the wrong place, and made the sentence read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage!"

The deplorable state of the press in Field's time may be realized from the fact that Bishop Usher, on his way to preach a Paul's Cross, asked at a stationer's for a copy of the Bible, and on examining it found to his astonishment that the text from which he was about to preach was not in the book! The well-known "Vinegar Bible was published in 1717, and obtains its name from the Parable of the Vineyard being printed as the Parable of the *Vinegar*. One of the most wilful alterations of the text, and one which cost its perpetrator her life, was committed by the widow of a German printer. One night while an edition of the Bible was being printed in her house she took the opportunity of altering the word *Herr* into 'Narr,' making the verse read, "he shall be thy *fool*," instead of "he shall be thy *lord*."

A Glasgow divine, and one of her Majesty's chaplains in Scotland, was lately reported as saying that "personally he violated the Lord's Day as much as any member of the Court." "Venerated" was probably the word actually employed by the reverend gentleman.—[Chamber's Journal.

The cholera epidemic in Paris is emptying the hotels. Only eighteen families remain at the Grand, and American *habitues* are preparing to leave at once. The ambulance service is inefficient and is being enlarged, and fumigating corps are being organized. The weather is mild and foggy. It is admitted that the water supply is generally defective, and that it is charged with organic matter. The epidemic is increasing.

THE WATCHMAN,
And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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IN ONE SHORT YEAR!

Mrs. Blake did not faint. She did not even revile her future daughter-in-law. Percival's manner told her that words to this effect would be wasted. But she entreated her son, by every claim she had upon him, to do nothing hurriedly. Of course she objected to his desire; but she knew her objections would have no influence upon a man so madly in love. But she prayed for delay—literally went upon her knees and besought him not to be married for twelve months. A clever woman was Mrs. Blake. Who knew what unforseen things might happen in a year?

Percival yielded to some extent. After all before he married he must prepare another home for his mother and sisters. He wished to refurnish the rectory. He wished to be married without undue haste. He wished to see his people friendly with Philippa, and he wished Philappa to get some idea of what a clergyman's wife should be. So he agreed to wait six months—even, when worn out by his mother's tearful importunities, extended this time of probation till the end of the present year. In exchange, he stipulated that Mrs. Blake should try and bring herself to regard Philippa as a daughter.

He told Philippa what he had promised. She said nothing, but something in her look made him regret he had made the promise. However, he vowed that the first of January should be his wedding-day.

Mrs. Blake kept, at any rate, the letter of her contract with her son. The intercourse between the rectory and the Hollies seemed so friendly, that it looked as if the rector's mother was going to make the best of what she thought a bad job. Yet her presentiment was always with her. Although it was placed beyond doubt that Mrs. Russell had a considerable fortune, Mrs. Blake kept her presentiment, and prayed every night that Percival might escape from this siren. To do her justice, she was not anxious that he should marry money, so Mrs. Russell's fortune did not affect her views. Mrs. Blake played her part very well, and Percival was delighted when she suggested that Philippa should accompany her daughters and herself to London, whither they always went early in June; for Mrs. Blake, although but a country rector's widow, was a woman of fashion and friends.

It is very possible that whilst pressing this invitation on Philippa Mrs. Blake thought: 'She has lived in London. A woman of her extraordinary appearance cannot be forgotten. Some one must surely know all about her."

Although Percival begged her to go with his mother, Philippa hesitated.

"Have you forgotten?" she whispered.

He frowned.

"It is better to face what may be in store than to fly it. Nothing can part us."

"Very well, I will go."

She kissed him and for the thousandth time told him how much she loved him.

A fortnight afterward Mrs Blake and Philippa were seated side by side at an evening party. The beautiful young widow was the object of much attention. Suddenly Mrs. Blake noticed that her companion stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and begged a gentleman near her to lead her from the room—the heat was overcoming her. Then Mrs. Blake felt sure that something had occurred, and looking round in search of it, saw a man leaning against the opposite wall and eying Philippa with amused wonder.

She knew him well—a rising barrister, with whose family she had long been upon terms of intimacy. So when he turned his eyes from the vanishing Philippa to her vacant chair, Mrs Blake signed him to fill it.

She cut greetings and inquiries very short.

"You know that lady who just left my side?" she said.

"I thought so. Perhaps I was mistaken. Tell me her name."

She told him.

"It must be the same," he said.

"What do you know of her?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"The law has its secrets as well as the church," said the barrister laughing.

"Don't jest, Richard Graham. I have known you and your family for years, and I ask you to tell me who and what Mrs. Russell is."

Graham glanced at her, and saw she was in terrible earnest. He hesitated, then said:

"I met her professionally. I was her counsel in a—an action."

Mrs Blake noticed the pause.

"A criminal action?" she asked sharply.

"Well—yes, it was."

"Was she acquitted?"

"No; but I believe she was innocent. I believe it firmly. The jury were fools."

And this woman about to marry the Rector of Chelston! No wonder Mrs. Blake's agitation was great enough to puzzle the barrister.

"Speak low," she said. "What had she done?"

"Her husband—a fearful rogue—was tried for forging and swindling. The rascal tried to save himself at her expense. She was tried with him. The man was sent to penal servitude for five years."

"Yes, yes—but the woman?"

"It was a burning shame," said Graham. "On my soul, I believe she was innocent. The judge thought so too."

"Go on quickly," said Mrs. Blake.

"Her sentence was three months," said Graham reluctantly and sullenly. He hated himself for having tattled about this beautiful woman's antecedents.

"Then," said Mrs. Blake, with emphatic pauses, "she has—actually been—in prison?"

"I suppose so. But why do you want to know? I wish I had said nothing."

"I have a right to know all about her," said Mrs. Blake icily. "For the sake of sealing your lips, I may tell you that Percival intended marrying her. What an escape! In prison! What an escape!"

She sailed away in search of her daughters and Philippa. Her head was in a whirl. The Rector of Chelston about to make a creature who had worked on the treadmill and picked oakum his wife! Her presentiment had come true with a vengeance. She walked from room to room in search of her charges, and mechanically murmured: "What an escape! What an escape!"

Mrs. Russell was willing enough to go home. Mrs. Blake's lip curled as she thought why. She said nothing, but before going to bed telegraphed to her son, bidding him come at once.

He came up by the first train the next morning. Mrs. Blake had managed to get Philippa and her daughters out of the way, so was able to meet him alone. His first inquiry was for Philippa. He seemed greatly relieved by hearing she was well.

Then Mrs. Blake made her communication. She was kind enough to suppress all show of triumph; but she told him everything, and wondered at the silence with which he heard it.

"Oh, Percival, my son," she cried, "what an escape!"

He looked fearfully stern.

"I hoped you would be spared this," he said. "I hoped it might remain unknown to all save Philippa and myself."

"Percival! What are you saying?"

"I knew it before she promised to be my wife. She told me herself. Poor girl, she was cruelly wronged. Her life has been a hard one. Till her wretched husband died in prison it was misery."

"She deceived you—cajoled you! Percival You cannot mean to—"

"This will make no change in my plans. I shall be married on the first of January."

Mrs. Blake really did succumb at the announcement. She fell, a dead heap, into a chair.

"Graham I shall see at once," continued her son, "and entreat his silence. But even if the matter becomes public property it may be live down."

Mrs. Blake was goaded past endurance. She rose in fierce wrath.

"Besotted boy!" she cried, "You—in your position—Rector of Chelston—to marry a convict, a felon! Percival, I am ashamed of you—ashamed! I will go to the bishop—to Lord Keynsham. It shall never be!"

In his present mood the names of the bishop and Lord Keynsham were to Percival no more than sounding brass.

"I am sorry, very sorry, mother," he said; "but I love Philippa too well to give her up; and surely, if one person above another should exercise Christian charity, it is a clergyman."

"Christian charity!" said Mrs. Blake with biting scorn. "Call it by its true name—blind, unholy passion!"

She left him, little knowing how deeply her parting shaft had struck.

He saw Graham; then returned and told Philippa everything. She listened with composure.

"I expected it," she said, "the past can never be obliterated." Then she added, "I do not even offer to free you. You are mine—mine for ever."

The look which accompanied her words added another link to the chain which already bound him.

It was impossible she should remain longer with Mrs. Blake. That afternoon, accompanied by the rector, she went back to Chelston. Percival, who considered that he was absolved from his promise to his mother suggested an early day for the marriage.

"No, no," said Philippa. "Why change our plans? I have no fear of losing your love. No one shall say I have hurried you into marriage."

Mrs. Blake's hopes revived when, in reply to a long, reproachful letter, her son informed her that the previous arrangement would be adhered to. There was still six months' grace, so Mrs. Blake did not curtail her visit to town. She even went to the seaside for a few weeks as usual. Whilst "that creature" was within stone's throw, the Rectory was not an attractive residence.

At last she returned home, and it soon became an open secret that there was friction between the ladies of the Rectory and the lady of the Hollies, but signs soon multiplied which told the Chelston folk that the rector meant to have his own way.

In the late autumn a house was taken in the neighborhood, and it was perfectly well known this was to be Mrs. Blake's house after the marriage. Whispers went round that Mrs. Russell had ordered and extensive trousseau from London. But all doubt was disposed of when the banns were called in Chelston Church. Then Mrs. Blake's heart really sunk. She had kept, and would keep her own counsel. The world need not see the Rectory soiled linen But after this public announcement, which she called an insult to God and man, she had another stormy scene with her "besotted boy." He was more determined than ever to go his own way, so she washed her hands of him altogether. Perhaps she was not to blame,

Although he saw Phillippa frequently, the days passed slowly with the rector, and he longed for the moment which for better or worse, would make Philippa his wife. In his secret heart he blamed himself for the boundless sway this woman exercised over him—even the strength of her love startled him. When they were married all would doubtless be well. In time his mother and sisters might come round. Surely, with his strong mind, he could make the woman who adored him a perfect parson's wife. In spite of everything they would be happy; yet, as he told himself so, he knew that had the blackest misery been shown to be his lot, he must still have married Philippa.

The last day of the old year dawned, and Percival Blake rejoiced to think that to morrow would end his uncertainties and troubles. He was now alone in the Rectory, Mrs. Blake, having sternly refused to attend the ceremony, or to permit her daughters to be present, had by her son's advice if not command, left the neighborhood for a while.

Although he had been very busy all the day he had seen Philippa once or twice, and had promised to call again after the evening service. He preached his sermon, introducing a few fitting words about to-morrow's event; then having lingered in the vestry giving some last instructions to his subordinates, he started to walk across to the Hollies.

In going from the church to the Hollies, about two hundred yards were saved by turning out of the main road and passing through the meadows which ran by Chelston stream. Although this route took one to the back of the house, he usually chose it, Philippa having given him a key which opened the garden gate. He went this way now.

It was a clear starlight night. The ground was turned into iron by a sharp frost. As the rector walked briskly along the river path, he thought of all that had occurred since this time last year, when he bore Philippa into the vestry. Not now did he wish this year taken out of his life. But he prayed that before the next year was over many things which now distressed him might be made right. It was a terrible thing to quarrel with mother and sisters, but then it had been for Philippa's sake. Heavens! how he loved that woman!

He turned from the river path and struck across the field toward the Hollies. He had scarcely gone twenty yards when he hear a sharp scream; and looking round, he saw to his right some distance up the river bank, two dark struggling forms. As he ran toward them he saw that the combatants were a man and a woman, but he was almost within arm's length before he realized the truth—that the woman, who appeared to be defending herself from some ruffian's murderous attack, was Philippa.

Percival Blake was a man of immense muscular power. At Oxford he had been famous as an athlete. Without a word he set his teeth and sprung on Philippa's assailant. He dared not strike him—his crushing blow might fall on the wrong person—but in a second the wretch found his arms wrenched from his victim and half dislocated, whilst he writhed helplessly in the enraged clergyman's grip.

That ineradicable old Adam, revenge lurks in every heart, lay or clerical. Whether it is aroused or not is but a question of the stimulating motive. Surely a man in the rector's situation may be pardoned for inflicting summary punishment. He did not stop to argue the moral points of the case. His blood boiled in a most unchristian manner. Without more ado, he put forth all his great strength and hurled the ruffian from him with prodigious force. The man fell with a dull heavy thud on the iron bound path; moreover, he lay there still and silent; and Percival, whose rage was expended in that effort of strength, felt his heart grow sick from the fear that he had taken human life.

Yet Philippa was his first care. She stood by his side motionless. He face in the moonlight, looked livid. Her eyes were dilated and full of horror. She paid no heed to his anxious enquiries, but she clasped her hands round his strong right arm—she even seemed to caress it, to be trying to estimate its power.

"Percival," she whispered, "you are strong—you have killed him."

"God forbid!" said Percival nervously, and stepping to the fallen man. His fears were soon at rest. The fellow breathed heavily and as he leaned over him the rector detected in that breath a strong smell of ardent spirits. He was glad to find the man a stranger to Chelston—glad he had not been compelled to chastise one of his own flock. Evidently the rogue was a half-drunken tramp; so, greatly relieved, the rector went back to Philippa.

"He is dead—you have killed him?" she said.

"No—senseless, and, I suspect, half-drunk. Now go home. I will run up to the village and fetch the constable."

Philippa shivered.

"Go back and kill him?" she said in a strange voice.

The rector looked at her in amazement. Her large eyes gleamed like those of a wild animal.

"My darling," he said, "you are upset. If he has robbed you or injured you he will pay bitterly for it. Go home, dear Philippa, I will soon be with you."

Again he felt her shudder. Then all at once her calmness and presence of mind seemed to return.

"I was upset," she said. "I don't know what I said, Percival, we cannot leave the poor wretch lying there."

The rector was thinking the same thing.

"Besides," she continued, "I am only frightened, not hurt. If you send for the police we shall have to give evidence."

She spoke wisely. To-morrow they were to start for sunnier lands. Was it worth while delaying their departure for the sake of giving this drunken wretch a taste of the treadmill?"

"I will hear his account of himself," said Percival sternly. "Wake up!" he continued shaking the tramp's shoulder. All the waking up he seemed capable of was limited to an uneasy grunt.

"Carry him up to the house—it is not far," suggested Philippa. "Leave him in one of the outhouses until he recovers."

The rector could discover no better plan. He threw his fallen foe, who proved to be a slight attenuated creature, over his shoulder and bore him to the Hollies. By Phillipa's directions he placed him on the floor of the tool-house. There was no lock to the door, but as the man gave no evidence of an immediate return to consciousness that mattered little.

"We must try and revive him," said Percival, rather nervously,

"Come indoors, I will get something."

He followed her through the French casement of the drawing room. He was beginning to wonder what had taken her abroad that night, and intended to lecture her on her rashness; but as soon as they entered the room she left him, to fetch the remedies, he concluded.

More than ten minutes passed before she returned. The rector grew uneasy and fidgety. He did not like to think of that senseless tramp outside. He blamed himself for the vengeful force he had put into his arms. A horrible thing, indeed, if he, a clergyman, had caused a man's death! Where was Philippa? He would wait for her no longer. At that moment the door opened, and his bride entered.

Was she mad? Why at this particular moment did she come to him like this? Brief as her absence had been she had found time to make what can only be called a grand toilet. She wore the richest of the many rich dresses which had just been sent from London. There were diamonds in her ears; diamonds on her white uncovered neck. Her beautiful long round arms were bare, or but partially veiled by thin, delicate lace, and a blood red flower burned in her black hair. A queen! No queen with charms to compare with Philippa's has yet graced a throne! So, with her maddening beauty brightened by all that art can do, she entered the room, and after laying on the table what seemed to be a small bundle of some kind, with a firm quick step she came toward her lover.

A cry of astonishment, of delight, sprang from him. She placed her soft white fingers on his lips, drew him to a low chair, and motioned him to be seated.

He obeyed. She knelt beside him, her face on a level with his own. A strange sweet perfume emanated from her garments. She wreathed her warm white arms around his neck. She kissed him on his brow, his eyes, his mouth. She drew her face a little away from his, and her dark lustrous eyes gazed into his with wild rapture. He forgot everything save the glorious being who knelt beside him—all save his love for her, her love for him.

He returned her caresses with passion. Her magnificent bosom rose and fell with her quick breathing. His cheek brushed her satiny shoulder. He was in a dream of intoxicating bliss—and yet faintly through it he seemed to hear his mother's words, "blind, unholy passion!"

"Percival, Percival!" murmured the woman. "You love me?" His answer was not given in words.

"I am worth loving," she whispered. "Such love is worth a sacrifice. Percival, it is worth more. It is worth a crime!"

Even then he returned her embrace.

"Percival, listen. Love, kiss me and listen. That man outside—he is my felon husband."

A sharp fierce cry broke from him. His very lips turned ashen. Yet still he held her to him.

"They told me he was dead—yet he lives. No matter. Shall our love be wrecked by him?"

A cold sweat broke out all over the man. Yet he turned not from her kiss.

"Dearest," she went on in her flute-like voice. "How shall it be. Shall we fly like cowards to another land? I am rich, you know."

He shivered from head to foot. Some strange instinct made him turn his eyes to the little bundle she had placed on the table. The woman followed his gaze.

"No," she said, with a low, wild laugh. "No need to fly. Percival, I would have done it alone, but I knew we should love the better if we sinned together. Come."

Still holding his hand, she rose. Percival Blake staggered to his feet. He swayed to and fro like a drunken man, and grasped the table for support. The woman smiled in his face.

"I am worth it," she whispered, as she unwound a large handkerchief and disclosed a stoppered bottle.

"It will be painless," she murmured. "It will be like going to sleep. Come, dearest."

She placed the handkerchief and the bottle in one of his nerveless hands; the other she took in her own. She led him, as one leads a blind man, to the casement. She opened it and the keen fresh wintry air cut into the perfumed atmosphere of the room like a knife.

On the threshold she paused and clung to him in an almost frenzied embrace. The man quivered beneath it. Then, hand in hand, they walked down the garden path. They went swiftly, although the man moved as one in a trance.

She led him to the door of the outhouse. It was open. She looked into his set drawn face. Her burning fingers tightened round his icy-cold hand.

"Your hand trembles, sweet love," she said, and therewith took the handkerchief and the bottle from him.

She passed in, and whilst he stood as one spell bound, leaning for support against the doorpost, she began feeling about for the recumbent figure of her husband.

In a minute she was at her lover's side again. She shook his arm fiercely.

"Gone! He has gone!" she cried. "Seek him! He cannot be far off!"

Her words, her touch, seemed to break the spell. With a low cry Percival Blake fell upon his knees, and lifting up his hands, thanked God, whose mercy had willed that he should not be a murderer in very deed as well as in thought. Then the humbled man bowed his head, and sob after sob broke forth.

The woman stood like a statue. A dreary look of hopeless despair settled on her pallid face. Not a muscle moved—not even when Percival Blake rose to his feet and confronted her with eyes full of horror and aversion.

"Temptress! Fiend!" he whispered. "I have another prayer to make—that we may never meet again."

He turned away and went swiftly down the path to the gate by which he had entered. It was but a few steps away. Before he passed through it he cast one look back. Philippa stood as he had left her, tall and erect; her white face, neck and arms gleaming in the wintry moonlight. Then, even then, the old fascination struggled for supremacy—all but mastered him. He took a backward step. Had she made but one sign he must have rushed to her side. But she moved neither hand nor foot. By a supreme effort he wrenched himself away, passed through the gate, closed it behind him, and rushed out into the night—anywhere! anywhere!

For two or three hours he wandered about aimlessly; then, scarcely knowing how, found himself in Chelston churchyard. He carried a key which opened the little door of the church. He entered the building and groped his way to the altar steps. He threw himself on the cold stones and lay there in contrition and abasement until five o'clock in the morning. Then, a humbled man, he crept to the rectory and from sheer exhaustion slept.

Terrified tearful faces met him when he arose. As gently as they could, people told him that an hour ago Mrs. Russell's old servant had found her mistress in her own room, lying on her own bed, dressed as one going to a ball, but quite cold and dead. In a horrified whisper they added it was feared she had committed suicide.

This is the story of that year in a man's life which must be swept away from his memory before he can call himself happy.

THE END.

SMILES.

A close race—Misers.

A grave yard—thirty-six inches of black crape.

"Dog-skill" is the new color. It runs to "Purp-ple."

A good many marriages come out of a tennis court.

A young man must have an aim in life before he can make a hit.

Rich men are "borne to the skies on flowery beds of ease."

The raisin in a boarding house pudding is an oasis in the dessert.

At church women are more apt to consider the texture than the text.

Folks who live by their wits live by the want of wits in other folks.

The original barber-queue—The pig-tail of a Chinese tonsorial artist.

The truly good can enter places where the devil would blush to be seen.

"I don't know much about your religious novels," said Deacon Brownsmith; "the Bible is good enough for me."

"Aren't you in a good deal of a hurry about getting your storm doors up?" "Not an hour too soon. My wife's mother will arrive at noon."

Wit on the brain of a fool, beauty on the face of a simpleton and a razor in the grasp of an infant will always amuse the sinuous creature that once peddled apples in Eden.

A young man once went to Vicksburg, Miss., and announced that he was going to publish a "lively, spicy paper, devoted to local affairs." Next day several one-armed, one-legged and one-eyed gentlemen called on him and advised him not to do it, because they had tried it, and it didn't seem to suit the people of those parts. Some people have no ideas of true humor.

The Czar of Russia's Winter Palace.

The Winter Palace is described as the largest palace in the world, being one-third larger than that of the Emperor of Austria's, and unsurpassed in point of splendor. It is the residence of the Czar and his Court during winter, and stands on the left bank of the Neva. The palace is four stories high, or about 80 feet; the frontage is 455 feet in length, in breadth 350 feet. The principal entrance or "perron des Ambassadeurs," is from the Neva, and leads by a magnificent flight of marble steps to the state apartments of the palace. A gateway in the centre of the building, facing Alexander's Column, opens into a large court. The most magnificent apartments are the Throne Room of Peter I., where the diplomatic corps generally present their congratulations on New Year's Day; the White Hall, the Hall of St. George, a parallelogram of 140 feet by 60 feet; the gallery of the Field-Marshals and the Alexander gallery, a suite of splendid halls, filled with marbles, malachites, vases, and pictures. When the Imperial family is in residence, about 6,000 persons are lodged in the building.

He Could Wait.

"That reminds me of a jury incident of several years ago," said the next story teller; "I think the case was Wattsmore against the city policemen for damages growing out of an election riot. The jurymen were divided on the verdict and spent a better part of two days and nights in futile attempts to agree. M. B. Callahan, who used to be in the hardware business here, was the leader of the faction that favoured the award of damages to the plaintiff, and George Ottinger led the opposition. The war was growing fierce and bitter. Finally, at the end of a heated discussion, Callahan turned to the juryman who opposed him and said, in a very excited manner: 'I will never agree with you. I tell you that right here now. I will wait till Tophet freezes over first.' 'Well,' rejoined the invincible Ottinger, 'I'll wait till it thaws out again.' The verdict was for the defense."

"All I want is my bone," as the barber remarked when he grabbed it from his mate.

LEPROSY.

Two Sad Cases of the Terrible Disease That Have Lately Appeared in New York.

Several weeks ago in these columns was given the sad story of a young lady of fashion who had been visited with a strange disease—diagnosed as leprosy by her physician and by experts; one of whom was a member of the visiting staff of Mount Sinai hospital—in consequence of a wild night's frolic with a couple of adventurous companions in an opium den connected with a Chinese laundry on Third avenue. The diagnosis of leprosy has been sustained, not only by the concurrent opinions of all the experts who have been called into the case, but also by the whipcord enlargement of the ulnar nerve. This significant symptom was already distinctly defined under the finger when, ten days ago, acting under the advice of her physician, the beautiful patient sailed for Europe with a view of consulting the best medical authorities in the great foreign centres of scientific activity. Another of the same kind, not less sad than the preceding one, nor less certain, in its symptoms, although of obscurer origin, is now under the observation of a group of practitioners. The victim is a promising and brilliant actress, as beautiful in person as she is fascinating in manner, of English extraction, and belonging to a family that has already furnished somewhat distinguished notabilities of the stage. The young actress arrived in this city about a fortnight ago, and is staying with her mother in private, denying herself in her morbid sensitiveness to all her former friends and acquaintances. The history of the case, as furnished by her attending physician, is as follows: In the latter part of June last, on the eve of her departure from the city with a light comedietta and comic opera company the young lady, whose name is withheld for obvious reasons, noticed one morning at her toilet

A STRANGE PURPLE BLOTCH,

rather larger than the ball of her thumb, beneath her right eye. It was of irregular contour, and extended from a point midway beneath the orbit some distance beyond the the external margin. Rehearsals were in progress. She was studying very hard, and she attributed the appearance to late hours and overwork, smoothed and painted it over with rose-water and bismuth, and thought no more of it for the day, other than to be careful that the painting was efficient. Contemporary with this she began to be restless; troubled with want of sleep, and when, at last, the longed-for oblivion came, disturbed and full of starts. Twice in the days of these embryotic days of the disease her mother was awakened by stealthy footsteps moving about the house, and, with rare courage for a woman, surprised her daughter with open, but unseeing eyes, wandering from room to room, trying one door after another with silent hand. These nocturnal wanderings were succeeded by mornings of nervous lobstude. In this condition, with others of the company, she set out on her dramatic tour, from which she anticipated great results, in the latter part of June, and was soon gathering abundant plaudits and press notices—and, what is better, a fair harvest of cash—in the cities of the southwest. She arrived in New Orleans, languid and fagged out. While performing in one of the large towns in that vicinity she was suddenly prostrated with the ephemeral fever, high tense, with scatches of delirium, and the familiar rose-colored eruption which has been so often described by such experts as Prof. Sturgis, Dr. Tiffard, Dr. O'Donnel, and others, who have witnessed the onset of the malady, ushered in by a severe and prolonged rigor. The local practitioner diagnosed the case as one of climatic fever, in the severer forms of which eruptive phenomena resembling scarlatina are not unusual. For ten consecutive days this internal consuming flame burned without intermission; but on the tenth day, to the wonder of the local practitioner, suddenly subsided, the vapors of delirium clearing away from the excited brain and leaving the patient feeble as an infant, but free apparently, from all malarial symptoms. Meanwhile, stranded by the illness of one of its leading members, the company had lingered; impatient to be at work, grumbling and discontented. But, though convalescent according to the rules of the medicine neither stimulents nor tonics, decoctions of beef or of brandy and quinine availed to restore the wasted and still wasting constitutional energies. A substitute had to be engaged, and by slow stages,

SICK, DISAPPOINTED, DISHEARTENED,

the young actress, returned to her home. It befell, by one of those strange coincidences that render human life such a riddle to the unbelieving, that the case came under the purview of an adept in leprosy, whose training in one of the great centres of the disease had educated his eye to the detection of all its subtle designs. "The story of the blotch under the eye, the bloated features, and the significantly whitish pallor of the skin; the sudden and terrible fever, with red spots, followed by sudden, but only apparent convalescence; the subsequent debility, malaria, and general failure; the elongated, hard, red tubercles on the shoulders, which the patient showed me, wondering how they came; the numbness of the hands—all these," said the young man, "were things as familiar to me as the Roman alphabet. I shall call other physicians before finally announcing the verdict so terrible to hear and bear; but, between you and me, there is no more question about the nature of the disorder than about a case of scarlatina or the measles. The poor thing is in the beginning of the third, or tubercle, stage of leprosy. Practitioners call this the second stage. How did she contract the terrible taint that is gnawing away her beauty and her life? I have questioned her cautiously. She denies having visited any opium-smoking haunt just before the blotch came or at any previous period. There was a lodger in the house, her mother says, in May and June last, who had just such reddish tubercles on his shoulders and neck as are now appearing in the case of her daughter. If the mother is correct in her description, the young man was a leper and must have been aware of it, and that his presence in the house was a source of imminent danger. I am satisfied that the disease is leprosy, and that my patient ought to be isolated immediately for the protection of the family and her friends."

The young actress has cancelled her engagements for the fall season, and proposes to make a voyage to Europe as soon as arrangements can be effected for her mother to accompany her.—[The New York Mercury.

The Old Hundredth.

The music harmonized in four parts of this venerable church tune was composed by Claude Goudimel, about the year 1644. The composer, who was chapel master at Lyons, France, died in 1572, a victim to religious opinion. The harmony of this hymn has since been altered, as may be seen by comparing the same as arranged in the present collections of church music with the original. It is a popular musico-historical error that Luther was the composer of this chorsel.

An exchange has a poem "On the Birth of Twins" and didn't know enough to make the rhyme a couplet.

NIAGARA FALLS.

A New Theory Regarding Their Origin | Pre-Glacial Times.

Dr. Julius Pahlman, a local geologist of Niagara Falls, gives a correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* the following theory of how the present cataract came into existence: "In tracing the origin of this river," he said, "we must go away back into the pre-glacial times, when the bed of the great lakes was occupied by a great river, and Tonawanda valley contained a lake 50 miles in length and 16 to 12 miles in width, with a possible maximum depth of 60 feet. The northern barrier of the lake was of limestone formation. Being about 50 feet lower than the southern one, the overflow of water was towards the Ontario valley. The outlet found its way into the present channel of the Niagara river somewhere near the upper rapids of the river above the falls. From here the waters met no obstacle, and in their flow predetermined the river gorge between the falls and the whirlpool, and continued in a straight course north through the side of the whirlpool, and thence through the valley of St. David's in Canada, and onward through the Ontario valley.

"I have made careful searches and find this track of the river from the whirlpool through Canada. By and by the Tonawanda lake began to subside, and finally was reduced to a river, with a wide, low valley on each side. The course of the river in making its way out of the valley of the ancient lake changed. It flowed into the channel of the present Niagara where the present Tonawanda river enters now. It curved around the southern margin of Grand Island—which formed a shallow part of the northern margin of the lake and had risen as a peninsula in the course of time—and then flowed north into the original channel of the outlet, thus determining the two branches of the present river. That branch of the Niagara river which separates the island from the mainland is of quite modern origin, as testified to by soundings. Well, the erosion across the thin bed of Niagara limestone naturally cut one of the other parts of the outlet deeper than the rest, and confining the smaller channels gave birth to a number of larger and smaller islands, known at present as Goat, Bath, Luna, the Sisters, and so forth.

"The branches of the river joined again into one stream as they approached the heavy Niagara limestone at about the site of the new suspension or foot bridge, and rushed north for about three-quarters of a mile, where they fell over a precipice of about 100 feet. Goat Island extended northerly in a triangular prolongation, with its apex somewhere abreast of the northern end of the present American fall. Below this fall of 100 feet, that I have just spoken of, the river descended in rapids over shale until it encountered the Clinton limestone near the railway suspension bridge, where it took another leap. From here a short rapid carried it to the entrance of the whirlpool, where another fall was caused by quartzose sandstone of the Medina group. Thence there was a rapid current to Ontario basin. The volume of water then was exceedingly small as compared with the estimated 20,000,000 cubic feet a minute of the present. Now, at the time of the glacial period the movement of the ice sheet was in a north-easterly direction.

"The channel of the great river which I remarked about in the beginning was excavated deeply, and the valley of the great lakes was formed. When the Arctic climate again changed into a temperate one, the ice sheet retreated northward, and in its melting spread over the land all the ground up material as well as the rocks which had been caught up and carried under, and the valleys of St. David's, Tonawanda, and others more or less completely filled up with drift. The channel of the old Tonawanda river from the whirlpool was also included in the filling process. After long ages the ice disappeared, and the bed it had occupied became the seat of a chain of great lakes. At this time Lakes Erie and Ontario formed two large bodies of water, and were at the same, level, that is, their surfaces were even with Lewiston heights. The waters in the lakes began to subside, and a mud flat appeared between them, extending from Buffalo to Lewiston. An outlet from Lake Erie was formed through this flat, and we have the present Niagara river."

A Pacific Coast Curiosity

George W. Fox was over on the coast a few days ago, and has brought back with him quite a curiosity in the shape of a fragment of an abalone shell with an infant's foot, shoe and all, incased in abalone in the interior of the shell. The shape is perfect, and indicates a very young child. The sole of the shoe is seen; the toe is worn, and particles of the stockings may be picked out with a pin or needle. The buttons are covered with abalone, and the button hole where one of the buttons is pulled off is seen; also the little tassel at the ankle. The body of a drowned infant must have been carried along by the tide and the foot passed into the open shell of the shell fish, which was closed down and the imprisoned foot held until it was severed from the body by decay; in the meantime the fish covered the shoe by its secretions. The ankle shows the decay and the rotting off of the member, and was not covered over with the shell. It is reported that a woman and her child were drowned off the coast about seven years ago, and it is supposed that the foot is that of the child.—[Redwood City (Cal.) Gazette.

Jealous Canary.

A lady in Cincinnati owns a canary which shows himself to be the victim of jealousy whenever his mistress pets any other object. A few days ago, in order to tease the canary, the lady took home a toy-bird so ingeniously constructed as to chirp. The sight of the imitation bird and the sound of its voice so enraged the real canary that it flew at the object of his scorn and tried to tear it to pieces. In the confusion a pet dog ran upon the scene, and seized the toy-bird bore it away, the other flying about the dog's head and chattering until the door of the room was reached. After it's triumph the canary went back to its cage, put its head between its wings, and refused to be comforted. No amount of persuasion has since induced the bird to sing.—[Cincinnati News-Journal.

Tranquility.

Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When, in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished—when every interruption is received impatiently and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past—then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out. If only we can keep cool and calm we shall be less wearied when we have reached the eventide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expect may not arrive; but if we can preserve our tranquility of soul and demeanor we shall get through everything creditably.

A Springfield oysterman has a featherless chicken. It is 3 months old. It is said that the chicken, although so young, can't be downed.

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

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THE WATCHMAN
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1884

PRECAUTION AGAINST CHOLERA.

At a meeting of the State Board of Health of New York, held on the 21st inst., Secretary Carroll in discussing the cholera, said there was no doubt but the disease would soon visit the United States, and that seaboard towns should take precautions to prevent its securing a foothold. The authorities of this country should also take measures to the same end; and while there is time, the several seaports should be prepared, if it should unfortunately reach this country in the coming spring or summer, to meet it. Fore-warned is fore-armed. The countries that have been visited by this fearful scourge are still suffering from its ravages, and hundreds are attacked daily and numbers dying notwithstanding every effort being put forth to stop its progress. We fortunately thus far have escaped, owing to the precautions taken to prevent its admission into this country—and unless a strict quaranteen is still kept up, it may find its way into the country before the year is out. It was thought that when the cold weather set in it would abate if not entirely disappear—but it is not the case—the disease continues to spread rather than diminish in those countries that it has hitherto happily been confined to, therefore we must not relax our efforts, but continue to keep up a vigilent quaranteen in all our seaport towns during winter as well as coming spring and summer.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

France is finding playing with John Chinaman rather an expensive thing, and would like to have done with it. Overtures were made to English and American pilots on Yang Tze river, who ask the modest sum of $56,000 each! The Chinese ironclads, *Cho Lung* and *Yung Wat* have arrived. They intend to force the French blockade of Formosa.

It is reported that Admiral Courbet seeing the impossibility for him to successfully operate against the enemy with his present feeble forces, and having vainly asked for reinforcements has determined to resign.

On Nov. 24th, it was asserted at Hong Kong that the reports of victories by the French in Formosa are fabrications, and that their success in Tonquin has been greatly over rated. The invaders of Tonquin are making no progress. Their operations are at a standstill, and they are confined to the Red river Delta. In Formosa the French have no foothold, except at Kelung. The Chinese are now assuming the offensive in Tonquin and Formosa. If the French are to continue their course of making reprisals they will require 15,000 reinforcements in Tonquin, and 10,000 in Formosa. An expedition against Pekin direct would be cheaper for France.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE.

The Congo conference thus far has proceeded harmoniously along. The delegates, including America, representing fifteen states, have signed the following declaration regarding the Congo country:—

"In the regions forming the basis of the Congo and its tributaries, the limits of which the Conference will fix, there shall be perfectly free trade for all nations. Commodities shall be imported or exported free of duty except such as will be necessary in the interest of general trade. Powers exercising sovereign rights in the Congo region, are forbidden to exercise monopolies or favors of any kind in regard to trade. Foreigners are to enjoy without distinction, the same treatment and the same rights as citizens of a sovereign state, and all powers exercising sovereign rights shall bind themselves to co-operate in the endeavor to suppress slavery and promote the work of missions and all institutions which tend to the civilization of the natives."

The American delegate, Mr. Kasson, made certain proposals with reference to the frontiers of the Congo basin. He was desirous of accommodating the interests of the United States in the Congo country to those of Great Britain. It is understood that Germany will support the demands of England in relation to the river Niger, only requiring increased protection for various trading interests. In October, Count Von Munster, the German ambassador, wrote to Earl Granville, saying that Germany would at the conference advocate the policy of giving an assurance to the merchants of all countries, that no impost of transit dues should be levied upon goods entering the Congo, but only moderate imports, such as would be sufficient to supply money for administrative needs, Germany, he said further, shared Earl Granville's desire to secure the fullest freedom of navigation and commerce, not only on the Niger and Congo, but on other African rivers as well. It advocated the adoption of principles similar to those used in the regulation of traffic on the Elbe and the Danube. The conference, while giving expression to these principles, would leave to later negotiations the formation of an international body, whose duty it should be to overcome the obstacles to navigation and provide police ordinances. In future occupations of African territory Germany's duty would be to insure the applications of the principles laid down by the judges and jurists of all lands, including those of England. Earl Granville in his answer to this, note, expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the suggested scope of the conference.

On the 21st inst., Mr. Stanly made a speech to the committee of the conference on behalf of America. He explained with remarkable clearness, cogency and force the views he entertained regarding the difference between the geographical and commercial basin of the Congo. The two conceptions, he insisted, were by no means identical. If the powers adopted only the former and based all their actions on that, they would deprive the Upper Congo of its natural and necessary outlet. This outlet should comprise all the affluents of the Congo and also the basins of several other great rivers and lakes. It would be absurd to accept the geographical basin of the Congo merely as a subject for their discussion and regulation, because the rapids rendered the Congo impracticable as an exclusive trade route to the upper river. Because of the rapids, divergent channels of trade must be made available. The commercial conception of the Congo basin must be adapted to this conception. It implied a great stretch of the western littoral, comprised all the centre of Africa and extended even to the western coast.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

—The Rev. Prof. Price, of North Carolina, an eloquent colored orator, speaking in New York city recently, said that the colored population has doubled since the war, and that, beginning with nothing, they have saved $100,000,000!

—Fifteen years ago, Sir Moses Montefiore, then eighty-five years old, was walking in a little garden in Ramsgate, on the coast of England. Near a noble tomb were one filled grave and an empty one. A friend who accompanied him, asked, "Why is this empty grave?" "That is for me," replied the philanthropist; "in the other lies my wife. Her soul is with me still, as she was with me in life. She was my guiding star, and now looks down upon me."

—Dr. Davis, writing from Kioto, Japan, says: "One of the largest Buddhist temples in the city has a school of several hundred young priests connected with it; and the priests have recently bought one hundred and twenty copies of the New Testament and some commentaries, and have put the school at work studying the Bible every day."

—The *Christian Advocate* says the conviction of two polygamists in Utah, and their sentences for terms of years to prison, are events of importance. They claim the law under which it has been done to be unconstitutional. This is held on the ground that marriage, sanctioned by religious ceremonies, is a religious act. This is flimsy. If true, it would admit human sacrifices. The polygamy part of Mormonism must go. As a religion the law cannot take cognizance of it.

—Incidents of Sir Moses Montefiore are more numerous even than the years of his life. Here is the latest: He was applied to for charity by a man whom he had helped again and again. "It is no use doing anything for the fellow," he was told by those about him. "The man is no good. He is not worth helping." To which Sir Moses made reply: "In that case I shall help him decidedly, for if I don't I am sure that nobody else will."

—A pleasant and characteristic story is afloat about Sir John Macdonald, which is worth repeating. When he was starting on his voyage a friend said to him: "Good-bye, "Sir John; I suppose when you come back "it will be with a peerage." "Oh yes," said Sir John, "I have already chosen my title "It will please the Grits. It is Lord To-"morrow." To-morrow is said to be Sir John's Indian name conferred upon him in view of his method of keeping promises. Sir John has not yet attained to the peerage; but he has reached the very pinnacle of knightly greatness, no higher rank of knighthood being possible to him than that of Knight Grand Cross of the ancient order of the Bath.

—Upon the occasion of conferring the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath by the Queen upon Sir John Macdonald, the Prince of Wales invited the Premier to partake of the hospitalities at his palace at Sandringham. The Beaconsfield Club, in addition to the Empire Club, tendered to the Canadian Premier a complimentary banquet. As already announced, the banquet of the Empire Club was presided over by Lord Lorne. The Dukes of Sutherland and Buckingham, and Earls Kimberley and Derby were also present.

—The contractor for the Parliament House has repaired the damage caused by the explosion. The zinc roof will be commenced in a day or two. Mr. Charlebois expects to hand over in January the hall of the Legislative Council for the sittings of the Legislative Assembly.

—In Kingston a committee has been appointed to consider the advisability of printing the municipal assessment rolls and having copies distributed among the ratepayers. The idea is a good one. If printed, people would be able to see who are assessed, who are not, and to what extent each resident contributes to the revenue. It ought to be done in every municipality.

—At a meeting of Conservatives held in Rowe's Hall, Ottawa, on the 20th inst., for the purpose of appointing delegates to represent the city at the Toronto convention, of those chosen fifty one positively promised to go to Toronto, the chairman announcing that arrangements had been made with the railway.

—At the Federal Bank meeting Toronto, on 10th inst., the general manager's report, which was adopted, recommended the writing off of nearly three million dollars to provide for bad and doubtful debts, the cancellation of five thousand shares of stock, and the reduction of the remainder by one-half, making the capital $1,250,000.

—The population of Port Arthur the Thunder Bay terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway has been ascertained by a careful enumeration to be 6,687, of whom 4,484 are males. Two years ago the population scarcely exceeded 2,000 and few towns in any part of America can produce proof of such a rapid increase of population in such a remarkably short space of time accompanied by all the signs of permanency and stability of growth.

—The popularity of Dickens in England is demonstrated by the fact that seven or eight barrows loaded with copies of a penny edition of "Sketches by Boz" were disposed of in one street alone in London in a few hours.

—A number of Madrid students on 20th inst., made a riotous demonstration in the streets owing to the bishops having censured one of the university professors for having advocated liberty of education.

—Rev. Father Egan, who assaulted the old man McCaigue in church at Thornhill on Sunday 16th inst., whereby McCaigue had his thigh broken, was tried to-day before a justice of the peace and committed for trial. He was subsequently bailed out, himself in $1,000 and two sureties of $500 each. Archbishop Lynch wrote a letter to McCaigue expressing his sympathy for him and condemning in strong terms the action of the priest.

Fifteen states are reported to have agreed on a declaration that in the basin of the Congo and its tributaries there shall be perfectly free trade for all nations, states exercising sovereign rights therein agreeing to show no favours to their own subjects not given to those of other countries.

Stanley on Friday laid his views before the Congo conference, urging that the territory covered by the agreement to be come to should embrace the great interior of the continent, extending even to the eastern coast.

Mr James McKenna, agent for the C. P. R. in Quebec, has completed his arrangements for the issuing of tickets from that city to New Orleans and return for the low figure of $40, good for the six months progress of the great exhibition.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Washington, Nov. 18, 1884.

The Cleveland demonstration in this city last Thursday evening was perhaps never equaled in the history of Washington either in size, display, or enthusiasm. Thousands were in line, thousands of torches flamed, cannons boomed, fireworks lit up the sky, and the citizens of Washington, foes as well as friends of the Democracy, crowded the streets to see the pageant. A more perfect evening never favored pageantry, and the Democrats, at least, enjoyed the event. From the Capital to the Treasury Department, the distance of a mile, Pennsylvania avenue was a mass of human beings. Such a throng had not been seen since the inauguration of Garfield, while the scene was gorgeously painted with Chinese lanterns, rockets and Roman candles, calcium lights, electric lamps, and gas jets arranged in fanciful designs. Brass bands played such airs as 'Auld Lang Syne', 'Carry Me Back Once More,' and Democrats shouted with all the pent up enthusiasm of twenty-four years. The leading transparency bore the faces of Cleveland and Hendricks, with the inscription 'Clear the way for we are coming', and another ludicrously suggestive feature carried aloft by a division of the procession were brooms.

Conspicuous among private residences that were illuminated was that of W.W. Corcoran, the philanthropist, who reviewed the line which passed him with marching salute. The residences of George Bancroft, the historian, and of R. T. Merrick, the prominent Democratic lawyer, were also brilliantly illuminated.

Among the paradoxical features of the celebration may be mentioned the fact that Mr. Blaine's new mansion about which much has been written, was brilliantly illuminated. You may remember that it was leased for five years by a Chicago millionaire, Mr. Leiter, and he is a Democrat.

During the week public interest has been centered upon the official count in New York. Until Friday evening, many Republicans still clung to the hope that by some inscrutable luck, the result would yet give the state to Blaine. Now that the grim fact of Mr. Blaine's defeat stares them in the face, Department people have all taken the anxious seat and feel more unsettled than while doubt hovered over the election returns. What will Mr. Cleveland do? Who will be in his cabinet? How will Republican office-holders fare under the coming administration? Where will the inaugural ball be held? and similar premature questions are those with which the people of the Capital are perplexing themselves just now.

Cabinet builders are as busy as possible, and though their work may be as unstable as castles in the air, it is interesting to know what they are doing. An ex-Senator expresses the sentiment that seems to prevail among the Democrats of his section as to what the South wants; namely, southern men for Attorney General and Postmaster General. Southern Democrats say that they do not care for the State Department, Treasury, War or Navy portfolios, that they should all be controlled by the North. They admit that the business of the Interior Department is of more consequence to the North than to the South, and that it too should have a Northern head. It is assumed that General McClellan will be in Cleveland's cabinet, that Senator Garland of Arkansas will be the Attorney General, and that Senator Bayard could not be induced to leave the Senate for a Cabinet position. Some prominent Democrats insist that Randall should have a seat at the council table, or the Speakership, or any place he wants, while others hold that since Mr. Randall's state went for Blaine by eighty thousand majority, his chances have diminished.

At the Capital active preparations are being made for the reassembling of Congress two weeks hence. During the recess many exterior and interior improvements have been made. Both wings of the building were embellished, and enlarged to the extent of sixteen new rooms. Sanitary arrangements have been added, restaurants have been improved, frescoes have been renewed, and other changes for the better have been made both in point of utility and beauty. But the main changes have been made on the outside. The marble surfaces of the two wings have been scrubbed the result being a removal of the yellow surface that the marble has acquired in its thirty years exposure to the weather.

Washington, Nov. 22, 1884.

Since the dust of the Presidential contest has settled and a view of the future has been taken, it is clear that the capital city is to have a period of rare experience. There must be changes, changes on every side, and the student of political history will be as much interested in watching the bearing of the party in adversity as in following the course of the Democracy under its new and unaccustomed burdens. At any rate, the city for a while will be more brilliant, more animated, more agitated, and more prosperous perhaps than it has ever been before. If Mr. Blaine had been elected, a great many strangers would have come to his inauguration, and a goodly number of office hunters would have remained here for some time afterwards. But many more people will come in consequence of Mr. Cleveland's election. The vast attendance that will mark the inauguration of a Democratic president, and the size of the army of office seekers that will be here afterward, can scarcely be estimated. It will be the only chance within the memory of the present generation affording such a spectacle. Young Democracy and old Democracy will alike be here to witness it.

Rooms have already been engaged for Gov. Cleveland and his party from the latter part of February until the 4th. at the Arlington hotel. The suite of rooms consists of a parlor and three bed rooms, and have been occupied in turn by Duke Alexis, Prince of Wales, Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, Gen. Grant and Senator Conkling.

In what is known as the red parlor of the Ebbitt house, a distinguished military tribunal is now trying Gen. Swain. One major general, six brigadiers, and six colonels occupy the long table. The trial attracts a good deal of attention, the charges are numerous, and it is the first time in the history of the country that a brigadier general has been court martialed in time of peace. President Arthur is discussing appointments with his advisers, and getting up his message to Congress. Cabinet officers and heads of bureaus are busy preparing their annual reports to be submitted to Congress, and the representatives of the three great Isthmian inter-oceanic transit projects are here awaiting Congress with their several schemes. Signs at the Capital indicate the near approach of the session, and the returning statesmen will find the appearance of the building much changed inside and out. Various improvements have been made during the vacation, but those which show most handsomely are the new terraces and grand marbel stairway approaches to the Senate and House wings. These are not quite completed yet, but will be by the opening of Congress on next Monday week.

Department clerks feel that their chances for retention in office are meagre under any Democratic President, but they are gleaning some consolation from the fact that President-elect is Cleveland and not Hendricks. The latter they think would strike the Departments like a cyclone if anything should happen to Mr. Cleveland. He would not leave a Republican man or woman in office, they allege. They credit Mr. Hendricks with having said once if he could have his way, he would throw all the women out of the Departments.

The gossips are active in explaining Mr. Cleveland's position on civil service reform, in fixing up Mr. Cleveland's cabinet and in marrying Mr. Cleveland. Since their failure to marry first Tilden and then Arthur, some doubts are expressed about their succeeding any better with the bachelor President elect. The Democracy went out of Power with a bachelor President, and after a quarter of a century, it is about to come back with another. But the Presidential household must have a mistress, and it is said that Mrs. Hoyt, a sister of Gov. Cleveland, will assume the position. The chief duty of the lady of the white house is to be agreeable, amiable, and cordial. Society here is more Democratic than at any other large National Capital. It is necessarily so, for nobody stays here long enough to make a court circle. The people like to go to the White House, and the less formality they meet there, the better they are pleased.

The gossip about Cleveland's cabinet has given several prominent gentlemen a chance to decline portfolios that were not tendered them, Mr. Bayard and Mr. Randall, for instance. The latter as the leader of the Democratic majority in the House, will yield an immense influence under the smile of a favorable administration. No man would exchange this prospect for a Cabinet office.

A MASS MEETING of the Conservatives of the County of Cardwell, was held at Caledon East, on the 21st inst. Mr. Thomas White, M.P. for the County, was present and delivered a speech which was highly applauded. Deligates to the convention at Toronto having been chosen, it was moved by Mr. John Wallace, of Albion, and seconded by Mr. John Hazzard, of Caledon, and resolved.—"That this mass meeting of the Conservatives of the constituency of Cardwell, assembled to elect delegates to attend the convention to be held in Toronto in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the entrance into public life of their honored leader, the Right Hon. Sir John A. McDonald, desire to convey to him their hearty congratulations on the new honor conferred upon him by our gracious sovereign Queen Victoria—may God bless her—in conferring upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in recognition of his eminent public services, and to assure him of their continued confidence in his leadership, marked, as it has been, by a wise and patriotic statesmanship, and blessed, as it has been, by the rapid advancement and prosperity of this country." It was ordered that a copy of the foregoing resolution be sent to Sir John by Mr. White. A vote of thanks was given Mr. White for his address. The meeting then adjourned with cheers for the Queen, Sir John and for their member Mr. White.

Meeting of School Commissioners.

HELD 25 NOVEMBER, 1884.

Present, James Fish, Patrick S. Dunbar and Leashman, Esquires. The Secretary Treasurer Mr. G. J. Walker being also present.

In the absence of the chairman (Dr. Christie) it was resolved on motion of Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Leashman that Mr. Fish take the chair.

Minutes of last meeting being read by the Secretary, were duly approved off and confirmed.

Messrs McOuat & McRae presented an account of $9.30 for Desks, for East End School, and an account of $27.80 for desks for West End School, making a total of $37.10 which account was received and ordered to be paid and charged to No. 1 District School upon motion of Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Leashman.

Mr. W. Simpson presented an order upon the school Commissioners signed by Noah Larose the contractor for the building of the West End School, of $75 00 which order was ordered to be paid upon motion of Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Leashman, and the same to be charged to No. one District.

The Secretary stated before the passing of this resolution that the sum of $800, ordered to be borrowed on account of the building of the West End school had been paid out, by him as follows:- $200 to F. C. Ireland, Esq. for lot, and $400 to Noah Larose on contract, besides this he had paid $23.00 to Moses Jerou, for fencing &c. $5.25 to A. Berthelot for deeds &c. and $5.00 to S McKimmie for Plans of the Building as per resolution of school commissioners, and that consequently the amount of Mr. Simpson's order would require to be borrowed as he had no funds at his disposal at present, to pay said order. An account of $12.00 for chairs for centre school due to R. Sanford, Esq. was presented and on motion of Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Leashman, the same was ordered to be paid and charged to No. one District.

The Secretary stated that he had paid Mr. W. Hume, the amount of his contract for gravelling and levelling the school and college grounds and repairing the walls of the Building. Having borrowed the amount to do the same as per resolution of last meeting. The report of the Inspectors appointed to examine the said work having been satisfactory.

Moved by Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Leashman, and resolved, that this board approve of the action of the Secretary Treasurer in paying Miss Helen Young, late teacher of Hillhead school two months of this year salary, the same having been requested by the trustees of the district.

The Secretary brought before the notice of the commissioners the list of the authorized Text Books chosen for the use of the schools in the municipality by the Board at a meeting in February last, and stated that by the circular received from the Council of Instruction of this Province in reference to this matter that it was imperative upon the commissioners to adopt the list from the first of July last, and he was afraid the list had not been adopted. The further consideration of this matter was left over until next session. A petition from A. Berthelot, Esq., stating that two children of the names of Brunan, had been taken by him to bring up and educate and praying the commissioners to allow them to go to their school at the same rate as resident scholars of the District, was read. After consideration it was moved by Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Leashman, and resolved, that the further consideration of this petition be left over until next meeting.

The Secretary stated that according to resolution of last meeting he had caused posters to be put up through the Municipality on the 11th of October last, notifying all parties indebted to the school commissioners to pay up before the 21st instant, otherwise legal proceedings would be taken against them and also had notice inserted in the WATCHMAN, he then read over the list of persons, who had failed to pay the amounts due by them to the commissioners.

After the said list had been read over it was resolved on motion of Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Mr. Leashman, that the following accounts be struck off from the Books as being uncollectable: J. Roulinson, $1.50 A. Soldank 25c, M. Neveu $2.04, F. Laframboise $1.79, Vancher Richer $1.00 Thos. Lester $1.10, Eusebe Pauquet $2.30, Wm. H. Scott $1.52, Octave Carriere $1.04, Fernando Nanbert $1.02, W.C. Anderson $1.02, Thos. Philipson $11.19, John Peverly $7.50 and that the Balance of the accounts on the said list be handed into an advocate for suit if not paid by the 30th of December next. The Secretary to notify all parties of said resolution as far as practicable by a notice for which he shall charge the parties in default 25c. each.

Meeting then adjourned.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest, terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favourably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians

"Who gave her disease various names

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used Hop Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ 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.

MR. CLEVELAND'S VIEWS.

He Outlines his Course as Head of the Executive.

PHILADELPHIA, November 22.—The Albany correspondent of the *Times* had an interview with Mr. Cleveland yesterday, in the course of which the governor said: "No harm shall come to any business interest as a result of the administrative policy so long as I am president. I intend to surround myself with the best and broadest minds in the party, and then bend all my energies toward making an administration that shall at least assure every element that the transfer of executive control from one party to another does not mean any serious distrubance of existing conditions. It is almost incredible to me that there should be any feeling of uncertainty whatever as to the future so far as the result of the election is concerned. Those who are to succeed to power by the will of the people are as much interested in the future of the United States as those who yield it. They also have an equal stake in the prosperity and advancement of the country. They are as thoroughly committed to the maintenance of values and as earnestly anxious for sterling business prosperity as their opponents. Naturally, they will be careful about pronouncing for a policy inimical to the interests of the very class which more than any other, has thus honoured us with its confidence. Coming into power after so long an absence the party ought and will, so far as the executive is concerned, bring liberal views and good impulses in the control of the government. It would be unnatural for the party not to be actuated by a desire to continue in power by demonstrating that it deserved the highest confidence of the people. This it cannot do if it would unsettle business and make factious war upon well concerted plans of government. This is the view I take of the proper position for the party just assuming control of the country in a crisis like this, and the standard by which I shall be guided while in the presidential office. If I follow it I hope for and expect a fair and honest respone from the republicans with whom I may have relations, as well as the hearty support of my own party. I feel, of course, that I have great responsibilities, and approach them with a feeling of more or less anxiety."

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THE December number, closing the eighteenth volume, fully maintains the meritorious character of this favorite magazine, and will doubtless secure a large subscription for the next volumes. The publication is remarkable for its comprehensiveness and cheapness. Among the prominent illustrated articles are "The Dramadists of Today," "A Ramble Through the Island of Jersey," "Forms of Salutation," "The Great Elector of Brandenburg," "The Great Schools of Merrie England," etc., etc., written by popular authors. The interesting serial, "The Death Mark," is continued, and there are several short stories, sketches, adventures and poems, furnishing very pleasant reading. There are also an abundance of brief articles, paragraphs, anecdotes, etc.—indeed, the 128 quarto pages present literature of a high order, and the embellishments number over 100, besides a handsome colored-plate frontispiece, "Pet Aversion." The price is only .5 cents a number, or $.50 yearly, postpaid. MRS. FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

DEATH.

WHITE.—In the city, of Montreal on the 24th inst. nt. Ruth, Maed ugall, beloved wife of Mr. S Robert White, aged 23 years.

LACHUTE MARKETS.

REVISED WEEKLY.

Potatoes, per bag	$0 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 22cts. per lb.	
Cheese per lb	0 10
Honey, in comb, per lb. 15 to 18c.	
Strained Honey, per lb	15
Spring chickens 25cts. to 40 cts per pair	
Fowls from 35cts. to 75cts. " "	
Partridge, per pair 60cts	
Pork " $ 50 to $6 per hundred,	
Oats, per bushel	0 40
Flour, per 100 lbs $3.30 to $3.80 (Selling Price)	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	2 60
Wheat,	1 20
Hay per ton	$6 to $7

SALE
TO BE HELD AT
VICTORIA HALL,
LACHUTE, ON TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,
DECEMBER 2nd and 3rd. 1884.
From 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.
OF
USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES,
BOOKS and TOYS
Sent by Ladies from England, for the benefit of the Orphan Homes at Belleville and Longueuil.

Two hundred and fifty children have been received at Marchmount House, Belleville, this year, from England and Scotland, most of whom are now placed out in good homes.

MUSIC AND TEA IN AFTERNOON AND EVENING.
Admission 10 cents.
FRIENDS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

Holiday Presents
OF JEWELLERY.

Fine Gold Sets, Broaches, Ear-rings, Gold Studs, Silver Thimbles, Gold Lockets, Chains, Gold and Silver Watches, all kinds of Gold Rings, Gold Bracelets, Silver Broaches in stock with any name you want on them. All kinds of

JEWELLERY MADE TO ORDER.

PLATED WARE!

Cruit Stands, Butter Dishes, Pickle Stands, Napkin Rings of all kinds. All kinds of Knives and Forks, Spoons and Butter Knives,

ALL KINDS OF FANCY GOODS.

Photo Albums, Authograph Albums, Fancy Matts. One of the best and largest stocks of

XMAS CARDS

you wish to see. Call and see for yourself.

All kinds of Workboxes and Vases on hand. Fine assortment of

CLOCKS.

All kinds of repairing done in first class style, or no charge. CARTRIDGES and all kinds of Revolvers.

C. W. HUGHES,
Watchmaker & Jeweller, Lachute,
Opposite Post Office.
Agent for "WALTHAM Watch."
12-2m.

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 MATALASSE cloths.

GRAY COTTON (yard wide) 5cts.

THE PEOPLES' CASH STORE,
HEADQUARTERS for FLANNELS

C. T. WALES & Co. sell the New "Wanzer C" Sewing Machine, and 2nd hand machines taken in part payment—Terms easy.

St. Andrews, November, 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.
19-1m.

PHOTOGRAPHS
CHEAPER THAN EVER, either by the new or OLD PROCESS by
A. G. STACKHOUSE,
St. Andrews, Oct. 20th, 1884. 8 tf.

OYSTERS OYSTERS!
FRESH to-day, by Express. Also Malaga Grapes, new Figs (very choice) new Dates, Oranges, Lemons, choice fameus table Apples.
J. HOPE,
11-tf. Market Square.

WANTED.
OATS, BARLEY, WHITE CORN and PEAS at the
NATIONAL FOOD MILLS.

Questions Asked!
Where is the cheapest place to buy our XMAS and NEW YEAR supply?
ANSWER!
AT
F. X. BERTRAND'S
There you can get all your
Groceries,
Dry Goods,
Boots and Shoes,
Fur Caps,
Mitts,
Gloves &c.
OILS AND VARNISH of all kinds, GLASS AND PUTTY to suit Customers at reasonable low prices.
Give a share of your esteemed orders at the
CROOKED SIGN,
West End, Lachute,
F. X. BERTRAND.

HORSE FOR SALE,
Apply to
C. W. HUGHES
Watc. maker & Jeweller,
15-tf. Lachute

LACHUTE FLOUR MILLS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO GET FLOUR
STRONG BARER'S FLOUR
Guaranteed . . $2.40
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.
McOUAT & McRAE.

PATENTS
Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended 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. 13th, in VICTORIA HALL, Lachute.
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'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, 144,
- tf Hull, P. Que.

TO LET.
THAT Comfortable House and Business Stand opposite Lachute College
Lachute, April 3 th, 1884. R. G. MEIKLE. 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, Streets, 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 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. PIERCE WOOD & CO.,
19 Park Place, New York.

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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY

Underwear.—S. Carsley.
Question Asked —F. X. Bertrand.
Sale.—Fancy G ods.
Ho se for Sale.—C. W Hughes.

LOCAL.

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

I see by last week's WATCHMAN, a Lachute man advertising Strong Baker's Flour at $2.50. I can give a better article for $2.40 and don't blow about it.

P. CAMPBELL.

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.

The value of advertising was exemplified in the rapid sale of the saw-mill owned by Mr Ireland. He advertised in Friday's WATCHMAN the saw mill for sale, and almost immediately after its publication it was sold. Nothing like advertising.

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any kind of diseases of their cumative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle.

The West End school has between 30 and 40 scholars in attendance.

Do not suppose that because it is recommended for animals that Arnica & Oil Liniment is an offensive preparation. It will not stain clothing or the fairest skin.

Downs' Elixir will cure any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing.

Another new dwelling and carpenter's shop have gone up like magic next to the paper mills.

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.

Mr. D. Campeau has the contract for getting out 100 toise stone for the new addition to the paper mills.

Ask for the Rexford Axe and buy no other, for sale at J. R. McOuat's.

Ogilvies Strong Bakers Flour, (Red [bag) only.....$2.50.
" Choice Family Flour only 2.25
at J. R. McOuat's.

Better than Represented.

Montreal, P.Q., 15 August, 1883.
This is to certify that I have used GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR in my family for many years past, and find it even better than represented.
Rev. J. H. DIXON.
Rector of St. Judes church Montreal.

Mr. Bannerman is putting up a large new building at the Rope Factory.

Depend upon it

You can depend upon Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a pain reliever in rheumatism, neuralgia and all painful and inflammatory complaints. It not only relieves but cures.

Mr. Robert Evans is preparing to put up a fine new dwelling house.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough purgative acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

The tardiness in taking steps towards the incorporation of Lachute is astonishingly strange.

Danger in the Air.

In the chilling winds, the damp atmosphere, and suddenly checked perspiration, colds are lurking. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, coughs asthma and bronchitis, and all complaints tending towards consumption.

Lachute needs a branch Bank, as money changers are beginning to charge for the exchange of small drafts, cheques, &c.

A Princely Fortune.

A man may possess the fortune of a prince but can never possess hapiness without good health; to secure which the blood must be kept pure and every organ in proper action. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and regulate all the organs.

Mr. H. R. Hammond has nearly completed his new cottage on Hamford St., and is preparing for the erection of several others next spring.

A Good Motto.

WASTE NOT your substance in riotous living which feeds impure blood and clogs the system with disease. Use the channels of health, purify the blood, and regulate all the organs with Burdock Blood Bitters.

Feeding whole potatoes to cows has resulted in several fine animals being choked to death right here in Lachute.

PROF. LOW'S MAGIC SULPHUR SOAP Healing soothing and cleaning for all eruptive diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use.

Oats, taken in exchange for goods at J. R. McOuats. 13.6

The Montreal reception to Sir John will take the form of a public reception and procession, with the presentation of an address in the drill hall, a fireworks display on the Camp de Mars, and on the following day a levee at the Windsor and the banquet of the Junior Conservative club in the evening.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove Worms in Children or adults.

Peas, taken in exchange for goods at J. R. McOuats. 13.6

The second floor of the Ottawa Custom House fell on Saturday evening, there being several hundred barrels of apples placed thereon. On the lower floor were gin and brandy casks and other articles which were smashed to pieces. The loss will be upwards of $2,000. As the goods were in bond the Government will be the loosers. The accident was due to the rickety floor.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

Mr. W. Hay informs us, he has received a letter from his son who is one of the Nile expedition. He describes everything as very satisfactory. "The boys appear to be enjoying themselves very much. General Wolseley has, as was expected, provided for the comfort of his Canadian boys. They do not appear to be kept under very stringent regulations, they have been visiting pyramids, ancient cities, ruins and tombs of fellows thousands of years old. Some of the lads will doubtless have queer yarns to spin on their return."

Black Buckwheat taken in exchange for goods at J. R. McOuats. 13 6

The winter time table of the Canada Pacific Railway, went into operation on Monday last.

White Beans taken in exchange for goods at J. R. McOuats. 13.6

We never find a richly cultivated understanding in one who is averse to reading.

Yellow Corn taken in exchange for goods at J. R. McOuat. 13.6

The proper choice and right use of books are the two main hinges on which your improvement turns.

Turkeys, Chickens, Geese, Ducks, Partridges taken in exchange for goods at J. R. McOuats. 13.6

When you read noval or religious books, first lay the instructions you receive to the heart that they may effect you; then lay them up in the memory, that they may enrich you; lastly, lay them out in your conduct, that they may guide and govern you.

Pork taken in exchange for goods at J.R. McOuats. 13.6

A true and faithful friend is a living treasure, a comfort in solitude, and a sanctuary in distress.

Hides taken in exchange for goods at J. R. McOuats. 13.6

The Odd Fellows of Lachute commemorated their anniversary in their Lodge Room on Tuesday night by an Oyster Supper. The evening was most pleasantly spent—as true Odd Fellows always do—and separated at an early hour highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Buckskin Gloves, Mitts, Mocassins, (direct from the Indians) fur lined Kid Gloves, Mitts, oiltanned Mocassins, felt lined Boots, at rock bottom prices at J.R. McOuats. 13.6

Another change in the weather took place on Sunday last. It began to rain in the morning and continued the whole day, flooding our streets again; but towards Monday morning it began to freeze, and now the rough parts of the roads being filled up with water and frozen solid, there is a good foundation for snow and good sleighing, should it come immediately, which we are happy to say we were visited with on Tuesday, if it will only remain, which we fear it won't.

Persian Lambs Caps cheap at J. R. McOuats. 13.6

A full stock of Groceries, extra good in Teas at J.R. McOuats. 13.6

Attention is directed to the sale of useful and fancy articles, for benefit of Orphans' Houses to come off on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, at the Victoria Hall.

A large stock of Dry Goods to be sold at a small advance on cost at J. R. McOuats. 13.6

Sir John Macdonald was banquetted by the Empire club in London on Wednesday night, and also invested by the Queen with the insignia of his new honour.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

On account of St Andrew's day falling on Sunday this year, the Lachute Caledonian Society have decided to celebrate the day on Monday evening the eight of December by a promenade concert and entertainment in Victoria Hall. This entertainment will be enlivened by some of the good old Scotch Music, Songs, Readings, &c. befitting the occasion. And is not got up for the purpose of making money for any particular purpose, but solely with a view of affording an opportunity to all who are inclined to enjoy a social evening. And as it will be the first entertainment of the kind for the season it is to be hoped there will be a good attendance. An admission fee of ten cents will be charged to defray expenses &c—Look out for Posters next week.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

To the Editor of THE WATCHMAN.

SIR.—On the evening of Tuesday, the 18th inst., the Victoria Opera House, Cobourg, was well filled with a highly expectant audience awaiting the arrival of the famous Brooklyn preacher and lecturer. He came in due time, bowed pleasantly to the applauding assembly and took a seat for a moment, while being introduced. His subject was "Big Blunders." The lecture was a success. His appearance is doubtless well known to a number of your readers. But others have not yet had their curiosity in this respect gratified. A tall and very well proportioned form is his. On this occasion his dress had nothing of the clerical in its cut. As to his face a pair of sandy side whiskers with an ample mouth between, a well sized nose, a pair of eyes rather deeply set in their sockets and that seem to be occasionally shut during his motional deliverances, a high and slightly receding forehead—these make up the principal points of a countenance on which so many thousands of eyes have been rivited both in the old and new worlds.

While as a speaker he would not be in all respects our ideal, yet we have felt that he has magnetic power, we have felt its spell. Speakers are comparatively few whose paragraphs so charm you away that you almost feel at their close as if you had wakened from a happy dream. This we can testify he sometimes does. What fine runs of description he gives us; and what a magnificient climax he reaches betimes. How that irresistable wit of his comes in to give the finishing stroke. And what a keen insight into human nature with all its sorry inconsistencies, for he is largely practical. What a responsive sympathy he evinces with all the affairs of the homelife, and especialy with homelife in the country. On scenes like these his poetic fancy is wont to linger and do some of its finest work. The touches are put on which make the picture real, and no where is there any hackneyed phraseology. We like these things in Talmage. There are some other things that we do not like as well, but let them not be named. He is doing a good work. And if he does not present as much new truth as some others do. It may also be said that he does not present as much new sophistry as do some others. And though he sometimes pushes forward into the province of harmless speculation, it cannot be said that he forsakes the old land marks.

S. N. McADOO.

WHAT STRUCK HIM!

The Mystery of a Deadly Attack Solved by a Newspaper Paragraph.

Boston Herald.

"How are Americans liked in England?" And Mr B. F. Larrabee, of 42 Chester Square, ex-director of the New York & Boston Despatch Express Company who has recently returned from a considerable residence in London, answered: "If they have good recommendations and behave themselves they are well treated, but they will like the English people, any way, when acquaintance ripens into confidence."

"How do the English compare with Americans?"

"The finest looking men in the world can be seen on pleasant days of the London season, promenading Piccadilly. The English ladies, however, are neither so neat in appearance nor so graceful of form and movement as the Americans, but they seem to enjoy more roburst health."

"Are English people longer lived than our people?"

"I don't know. I have not fully investigated. But I remember once hearing read a newspaper paragraph entitled 'Why do Englishmen Live Longer than Americans?' That paragraph, by the way, once solved a great mystery for me."

"Ah, indeed, another 'tribute to the power of the press'?" suggested the reporter.

"Yes if you please to call it. In 1879, when I was residing at the Commonwealth hotel, in this city, I had occasion to do some business in Washington street. When I got to the corner of Franklin, I seemed to feel a blow in the breast and fell to the pavement like a dead man. When I recovered consciousness I was taken to my hotel. I first thought perhaps some enemy had struck me, but my physicians assured me that such could not be the case and advised strictest quiet. For six long weeks I was unable to lie down. I was violently ill, and my physicians said I would probably never walk the streets of Boston again. I did not want to die, but who can expect to live when all doctors say he cannot?" And Mr. Larrabee smiled, sarcastically, and expressed himself very freely concerning the number of common disorders which are controlled by remedies which physicians will not employ.

"But how about that paragraph?"

"Yes, yes. When I was obliged to sit up in bed day and night for fear of suffocation, and hourly expected death, my nurse begged the privilege of reading that paragraph to me. I refused him at first but he presisted. It described my condition so exactly, that for the first time I began to realize what had prostrated me. I was filled with a strange hope. I at once dismissed my physicians and immediately began Warner's Safe Cure. In a few months, I was restored to perfect health, notwithstanding mine was one of the worst possible cases of bright's disease of the kidneys, which all my physicians,—and I had the best specialists in Boston,—said was incurable. I tell you, when a man gets into the desparate condition I was in, he doesn't forget what rescues him."

"But were effects permanent?"

"That was five years ago," said Mr. Larrabee, "and for thirty years I have not been so well as during the past five years. If I had known what I do now I would have checked the matter long ago, for it was in my system for years, revealing itself in my blood, by frequent attacks of chills, jaundice, vertigo, typhoid fever, nervousness, wakeful nights, etc., etc. I took over forty bottles before I got up and over one hundred and fifty before I was well. I have commended that treatment in thousands of cases of general debility, kidney and liver disorder, etc., and have never heard ill concerning it. I bank on it."

"Speaking of paragraphs, how do English papers compare with American, in this particular?"

"Well, they have fewer witty paragraphs but the smaller papers, like the Pall Mall *Gazette*, St James *Gazette* and *Truth*, abound in sharp, incisive paragraphs without wit. In general, American papers make the most of news, the London papers make the most of opinion."

UNDERWEAR.

LADIES AND INFANTS!

This department is now complete, it is a new one. Don't understand that the keeping of these goods is new with us. We always kept them, they formed part of the Show Room Stock. Why did we move them? Simply because the business outgrew the space devoted to this line of garments, so from necessity we had to form a department for them alone. Here you will find a complete stock, and this means a good deal. We will only mention the heads under which the department is devided, and allowing a medium stock in each branch, though we have the fullest) you can easily estimate what aggregate stock you have to choose from

Ladies' Cotton Night Dresses.
" Chemises.
" Drawers.
" Corset Covers.
Ladies' Flannel Skirts, plain and embroidered
" " Drawers, plain and embroidered.
Ladies' Flannel Night Dresses.
" " Slip Bodies.
" " Wrappers.
" Cashmere "
Children's Night Dresses, all prices
" " Chemises, "
" " Drawers, "
Children's Cashmere Dresses.
" " Opera Flannel "
" " Mother Hubbard "
Babies' Cloaks.
" Robes.
" Wrappers.

Babies' Wrappers, trimmed in Lace and Embroidery. We must stop here, though we have only touched one-half of the branches the department is divided into

S. CARSLEY.

UPHOLSTERING

How few there are who have any idea of how much.

HOUSE FURNISHING

and decoration depend on the taste and skill of the upholster. His the genius to combine here relieve there, and make a harmonious blending in all the apartment contains be it hall, parlor or chamber. To fill this long felt want we undertake that an order in this department will meet with prompt attention, and its execution governed by taste and skill. The selection we have of

UPHOLSTERY GOODS

are all new in texture and style. Of Curtains we have just added a line of *lace ones* that are marvels of elegance and richness in pattern, these we can furnish you with. A large selection of Poles to choose from, in Gilt, Black Walnut, Ebony and Brass, we can measure, hang the curtains and poles, and finish with the most tasty designs in Lambrequins.

FOR LAMBREQUINS.

We have an elegant assortment of fabrics woven for that purpose and draperies, they are worth looking at if only for comparison. If you purpose buying we have some of table covers, and piano covers that match in the prevailing styles. They are in Flowered patterns. Floral patterns, of all colors, and embroidered.

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

Mr. Talmage on the Theory of Evolution.

Rev. D. Talmage made an address on evolution before the Baptist Conference on the 24th. He said:—"There is no contest between science and revelation Who gave us the telegraph? Morse the Christian. Who swung the cable? Cyrus W. Field, another Christian. Evolution is out and out infidelity. Paine, Hume and Voltaire did no more disbelieve the Holy Scripture than those who believe in evolution. There is one dogma of evolution which we are particularly asked to adopt, viz., the survival of the fittest. But, do the fittest survive? Garfield died in June and Guiteau was alive nearly a year afterward. (Applause.) The origin of the doctrine of evolution is attributed to Herbert Spencer and a few others, but evolutionists existed before Spencer began to evolve. (Laughter.) It is the old heathen corps set up in a morgue, and Darwin and Spencer have been trying to galvanize it. (Roars of laughter.) If a pair of apes had a man for their descendant, why should not all apes have that honour. According to evolutionists a man is a bankrupt monkey. Talmage reviewed Darwin's theories and said they were outlasting.

Canada and the World's Industrial Exposition of 1884-85.

(*From Quebec Morning Chronicle*, Nov. 5.)

The Provincial Council of Arts and Manufactures, which met in this city yesterday had the pleasure of hearing, at some length, a description of the scheme for the World's Industrial Exposition of 1884-85, from Colonel F. C. Morehead, its Commissioner-General. At the conclusion, and as an immediate result of his remarks, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Council:—

Moved by Lt.-Col A. A. Stevenson, seconded by the Rev. O. Audet,—"That the members of this Council have listened with much pleasure to the interesting statements of Commissioner-General F C. Morehead, regarding the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, which is to open in December next in the city of New Orleans, under the auspices of the United States Government.

"Considering that this Exposition is being organized on a scale of greater magnitude than any previously held on this Continent, if not in the world, and believing that a participation in this vast industrial enterprise would prove of immense advantage to the Dominion of Canada, in affording facilities for the opening of trade relations with the various nations represented there, especially with the West India Islands, Mexico, and the States and Republics of Central and South America, this Council would most respectfully urge upon the Federal Government the desirability of making arrangements for a fitting display at New Orleans of the economic resources and industrial products of the Dominion of Canada, similar in character to those made at Philadelphia in 1876, and at Paris in 1878, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded immediately to the Honorable the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa."

As to the desirability of the adoption of the suggestion contained in the above resolution there can be no two opinions. At a moment when trade is languishing and business depression is the general burden of complaint,—when commerce seems to be deserting its old time channels, and manufacturers complain of over-production, the only ray of hope for the future which makes itself apparent amid the surrounding gloom proceeds from the opportunities which may offer themselves for the discovery of new arteries of commerce and of new consumers for the surplus productions of our factories and artisans. In justice to our manufacturers and exporters it must be admitted that in the old countries with which we have hitherto had trade relations, no stone has been left unturned in the endeavor to find a profitable market for our marketable productions. Whether it be due to the decreased consumption of manufactured goods in the older-centres of civilization, to the increased supply from abroad, or to both of these causes combined, certain it is that a gradual accumulation of stocks has resulted in a glut upon the market, and that other custom must be sought unless we are prepared to close down our factories and mills

We had occasion only a day or two ago to draw attention to the comparatively new trade in lumber which has sprung up between this city and the Argentine Republic, and more recently still, the Consul-General of that Republic, Mr. J. A. Maguire of this city, enlarged upon the same interesting subject in a letter addressed to this paper. It is just such a business of this nature, and trade with just such foreign lands that we are anxious to see developed in our midst. With Brazil, Mexico, the West India Islands and the States and Republics of Central and South America, we believe there are very large possibilities in the way of yet-to-be-developed commerce. In the opening up to traffic of the Mexican Central Railway, in direct communication with the American railway system, the interior of the vast country traversed by the new road is made readily accessible to the manufacturers of the northern portion of this continent.

What means shall be taken for the inauguration of so desirable a trade? It is a matter admitting of very little doubt, that a length of time must necessarily elapse before we shall be again afforded so favorable an opportunity of exhibiting to the people of these States our natural productions and manufactured goods as is now within our reach.

The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, which opens in New Orleans on the 16th December next, and will remain open until the 31st May, will be the largest exhibition ever held. It has been created by a charter of Congress of the United States, approved on the 10th February, 1883, and is under the joint auspices of the United States, the National Cotton Planters' Association and the city of New Orleans. This manmoth exposition marks the centennial anniversary of cotton exportation from America, and includes all arts, manufactures and products of the soil and mine. The main building is the largest ever erected, being 1,378 feet long by 905 feet wide. These details will suffice in some degree, to convey an idea of the immensity of the space to be occupied by the exhibition, and at the same time to impress upon the Federal authorities, the extreme urgency of adopting proper means for the due representation thereat of the products of this Dominion. The subject properly belongs to the Dominion Government, to which pertain all questions affecting trade and commerce. Its possession of the Intercolonial R. R. and the ss. "Newfield" will greatly facilitate the task which it is justly called upon to assume. Canada's exhibits, collected at some central point, might thus be carried without any expense to exhibitors, to Halifax by Intercolonial R. R. and thence by Government ss. "Newfield" direct to New Orleans. The Government also owns the Exhibit of fish &c., made by this country in London, and which attracted so much notice at the International Fisheries Exhibition. This, with the interesting mineral specimens in the possession of the Geological Survey, would form the nucleus of an admirable and very creditable display. Lumbermen, boot and shoe manufacturers, makers of agricultural instruments and of textile fabrics, etc., would gladly contribute to complete the exhibit.

The time is drawing somewhat short, however, and what is to be done must be done quickly. There is little probability that the Government will hesitate to take action when the matter has been brought fairly under its notice. But to make success doubly sure no fitting opportunity should be lost of impressing it with the importance of this matter. The Montreal Board of Trade are about to meet for the purpose of memorializing the Government in this connection. There is no reason in the world why the Quebec Board should wait for the Montrealers to move first. The matter should be discussed at this afternoon's meeting, and a resolution arrived at similar in tenor to that which was adopted yesterday by the Council of Arts and Manufactures.

A Story of the Wolves.

VIENNA, November 21.—In eastern Hungary a clergyman with his wife and child were driving in a sled from Kranisotis to Kislonka, when a pack of wolves pursued them. The mother was terror-stricken and let the child fall from her arms. The father leaped from the sled to save the child. Father and child were at once fiercely attacked. The father fought desperately and killed two wolves, but was at last overcome. But he and the child were devoured. Meanwhile, the horses had rushed onward with the sled bearing the agonized mother. In her terror she gave premature birth to a babe. The shock proved too much for the woman, and when the sled reached Kislonka she was dead. So the whole family perished within an hour.

A Fourfold Work.

Burdock Blood Bitters act at the same time upon the liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the skin relieving or curing in every case. Warranted satisfactory or money refunded.

AN ALARMING DISEASE AFFLICTING A NUMEROUS CLASS.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, in its 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 dizziness, 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 rather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there a pain 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, clammy perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and no relief or treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing 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 preserved to annihilate 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 proprietor, 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, 1882.

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 I am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would 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,
Novemb r 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. 19th, 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,
15th 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 he obtained benefit, and dec ares other 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 "G dsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithful'y yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-De tist,
To Mr. A. J. White. Merthyr Tydvil.

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 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.

United States News.

Cleveland's plurality in New York city is officially stated at 43,130.

The democratic committee's fund in the recent election amounted to $333,000.

Mr. Hendricks, in a speech at Brooklyn, said the recent elections had fully established that there must be revenue reform.

NEW YORK, November 19.—It is rumored that the republican committee is in debt to the amount of $190,000. Mr. Dwight Lawrence says there is no doubt the committee is swamped in debt, but he does not know what the sum is. It is said the debt includes arrearages for rent, printing, music uniforms, torches, banners and other paraphernalia, and money advanced by individuals.

The agricultural commissioner estimates the value of the farm products of the country at $4,000,000 He says the area under wheat is much beyond the requirements of consumption.

The board of inspectors have reported on the condition of the cows in the vicinity of New York. They found pleuro-pneumonia in a contagious form in 2.15 per cent. of some 19,000 cows examined.

Boston business men have passed resolutions favouring reciprocity with Canada.

Physicians describe the strange disease that have been ravaging western Virginia and eastern Kentucky as acute typhoid dysentery.

Typhoid fever is raging in the Kansas penitentiary.

It is asserted that the loss to the revenue by the operations of the Spanish reciprocity treaty will amount to $40,000,000 a year.

A Philiadelphia paper asserts that the losses to the state through the railroad and coal combinations amount to nine millions a year.

The armament board has submitted a report to the war department recommending the purchase of twelve hundred heavy guns for the coast defence.

It is stated that President Arthur has invited Mr. Cleveland to make the White House his home while preparing for the inauguration ceremonies.

NEW ORLEANS, November 24.—A number of buildings in St. John parish were wrecked by the storm on Saturday night The nephew of Congressman St. Martin was killed and the latter narrowly escaped. Schuyler Ebert was killed by lightning at La Fourche crossing. The sugar plantations are damaged.

A REMARKABLE CAVERN.

KINGWOOD, W. Va., November 24.—A remarkable cavern has been discovered on the Cheat river near here. A small aperture led to series of seven chambers, the smallest of which is 75 feet long by 40 broad and 30 high. The caverns have not all been explored, but are believed to be very extensive. The formation is rock crystal, exceedingly beautiful, and the explorers believe they will rival the Luray caverns.

NOTES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

COLUMBIA, S. C., November 22.—It is proposed to send 3,000 red-shirted South Carolinians to attend Cleveland's inauguration as president.

A Good Guarantee.

H. R. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, bilious attacks and liver and kidney troubles. In no case has it disappointed those who used it. In Canada it gives the same general satisfaction.

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 dwellinghouse and two acres of garden attached.

Also, a STONE STORE, 3 stories, with Granary, Hangards, 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),
JAMES B. CUSHING,
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BEG to inform the public they have now received their new stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

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

Lachute, 18th Sept., 1884.

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR

Indigestion, Constipation,
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Low Spirits, Habitual Costiveness,
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and all irregularities arising from an obstructed condition of the system.

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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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WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART
JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH
ERYSIPELAS, DRYNESS
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And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH BOWELS OR BLOOD,

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$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 gold stock. Nothing flashy; but genuine goods. Those who want such goods had better call before they are all gone.
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71 Saint Joseph Street,
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CONSUMPTION.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia

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OUR

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE

NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER XII.

An hour passed, and still the conversation was kept up with unflagging interest. All Lady Jesmond's power of fascination were brought into play. Once or twice his lordship turned to me with some commonplace remark, and at one bright smile from her he instantly forgot me. We were still out on the balcony, Lord Saxon seated by her side, whilst I stood gazing at the roses with a faint sad heart. What had happened that the light had seemed to have left the sun and the fragrance to have fled from the flowers?

Lord Saxon was "a lover of beauty and a dreamer of dreams"—I knew it—and, now that he had met with a woman of surpassing loveliness, he would worship at her shrine. Why need I mind? With a smile on my face I stood there whilst my heart was slowly breaking; for I new, just as well as if they had disclosed their thoughts, that a passionate mutual love was burning in their hearts. He could never have loved me; it had been but a passing fancy. That woman had stormed his heart with her beauty, and he had surrendered.

When the feeling of pain had somewhat moderated, I heard what they were saying.

"Not ride!" cried Lord Saxon. "I thought all ladies rode in India!"

"I was an exception," she said. "It is the one accomplishment above all others that I miss."

"Let me teach you," he begged eagerly.

"You would not like the trouble," she said coquettishly.

"Trouble!" he repeated. "Why, it would give me the greatest pleasure and delight."

"We will speak of it later," she said.

Then came an interruption, in the shape of a message from the nursery, saying that Mrs. Rivers would be glad if Lady Jesmond would go there at once, as Sir Guy did not seem well.

Nello and I were left on the balcony alone. He had come to talk to me of the silvery moon and the nightingale's song. Alas, alas his eyes followed Lady Jesmond, and, when she had vanished from his sight, he stood with a dreamy, musing smile on his lips.

"He is a dreamer of dreams," I said to myself, whilst a bitter pain seized my heart; "and now they are of her, not of me."

"Felecia," he said, turning to me, "I cannot tell you how grieved and distressed I am at your sudden reversal of fortune. I could hardly believe my eyes when I read my mother's letter, and found that Jesmond Dene was no longer yours. Do you feel the loss greatly?"

His words were kind enough, but the very kindness was as a dagger thrust into my heart; it showed me how completely his love was dead.

The loss of Jesmond Dene was so trifling to me in comparison with this other and greater loss that I could have laughed at the question; but I answered it soberly enough.

"I felt it most deeply; but I do not resent it. I loved my cousin Paul, and I am glad that his son will have the estate."

"You are very noble and very good," he said, "I have thought a great deal about it, and I cannot express to you how glad I am to see you carry such a brave heart, Felicia. Have you decided yet what you will do?"

I could have cried out in my anguish that I had hoped, had thought that he was coming to settle my future for me; but I shrouded myself in a mantle of pride. If his love for me was so weak that it had died at sight of a fairer face.. what had it been worth?

I told him I had decided on nothing—that for the present I should remain with Lady Jesmond, as she had asked me; also that my aunt was too ill to be removed.

"I should like to see your cousin Paul's little son," he said. "Certainly his widow is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"And you worship beauty," I remarked, bitterly.

How deaf he was to the anguish that rang in my voice! He laughed frankly, apparently unaware of the pain he had caused me.

"So my mother said, Felicia; and I am afraid it is true. But I want to talk to you of yourself."

When Lady Jesmond returned to the room, laughing at the nurse's anxiety and unnecessary alarm, he immediately left me, and the next moment I heard him beseeching Lady Jesmond to drive over to Dunroon.

"I should like to show you the place," he said. Felicia will drive over with you."

"I will think about it," answered Lady Jesmond. "I never make hurried promises."

"Felicia," cried Lord Saxon, "you will bring Lady Jesmond over to Dunroon?"

"When she likes to go," I answered.

And then Lord Saxon rose to depart. He really must go, he said; he had stayed much longer than he ought. But even after that declaration he lingered, talking to her, and watching her every movement with admiring eyes.

So this was the prosaic end of my love-story! Had he cared for me? I could not tell; but I believed he had, or he would not have kissed me. He had loved me with a feeble apology for love which had died when he saw the fair face of Lady Jesmond. I had tasted happiness but to lose it; I had dreamed my love-dream but to wake and find it vanished. I had been unspeakably happy for a few days, and now, without any warning, the cup of happiness had been dashed from my lips, the blissful delusion had been dispelled.

When Lord Saxon had gone, Lady Jesmond turned to me.

"Felicia," she cried, "you are a greater mystery to me than ever. Imagine knowing such a man as that and never speaking of him! You must be as unimpressionable as marble."

"You never liked Lady Saxon," I made excuse.

"It did not follow that I should not like her son," she said, and then added, "I have a presentiment that I shall become his wife."

"You must wait until he asks you," I ventured to suggest.

"Yes; and I can make him ask when ever I liked," she said laughingly. "Why, Felicia, do you not see?"

"See what?" I asked impatiently.

"Why, that he is in love with me from the first moment that we met! I felt it; I am sure of it. And, Felicia, Felicia, I am afraid my own case is like his! He is the first man I have seen whom I should care to love or marry."

"You forget Paul," I said, shocked at her words.

"I do not forget him. But, Felicia why did you never speak to me of Lord Saxon?"

"How could I tell the topic would interest you?" I asked.

"You might have been sure, knowing what a superior man he is. Now I shall cultivate his mother's friendship, and, Felicia; you will take me to Dunroon?"

CHAPTER XIII.

A year passed, and to me it was of slow torturing agony. My strength deserted me, the colour faded from my cheeks, the light from my eyes; but I kept my secret. No one, except perhaps Lady Saxon, had the faintest idea that I had ever cared for the handsome Lord of Dunroon.

It was impossible for me not to watch Nello and Lady Jesmond as they sauntered amid the trees and flowers, her bright lovely face and golden hair contrasting with his dark proud, manly beauty. Never was lover more devoted than Lord Saxon. He came every day, sometimes twice; and I could hear his voice calling "Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" as he sought her in the grounds. He was proud of her love, and he gloried in her brilliant beauty. If by any chance he came when she was engaged or absent, she would pour out all his passionate loving thoughts to me. Lashings from a fiery whip could not have stung me more; but I listened with a smile on my lips, though every word lacerated my heart. As for Lady Jesmond, she gave herself up completely to her love-dream.

"I talked of ambition once," she said to me; "I never could have had any. I would marry Lord Saxon if he were a peasant instead of a prince, as he is,"

"Do you love him so much," I asked.

"Love him," she exclaimed, with a warm glow on her face—"I've him? That is a weak expression, Felicia. It is something deeper and stronger than simple love. I always knew, she continued, "that if I ever loved at all, it would be in terrible earnest. I wish I had more moderation and greater self-control."

They were acknowledged lovers when she spoke in that enthusiastic fashion; but no time had been settled for the marriage. My aunt Annette was still lying ill, and Lady Saxon was miserable.

"I do not like Lady Jesmond," she said to me one day when we were alone; "I never liked her, and I never shall. I do not trust her. There is something strange and mysterious in her manner which repels even more than her glittering loveliness. I am anxious that my son should be happy; but I wish he had chosen differently;" she concluded, with a sigh.

I could not help noting that there were times when Lady Jesmond seemed unhappy, when she was restless and uneasy, and started at the least sound, grew pale when she heard an unusual noise. I found her at intervals, with her face clouded in thought and her bright blue eyes shadowed. It struck me that she spent much more time with Mrs. Rivers than she had hitherto done. They were in constant and close companionship, always talking eagerly, earnestly, and in whispers. Two other things struck me as extremely singular—how little thought Lady Jesmond bestowed upon her dead husband and how little love she showed for her child. All her interest centered in Lord Saxon.

The month of June came round again, and still I was an inmate of Jesmond Dene. I could not leave, first, because I had solemnly promised to remain for a time, and secondly because my aunt Annette, who was lying ill with a spinal complaint, could hardly endure my being out of her presence. All nature smiled in the summer sun, and the nightingales once again awoke the echoes of the night with their melodious song.

At the close of a sultry day, when the moon was shining over the trees, I went quietly to hear the nightingales, as I had once done with Nello. Bitter were my thoughts, hot and bitter were my tears. She had taken him from me, this beautiful woman whose little son had robbed me of my inheritance.

It was a luxury to be alone, to pour forth unrestrainedly the agony of my heart, to crouch down on the long soft grass and sob out my grief. They were singing so exquisitely, the nightingales, and yet the sweet music seemed to tear my very heart. He would have loved and married me but for her! Heaven forgive me—in that moment I hated her! Ah, if she had but remained in India—if my cousin Paul had but lived! and the plaint of Bianca among the nightingales came home to me.

She had not reached him at my heart,
With her fine tongue, as snakes indeed
Kill flies; nor had I, for my part,
Yearned after, in my desperate need,
And followed him, as he did her,
To coasts left bitter by the tide,
Whose very nightingals, elsewhere
Delighting, torture and deride,
For still they sing, the nightingales

"I would not for her white and pink,
Though such he likes, her grace of limb,
Though such he has praised, nor yet I think,
For life itself, though spent with him,
Commit such sacrilege, affront
God's nature, which is love, intrude
'Twixt two affianced souls, and hunt
Like spiders in the altar wood
I cannot bear those nigatingales!

"If she chose sin, some gentler guise
She might have sinned in, so it seems.
She might have pricked out both my eyes,
And I still see him in my dreams,
Or drugged me in my soup or wine,
Nor left me angry afterward.
To die here with his hand in mine,
His breath upon me, were not hard.
Our Lady, hush those nightingales!

"..... Sing they so,
And you be silent? Do I speak,
And you not hear? An arm you throw
Round some one, and I feel so weak.
Oh owl-like birds! They sing for spite,
They sing for hate, they sing for doom;
They'll sing through death, who sing through night
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb—
The nightingales, the nightingales!"

In the madness of my despair I realised how much I had loved him. He would be standing now on the balcony with her; he would be worshipping the beauty of her fair face, his arm encircling her waist, and he would kiss her lovely lips. And I was lying there, lonely, desolate, and broken-hearted! Was it just? I cried to the silent shining heavens. She had everything. She had had the trusting love of my bright young cousin; she was the mother of his heir; she was mistress of the house that had been mine; she had money, lands; and now she had taken him! Was it fair, because she had the brightness of the stars in her eyes and the sheen of the sun in her hair, that she should take him from me? Was it fair that she should stand in the circle of his arm, and I lie forsaken there? Was it fair that she should take his caresses and his kisses while I stretched out my arms to the empty air!

CHAPTER XIV

There was a surprize in store for me when I returned from my dismal ramble. I found that Lord Saxon had remained rather later than usual, and that Lady Jesmond had discarded her widow's weeds. Never shall I forget the vision of loveliness that met my dazed eyes. She wore a dress of pale violet velvet, which contrasted well with her golden tresses and exquisite complexion. I had seen, not many days before, Lord Saxon take the little crape cap from her head, and all her shining hair fall in a golden mass of ripples and waves about her shapely shoulders.

"It is more than a sin to cover such hair," he said.

She looked up at him with sudden gravity.

"I hope," she answered calmly, "that I shall never commit a greater."

"I do not think you could commit a sin if you tried," he said, his eyes looking into hers with deep yearning love; and, to my surprise, instead of smiling, her gravity deepened.

The remembrance of her dazzling beauty of that evening will never leave me. I remember, too, how she sang to him, and how he leaned admiringly over her chair and drank in the music of her sweet voice; and then they went out on to the balcony, where he bade her good night, bending down and kissing her lips, and breathing passionate words into her ears which seemed to stir her into new life.

Then he was gone; and she stood gazing after him with a smile sweet and tender, such as I had seldom seen on her face before.

We stood together once more; her face was full of emotion, her eyes were full of tears of joy.

"I will be a good woman my whole life long," she said suddenly, "I will be as good a woman can be; for, oh, Felicia, I am so happy—I am so unutterably happy! Do you know what has happened?"

"No," I answered faintly; but my heart told me what was coming.

Two warm soft arms were placed round my neck, a golden head nestled on my bosom, a fair bewitching face was turned to mine, tears shone in the blue eyes.

"Listen to me, Felicia," she said. "I am the happiest woman in the whole wide world. Oh, I will be good—I will indeed be good!"

"But you are good now, Gabrielle," I said, anxious only to avert the coming announcement.

"I will be better!" she cried. "Oh, Felicia, I do not deserve to be so happy!"

The white arms tightened their clasp and the beautiful head nestled more closely to me.

"I shall remember to-day above all other days," she said; "it is the happiest of my life. Felicia, I am shy at telling you my good news. Lord Saxon has asked me to be his wife, and wishes me, to marry him this summer."

There was a dead silence as her voice died away; the smile on her face was full of unutterable content.

The blow which I had so long expected had at last fallen. I must go away, far away, where I could never hear of or see either of them again!

"This summer," she repeated; "and, now that my happiness is so near, I—I am afraid of it—afraid!" she reapeated, raising her face and kissing me. "Can you say anything that will give me courage?"

"You have nothing to fear," I said, with difficulty.

"Is it colder than usual to night?" she asked. "The air is sweet with roses, but it seems to me chill;" and I felt a shudder pass over the graceful figure. "I wish," she added, with sudden melancholy, "that I had my life to begin over again. All people make grave mistakes at one time or another in their lives, do they not?"

"Very many do," I replied—who had made a greater one than I? "But surely you are not among the number, Gabrielle—you can have made no mistake in your life?"

She looked at me with wistful longing eyes.

"I did not know," she said, "that pure love brought so much with it. I find the first thing is a craving to be worthy of it."

"I hope you are worthy of it," I answered gravely. Her curious words and manner began to make me feel anxious.

"I will try to be," she said. "Felicia," she continued, drawing my face down to hers and kissing it again, "you have known Nello longer than I have; do you think, if he loved any one very much, and found out that she he loved had done a great wrong, he would forgive readily?"

"It would depend altogether on the nature of the wrong committed," I replied. "I should imagine that he would be ready to overlook ordinary faults and weaknesses; but there are some things that he would never pardon."

"What are they?" she asked breathlessly.

"He hates trickery and deceit," I answered. "He would, I believe, almost forgive murder sooner than anything of that nature."

She was looking at me with wide-opened frightened eyes.

"He would sooner forgive murder than deceit!" she echoed.

The words had a strange sound as she uttered them, and made a lasting impression upon me.

"I am sure it is cold," she remarked, after a pause; and once again she shuddered.

She began to pace up and down the long drawing-room.

"You will think that I am behaving strangely to night," she said. "I am uneasy; I cannot rest."

I attempted to go, but she cried out, "Felicia, do not leave me!"

"It is strange," she said presently, with rare humility, "that out of all the world of women Nello should have chosen me."

"I do not think so," I replied quickly. "He loves you because you are one of the most beautiful."

She looked sad and disappointed.

"Do you think it is only for my beauty that he loves me?" she asked.

"Would not that content you?" I inquired.

"Not now," she answered slowly. "It would once; it will not satisfy me now. Love has opened my eyes to a hundred things I did not know before."

"You really do not seem to have loved my cousin," I was startled into saying.

"No," she replied—and her eyes filled with tears,"—"I did not love Paul—not in this fashion, at least."

Then I advised her to go to rest. Her face was burning her eyes were shining with a strange light, her golden hair had fallen over her shoulders in careless profusion. Never was vision of womanhood so fair!

"I am so loath to see the happiest day of my life come to an end," she said, "that I feel compelled to linger here. Felicia, have you ever had what people call a presentiment?"

"Yes, often," I answered.

"Have they been realized?" she asked.

"More often than not," I replied.

"I have a presentiment to-night—a feeling that tells me to morrow will not be like to-day."

"You will be happier than ever to-morrow," I said. "Lord Saxon will come over to Jesmond Dene quite early, and will want to drive you or ride with you to one of your favourite haunts. Than you will romp on the staircase with little Guy: you will go off in excellent spirits; and you will have quite forgotten your presentiment when you return."

"Good night, Felicia," she said; "you have comforted me."

I kissed her, and said "Good night."

When I awoke the next morning, my first thought was that I must go from Jesmond Dene. I could not bear to remain in the place that had seen my hopes crushed and my love ruthlessly blasted.

Just as I had prophesied, Lord Saxon came over quite early, as he wanted to drive Lady Jesmond to St. Michael's Priory, a fine ruin about ten miles distant.

"A whole day my darling, out in the sunshine together!" I heard him say.

They went to the nursery, whence I heard issue peals of sweet childish laughter. I went after them with a message for Lady Jesmond. Lord Saxon was tossing the child in his arms, delighting and frightening him at the same time. Lady Jesmond was speaking to the nurse at the other end of the room and again I caught the words, "Be careful, Gabrielle;" and once more I wondered why the nurse should presume so to address her mistress.

Nello and Lady Jesmond rode away together, and there was no shadow on her lovely laughing face as she wished me a pleasant "Good morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of Froude's Stories of Carlyle.

It is no exaggeration to say that if one of the stories in Froude's "Thomas Carlyle" had been published during the historian's life no woman, unless possibly one of his kinsfolk as hard as himself, would ever have spoken to him again. His wife, suffering from the combined effects of chronic neuralgia and a terrible fall, with the nerves and muscles of one side entirely disabled lay on her bed, unable to close her mouth. He came into her room, looked at her, while he leaned against the mantelpiece—an act intensely irritating to a woman not vain, indeed, but proudly desirous not to look ill—and said: "Jane, ye had better shut your mouth. Jane, ye'll find yourself in a more compact and pious frame of mind if ye shut your mouth." That Mrs. Carlyle endured this gibe and afterwards remained near the man who inflicted it upon her, says much for her constancy; but no woman who reads its crude brutality canafterwards be open to conviction that there was anything good about Carlyle.

Pride.

Pride is base from the necessary foolish pose of it, because it cannot but imply that our eyes look downward only; for there is not the man so lofty in his standing or capacity, but he must be humble in thinking of the cloud habitation and far sight of the angelic intelligences above him; and in perceiving what infinity there is of things he cannot know nor even reach unto.

NEWSPAPER FABLES.

A $ Mark and a * were one day left close together on the Imposing Stone, and the $ Mark coughed in a Pompous way and observed:

"I am constantly used to designate the Wealth of the World."

"And I," replied the *, as he Bristled up in the Promptest Manner, "am symbolic of Liberty."

"By means of me," continued the $ Mark "the Printer can change 1,000,000 Grains of Sand into $1 000,000."

"Yes, but Heaven's vaults are studded with Stars, and I am frequently used in Print to represent Unknown Quantities."

They were still Boasting when the Apprentice came up and Inquired the Cause of the Excitement. Having received an Explanation, he said:

"Both are of so little use that I'll chuck you into the pi case."

MORAL.

Any man may set his own value, but the Trouble is to make other men Believe in his Figures.

THE CIRCUS AGENT AND THE EDITOR

A Genial Circus Agent who Struck the Town of Boncombe called at the Bugle Office for the Purpose of Inserting a Four Column Ad. of his Greatest Show on Earth, and the following Dialogue Took Place:

"Has your Paper a Pretty Good Circulation?"

"Oh, yes."

"About 1,000, I suppose?"

"One thousand! Why, Sir, the Bugle is the Party Organ in this Congressional District."

"Say, 1,500?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, well I'll pay you on the basis of 2,000 circulation, but it's 1,400 too many."

"Sir! Do you mean to Insult me?"

"Will you swear to 3,000 Circulation?"

"Of course I will."

The Editor was taked out and sworn, and the Ad. which the Agent hoped to get in for $15 cost him $45—with Complimentary Tickets for the Editor's Family of Sixteen.

MORAL.

The real circulation was 750 copies, but be Sure you are Right and then go ahead and Swear to it.

THE TOWEL AND THE STOVE.

A Printing Office Towel suddenly Boiled Over one day and called out to the Stove:

"Lands alive! but when were you Blacked Last?"

"And when were you Washed Last let me Humbly inquire?" sneered the Stove.

"The Editor uses you for a Spittoon!"

"And the Apprentice uses you for a Mop!"

"You are Cracked in a Dozen places!"

"And I can Count Twenty Holes in you!"

At this moment the Sheriff came in to Levy on the Entire Outfit, and the Standing Galley heaved a Deep Sigh and Observed:

MORAL.

"Recrimination Never Helps a Bad Matter."

OH, DEAR!

When you hear squalls about the house its scold weather you can expect.

The "hire" education (of woman, says a close observer, consists in teaching her how to labor for the wages of independence.

Although some new fall bonnets are trimmed with game, no one will be permitted to "shoot the hat," says the New York Journal.

What a woman makes up her mind to do crewel work she always gets worsted. The key to this will be sold for a quarter.

Ouida says: "A girl's love must never be begged but conquered." Paradoxical as it may seem, the girl cannot be conquered unless she concurs.

It is about time the papers let up on publishing that threadbare item about not stirring stewed mushrooms with a silver spoon. In the first place, this a close season for mushrooms, and, secondly, the stockbrokers haven't left us any silver spoons.

Lord Norbury, when once charging a jury in a breach of promise case, noticed that the letters of the faithless defendant had been so long in the plaintiff's pocket or so often shown to her sympathizing friends that they were greatly frayed at the folds and almost in tatters. "Gentlemen," said Lord Norbury, carefully holding up one of the epistles to the gaze of the jury, "it's easy to see that these are love letters, because they are so exceedingly tender."

Alaska Glaciers.

It was nearly sunset when we began to near the Muir glacier, and the day was near ended when the cliff was reached, and we had anchored near the frowning precipice. The shades of evening had gathered about the islands passed during the day and half hid from sight the lower ranges and the trackless forests; but the Fairweather peaks were visible still and glowed with a ghastly light in the isolated height like banks of phosphorous hung above the trees. Around us floated icy fragments, grinding against each other, or floating, solitary, and majestic down the watery way. The scene was grand past all conception, wild and beautiful, and silencing all with admiration. No other wonder of nature equals this glacier of untold age, as it moves silently yet irresistibly down from its birthplace to the sea, crying as it comes the very embodiment of strength, the destroyer of all life. All the glaciers of Switzerland might be combined and together they would not equal this of Glacier Bay. Set it crawling over the valleys guarded by Mont Blanc, and it would crush the country beneath its weight and leave a wilderness behind. And yet in Alaska, long and broad and wild, it is a mere fissure—a single stream among the many.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Two Popular Singers.

Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson, who will be remembered by many of our readers as Miss Corlett, is rapidly coming to the front as a singer of much more than average merit. Her voice is a pure, sweet "staccato" soprano, particularly strong, and marked with a fullness of tone and purity of production but seldom met with. She is also a good type of an ideal Canadian, rich in good health, with that bright and clear complexion characteristic of her countrywomen. Last May she married Mr. J. F. Thomson, a baritone of whom Canada may well be proud. As yet a young man, he has has already filled engagements with a number of high class opera and concert Companies. It was with the Strakosch and Litta Companies that his greatest successes were made. While with them he appeared with such great artists as Marie Roze, Torriani, Annandale, Litta, Brignoli, Taglispietra, Kellogg, Carey, Perugini, Conly, etc. The Boston *Herald* in speaking of his debut there said: "Another debutant, Mr. J. F. Thomson, scored the success of the evening by his artistic singing. He possesses a magnificent baritone voice of over two octaves in compass, particularly strong and pure, even in all its registers and highly cultivated, which he uses with great taste and expression. His numbers were "The Torreador Song" (*Carmen*) and "Si tu Savais" (*Balfe.*) He was enthusiastically encored after each, and his number given in response, "Good Company" *Adams*), and "Awake" by the same composer, but increased the good impression his first selections excited."

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, remain in Toronto until the spring, when they expect to go to New York, and finish their musical studies.

The Moslem "Haj" or Pilgrimages.

Some idea of the character of the pilgrimages to Mecca, and of the part which they play in spreading cholera and other infectious diseases, may be derived from the account given by Mr. Doughty in the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, of his visit to the ruins of Medyin Saleh, north of Medina, in company with the Haj from Damascus. About 6 000 souls with 10,000 beasts of burden, chiefly camels, but including many dromedaries, mules and horses, composed the caravan. The pilgrims were guarded by about 100 *Azeyl*, or dromedary riders, natives of Nejd (Central Arabia), and clad and armed like Bedouins, and by nearly 200 *Sayal*, or horse soldiers with two field pieces.

On its way, the caravan, marching about four camels abreast, stretched nearly two miles. Attendants, who are every year on the road, a sign a place to each man in the caravan, and a party rides ahead every evening and pitches the tents in exactly the same order on every occasion, so that there is no confusion. The encampments (*menzil*) are circular The soldiers' tents are pitched sixty paces apart. The safety of the caravan from the plundering Bedouins does not after all, depend so much upon the soldiers as upon the *guna* or road-toll paid to the roadside tribes; a black mail which may amount to as much as $125 per mile.

From this amount it is evident that the caravan is as orderly as a caravan can be, and as most of those who travel are possessed of a considerable slice of this world's goods, it is probable that there is no more of filth and dirt than would be found in any procession of equal size. But, as the caravan proceeds, there arises an evil which fully accounts for the breaking out of disease of the bladder and intestines, viz: the want of sweet water. Kellas, or fortified water stations, are constructed at intervals along the Haj road.

A kella is a tower built upon a well, and kept by a small garrison. The water, which is usually foul and unwholesome, is drawn by a laborious process, and poured into a *birket* or cistern made outside the well. The Syrians suffer all the more keenly from this foul water, since they are accustomed to the sweet spring water of a limestone country. A loaded and sweating camel cannot hold out above three days without drinking, even in the winter, and thus the whole aim of the caravan is to reach water, bad though it may be. At one spot on the road, the cistern has, in rainless years to be filled with water brought some forty or fifty miles over the desert.

Life's Discipline.

It is not the best thing—that is, the things we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experience of life. It is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here roughness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alterations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptions constitute a part of that education which makes man a man in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his brow the marks of the struggle which he has had to undergo.

Our Infirmities.

It is often easier to bear with the infirmities of strangers than those of friends and kindred. Too often the sharp st words which we utter—those which sting the most keenly and cause the most bitter repentance—are addressed to those whom we love best. The sad fact ought to be appreciated, however, to that every one of us may be on his guard. In nothing is the spirit of Christ seen more plainly than in the little acts and unstudied words of home life, and no other victory over self is greater than when we bring ourselves; to neither speak nor make retort to the unkind words which so often spring to the lip in the domestic circle.

Three of Them Fresh.

Gilhooly and Gus Dy Smith entered an Austin restaurant, and sat down at a table.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" asked the obsequious waiter.

"I'll take three boiled eggs," said Gus.

"And you, sir?"

"I'll take the same, but be sure and have mine fresh," said Gilhooly.

The waiter goes to the speaking tube and calls out:

"Six boiled eggs, three of them have got to be fresh."

Wrecked Manhood

Victims of youthful indiscretions suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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A grate singer—The tea kettle.

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."
—*Hamlet.*

That she is frail, often in body,
"'Tis true, 'tis true 'tis a pity.
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

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A felon on the finger is worse than two in jail.

Young Men!—Read This.

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A close student—The tailor's apprentice.

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